G R A P E V I N E

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Grapevine is the newsletter of Perth International Dance. The Group meets at St Margaret's Church Hall in Nedlands (Cnr Tyrell & Elizabeth) on Monday evenings and Saturday mornings. Monday evenings begin at 7.15pm. Saturdays from 10am - noon. The 1 hour dance lesson is followed by a break for tea & general & request dancing. There is also a Friday session at 9.30am in Parkerville Hall, Seabourne St, Parkerville. For more information please call Jennifer (0409372414) or Palenque (0423 834 439)

President's Report 2017

G'Day and welcome to the end of 2017 this being the end of the great 40th year of existence in September and the beginning of our 41st year of operation. Only another 9 years to our 50th. What shall we do to celebrate then? At the outset I wish to thank all the members of the Committee who 'stepped up to the plate' and kept events and activities moving throughout the year. In particular to Martin for his work on PID's Constitutional compliance with the Dept. of Commerce, and the production of yet another stellar edition of the Grapevine and to John W for his administration of the PID Website which keeps us all well informed and up to date. To our teachers a huge thank you. They do make life so much easier learning and reviewing all those simple to complex dances with those unique rhythms. A big thank you to Palenque for her initiative, time and effort in coordinating a new program of dance classes for the "Youngsters" (ages 3 to 7) held throughout the year. We are currently trialling additional interactive dance sessions which are designed to re-visit complex dances and old favourites. Many thanks to Eve (trialling at Nedlands) and Jenny C (trialling at Glen Forest) for this initiative and their coordination. To Jennifer E many thanks for taking up the teacher roster at short notice and for maintaining the Mundaring group. It has been a busy year with two major and successful weekend workshops being conducted by Ira Weisburd & our regular favourite Andre van de Plas. We also enjoyed a short Hora Shalom workshop evening with Oren Ashkenazi. As well as various theme party nights which included singers from the Turkish Australia Culture House (TACH), we had a combined evening of dance with the Macedonian Community dancers – thank you Tuna for coordinating this event. It was a fantastic evening. Thanks to Steven Janowiecki for his enthusiasm and success in promoting Contradance (now a St Margaret's event) and to our fellow folk dance travellers - Hora Shalom and Souleiado all of whom contribute enormously to the enjoyment and variety of folk dance. Appreciation is extended to our long time friends The Last Five Coins who provide us with music which always adds to the atmosphere of our major events. What would a year gone by be without Red Faces and a successful one at that – "och aye the noo it wus guid bonnie wee Leone". The Saturday group celebrated its 'sweet sixteen' year. Numbers at all dance sessions i.e. Monday, Saturday and Friday sessions in Mundaring, have been increasing which augers well for 2018. May you all have a very Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year. **John B 'The Prez'**

Dates for your Diary

Friday Xmas party	9:30	15th December
Monday Xmas party	7:30	18th December
With the Last Five Coins		
Saturday Xmas party	10:00	23rd December

All Christmas Parties are free again this year – but please remember to bring a plate

Dancing Restart Dates 2018

Saturday dancing	6th January
Monday dancing	8th January
Friday Hills dancing	2nd February

Teacher programme for early 2018

	Mondays	**Saturdays**
January	Eve	Sara
February	John	Laurel
March	Peter	John

Please confirm events, dates and start times on the web site www.perthinternationaldance.org.au

Dancing in the Hills

Time flies! The Hills Group is now in its 14th year, established in 2004 with just 3 people, our group has continued to grow slowly but steadily. Jenny C had a break for a few years, organised an advanced class in Glen Forrest and is back with us on Fridays. As with every group, we gain members and lose the occasional one or two. Some travel and return, and some never seem to go anywhere! Maybe that is part of the appeal of International dance, with every dance we gain some small insight into the culture from which it originates. The music, the dance, the story behind it, whether it's a wedding dance or a woman sneaking out to be with her lover, a dance celebrating water and community or remembering lives taken too early. We, in our own small way, celebrate, bear witness and remember lives and lifestyles we may never experience personally. It makes the world seem a little smaller and brings us all closer together. Of course the bonus is that our group members are wonderful people who love the dance and the company. From serious 'don't talk' to uncontrollable giggles to giving a gecko a free ride (it's the hills), we have it all.

I returned to Kalamunda High School, this time with Jenny C. As before, we were welcomed with an enormous amount of enthusiasm and good will. I cannot praise the students and their teacher Maria Pennington enough. We are now planning for another visit next year.

So 2017, a year of quiet (apart from the gecko) consolidation, is coming to a close. Our last class is on December 15th followed by lunch at Clare's. 2018 classes begin on Friday 2nd February.

Details will be on the website. All are welcome

Happy Holidays

Jennifer

The Hills Spring Party - 20th October ↓

Red Faces 2017 - the editor's perspective

I've not been to Red Faces for some years and this was the first that I'd watched at the Hall. It was very impressive. Well done everyone who worked hard; setting up the hall, dreaming up and preparing their skits and presenting them. OK, I know that I shouldn't pick out any specifics but I have to list some key moments, some of those images I just can't get out of my head!!

The master of ceremonies, John-Tam-o-Shanter-Bardill, was resplendent in his kilt and did a great job.

Ashuk_and_Mashuk; Tuna Dincer & Pelin Eren

Eve, Palenque, Felix and Hanna – Ram Tam Tam was a classic with Hanna clearly not wanting to be there.

Zouk, aka David Lane with Aisha and her hulky friend Ivan the terrible.

The Sunshines – Tony, Leone, Carolyn and Mori.

Those dust chasers – Pam M and Berni

Laurel and Steve – Morrising along

Paula as Inspector Clouseau – ably supported by Berni and Nina – loved their Pop Song with Nina and Pat too.

The Freo Trio, oh no Freo Duo, the Pitman Sisters

Anne's Les Barker poems with Hedgehogs, 'Nobody hugs me' and Polar Bears 'News of the Iceberg'

Rond de Balingup – where the sun never shines – see article below ..

The Forgettables – John B, Steve, Peter and Tony – who could ever forget those toupées?!

.. .. and last but not least, one of my personal favourites Nina's rendition of The Physician

Lots of skills and lots of imagination on display. If you missed the event or you want to revisit it please look out for the USB put together by John Whaite; watch it in private! Fabulous work John; three video cameras and lots of editing. True dedication to the cause!

Martin Williams

What's this about 'advanced' dance classes'?

As with any form of dancing (and much else in life) some folk dances are more challenging than others. Perth International Dance is a recreational dance group and likes to welcome all comers, this means that our regular Monday and Saturday sessions always include some less experienced dancers who naturally feel more comfortable with less challenging dances.

In the past we have tried to cater for beginners with occasional beginners' courses consisting of a limited series of weekly sessions. Participants are asked to sign up for the whole course during which they will learn the basic steps of many European folk dances. Such a course is being offered on Saturday mornings 9-10am in January 2018: contact John (johnwhaite@yahoo.com.au) or Palenque Blair (palenqueb@gmail.com) if you are interested. But these courses have not solved the problem of more experienced dancers finding themselves without a satisfying challenge.

Independently, Jenny Currell and I found we were missing the excitement of more challenging dances - both learning new ones and the satisfaction of perfecting and performing the ones we had learned previously … in fact, they were getting forgotten. Although anyone may request any dance they please after the lesson hour at the Monday and Saturday sessions it is, understandably, not appreciated to request dances that will be unknown and/or beyond the majority of attendees.

So the idea of special sessions for more experienced dancers was born. These (currently) monthly sessions differ from those on Mondays and Saturdays in that the teaching is not allocated to one person. It is a more co-operative enterprise in which a dancer may either volunteer (or be volunteered!) to teach a dance that excites them – they MAY know it well already, but they may want to know and remember it better - the latter involving studying the notes and videos, which is (or should be if you want to know the dance) a welcome challenge. Each participant contributes to the cost of hall hire and insurance and no one is remunerated for teaching. There is no break for refreshment during the session, but afterwards people have met at Jenny's place to share lunch or (in Nedlands) at the Dome for a coffee.

Currently Jenny is trialling a 2nd Wednesday of the month morning session (10.15-11.30) at the Glen Forrest Community Hall; the last session this year will be on December 13th. Attendees come from various groups and those of you who know Jenny will not be surprised to hear that the emphasis is on Israeli dance. In Nedlands the session is on the 3rd Sunday of the month in the afternoon (3-4.30), so the last session this year will be on December 17th. If you are interested but not sure whether they may be for you, you might like to take a look at either of these December sessions: alternatively if you are interested but cannot attend at the days and times mentioned above, we encourage you to register your interest and availability with either Jenny or myself since the demand for and timing of these sessions will be assessed at the end of the year.

Eve Blair

Saturday Group – Turning 16

Congratulations to the Saturday Group – that turned sweet sixteen on 2nd September. What no teenage tantrums!!?

Travellers' Tales

On the next few pages we feature tales from some of our dancers on their travels, mostly from this year – although the one from Tony Hoar is from last year. Tony has been boomeranging from 2 weeks in Taipei, to Japan to get his dose of autumnal colours and is now back in Perth – returning via Taipei on his way home.

More details for some of these travels can be found on the PID web-site

Europe and Dance – John Whaite

In May I left Australia for 10 weeks in Europe, focussed on dance of course, with some sightseeing on the side.

Touch down in Italy, and I caught up with our former member Michaela Hill, who has been living in Bologna, doing academic research on one of her ancestors. She was in fine form, enjoying the Bolognese lifestyle, but not much dancing. However, she did have a side trip to the Eurovision contest in the Ukraine!

Next to Albania, to join Yves Moreau's Albanian Culture Tour. What a great experience! A tour bus with 50 dancers and musicians travelling to towns and sites of interest throughout southern Albania, nice accommodation, fine local food, enjoying Albania's best folk musicans and dancing with locals every day. As well as Yves and Frances Moreau, there were Albanian dance teachers Steve and Susan Kotansky, and Albanian ex-pats Kujtim & Pjereta Ismaili, so everything ran smoothly and we learnt a lot about this extraordinary country and its dance.

After Albania, I spent a week in Kosovo. It is full of renewal with a very energetic feel. I didn't see any folk dance, but I did catch a wonderful (free) performance by the national ballet, and a performance by some Roma musicians.

Next, in Greece, Kyriakos Moisidis' Greek Dance Seminar. Kyriakos is a delight, a professor of culture at Thessalonika University, and he is well known in Sydney where he has often presented workshops. In fact there were quite a few Australians in the group. The seminar was held at Papa Nero, on the mountainous east coast of the Pelion peninsula, dancing on a wooden platform under shade trees with the sea breeze coming off the water below. In the evenings, we ate at Damachouri, which was a location for the movie "Mama Mia" - very picturesque. Another great experience, and I highly recommend it.

From Greece to France, for the two French festivals that I always return to. The first is "Le Son Continue" - the festival of traditional musical instrument makers - a long weekend of dance, music, and a surreal atmosphere. Set in the wooded grounds of the Chateau d'Ars, there are dozens of instrument makers' booths, beautifully decorated, with musicians testing a huge variety of instruments. The sound is a musical cacophony, reminiscent of a symphony orchestra tuning up, and the air under the tall trees a pleasant cocoon.

A highlight for me was when dancing in a marquee, a roving 15 piece bagpipe and drum orchestra entered and crossed the floor in front of the stage, completely drowning out the sound of the dance band. You might expect the dance to stop, but no! The dancers were so enthusiastic they just kept voicing the tune and dancing until the interlopers were gone.

Next stop the "Grand Bal de l'Europe" - 2 weeks of camping, 7 dance marquees, lessons morning and afternoon, dancing until 3 am, and about 5,000 dancers. I was a bit concerned that the weather would be either too hot or too wet, but it was fortunately glorious. And with 2 weeks to enjoy, there was no pressure to attend every dance session, so a relaxing time. Lots of French bal dance, various regional dances, as well as a smattering of dances from all over - Lithuania, Scandinavia, Greece, America, England, Spain, Africa, Middle East, Israel, and more. Not as exotic as Albania, but a wonderful event.

In a nice surprise, Beatrice Suom and Virgile turned up with their new baby Andrea.

So now I'm back, with lots of new dances to share. I hope you enjoy them.

John Whaite

Le Grand Bal de l'Europe – Wrap Up ⬇

Martin and Pam – Europe 2017

Our winter ie northern summer holiday of four months didn't involve any dancing so perhaps stop reading now!

We do have one classic dance image from Brussels. While eating lunch on the steps of the Stock Exchange listening to a busker playing superb cello music; enter two middle-aged backpackers walking up with all their gear – tall thin lady and a thick-set guy with a pipe in his mouth; backpacks and boots. The cello struck up with Hallelujah and the couple started to dance – very slow, deliberate and stylish - tango style. Big applause at the end – we joined in with the applause but not with their dance.

Our 4-months away was roughly divided into 2 weeks in Germany, 8 weeks in Norway, 2 weeks in Scotland and the rest in England. Unusual for us this year in our motorhome we visted the major centres of **Brussels, Cologne, Dresden** and **Berlin.** We loved them all and some smaller places such as Eisenach and Erfurt that both had a big focus on Martin Luther & the Reformation 500th anniversary celebrations.

➧ The crowds at Dresden Castle ….

Our 8 weeks in **Norway** was shared with about 5¼ million Norwegians and seemingly tens of thousands of motorhomers. In the north every third vehicle seemed to be a motorhome.

We had the usual problems of sleeping - the midnight sun and the ever present water; lapping, rushing, falling – make it really hard!!

It is a fabulous country with amazing roads; a constant mix of bridges, ferries and tunnels, many of them sub-sea. Lots of tolls though.

Their 18 **National Tourist Routes** include some of the most amazing scenery and fabulous lookouts in the world. We travelled on 12 of them and they are fantastic.

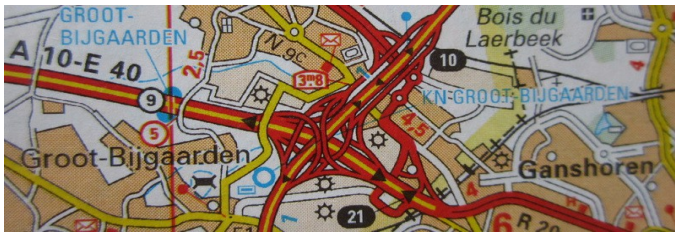
Even close to the snow line it was often warm enough to cook outside. "Jeeves" was on hand to cook and to be our chauffeur!!

Other thoughts & images of the holiday include:

Almost 40% of Norwegian new car sales are electric cars; contrast that with our 0.02%!!

There were still street cigarette machines in Germany and lots of vaping around Europe.

We tackled some crazy junctions and drove about 13,500 km; so not a very 'green' holiday



Overall it was a superb holiday with huge contrasts ranging from the noise and clamour of Berlin .. ..

.. .. to the total calm of so many parts of Norway.

From Pam Massey

This article reflects Cyndie's

Well starting backwards (my usual form!) was Red Faces, & the first one I've been to in must be 10 yrs. You migrated to the hall in my absence!

Must say I was very pleasantly surprised! It was a good show! More outsiders in the audience & less PIFDancers than in the past, & what a shame those members missed a good night!

I recommend being there next year!!

Backwards again, from 6th July-3rd Aug, I was house-sitting just 10 mins drive south of Cairns. Seemed like a good place to be in the middle of a Perth winter! And I was not disappointed! My 4th visit there, previously 1976, '87, & 2000, and all those times Cairns hadn't changed much, but this time it has changed out of all recognition!! I don't often say this about development, but *for the better*! It has gone from being a good central base for the nice things around, to being nice *within.* And they let me use their car, & invite a friend. Well I thought, rather than having 1 friend for 3 weeks, I'll see if I can wing it & get 3 friends for *one* week!

I did!! The day after I arrived the owners left. The day after they left Jenny Currell arrived. The day after Jenny left I cleaned the house & washed the sheets for the next day arrival of Cyndi. And the day after Cyndi left I cleaned the house & washed the sheets for Susie K, & the day after Susie left I cleaned the house & washed the sheets for the owners return!

Highlights were a day on Fitzroy Island with Jenny. A tropical paradise. We snorkelled, as I had done there in 1987 when it was an abundance of colourful coral: Now, sadly, about 80% is dead…..this sea-change is *not* a positive one!

We also walked round Mossman Gorge, where we bumped into a familiar folkie face from Perth (as you do!)

Highlight with Cyndi was a beautiful 45 min drive east of Cairns (yes, there's a peninsular!), through the cane fields at the beginning of harvest, up around over hills & suddenly beside little tropical beaches, to the end of the road at Yarrabah Aboriginal Community, which was a very positive experience, & I was impressed at their self-governing.

Cyndi & I also travelled as far south as Tully & Mission Beach, where we visited Nina's sister.

I dragged all 3 along to my favourite little NQ town, Babinda, that shares the ominous title with Tully as the wettest place in Australia! (At least the rain is *warm!)*

With Susie, we had a delightful afternoon at Palm Cove, being entertained by the Cairns Ukulele Band, & we got across the Daintree River to where I had worked in 2000 (& Paula Day had visited) and another 25 km north to Cape Tribulation, cassowary & 2 little chicks crossing the road en-route.

It was all perfect! **Pam Massey**

Cyndie Innes Travelling to the Tip

Mid-year is a necessary time to go north, escaping our winter blizzards (which would be summer in UK but they have different body thermostats over there!)

This time Queensland, first spending the week in Cairns with Pam Massey who happened to be house sitting there at the time. This luxury home was a fine starter together with ongoing hospitality from two exuberant Jack Russells called Ruby who plied us with slobbered soft toys and Solly who licked us to death if she could (childminding would be easier) but we took them on nice rambles around the rain forest area, leaving them after clever manoeuvring out through the door to take off to explore the coastline .. Cairns is a friendly tropical town with numerous restaurants together with a big landscaped lagoon safe from crocodiles and box jellyfish. There was a long promenade along the beach, a pleasant way to spend the evening. We visited Yarabah, an aboriginal settlement that used to be a mission, but now fully independent with a school, café, Art Gallery and friendly atmosphere.

On our excursions we saw notices warning people not to feed the cassowaries but never set eyes on those elusive 'killer' birds...

The following week I farewelled Pam (and the dogs) and met up with the Casey bus tour for our camping trip to THE TIP. This included a boat trip up the Daintree to see the rainforests and the

crocodiles. There was one 'cute' 2 foot baby croc sheltered in the water by overhanging trees.

Our tents were large enough to stand in replete with camp stretchers. But hammering in those tent pegs! The ground concrete hard, at times requiring a drill first. Kitty our cook was a whizz at soups while our driver Barry entertained us with anecdotes as we bumped along the endless gravel track. Our stops were at interesting pubs or camping grounds alongside billabongs. We passed old homesteads derelict since the gold rush days.

We arrived at the Jardine River where the aboriginal owned ferry does very well out of the truck, cars, motorbikes and four WDs that need to cross. A nice scenic spot to wait in the queue as the ferry drivers took long lunches.

Seisia, the northernmost town was our home for three days, camping on the beach where we could see the sunset as of course were facing west... We were "sufficiently reassured" that the crocs didn't come up from the beach... all the same, I dared not venture out without a torch.

Our trip to THE TIP was a scenic walk/clamber for a few kilometres and well worth standing there seeing the meeting of the oceans.

The trip on the ferry to Thursday Island impressed me as this plucky little fort on the hill protected our country in both world wars.

Before returning south went on another crocodile tour for now that they are a protected species they have gone forth and multiplied and now bring 'delight' (if that's the word) to tourists. Slow logs can become a lightning 'strike' in seconds.

On returning south we spent a night on the furthermost station (Bramwell] run by an intrepid lady called Wendy who manages cattle, car maintenance and camping sites. The night we were there 200 people sat at long tables with red tablecloths wining and dining and listening to a musician/comedian playing his ukulele as we watched the sun go down. Where else would one want to be? Yes, a trip well worth doing but tell you what! For me, nothing can beat the Pilbara.

A Stint in Tunisia **From Paula Day**

In early September, on my way home from Italy, I spent a week in Tunisia. A close friend is working there and it seemed an ideal opportunity to visit a country which I otherwise would, most probably, never visit. It was also a country about which I knew only one thing ie 'Life of Brian' was filmed there.

Peta is living in the capital city of Tunis and so it was there that I spent the first part of my week. Initial impressions……..very hot, chaotic, polluted, choking, elegant but very shabby, friendly and welcoming. Very hot, because Tunisia is boarded by the Mediterranean Sea, Algeria and Libya. Chaotic, because the Tunis traffic is a nightmare and terrifying for a pedestrian tourist. Polluted, predominantly with plastic bags and bottles but also with just about anything which can be placed in rubbish bins (non existent except for a few placed in the main tourist strip a few months ago) or recycled (not yet part of the local vocab or psyche). Choking, because smoking is permitted anywhere and everywhere. Elegant but very shabby, with a lot of French-colonial architecture. Friendly and welcoming, with beautiful looking people who really want to offer assistance, although the same question asked of five different people will result in five different answers. Arabic is the official language and French the unofficial. Everyone assumed Peta and I were French and so would converse to us in French, which was fine for her level of the language but which I could only politely tell them, in French, that I didn't speak French.

Tunisia has a very long history of invasion. First came the Carthaginians, then the Romans, then the Arabs, then the Ottomans, then the French and finally independence in 1957. Peta was keen to see a few particular places beyond Tunis and so arranged a three day road trip for us both. Our mode of transport was the louage, or minibus taxi, which has a specific starting point and destination and bus stops in between wherever you choose to hail or demand it to stop. Our first night's destination was the north coast town of Bizerte, locally known as "the Paris of Tunisia". We never did find the part to which that was referring! We stayed inside the very old Medina de la Mer which was near an area that distinctly reminded us both of a Cretan port. And

it was not like cosmopolitan Paris because we seemed to be the only tourists, a fact which we were both quite happy about. While there, we took a louage to the northern beach of Hammamet which had been recommended. Although the beach and surrounding area was extremely littered the sea was clean, cooling and lovely. Our other two nights were spent inland on an organic farm near the town of Testour and our reason for being in the region was to visit Dougga, the "best-preserved Roman small town in North Africa" according to UNESCO. And it did not disappoint! 65 hectares of ancient history and, for the most part, all to ourselves. We also did a bit of an Audrey Hepburn-style photo shoot with me in my 1950's French skirt. Silly, but fun!

Once back in Tunis Peta was very keen for me to see a part of the medina where she had lived for her first few weeks. We entered at the gate next to the tourist section, passed shops filled with touristy products and antiques, then wended our way along the crowded, cobblestoned alleys until we were, quite suddenly, on our own in a completely residential section. It felt like a secret place, kept hidden from the tourist hoards, and it was beautiful. Clean, exotically historic and really tranquil.

A week in one country doesn't sound like very long and yet the freneticness and the bombardment to the senses, particularly via the nose, made a week feel long enough for me. But considering the adventuresome nature of PID members perhaps Tunisia may be a place which is added to their lists of possible travel destinations?

Paula Day

Painting the Town Red!??

I always liked the idea of painting the town red but in Freo this year they have apparently run out of red!!

A Suikinkutsu in Shirotori Park. - from 2016

Shirotori Cohen is a small zen themed park south of Sakae in Nagoya (which is between Tokyo and Osaka). I spent some time in Nagoya earlier this year, co-incidently while Perth was having its 50-year record breaking heat wave.

While strolling through the park, I noticed a non-descript rock with a water filled depression on top and surrounded by small rocks. A bamboo ladel was resting on top and a couple of one-and-a-half metre bamboo poles were leaning against it. On closer inspection, I found a sign that explained that it was called a Suikinkutsu. By using the ladle to pour some water onto the rocks, placing one end of the bamboo pole against one of the small openings hidden among the rocks at the base and listening at the other end, intriguing bell like sounds could be heard.

Under the rock, is hidden a large inverted ceramic pot containing some water. As drops fall through a small hole at the top of the pot, they produce a bell like echo as they land in the pool below.

Shirotori park has waterfalls, a peaceful teahouse and many beautiful vistas. Set in a very busy city environment, it is a real oasis.

Tony Hoar

Red Faces – The Forgettables, remember them?

Dancing in Buenos Aires - August 2017

The most recent (round the world) travels took me via Auckland to the Paris of South America BsAs for the 3rd time – having visited twice before about 10 years ago.

Little had changed with my favourite places in the city being antique gorgeous cafes, ancient cemeteries, historic architecture and oh yes, of course the all pervading TANGO.

La Boca district BsAs – the birthplace of tango

It is a fascinating place by day and by night, full of activity and beautiful people next to an ever increasing number of people sleeping in the street. There is no social security in BsAs, only own luck, family and friends.

The Portenos, as the people of BsAs are called, love a spirited demonstration and practice this almost nightly, accompanied by music bands, sausage stalls and lots of placards around the stately pink Government house in the heart of the city, the Casa Rosada. And who would not have heard or seen Evita singing 'Don't cry for me Argentina' from its ornate balcony.

Dancing with a Star at the Piazzola

I missed slipping a peso across a battered old counter for the 'subte' (subway) ride across town as this has not only doubled in price (from perhaps 20 to 40 cents per ride) but also is a 'smart card' now.

Moreover the oldest wooden underground carriages in the world have now been taken off the tracks, a ride on the linea A sadly is no longer a journey back to the 20ies.

But there are many Tango venues where little or nothing has changed for decades, where men and women are seated on opposites of the room, couples in their own section, and a wink or nod of the gentleman mysteriously sees a girl rising to their feet at the opposite end of the room, to meet in the middle and silently embrace for the next 3 minutes or so of a dancing tango – immersed in music and connection and rhythm, oblivious to the rest of the world in their own universe.

The day-to-day tango danced around the BsAs halls and bars has nothing to do with stage tango and encapsulates something of the Argentine spirit and soul.

Most visitors are satisfied to attend a stage show though, such as the one offered at the Teatro Piazzolla. This underground place, goes back to the glorious 20ies too when it was used for very risqué parisienne cabaret shows. A great venue for a dance and the red velvet remains.

Tango show at the Piazzolla where I danced

Travels went on to Scotland for some hiking and touring, and to Germany/Switzerland for biking and a family visit. Once settled back in of course the mind begins to wonder and wander … where to next?

Whilst in Germany the big Octoberfest spectacle in Munich casts its tentacles and shadows everywhere in and beyond the country.

There was a huge beertent complete with bands and merrymaking Munich style right smack in the middle of the Zurich main station and Frankfurt airport lined the path from checkin with festive posters, brass band performances, rows of beer steins and ginger hearts right to boarding the plane.

Rhein Donau Club PERTH WA / Oct 2017

Thus once back in Perth we had to join into the spirit and visit the German Club in Melville for its annual Octoberfest held in true style and high spirits.

Don't they all look like true blue Bavarians?

At last my 'Dirndl' (purchased in Berchtesgaden in 2016) got its proper outing that night.

The real thing – imported. ➔

It wasn't Munich but it was getting close and I was surprised how many true blue Australians happily and proudly presented in traditional Bavarian costumes for the night. Of course the beer on tap helped a lot. **Prosit Gisela**

"I'm afraid you misunderstood. ... I said I'd like a mango."

Wet, Wet, Wet from Leigh Richmond Balingup

This is a piece written after Souleiado's very wet performance at the Balingup Mediaeval Carnivale this year. It is designed to be sung to the French dance Rond D'Argenton. The photo provides evidence of our drenching!

ROND DE BALINGUP

We went to Balingup again
With our mediaeval programme
The forecast was for lots of rain
Would it all be worth the pain
Would the audience remain
And were we all a bit insane
CHORUS

Sou-lei-ado, oh no, no!
Don't dance in the winter al fresco
Sou-lei-ado, oh no, no!
Don't dance in the winter al fresco

The one o'clock parade came round
Umbrellas up, umbrellas down
Mud all over boots and gowns
Nervous smiles and lots of frowns
Were we all about to drown
Or slip and slide onto the ground
CHORUS

At 3 p.m. it looked alright
The sun came out; a welcome sight
Our maypole dance was going right
When suddenly from heaven's height
The rain came down with awe and might
We carried on, we're not too bright
CHORUS

The audience all ran away
But we decided we would stay
We were saturated anyway
We'd finish our set come what may
We may as well just earn our pay
And be the heroes of the day
CHORUS

An Ode to Dancing – 40 years on

The following ode was written for inclusion in one of last year's 40th editions of *Grapevine*. It got struck off by one of the sub-editors but it did have an airing at Red Faces. In case you missed it! :-

What are these dances, what are these rhythms?
That for forty years have sustained this Group?
Could I but learn them all, am I so driven?
No, my äge-ed brain is addled, it's in a loop!

A grapevine here or was it a yemenite?
What did André say, is this a hora?
All these new dances, will I ever get them right!?
I really liked the older dances, but now I'm filled with horror!

Perhaps I need some new DNA,
Or new dance patterns in my brains
Shine in some extra light, or try another day
Then I might really make some gains

What's this I hear – I'm getting old!?
New knees and hips and energy more thrifty
A poor suggestion, perhaps far too bold
Let's just drink to when the Group is fifty!

The Indulgent Editor

Some more red faces

Tuna Dincer and Pelin Eren as Ashuk and Mashuk ↓

and the Sunshines Tony, Leone, Carolyn, Mori with their very own human music stands – with our born again Scottish Prez - Master of Ceremonies for the night ↓

André van de Plas - Workshops

In July André van de Plas made his annual pilgrimmage to Perth for a week-end of teaching before heading off across to the east.. This year his week-end workshops were attended by over forty dancers where he taught eleven dances from seven countries.

As always, we rated the dances' popularity

Dance name	**Origin**	**Votes**
Lezzitli Yoghurt	Turkey - Roma	13
Sarba Mariutei	Romania	10
Ha Oreach	Israel	8
Cemen	Turkey - Kurdistan	5
Mesecina	Kosovo	4
Dafno	Greece	3
Strandzansko Horo	Bulgaria	3
Tou Paradeisou	Greece	3
Oj Vardare Makedonski	Macedonia	2
The Castro Almaine	England	2
Hora Din Caras	Romania	1

Can you still remember them all?!

André has advised that he willl be back in Perth in 2018 for the week-end June 30th- 1st July. So, put that in your diaries now!!

Last year for the 40th Year Celebrations *Grapevine* featured life stories and dance stories from some of our dancers – what PID and dance meant to them. Here's one from Brenda that missed the deadline – take this as the first step towards the next decade!

Brenda's Bits:

Forty years ago a friend suggested I go to a new group where I can learn dances from all over the world. The first Monday I attended there were already two circles. People welcomed me and were prepared to help me with the steps. This was the first of many places, in a Masonic Hall in Northbridge.

When I became more confident and enjoying totally the different dances, especially the Israeli and Rumanian ones, I joined the performance group who rehearsed somewhere in Subiaco on Thursday nights. Each week-end we were invited to perform at different functions, sometimes in the Hills. After these performances we would end up in someone's house, eat healthily and if I remember correctly Eve would have baked a delicious bread.

It didn't matter where we were , we would dance again. I can still 'see' us dancing in a line through the different houses. Wonderful times! Especially as I had my own dance partner, Doug Pianta. I wonder here he is now? We actually danced at the opening of the Fremantle Arts Centre.

Eventually, I went to live on a kibbutz in Israel, Ramat Yohanan. At the Jewish Agency in London, who arranged for people to go to kibbutzim, I requested to go to one where there would be Israeli dancing and classical music. Ramat Yohanan was perfect for me for those reasons. I was in an Ulpan, a system where one learns Hewbrew in class for half a day and we work where we are needed for the other half of the day. During this time was Passover and THE OMER.

The Omer is a wheat-harvest ceremony held on the first day of Passover in a wheat filed at sunset. On Ramat Yohanan lived a choreographer, Leah Bergstein and a composer, Matiyahu Shelem, who actually composed the music for the partner dance that we still do, "V David Yefe Einayim". They created this amazing ceremony and people came from all over Israel to see this.

Instead of staying the five months of the Ulpan, I married a member of the kibbutz and was a member there for eight years, during which time I danced in the Omer each year in the pertner dance called "Shibolet d'Sede", sheaves of wheat in the field. My husband was the flautist in the kibbutz orchestra.

Each year that I lived in Israel I would return to Perth and return to the Perth International Dance Group.

So now, after a few years' break from International Dancing, I returned and was so glad to see so many of the people who have continued to dance and have maintained the Group for forty years.

Branda Cohen

Brenda Cohen (formerly Harvey)

We are scheduling a 4 week Beginners' Course for January

Please look out for the flyers and promote them to your dance friends

Saturdays 6th - 27th January 2018
9 – 10 am
at St Margarets Hall

$30 for all 4 weeks
Students $25