



Grapevine is the newsletter of the Perth International Dancers. The Group meets at St Margaret's Church Hall in Nedlands (Cnr Tyrell & Elizabeth) on Monday evenings and Saturday mornings. Monday evenings begin at 7pm with a 75 minute dance lesson, followed by general dancing until late. Saturdays begin at 10am with a 1 hour dance lesson before morning tea and general dancing. There is also a Friday session at 9.30am at Mundaring Scout Hall. For more information please call John (9427 4258 (wk)), Martin (9326 6077 (wk)) or Palenque (0423 834 439).

Palenque's Patch

We have just come away from a wonderful workshop with Yorgo Kaporis, an Aegean Macedonian from Sydney – but not any old dance teacher. Yorgo trained as a ballet dancer and has a beautiful style, though also with plenty of authenticity in his style. Many of the dances he taught us were from his mother's home region of northern Greece (Greek Macedonia) and we heard some great tales about the dances and songs as well. Can one ever forget the involved story of the shy girl wanting to have a beautiful dress made for her, but unable to cope with a nice young man measuring her up, she runs away towards the baths, only to get tired along the way, fall asleep under a tree, and finally the tailor measures her up from her shadow as she sleeps!

Speaking of ballet dancers I have much more sober news to share. One of our dancers who we really missed at Yorgo's workshop was Penny Why. Sadly Penny passed away on Friday 8th October after being diagnosed with liver cancer. Penny was trained as a ballet dancer and was a great exponent of dance in all its forms – from modern through to folk, or what in ballet would be called 'character' dancing.

Although most at the Perth International Folk Dance Group (except perhaps our newest members) would have encountered Penny at some time and enjoyed her company and her dance style, many may not have been aware that Penny was a founding member of AusDance WA, and well regarded in the dance community associated with a career of dance teaching and advocacy in Western Australia.

Ausdance remembered Penny at her memorial with these words: *Penny was one of WA's contemporary dance pioneers and remained an advocate for dance throughout her lifetime. She was a founding member of the organisation and made a Life Member in recognition of the enormous contribution she had made to dance in WA.*

Penny also danced with Perth's Hungarian dance group Keszkeno and spoke Indonesian and was a strong supporter of Perth's Indonesian Community.

For myself, I remember Penny from a very young age – when she was my first dance teacher when I was about 4 years old. She was training young children to love to dance. There was not a plie or pirouette in sight as I remember, but plenty of wonderful music. Penny was such a generous soul, and inspirational to those around her. We will miss her dearly.

Palenque Blair



Click here for [other pictures of Penny](#).

Teaching Schedule	Monday	Saturdays
October	John	Palenque
November	Palenque	Sara
December	Palenque	Sara

Why dance?



With all the recent focus on sainthood in our press we thought you'd like the following in praise of dance! This by Saint Augustine.

I praise the dance, for it frees people from the heaviness of matter and binds the isolated to community.

I praise the dance, which demands everything; health and a clear spirit and a buoyant soul.

Dance is a transformation of space, of time, of people, who are in constant danger of becoming all brain, will, or feeling.

Dancing demands a whole person, one who is firmly anchored in the centre of their life, who is not obsessed by lust for people and things and the demon of isolation in their own ego.

Dancing demands a freed person; one who vibrates with the equipoise of all their powers.

I praise the dance.

O man, learn to dance,
or else the angels in heaven will not know what to do with you.

Yorgo Karporis Workshop

Well Yorgo finally made it across to Perth over a recent Eastern States long week-end! We'd heard about him from a number of people, most recently from John Whaite who was really enthusiastic about him coming to Perth. We'd also read a lot in FootNotes over the years about Yorgo's exploits!

We were not disappointed! He taught us nineteen dances over three sessions, two sessions on Saturday and one on Sunday afternoon. Great stuff from a great teacher and entertainer.

Many dances were described by Yorgo as 'village dances', so there were no tricky choreographies, just authentic dances with supporting stories and background; all told with humour, empathy and sensitivity, whilst not buying in to the politics and enmity that too frequently seem to haunt Balkan culture.

Yorgo has great style and is a great character. Our dancers had great fun. Sadly we didn't manage to attract anyone from the local Macedonian community to our workshops so we relied on our regulars and had just over 30 people at the three sessions.

The list of dances taught is attached below in order of our favourite dances. We also learned Koga Koedish mome za voda, which to us sounded like Nevstinko.

Thanks to all involved, thanks to those who attended and particularly many thanks to Yorgo (and Lockie) for coming to Perth and spreading enthusiasm and dances of the Balkans. Attendees



Dances taught – in order of favourites ↓

Ti Le Be Giorgi
Ludo Kopano
Rajko
Kate Katerino
Chamcheto
Izniknala
Ovcharsko (Gajda)
Raka
Valjeska Podvala
Devojko Mori Devojko
Pembe
Sulejmanovo
Vichensko Svadbarsko
Mootown Zurna
Shareni Chopari
Dipat – Sirtio
Oral Dedo
Chuk Chuk
Arap

As you can see Yorgo had his hands full for the Perth workshops!! ↓



Andre July 2010

Andre visited again in 2010 and brought a lovely

selection of dances from all over. For the first time in many years, we hosted Andre in a different hall – it was the Main Hall in Mt Hawthorn. It was a lovely hall to be in – large, bright and spacious, with plenty of space for sitting and watching or having a cup of tea at the tables along the side. As usual Leone, Nina and Pat did a tremendous job of catering, and we had a lovely Saturday evening party at Eve's place. Thanks also to Bev and Jennifer and others for helping transport equipment, open up the hall, set up and decorate!

We were a few numbers down due to many people being away. But I think the dances and the event were enjoyed by all who attended, including Andre. The dances Andre taught us are listed below, with the votes we gave them at the end of the weekend.

Dance	From	Votes
Yaducha Rayona	Israel	1
Hora Mare Vranceneasca	Romania	4
Veselo Gajdarsko	Macedonia	7
Yellow Cats Jig	USA	2
Senin Canina	Turkey	9
Mori Shej Sabina	Hungary	8
Tamzara	Armenia	6
Zensko Shopsko	Bulgaria	5
Tsilil Ha Emek	Israel (French music)	12
Shiptarsko Oro	Kosovo	3
Ivushka	Russia	2
Breaza Ciobanilor	Romania	-

Andre work-shoppers



Thanks to Pam G. for the photo

Some dates for your diary: ↓ and →

**AGM – Monday 29 November
8pm, St Margaret's Church Hall, Nedlands**

This issue in our series we look at the words of *Oral Dedo* one of Yorgo Karporis's dances.

The words go something like this:

Grandpa levelled out a big garden
and planted colourful flowers for grandma

all is good

A big garden

all is good

With colourful flowers

He waters by day

and he picks by night

He waters by day

and he picks by night

just like that

He waters by day

and he picks by night

just like that

Grandfather caught a young woman in his garden

A young woman who was picking the flowers

The young woman was pleading with grandfather to let her go

Let me go grandfather I'm your daughter-in-law

Even though you're my daughter-in-law

A daughter in law can also be caught.

all is good

A big garden

all is good

Invitation

Monday Christmas Party

Monday 20th December

St Margaret's Church Hall

With live music by the *Last Five Coins*

Join us for another great Party Night, bring a plate and drink to share and dress Christmas-y

7pm start for 8pm live music

Pre-sale \$7 (\$9 for non members) \$10 at the door

It's All in the Words

Travellers – 2010 - where did they go?

For quite a few of the Group, 2010 was a year for travelling; Martin and Pam went to the UK, France and Spain; Laurel and Pat went to France, as did Palenque and Damon and John too before heading off to the Sabor in Bulgaria, although in Palenque's case they detoured to Iceland. Not really the most direct route!



All roads led to Gennetines though and we all met up there for a week at the 'Grand Bal de l'Europe' where we were joined by none other than Pam Massey and her French friend Jo.

The above introduction does little justice to some great journeys, so we've included some words from the horses' mouth – as it were!

Palenque's Gennetines

In July I spent a week at Gennetines, le Grand Bal d'Europe ('the big European dance'), a folk dance festival held in central France every July. The festival is held on a farm about 15km north of the town of Moulins, not far from the village of Gennetines. The area is agricultural and right in the middle of France geographically. Several thousand (up to 3500) people gather on the site for 8 days of festivities. Camping is the accommodation, and ten dance hall tents are set up in the main festival site. Meals are catered unless you want to camp cook for yourself.

There were eight Perth International Folk Dancers at this festival this year (more than ever before), and I copy in a few words from Pam Massey who is currently living in England about arrival evening at the festival:

"The system for meals so that no-one on site had to deal with cash, was that when we bought our festival ticket for the week, we also bought enough orange meal tickets @ 8 euros each & green drink tickets @ 1 euro each, to feed us the entire week. Coffee & teas were only half a ticket. Beer was only one ticket. Then the queue; either the meat or the vegetarian queues, that moved reasonably fast considering the number of people the volunteers had to feed. We wandered off with our first meal on our trays. Outside the hall where the Israeli dancing had been was a grassy area with some trees, tables & benches. All the tables were occupied, but there was one bench with just one man on it. He had his back to us & was wearing a black hat, black T-shirt, & black trousers. We headed for the other end of the bench. He looked up. 'Hello Pam Massey' he said. I looked down. 'Hello John Whaite' I replied. We

ate & talked, as cool as cucumbers. Then Palenque & Damon appeared with their trays, which I realise now was all quite a co-incidence, when I think of all the places we could have sat!!"

Workshops ran all day, though starting at the respectable hour of 10am! and not finishing til 6 or 7pm as I recall but with a lunch break of 2 hours. The evening bals didn't start til 9pm. There was often a performance before this, but I only made it to watch one of these.

Some of the workshops were very crowded - almost unbearable with all those bodies adding to the already hot hall, though once the side walls were removed, sometimes the temperature could be brought down. But on day 3 or 4 when it rained, all the walls went up again to prevent the rain and mud getting in, but it was still very hot and humid inside! We found a great place to recover, 'in the woods'. Well not *literally*.....but at the far end of the festival was a shady peaceful place where people met to eat, sleep, & play music.

The choice of workshops was: Israeli Basque Italian Cajun Catalan Breton Argentinean Tango English country dance Playford Bouree's Fandango Greek Gavotte (Breton tight arm-hold style) Irish Set Dancing Mazurkas Polka Polska Portugal Provence Quebec Renaissance Saut Basque (just western French side of Basque country) S/W France Waltz Circle dance with French singing chant Swedish Swiss & many more, including many different French traditions from different parts of the country.

Workshops were rated 1, 2 or 3 stars, with 3 stars the most difficult. I did some of an Israeli workshop, a Greek workshop, some Italian and Catalan dancing, some Breton, Mazurka and waltz variations, Estonian, polska and the highlight for me was probably the Difficult-rated Basque workshop where we learned a dance traditionally danced at funerals and a set dance for 8 people that was a physical challenge, with its highly balletic leg movements, and rather fast changes of direction. Again a quote from prolific writer friend Pam: *"I'd say pretty much everyone there were dancers, at different levels. But hardly a total beginner was my impression. There were some 'folkie' looking types, but there were also very conventional middle aged couples who have been brought up with a tradition of dancing their regional dance, as in most European countries this tradition is kept alive far more than in England or Australia. Nice."*

Anyway, the dancing was great fun, though workshops mostly on the easy side. The most amazing thing about it, is it is almost entirely done

to live music, not only evening bals, but also the workshops all day, and in the case of one talented Breton Monsieur, the button accordeon player is the music, the singer AND the dance teacher - AMAZING!

Bals and Fest Noz's were in all 10 places between 9-11pm, 11pm-1am, & I believe 1-3am, though I'm not talking from personal experience on that last one as unfortunately I had an English cold for pretty much the whole festival so I gave myself a curfew in order to last the week!! Drinks, hot and cold got served all evening, through the drink tickets system, and our favourite was a champers bottle of cider to share with friends over dinner! I danced a lot of French dance of all sorts, though the highlight of the evening bals was probably a Breton Fest Noz - where I was dragging up memories of Breton dances from 13 years ago, and managing to keep up with the really experienced family crowd - from teenagers to grandparents all dancing together often in small circles. Another highlight was watching a young couple, dressed oh so individually, the girl in a huge swirling skirt, dancing a bourree, the way I imagine it was never supposed to be seen in courtly ballrooms - such sensuality for a dance where one doesn't touch ones partner - it was beautiful to watch! Another highlight was the friends made - over dinner under the trees or on the dancefloor. We met and then often ate with, drank with and danced with the young Estonian crew - dancers and musicians - who were a great laugh.

Another quote from Pam, I thought you might find interesting gives a taste of how the festival is run - entirely on volunteers: *"This was followed by Mr Gennetines himself, holding a meeting in same tent to discuss ideas for future festivals. I was rather stuck in the tent & couldn't make a discrete exit, so looked upon it as a French lesson....and a rest. I caught little bits: key words that enabled me to guess the topic. Mr Gennetine's story is not dis-similar to the English Glastonbury Festival - both farmers organising a festival on their land. Mr. G. looks about 50. In 1990 or so, his parents went on holiday, & he had a party, inviting lots of people, & putting up a marquee. Maybe there was Bouree dancing too, as he was one of the performers in the Bouree Spectacle. Anyhow, the local media got to hear about it & sent the local TV camera's there. His parents saw it on TV & on their return asked if he knew anything about it!! That was the beginning of the Gennetine Festival, & now it is very impressively organised year after year, with a system that works, & always open to new ideas, hence the open forum meeting in the tent.*

Memberships

As we approach the end of the year it's time to think about renewing your membership for 2011. Some members already have!

Membership Renewal

Name: _____

Address: _____

Phone: _____

Email: _____

My special Dance Interests are:

Payment for calendar year:

\$25 standard

\$20 concession *

* Card type & number: _____

Include my details on PIFDG contact list
YES / NO

'NO' will **exclude** you from emailed advice re events & dance information

Please read the note below before signing. Pass completed forms and payment to the Treasurer

_____ sign here

Please read the following which is a condition of Group Membership.

I understand the need to warm up and stretch before and during the sessions. I also understand that it is my responsibility to wear suitable footwear and ensure that I dance safely and within my capability.

Please tear off this slip and return it with your membership fee to the Treasurer

Note that the Group carries accident insurance for members; the cost is included in the annual membership.

Pam and Martin's Sojourn – Europe 2010

Overall we were away from Perth for 13 weeks, leaving on 13th May and returning on Friday 13th August!

Having bought a motor home in the UK we had a wonderful holiday and completed almost 7, 500 km, mainly in France (Loire, Dordogne and east to west across the Pyrenees to the Atlantic Coast) and Spain where we tracked the other way back across the Pyrenees. With a largish motor home it meant keeping away from large towns and cities, so we saw a lot of the real France and Spain. Magic!

With Gennetines beckoning we decided to forgo the Tour de France for another year and we headed north, visiting Foix, Carcassone, the Gorges of the Tarn and places like Le Puy en Velay on the way! After the dancing we headed west to Chinon, up to Mont Saint Michel and back to the ferry at Calais.

Gennetines was billed as 'le Grand Bal de l'Europe' and what a grand ball it was! Nine days, ten venues, over 450 workshops and 150 'bals'. In addition to a maze of French and Quebeçois dances the workshops featured dance from Israel, Greece, Estonia, Spain, Italy, Portugal and a Celtic influence with Welsh and Irish groups, although the Welsh band only seemed to speak French!! Thankfully the workshops didn't start until 10:30 and less were scheduled in the afternoon – time for a well earned rest!!

The 'bals', 'balls' to you, started at 9:30 each night and went on, and on, and on, some finishing at 3 am apparently. I have to admit that after 5 days my body called 'enough', and I had an evening off!!

Highlights

Meeting and talking to people from across Europe whose passion was dance. Lots of time to practice our French too!

Some of the Breton bals were just fabulous, especially those led by Bernard Loffet, accordionist and singer extraordinaire. He even led some dances while singing and playing, quite amazing. What a talent! Check him out on YouTube!

One or two of the Estonian dances were pretty special too, particularly a marching type of dance that involved over a hundred people and looped and progressed for about half-an-hour.

The organisation was nothing short of brilliant and all the more so because it was so low key. Rarely were you aware of the organisers but boy did they do it well. Well done to everyone involved!

Images [click here to link to more pictures](#)

Nicole and John, a UK couple, who having arrived on their tandem and 'done' Gennetines then headed off for Switzerland across the Alps!



The rain! It really knows how to rain in that part of France – the whole site was a quagmire for about 3-days. Great cloud-scapes! No rainbows though!

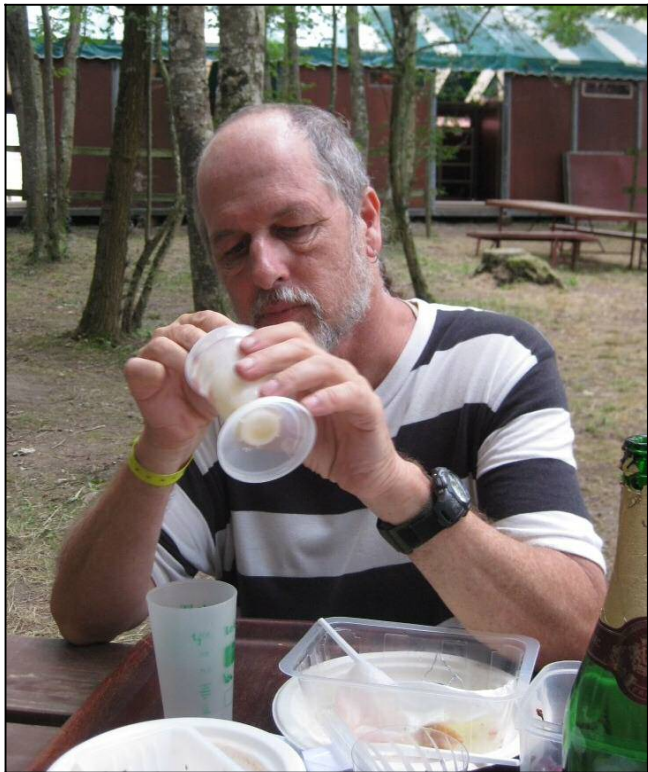
Another key image was how many people knew the dances and joined in with such enthusiasm; and so many men who were great dancers! So much live music too – even for most of the workshops.

It was amazing how single-minded the French are when it comes to their dances; parochial some might say. Several times we heard tarantella being played and we thought 'great, we'll do that one', only to find out that there were over 100 people doing a choreographed bourrée to it! If it quacks like duck and walks like a duck, it must be a bourrée!

↓ John and Palenque practising their new fandango steps in the rain!



More Images: John, below, trying to get the most out of his 60th birthday dinner! Perhaps this was to get his energy levels up for his actual birthday the next day which was spent driving to Barcelona; just 750 km down the road! We hear his SatNav came in handy and worked some of the time!!



Palenque, acting the part of the refugee. Her tent leaked in the rain, and she and Damon moved it under our camper-van awning to give some protection. What no vegemite? ↓



Hearing Amazing Grace being sung in Italian was rally special for me and I also have some great images of people jamming around the site, particularly a big and very talented group playing and singing in the rain about one week into the mission! With a wide range of instruments they went through various eras including Beatles, Dylan and Simon & Garfunkel; mostly English but also some French with some great 'Piaf' moments! ↓



Some of the Perth crowd with friends. (Laurel was too busy dancing and Pat was on her way home.) ↓



So did everyone have a good time? Well we believe so, and if the skip full of empty bottles was anything to go by, yes they did!!

Would I go again? Let's just say that all dancers should experience at least one Gennetines. Pam and I enjoyed it immensely, it was certainly an amazing experience, and there were lots of interesting people to talk to. There was however a certain sameness about some of the 'bals'. Never have I danced La Chapelloise and Circassian Circle so many times. Walk into any of the 'bals' on any night and wait 10 minutes and you could dance one or other dance. 'Circassian' particularly popped up everywhere and it was danced to many different pieces of music, including the theme from Star Wars!

For those that knew them, late 2009 saw the sad death of two friends of the Perth International Folk Dance Group. Roger and Frances Young were regular dancers for several years in Perth in the early 1990's before returning home to the USA. Frances particularly contributed a lot to the group, including as one of our dance teachers.

Tribute to Frances and Roger Young – from Fiona Murdoch (NZ) 23 January 2010

I was privileged to call Frances and Roger my friends. We met in Perth W. Australia as members of the Perth International Folk Dance Group (PIFDG) where Frances was one of the main tutors. She became my folk dance teaching mentor as I began teaching folk dance myself - both in the group, and also as part of exercise classes for groups of adults 55+yrs with disabilities in Perth.

I admired many things about Frances and Roger, not least their commitment and support for one another. It was great to see Frances and Roger dancing together at the Perth International Folk Dance Group events and obviously enjoying each other.

I observed the selflessness in their marriage and the love they brought to the most domestic of tasks. Due to circumstance (Aussie immigration law) Frances could not work formally – however she was extremely generous with her time in a voluntary capacity and often helped with my exercise groups for people with disabilities. She taught me much about dance teaching, loaning and gifting several useful dance teaching resources. I was always impressed with the research and preparation she brought to her teaching sessions. Frances and Roger hired a small church hall near their apartment for an afternoon a week – Frances to practice her dancing and Roger to play the piano. Both Frances and Roger gave the best they could – all the time.

I remember that when teaching, Frances had a trick of wearing a scarf wrapped around one ankle, to help learners who were watching carefully discriminate between the two left feet they thought they had! She and Roger had an enviable wardrobe of folk 'costumes' and innovation for dance party nights was a specialty.

I was a little perplexed when making a dinner invitation to the Youngs as to what I would actually cook, given the dietary limitations for Frances, and to this day think that a breakfast of cooked frozen vegetables is a little kooky. However Frances was a great teacher in the kitchen as well as on the dance floor and I learned to combine yummy gluten-free and dairy-free concoctions without too much trouble. I learned about almond milk!

We became 'long-distance' friends when we both moved home to countries far apart, me to New Zealand, and Frances and Roger to Oklahoma. We began a regular correspondence, exchange of music, phone calls and general sharing of the ups and downs in each other's lives. It seemed that we remained connected even though miles apart. We shared a love of music in many genres - world music, dance music 'something a bit different' music and frequently exchanged CDs (initially cassettes) of our latest local 'find' when we knew that the other would enjoy listening to it.

I was pleased I was able to visit them as part of a round-the-world-trip in 2002 and that they were able to return the visit to NZ in 2003. I was interested to see where Frances and Roger lived, worked, and played. They were excellent hosts and I came away from the trip with much more knowledge than I had had on my arrival. I note this because on traveling in and out of the States, customs and immigration officials were always most surprised to find the only state I had gone to was Oklahoma – I think they were somewhat embarrassed – however I can say that the enthusiasm that Frances and Roger demonstrated for their homeland rubbed off on me. Likewise I introduced them both to the WOMAD festival in NZ and 'fed' their passion for the cultural nuances of New Zealand while they were here. They did a tour of the NZ fault lines!

Latterly the health problems that persisted for both of them did creep into our phone calls and letters, with the evident frustration of not being able to pin the symptoms onto any one cause. As a physiotherapist specialising in neuromuscular disorders during my years in Perth, once Frances's disorder was finally diagnosed I well understood the path that her disease would take her and was very sad that such a vibrant woman who loved to dance was

going to suffer the indignity and challenges of increasingly restricted voluntary movement.

I am pleased that she did not have to suffer that for too long, especially without the support of Roger who had been adamant he would be her main caregiver. I was grateful I was able to share some of my therapy knowledge with them and felt that our phone calls were the better for the shared understanding. I was unable to communicate directly with Frances after September of last year as her fine motor skills had deteriorated significantly and she and Roger were exploring voice-activated emailing technology. However I did have email contact through Roger. A gap in communication then followed which proved to be due to Roger's unexpected death and family not knowing the extent of Frances and Roger's network to ensure all were notified.



Frances, Roger and I folk dancing in Perth

While the relationship I shared with Frances and Roger was but one amongst many in each of our lives, it had stood the test of time and distance. To use New Zealand imagery, a basket woven from flax (called a kete) begins from a spine plaited from 3 strong strands – I think of our friendship as being like a flax kete with Frances, Roger and myself as 3 strands from whence the relationship was built. Each connection between us, whether by phone, email, visit, photo or gift received by post, wove a stronger basket to hold many treasures. Now even though two strands of the spine have passed over, the strength of the kete is sustained by those memories, and the treasures of friendship still remain within.

As a memorial to Frances and Roger, in the first semester of my dance classes for 2010, I will teach dances I learned from Frances over the years. As these dances go on to be shared and danced in many places, and on many happy occasions, each step will be a reminder that once Frances (and Roger) took pleasure in sharing their love of dance for others to enjoy.

May they dance lightly together in the world we do not yet know.

I have enclosed some photos of happy times together over the years.



Frances and Roger geared up for hiking in the Wichita Mountains when I visited in 2002

