



Auckland's Hungarian Dancers children's group, at a practice before participating in the reopening of Auckland Town Hall.

Rakdanit, Lechu Neranena, Na'ale, Eilat; in roughly that order.

We're all enjoying having class sizes averaging 25 each week, including more men. We do plenty of easy partner dances - sets and mixers - but they're also learning Michtav and Mered Neurim from last year's camp. At the monthly Community Dance we also have about 25 including regular contingents from the Rock 'n Roll and the Sequence dancers. They barely knew about each other but both groups already knew the Progressive Jive which Barrie and

Cynthia taught me in Tauranga - making links is fun!

Kathleen

Letter from Wellington

Like Kathleen I enjoyed the Tauranga event. Although a long way from Wellington, it was worth it to meet long-time friends, for the fun stick dance, and for the privilege of being taught Bourrée dances by Rae. Getting that 1-2-3 just right isn't quite as easy as it might seem! The new Israeli dances were fun too.

events and take socials came in regularly in those days and we were kept very busy.

During 1981 I had taken my first trip to Europe and attended a number of folkdance seminars in the Balkans, which was a very educative experience. In 1983 I went back and this time included Israel in my itinerary. I had a hectic two-week stay. In spite of a visit to Tirza Hodess (Folk Dance Director) I was not able to find much dancing in Tel Aviv so cycled (!) up to Jerusalem. There I saw and participated in dancing in a number of locations. A quick tour of the North enabled me to appreciate Israeli security fears. I departed with mixed feelings. I had had abrasive contacts with some Israelis and received great kindness and hospitality from others. But most importantly I saw Israelis dancing and danced with them, an experience all lovers of Israeli dancing should have.

During my absence Uri Ginur, an Israeli archaeologist visited NZ and taught the group a number of new dances such as Ballada Lamayan and Al Kanfei Hakesev. Mention should also be made of the singing group we formed around this time with the assistance of Ya'akov Cohen. We presented Jewish and Israeli songs at socials and special occasions.

In the latter part of 1983 I went over to Sydney and with the help of Gary Dawson met Tovi Grinstein at the Hakoah Club. I was quite impressed with her and invited her over to NZ. There she gave workshops in both Israeli and International dancing proving to be an excellent teacher and dancer. Our repertoire and knowledge of Israeli dance was again expanded.

It always seemed that as we became ready for more repertoire and Israeli dance someone with the right qualities would turn up. In mid 1984 we had a visit from Dan Robertson, an Israeli folkdance enthusiast from Seattle. He taught us a number of the more recent dances. One we specially loved was Elu Tsiporim. By means of a workshop video he introduced us to the dances of Shlomo Maman. Dan visited us again the following year, and we later met by chance in Israel.

A visitor who contributed a lot to our understanding as well as repertoire of Israeli dance was a delightful lady who arrived by yacht from England at the end of 1984, Helen Sheratte. From her we learnt many dances such as Laner v'Lebsamim, Eretz Israel Yaffa, O Yossel Yossel, Mi Yitneni of etc. She had met many of the choreographers and she certainly widened my understanding of Israeli dance. She, together with Hilary Noall, one of the best dancers in the group, demonstrated the dances for a very memorable video record. She visited a number of other groups in the country and in the following year departed the way she had come, by yacht.

In 1984 Raymond Matson, one of our foundation members had moved to Hamilton. Over the following year or so Hilary and I had both given workshops in Hamilton to help start off the group Raymond had formed. Inspired by his energy and enthusiasm this has proved to be a most durable group (as is the local branch of the Friends of Israel, extinct almost everywhere else in NZ).

Helen Sheratte's visit had given me sufficient confidence to start taking beginner's classes for the public and hold various workshops. However, by 1985, it was becoming increasingly difficult to maintain numbers in the performing group and social classes. I decided to go into recess, which was in a way a relief because involvement in folk dance was taking an excessive amount of time.

The Second Group ("Kalanit")

In the following year, after meeting with a group of Messianic Christians from a commune, I was persuaded to start up another social and performing group. Others joined and we had a number of memorable socials and performances. One result of my contact with Helen Sheratte was to write to David Edery' initially about requiring one of his catalogues of Israeli folk dances. The following year (1987) he made the first of a number of visits to N.Z. and filled some of the gaps in our repertoire, which now numbered a few hundred dances.

During 1988 Raymond and I decided we should make a study trip to the source of Israeli Folk Dance. I spent two and a half months there whilst Raymond had to return a little earlier to his job. Assisted by the Director of Fol Dance, Bracha Dudai and her assistant looking after the ethnic groups, Rena Sharette, we had a very busy, exhausting and memorable time. Equipped with a video camera (one of the older recorder types) we travelled almost continuously around the circuit - Tel Aviv, Haifa, and Jerusalem - diverting to wherever we could find concerts, social dancing and performance rehearsals.

Everywhere we had a cordial reception and nowhere was videoing refused. The highlights included the Druse Arab performance in Haifa and Yemenite dance rehearsals at Kiriat Ata (Haifa). Subsequent concerts together with other groups celebrating Sprinzach School's 50th Anniversary, Shavuot festival at Ben Shemen Moshav (as guests of Yousif Asmael and the very professional Arab group performing there), rehearsals of the Pa'amly Teman Performing group, and a visit to Jonathan Gabai (Tzadik Katamar, sham Harey Golan, etc.) and his family in Haifa plus his dance classes and finally a 24 hour dance marathon at Caesaria (organised by Moshe Telem) concluded a wonderful string of experiences. More fabled Arab hospitality as guests of Jamal Tattum and family

accompanied the dancing with his drum. The effect of the drum was very dramatic - some dancers were overwhelmed by the sound, others were charged by its energy.

For me, the greatest pleasure as the day progressed was to note the increasing skill and satisfaction of the dancers, in the more agile line opposing mine, as they mastered the style and music of the two dances, Tingi and Halay.

Gabrielle Johnston

Israeli Dance In Auckland

Rebecca Pflaum has been setting the Baptists alight. Eileen Jacobsen arranged an invitation for her to a North Shore church. More than 100 people turned up, including whole families, for a merry two-hour workshop. Now another parish in Sandringham has invited Rebecca for September. Meantime she has just begun a 6-week course for adults, and she has a children's performance group in training at Kadima College, a picked group of 16 from 27 applicants, who will be among the dance groups to be seen on Rose Day (1st Nov.) at the Parnell Rose Gardens.

Rae

Update from Sawkes Bay

[from *Rokdim Yechifim*]

Matti: mea culpa! Some of us who live here get lazy with the apostrophe (which must have its place for it's in place of it is - there, I've been wanting to get that across). We live on land, only aquatic life is in Hawke Bay. We natives are grateful to not see the strange label of The Hawke's Bay; now that's a sure sign of ignorance.

For the Queens Birthday "warm up to Machol Pacifica" in Tauranga I put up a large notice and announced it each week, from April - how else are the newer people to know about these events? I was surprised to end with fourteen of us going! We had a great time (thank you, Kate) and the newer dancers among us gained confidence to register for The Israeli camp in October.

Towards including them, and other locals, I'm gradually teaching Shmulik Gov-Ari dances during the first hour of each class; slightly risky because the focus for that hour remains firmly on beginners, but proving successful. They love the music and "that looked hard but it flows so well it turned out to be easy". The music is on from the beginning, slow build-up of parts and much repetition. This is my list for them: Israel Hayafa, Be Pundak Beiti, Lakum Ve La'amod, Eizo

11. You get a rush of adrenaline when you hear someone say "And balance the next..." until you realise the full sentence was "And balance the next 2 accounts to the penny".
12. And finally, you might be a dance gypsy if your kids are named Josie Do, Allie Mand, and Jans Fyor.

Seth Tepfer



food Section

V. Anna Gyarmathy

Chicken Norkolt

| | |
|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Eight drumsticks or chicken breasts | 1½ tbsp Hungarian red sweet paprika |
| 2 small onions | 1 tomato |
| 1 green pepper | |

Cut two onions into small dice and cook them in a spoonful of oil on low heat until they are nice and sweet. If it starts sticking and burning add a little bit of water. While the onions are cooking, take the skin off the chicken, slice up a green pepper and dice up a tomato. When the onions are soft add one and a half tablespoons of Hungarian red and sweet paprika (you must use Hungarian paprika, otherwise it will not taste like anything), the green pepper and the tomato. Add the chicken and enough water so that it is not too liquidy but it does not burn either. Cover and cook for half an hour.

Hungarian Cucumber Salad

| | | | | |
|-------------|------|----------------|-------|-------------|
| 3 cucumbers | salt | 2 cloves | sugar | lemon juice |
| | | garlic, minced | | |

Peel 3 cucumbers and slice them up into thin slices. Mix them with one teaspoonful of salt and set aside. When the liquid comes out, mix it with two cloves of minced garlic, one tablespoon of sugar and the juice of half a lemon. To make it look nice, sprinkle with paprika.

Many of the dancers also play, notably the hurdy-gurdy (the diatonic accordion) or a bagpipe. This is a summer holiday of hard work, vigorous play, merry fellowship, and French peasant feasting twice a day.

Who comes? I met an engineer and a woman oncologist, a building contractor, and many teachers and ex-teachers (one remarked that it is the teachers who have the long holidays). There are more women than men in the dance classes, there are more French from the region than beyond, though there are enthusiasts from Germany, groups from Turin and

Sit with me now at dinner. It's 8.45pm and still sunny outside. Nearly 100 of us are here and the talk flows round me in French and Italian. We are sitting at trestle tables in a gravel-floored stone grange, which two centuries ago housed the family's cows. The soup (savoury carrot) is finished. I watch, through the heavy wooden doorway, a large aproned grandfather as he stands at a big round "barbecue" outside. He is using a long wooden spatula to stir tonight's potato and onion dish, to which he has just added a vast quantity of egg. At another table a musician has just begun a percussion solo, using his cutlery on the empty metal soup tureen, the heavy glass water jug, and the wine carafe. The concerts



Grandfather Champion cooks herbed rabbit (legs?) for 100 on the outdoor "barbecue" at St Bonnet France.

(outside after dinner) contrast with this effort. They are high-tech presentations of the best avant-garde music groups in the region, often re-creating Bourrée, schottische, polka, waltz, mazurka and dance-marches.

I hope that the above magic is not entirely lost on CD. I can't wait to give you a chance to dance two-time Bourrée to the Champions' aptly named number Lève-toi et Danse!

At the end of the Auvergne experience I had a rendezvous with friend Jennifer in Lyon, where we picked up a rental car and headed back into the Centre for the big folk music festival of St Chartier. There we met again many of the St Bonnet company, together with a colourful showing of "zippies" (French hippies)



Vielle à rue (hurdy-gurdy) on sale at St. Chartier, beautifully inlaid with bright shell, looking like paua.



You know you are a dance gypsy when...

1. The total petrol cost to get to a dance weekend is more than the price of the weekend itself. And this doesn't bother you in the least.
2. Whenever you pass someone on the left, you immediately backup and pass them on the right.
3. When you go to a dance event, you take two bags - one for your stuff (water bottles, energy food, socks, etc.), and one for all your dance shoes.
4. You can't make any family gatherings, because every holiday weekend is taken up with some dance event.
5. You start hearing 'balances' (and swings) in mundane sounds: the drip of your morning coffee maker, the bzzzz! of a dot matrix printer, the *clump-clump* of a car crossing railroad tracks ...
6. All of your skin is nicely tanned, except for your joints, due to always wearing elbow, knee & wrist braces.
7. You know the bands set list better than they do.
8. You can't get on a swing without kicking high on both sides first.
9. You don't think it is odd that you know your entire weekend schedule 6 months in advance.
10. Your children don't know how to interact with other kids well, but they sure play a mean "Hangman's Reel" on the fiddle. They can't walk very well either, but they can waltz very nicely. You have one drawer for all your summer wear, and one drawer for all your dance weekend T-shirts.



that we might tread on toes by calling a Greek dance Macedonian, but does that mean Greeks must forever be kept separate from Macedonians? Even here in N.Z? Can't we do something more creative than that here for humanity?

Standards are important to all of us in FDNZ. We care about good teaching and performance standards but none of us can possibly ever dance or teach all styles of folk-dance just as the people of their ethnic origin dance them. So can't we accept our different idiosyncrasies as being valid forms of expression?

Would it help if we all agreed on accuracy of definition of what we do? This requires awareness of our own accuracy of rendition of dances, particularly in styling. Most of us probably have access to video cameras and to videos of good dancing. If FDNZ accepts individual teachers' and choreographers' ways of adapting folk dance we'll be making it OK for people to be honest about their limitations and their particular focus. I think it would make for healthy growth if we expanded our self-image to value and support a wider range of folk-dance based experiences, always of course, retaining the strong 'pure' core of real folk-dance from people like Belčo and Yusuf and Moshe.

When you think of it from the perspective of the learner-dancer or the audience, isn't the most important accuracy that in imparting the feeling of the dance, the soul of the dance? Sure, if you have an excellent dance-teacher who can teach the movements beautifully, you are truly blessed. But the music speaks directly to the soul of the dancer and I think we should bear that in mind when we're trying to get the body to go right.

Right I said: the other Right! There is another Right isn't there? Not just mine? Not just yours? Isn't there always another Right? It just depends which way you are looking.

I was asked to write about why I started folk-dancing and see what I've done, gone several steps further uninvited? Dancer or writer, it seems to make no difference: whatever we do we are who we are. Some of us always have to try to add our own bits.

I wonder whether FDNZ will edit out my deviation from the path it's dancing along? Or will my deviation add interest to the scenery and show the purists in us that their path will not be lost but enriched by the growth of side branches?

Will FDNZ allow other rights?

Sharyn Grant

amongst the thousands of others. Like most people we camped. The village camping-ground and the fields around the castle were packed. We wandered around stalls selling instruments and music, heard formal and informal music everywhere around the castle grounds, and went to dance workshops with experts. We enjoyed sessions on zwiefacher, the classic German couple dance, and we caught up on the latest developments in the Berry/Bourbonnais Bourrée style of "our" Bernard Coclet and his Credanse team. I bought more CDs, including fun music for dances with children.

This year we did not go on to Coclet's huge dance camp on his farm at Gennetines, but folded up our little tent on 14th July and headed the car for Paris airport. We had another immersion project for our remaining three weeks: Norway and Sweden. That night we were rocked gently to sleep in a train speeding us from Oslo through the mountains. By 7 am we were in a bus approaching Ålesund - the Eel Sound - an island village halfway between Bergen and Trondheim. It was a breathtaking leap into another world.

Ålesund was hosting the Norwegian national competition in traditional dance music. We were privy to some of the most exciting performances imaginable, solo, duet, and whole vibrant orchestras of accordions and fiddles - sometimes including the wonderful hardanger fiddle. Alongside this was a two-day course in the local forms of gammaldans, which literally translates as oldtime dancing, and refers to the 19th Century dances we had met at the bals in France. We were also given an introduction to the older turning dance Springar, a pols (and not a sprung dance). It was the organisers' bad luck, but our good luck, that there were very few participants (too remote a place, perhaps?). But as at all the festivals, night time found a merry crowd dancing the Nineteenth Century repertoire (in the Oslo and local variations), together with the culture's older dances, until late late - this time to the best dance music in Norway.

From Ålesund we travelled two days, by seven stages of bus and train, to Rättvik, in Dalarna, north-west of Stockholm. Rättvik celebrates each summer with a week-long International Festival, of which the highlights for us included Transylvanian music with dancing, and the chance to dance to it ourselves afterwards. Some of the Swedish offerings were memorable too, especially the satirically creative group Nordanvind, whom the Swedes love. Te Vaka, Polynesians from Auckland, were deservedly a huge success too. A course in Dalarna polska styles took up our mornings. The polskas pre-date the waltz, and are beautiful with their subtle music and offset men's and women's turning steps.

The Swedes are a hardy lot and really seem to appreciate the freedom and pleasures of summer. Or maybe it is because, as I've usually found, folk dancers are also outdoor types and walkers. People with cars preferred to walk the 3km or so from the Youth Hostel to the workshops. And our mainstreet displays on the last day were not cancelled because of wet weather!

After Rättvik we picked up a rental car and travelled perhaps 300 km north-west again to the mountain station of Valådal, where both Norwegian and Swedish folk cultures are drawn on to provide a rich sharing for a smaller number. There were still big time performances alongside the old song and fiddle music of the villages which were presented in a low-ceilinged room by young people who had learnt it in their families. There was also a concert of the ancient horn and voice-calling across the lake. One had the opportunity to learn 'kaukning' (the voice-calling) and crafts such as the making of a musical horn. We learnt more varieties of polska, including the Norwegian Rørospsols. Indeed we spent 10 hours, with a wonderful couple who had won the Kings Polska Prize, learning and practising the basic moves and sequence of Rørospsols and they assured us that it takes people a



Live musicians play at workshops. This Norwegian man and his American wife accompany Rørospsols.

Part B

Time has passed. My mind hit brick walls in folk-dancing so I put it on the back-burner to focus on another passion I'd discovered: writing. It was time for me to be earning some money and although I felt I could do it through folk-dancing somehow it seemed that the time wasn't right. Mainly because my dancing wasn't perfect. Or was it that FDNZ wasn't ready for my visions? Maybe a bit of both.

There's a dialogue in my mind between me, the perfectionist, and me, the one who wants to share my love of dancing and of life with others. Me, the perfectionist, says that if we're going to create a boom in folk-dancing in N.Z. we should get it right, out of respect for the people who created the music and the dances and so that people will know the right way to do the dances. Me, the dance-lover says "What about now? What about the people who could love this dancing now if we quit worrying about getting it just right and just did it? Wouldn't the people who created it be glad that people in faraway countries were having a go at it even if it was in their own style?"

Me, the dance-lover, wins the argument in my mind, because I've seen brilliant, accurate dance groups from overseas, who seem like machines and I want to cry (there I go again!) because they're dancing so

brilliantly and not loving it, or not sharing their love of it anyway. The heartlessness of it leaves me cold.

But the perfectionist wins through my reluctance to stick my neck out and show my flaws (or was that knees and elbows?). So I postpone the passion till 'I'm good enough' and hope that my leg with the pin and plate in it will only be left behind in grapevines and that I won't be 'too old.' I think I'll die screaming if I don't get to dance, as I want to dance first.

I know that there's a mixture of purist and 'adapter' in all of us and that in FDNZ some lean more one way, some the other. I wonder whether we can make it OK for all of us, even fence-sitters like me, to use folk-dance to spread the music and moves in our own ways genuinely supporting each other through FDNZ to do this. Now I'm not talking just about getting original choreography and movements right, but adding to that the idea of using folk dance as a basis for creative performances. Think how much more scope we have than 'Riverdance' for creating exciting, inspirational and people-bonding experiences! To me, one of the best things anyone can do in the world today is to help people of different cultures to share their cultures harmoniously. I realise that this requires tact and understanding: