

FFDC Newsletter

OCTOBER, 1988

President: Bonnie Dupuis, P.O. Box 1755, Dade City, Florida 34297
Treasurer: Rita Princi, 1017 Chippewa Trail, Holly Hill, FL 32017
Editor: David Digby, 3303 Price Avenue, Tampa, Florida 33611
Call: (813)839-1899 - (answer machine when away dancing)

AN OPEN LETTER TO FLORIDA FOLKDANCERS

Dearest Friends,

In answer to the question of late: "Is Andy really going to reveal Tiffany's identity at the Saturday night party?"; I don't know. I rather doubt it, unless of course, Andy has discovered secrets that even I, Tiffany Teardrop, know nothing about. Anything is possible, I guess.

However, I am looking forward to the Folk Fest. I will most definitely be there. I will even be in the Sunday performance. (I'm not going to tell you which group, though. That would make things too easy!) And I will be giving a signal from the stage to let you know who I am.

The first person who can correctly identify me and the signal at the afterparty will receive a special prize --- an autographed copy of the original manuscript of AS THE OPANCI HOP-STEP-STEP, including the NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED Installment O. (Unless, of course, Andy has already identified me at the Saturday night party, in which case this offer is null and void.)

In any event, you won't want to miss this special occasion. BE THERE!

I remain Yours faithfully,
Tiffany Teardrop

NOTE FROM DAVID:

Bonnie's golden words are to be found on page 7 this month. This space here is what I had saved for her (late) article, but it looks a lot better all in one piece, so I gave it a page of it's own.

Normally, either mine or Bonnie's words occupy the front page (whichever is available first, usually.) But then we don't get a letter from TIFFANY TEARDROP every month, either. (Well ahead of the deadline, too, I might add.)

By the way, Andy has pointed out that this letter is a CLUE, in that Tiffany must be one of those rare folks who actually READ this rag each month. (even 'though she ALREADY KNOWS whats going to happen to poor Ethel Ann Arbuckle!) I am not so sure, myself. Although I don't, it is possible that SOMEBODY ELSE keeps her informed about various slanderous words being written about her!

(Confidential to Eveline: "No, the last time I heard, A.P. was still the wrong sex to be T.T.")

FOLK FEST FOOLISHNESS

"Oh wise sage", the young dancer asked, "where can I go folk dancing for three days in a row, without leaving Florida?"

The wise and learned kolovoda (dance leader) stroked his beard. "That is simple. Go to Tampa on Friday, November 11. Dance Friday and Saturday nights, go see the Folkfest on Sunday afternoon, and then go to the afterparty and dance some more."

Be sure to order your tickets early, however, to get the dollar discount and avoid dissatisfaction.

1988 FOLK FEST SCHEDULE

FRIDAY NOV. 11: 7:30- 11pm Regular International Dancing at Hunt Center - admission \$ 1.50

SATURDAY NOV. 12: 6- 7:30pm Potluck at Hunt Center (possible to dance during this time, too)
7:30- 11pm Free Dance Party at Hunt Center
(NOTE: This party is open to all, regardless of attendance or participation in the show.)

SUNDAY NOV. 13: 10AM- noon REHEARSAL (All at
1PM- 1:30 REHEARSAL Performing
1:30-2PM PREPARE FOR SHOW Arts
2PM SHOW Center)

AFTER PARTY at MARIA PASETTI'S following the show.
3217 Arch, Tampa
with dancing on the deck if no rain.

COUNTRIES REPRESENTED in the SHOW: Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Norway, Hungary, Mexico, Israel, England, Germany and Portugal.

Still Coming Next Month: Who our guest group will be, plus updates on who's performing what.

-- Andy Pollock

TICKET ORDER BLANK

(Advance sale discount rate: \$4.00)

(At the door it will be \$5.00, if any tickets are left.)

NAME _____ NUMBER OF TICKETS _____

Enclose check payable to Florida Folkdance Council, and return to: Andy Pollock, 6104 Webb #1102, Tampa, FL 33615 (813) 882-4472

If you will be at the Saturday party, please pick your tickets up there. Otherwise, check this box [] and we will mail them to you.

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

"SPECIAL EVENT" ANNOUNCEMENTS

(Performances, as well as workshops & general participation!)

- September 29, 6-10:30 PM, WELCOME BACK BABIAK POTLUCK PARTY, Boniface Parish Hall, 5616 Midnight Pass Rd, Siesta Key. (813) 955-1361
- October 1 - Pensacola, 9 AM - 1 PM - SCOTTISH COUNTRY DANCING WORKSHOP
Come learn the basic steps and figures. EVENING GALA 7-11 PM.
Location: East Pensacola Heights Community Center, Pensacola
Sally Hall, 302 Camelia St, Gulf Breeze, FL 32561. (904) 932-3605
- October 11 - St. Petersburg, 7 PM - Early American Dance FREE Palm Lake Church Rec Hall, 5401 22nd Ave N, St Pete. (813) 544-3280
- October 22 & 23 - (near) St Petersburg, 10am-5pm - Medieval Faire, at Pinellas Park Girls Club, 7700 61st St N, Pinellas Park
- October 23 - Miami, 1-5 PM, Old Time Dance - \$4. Wild Harp (Irish), Gumbo Limbo (Cajun). SW 120th St & 131st Ave. (305) 235-2122
- October 31 - Safety Harbor, 6pm - HALLOWEEN PARTY - backyard, potluck, crazy music, costumes, new friends. 301 6th Ave N. (813) 725-2777
- November 13 - Folk Fest '88 - 2PM, Performing Arts Center, Tampa.
- (see FOLKFEST article, page 2) -
- December 27-January 1, 1989 - Micanope Music and Dance Camp at Camp Ocala. Send \$75 deposit to Micanope Music & Dance Camp, PO Box 12135, Gainesville, FL 32604 - (Total is \$280 if paid before October 1.) For more information call (904) 495-2243.

AS THE OPANCI HOP-STEP-STEP: INSTALLMENT 5
by Tiffany Teardrop

When we last saw our friends, Ethel Ann and Alex, there was a dark cloud of secrecy hovering over their very young marriage. We now join them on their honeymoon in Bulgaria. Ethel Ann still has no iota of an inkling that there is anything amiss.

"Oh, Alex," said Ethel Ann, "I've never been so happy in my entire life! These last two days have been wonderful!"

"I feel the same way, Ethel Ann," replied Alex; "I can't help feeling that marrying you was the best thing that ever happened to me. But still, I feel there's something wrong."

"What do you mean?" asked Ethel Ann. Her face blanched.

"Well, here we are in Bulgaria at a folk dance festival," said Alex with a spark of mischief in his eye, "And you don't even have a pair of opanci."

Ethel Ann looked greatly relieved. "Oh, Alex, you're such a TEASE!"

"No, seriously, Ethel Ann, I want to get you the best pair of opanci a folkdancer ever had."

"You don't mean it! Not the kind with . . ."

"Yes, Ethel Ann, the kind with the CURLY TOE!"

"Oh, Alex, how exciting! Why I'm getting goose pimples just thinking about it!"

"Look," said Alex, "Here's an OPANCI SHOP. How convenient!"

Ethel Ann and Alex went into the shop and were greeted warmly by the proprietor. He had been making loads of money all day off of CRAZY AMERICAN FOLKDANCERS who wanted to buy his funny-looking shoes. He never would understand these Americans, but he liked their money. If they wanted to spend it on his opanci, who was he to argue?

(continued on next page)

(continued from page 3)

"Good afternoon," said Alex after consulting his Bulgarian phrase book.

"Good afternoon," answered the PROPRIETOR in English.

"I would like to purchase a pair of opanci for the lady."

"Of course," said the PROPRIETOR. He brought out several pairs. The first pair Ethel Ann tried on was too large. The next pair was too small.

Alex said, "Actually I was looking for something a little DIFFERENT. Do you have a really SPECIAL pair we could see?"

The PROPRIETOR looked at Alex cautiously. "Yes, I have a SPECIAL pair that I was saving for a very SPECIAL person. Perhaps your charming lady is the one." The PROPRIETOR went into the back of the shop and returned momentarily with another pair of opanci. It was indeed BEAUTIFUL! And best of all, it had a CURLY TOE! Ethel Ann tried the pair on, and it fit PERFECTLY!

These are just what I wanted," said Alex, and he paid the PROPRIETOR.

Ethel Ann and Alex left the shop and were walking down the street marvelling at how fortunate they were to have found such a BEAUTIFUL pair of opanci, when two men in gray suits and narrow gray ties jumped out of an alley and grabbed Alex!

Alex quickly tossed the pair of opanci to Ethel Ann and shouted, "RUN! HURRY! YOU HAVE TO GET AWAY!"

Ethel Ann started running as the men shoved Alex into an old blue car that was waiting for them. She kept running, although she had no idea where she was going. Suddenly another blue car pulled up next to her, and a VOICE shouted, "QUICK, ETHEL ANN! GET IN!"

Ethel Ann jumped in the car and it sped off.

"Now listen carefully," said the VOICE, "We have to get you out of the country. We're taking you to a special plane that will take you to New York. From there you will board a plane to Port Snodhill where you will find your car waiting for you in the airport parking lot. You will find money to pay for the parking in the glove box. Then you will drive back to Opaville and go on with your life."

Ethel Ann finally caught her breath, looked at the person from whom the VOICE emanated and said, "WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?!"

The VOICE said, "Well, Alex would be very upset with me for telling you this, but I think you have the right to know . . ."

Fellow Folkdancers, that's it for this installment. Ethel Ann has certainly asked a key question. What IS going on here? Who were those men in gray suits and narrow gray ties? Why did they kidnap Alex? Will Ethel Ann make it back to Opaville and get on with her life? Until next time, keep your flies zipped and remember, even if the leader is doing the dance wrong, do it his/her way anyway. It's not polite to contradance the leader. I remain yours faithfully,

Tiffany Teardrop

And why do both the GOOD GUYS and the BAD GUYS drive BLUE CARS? But the top question in everybody's mind has to be: WILL ETHEL ANN EVER SEE ALEX AGAIN? Will Miriam Mayim and the others ever believe she actually MARRIED the Absolutely Most Gorgeous Hunk? And what will Norbert Noodlenodder write about all this? We'll just have to be patient!

-- the Editor

(And I guess to keep our flies zipped is not quite as cruel as pulling their wings off! On the other hand, it might be rather pleasant to contradance Tiffany Teardrop. -- Maybe in November?)

NEVER NEVER NEWS from the NETHERLANDS
(this month is an exception)
(What's left of DUTCH TRIVIA after the editor chopped it up)

Hi folks, the FFDC newsletter keeps me updated with what's going on with you all, so let me update you on what it's like to live here on this side of the ocean.

Last weekend was marvelous! I went to the International Doe Dans Festival at Vierhouten, together with some 2,000 others. Friends from my old group, 'Radost', of Delft talked me into it. I registered early, because 'Doe Dance' (Do Dance) fills up rather quickly, and I even got the tickets at the right address, which you can call luck, considering the five different places I have lived since I left Tampa.

The first stop, when I arrived, was at the bulletin board, piled high with poetic messages, such as: "Dearest Dolly-Do-Dance, I camp at deer(dear)field, your Folkert-Fest-Fever". What with having fun reading all these funny notes, it took me five minutes to find mine.

"Radost, see High Pasture" was the plain message on the bulletin board. (At least my friends chose the right campground. Another one called Low Pasture was rather wet after the rain of the week before.) I checked in, got my name tag (the kind you get in hospitals) and a map, and found my way to the High Pasture.

I had some trouble finding them when I got there, it was so crowded, and had given up after some twenty minutes. And, as usual when you give up, luck lays around the corner: while driving away, one of the Delft folks was walking in front of my car and told me they had saved me a small spot.

I had not seen several Delft members since 1982, so with kisses, laughs, jokes and stories, my little one-person tent was put in place, my car unloaded, and fresh coffee was handed down. My little tent stood erect within seconds, rather correctly, except that the entrance was more or less underneath a sink outlet of the next-door caravan.

Skimming the program, I could hardly decide in which class I wanted to participate. There were 10 simultaneous dance classes, or you could join the music or singing classes. Above this there was an attractive program for the children.

I ended up taking classes in Russian, Polish, Romanian, rock & roll (which was great fun, but not for my poor muscles), Scandinavian, Hungarian (poor muscles again), and Greek. I regretted that I could not split myself in two, for going to the folkcafe, also.

Special music groups were asked to perform in the folkcafe for an hour each, one right after another, until twelve midnight. After that the podium was free for whoever wanted to perform, which went on and on 'til the early hours, for the real die-hards.

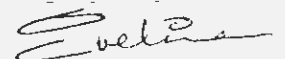
There were also performances in the Sun Hall, of groups invited from different countries. This year they came from Argentina, Surinam, Greece, Armenia, and of course the Netherlands. It is not so usual that a professional group from Armenia is allowed to leave their country, so we were lucky they performed for us. It was the same group (Moscov?) as was seen at the Olympics.

I enjoyed twenty out of twenty four hours, each day! The other four I was knocked down with sleep.

Well folks, that was Doe Dans '88. Plan your trip to Europe and join me at Doe Dans next year. I'll do my best to make it to Ocala if you show up here.

Have a good time in Tampa at FolkFest '88, and do dance.

Love you all,



Eveline's new address: Rembrandtweg 35, 9761 HR Eelde, the Netherlands

NEWS FROM UP NORTH

Summer is nearly over and we will be heading back to Tampa, to arrive on September 20th. We look forward to dancing with you again.

Our major event of the summer was a trip to Scotland. We left June 12 aboard a very crowded plane to Prestwick. We stayed with friends of Jackie for three weeks, in Polmont. Our first impressions were the language problem (with the car noise, we could understand hardly a word of this Scottish dialect), and the dull gray color of every building. (All are of masonry construction.)

Upon getting out of the car, it became obvious that Scotland is a cold country. (It is up near the Arctic Circle.) That must be why Scottish dances are strenuous. They have to keep warm somehow. We were also surprised by the long days. The sun came up at 1:30 am and set at 10:30 pm. (We seldom saw the sun before noon, actually, as there was a Scottish mist every morning.)

Our friends drove us around most of northern Scotland and the highlands. We were quite impressed by the fact that almost every store in Scotland, regardless of what they are supposed to sell, has a huge candy department with almost every variety of candy there is. We even stopped at a garden store that had a huge candy department. Maybe they need the candy to get energy to climb the endless hills, which exist all over Scotland.

On our first evening out dancing, we took the train 15 miles into Edinboro. It was about 500 steps up to the street from the Waverly Station. We danced out-of-doors at Princess Gardens, at a dance sponsored by the Royal Scottish Country Dance Society and the park.

The dances were the same as we dance at their affairs here in the USA. They talked them all through, but we couldn't understand a word, between the poor acoustics and the Scottish accent. Fortunately, they demonstrated one round of every dance. There was seating for several hundred spectators there. I was so cold I wore a warm shirt, sweater, coat and rain coat. I finally took off the rain coat halfway through.

We had a real scare on the way home. When we arrived in Polmont (a very small village), the train stopped, but the doors didn't open. I tried to open them, but they wouldn't open. Jackie and I began to panic. We were afraid we might be trapped on the train all the way to Glasgow, and have to spend the night there.

We finally implored the other passenger on the car to help us. Since it was time to leave the station, he had Jackie pull the emergency cord. He then pulled down the window, reached out, and opened the door from the outside!

We got off, still shaken from the experience. We went again the following week, this time knowing how to get off the train.

We also went to a dance in Falkirk which was recorded for BBC. Instead of RSCDS dances, they did primarily OLD TYME couple dances, such as Gay Gordons, St. Bernards Waltz and Boston Two-Step. They did do two dances in sets of four couples: Duke of Perth only once, but Strip the Willow over and over. It was really wild, too. When those farm girls from Falkirk give you a swing, you had better hold on tight or you might land in the middle of the audience. All this, plus all the hootin' and hollerin'!

Upon our return to the USA, we visited friends in Rhode Island, stayed in two rented cottages, and attended two dance camps. The four-day Scottish/English one is really excellent, and has at least one class a day in each type of Scottish and English dancing.

The seven-day English/American camp had classes in English Country, Morris, Longsword, Rapper Sword, Clogging, Contra, Southern Squares, and Big Circle dances.

- Don Davis

(also see "more" on back page)

Dear Faithful Reader,

As usual, I am late with my monthly installment and David is being his usual patient soul. He told me that he might save me a few lines on the front page. Unfortunately, it is difficult for me to understand humor sometimes, so I don't know if he was being facetious or not. After all last month, I was pre-empted by a book report, at least I think it was a book report. There were some subtleties which were beyond my brain capacity...so at one point, I wasn't sure but what it might really be a full page ad for a Princess Charming in disguise. Maybe you had an easier time deciphering the message than I...but in any case, at the risk of being rated "PG" instead of "G", I'd like to go on record as saying that just as there is no Santa Claus, there is no Prince or Princess Charming. It's true that the fairy tales and parents lied to us...but with the very best purposes in mind. Perhaps when everyone gets over the shock, we will be able to put this issue to rest and get on with dancing, etc.

I haven't done anything further about selecting our second teacher; but I'm sure that's coming up on my agenda in the near future. I'd like to thank those members who have taken the time to give me input verbally or in writing. I appreciate your interest and wish that I could select all of the teachers that you've mentioned. The problem with having only one camp a year is that we get the opportunity of experiencing only two teachers, and there are so many excellent instructors around that selecting two is extremely difficult.

I am receiving recipes from Marian Kersting and Maria Pasetti (THANKS)... both in dance in Tampa. I'm still waiting for T-shirt contest entries. You do want to have a camp T-shirt, right?

Next month I'll be printing a list of jobs which people may sign up for for February camp. I have already begun working on several items myself and hope that people will come forward right away so that I'll have some piece of mind and so that the volunteers will have time to put some thought into their part of camp. In addition, information will be published next month concerning the rules and regulations of applying for camp scholarships....so keep an eye out for this important information.

Well, I guess this uses up my few words. So until next month. Adios and Happy Dancing!

Bonnie

(Dear Bonnie - Filling the space in from front to back would have put you on the BACK page, except that I have to leave room there for the silly addresses, and postage stuff. But I swapped pages 7 and 8 to keep whole items together. And I was ready to print that same day. I DID think about swapping you onto the front page, but there isn't quite room there, either, what with the Masthead and all. - David)

(more from Don Davis)

One of the most unusual teachers called dances using all kinds of music, including bones, washboard, jazz, blues, Bethoven, and his right foot. If you ever get a chance to dance with Fred Parks, do it. He does southern and contra dances and is a natural-born comedian. He lives in Charlotte, North Carolina

TAMPA TRIVIA

Terry Abrahams sent an announcement that Rachel Alanna, 7 lbs, 1 oz, was born July 11, 1988, at 8:02 PM, to Sherman and Eileen Slone.

(I know that's not a lot of "trivia", but nobody sent anything else. I've been there myself, of course, but everything seems just about as trivial as usual. Babies are not all that trivial, actually --- just ask any first-time parent! We do have a lot of them hanging around the dance hall, most weeks, and have to step pretty lively to keep up with them. Love it! Plus, the reports from California, "Up North" and the Netherlands are at least Tampa-RELATED Trivia.)

NEWS FROM CALIFORNIA

Nancy Bercu has moved into a more permanent home, dances every Thursday night in Sonoma, started a Yoga class, likes her new job and misses everybody in Florida, especially dancing in Tampa on Fridays. Friends may write her at: 1255 Stephens Gate Rd, Sonoma, CA 95476.

FLORIDA FOLK DANCE COUNCIL
3303 PRICE AVENUE
TAMPA, FLORIDA 33611
(address correction requested)

Membership is \$8 per year.

To join now, pay \$10 for the rest of 1988, plus all of 1989.

All renewals come due at the end of each year thereafter.