

Folk Dancer

The Magazine of World Dance and Culture



Kurdish girls at a wedding in Van, eastern Turkey, pose with Judy Bourke in October 2012; some Kurdish boys edge into the shot. Story: p. 7. (Photo: Judy Bourke)

PUBLISHED BY THE ONTARIO FOLK DANCE ASSOCIATION

VOLUME 44 NUMBER 3

June 2013

Resonance

by Karen Bennett

One of the two travel articles in this issue was contributed by Judy Bourke, who also took our captivating cover photo. It was on this 2012 trip to Turkey that Anita Millman fell and broke her hip. The group was in the Black Sea city of Trabzon at the time. I was delighted to see Anita at the OFDA café on April 6 (see review on p. 6), not only fully recovered from her mishap but full of admiration for Turkey and of conviction that I would love it there and should go as soon as possible. (I will, I will.)

The title of the last editorial page of the newsletter has gone through too many metamorphoses over the years to enumerate. With this issue, "The Back Page" reverts to "The Grapevine."

The other travel article in this issue comes from the keyboard of Nancy Nies, who serves as Our California Correspondent on p. 4 of every newsletter. At my request, Nancy has kindly agreed to contribute the occasional feature in addition to her regular column. Her first such opus concerns a trip to Croatia and Hungary that she and her husband, Paul Gipe,

took in 1987 as taggers-along with a tour by the Dunaj ("DOO-nye") International Folk Ensemble, a troupe which had been established in 1976 (and is still going strong in 2013). I ruthlessly relocated the photo below from Nancy's article as it has special resonance: When I was a member of the Croatian ensemble "Hrvatska" in Toronto in my twenties, part of our repertoire was a much-loved suite we called, simply, "Krk," after the island it hailed from (which is pronounced "kurk," with a very chopped-off vowel sound and a rolled "r").



Photo: Nancy Nies

Dancers from the Croatian island of Krk perform in Zagreb in July 1987. The women are twirling while holding the downward-extended middle finger of their partners' right hands. See Nancy Nies' feature on p. 19.

IN THIS ISSUE

REGULAR

<i>Editorial</i>	3
<i>Our California Correspondent</i>	4
<i>Upcoming OFDA Events</i>	10
<i>Dance Calendar</i>	11
<i>Dance Classes</i>	14
<i>The Grapevine</i>	26

FEATURES

<i>OFDA's Clogging Dance Café</i>	6
<i>Eastern Turkey 2012</i>	7
<i>A Short History of L.I.F.E.</i>	16
<i>Dancing with Dunaj</i>	19



The OFDA has an e-mail list in order to communicate timely information of interest to folk dancers. If you would like to add your name to the list, send an e-mail request to: ontariofolkdancers@gmail.com



Please do let us know about special events!

Folkedans in Lyngby, Denmark

by Nancy Nies

During the summer of 1997, Paul and I visited *Frilandsmuseet* (the open-air museum) in Lyngby, just north of Copenhagen. Over its 40 acres, the museum comprises more than 100 historic buildings dating from 1650 to 1950, brought from rural locations all over Denmark.

While there, we happened to see a large group of men and women in costume walk by. Naturally, we followed them. When we came to a natural outdoor amphitheatre overlooking a wooden dance floor, we found – as we had hoped – that this was a folk-dance group about to perform. We sat with other spectators on a grassy hillside, which afforded a wonderful view of the dancers and musicians. On that hot, humid August afternoon, they performed dance after energetic dance wearing heavy woollen costumes.

Traditional Danish costumes date in style from the 18th and 19th centuries. Though each costume we saw that day represented a different region of Denmark, the predominant colours were red, white and black. The women's dress consisted of a jacket or blouse, a long gathered skirt, a long apron, and a bonnet. The men wore shirts and vests, knee-breeches, long white stockings, and red caps.

At the end of their performance, the dancers circulated, each inviting an audience member to dance. Paul and I did not shy away, and soon found ourselves doing the familiar Totur fra Vejle with our Danish partners. To watch a similar group performing Totur in 2008 at the same open-air museum, go to www.youtube.com/watch?v=s1vt2Oxk8E.



Photo: Nancy Nies

Danish folk dancers perform at the open-air museum in Lyngby.

OFDA APPLICATION/RENEWAL FORM

YEARLY MEMBERSHIP INCLUDES SUBSCRIPTION TO THE *Folk Dancer* MAGAZINE

- Single \$24 Can/US funds – for all Canadian/US/Overseas
- Family \$30 * *Family consists of 2 adults & all children under 18*

NAME (Please Print) _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ PROV/STATE _____ POSTAL CODE _____

COUNTRY _____ PHONE () _____

GROUP/AFFILIATION _____

I wish to receive e-mail notices e-mail address: _____

Electronic payment can be made by e-mail transfer to ontariofolkdancers@gmail.com

Mainewoods Dance Camp 2013

~ in Fryeburg, Maine ~

World famous
teachers

Wooden dance
floor

Dance parties

Join in live music

Cultural
theme days

Ethnic food

Jam sessions



Binge dancing

DVD available

Beginner classes

Singing

More Cabin Options

... plus the splendors of western Maine — tall pines, star-filled
nights, private cabins, swimming, lobster picnics, and more ...

Variety of discounts available, as well as dance scholarship and kitchen work exchange
positions.

SESSION ONE, Aug 18-24

Lucia Cordeiro BRAZILIAN, Jaap Leegwater BULGARIAN, Danny Pollock ISRAELI
Barbara Pinter/Julia Pinter INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSICIANS

SESSION TWO, Aug 25-31

Zeljka Jergan CROATIAN, Sanna Langden INTERNATIONAL, Kay Munn SCOTTISH
Susan Anderson/Carol and Bill Wadlinger INTERNATIONAL FOLK MUSICIANS

AT BOTH SESSIONS

Sandy Starkman INTERNATIONAL, George Fogg ENGLISH COUNTRY

Registration at Mainewoods Dance Camp opens Sunday at 3:30PM, with a welcome reception at 6PM.
See website: www.mainewoodsdancecamp.org Email: info@mainewoodsdancecamp.org
Or Call (973) 797-4614 until 8/27/13 (207) 935-3901 after 8/27/13

OFDA's Clogging Dance Café

by Karen Bennett

Photo: Allen Katz



On Saturday, April 6, after the usual excellent potluck dinner at the Ralph Thornton Centre in Toronto, it was time for a performance by the Stardust Cloggers from the Hamilton area in Ontario, led by the energetic and personable Debbie O'Hara. I confess ignorance of how many members the "Stardusters" seniors' troupe usually have, but six turned out for us, including our own Shirley Kossowski. Despite the ensemble's name, their footwear consisted not of clogs but of tap shoes. (During a short "talk" for us, Debbie asseverated that tap dancing, step dancing and hip-hop, among

other dance forms, all come under the heading of clogging; they differ mainly in their styling.) The ensemble performed four routines, in couples, solos and circles, to music that included jigs, Irish reels and Broadway numbers such as "If My Friends Could See Me Now" from *Sweet Charity* (1966). The choreography, all by Debbie, was very good, and the "Stardusters" clearly had a whale of a time doing it.

We were soon up and dancing to three choreographies that gradually got a bit more complex as new music was substituted. The first steps were based on the polka and done to a pop song, as was the next dance. The third number used instrumental music that would also be suitable for a square dance.

Appalachian Clogging and Latin Line Dance also feature in Debbie's repertoire, and she teaches a regular class at a seniors' centre. Her long teaching experience was very evident. During her talk, she also said that her primary goal is "to bring joy, health and fun to the Boomer/Zoomer generation." Although not everyone in the room belonged to that generation, it was certain that all partook of the joy and fun.



Photo: Bev Sidney

A solo number by the Stardust Cloggers, with Debbie O'Hara at centre front.

Eastern Turkey 2012

by Judy Bourke



Last October, five lucky dancers from Hamilton (Shelagh Beattie, Judy Bourke, Kate Drinan, Ursula Humphries and Anita Millman) travelled in Turkey with Jim Gold. Altogether there were 29 in the group, mostly Americans, but 10 Canadians and two Norwegians added some spice to the mixture.

We joined the group in Şanlıurfa, not far from the Syrian border in southeastern Turkey. All seemed very peaceful here and continued so, although we were at times very close also to borders with Iran and Armenia. The amazing, newly discovered prehistoric site of Göbekli Tepe was our destination here. Discovered in 1994, the many stone circles are thought to have originated at the end of the hunter-gatherer period, around 10,000 to 12,000 years ago. Its discovery has significantly revised theories about the start of organized religion, previously believed to have begun when people began grouping into villages at the start of farming.

The tour began on this high note, and the rest did not disappoint. At Mardin we toured our first bazaar, our first mosque, and the Saffron Monastery, founded in 439 CE.

There was so much to see around Lake Van that we stayed four nights in the city of Van. This is where there was the deadly earthquake a year earlier. While there were still piles of rubble to be seen, and many of the “container” houses for those made homeless, these were said to be half-empty, with people now housed in the many new buildings we saw. The boat trip to the Armenian church on Akdamar Island was interesting and enjoyable; three hilltop castles were visited, two of them medieval (Hoşap and Van), and Çavuştepe from the first millennium BCE. Van was also where we memorably toured a carpet factory and saw the famous white Van cat, which often has one blue and one amber eye.

Up on the hill visiting Van castle, we could hear loud music from the city below. Our guide found out that it was a wedding and a castle guard said he knew where it was and that we would be made very welcome. This proved to be the case, so for about an hour we danced and mingled with the locals. All ages were represented, and the little girls were especially thrilled to see us foreigners. This was the highlight of the trip.



The Kurdish wedding in Van. Lee Otterholt is dancing fifth from the front of the line. Shelagh Beattie tells the story that the women in the lead didn't dance much and mostly sat in the seats lined up outside the building. Shelagh was taken aside by one of the women and told, "You old; you sit here." Her reaction: "I didn't sit at all; I just kept on dancing."

until its final abandonment in the 18th century.

A quick tour of Erzurum the next morning provided glimpses of glitzy furniture shops as well as the old mosque, and finally the opportunity we had all been waiting for: ice cream, Turkish style! Our guide, Yahya, had been telling us about this delicacy for days, describing how it didn't melt and was chewy and available only in Turkey. Well, we didn't think it was as good as our ice cream, and were horrified to find out later that its peculiar consistency comes partly from the addition of flour made from the root of Early Purple Orchids, which are rapidly becoming endangered due to people's fondness for this delicacy.

Travelling from Van to the Kars area, we stopped many times during the day to photograph snow-capped Mount Ararat, as beautiful as it is famous. We stopped for lunch at Doğubayazıt (we did learn how to pronounce it correctly) and to visit the Ishak Pasha palace. Ararat rewarded us with a final photo op, glowing pink at sunset, but the day's journey was not over until well after dark when we arrived at the Toprak Hotel at 2,152 metres' elevation in Sarikamiş, Kars province. This is a ski area.

Our tour was winding down, with our next-to-last stop at Trabzon on the Black Sea. Near here is the Sümela Monastery, perched on a narrow cliff ledge in a deep wooded gorge. The older buildings are preserved under a large overhang and are noted

The ruined medieval city of Ani is east of Kars near the border with Armenia. We could see the Armenian watchtowers on the other side of the river valley (as we had also seen those of Iran travelling on the bus the previous day). But the day was sunny and calm, and photographs were now allowed although at one time forbidden. The city was on the crossroads of several trade routes, including the Silk Road, and could possibly have had a population of up to 200,000 in its heyday, but now only a few of the largest and most important buildings remain to be seen. The city was fought over, built up and rebuilt again and again from the 10th to 14th centuries, thereafter dwindling



Cabbages grow very big in Turkey.

for their many frescoes, the paint still bright in colour but badly damaged by graffiti and vandalism.

We Canadians opted for the Istanbul extension. What can be said about the superlative Hagia Sofia and Blue mosques that hasn't already been said 100 times: their size, grandeur, decoration – all breathtaking. Our boat tour on the Bosphorus was a relaxing view of Istanbul's architecture, from city walls to palaces, mansions old and new, and the bridge from Europe to Asia. Of course, we couldn't leave Istanbul without a trip to the Grand Bazaar, where scarves were bargained for and bought by all.

There was so much to see every day, but the evenings were another joy. We learned dances of Eastern Turkey from local instructors, including many Kurdish dances. On one occasion we had live music, dancing to the *zurna* and the loud beat of the *davul* drum. We finished by the Black Sea in Trabzon with a very energetic Pontic dance. On the evenings when there was no local instructor, Lee Otterholt reviewed these new dances as well as leading us in other dances old and new from Turkey and the Balkans.

All of the above was an amazing adventure, but the perfect weather added much to our pleasure: sun, not too hot and not too cool, and no rain or insects. Yahya said this was unusual and that we were very lucky. We were also very lucky indeed to have Yahya as our guide, knowledgeable and intelligent, as well as our indomitable driver, Lütfü, who happily drove us through traffic and narrow country lanes, turned around in impossible spots, and always stopped for photos.




A happy group of Turkey-trotters in Trabzon. Those of the Hamilton group in the photo are Shelagh Beattie, far left; Anita Millman in the back, making a "V" sign; and Ursula Humphries at far right.

SOCIETY OF FOLK DANCE HISTORIANS
transforming information into movement
since 1987

Archiving and disseminating the history
and practice of international folk dancing

Publishing each year (free to members):
Folk Dance Phone Book & Group Directory
Folk Dance Problem Solver
Report to Members

Contact us:
SFDH
2100 Rio Grande St
Austin TX 78705
sofdh@yahoo.com



SFDH.org

A Short History of L.I.F.E.

by Heidi Williams

Introduction by Stefania Miller: Based on my communications with some of the vibrant dancers from London, Ontario, who often join us at the Hamilton club for special occasions, London has a long history of folk dancing with teachers like Sharon Wise, Ross Lemon and Tova Zarnowiecki. Yaga McInnis, who has taught Italian and other dances, recalls starting to dance in the mid-1970s with Ron Porter's classes at the University of Western Ontario. The current London International Folkdance Experience (L.I.F.E.) group also includes Leslie Hallock, who started dancing in Portland, Oregon and danced with "Lado" while she was studying in Zagreb; Rexhep ("Rexi") Ferati, who danced with the Albanian performing group "Shota" in Kosovo; Terry Snider, whose parents taught folk dancing for many years in Vancouver; and Heidi Williams.

My own involvement with L.I.F.E. (London International Folkdance Experience) began when I dropped in to the Jewish Community Centre as part of the Panorama Multicultural Festival on a Sunday morning in September 1991. The L.I.F.E. group performed Zemer Atik and another dance in costume, and I was hooked! Captivated by the music and movements, I snatched up a flyer from the table and went to the next Friday night dance at the Sunrise Daycare building on Wellington Street. It was a small group of about a dozen dancers in those years, and I was welcomed and helped by everyone in the group.

My mother and father were square dancers, so there was a bit of a tradition in my family, but this kind of dance was much more attractive to me because it was exotic, not of our North American culture. My mother used to play the piano when my friends in grade 8 were at our house, and taught us the Virginia Reel. She also had us doing that when my own children had birthday parties.

Our teachers were Leslie Hallock and Tova Zarnowiecki. Leslie also taught international folk dance at Fanshawe College and the University of Western Ontario, and that was an avenue for building our membership a little. But eventually those classes were cancelled because of insufficient enrolment.

By the late 1990s, we were still dancing at Sunrise Daycare on Friday nights. Our attendance was small: about six to eight people normally, with more on a party night. Tova Zarnowiecki, a wonderful dancer and teacher, was rarely coming any more – about once a year. And Leslie Hallock, our regular teacher, was finding it difficult to come weekly. At some point in the late 1990s, we were down to me, Kathryn Ferguson, and Livia Burghardt, who was teaching us Israeli dances at a great rate and not wanting to do the old international repertoire. Then Kathryn moved away to Toronto. We were in crisis mode. People who didn't often come nevertheless still wanted a dancing opportunity, so we decided to reduce our dancing from weekly to monthly. We hoped dancers might make a greater effort to make it out for that one Friday a month.



Leslie Hallock in one of Rexi's costumes, Western Fair, London, 2012.

I had become the keeper of the key and the mailing list. We were able to leave our cassette tapes and player in the Sunrise Daycare building. We had a beautiful blond wooden chest, hand-made by Alastair McTurk, with "L.I.F.E." inlaid in dots of darker wood, in which we kept our music and equipment. I barely knew Alastair; he had come a couple of times for our Christmas party night with his wife, Beth Hickey. He was a terrific dancer with a lot of charisma, but he died in the early 2000s. His funeral was at Chalmers Presbyterian Church, and a small group of us, including Ross Lemon and Tova, danced in the church as part of the service. Not long after we cut down to once-a-month dancing, we started to dance in the summer, once a weeknight outdoors in Victoria Park. Our attendance wasn't great there either, but we sometimes were joined by a couple of Israeli dancers who had a Sunday morning group led by Nicki Ishai. Pearl Santopinto, whom I worked with at the London Public Library and who

had taught me my first international dance, Mayim, was one who often came, and also Alice Nagus, a long-time L.I.F.E. dancer.

In the 1990s, members included Jim and Marianne Virostek and their adult daughter, Anne Marie. At that time, a young dancer, Imke Jorgenson, who had danced in Germany as a teenager, became pregnant. She kept dancing, and then there was a British friend of hers who sometimes came who also danced pregnant. And Imke got pregnant with her second child, and kept on dancing. They then would sometimes bring small children who would use the Sunrise Daycare play equipment as we danced! Sometimes we would have a dancer or two – Hungarian, Bulgarian, Indian – join us from the university, but they usually moved away after a year or so.

In May 1999, Anna Douthwright joined us. She was a wonderful dance teacher and choreographer



Heidi Williams leads Rexi Ferati, Leslie Hallock and Terry Snider in a suite of Balkan dances at the Western Fair, London, 2011.

who hoped to get ideas from us for her work creating a feminist Biblical dance. Before she died of cancer in February 2003, Anna Douthright left us memories of a wonderful “day of sacred dance designed to heal, inspire and delight us deep in our bones,” as, on May 11, 2002, many dancers of all types came together to enjoy a day at Brescia College called “Abundance! – Celebrating Sacred Dance in London.” Participants chose four of eight “playshops,” among which was us: international folk. The others were Nia (“the joy of movement,” with June Guetter), Middle Eastern Belly Dance (Dianne Prato), Water in the Desert (Anna Douthright’s own workshop), Transforming Experience into Art (Anne McDougall, Gestalt therapist), Living Prayer (Lorena Bousquet), Sacred Circle (Caroll Halford), and Dances of India (Raji Valluri). Anna’s daughter Ruth is also a teacher of dance, and she is part of a weekday morning international dance class taught by Sharon Wise.

Other dancers who have attended more or less regularly for many years are Tom Wonnacott, Joanna Michalski-Muma and her husband Roger Muma, and Yaga McInnes. For some years, Yaga had led an Italian group which sometimes performed. Two dancers who have come back to L.I.F.E. after a long gap of years are Colleen Perrin and Lois-Ann McBurney. New dancers who came to our group via the daytime lessons of Sharon Wise are Sheila Scott (who taught Scottish Country Dance for many years in London) and Louise Bellhouse.

About six or seven years ago, a younger dancer called Terry Snider joined us. He turned out to be a wonderful and regular dancer whose parents had taught international folk dance in Vancouver for many years. And in 2011 our group was joined by Rexi Ferati, an even younger and also wonderful dancer. He is Albanian and had taught an Albanian dance group in Atlanta, Georgia for a few years. We’ve also had the internationally-known Macedonian dance teacher Boris (“Kete”) Ilievski



*Rexi Ferati,
Hamilton 2012*

join us a number of times, both on Friday nights and in the summer.

In September 2011 and again in 2012 a few of us performed for the Cross Cultural Learner Centre at the annual Western Fair in London, and once at a mall. It was an opportunity to gather new dancers, but that did not happen, even though we went armed with flyers. Too small an audience... But the difficulty we have in attracting new members (besides our advanced average age) is that dancing once a month isn’t an easy way for new people to learn.

Other extra-curricular dancing we do is to get together informally at the two summer festivals in Victoria Park in July: Sun Fest and the Home County Folk Festival. (“Home” is an acronym for the counties of Huron, Oxford, Middlesex and Elgin.) We try to dance with people from the general public whenever there is suitable music. Leslie Hallock and Sharon Wise can dance amazingly together to almost any type of live music. They can do wonderful belly dance, and sometimes are joined by a few of the more daring Arabic women. Leslie often leads a simple hora or syrtos to any appropriate music.

In the summer of 2010 we had to leave the Sunrise Daycare dancing location after many years of fantastically low rent. We tried dancing for a while at Dorothy Scruton’s studio in a grand old crazy house on Waterloo Street, but parking was bad and the snow and ice conditions around the building were dangerous, and twice the person who was supposed to be there with the key to let us in did not show up. So in 2011 we made arrangements to dance at Riverside United Church, which has a large community hall with a wooden floor. We have about 10 dancers on average. We’re really enjoying it, especially when Leslie is in attendance, spreading her warmth, amazing teaching, and enthusiasm around to everyone.

We also started, around the same time, to dance on the third Wednesday of each month at Or Shalom synagogue in the old gym, which has a linoleum-covered cement floor. The attendance is a bit smaller on average there, but we still enjoy it. Tova made the arrangements for that: She has a friend who is happy to let us use the space at minimal charge!

Dancing with Dunaj:

Touring Croatia and Hungary with an American Dance Troupe

by Nancy Nies

Sometimes a trip can be so remarkable that even 26 years and many trips later, you can distinctly remember many details of it. Paul and I had just such an experience in July of 1987, when we joined Richard Duree and his Dunaj International Folk Ensemble for a two-week tour of Croatia (then part of Yugoslavia) and Hungary. What makes this particular trip stand out in our minds? For one thing, it was our first – and, thus far, only – visit to Central Europe. Also, we travelled with a congenial group of people who had interests similar to ours. In addition, I kept a journal and took lots of pictures. However, I think the vivid memories Paul and I share of that long-ago trip are best explained by the fact that we saw the two countries through the colourful lens of folk dance and folk culture.

Having attended some Hungarian-dance workshops in the Los Angeles area in the mid-1980s, we had become acquainted with Dunaj, a Southern California-based group that performed Balkan and Hungarian dance suites, among others. In Croatia and Hungary, they would perform their Appalachian clog suite, attend two large folklore festivals, visit folk-art centres and ethnographic museums, see folk-dance performances, and participate in dance classes.

When Paul and I heard that they had extra room on their tour bus and were inviting others to tag along, we quickly signed up.

Plitvice

On 6 July 1987, we met the rest of the group at the airport in Zagreb, Croatia. There were about 30 of us in all. We boarded our bus and immediately headed for Plitvice Lakes National Park, two hours to the south. Plitvice had become a national park in 1949 and a World Heritage Site 30 years later, and it was easy to see why. Taking advantage of the park's trails and boardwalks, we were awed by the scenic beauty of this wonderland of turquoise lakes, lush forests, and gentle waterfalls spilling over limestone cliffs.

This was the setting for Dunaj's first performance of the trip, outdoors before an international group of tourists. I have a photo of a lively Dunaj dancer kicking up her heels, with smiling spectators in the background. Paul and I remember thinking at the time that Central Europeans, used to much more controlled dance movements, must have found clogging an incredibly wild and free dance form. That evening



Singers from the village of Orubica Slavonia, Croatia, perform at the Zagreb folklore festival.

we ate at a rustic “national” restaurant called Lička Kuća, where a local trio (on violin, accordion and bass) provided rousing Croatian folk music, Dunaj’s musicians played lively traditional American music, and our group joined the locals in dancing to both!

Zagreb

After our visit to Plitvice, we headed back to Zagreb for three days, to get to know the city and to attend its Međunarodna Smotra Folklor (International Folklore Festival). The historic Upper Town – with its ochre-coloured buildings, red-tiled roofs, cobblestoned streets and variously-shaped church spires – served as the picturesque backdrop for the outdoor performances. We were fortunate to have a close-up view, and excitedly snapped pictures as group after group of costumed singers, dancers and musicians performed on a raised stage in the afternoon sun.

Though it was an international festival, the performing groups we remember were Croatian. It was only recently that we learned – owing to Karen Bennett’s kind help in identifying the costumes in our photos – that the performers we saw hailed from the Croatian regions of Slavonia, Prigorje, Žumberak and Međimurje, as well as the islands of Krk and Korčula. There was also a performing group, likely Croatian, from Bosnia. The musical accompaniment included a variety of traditional instruments, including Croatia’s national instrument, the *tamburica*.

The groups from Slavonia each wore their own version of the Croatian national costume: for the women, an embroidered white dress with a colourful vest or shawl, a fringed apron and kerchief; for the men, a long white wide-sleeved tunic and wide-legged white trousers, a black vest, and a black hat decorated with a small bouquet of flowers. The performance of the dancers from the island of Krk was notable for the women’s twirling, which revealed several layers of petticoats, and for the single musician’s playing of two *sopile* – wooden horns meant to be played in pairs – at one time. The sword dancers, from the island of Korčula, were memorable for the sword chain they formed and for the mock battle they staged.

We also attended an evening folk-dance performance in the Zagreb concert hall, of which our most vivid memory actually relates to an experience we had during the intermission. We had noted that a group of older men onstage did not do much dancing, and we guessed that they were villagers recruited to lend colour to the performance. At the intermission, we came upon this same rather rowdy group of gentlemen, passing around a goatskin from which they drank in turn. Paul attracted their attention, likely because of the large camera he carried, and they offered him a drink! How could he refuse? Timidly, he accepted the goatskin and took a swig of the “firewater” it contained – almost certainly *šljivovica* (slivovitz, or plum brandy), the national drink of Croatia.

Zagreb will hold its 47th annual folklore festival from 17–21 July 2013. For more information and also photos of last year’s festival, visit the official site at www.msf.hr/Smotra/en/en-index.html.

My journal reminds me that in Zagreb, besides attending festival performances, we more than once enjoyed a Croatian dish called *kotlovina* (grilled pork or chicken prepared with vegetables and white wine); saw costumes and crafts at the Ethnographic Museum and sculptures at the Ivan Meštrović Museum; and shopped at the colourful open-air market, where stalls were hung – and tables piled high – with folk costumes,

Photo: Paul Gipe



Dancers from the village of Blato on the island of Korčula, Croatia, perform a sword dance in the Zagreb festival.

as well as other items, featuring the traditional embroidery. There, Paul tried unsuccessfully to bargain for a man's costume, while I purchased a blouse with a cross-stitched motif in light blue, with touches of red and yellow, which I still have.

While in Croatia, we twice heard a beautiful song that we have remembered all these years – a tribute to the former socialist republic of Yugoslavia. It was not the national anthem, but a lovely folk song. Though it belongs to another era, it deserves a mention here. Paul and I recently realized that we each recall hearing it on a different occasion: Paul, when a North Korean performer sang it at the concert hall in Zagreb; and I, when the trio at the Plitvice restaurant serenaded us with it. Though we do not know the Serbo-Croatian words, we will always be able to sing along with the ending of each verse – “*Jugoslavi-ja, Jugoslavi-ja!*” To listen to the song, accompanying a slideshow on the former Yugoslavia, go to [youtube.com/watch?v=DeZR5vK6qZ0](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DeZR5vK6qZ0).

Buda and Pest

Next on our itinerary was Hungary. En route from Zagreb to Budapest, we drove many miles along the shore of Lake Balaton, the largest lake in Central Europe, also known as the Hungarian Sea. We then spent three days in Budapest, enjoying its beautiful setting and panoramic views – with Buda on one side of the Danube, and Pest on the other – and visiting the principal city sights, including Buda Castle, Fisherman's Bastion, Heroes' Square, the Parliament Building, the Citadel, the Liberation Monument, the Béla Bartók Museum, the Raoul Wallenberg Monument, the Ethnographic Museum, St. Stephen's Basilica and the Matthias Church.

The Dunaj group was to perform several times
Folk Dancer



Photo: Nancy Nies

Dancers of the California-based Dunaj International Dance Ensemble do their Appalachian Clog Suite for schoolchildren in Budapest, Hungary.

in Budapest. Once, they danced in a city square, and a good-sized crowd gathered to watch. Another time, they staged a particularly unforgettable performance at a school, for children attending a summer day-camp. The pictures I took tell the story: the dancers perform, the women in front, wearing calico dresses and big smiles; a large, responsive audience of children and adults watches the energetic clogging, clapping along with the music; and, afterward, a pig-tailed admirer leans over so a dancer can use her back to sign an autograph – one of many requested after the show!

One evening, we saw the dancers and musicians of the Budapest Ensemble perform at the Folklore Centrum. I would later write in my journal that the wedding dances, gypsy dances, and lad's dances were especially noteworthy, and the costumes strikingly beautiful. Another night, our group was invited to a reception at the American ambassador's residence, where the Dunaj dancers and musicians would perform. Afterward, we all went to a *tanchaz* (literally, “dance house” – a casual, unstaged folk dance event) where the Dunaj group showcased their clogging skills once again, then joined the natives in Hungarian dances.

Much has changed in Hungary since 1987, including prices. At the time, though, almost everything was extremely inexpensive. In Budapest, we bought books on Hungary – in English – at a fraction of what they would have cost in the States. At a shop selling

handicrafts, I purchased a half-dozen eggshell ornaments, hand-painted with intricate designs, for next to nothing. At a costume shop recommended to us, we found inexpensive replicas of folk costumes. In my journal, I listed prices we paid for other purchases: ice-cream cone, 6 cents (US); soft drink, 16 cents; beer, 50 cents; music cassette, \$2.50.



Photo: Nancy Nies

Kalocsa

Then, it was time to leave for Kalocsa, 88 miles to the south near the left bank of the Danube, where we would spend three days and attend the Duna Menti Folklór Fesztivál (the Danube Folklore Festival). The festival opened with a parade of costumed performers who danced their way down the street, accompanied by musicians on violin, accordion, drum and bagpipe. Our hotel room overlooked the parade, so we had a bird's-eye view. More than a quarter-century later – thanks once again to Karen Bennett's costume expertise – we have learned that the performers in our parade photos had come from the Sárköz region, from Romania, and from Ukraine, as well as from Kalocsa itself.

Spectators of all ages lined the sidewalks. Dancers from Sárköz did a Hungarian couple dance, the women wearing brightly-coloured, full-skirted dresses and kerchiefs, and the men, white shirts with black trousers, vests and hats. Couples from Romania, wearing black and white, leapt and whirled; Ukrainian couples, in bright red and blue, performed a more sedate dance. After the dancers came the children of Kalocsa: first the girls, with their embroidered blouses and aprons, colourful skirts, pastel head decorations, white tights and red shoes; then the boys, wearing white shirts, black trousers and black vests, and carrying beribboned sticks.

The Kalocsa folklore festival takes place every three years, and the next will take place in 2014. The official site (www.dunamentifolklorfesztival.hu/) states that as of 2011, only Kalocsa and environs

Hungarian dancers in Sárközi costumes dance down a street during the Kalocsa folklore festival.

will be participating in the festival. For a video of highlights of the 2011 festival parade, see youtube.com/watch?v=UPIL2W2aEuc.

In Kalocsa we visited the Folk Museum, where we saw exhibits of elaborately embroidered costumes, and the Kalocsa Folk Art House, where we watched a young woman paint a floral motif, like those traditionally painted as interior wall decoration. Her eye-catching costume featured the distinctive local embroidery and cutwork lace. The satin-stitched Kalocsa motifs mostly represent flowers – both wild and cultivated – and the colours used are dark red, bright red, hot pink, light pink, orange, yellow, medium green, dark green, royal blue, light blue, lavender and purple. I purchased a second blouse, this one with Kalocsa embroidery in all 12 hues listed above. The colours are still just as vibrant today as they were in 1987.

At the Folk Art House, there were tables filled with beautiful handcrafted items for sale. I was to return home with a number of colourful souvenirs of Kalocsa in addition to the blouse – embroidered cutwork lace doilies, hand-painted eggshells, heart-shaped felt ornaments, whimsical finger-puppets, and tins of paprika. Kalocsa is known as the Paprika Capital, and we also paid a visit to its Paprika Museum. There, we found informative exhibits on the history, cultivation, and manufacturing of Hungarian paprika, an ingredient essential to many of the country's dishes.



A woman paints a traditional floral motif at Kalocsa Folk Art House in Hungary. Her costume features Kalocsa embroidery and cutwork as well as backless slippers.

One evening we sat on long benches, in an outdoor amphitheatre in a park-like setting, to watch festival performances. We saw many groups perform, but for us the highlight was watching several generations of dancers from a nearby district – from young children in bright colours to kerchiefed old ladies in black – who recreated a village wedding celebration. After that evening’s program, there was dancing in the streets. Paul had a great time joining in the Hungarian dances, but admits to having had less than charitable thoughts about the inebriated revelers who had left an empty bottle in the street for him to trip over and narrowly miss ending up in the street himself!

Debrecen and the Hortobágy

Leaving Kalocsa, we headed northeast to Kecskemet,

Folk Dancer

where we had a guided walking tour – visiting, among other places, the (composer) Zoltán Kodály Institute, a music school – before traveling on to Debrecen, in eastern Hungary. I was feeling under the weather and missed an evening dance performance in a nearby town, but Paul remembers it well. It was held in a small theatre, and was open to the public. Performing with the Hungarian dancers was a young woman Paul recognized from Los Angeles dance workshops, who had come to Hungary on her own that summer to study Hungarian dance. Her *pièce de résistance* was an impressive rendition of a *legényes*, or lad’s dance. As she danced, Paul wondered how the mostly Hungarian audience would react to a petite woman doing such a “macho” dance. He had his answer when she finished, to loud applause. (To see a video of a lad’s dance, visit youtube.com/watch?v=8aImlEeu8sQ.)

A dance workshop, with instruction in the Kalotaszeg dance cycle, had been arranged for the Dunaj dancers the following morning. It was very hot, both indoors and out, and the gym where the workshop was held was no exception. I have a photo of the three musicians – two on violin, and one on bass – wearing tee-shirts and short shorts, with the instructor an airborne blur in front of them! Paul participated in the workshop while I took pictures. I photographed the participants dancing in a circle, in couples, and grouped according to gender, the men slapping their thighs in a *legényes*, and the women doing their own more genteel dance.

Next, we traveled west from Debrecen to the Hortobágy region, stopping for lunch at the Hortobágyi Czárda, originally built in 1699. In Hungarian, the word *czárda* refers to a country inn; the lively dancing done at the inns thus became known as the *czárdás*. When we arrived at the inn on that extremely hot, humid day, I remember hoping to sit at one of the outdoor tables and to order a cool salad. For those reasons, I distinctly remember that our group was seated inside the stifling inn and served steaming bowls of *gulyás* (goulash)! This well-known Hungarian dish is a soup – not a stew – made with beef, potatoes, vegetables and small dumplings, and seasoned with paprika. In my journal, I noted that the soup was followed by salad, pork and noodles, a fried pastry, and coffee – not exactly the light repast

I had envisioned, but certainly an authentically Hungarian meal.

After lunch, we visited Hortobágy National Park on Hungary's *puszta*, a vast grassland dotted with T-shaped wells which have for centuries provided water for the oxen, cattle, horses and sheep raised there. Having become Hungary's first national park in 1973, the Hortobágy would be named a World Heritage Site in 1999. While there, we rode in horse-drawn covered wagons and witnessed an equestrian show. The mounted herdsmen, or *csikós*, wore the traditional attire of the Hungarian "cowboy": a blue tunic (usually loose-fitting and wide-sleeved), voluminous blue culottes, a black vest, black boots, and a distinctive plumed black hat. They cracked long, black whips as they showed off their riding skills and had their horses do "tricks" such as sitting and lying down. (Historically, horses had been trained to perform these actions in battle.) A high point of the show was when the *csikós* drove a herd of wild horses around our caravan, at top speed. (For a video of a Hortobágy horse show, accompanied by Hungarian dance music, go to [youtube.com/watch?NR=1&v=-](http://youtube.com/watch?NR=1&v=-fwmHSOQO4E&feature=endscreen.)



Photo: Nancy Nies

A cowboy and his horse perform on the puszta (plain) in Hortobágy National Park in eastern Hungary.

fwmHSOQO4E&feature=endscreen.)

Before flying back to California two days later, we were to revisit the Budapest costume shop, where Paul would buy himself the traditional blue tunic, blue culottes, and black vest of the Hungarian *csikós*. The afternoon of the horse show, however, on the long, hot bus ride from the Hortobágy back to Budapest, what was uppermost in our minds was our return to the air-conditioned comfort of the Duna Intercontinental Hotel, where we had stayed several days before. That evening in the hotel's Czarda Room, we enjoyed gypsy violin music and a sumptuous farewell dinner, featuring *csirkepaprikás* (chicken in a paprika cream sauce), wines from the Tokaj region, and many *slivovitz* toasts – a fitting conclusion to a trip that would provide us with memories to last a lifetime.

CALL US FOR ALL YOUR TRAVEL NEEDS!

AOTEAROA
ADVENTURES INC.

Especially Australia, New Zealand & Southern Africa

DOROTHY SLOAN
President

10 Campbell Crescent Tel: [416] 489-7072
TORONTO M2P 1P2 Fax: [416] 489-3361
travel@paprika.lit@regent.com

Travel Services provided by The Travel Network. Int Reg. 2495819

Whittamore's Your Farm in the City!





FUN-FARM-YARD

- Wagon Rides
- Farm Animals
- Farm Bouncer
- Tree Fort
- Giant Slide
- Horse Swings
- Playhouses
- Climbers & more!



PICK-YOUR-OWN

- Strawberries
- Raspberries
- Green Peas
- Snow Peas
- Sugar Snap Peas
- Green & Yellow Beans
- New Potatoes
- Tomatoes & more!



FARM-SHOP

- Fresh Produce
- Baked Goods
- Preserves
- Scooped Ice Cream

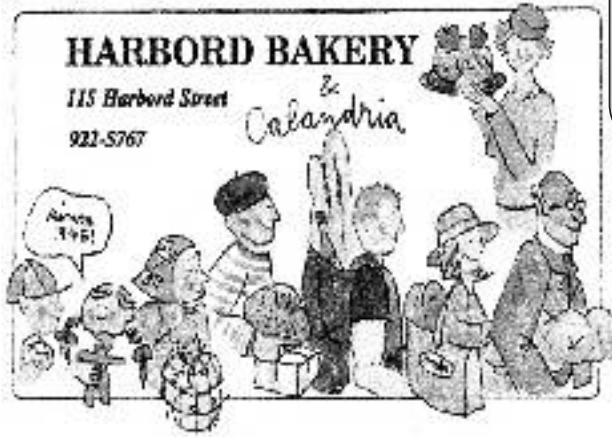


Book your
**Barnyard
Birthday Bash**
online today!

8100 Steeles Ave. E., Markham, ON
WhittamoresFarm.com | 905.294.3275

Erratum: typo on p. 4 of the April edition of the magazine, where "Sardana" should properly have appeared in the article's title.

Thank you to Abbey Smith for her recent donation to the OFDA, and to the Royal Canadian Scottish Dance Society for their donation to the OTEA Scholarship Fund.



The OFDA wishes to acknowledge Pauline Hill for her donation, made in memory of Ulla Brenken.



The Grapevine

The 10th and final Salt Spring Island Folk Dance Festival was held on the weekend of April 26-28 on Salt Spring Island, BC. The founder and organizer of this event, Rosemarie Keough, had been hoping that someone else would take over and continue the festival, but the island does not have a dance group and very few active dancers live there. The baton for the festival has now been picked up by the Surrey and Burnaby groups of the Greater Vancouver Area. In 2014, the Lyrids Folk Dance Festival, named after the annual April meteor shower, will be held in Burnaby, a suburb of Vancouver, on the weekend of April 25-27. The teachers will be Ahmet Lüleci and Miroslav Bata Marčetić.

In March, Nora Brett had cataract surgery; she soon was back dancing at David Yee's. Cecille Ratney had a fall in early April, and required surgery to repair the resulting broken hip; she returned home in early May. Around the same time, Rachel Gottesman broke her wrist. As she required surgery, her plan to take an opera tour to Spain proved impractical. However, she was able to come out on April 26 for International Dance Day (about which, more below). In mid-April, Judy Deri had a total hip revision surgery; the other hip had been replaced in November 2012. And in yet another mishap, in early May Ruth Belick fell and required surgery to fix a broken hip.

On April 17, Dorothy Barber and Denis Bowman passed away after long illnesses.

Hamilton dancer Adam Kossowski has started a weekly class in Brantford, Ontario; he believes it to be the first-ever folk dance class in that city. See listings on p. 15 for details.

International Dance Day, which was part of National Dance Week across Canada, April 24-29, was celebrated in Toronto by international folk dancers on April 26 at IFDC. (The actual International Dance Day falls on April 29 every year.) The event was co-sponsored by OFDA and IFDC, and among the potluck goodies were treats from Harbord Bakery. Teaching were Riki Adivi, Karen Bennett, Judith Cohen, Sheryl Demetro, Fethi Karakeçili, Marylyn

Folk Dancer

Anna Todorovich
ROYAL LEPAGE
 "Service at its best"
 Phone: 416-291-1111
 Email: anna.todorovich@royalpage.com
 905-416-782-8255 - Fax: 416-782-8888
 2300 Bloor Street West, Toronto, Ontario M6J 1P5

Peringer, Judy Silver, Terri Taggart, Helen Winkler and Walter Zagorski, presenting dances from Bolivia, France, Greece, Israel, Kurdistan, Macedonia, Romania, Serbia and the US, among other places. Two Russian games/dances were taught (and lead-sung by) Ekaterina Pyatkova, a member of the York University Balkan Musical Ensemble, led by Irene Markoff. The York set also included Opsaj Dir (Croatia), Petlite Peiat/Kako Što e Taia Čaša/Jovano Jovanke (Macedonia), Rumelaj (Rom), Eleno Mome (Bulgaria), Pravo Trakijsko Horo (Bulgaria), Marko Botsaris and Ikariotiko (Greece), Karşilama (Turkey), Dar Hejiroke (Kurdistan), and Kale Jaka Sima (Rom), the last of which was free-form dancing. There was an excellent turnout, with many first-time dancers. It was a great pleasure to see old friends Lavinia and Murray Forbes (in town for a visit), Jorge Leppe and Brenna MacCrimmon.

The Grey Bruce International Folk Dancers (who were highlighted in an article by May Ip on p. 24 of the February issue), demonstrated folk dance at the One World Festival in the Owen Sound Market Square on May 24. May Ip said about her article, "Thank you very much for giving me the opportunity to let our new little group connect with the folk dance community in Ontario." Note changed class info. on p. 15.

Yves Moreau will be making his 12th and final appearance on the faculty of Stockton Folk Dance Camp, California, held this year from July 21-August 4. He first taught there in 1970.



Travel
broadens
us!

Jim Gold Folk Tours : 2013-2014

Travel with International Folk Dance Specialists:
Jim Gold, Lee Otterholt, Adam Molnar, Joe
Freedman, Richard Schmidt, and Tineke van Geel



Join our exciting adventures in fascinating cultures.
Meet the people of the country!
Folk dance with local groups! And more!



2013 Tours

ALBANIA and Corfu! . . . October 6-20, 2013. Led by Jim Gold and Lee Otterholt.
Tirana, Kruja, Shkoder, Durres, Berat, Apollonia, Vlora, Himare, Sarande,
Butrini, Gjirokastra, Pogradec, Elbasan! Greek Island of Corfu!



2014 Tours

ISRAEL! . . . March 8-21, 2014. Led by Jim Gold and Joe Freedman
ARMENIA! . . . May 4-15, 2014. Led by Tineke van Geel.
POLAND and UKRAINE! . . . July, 2014. Led by Richard Schmidt.
SCOTLAND! (New!). . . August, 2014. Led by Richard Schmidt
NORWAY! . . . June 14-24, 2014. Led by Lee Otterholt.
IRELAND! (New!) . . . July 10-23, 2014. Led by Jim Gold
GREECE and GREEK ISLANDS! . . . June 29-July 4, 2014. Led by Lee Otterholt.
HUNGARY! . . . July 31-August 11, 2014. Led by Adam Molnar.
BALKAN SPLENDOR! (New!) . . . Oct 4-16, 2014. Jim Gold and Lee Otterholt
Serbia, Croatia, Bosnia/Herzegovina, Montenegro: Oct. 4- 16



Visit www.jimgold.com for itineraries, details, Youtube videos.



TOUR REGISTRATION: Can't wait to go?
Reserve your place. Mail your \$200 per person deposit.
Or register with credit card: Click on Folk Tours at: www.jimgold.com

Tour(s) desired _____
Name _____ Address _____
No. of people _____ Phone(____) _____ Email _____

Jim Gold International, Inc. 497 Cumberland Avenue, Teaneck, NJ 07666 U.S.A.
(201) 836-0362 www.jimgold.com Email: jimgold@jimgold.com

SIJAN SHOES Manufacturer of Multicultural Dancing Shoes

Handmade 100% Genuine Leather with Coloured Stitching

U.S. & Group Orders Welcome



1 Croatian: Šestinska Style

2 Slavonia A

3 Croatian: Pokuplje

3+ Slavonia B

4 Croatian

6 Dubrovnik

7 Croatian (white)

9 Boot (smooth)

10 Boot (textured)

11 Macedonian/
Shopski/Bulgarian

12 Serbian-Flag

13 Serbian-no Flag

15 Ukrainian

16 Polish

Inquiries/Cheques payable to:

SIJAN NICESKI

1560 Meldron Drive

Pickering, ON CANADA M1V 6Y7

Bus: 416-693-4039 Fax: 905-509-4246

e-mail: sneceski@hotmail.com

website: www.shanshoes.com

Prices:

European sizes: 24-30, \$40C

31-36, \$50C

37-40, \$60C

Plus handling/postage charge.
Refer to website for other sizes