

S.I.F.D. NEWS

OCTOBER 1968



Breton piper



[Faint, illegible text]



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MATERIAL FOR PUBLICATION TO BE WITH THE EDITOR BY THE 15TH OF THE MONTH
PRECEDING PUBLICATION.

This month's cover is by Caroline Thomas.

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BADGES

S.I.F.D. Badges for lapel, scooter and car, at 3/6, 7/6 and 12/6 respectively, can be obtained from our Membership Secretary, Roland Minton (address above).

RECORDS

S.I.F.D. records are available from Recorded Sound Ltd., 27-31 Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

BOOKS

Our books are published by Pergamon Press and are obtainable, to order, through any bookseller, price 7/6.

Discounts are obtainable on records and books purchased by members for their own use. Full details from Marjorie Bracey (address above).

THE CHAIRMAN WRITES.....

We are now starting another New Year and I would like to offer a hearty welcome to all new members as well as to our "old and faithful" coupled with an assurance that I will do all in my power to see that your interests are well looked after in the months ahead.

I have to remind you that elections for Committee are now upon us once more and to request you all to think seriously as to whom you wish to represent you on the Committee and to consider whether you have an item you would like to place on the Agenda of the A.G.M. which will be held on Sunday 24th November at 12 Floral Street, W.C.2 (See separate notice).

I have just been reading a letter from the Gods of the L.C.C. (evening institutes). Woe, woe, woe - and very serious woe at that. Owing to Devaluations, Credit Squeezes, Wage Freezes and a general shortage of cash they have issued a directive to all Institutes Principles to close (in first two weeks) all classes that are down in number! This makes us quite vulnerable and I do entreat you to please join your nearest class immediately so that we can run our proposed programme without interference and without closures.

It has been said that 35/- per class for a year is dear! This, of course, is not so - it works out at about 10 pence per class so it's probably the cheapest two hours fun and instruction you can buy.

I hope particularly that you will support all classes and give a good showing to our visiting teachers and am happy to report that many members have said how pleased they are to learn that we have found a class for Peter Oakley (Tuesdays at Bethnal Green). Peter has been a good member of the Society for many years, he is a keen folk-dancer - English as well as International - and is a very good teacher as all who support his class will quickly realise.

I would also like to ask as many Balkan Fans as possible to look in at Greenwich Institute since Greenwich is twinned with a Yugoslav Town and I have been half promised that, if we can provide a dance team, Greenwich in conjunction with ILEA might sponsor a team visit to Yugoslavia next year! Regrettably, the Greenwich Class is held on a Tuesday but if we can get a nucleus of Balkan dancers we will open a second class on a different night from the existing Balkan Tuesday and will of course engage a specialist Balkan teacher to take it.

Regards the Sydenham/Forest Hill Class (Wednesday) we have already been asked to assist the Institute by providing some dance items in a large International Folk Music and Dance display which they propose to present in the New Year and which would well give us an added zest to our activities.

There are dozens of things we can do if you are interested and you can best show this interest by joining a class to give us several pockets of dancers we can work with. I am thinking of shows in Town Halls and shows in the Parks (professionally paid), specialist visits to various countries, entertain one or more of the Llangollen teams, hold a week's course in London, in Swedish?, a grand all-in dance Festival from all Institutes, even a car-rally if you like for all keen Folk Motorists (ending up with a dance, of course) and a Grand Youth Hostel Dance for all our keen Youth Hostellers.

In this connection could I ask all Youth Hostel Members interested in an S.I.F.D. Youth Hostel Dance Weekend (possibly at Windsor) to please get in touch with Johnnie Dear or with the Secretary, Dorothy Bryan or with me, so that we can formulate some ideas and book the Hostel.

I am meeting Jack Richardson as soon as he returns from holiday to discuss further details of Swansea '69 and will give you all particulars of the Committee's final decisions in the November or December News Sheet; in plenty of time, I hope, for you to earmark one week of your holidays for Swansea next year.

Now this is all for this News Sheet. You will realise from some of the vistas I have opened up that an exciting future can lie before us; you will realise that a lot of groundwork and behind the scenes work will be necessary. I hope to call on all of you to take part but you on your side must help me and in the first instance it means join a class so that I can communicate with you. Remember, its only 10d a week.

BERT PRICE

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JUGOTOUR 1968

The Journey to Zagreb

Looking back it seems a long time since the nine of us sat on the quay at Ostend, eating our picnic breakfasts at an uncivilised hour in the morning. The journey across Europe seems less vivid. At Ostend we were excited at the commencement of a holiday, on the Autobahn we were bored. What can one say about travelling on the Autobahn, except that it's tedious and perhaps inhuman. The stopping places were the main moments of liveliness, where one could drink dispensed coffee and eat automated cakes, and most important spend a few moments in quiet contemplation.

We were glad, therefore, to reach Salzburg late at night after a very long journey and after a delicious cup of chocolate took to our beds. The following morning we passed through this gem of a town which whetted our appetite for a longer stay on the way home. The route through Austria increased in beauty, and many of the lovely towns and villages were decorated with flags and garlands of flowers, and we saw people in costume. Valerie thought that this was possibly the occasion when the cattle were taken back to the mountain pastures after the winter. Some of the villages had beautiful shrines, some of them most beautiful and being of fairly recent construction. At one garage we amused ourselves taking photographs of each other in an old decorated coach.

As we travelled John worked on the lettering which was to adorn both sides of the vehicle in unison with the flags of Great Britain and Jugoslavia, but the latter never materialized. The uncompleted inscription at various stages of the journey must have given rise to great curiosity, apart from the passengers themselves, although perhaps not as much as on the return journey when a variety of very 'mod' headgear was in evidence.

The drivers both did extremely well and by the time we reached Bockstein to put the vehicle on the train for the Tauern tunnel we had covered hundreds of miles. The tunnel cuts out a long journey over the Tauern Pass and saves considerably on time. At the lakes near Villach we had a picnic luncheon by the shore. The water looked perfect for a swim but all of our costumes were packed and inaccessible. The kettle which Ken had lovingly descaled, sprouted water in all directions when filled and was duly launched upon the lake filled with a bouquet of wild flowers, no doubt, casting a spell upon the remainder of the holiday. John and Christopher had disappeared, but later two nymph-like forms, unadorned, were observed floating on the surface. The effect this had upon some nuns contemplating the water can be imagined. A decayed log, floating close to the bank was attacked and found to be

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full of enormous ants, and the lads went into the attack dispersing hundreds of struggling bodies over the surface of the water.

After a beautiful journey we reached the Tauern tunnel connecting Yugoslavia with Austria. We had seen some snow showers high up in the Austrian Mountains. When we reached Yugoslavia the mountains were shrouded in thick mist and really it was a dismal welcome. After formalities, currency exchanges, and our first 'slovenian' Turkish coffee we set off for Zagreb.

The Autoput has deteriorated in the last few years and the journey was not as comfortable as it ought to have been but the Ford Transit bus was very well sprung and the seats excellent as the road conditions proved later in the journey. It was en route to Zagreb that the atmosphere again became animated and this helped to tolerate the monotony of the journey.

It was dark when we reached Zagreb and it was cold after heavy rain. Perhaps because of fatigue we lost our way in the traffic system and several times nearly faced oncoming vehicles. All tourist offices were shut, and Ken made several enquiries in the town but with no success. After dismissing hotel accommodation we decided to try a place with chalets named "Vidikovac" near Slijeme, a district in the Medvednica Hills about 12 kilometers north of Zagreb. Jerry and Ken consulted a student policeman on traffic duty, who left the vehicles to look after themselves while he directed us on our map. We set off north, past the Cathedral and soon got lost, the locals seemed vague as to the location but eventually after many deviations we were on what seemed to be the correct road.

We left the outskirts of Zagreb behind us and headed in the direction of the famous villages of Sestine, Gracani, and Makusevac which are still noted, to varying degrees, for their folk-lore; if they haven't a group they have musicians and dancers, and costumes are still to be seen on special occasions, and on Sunday.

The road, which was well surfaced twisted its way upwards into the pine woods and the headlamps revealed not only the beauty of the journey but some of its dangers - at last we overshot a turning for Vidikovac and after a few hundred yards arrived at the small hotel. Everything was in darkness - inside the dining room only candles were burning. Ken negotiated about the price, and eventually some solution was arrived at in the apparently flexible sleeping arrangements.

In the darkness, with only candles to guide us we stumbled along leafy paths through the trees to our wooden chalets. Constructed like a tent, entirely of timber, they slept four downstairs and one or two in the loft. The only toilet was in the hotel, where it was necessary to take a torch, and so most of us took to the woods! Water was left in a bucket and ablutions were carried out in the open on the entrance porch.

It was a romantic place, with birds singing and the sunlight filtering through the trees and thick undergrowth; one was almost completely cut off from civilization. There was a richness of plant life, and one morning John found a most beautiful black and yellow Salamander. The disadvantage of Vidikovac was that it was situated so far from town and by the time one was up, washed, and breakfasted it was late when the vehicle arrived in town each day. So the holiday started in an unexpected way and we were thus 'broken in' for the weeks to come.

Next chapter: Belgrade and the journey to Skopje.

TEES-SIDE EISTEDDFOD

Members may be interested to know the result of the folk dance section of the Tees-side Festival this year, which was as follows:-

- 1st Argia-Euska: Dantzari Taldea, from San Sebastian (Basque country)
- 2nd Moravska Cimbalova Muzika from Brno, Czechoslovakia.
- 3rd Coral do Ribatejo, from Santarem, Portugal.

The Chairman of the Arts Council has promised continued backing for this event so it looks like being a regular biennial festival. There was also a festival at Billingham in August. Other regular festivals are the annual Eisteddfod at Llangollen and the biennial festival at Folkestone.

THEY WERE IN MY HOTEL!

Before I went to Poland in June I had spent some time and effort trying to get information about where "Mazowsze" (one of the two big state dance companies) would be performing, if indeed they would be in the country at that time. I eventually was told by 'Orbis Travel' that they would be in Sopot, on the Baltic coast, during the second week of my holiday, so I accordingly arranged to go there. As, however, there had been so much doubt and mystery concerning their movements, and to quote the Sunday Times, 'Orbis Travel is a smiling mine of misinformation,' I didn't feel any too confident it would all work out!

I had been given before I left, a precious introduction to one of their leading men dancers, but once again even if the company were in Sopot when I hoped they would be, there was always the chance it might be a reduced summer group, and he not with them.

My first few days of holiday flashed by happily seeing a little of Warsaw and Cracow, and then the moment came to get aboard a little Russian plane and fly from the South up to Gdansk in the North, and on to Sopot. We had been having blue skies and sun so far, but as we flew North it became grey and gloomy, and Sopot looked very drab as we drove to the hotel. Worst of all I couldn't see a single "Mazowsze" poster anywhere, and my heart sank. After the interminable business of registering in a Polish hotel I began to make tentative enquiries about the dance company, and finally got a "Yes we think they are coming soon", and had to go to bed content with that.

Next day, with the help of a young Polish guide who was rather mystified by my absorption in "where is Mazowsze?" the news came that they were arriving that evening and, what's more, the administrative staff would actually stay in my hotel. By then the sun was out again in every sense and I dashed off excitedly to book for the opening performance the next night. I decided to wait till after that before trying to track down Michal, the subject of my introduction.

At Sopot there is the "Opera Lesna" which means 'The Opera in the Forest', and it is a perfect setting for dancing on a fine summer evening. There, right in the middle of a thick forest is a big stage and auditorium seating 5,000 people, and with a vast and very high striped canvas roof (but no sides) which is held up by a series of rather graceful steel pylons. It was here we had to go for the opening performance. Out of Sopot we walked, following a stream of people up the hill and through the woods where the evening sun still filtered through the leaves, and the birds sang a final

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song before dusk. I was very, very happy to be seeing "Mazowsze" again after six years.

I think the items I enjoyed most from the varied programme were the Polonez "Farewell to my Country" and the Goralskie item. The former was preceded by the sad booming siren of their ship 'Batory' which was most effective. Goralskie was very much in its right setting in the forest. With the steep wooded slope behind the stage softly floodlit, it looked as if the dancers were charging straight down from the hills to whirl and clash on stage.

By the next day, it was dawning on me that I had seen flashing in and out of the hotel several rather dashing 'Nureyev' looking young men and glamorous girls, who looked more like dancers than anything else, so once more we started our enquiries. By this time I was getting cold feet about making myself known. What on earth could I say to one of these dazzling creatures?

Well it turned out that sure enough some of the leading dancers were staying in my hotel, and miracle of miracles, Michal was amongst them. He came down to meet me that afternoon, a small, smiling and, unlike those other dashing young things, very unobtrusive figure.

From then onwards, excitement piled on top of excitement for me! After lazy mornings swimming and sunning on the beach, I was taken off to rehearsals and performances with the company, and given the freedom of their dressing rooms with their hundreds of beautiful costumes. Back stage Michal showed me individual steps, and his partner, who besides being the leading Goralskie dancer, spoke very good English, helped with interpreting, as my Polish is still embryonic and Michal has no English.

I was very sad to have to leave Sopot that following Thursday; but I went off hugging to myself the happiness of a little dream, that unlike most dreams had come beautifully true. "Mazowsze" go to America in October and hope to come to this country next year. I hope so too!

BETTY HARVEY

Letter to "Not One of the Clique"

Dear 'Not One',

I, too, have suffered in my time from not being one. But - patience, please. I learned to ignore the cliques which variously formed over the years, and sought my friends among others who were new or on their own. Gradually I acquired a circle of friends bigger than any of the cliques but it took time.

But being a male I could ask, and risk rejection by, any girl I chose to ask. If you are a female, then you have a greater problem. Why not bring a partner for a time, to learn the dances and to become part of the crowd bit by bit? And why, oh why, don't girls ask men sometimes? Many do, but not often enough.

Finally, if you look reasonably good and you take part in the dance, whoever your partner, instead of having to be dragged round, and if you help your partner to enjoy the dance, he will ask you again, and again.

"Not One Either"

PLEASE NOTE

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Membership subscriptions for 1968/69 are due NOW. This will be your LAST edition of the News Sheet unless you RE-JOIN the S.I.F.D.

The Membership Secretary's name and address are on Page 1.

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FOLKLORE FEAST - Part II

After seven blissful and folkloreful days in Dubrovnik, surely one of the world's most beautiful habitats, we packed our traps for the flight to Zagreb, second city of Yugoslavia and administrative, economic and cultural capital of Croatia. (In fact, I think it is also the cultural capital of Yugoslavia but will probably outrage the Serbs by saying so).

Pictures of costumes from the Zagreb region invariably include a large red striped umbrella and on our arrival girls in the costume of J.A.T. hostesses held off the pouring rain with these same umbrellas. Within, we were greeted by friendly Jasna Babic (ex-dancer with, and long-time buddy of, the Zivko Firfov Group) and soon we were being driven to Zagreb by her fiance who succeeded Jasna as president of the Zagreb University Group "Ivan Goran Kovacic". No prizes for guessing the topic of conversation. (No, not the weather). Constant rain washed out the day's programme of the Smotra Folkloru (Review of Folklore) but as a small consolation we watched a half-hour programme of Bulgarian folk dancing on the idiot's lantern (T.V.!!).

Monday started bright of weather and colourful of costume with dancers from the islands of Mljet and Rab, from the Split hinterland, from Posavina and Slavonia, while a Slovak minority group from the Vojvodina showed some charming courting dances during which the boys lifted a girl into the air using a metal ring and their red, white and blue umbrellas. Two groups from Eastern Serbia - one of them Serbs, the other of Vlachs - brought a welcome change of tempo, style and melody to the morning. The Vlachs, who as a race originated from Wallachia i.e. Rumania, have formed closed communities in several parts of Yugoslavia including Bosnia, Macedonia, Eastern Serbia and even Istria. The morning ended with a very impromptu event held beneath the plane trees of a nearby restaurant. Seated round a jug of gemist (mixed wine and mineral water) was the tamburica group of the Seljacka Sloga (Peasants' Union) from Gradecki Pavlovec, north-east of Zagreb. With so many plectrums plucking and strings singing, we could hardly set up the tape recorder quick enough, but having done so were soon beckoned to join the circle.

I was particularly fascinated by how such a wholesome sound could be produced by musicians who disregarded almost every basic precept of tamburica playing. Being a first-year student of such matters one tends to regard the rules almost as tablets from Sinai and before long I was being urged to 'have a go' by a tamburas who thrust his prim tamburica under my nose and a very long goose quill into my palm.

As I had been waiting in vain for the glazba (band) to get round to a particular tune from their area I thought they might be induced to play it if I started off the melodic line. This they soon did and when my stamina gave out I was rewarded with a glass of gemist, which for my short effort meant pro rata that I was paid at maestro's rates!

On Monday afternoon the opening parade, rained off on Sunday, was held through the city streets. The groups were preceded by about 20 men dressed in the complete skins of brown bears (the precise name of the species is Bruno Folklorieus). Large cow bells (sp. Vaccae Dingdongus) were strapped to their

chests and behinds and they cavorted along in a mock (?) drunken stupor. Behind them paraded a unique spectacle of European folklore:- Czechs, Slovaks, Bulgarians, Hungarians, French, Italians, Swedes, Finns, Poles and Swiss; then Slovenes, Macedonians, Shiptars, Serbs, Bosnians and last of all Croats. In all, nearly 40 groups each with their musicians. A Technicolour pageant with 4-D Stereophonic Sound. Drums beating, zurlas braying, tamburicas, gudulkas and violins, trumpets and clarinets, accordions and bagpipes, flutes, sopile, kavals and leafs each bring sounds of a Europe both living and dying. All in all, the most memorable event of the Smotra. Nothing which followed quite lived up to the promise made by that parade.

It would take a saga of Blackwood length to describe the events of the following six days and therefore this month we will concentrate on the non-Yugoslav groups. The Smotra is non-competitive but our first prize in the "foreign" section went to a Slovak group from Bardejov - Hrochote in the East Beskids region of the Carpathian Mountains. This group had everything a folk performance should have; pretty and vivacious young girls, virile young men, colourful costumes, lively dances superbly executed with a minimum of choreography and most of all wonderfully tuneful and vibrant music. Whenever they performed, their acclaim from Zagrepcanin and visitor alike was tumultuous.

The next most memorable foreign team was that from the Bezmer - Jambol district of Bulgarian Thrace. The dancers were older on average and were clearly peasants from the fields but they danced well and with commendable life and verve. The women sang in the traditional cutting manner, often embellishing the melody with a warble or an end-of-phrase screech. However, their prize offering was an orchestra of six gudulkas, three kavals, a gajda and a tapan. A gudulka is a rebek and is played vertically with a bow on three or four upper strings while eleven or so lower strings resonate in sympathy; a kaval is a long open-ended flute; a gajda is a bagpipe and a tapan is a large double-sided drum beaten on one side with the main rhythm and tapped lightly on the other with the cross-rhythms in a subtle two-handed attack. To this glorious sound, the group of about twenty women and twelve men performed Kosansko Horo 2/4 (which we know as Trakiisko Horo), Smeseno Horo (a mixed dance in 2-2-3), Kucanka (a girls' dance in 2/4), Trite Puti (a mixed dance in 2/4) and Ruchenica (a couple dance in 2-2-3). That three of the five dances were in 2/4 time was no fluke as more Bulgarian dances are in this rhythm than all the other rhythms put together, surely a fact worth remembering when considering the minority in five, seven, nine, eleven and thirteen time to which so much emphasis is given.

The Rumanian ensemble from Prahovo were in our opinion streets ahead of the recently toured National troupe except as regards male singers when they were equally lousy. The Poles looked like Red Indians, sounded like drop-outs from the Warsaw Philharmonic Orchestra and drowned all the Polish dances, we know and love here, in a sea of self-adulation. The female singer, in particular, was so grotesquely coquettish that I suspected her of kissing her reflection in the mirror on every possible occasion. The Hungarians from Mohac gave a better than average performance although more female singing would have been welcome. The Swedes were very poor musically and far inferior to the best of our London offerings. Kenningen and other favourites were brutally torn crochet from quaver and minced in an accordion to the consistency of Lefverkorf buliar (Liverwurst balls) - it gave us indigestion!

The Czechs were quite good and turned out to be Anton Konradya Group from Domoslice who have been to Llangollen many times. What a pity they didn't let their dog-skin bagpipe have a bark on its own.

Apart from these, the French were boring, the Italians sang (what else) and the Finns provided the most interesting folklore we've yet seen from their country. The girls were exceptionally good looking and the men suitably stolid in their black trousers, red striped waistcoats and golden belts bearing a puuko or Finnish dagger.

Having so many foreign groups may have seemed a good idea to those organisers who had only politics and prestige in mind, but we would have been happy with quite a bit less. But then we might have been denied the Slovaks and Bulgarians which would have been a pity.

JOHN FISHER.

(Ed. Note: As I have no diacritics on my typewriter, I regret that I am not able to reproduce the correct Serbo-Croat spelling of names in either article on Yugoslavia.

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Sunday 24th November 1968

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Please make a note of this date. It is the day fixed for the Annual General Meeting to be held at the Dance Centre, 12 Floral Street at 16.00 hrs. (4.p.m.)

The Meeting will be followed by the usual Sunday evening dance and it is hoped that as many members as possible will take the opportunity of combining the two events.

Nominations for the 1968/69 Committee must be with the Secretary (address on Page 1) by October 30th at the latest.

Motions for the Agenda must be with the Secretary by November 4th at the latest.

Sunday 24th November 1968

Sunday 24th November 1968

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CAN ANYONE PLEASE HELP?

Marica Wolf of the Zora Folk Dance Group, Opatija, would like help in finding a position as an Au-Pair girl in London. She speaks and understands English reasonably well.

Any information to Len Pascoe, 58 Blerheim Avenue, Chatham, Kent.
Telephone: Medway 41988.

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SEVILLE FERIA II

The end of the Feria in sight, after depositing Jackie on the train en route to Madrid, Charles and I followed Harry and company to the coast. Almunecar is a small, comparatively undeveloped resort a few miles to the east of Malaga. It has a St. Tropez-like atmosphere with a mixed bag of nationalities existing either by owning, or working in the numerous bars.

The run to Malaga was reasonably straightforward, but from then on the road hugs a hilly and indented coastline. What with going all round the bays and up and down at the same time, those last few miles seemed interminable.

We rendezvoused with Harry who pointed out the various local hotels available, from which we finally selected one at the opposite end of the beach from Harry's. Not only were we opposite in position, but in type; ours, probably built 25 - 30 years ago, sparse in luxuries but clean and very much cheaper than the beautifully comfortable and modern hotel in which the others were accommodated.

On our way to Almunecar, we were, shall we say, intrigued by billboards everywhere advertising the "Hotel Sexy". Interest evaporated when it was explained that "Sexy" is Arabic for rock.

By now the temperature had dropped so apart from a few hours in a fairly sheltered cove, we could not take advantage of the empty beaches.

The long arm of coincidence stretched itself during my previous visit to Seville, resulting in my re-establishing contact with an old S.I.F.D. Member, a Burmese girl, married to a Swede, who now owns "Tommy & Josie's", one of the aforesaid bars, complete with L.T. posters and lighting effects. On our last evening Charles and I paid them a visit, chatted over old times over a couple of brandies, eventually meeting up with the others in a cellar. Once they found that we actually liked serious flamenco, the guitarist and singer treated us to one of the most pleasant evenings of the holiday. The rest of the party in bed, we had every intention of going back to our room, but we were once more diverted by the sound of music, and somehow we did not leave until the small hours.

Once we were on our way to Madrid, vis Cordoba, the weather naturally enough became much warmer. We had been advised to take a road which had only recently been surfaced and led through the most wonderful scenery. The route went via a sub-tropical valley lush with exotic plants, then climbed the mountains giving spectacular views across the country. Then as the car turned the highest point, we were amazed at the sudden change. No winding roads down, but a rolling plain with tall fir trees, recalling thoughts of Northern Europe rather than Spain. Not long after, the heights of the Sierra Nevada appeared on the horizon and by the afternoon, we had wound our way up to the top, Charles wanting to see what the ski-ing facilities were like. Standing among the ice and snow seemed fantastic after the heat of the valleys.

A quick look at Cordoba, and then on the road to Madrid, staying the night in a motel just outside the city. On arrival in Madrid, our attempts to locate Jackie were constantly doomed to failure, and, by now, I have forgotten exactly when we hit on the right formula. Struggles with the telephone system which is in the process of being changed and the language problem laid us both flat with mental exhaustion. Once again we found Harry without difficulty; this time for a change outside the Main Post Office. A national holiday meant all the museums, shops, etc, were closed so we spent the day seeing the town.

In the evening, a good meal in a little restaurant off the Puerta del Sol and we very soon discovered that the best Flamenco shows in Madrid are pretty expensive, so we had to settle for a small informal place where there was singing only. The choice must have been a good one as we were pleased and surprised to find David there and he has a reputation for being particular about such things.

Next morning after a mad rush round the shops, I met Charles with the intention of leaving for France immediately, but I wondered if we were likely to leave at all when he announced, after searching the street, that the car wasn't where he had left it. We were a little relieved when after a discussion with the locals, we concluded the car had been removed by the 'policia'. After collecting Jackie we made our way to the car pound where it cost us about three pounds to retrieve it. Precisely what law we had broken, I shall never know.

Late that night we stopped at Logrono, a smallish town near the border where we stayed in one of the least prepossessing hotels I have ever seen, with ornate brass bedsteads that would cost a fortune down the Portobello.

The next day the border was crossed about 2.00 p.m. and at once we ran into the dreadful weather which stayed with us through most of our stay in France. By the time we reached La Rochelle, there was a temporary break in the clouds but the lack of sunshine and the sheer expense of living did nothing to encourage us to stay so we hurried on to Le Havre. We passed our few remaining hours on foreign soil by spending our last francs on an egg and chip meal. Comfortably, if unexcitingly fed, we once more drove up the ramp of the ferry for Southampton.

GEORGE SWEETLAND.

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"SEE HOW THEY DANCE"

Dances from the Balkans, Czechoslovakia, Israel, Mexico,
Sweden, Poland and Spain, all in colourful costumes,

-at-

OLD TOWN HALL, 553-561 Fulham Road, S.W.6 on Saturday 5th October, 1968 at 7.30 p.m.

AND

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE, Kensington High Street, W.8 on Saturday 16th November 1968.

Admission: 10/-, 7/6 & 5/-.

Tickets from: Anthony Latham, Flat 9, 118 Avenue Road, W.3 or at door.

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S.I.F.D. CLASSES - 1968/69

<u>MONDAY</u>		<u>Institute</u>	<u>Tutor</u>
6.00 to 8.00	European National adv.	Christopher Hatton School	Margery Latham
7.00 to 8.00	Spanish, beginners	"	Felisa Victoria
8.00 to 9.30	Spanish, inter. & adv.	"	Felisa Victoria
8.00 to 10.00	Polish	"	Betty Harvey
8.00 to 10.00	Hungarian	Kingsley School, Chelsea.	Alan McLean
<u>TUESDAY</u>			
6.30 to 8.30	Yugoslav, beginners & inter.	Hugh Myddelton School	Ken Ward
8.30 to 9.30	Yugoslav, advanced	"	Ken Ward
<u>WEDNESDAY</u>			
7.00 to 9.00	European National, beginners.	Hugh Myddelton School	Margery Latham
<u>THURSDAY</u>			
7.00 to 8.00	Flamenco, beginners	Christopher Hatton School	Felisa Victoria
8.00 to 9.30	Flamenco, intermediate	"	Felisa Victoria
7.00 to 9.00	Flamenco	Kensington Institute	Sandra Escudero
9.00 to 10.00	Spanish	"	Sandra Escudero

Christopher Hatton School is at Laystall Street, Rosebery Avenue, E.C.1

Hugh Myddelton School is at Corporation Row, Clerkenwell Green, E.C.1.

Kingsley School is at Glebe Place, off Kings Road, Chelsea.

Kensington Institute is at 97 Lancaster Road, W.11.

In addition to the above classes, we shall also be running new classes at Greenwich, Bethnal Green, Sydenham, Fulham and Paddington, further details of which are given on page 13.

The Autumn Term commenced on 23rd September and ends on 14th December 1968

Fees for the whole session (three terms) are as follows:-

- 35/ for one class a week
- 40/- for two classes a week
- 50/- for three classes a week
- 60/- for four or more classes a week.

PROGRAMME OF NEW CLASSES

13

The dances taught will be international from the Society's books of instruction for one hour, coupled with one hour's specialization in the dances of a specific country aided where possible by the assistance of a specialist teacher as below.

Greenwich Institute, Charlton Manor School, Hornfair Road, S.E.7.

Tuesdays 7.30 - 9.30 p.m. Instructor: Bert Price.

October 1st	Estonian	Aily Eistraat
8th	Sardanas	Bert Price
15th	Sardanas	Bert Price
22nd	Balkan	Lily Southgate
29th	Balkan	Lily Southgate

Bethnal Green Institute, Daneford Street, Gosset Street, Bethnal Green Road, E.2.

Tuesdays 7.30 - 9.30 p.m. Instructor: Peter Oakley.

October 1st	Austrian	Heinz & Ilse Striegel
8th	Austrian	Heinz & Ilse Striegel
15th	International	Peter Oakley
22nd	Estonian	Aily Eistraat
29th	Estonian	Aily Eistraat

Sydenham and Forest Hill, Dalmain Branch, Brockley Rise, S.E.23.

Wednesdays 7.30 - 9.30 p.m. Instructor: Bert Price.

October 2nd	Estonian	Aily Eistraat
9th	International	Bert Price
16th	Swedish	Bert Price
23rd	Swedish	Bert Price
30th	Sardanas	Bert Price

Fulham and South Kensington, St. Cuthberts School, Warwick Road, S.W.5.

Thursdays 7.30 - 9.30 p.m. Instructor: Bert Price.

October 3rd	Swedish	Bert Price.
10th	French & Israeli	Frances Horrocks
17th	French & Israeli	Frances Horrocks
24th	Estonian	Aily Eistraat
31st	Estonian	Aily Eistraat

Paddington Institute, Hallfield School, Inverness Terrace, W.2.

Fridays 7.30 - 9.30 p.m. Instructor: George Sweetland.

October 4th	International	George Sweetland
11th	Estonian	Aily Eistraat
18th	Estonian	Aily Eistraat
25th	Israeli & French	Frances Horrocks
November 1st	Israeli & French	Frances Horrocks

PROGRAMME FOR SUNDAYS

		<u>Musicians</u>	<u>M.C.'s</u>
October 6th	Dance Centre	Cliff Beck	Bert Price
October 13th	Dance Centre	Caroline Thomas	George Sweetland
October 20th	Dance Centre	Wilf Horrocks	Roland Minton
October 27th	Dance Centre	Harry de Caux	Peter Oakley
November 3rd	Cecil Sharp House	C.S.H. Band	Lily Southgate

N.B. THE DANCE ON OCTOBER 6TH IS AT THE DANCE CENTRE, 12 FLORAL STREET, W.C.2

NOT CECIL SHARP HOUSE.

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WHAT'S ON

- October 2nd to 5th "OKLAHOMA" at Surbiton Assembly Rooms. Evenings: 7.30 p.m. Saturday: Matinee 2.30 p.m. Tickets 4/6 - 8/6 from Duval's, St. James Road, Surbiton.
- October 5th Rehearsal for "See How They Dance" at Hammersmith Old Town Hall, 2 p.m. - 6 p.m.
- October 5th "SEE HOW THEY DANCE" - Hammersmith Old Town Hall at 7.30 p.m.
- October 9th Harrow Green Folk Dance Group, Holland Hall, Derbyshire St., E.2 (5 minutes from Bethnal Green Tube). Beginners/General Folk Dancing with M.C. George Sweetland. Commencing 8.00 p.m.
- October 11/12th and 13th E.F.D.S.S. Annual London Folk Music Festival at Cecil Sharp House, London, N.W.1.
- October 16th Folk Dance run by Woodvale Folk Dance Group at the Village Hall, Borough Green, Kent. 7.30 - 11.00 p.m. Tickets 5/-; half price for under 18's.
- October 16th Harrow Green F.D.G. will be holding an evening of French/Dutch dances with Peter Oakley. Commencing 8.00 p.m.
- October 16th and to 28th The Czechoslovakian State Song & Dance Ensemble appearing at The Royal Albert Hall. 7.30 p.m. Tickets 5/- to 35/-.
- October 23rd Harrow Green F.D.G. - Vic Knivett teaching folk dances of Romania. Commencing 8.00 p.m.
- October 30th Harrow Green F.D.G. - 8.00 p.m. Beginners/General Dancing with M.C. George Sweetland. Commencing 8.00 p.m.
- November 6th Harrow Green F.D.G. - 8.00 p.m. Swedish Folk Dances with guest-Dr. V. Cyriax.
- November 16th "SEE HOW THEY DANCE" at The Commonwealth Institute, 7.30 p.m.
- November 24th ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING at The Dance Centre, 4.00 p.m.

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