



2000
WORKSHOP DATES



MENDOCINO
JUNE 24 - JULY 2

RAMBLEWOOD
JULY 22 - 30

BALKANALIA!
AUGUST 24 - 27



STAYING IN TUNE MEMORIES OF THE 1999 WORKSHOPS

HERE WE ARE in the dark days of winter—almost half a year removed from the Balkan Music & Dance Workshops of 1999. For you lucky ones who were able to attend one or more of the workshops this year, certain moments shine out, casting a warm glow over the intervening months. It might be a moment of sublime music or ecstatic dancing, or that night when a friend walked over and held your hand in wordless enjoyment of the moment, or a flash of humor that came flying out of nowhere. The thing is, these moments are different for everyone who attends a camp . . . and not all of our readers had the good fortune to be there first-hand.

So we hope you'll pour yourself a nice cup of whatever it is—tea or hot chocolate? Maybe ouzo?—and settle in to enjoy some reminiscences from your fellow workshop attendees. Beginning on page 4, you'll find photos and articles featuring each of the three EEFC Workshops: Mendocino, Ramblewood and *balkanalia!*—to help you stay in tune and geared up for next summer.



MARGARET LOOMIS



NANCY LEEPER



FROM THE EEFC BOARD



HELLO EVERYONE!
As your board liaison, I am starting a new feature with this issue of *Kef Times*, in which we update you on board activities and policy decisions.

The following covers a few of the highlights of the Fall 1999 meeting of the EEFC Board of Directors. Complete meeting minutes are available on the EEFC website: www.eefc.org (click on "Who We Are" and follow links to "Board of Directors and Board Meeting Minutes"). As you may know, the board only meets face-to-face twice a year. This time we met over Halloween weekend in Brighton, Utah.

Earlier in 1999, two-term board member Lynette Garlan and five-year member Dennis Godfrey left the board, leaving two vacancies for the fall term. Filling those positions are Julie Lancaster of Denver, Colo., a Balkan singer, singing teacher and choir director who makes her living as a business writer, and Mark Primack, an architect from Santa Cruz, Calif. Mark and his wife, Janet Pollock, have been bringing their whole family to Mendocino Balkan camp for many years.

Continuing members of the board are Melanie Goldberg and Mike Gage, both in their third year; and Matt Smith, Yves Moreau and Laura Blumenthal, all in our second year. Joining us in Utah was EEFC General Manager Rachel MacFarlane.

Our first order of business was the election of officers: Matt is now President; Julie, Secretary; Melanie, Treasurer, and I will continue in the office of Advisory Liaison.

Next we determined who would serve on the various committees. Note that non-board members can be members of committees. Board members are referred to here by first name only, whereas non-board mem-



Back row, left to right: Mark Primack, Laura Blumenthal, Mike Gage, Matt Smith, Julie Lancaster.
Front row: Rachel MacFarlane, Melanie Goldberg, Yves Moreau.

bers are referred to by their full names. The committees are:

- **Administrative** (deals with matters of policy and logistics)—Melanie (chair), Julie, Mike, Laura and Matt (*ex officio*)
- **Program** (works with Rachel in determining the slates of teachers and curricula for the workshops)—Laura (chair), Melanie, Matt, Yves, Lise Liepman, Janet Pollock, and Belle Birchfield
- **Development** (handles matters of membership and fundraising)—Mark (chair), Mike, Yves, Julie, Matt (*ex officio*), Stewart Mennin and George Long
- **Finance** (oversees income and expenditures)—ex-Treasurer Lynette Garlan will continue as chair; members are Melanie, Mark, Yves, and Matt (*ex officio*)

Julie is the new editor of *Kef Times*, while Rachel will continue to coordinate the production of each issue. Nancy Leeper, former EEFC Administrative Director, will continue as graphic designer.

Policy Changes: Highlights

• **balkanalia! tuition.** We felt compelled to alter balkanalia! tuition rates, where we found that the adult fee has, in fact, not covered our basic workshop expenses for the past three years, and the fee for children (ages 6-17) has not even covered room and board. We settled on a slight fee increase for adults, and a moderately increased children's fee that will cover our expenses yet continue to encourage young people to attend the workshop.

Part-time campers. For part-time campers, a deadline will be set for each camp, by which date people will have to register for overnight accommodations. This will prevent last-minute registrations, which caused problems this year both for site managers and for cabinmates who were inconvenienced.

Unsupervised children. For the past several years, there have been some cases reported of very young children being unsuper-

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EEFC MISSION STATEMENT

The East European Folklife Center (EEFC) is a non-profit organization whose mission is to educate the general public about the folk music, folk dance and folklore of the Balkans through promoting and sponsoring activities which honor and celebrate the richness of these cultures; and to foster understanding and respect of all peoples through shared experiences of Balkan cultures.

Kef Times is published by the East European Folklife Center, P.O. Box 12488, Berkeley, CA 94712-3488.

For information about the East European Folklife Center, the Balkan Music & Dance Workshops, or to be included on our mailing list, contact us at the address above, call 510/549-2124, send e-mail to office@eefc.org, or visit our website at www.eefc.org.

KEF TIMES STAFF

Julie Lancaster
Editor

Rachel MacFarlane
Production Manager

Nancy Leeper
Graphic Design

Address all comments or newsletter submissions to: Editor, *Kef Times*, EEFC, P.O. Box 12488, Berkeley, CA 94712-3488; office@eefc.org.

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Janita Hyatt
balkanalia!
Site Manager

Martie Ripson
Ramblewood
Site Manager

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Site Manager

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FAREWELL TO DINO PAPPAS

DINO PAPPAS, a lover and collector of Greek and Middle Eastern music and friend to many in the EEFC community, died on August 8 at the age of 68.

The retired Detroit policeman had amassed an enormous collection of records—mostly 78 and 45 rpm records of Greek and Turkish music, plus some Armenian, Arabic and Slavic Macedonian music. Many of the more than 10,000 recordings are extremely rare, some dating back as far as 1900. For decades, Pappas generously shared these treasures with interested musicians.

"He was a big-hearted guy with a great passion for this music," said Joe Graziosi, a teacher of Greek dancing at EEFC and other workshops, who knew Pappas for more than 20 years. "He had an extensive knowledge of musical types, performers and singers—he'd been listening for decades."

"He had a love affair with the music that lasted his whole life," added Christos Govetas, a Greek singer and instrumentalist who fre-

quently teaches at EEFC workshops. "He would call me a couple of times a month and say, 'Listen to this!' and play me tunes over the phone for two to three hours. He was definitely a connoisseur and an eccentric, and he had a connection with the music that none of us has. For example, he'd play me a tune and say, 'This is the record my father bought me on my seventh birthday!' Above all, he had mental information—about musicians and words and situations, like the Greek American immigrant communities of the '20s and '30s. He was a river of information."

Dino Pappas was born in Detroit in 1931. His parents were Greek immigrants, his father from Greece and his mother from Turkey. When he was a boy, the family lived briefly in Seattle, then returned to Detroit.

According to Ara Topouzian, a good friend of Pappas and an occasional contributor to the EEFC listserve, Dino Pappas retired in 1974 after serving as a policeman during the race riots in Detroit. He devoted the rest of his life to his two loves: his

family, including being a devoted husband to his wife, Anna, and his massive music collection.

"Going down to his basement for the first time was like going to Xanadu for a person who loved that kind of music," said Ara. "He and I spent eight hours without eating or drinking as he played tunes for me . . . I was in a trance."

In the early 1980s, Pappas started becoming well-known among revivalist musicians, Joe said. He made cassettes of his music available for many of the musicians who have taught at the EEFC workshops, including George Chittenden, Stewart Mennin, Carol Freeman, Sophia Bilides, Zora and Tony Tammer and many others. Pappas particularly loved Greek music in the Smyrnaic, Rebetic and Demotic styles.

The ex-cop didn't think of himself as a scholar and didn't write articles, though he did make extensive notations about the recordings. Researchers and scholars in Greece and the U.S. leaned on him as an

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FROM THE EDITOR

FACING THE DAWN of the new century, I don't know anyone over the age of 8 and under the age of 80 who isn't too busy. So many projects, options, things to read, web-sites to visit and, as David B. pointed out on the listserve, so many musical notes that we should be practicing—busy-ness seems to be the malaise of our times. (They used to say, "It's the 90s; get used to it." What are we going to say now? "It's the aughts"?)

So it is with respect for the preciousness of your time that we send this newsletter forth into what may well be your already overflowing mailbox.

We think many of you make time to read the *Kef Times*—maybe even every word—for a

couple of reasons: (1) the EEFC doesn't send you very many mailings in the course of a year, and (2) this newsletter is a link to a community and an event that has become, for many, a musical and perhaps even a spiritual centerpiece of the year.

That's what it has become for me, and that's why, even though I'm too busy, too, I recently accepted the role of board member with the EEFC and have volunteered to edit the *Kef Times*. I feel strongly about the importance of the EEFC's mission, and tremendous gratitude for the way Balkan Camp and Balkan music have enriched my own life.

My guess is that you may feel that way, too. If you'd like to put more of your energy behind the

EDITOR TO PAGE 12

CALL FOR NEW RECORDINGS

Our next issue (Spring/Summer 2000) will include the regular feature, "Noteworthy Balkan Recordings." We need your help in assembling information on new recordings for this collection. The main criteria are (1) the recording must feature musicians and/or compilers who have made a direct contribution to the workshops, either by teaching or attending, and (2) it hasn't already been featured in the *Kef Times*. Send information about the recording, cost and information on how to order and, if possible, camera-ready artwork of covers, to the Editor.



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MENDOCINO IMPRESSIONS, 1999

PHOTOS BY NANCY LEEPER

ABOVE ALL, the redwoods . . . cool breezes ruffle their deep green, soft needles. The tall trees stand and witness the new group of campers checking in. They wordlessly bestow their healing grace on the city-weary, the electronics-saturated and information-overdosed . . . on small children and grandparents . . . on everyone who comes into the Woodlands.

Down here on the ground, our hearts surge as we greet friends or exchange a quiet smile with a stranger. We lug our bags to the cabin or tent that will be our home for the next week. The woods begin to buzz with the sounds of instruments tuning up, the anticipation of playing, singing and dancing with each other again.

Delicious aromas begin to emanate from the kitchen. At Mendocino there is fresh-baked bread daily and sometimes twice a day, not to mention abundant and delicious food at mealtimes, a plentiful spread around midnight, and—just once during the week—Jeff's chocolate peanut butter bars.

In the dance hall, an introduc-



tory session sets the stage for night after night of music and dancing. The next day begins the round of classes and ensembles, impromptu sings in the lunch line, late-afternoon strains of brass band music wafting up from the amphitheatre. Kids chase each other along the paths and squeal with glee.

At the camp sings, a roomful of people sing old favorites from the EEFC Songbook. Some have known a tune for the past 30 years; others just learned it during the previous verse. For some of us, these tunes accompanied our original tumble head-over-heels into love with Balkan music, and it's especially sweet

to enjoy them now with a roomful of like-minded folks. A few of our Bulgarian guests join in, while others hold forth at a table outside, making table music, sometimes beautiful and sometimes bawdy.

At the evening parties, we are treated to one after another unbelievable set of music featuring our staff teachers and the ensembles they've put together, with camper bands filling in. Driving Bitov sets, shimmering



. . . a roomful of people sing old favorites . . . for some of us, these tunes accompanied our original tumble head-over-heels into love with Balkan music.

Izvorno tunes, ecstatic Rom music, glorious Greek playing, soul-stirring gajdas and heart-lifting tamburicas, and much more, setting folks to hours of dancing, spurred on by the presence of our esteemed dance teachers.

A succession of student/camper/staff ensembles keeps the late-night scene lively, often with multiple events going on. For instance: an electrified band plays Rom music in the kafana (front room of the dining hall), there's quiet Turkish saz music in the back room, and between them, in the kitchen, some tamburaši practice a series of minor-key songs from Medimurje.

One night in the kafana, clarinet teacher Lefteris Bournias sits in with an *ad hoc* Greek ensemble and plays a dance tune, bringing the late-night crowd to roaring applause. He is tired, but





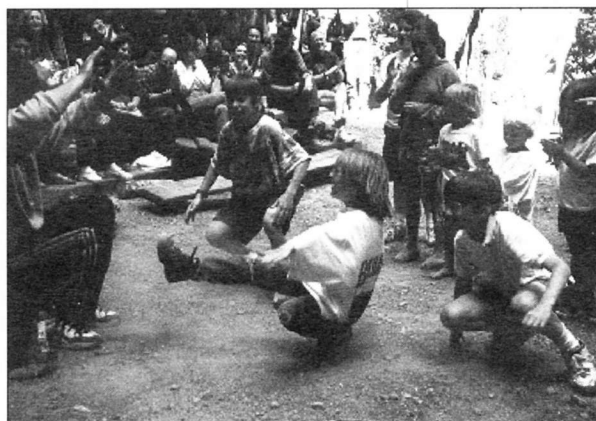
the audience begs for a taxim—a solo improvisation—and he agrees. The other musicians set up a drone with two violins, a laouto and a santouri. Lefteris then plays a breathtaking taxim. We are on the edges of our seats—following every instant of the melodic line, incredulous at the emotion he is able to express. We wait, spellbound, to find out where he'll take us next. At the end, he sounds the first two notes of a tsifteteli. By note three, Polly Tapia Ferber, doumbek instructor, has leapt from her seat on the floor into position with the band and strikes "doum" with impeccable timing, and the band launches into a lively dance tune. It is a night of amazing *kefi*. Even the most experienced musicians in the room are hugging one another afterwards, some weeping, some just glowing.

On another night, Greek violin teacher and Trans-Carpathian Ensemble leader Beth Cohen, along with Jim Tashie, play quiet, silver-toned transcendent music on the exotic yayli (bowed) tambour. Then they are joined by house bassist Paul Brown and cellist James Hoskins. All four bow the tunes in unison but in different registers, and then Christos Govetas joins them, playing frame drum and singing *illahis* (Sufi devotional songs) in

Turkish. We are transfixed.

At Balkan Camp, we teach each other more than just music and dancing. There is a respect and admiration for our colleagues' efforts and accomplishments . . . certainly for our teachers, but also a quiet (well, sometimes noisy) appreciation for our fellow students' take on things, a delight in their skill, creativity and/or humor. This year many talented camper groups came to camp as complete

At the student concert, we roar with delight at the children's performance, choreographed and polished by the kids' favorite drill sergeant, Petur Iliev.



ensembles—from New Mexico, Colorado, Oregon and California. Every year the general level of expertise increases, even as the camp continues to attract new attendees.

It's Saturday. We arrive at the amphitheatre for the student concert amidst the din of a

zurla/tapan/doumbek extravaganza. Soon we'll have the pleasure of cheering on our fellow campers as they share what they've learned this week. We'll roar with delight at the children's performance, choreographed and polished by the kids' favorite drill sergeant, Petur Iliev. At the lamb roast, we'll be entertained by impromptu klapa singing as we wait in line, and later treated to a serenade of soaring table music by our Bulgarian teaching staff in the dining hall. And later we'll revel in the final dance party of this year's camp.

But right now, we take a moment of silence to remember or pray for the Balkans—the beloved and beleaguered heartland of the music and dancing we love. We're acutely aware of and humbled by the great privilege we're experiencing here. We're not only blessed with music, dance and friendship, but we're safe, well-fed, and most of us have homes, jobs and families to return to. For a moment, quiet reigns and varying emotions overflow in us. A breeze blows through the forest, and the redwoods exude their abiding, peaceful presence.

—Julie Lancaster

. . . there's a quiet appreciation for our fellow students' take on things



RAMBLEWOOD HIGHLIGHTS

After the workshop, Sally McIntee posted some Ramblewood memories to the listserve, setting off a series of chimings-in. We've extracted just a few of the many comments posted.

PHOTOS BY MARGARET LOOMIS



- Singing songs with Kremena of Mysterious Voices fame
- Merita's little girl blowing bubbles in front of the fan in the dining room
- Hearing beautiful Georgian music from heaven
- Punching a 6-ft.-long blown-up orca into the air in the pool with half the camp keeping him aloft for about an hour
- The thunderous applause every time chef Janet made her appearance
- Distinguished teachers of music joining hands to do a joint cannonball into the pool
- Paul Morrissett with a broken leg playing his crutch like a kaval

—Sally McIntee (Chapel Hill, North Carolina)

- Discovering that the above-mentioned whale had been named "Devet Orca"
- Hearing about Yves Moreau being introduced to Adam Good by saying "Hi Adam. I'm Yves."
- Reading the Kafana Haiku board. The only one I can remember is:

*I am so tired
But the next band is starting
Late night dilemma*

- The cheer of the crowd when the power went back on
- Watching the teenagers hang out together

—Martie Ripson
(E. Greenbush, New York)



- The wonderful Rhodope kaba gajda trio and group singing
 - Kremena Stancheva's fascinating talk on her musical career
 - Merita's singing: . . . Hajde! . . . Hopa! . . . Tsah!
 - Mark Forry's klapa singing and "bečari" improvisations
 - Henry's funny Mummer's Play
 - The wonderful spirit of sharing and friendship
- Yves Moreau (St. Lambert, Québec)

- Merita and Donka sitting together in the kafana singing each other's songs, with each helping the other remember the words
 - The little girl playing "Ramo, Ramo" on the horn that was as big as she was
 - Mensur dancing devetorka with u šest steps at the ends
 - Vassil as choreographer for the cannonball chorus line
 - The teenage girls glassy-eyed in the kafana, refusing to go to bed
- Barbara Bleisch (Ballwin, Missouri)
- Jerry's tape for orientation!
- Eric Frumin (Brooklyn, New York)

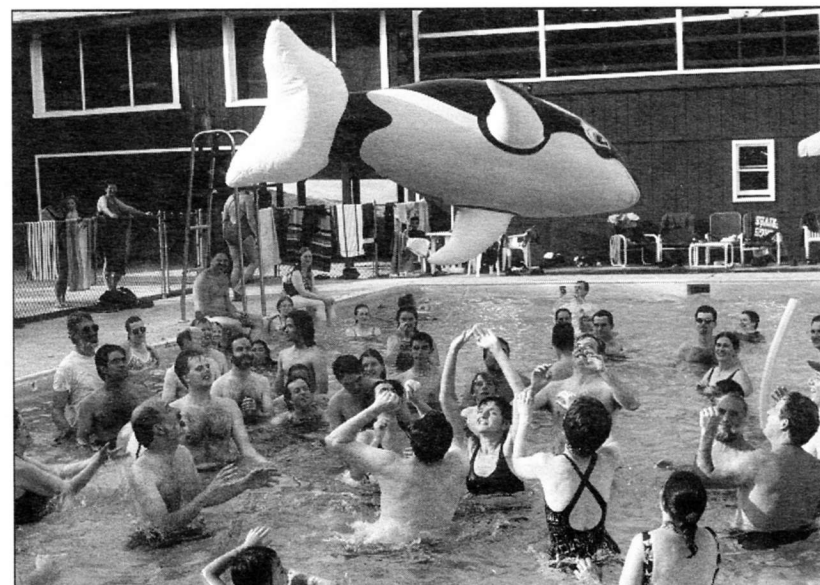


- Pat Iverson's rendition of the Dr. Seuss book "Green Eggs and Ham" done to the tune of "Pjevaj mi pjevaj" in the Kids' Kafana
 - The three, count 'em, three tambura izvorno sets at the pavillion
 - Kafana ending with a daylight swim serenade . . . (or must a serenade be by moonlight by definition?)
- Matt Smith (Flagtown, New Jersey)
- Martie discovered that the inflatable whale was a "Devet Orca." Wow, and here I thought all week that it was the camp "Pet Orca." Guess my counting's off. . . I must be really tired . . .
- batja [bell] (Arlington, Virginia)

- Noodling in the pool with a few other folks desperately trying to keep cool, looking up, and seeing a bald eagle soaring overhead.

exhausted in Brooklyn,
—Laura Pannaman

- Listening to Ljubomir Živkov (a Serb from Belgrade) and Raif Hyseni (an Albanian from Kosova) playing music together on the bench above the pool
- Experiencing the bonding that comes of singing antiphonal Bosnian mountain songs at the top of our lungs with a group of really cool people





- Watching from the pool as Walt Mahovlich led the brass band up the hill at 4 a.m. by dropping a trail of dollar bills behind him. When I teased one of the musicians about "taking the bait," I was told, "Hey, we're professionals!"
- Watching George Tomov listening teary-eyed to Carol Silverman, David Bilides, and Jeff Fine playing beautiful Macedonian table songs during Kafana Night
- Carol Freeman's Balkan vocal technique class's rendition of the accordion break from "Doli goca n'penxhere" in the student concert.

—Laura Blumenthal
(Salt Lake City, Utah)



- The jawdropping musicality of Merita's voice, and the way her "presence" lit up the room when she sang. Even her arm movements . . .
- Raif's čoklek melody on the black keys of his accordion played with a paper cup . . .
- Finding out that our wonderful instructors, whom we had looked to for guidance in one style, were also INCREDIBLY good at other styles—for example: Donka Koleva, who I discovered with Paul Takahashi in the room below the Kafana singing gorgeous Serbian songs, and discussing them; Mensur Hatic's amazing Romanian set with the Ukrainian cimbalom player, Alexander Fedoriouk.

- The wonderful accessibility of the teachers and staff, and the supportive feeling one gets from the community as a whole.
- The children's microhabitats
- Getting to do Macedonian dances for more than 2-3 minutes to that incredible Izvorno ensemble.

—John Uhlemann (St. Louis, Missouri)

- Hearing a horrendous cacophony of mistuned intermediate gajdas develop over the week into a piercingly beautiful slow melody led by Vassil.
- Those really big, slow-moving butterflies all over the place.
- Best of all, the myriad conversations going on in so many different languages, sometimes within the same group, and yet everyone understanding everyone else.

—Ann Mosconi (Kettering, Ohio)

- Walking around camp and hearing music wherever you go, at whatever hour of the day or night. A lovely quilt of different instruments, groups, and styles coming from small and large clusters and individuals, all playing and singing out of love for this music.

—Sarada George (Rochester, New York)

- The incredible supportive, understanding, communal, positive atmosphere, created by staff, campers, teachers, as epitomized by the beginning kaval recital and the totally in tune, no pun intended, response of the audience

- 12 minute pravos
- All that music everywhere and all the time, the teenagers and the little kids, and yes, Anna's French horn cheeks!

—Emily Cohen (Brooklyn, New York)

- The quiet time some of us shared in Cabin 13 remembering our friend Judy Anscombe, who is no longer with us. Judy, we'll miss you.

—Martha Forsyth
(W. Newton, Massachusetts)

- Approaching, if not mastering, the ability to play a Macedonian tambura really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really, really fast (thanks, David . . .)
- The World Stereo Effect: Bosnian on the right, Thracian on the left, a brass band across the lawn. Uncanny.
- The violin/cimbalom set in Kafana, perhaps the single most staggering display of versatility I've ever seen.
- Merita. I kick myself for not having been there every time she performed that week. To use a cross-cultural reference, I now have some idea what Jimi Hendrix must have been like in live performance. Hopaa!!!
- Any of the food. Everything at home tastes bland now.

Having trouble letting go,
—Goz [Alex Jones] (Troy, New York)



- Every year after camp I go around in a cloud of happiness and everyone wants to know what caused it and I try to explain. One of my friends responded with the following, when I e-mailed how much I'd enjoyed music camp: "... what do you do at a music camp? canoe races with accompaniments? spooky stories around a campfire with a full orchestra? nature hikes with a soundtrack?" Her questions made me smile . . .

—Petrovich [Peter Gronwold] (Chicago, Illinois)

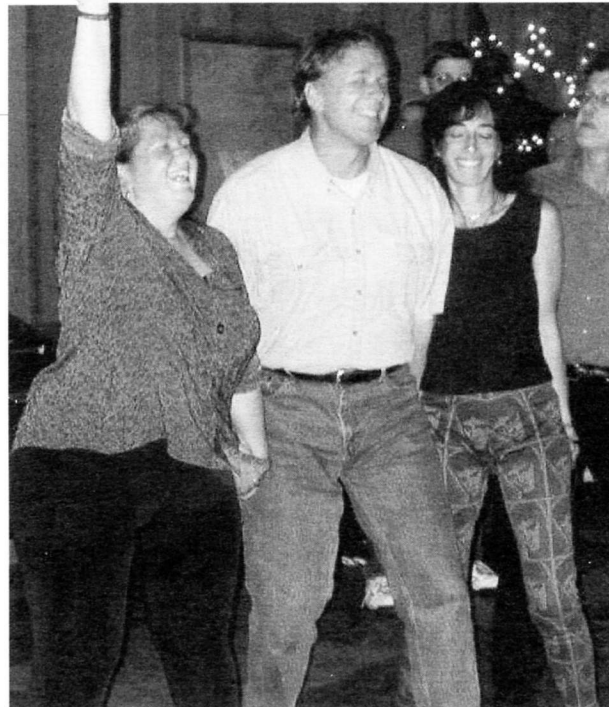


balkanalia!

IT WAS AUGUST, the grapes of song and dance were ripe and sweet. The temple of Lord Balkos stood ready with good food and drink, and a wooden floor awaited dancing feet.

The caravans of loyal followers of Balkan song and dance arrived, with people pulling sleeping gear from cars and vans, meeting cabin mates for the first time or finding old friends. Some set up tents while others readied a truck or camper for comfort. Through the woods of Camp Angelos came the laughter of "Sweetfeet" maenads sporting by and in the Sandy River.

As dusk settled into dark, the sounds of the tupan, the gajda, and the clarinet wafted over the open field and into the moonlit night, calling campers to the "temple." They came in odds and evens, drawn as if by the magic of some intangible intoxicant. Ecstatic shouts and stamps began to merge with the music. Many smiles, a single focus: the dance. Pravos, čočeks, kopanicas, ručenic, lesnotos to some of the most moving live music around. Oh! The Pravo with its close hold, and the sense of individuality pouring from unified motion; the rhythms holding our movements in check while the ecstasy built to fever pitch inside our shoes and our souls. Romany soul pouring through Carol Silverman's rich voice and down through your chest while the čoček pulled it up through your toes; the sounds of gajda and gudulka and tupan filling in the spaces and giving vibrant life to the very air. Is this heaven? If not, then oh, so close!



After dancing away the greater part of the night, it is no wonder that the morning sun was up before most of us. A leisurely, late-ish breakfast gave us all enough time to pull up our socks and feel ready to begin again. For two days now, we would be making choices about what to learn. Dances were available in the hall with Steve Kotansky's delightful anecdotes,

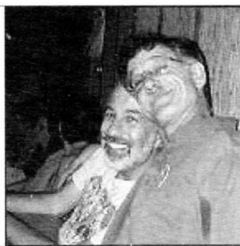
PHOTOS
THIS PAGE, TOP & FAR
LEFT: PAGE 9, TOP:
WM LELER,
PORTLAND, ORE.

THIS PAGE, BELOW LEFT:
JODY LEVINSON,
REDMOND, WASH.

PAGE 9, BOTTOM:
HEIDI VORST,
PORTLAND, ORE.

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www.leler.com/balkanalia





and Tom Deering's special, inimitable style. Recorded music? Not a chance! Musicians seemed to pour out of the woodwork, ready to make every moment more delicious. Once there were three tupans playing together for us—an unforgettable experience. What to do? Learn Turkish, Rom, or Dalmatian songs? Try to learn something on your new *gajda*, or stick with your trusty clarinet?

If the choices were just too overwhelming, you could wander through the gorgeous, wooded camp and hear music wafting from nearly every niche. Wandering, in fact, was one of my favorite *balkanalia!* experiences. You might happen by an instrumental ensemble, or a group of singers, or a lone kaval player practicing a favorite tune. On the porch of one of the out-buildings, you could find a gathering of people led by Mark Levy playing a full assortment of instruments, including big brass. As one camper said, "The music went on 24/7. You could go anywhere in the camp and hear a band practicing."

Spontaneous and impromptu events abounded at *balkanalia!* Like the time Mark Forry and a few others gathered on the front porch for a tamburica set, or when Bob Beer got together with friends to sing Turkish songs on the back porch just before happy hour. Then there was the sweet moment when, during a slack time in the hall, Marilee's nickel-harpe, Michael's guitar, Wm's mandolin, Larry's bass, and Joe's violin, came magically together and those few who were lucky enough to be there got some icing on our cakes in the form of waltzes, hambos and schottishes. Tired as you might be at *balkanalia!*, if you take a nap you're sure to miss something wonderful.

At night, we danced on the edge of ecstasy for hours until everyone was sated and reeling off to bed. Then, those who couldn't bear to leave the magic sat down in the wee hours just to listen, and we were treated to those lyrical bits that are usually saved for quiet moments. Imagine, if you will, that you have danced your fill, can take no

more, and then find yourself trying to hold the sweetness of those late moments. How to make more space in a heart already bursting? Some of us just simply melted. Sleep? Is that what happened next? Or was it some kind of dream?

Actually, some of the young and young at heart didn't sleep at all the last night. They stayed up 'til dawn, unwilling to let the moment pass, telling stories, jokes, and singing songs. All kinds of songs. Amazing how many songs you can remember when your heart is as full as the moon floating above the open field after a weekend of bliss.

And where are Lord Balkos and the Sweetfeet maenads now? I imagine they are busy tending invisible vines for next year's *balkanalia!* magic. See you there!

—Dina Franz
Portland, Oregon



LETTER FROM THE BOARD CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

vised in potentially dangerous situations, particularly at Ramblewood. This situation has forced us to draft the following policy:

"In the event a child is allowed to remain unsupervised in a dangerous situation after his or her parents are warned by the site manager, the site manager has the authority at his or her discretion to require that the family leave the camp."

Though this policy may sound a bit harsh, we know its application will be rare. EEFC is concerned above all about the safety and welfare of its workshop participants, and we will continue to work towards making the workshops safe and healthy for all.

Folk Alliance Conference

An exciting project coming up is the EEFC's participation in the Folk Alliance conference in Cleveland, Feb. 10-13. The North American Folk Music and Dance Alliance is an organization that promotes folk music and dance through education, networking, advocacy, and professional and

field development. Two board members and the General Manager will attend the conference, where we will have the opportunity to pass out literature about our workshops, talk to people about EEFC and attend seminars on fundraising and non-profits. This year's conference has a special focus on Central and Eastern European music in honor of its Cleveland setting. Appropriate to this focus, EEFC is a conference sponsor. For more information about the Folk Alliance or the conference, visit www.folk.org.

You can find out more about EEFC Board of Director activities and read full copies of current and past minutes on our website. Also, feel free to write to me any time at the address below with your thoughts, concerns and issues related to EEFC. We on the board are looking forward to working together and with you this year, and to seeing you at camp next summer!

*Your board liaison,
Laura Blumenthal
liaison@eefc.org*

THANK YOU!

**Thanks to all of you
for your generous
support of the East
European Folklife
Center!**

Our 1999 membership drive, the most successful ever, brought in \$14,200 in membership fees and additional donations (over 30% more than in 1998), and 310 of your households joined us in support of EEFC's programs this year. Our 2000 drive has already produced over \$7,000 in returns. Help keep this great momentum going:

**Join EEFC or renew
your membership
now!**

JOIN US!

SUPPORT EEFC BY BECOMING A MEMBER FOR THE 2000 CALENDAR YEAR

Please mail this form (or copy) with your payment to EEFC, P.O. Box 12488, Berkeley, CA 94712-3488. Thanks!

YES!

I (we) want to help sustain the community of the Balkan Music & Dance Workshops, and would like to join as a member for the **2000 calendar year**.

name(s) _____

address _____

city/state/zip _____

phone _____/_____

e-mail _____

☐ I wish my contribution to be anonymous.

*All contributions are fully tax deductible.
This membership is good through December 2000.*

MEMBERSHIP

- ☐ \$30 Individual
☐ \$45 Family
☐ \$20 Student/Low income

I'D LIKE TO MAKE AN ADDITIONAL CONTRIBUTION OF:

- ☐ \$25
☐ \$50
☐ \$100
☐ \$1,000 Benefactor
☐ other \$ _____

I CAN'T JOIN EEFC TODAY

but here is my donation in support of the
Balkan Music & Dance Workshops:

☐ \$5 ☐ \$10 ☐ \$15 ☐ \$20 ☐ other \$ _____

Remember, your 2000 membership entitles you to a \$10.00 kafana credit card at Mendocino or Ramblewood!

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and six anonymous donors

Thank you!

FAREWELL TO DINO PAPPAS FROM PAGE 3

important source of information, particularly about Rebetik and Smyrnaic music, Graziosi said.

He could talk about the music for hours. He was a guest at the Mendocino Balkan Music & Dance Workshop a number of years ago and gave a series of talks there. In addition to his musical expertise, he maintained an ongoing fascination with "Greeklish"—Grecized English words and phrases used in Greek-American songs. Another special interest was songs that reflected Greek-American immigrant life, especially during the Depression.

Ara Topouzian worked with Dino Pappas to release part of his archive in the form of three digitally remastered CDs. They feature the artists Vasilios Saleas, Yiorgo Anestopoulos and Şükrü Tunar. (For ordering

information, go to the company's home page, www.arpmusic.com, or call 1-800-322-8340 for a copy of their catalog.)

"He longed for record producers to archive his material," Ara said. "He wanted to make it available to the general public."

Although he had talked about donating the collection upon his death, Dino Pappas did not leave a will. The disposition of the collection is presently being resolved. Various groups hope to purchase it from the family and make at least some of it available for public use.

Pappas is survived by his wife, Anna, and his sons, Xenophone and Steve.

—Julie Lancaster

FROM THE EDITOR FROM PAGE 3

work of the EEFC, a good first step is to become a contributing member of the organization, if you're not one already (see membership form, page 10).

Another great way to help is to organize a fundraising event in your community for the EEFC. A big thank you to Diane Rainsford of Corvallis, Oregon, who has produced benefits for EEFC each fall for the past several years, netting hundreds of dollars for the organization.

A third way is to keep the *Kef Times* in mind. Please send us articles, photos, information about new recordings and other items you think would be of interest to our readers. We can't promise to use everything, but we will appreciate all submissions. (Mail or e-mail material to the *Kef Times* Editor, c/o the EEFC Office. If you want your original returned, send us a stamped, addressed envelope.) Our next issue will be published in the late spring, just before the camps, so if you want to submit something, please send it by April 20.

Until then, happy music-making and dancing!

—Julie Lancaster

EAST EUROPEAN FOLKLIFE CENTER

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2000 BALKAN MUSIC & DANCE WORKSHOPS

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