

October 2004
Number **63**

The Dance Magazine

Magazine for ballroom dancers



The Dance Magazine

The Dance Magazine is a free magazine made for and made by ballroom dancers. You can read about different subjects all concerning ballroom dancing. We also give you the opportunity to put your add or messages in it. You can send them to me by e-mail.

The Dance Magazine is an edition from Fred Bolder's Ballroom Site

Url: <http://www.xs4all.nl/~fghb/ballroom.htm> or
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You can download this magazine as a Word-file for free.

The Dance Magazine also has its own domain.

url: <http://www.dansblad.nl>

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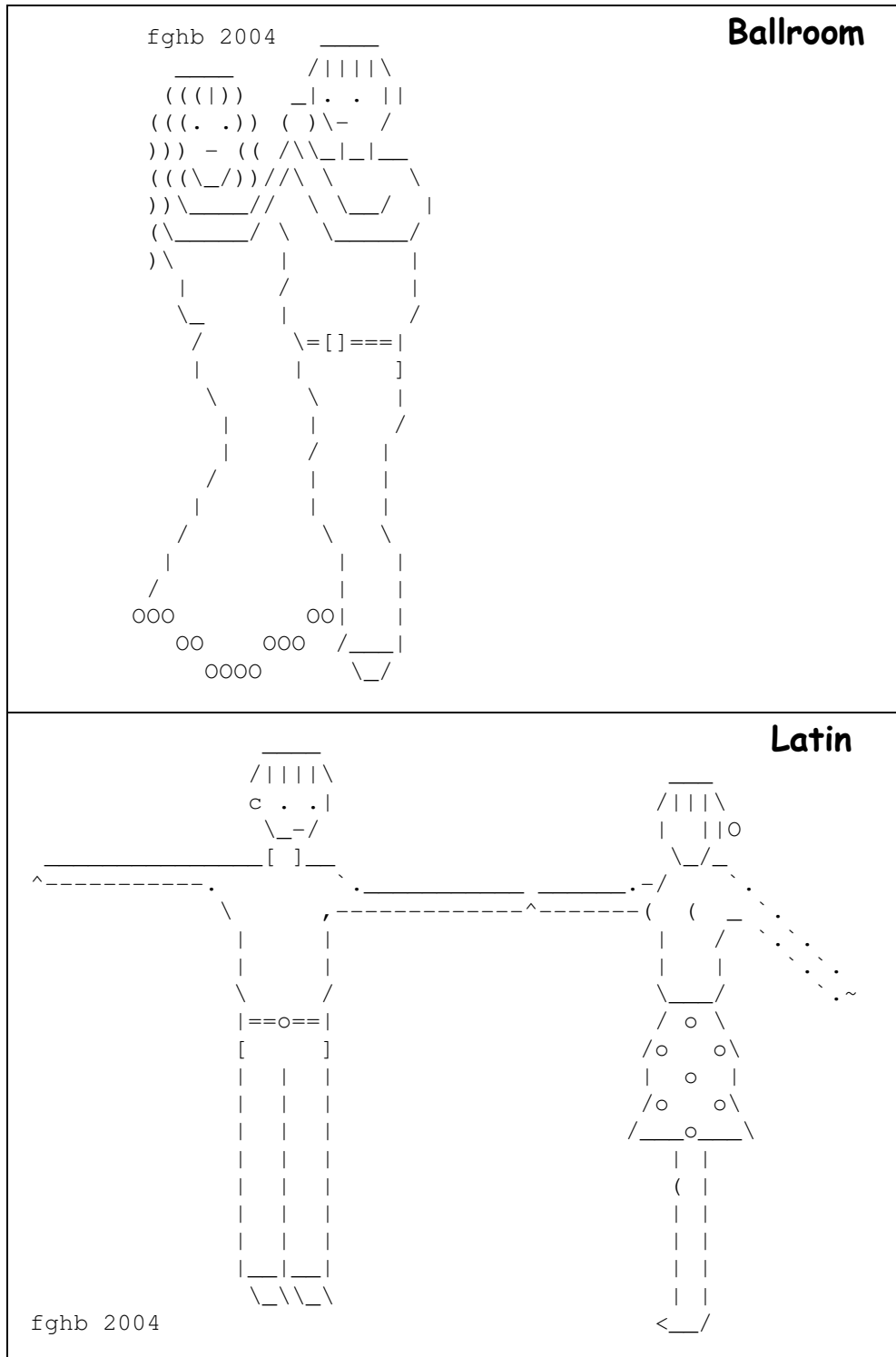
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Ascii dancers

By: Fred

In dance magazine number 61 you could have seen that you can draw nice dance couples with the characters that are on your keyboard. I have made some more drawings and you can expect more in the following magazines. Draw your own dancers and send them to fghb@xs4all.nl



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Dancing as an entertainer

By: *Miranda*

Dancers do not only dance competitions; you can also dance as an entertainer. Think about the dancers of the Fantasy World Dinner Show, the Can Can Girls in the Moulin Rouge in Paris, the dancers at Disneyland or the showballet that dance during musical performances.

The showballet of the Netherlands is asked very often to support a singer or a band. They are also always present at the Soundmixshow. These dancers know a lot of different dances and they are very talented. They learn a lot of dances and they also use most of them. You do need a lot of discipline, will, strength and luck to make it to the showballet. Before you are a dancer in the showballet of the Netherlands, you have a long way to go.

In The Hague we have the FaFa showdance-acadeamy. When Annette Wijdom replaced Penny de Jager, she made this a training institute for showballet and Annette also trains the professional FaFa showdanceballet.

This dancing group does shows from Japan to Monaco, but they are also present as background dancers for shows of Lee Towers or Frans Bauer.

In Monaco the FaFa showballet is the ballet for prince Albert at glamoirevents in Monaco. Besides that, they also do dinnershows for Van der Valk-hotels.

Annette explains that the girls dancing in this showballet are selected at a very young age. They pay attention to the physical qualities of the girl and the turns of the hips and ofcourse also the appearance. Most dancers of this showballet knew that they wanted to be a professional dancer when they were little girls.

The Can Can Girls from Paris are also an example of dancing as an entertainer. The Can Can is a dance which originally comes from France and this is also the country where they perform this dance. At this dance, the girls throw their legs high in the sky, like on the picture, and they move their skirts. If you want to see a movie in which dancing as an entertainer is performed in this way, you should see the movie 'Moulin Rouge'. The Moulin Rouge is in 'real life' the oldest revue from Paris. This revue exists since 1889 and thanks to the movie 'Moulin Rouge', they had a record of visitors from 500.000. The purpose of the show is not braintraining, but only entertainment. The ladies dance half-naked and in sexy outfits. Often, the clothes are decorated with glitter and feathers. In the dancing world there are modern and classic dancers. At the Moulin Rouge you do not have one characteristic sort of a dancer. The dancers are from all over the world. The 'maîtresse de ballet' makes sure the co-ordination is handled carefully: she chooses the girls, arranges dancing auditions, contract, training for the new dancers and she is responsible for make-up and costumes. The Can Can was danced at the premier opening of the Moulin Rouge, and in 2004 this dance is still part of the show. The dance is world-famous. If you are curious about the Moulin Rouge: for € 90,00 you can see the show and for € 120,00 you can see the show and have diner at the same time.



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Dancing can also be a form of erotic pleasure. The Can Can Girls are already an example of this, but strippers are a step further. They strip all their clothes while dancing.

Source: Privé (information on the FaFa showdansballet)
Programme Wannahaves 10-11-2001 (Moulin Rouge)

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Make your own dance cd

By: Fred

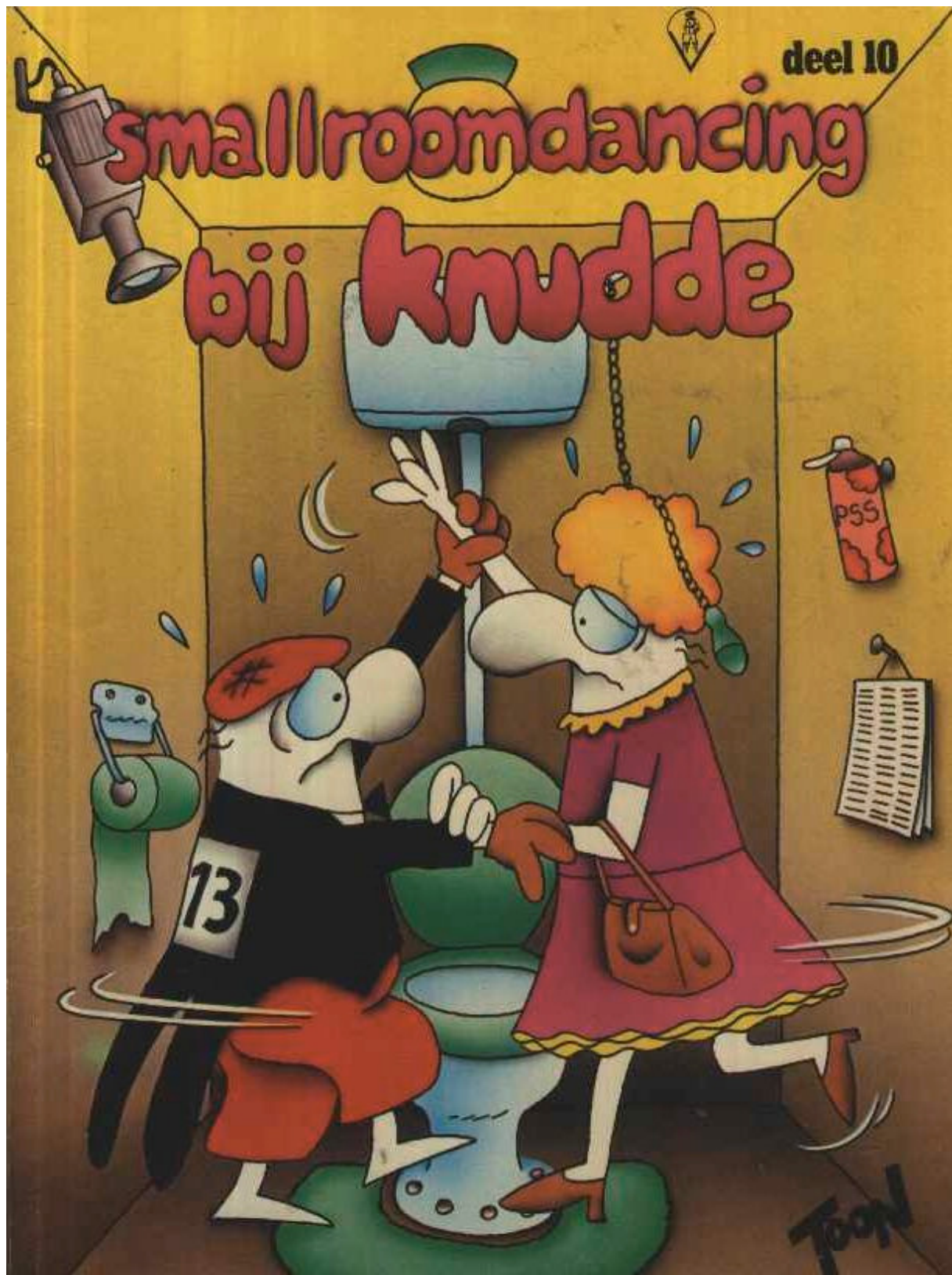


If you have a cd writer then you can make a nice ballroom dance cd. Below every song you can see the link where you can download the mp3 file. All the mp3 files are from <http://www.vitaminic.nl> so it is legal. Of course most of the songs are not famous, but they are very nice.

- 1 Il sole e di tutti..... Dino..... Slowfox..... 30
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/dino/all_tracks/
- 2 Gli occhi miei Dino..... Samba 47
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/dino/all_tracks/
- 3 Che peccato Fabio e Renato..... Cha Cha Cha..... 32
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/fabio_e_renato/all_tracks/
- 4 Caballeros Silvestrini..... Paso Doble..... 64
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/silvestrini3/all_tracks/3
- 5 Serenata Silvestrini..... Slow waltz 31
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/silvestrini3/all_tracks/2
- 6 Bugiardo mai Silvestrini..... Tango..... 30
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/silvestrini3/all_tracks/2
- 7 Viennese Silvestrini..... Viennese waltz... 60
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/silvestrini3/all_tracks/2
- 8 Un recuerdo Silvano Tarasconi Tango..... 29
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/silvano_t/all_tracks/
- 9 Se tu..... Valenza..... Rumba..... 25
<http://stage.vitaminic.nl/valenza2>
- 10 ... Impressioni Latine Valery Band..... Rumba..... 24
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/valery_band/all_tracks/
- 11 ... Storia Proibita..... Valery Band..... Rumba..... 28
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/valery_band/all_tracks/
- 12 ... Tipi strani Palco Aperto Slowfox..... 30
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/palco_aperto
- 13 ... Enamorada..... Orchestra Sergio Ruffo..... Samba 47
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/orchestra_sergio_ruffo
- 14 ... Everyday I have the blues..... Big Fish Blues Band..... Jive..... 32
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/big_fish_blues_band/all_tracks/
- 15 ... Hovarda Suat Ecin..... Samba 50
http://stage.vitaminic.nl/main/suat_ecin/all_tracks/

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Comic



Smallroomdancing

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Ballroom dance stories

Here are two ballroom dance stories that I have received from Don Lee by e-mail. They were first published by the Hughes Dance Club

Dear Bobbie,

How did I go from not ever wanting to dance to working at a dance studio? It was a perfect storm, a odd set of circumstances that causes an event that otherwise could not have happened.

It began at a friend's 50th birthday party, an all out black tie affair at the Biltmore Hotel. When the band started to play there was, as there usually is, a shortage of male dancers. Like most men I thought, "real men don't dance." Most of them went outside to smoke cigars.

One of the girls at the party was literary trying to pull me out of my chair. (I should have taken up smoking.) It looked like a sitcom, I wouldn't move and she would not take no for an answer. She finally asked me why and I had told her "I don't know how to dance.". She then said "No one out there knows how to dance, they're out there to just have fun.". I should have accepted her invitation but I said "If go out there I would want to be able to dance.". Holding my hands even tighter, as if she didn't already have my full attention, she said "I will let you go only if you promise to dance with me the next time we see each other". Needless to say I gave my word that we would and as they say it was "a narrow escape".

A few months later while scanning the adult class schedule for Santa Monica City College, the words "Ballroom Dancing Level 1" jumped off the page as I remembered my promise. I picked up the telephone and a few minutes later I had added \$50.00 to my credit card bill and I was registered for my first dance class. A indication of my enthusiasm was that I asked what was the last day I could cancel.

My first day in class was painful and the second day was worst. The second day would have been my last except the instructor, Kay Gordon pulled me to the side and said "Are you free on Monday nights? I'm short men, I won't charge you if you can help me and it will make it easier for you to keep up with the class."

After my first Monday night class Kay asked me if I was free on Sunday afternoons.

In spite of having two left feet I eventually learned to dance the first six steps in American style Cha Cha, Rumba, Swing, Waltz, Foxtrot and Tango. The problem was I still could not really dance. I could do a few steps but I still was a deer (in the headlights) on the dance floor.

Dancing changed for me when a friend gave me "Shall We Dance" for Christmas. This was the first time I heard the words "International" and "Dance" together. American style dancing allows for a lot of interpretations and variations, great if you have little ability or a feel for the music. International Ballroom Dancing is the opposite. It's very strict, a series of exact dance

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positions, and something I could try to copy. When done correctly you move from one Kodak moment to another in time with the music.

The last part of the storm was when one of the guys asked me if I had taken any lessons at the dance studio near USC. With little research I figure out he was talking about Westmor (not near USC) the only International Dance Studio in Los Angeles.

I did not know it at the time but I had just found what I would be doing for the rest of my life.

One more dance story

I kept calling one of the new girls at work "Victoria" and her name was really "Veronica". She was nice enough to not correct me, but everyone else was willing to. After making the mistake several more times I felt that I should explain. I said "Veronica, I apologize, I keep calling you Victoria because that's the name of my dance partner." She, of course, was very nice and said "It doesn't bother me .. so you like to dance?". That and the look in her eyes told me that she was a dancer.

I interrupted because I did not want to give her the wrong idea and said "I should explain I do the kind of dancing that isn't any fun." Then with a great smile she said "Oh, you like ballroom dancing".

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A Fairytale

By: Petra

I used to read very many fairytales. I liked almost every fairytale. Nowadays I still like to read fairytales, but I don't read as many as I used to. A couple of days ago, I remembered a fairytale about a girl who loved dancing very much, but she was really poor. I looked in my fairytale books and translated and typed the story. You can read the result below:

The little girl and the fairy of the forest

(from: Gouden Sprookjes, ISBN 90 359 0630 6)

Once upon a time, there was a woman who had lost her husband. But she was happy to have a daughter. The girl was named Trees. They were very poor and lived in a small hovel. Their only property were a few goats. But the woman didn't feel unhappy. And little Trees wasn't unhappy too. The child was even happy all the time. You could always hear her laugh and sing.

Trees took care of the goats. In the morning she went to the top of the hill with her animals. There grew very good food for them. In the evening she returned with the goats. Her mother gave her a basket with food every day. And she also gave her some flax to spin.

In the morning she went happily skipping to the top of the hill with her goats. And then she started to spin immediately. But under while she was spinning, she kept an eye on her goats. She didn't lose a minute. She was very diligent and when she came back from the hill in the evening, she showed her mother with pride what she had done that day.

One day, when she was spinning flax again, she heard a very light sound behind her. She turned to look and to her great surprise she saw a fairy with a beautiful blue veil. She was dancing over the grass. But it was so beautiful and so graceful, that Trees couldn't get her eyes off the fairy.

Sometimes, Trees danced herself, because she loved to, but she wasn't as good as the fairy at all.... No! It was really amazing. Trees didn't dare breathe, as she was afraid to scare the fairy. But the fairy had already seen her. And she came towards Trees.

'So, little Trees,' the fairy said. 'Yes, you can hear that I know your name. Fairies know much about menchildren. I think you're a nice girl. I would even say that I kind of love you a bit. Because I see you spinning your flax every day so diligently. I guess you are doing that for your mother?' 'Yes,' answered the little girl. 'I can't do anything else all day.'

'I love that,' said the fairy again, 'but I also know that you love something else too. And that something is called dancing. Wouldn't you love to dance with me today?'

'I would like that very much,' was the answer, 'but I don't have time to dance. Because, if I danced with you, I wouldn't be able to finish my work. And that means that my thread wouldn't be finished today.'

'But, you could dance just one dance?' the fairy tried. A few seconds later little Trees was dancing with the fairy through the forest, which was situated near the meadow.

That was dancing! So light and so delicious. It seemed as if Trees didn't touch the ground anymore. It seemed as if she was floating with the fairy instead of dancing! And all the things around her seemed to join her. And like it too. The birds sang so beautiful as Trees had never heard them sing. Trees couldn't wish for more beautiful music. Little Trees was dancing and dancing and dancing. She couldn't think of anything or anyone else. But at last she became a bit tired and she asked the fairy to stop dancing for a while, so she could rest in the grass for a moment. The fairy understood, but when Trees was resting, she couldn't see the fairy anymore. It seemed like she had vanished in the air.

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Oh, it had been wonderful! Little Trees enjoyed it very much. Dancing was so nice!!! Especially with a fairy! She was still enjoying it. But... then she realised what she had done. She hadn't been able to spin her flax, because she had danced so much. None of her work she had to do that day was finished. Yes, then she felt sorry that she had listened to the fairy. "Oh, I have been so stupid! I have still so much work to do," she moaned. But it was too late. She could only stay at the meadow for half an hour.

In such a sort time she could not do as much as she could have done in a whole day. When she went home, she had but few spun wire in her basket. She hoped her mother wouldn't notice. She promised herself to be very diligent the next day. Maybe she could catch up with her work of the day before. Fortunately her mother didn't ask what she had done that day. But she thought Trees to be very tired and made her go to bed early.

Next morning Trees went to the hill with her goats again. She walked faster than normal, so she could be up hill earlier. And then she could spin her flax right away. She did that so fast that morning, that she forgot everything around her. Even the goats. And that did not often happen. When it became noon, she had done a lot of work already. She took a little rest to eat her bread. And that had to happen very fast too, because she wanted to move on with her flax. While she was spinning, she thought of the fairy again. Oh, it had been so wonderful! But no, no thinking about that. Because of the dancing she hadn't been able to finish her work the day before. No, there's no time for dancing today, she said to herself.

'You're not serious, are you?' little Trees heard whispering at her ear. She turned. And she saw the beautiful fairy of the day before.

'Why don't you want to dance today?' asked the fairy. 'You love it very much, don't you?'

'Yes, of course I do,' answered Trees, 'but yesterday I wasn't able to finish spinning my flax, because of the dancing. And that's the reason I have to do twice as much today.'

'O, is that all? I will take care of that. You can count on me. If you want to dance, do it. Forget everything around you and dance...dance...'

Then little Trees couldn't say "no" anymore. It had been so wonderful the day before. And today it was wonderful again. She skipped and danced with the fairy. And everything around her seemed to enjoy it too. The goats were skipping along the meadow and the birds were singing, so there was beautiful music too. There was happiness, light and joy all over the place.

But when time passed, the singing of the birds became less and as she looked at the sun, she saw it was late already. Had she really been dancing all the time? She couldn't imagine. Then she realised: The flax! How would she be able to finish the flax today? How in the world could she forget that?!

But the fairy knew what she was thinking. She took the flax and began spinning for Trees, and she did that so fast, that the work was finished in a few minutes. Trees couldn't speak a word, because she was too amazed. And when she finally wanted to thank the fairy, the fairy was gone.

Trees was happy. That day she had danced with the fairy again. And still her work was done. She put the flax in her basket. She called her goats and went home.

O, what a wonderful trip home it was! The girl sang much and loud, while the goats were walking around her.

When she came home, the first thing her mother said, was: 'And? Have you done more work than yesterday? Because I looked in your basket yesterday, but there wasn't much in it.'

'Yes, but today I caught up with that. Look!'

She wanted to tell her mother of the beautiful fairy with whom she had been dancing so wonderfully and who had finished her work after dancing. But her mother was in a hurry. She

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walked to the kitchen immediately, to take care of dinner. When she was in bed, Trees thought much of the nice dancing with the fairy in the forest...

The day after the girl went again, like every day, to the hill with her goats. She looked around. And she brought her animals to a place where they could find enough grass to eat. And then she went spinning very diligently again. But she couldn't keep her mind at her work. She kept thinking of the fairy. And suddenly, she jumped into the air and shouted to the goats: "I will show you that I can dance on my own very well too!"

And she began to dance and to turn, as if she was the fairy herself.

'Well, I have to say that you're doing very well!' she heard a voice behind her. 'You dance almost as beautiful and graceful as I.'

It was the fairy. She had been looking to her for a while... 'But I presume that you think you can dance even better if we dance together?'

Little Trees thought a while. She would really, really love to dance with the fairy again. But the flax...the flax...

'O, I know what you are thinking about,' the fairy said. 'Don't be afraid. I did help you yesterday too, didn't I?'

And so little Trees was dancing with the fairy again. It seemed as if dancing became better every day. As good as today, Trees had never danced with the nice fairy. Trees really didn't think of anything else anymore. Not of her mother, not of her goats, not of her flax. The only thing she thought of, was dancing. She danced and she turned, till she finally sat down very tired. Then she looked at the sun again and saw that it was even later today than the day before.

Now Trees understood what she had done. She thought of the flax she hadn't finished. But the fairy knew her thoughts again! She took the basket from Trees and went spinning. A few moments later the basket was filled with spun wire. The fairy closed the basket and said: 'Go home now as quickly as possible. Otherwise your mother will be worried about you. But don't look in the basket before you are home.'

Trees called her goats and went home very fast. But while she was walking, she thought of the words of the fairy. Why did she say that she wasn't allowed to look in the basket before she was home? And Trees became so curious, that she stood still for a moment. With the basket in her hands.

'I will just take a little look,' she said, because she thought the basket to be very light. It seemed as if there wasn't any spun wire in it.

She opened her basket and... but no, she would never have thought that of the fairy! That she would betray her like that! Because what did she see in her basket? Tree leaves. Nothing else than tree leaves. Tree leaves instead of spun wire...

That was a great disappointment for her. Why hadn't she just worked that day, all the flax would have been spun by now. And now she had to come home with just some tree leaves. She didn't need the fairy for that. She could collect tree leaves herself! She was so furious that she threw away all the leaves. The goats immediately ate the leaves. Only in the corners of the basket a few leaves remained. Trees didn't even notice...

Her mother was waiting outside. And little Trees became frightened! Oh, what would her mother say to her? She would be furious, that was for sure.

But her mother didn't look furious at all. Trees wasn't at home and her mother was calling her already: 'What did you do with the flax yesterday?'

'What I did with the flax, mother? I spun it of course! I did nothing else with it!' she answered.

'But that's impossible. Something strange happened,' her mother continued. 'I have been winding the whole day. I had twice as much as usual. And it didn't stop. One moment, I

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thought that it seemed as if one or another ghost had spun the flax for you. And on that very moment, there wasn't any wire anymore.'

While her mother was telling this, Trees became very pale. Yes, now she had to tell about the fairy and the dancing. And that the fairy spun the flax for her after the dancing.

Now it was her mother's turn to turn very pale.

'Oh my god,' she yelled, 'that wasn't a fairy, but a witch, who was dressed as a fairy. You have been very irresponsible. You could have been bewitched. But it seems she liked you. That's why she didn't hurt you. But why didn't you tell me this yesterday? Maybe I could still have been winding. Wow, what a money we could have got for the flax then.'

'I wanted to tell you, but you went to the kitchen immediately,' Trees stuttered.

'Well! And what happened today? Did you dance again? And did she spin your flax again?'

'Yes,' Trees said very silently, 'but... I wasn't allowed to look in the basket before I was at home. And in spite of the prohibition, I did look. And then I saw there wasn't anything else in the basket but tree leaves. I became very angry, so I threw the leaves out of the basket. The goats ate them. No, you don't have to look. There's nothing left.'

But although Trees said that, her mother did look in the basket. And what did she see in the corner? No tree leaves, but shiny, brandnew pieces of gold. Her mother took them out of the basket, but there were still pieces of gold left. Mother took them out again. And again there were new ones...

So... the fairy did help. And she helped very well. Because Trees and her mother were suddenly very rich. They could buy everything they wanted to have. The little hovel became renovated. A nice little house came instead of it. With nice furniture and a beautiful garden. Also there was a beautiful carriage with two horses. Trees and her mother went out for a ride every day.

But all this wealth and abundance began to bother Trees. She'd rather live in their old hovel. Very often Trees went to the hill, to the meadow and the forest where she used to go to with her goats. And then she sat down at the same place where she used to sit and looked around. Oh, she would have loved to dance once more with that beautiful and nice fairy. It had been so good. But... little Trees didn't see her ever again, it didn't matter how longing she was looking...

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Nice links

By: Fred

Traditional Fijian Dance

<http://www.stampsfiji.com/tfdance.htm>

Dance stamps

WebMuseum

<http://www.ibiblio.org/wm/paint/auth/degas/ballet/>

Ballet paintings

Shall we dance

http://www.apple.com/trailers/miramax/shall_we_dance.html

<http://www.themovieinsider.com/multimedia/top.php?mid=1782>

Watch the preview

Dance clipart

<http://dir.nvtech.com/Entertainment/Performers/Dancers/Ballroom/>

<http://uselessgraphics.com/dancers1.htm> (44 pages with animations)

http://www.twosteptidewater.com/free_dance_clipart1.htm

<http://www.100000freecliparts.com/clipart/Culture/dance2/index.html>