

JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY FOR INTERNATIONAL FOLK DANCING.

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Deadline for New Sheet - the fourth day of each month.

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Editorial

The lull, created by the holiday season is over, and it is hoped that all members are now returned refreshed and invigorated and ready for the winter programme.

The winter programme is a very full one, starting with out-of-term social dances on each Friday evening at 7.30 p.m. and held at the Hugh Myddleton School. Members and friends are welcome to these evenings, and surely this is a very suitable time for members to introduce their non-dancing friends to folk dancing before enrollment begins.

Enrollment for the new term starts on Monday September 14th for old members, and Monday September 21st for new members, at Hugh Myddleton School. Terms are as follows - Attendance for one term for one class per week 10/-. For two or more evenings, per week, 12/6.

Classes are - Mon. Spanish; Tues. Balkan or Russo-Ukraine; Wed. General International; Thurs. Orchestral evening; Fri. Advanced Class.

Members not wishing to pay the enrollment fee are permitted to attend classes at 2/- per evening, and guests may attend also at 2/- per evening. Enrollment is, however, more convenient for the organisers, and cheaper for the dancer.

Two General Meetings, are in the offing. September 3<sup>rd</sup> at Bolt Court, commencing at 7.30 p.m. is booked for the discussion of the Future Policy of the S.I.F.D., and it is hoped that as many members as possible will attend the meeting.

The date of the Annual General Meeting is under discussion, and will be announced as soon as possible.

September is also the end of the financial year, and all subscriptions are very vital to the running of the Society, and members are urged not to be lax in this matter.

December 9th is the most important date on the calendar for all S.I.F.D. members and supporters, for this date is the one when we hold our 'Lets Dance' festival at the Royal Albert Hall. Your interest and support are essential for the success of the show, and the Committee must rely upon every member to assist in any manner possible. Dance, costume, rehearsal attendance, whatever it may be.

So on to the new term; a hearty welcome to all the returned holiday-makers; to those who stayed at home; to the old, old members; to the new, fairly new. To us all, a happy and successful winter term.

### A Barcelone Bullfight.

I queued at one of the many booking offices, trying to excuse my participation at a bullfight on cultural grounds, but really feeling very guilty. I bought a ticket for a 'Sun' seat, since 'Shade' seats were dearer, and always in a foreign land I hoard my foreign money since I have a horror of being stranded penniless.

It was too early, so having found my seat I strolled onto the balcony at the outside of the arena, and looked down at the bulls awaiting the show. My first impression was one of disappointment. Used as I was to the English bull, massive as the side of a house, champing the ground and snorting belligerently, these bulls looked so tiny, and as placid as Ferdinand. They gazed gently around and sniffed the wooden walls surrounding their pens. I walked back to my seat and watched the place filling up; it was like a massive open air Albert Hall. A boy came round selling boiled sweets and peanuts, and I bought some sweets, my attempts at describing the type I wanted causing him much amusement. I was also given an opportunity to witness the ordinary Spaniards' strict sense of honesty, for he returned a few minutes later with a few coins which he had omitted to give me in my change.

Then the show began. First came the parade. It was a magnificent spectacle. A figure-marching band was followed by the piccadors who after circling the arena once, formed a pattern in the centre. Then came the matadors on their well-padded horses, followed by the torradores. From their centre position in the ring they bowed to the crowds and walked out. Then came the performing horses. They trotted in formation, cantered and galloped, and then began their dancing routine. This was beautifully done and brought many flowers into the ring.

Then for a few minutes all was quiet, excepting for a strange movement all around the arena. Puzzled at first, it suddenly dawned upon me that this movement was that of hundreds of fans moving continually in the hands of the spectators. It was a truly beautiful sight; fans of all colours fluttering around the great circle like masses of gay butterflies.

Into the arena then trotted a black bull. Quite slowly, and apparently quite unmoved by the roar of applause which greeted him. He moved to the centre and stood there looking round in a rather lost fashion. Within minutes, however, his peace was broken by the arrival of the piccadors, who pranced around him, leaping in the air and brandishing their cruel hooked spikes. At first the bull was only mildly interested, but gradually he began to breathe more heavily and to make short charges at the men, causing them to turn and run frantically for shelter, sometimes having to vault the wall that surrounds the ring. This brought derisive cheers from the onlookers. At the fight which I was watching, it was the piccadors who, jumping with both feet together plunged the spikes, one in each hand into the bull, but an English-speaking Spaniard told me that this job may be given to other men, whilst at other fights it is the torrado who inflicts all wounds.

This was followed by the entry of the matadors, who, armed with long pikes, chased on their horses the now rather cross bull. They pricked and poked at him with their long pikes, and one the bull fixed his horns under one of the horses covering and tilted him over sideways. Fortunately the horse was against the wall which held him up, otherwise he would have gone down flat, and the bull would most probably have gored his unprotected stomach.

Now came the turn of the gorgeously clothed torrado. He walked slowly into the ring, his scarlet cloak draped over his shoulder, and casually acknowledged the cheering spectators. Then for many moments he flirted his cape at the bull, who charged repeatedly at the cloak, but never at the man. With fantastic agility the torrado side-stepped, leapt, and twirled, sometimes turning his back on the bull with well-simulated contempt, until the crowd shouted for the kill, and made the appropriate gestures. Then he jabbed at the bull in earnest until finally the poor animal sank to its knees. The knife plunged expertly between the shoulders, and the bull sank slowly to its side dying. On came the cart, and carried it out of the arena, and the spectators went wild. The torrado walked round the ring, the tradition after a difficult contest, and flowers, fans, hats, and even handbags and wallets were thrown into the ring. Behind the parading torrado walked several attendants who collected up the gifts, returning to the donors all excepting the flowers. The floor was cleared for a few minutes, and then into the ring trotted another bull, and out of the arena walked I, a sadder and wider person; I had got my desired culture, but I had also learnt that whilst Spain is a wonderful place for a holiday, a place where the people are kind, honest, clean friendly and hardworking, where the weather is good, and the sea warm, and where the food is excellent, and most things to the English eye are cheap, yet their national sport is theirs

and cannot be shared, and I, as an animal lover, had no business in that arena.

The Gourmet

The Orloff Special Drink. (Russian)

5 oranges	$\frac{1}{2}$ bottle white wine
$1\frac{1}{2}$ pt. beer	1 lb. sugar
1 small bottle vodka	2 lbs. water (weighed)

Boil oranges until pulpy. Mix the water and sugar, and when completely dissolved add to the oranges. Strain the mixture. Add the vodka, wine and beer. Allow to cool for a fairly harmless drink, serve hot for a more potent potion.

Eds'. note. For those who dislike beer and can detect the faintest smell, cider could be substituted.

The Orloff note. It is more economical to make a large amount. Quantities would then be as follows - Vodka equal amount to wine. 1 lb. sugar to each  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. water. Oranges as preferred.

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NOTICES.

For those who do not read the Editorial, the following dates are to be remembered.

Out of term dances and classes.

Each Friday commencing September 4th at the High Myddleton School. Members and guests welcome.

Enrollment.

Old members - Monday September 14th.  
New members - Monday September 21st.

Enrollment Fees.

Attendance for one class per week for one term 10/-.  
Attendance for two or more classes per week for one term 12/6.  
All enrollments at the High Myddleton School.

Classes.

Monday	Spanish
Tuesday	Balkan or Russo-Ukraine
Wednesday	General International
Thursday	Orchestral evening
Friday	Advanced Class.



General Meetings.

Future Policy Meeting - September 3rd Bolt Courtt.  
Annual General Meeting - Date to be announced.

Subscriptions

As soon as possible from September 1st.

Royal Albert Hall Festival.

December 9th.            December 9th.            December 9th.  
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Programme.

Inns of Court, Drury Lane.    7 p.m.

September 6th.    M.C. Richard Beckford.  
"            13th.    M.C. Ken Ward  
"            20th.    M.C. John Hughes.

Cecil Sharp House. 6.30 - 9.30 p.m.

September 27th.    M.C. Bert Price.