

TANGO AUSTRALIS

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Learning new tricks

These little beauties are *Pardalotes* or peep-wrens, a family of tiny brightly coloured birds, native to Australia. Their name derives from the Greek word for 'spotted'. They spend most of their time high in eucalypt forests feeding on insects and lerps. You might wonder why they are featuring in a tango journal.



One became a regular visitor to our garden. In June and July he was flitting round the wisteria and grapevine outside the kitchen window, near the holly bush, making his piping call, and gathering bits of loose fibre as though he's making a nest. This is odd, for these birds usually nest in horizontal tunnels drilled in banks of earth— and there are none that I know of nearby. They sometimes nest in tree hollows, and that's more likely here, as we've left some old stumps. It is also odd that we've only seen one, because *Pardalotes* are monogamous and often live in small groups. There should be at least another around, or perhaps this little fellow lost his mate and is seeking another. If all goes well we may have pretty little baby *Pardalotes* for spring.

The focus on birds is due to an article that was published in the New York Times and reprinted in The Age (July 3, 2013): '*From birds to babes it's a tower of babble*' by Tim Requarth. In addition to having a delicious title, the subject material refers to research in which two psychologists taught young zebra finches, living in soundproof boxes, to switch the order of syllables in their songs.

This is like locking students in a studio until they change the way they combine steps to come up with original tango. Some adult students, especially those educated in countries with different educational philosophies, come to tango classes, locked into concrete and linear ways of thinking. 'First we do this, and then we do that...' or 'one thing, always follows the other'. This way of thinking might seem to 'anchor' tango learning initially, but, long-term, the dead weight of the anchor becomes an impediment to tango development.

So how did the zebra finches manage to learn their different songs? Well, by **practicing thousands of times a day for weeks**'. When babies introduce a new syllable to their repertoire they repeat it, lots. It sounds like babble, but it is practice. Then they add it to the beginning or the end of syllable strings, and eventually insert it between other syllables. Birds and animals are 'vocal learners', and birds and humans share a FOXP2 gene, the one responsible for one family's mysterious speech disorder.

Can we adapt this process to learning physical skills, like dancing? Repetition and practice are certainly essential for all dance learning. Some students respond well to spoken instructions and guidance. Others watch how the dance works, and copy the movements. Some need to experience the dance, so they can feel how it works. Others write down, in words or symbols, what they have done in class. Music is an aid to remembering: hearing a phrase, finding a pattern of steps that fits with it, dancing it with the music, and then playing the music in your car or on your iPod, and visualizing those steps when that phrase is heard. The audible becomes a 'trigger' for the physical.

I learned to dance in my parents' arms, (or perhaps it was in my mother's womb), and later by standing on my father's feet, holding his hands, as he danced around the living room with my mother. When I hear music, my body 'feels' the movement of dance. I am the annoying person swaying and jiggling in my seat during a concert recital.

For the 'History of Social Dancing' project, Jack Comerford lent treasured books about ballroom dancing. One, 'The Revised Technique', by dance teacher Alex Moore, Fellow & Examiner of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing (1st edition 1948, 9th edition 1977) describes, the steps and variations of the popular social ballroom dances of the 20th century – Quickstep – Waltz – Foxtrot – Tango – in words and abbreviations on charts. The cover shows ballroom 'footprints' but inside there's not a footprint, photo or illustration to be seen. Those desiring to qualify with the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing had to train and study (usually for three years), and then sit for and pass the annual examination when the examiner came from Britain.

There is more about this Society, its claiming of 'Tango', and its role in training Australian ballroom dance teachers and social dancers included in the History of Social Dancing display at MILONGA 100 on August 17 at the Fitzroy Town Hall in Melbourne. We'll be looking in greater depth at the history of dancing in '*Tango Australis*' too.

Like Water for Tango

We have been cruising the Mediterranean, Ionian, Aegean and Tyrrhenian Seas. Our voyage began in fascinating Barcelona and ended in surprisingly beautiful Marseille. Barcelona and Marseille are port cities, like Buenos Aires, places of departure and arrival, of farewell, escape and divergence, of racial mingling and memory. Ports played a significant role in the story of tango.

Barcelona embraces a multi-cultural past and looks towards the future, having overcome embarrassment at what locals saw, not so long ago, as the excesses of its distinctive expressions of '*Modernisme*'. Exciting new visionary architecture ties old and new together. From Barcelona we sailed north along the Costa Brava to the port of Palamos, then drove inland to Girona, the City of Sieges, having been invaded by Romans, Visigoths, Moors and Franks. From the end of the 9th century a Jewish ghetto flourished in Girona, but the Reconquista, Expulsions, and Inquisition ended that. An excellent museum, with articles and artifacts donated by Jewish communities, institutions and individuals, tells the story of a community that was ended by Order of the Catholic monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, and of a culture that was exiled but survived.

Today's inhabitants of Girona and Palamos make public political statements, by hanging flags from their balconies – one flag to support an independent Catalunya, another flag to stay within a united Spain. Civilized and democratic! Other nations might benefit from such silent, but visible, approaches to change and public expressions of opinion.

We visited the French and Italian Rivas, Corsica, Sardinia, Sicily, the Aeolian Islands, Greece, and Turkey. Yes, life is tough! ... And the weather? – Daytime temperatures ranged from the high

20s to 40. We revisited Thira, and were delighted to learn that the ancient archaeological site of the city of Akrotiri, discovered in 1967, is open again, following extensive stabilization work to make the site safe. Greece might be teetering on the edge of financial ruin, but they have been spending some money well. Poor old Pompeii has been suffering the ravages of uncontrolled tourism for 250 years, and loses priceless 'bits' every time it rains. The preservation of Akrotiri and its ongoing development as an educational museum will attract tourists for many years to come.

Being at sea, especially in bright Mediterranean light, does wonders for the eyesight. We noticed this effect also in outback Australia and the high Andean region of South America. Things look clearer, and objects and scenery are thrown into sharp relief. Matisse, Picasso and other artists showed this in their paintings. Night skies, however, are not as impressive as our outback displays.

The waters around Mykonos and Lipari, Capri, and the small island of Ponza display every shade of blue and green imaginable. When you dive in and swim underwater you slice through layers of colour. Near Ponza, near what is possibly the deepest underwater chasm on earth, we swam in silky water through grottoes and caves. I was surprised by the way that sound carried and reverberated in caverns and tunnels. Tango in a grotto?

One night we sailed through a raging storm, with winds so wild and strong that all doors to external decks and balconies of the ship were locked. How that wind roared and howled, as our Norwegian captain steered us safely to our next destination. Our suite was on the tenth floor, the uppermost level of cabins for this ship, and, we rocked in bed, to the swaying motion, feeling the power of wind and surging water. The professional dance couple on the ship had, on several occasions, real difficulty in maintaining footing and adjusting their choreographies in the evening shows, to accommodate a tilting floor.

Thinking about this the next day, and recalling the physicality of keeping your footing as you walk along corridors of a rocking ship, and of the way your muscles have to make fine adjustments to balance to keep you upright as you stand or walk, it dawned on me that this is what happens when you dance tango with a good partner. An essential quality for good tango is being able to recognize these subtle shifts in a partner, and respond to them, in a continual process of fine adjustments of balance and weight transfer. An intake of breath, the smallest rise and fall, the gentlest rock and sway ... surge and flow.

Can tango mainstream?

One disappointment for people who know how to dance tango, or are in the process of learning – but who choose not to submerge themselves in the exclusive tango-milonga scene – is the lack of regular dance bands and musicians who have any idea of what tango music is, and the lack of venues where real tango music can be included in a general play list and on a night's dance program. It's a problem that could be resolved.

We love our holidays on our favourite cruise line, except for one thing. There is never any opportunity to dance tango – or indeed any of the other popular dance forms that most people of a certain age – (our age, and incidentally the age of most fellow passengers) – have some familiarity with. I'm talking about salsa, rock 'n' roll, jive, quickstep, foxtrot, waltz, rumba, cha cha cha, cumbia, etc.

At home, we have delightful students who come to learn to dance real tango with us. They are ballroom people. They love dancing – and they are doing very well with tango. But they cannot find suitable places to go out socially to do all the dances they enjoy. They want to dance real

tango, but they don't want to dance only tango. They cannot dance 'our tango' at events in their ballroom circle, where standardized steps and styles are required. They enjoy dancing other styles to other music, in addition to tango, so regular milongas are not the answer for them either.

Surely a solution lies in more general dance venues, catering for a range of styles – if not permanent, then maybe pop-up ones. Social dancing, like life in general, has become sadly compartmentalized. A dancer must choose. Swing dancers have their events; Rock 'n' Roll dancers have theirs. Ballroom dancers support their studios; Square, Salsa and Line dancers have their own clubs and dances. And of course, tango people have their own communities and milongas they support. But where do people who just love dancing go? There are people who love dancing, but are not committed to only one style, sitting at home, or working out in a gymnasium. This is a market for dance.

Danceable Music

We've broached the issue of the musicians who play in dance 'covers' bands and know nothing about tango music. Perhaps, tango people need to engage in a campaign to increase awareness of tango music, and get it played more regularly on popular radio stations, at events, and in public places.

There's another issue of concern. When there is to be a floorshow from professionals at a milonga, it often happens that the most danceable music of the night is reserved for the show. Ordinary dancers at the milonga thus don't get a chance to dance to the tangos they love – the professionals get the pick of the music, and the social dancers get what's left over. It's not that social dancers don't like watching great dancers go through their paces – but it might make for more interesting entertainment for fellow dancers, if the professionals danced occasionally to some of the more obscure or challenging pieces of tango music – and gave the social dancers the chance to dance to their favourite numbers.

On training and the dangers of performance

The National Institute of Circus Arts in Prahran trains circus performers. Last year Swinburne University decided to sever its relationship with the circus school, citing a transition to independence as the reason. However, the University has now reversed its decision and plans to take back control and absorb the school, but without its driving and guiding force of 13 years, Pamela Creed, whose contract has now expired.¹

The performance art the circus people call 'Adagio' is a graceful combination of gymnastics, dance and human counterbalancing, performed in pairs. It is an intimate art. In some elements, the newer expressions of tango that rely on the dynamics of counterbalancing and off-axis moves, with lifts and *saltos*, *colgadas* and *volcadas*, applied in moderate form for social dancing and in more extreme manifestations in tango stage performance, are not dissimilar to Adagio.

Trust between partners in physical performance arts is essential. Doubt and aborted moves can break bones and cause slipped discs. Training sessions are times to bond, work together to improve skill and technique, and develop a shared physical language.

A big fall took place during the performance of an Adagio routine in auditions for *Australia's Got Talent*. Poor lighting cast a shadow, and Liam DeJong was unable to locate his partner, Tamika Ball's foot. He missed catching her, and she fell and jammed her back.

¹ 'Head over heels for the big top', Benjamin Preiss, *The Age*, July 4, 2013

Poor lighting can create danger for tango performers too. That's why the technical run-through is so important, and good stage managers and lighting technicians are so important. This happened some years ago. All was good for the technical check, but then the lighting technician changed his set-up. Horizontal stage lighting, shining directly into our eyes, blinded my tango partner and me during a show in Perth. The problem was compounded by the fact that the stage surface was painted black, and nobody had put down tape to highlight the edge. So there we were, blinded by dazzling lights, and dancing on a black surface with no idea where the stage perimeter was. Scarily, we had noted in the afternoon, that there was an area between the back of the stage and a wall behind the curtain, with a drop of around a metre.

We were dancing to *El huracán* and had worked out a dramatic narrative in which the female dancer (me) was a figment of the guy's imagination, a memory blown in on the winds of the hurricane. The driving rhythm and melody of this tango has always reminded me of those small rotating tornadoes (willy willies) that swirl through the Mallee landscape, picking up dust and packing-cases and objects in their path. The climax of our tango was supposed to be when my partner spun me away from him, towards the front of the stage, sending me spiraling down to collapse on the floor, inanimate. Blinded by the light, he lost his bearings, and spun me in the wrong direction, towards the back of the stage – and that dangerous metre drop. I didn't want to break an ankle or get a leg injury, so I did the only thing I could think of – I launched myself upwards and grabbed for the curtain. The audience was stunned – tango woman had become spider woman. There was dead silence, and then the crowd went wild. We still laugh about it – but it was a close call, and that night could have been the end of my tango dancing.

Champagne Tango in Perth



We're surprised how widely our written words travel. Some readers will know Nelson and Liz, who now live in Buenos Aires, but travel to Australia occasionally to visit family and friends and teach workshops in the Canyengue style of dancing that Nelson specializes in. They receive 'Tango Australis' and forward it on to their friends. This is how we came to receive an email from Sabrina Elias telling us about the Champagne Tango Perth group. They hold a Milonga on the 4th Saturday of each month, hosted by Sabrina, Sonya LeFevre and Raffaele Capasso. Good things are on the calendar for WA residents and visitor. Our old friend Joaquin Amenabar (Maestro Bandoneonist) will conduct workshops to teach dancers about tango music from 27 -29 September. Joaquin will only be in Sydney and Perth this time. On Saturday 19 October a century of tango will be celebrated at WA's MILONGA 100, at the heritage St Aidan's Church. On 23rd November, Jairo & Amy (from Sydney) will perform at a Pink Ribbon Fundraising Milonga for cancer research. A free Milonga de Verano Soiree – Gadfly Gallery Milonga Soiree – is on 1st December. Website: www.champagnetangoperth.com Email: info@champagnetangoperth.com Phone: 0404 264 557

One last dance for the great Yunupingu

Members of the family of Yothu Yindi singer and indigenous educator, Yunupingu, dressed as the totems of the Yolngu man, crocodile and fire, for a state memorial service in East Arnhem Land. To the sound of traditional clapsticks, chanting and clicking, they danced him towards the mourners standing on a stringybark ridge at Gulkula, then danced him away into the sunlight, the sky, the wind and the beyond. His six daughters danced to the song he co-wrote with Neil Finn, *Dots on the Shells*, 'Like the lines on your face, like the last star in the sky tonight...' Paul Kelly said his friend was a symbol of balance. 'Parent. Child. Fresh water. Salt water. The duality of Australia'.

**NEW AUSTRALIAN TANGO WRITING
TANGO SHORT STORY SUPPLEMENT
Tango Australis, August 2013**

As a treat for readers we are publishing together four of the short stories that were entered in the most recent Australian Tango Short Story Competition. Readers can compare how different writers deal with tango and craft their writing. We intend to publish more short stories, together, later in the year, perhaps reprinting some already published, so that they too can be enjoyed as a collection of recent tango writing.

‘The Island of Abel’ is another of Paul Mabarrack’s stories, quite different from **‘The First’** that we published last month. Again, the tango is acutely observed and painfully imagined. Paul is an Adelaide-based writer, and an enthusiastic tango dancer. His work has been published in professional journals in Australia and the USA.

‘Tango On’ by Jean Thornton is a sweet old-fashioned kind of tango tale that was commended in the 2013 competition. Jean was born in England and educated at various schools until the onset of war, when at 14 she joined the workforce. After the war she lived in the (then) Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, later making her home in Hawaii and Hong Kong. She settled in Australia in 1968 and lives in Melbourne.

Jean read English at Latrobe University as an early-leaver, graduating BA with honours. From 1983 to 1989 she was coordinating editor of the literary magazine *Luna*. Her poetry, reviews and short stories have appeared in many journals and anthologies, and been broadcast by the ABC. She has published a volume of stories, *Parcel Post* (Hyland House) and a collection of poetry *‘Over the Bridge’* (Haworth Press).

Scott Baldwin was the winner of our inaugural short story competition. His new story **‘La Mirada’** was commended in the 2013 competition. This is a satisfying story woven around the power of the ‘glance’ or ‘look’ in tango. It may offer encouragement to the tango women who feel that men in tango have things all their own way. Scott lived in Buenos Aires for an extended period, learning at first hand about the practices and habits of the people who dance at the milongas.

First Prizewinner, **‘The Gatekeeper’** by Janet Breen, has been reprinted, with corrections to the errors that slipped through our proof reading when it was published in May. We apologize to Janet, and trust you enjoy reading this very good story again, in the form the writer intended.

In future editions we will publish several collections of the tango poems that have been submitted to past Australian Tango Poetry Competitions. It is great to see the development of the new genre of tango poetry we are supporting.

Writers can submit stories, poems and other original creative writing about tango at any time, for consideration for publishing. Works can be emailed or posted to the address below. A fee of \$50 will be paid to the author of pieces selected for publication.

Any benefactor interested in discussing a possible project to publish tango short stories and poetry in book form is welcome to contact **Tango Friends Australia Inc, PO Box 3024 Bareena, Newtown, Victoria 3220.**

THE ISLAND OF ABEL

By Paul Mabarrack

The Island of Abel in this story is not the virtually un-populated island midway between Tasmania and the Antarctic, but the one in more temperate waters east of Pitcairn Island.

My curiosity about Abel was first aroused when I saw the blurred photo of a local island seaman, standing in front of a small town, of perhaps 20 or 30 low rise buildings. I was astonished that it was so unlike its namesake.

A small township on the eastern coast of the island harbours an isolated community of sea workers...seamen, fishermen, oil rig workers, and their wives.

The small permanent island population is boosted by many male visitors, also transient workers. They spend a few days, sometimes a few months, on the island. So there is always a balance of wives, and men, sometimes their husbands, more often not.

There is a code they follow on the Island. While their men are away, the wives take up with their choice of these transient men. There is nothing secretive about these arrangements, it seems to be accepted by all. They meet in a small special room at the town's only hotel.

This main street hotel stretches along a small town block. The front bar's entrance is prominent, but another, smaller door is etched into the wall some 20 metres further along.

Cars cruise the street, and stop wherever their driver chooses. Locals stand, sit, walk, and gather in two and threes, quietly watching the street life, and gazing at that small alternative door.

An older American car stops. It is being driven by a transient, and sitting alongside him, an absent man's wife. She steps out of the vehicle, stands tall and slim. She pauses, sheathed in a shimmering gold dress, floating down to her mid calves, which then draws the eye to her stiletto heels.

The street's onlookers notice, and observe, and watch as the couple take hands, and walk confidently towards the smaller hotel door. This is a normal event in Main Street. This is the way couples enter this door. The men are elegantly and formally dressed, the women are always glamorous.

Inside, a small wooden dance floor is surrounded by low slung chaises. Couples sit together, every woman alongside her male companion.

Looking around, each couple appears relaxed and composed, though with some air of expectancy...they know that each woman would be embraced by her companion, and almost certainly, by other men as well. The women all know each other, and accept that this is their island way, a way made safe by the music, at the Milonga. Husbands know that this is the way of things on the island while they are away, and take no offence.

That night, things happen as they usually do, at the Milonga on The Island of Abel...

The music begins its slow and hesitant melody, drawing each couple onto the floor. And when they take each other in their arms, all the longing and passion of their separate, chaste lives washes over them.

In tightened embrace they hold each other, as the music holds them. They search for that other world, of love, and pleasure, of maleness, and femaleness, as they cast themselves adrift.

Then, as each tanda reaches its end, couples retreat to their seats, recline, and glance around at others. Invitations are extended, declined or accepted, across the room.

The invited men saunter across, and take the expectant women into a full embrace, under cover of Di Sarli, or Caro, sometimes Pugliese, and begin again their desperate holding, and moving.

In a room of 20 or 30 couples, a few women enjoy their escorting partners only, while some enjoy a few, or many men's embraces.

I had arrived on Abel some months before. The island women greeted me in the way that few women do in the outer world, with forthrightness, with curiosity, and without fear. It did not take long for a mutual interest to develop between Lera and I. She was a mature beauty, possessed a handsome lined face, and a slim girlish body.

It was she that I escorted to the Milonga that night. She told me that it was what held their lives together, and that I would enjoy the experience. I arrived at her house in my rented Ford, and she came to the car in a sheathed gown, semi transparent, and calf length.

We sat together in that small room, at the Milonga, surrounded by other couples. The women exuded a confidence and a smouldering sex we don't see in our world anymore...they knew the pleasures the dance would bring, and waited confidently.

Lera was obviously excited by the tango, and its many memories from the past, and was urging me to dance with her, minutes after our arrival.

No sooner than we had finished our first tanda than she lay back, and casually surveyed the room's possibilities. She then beckoned to chosen man from across the room. She briefly glanced at me, her smile asked the question, and I nodded the inevitable approval. He arrived and took her hand.

They moved eagerly to the floor, and embraced deeply, and began the now familiar rhythmic worship to the music.

I had not the slightest interest in any other woman in that room. Other men freely moved about, from one woman to the next, as their eyes met, invitations extended and accepted.

I stayed with Lera. Between other men, we danced. But each time we finished, she sought the eyes of others.

Finally the crowd started to disperse. We moved reluctantly from that place of magic, and headed back to her home.

We arrived at her quiet and darkened home, just us alone. The enforced restraint, the bottled up passion, the unbearable tension in the dance, belied the boundaries of the dance... we lost ourselves, once more.

My visit to the island drew to a close soon after. That night, with Lera, has never faded. It stays within me. A searching, sad melody of longing and regret; the memory of Tango, and love, on the Island of Abel.



Not the island of Abel, but mystical Ponza – Photograph by Pam Jarvis

TANGO ON

By Jean Thornton

Adela is eighty-six years old, retired after a glittering tango career, but still in the public eye. The vivid outfits she favours may be decades old, remnants of long-ago tango exhibitions, but they are worn with flair. A bandeau round her head; a single plait of white hair swishing over one shoulder, she appears on the cover of fashion magazines as well as those devoted to tango.

The small secluded cottage in North Melbourne where she lives is decorated with photographs of tango immortals: a full-length poster by *Georges Barbier* for *La Guirglarde des Mois* meets visitors as they enter; memorabilia garnered from the many countries where she has performed is jammed on every available surface; her desk is crammed with old letters, some bearing signatures of Prime Ministers and Kings. When she dies this treasure trove will go to the Tango School of which she is patron.

It is not generally known that Adela came to tango by accident. Twenty-three years old in 1950, she was about to embark on a career as a prima ballerina when she dropped a heavy parcel on her right foot and damaged the big toe. Though the fracture healed, virtuoso *pointe* work was no longer possible. But as we know, as one door shuts, another opens, so it was for the beautiful dancer.

The tango craze has already swept through Melbourne. Edward, an eighteen-year-old law student desperately in love with Adela, takes her to a Tango Tea Dance. She is hooked.

Her natural grace and ballet training make Adela an ideal devotee to tango. She attends her first *practica* and rapidly learns basic moves. She is soon on her way to star billing. The tango scene is not immune to jealousy, as you know, but her natural charm and ethical behaviour ensure popularity with her peers. She is adored by her partners, not only because of her exceptional tango skills, but because she transfers from one partner to another without fuss.

Although Adela loves the small cottage she acquired, following Edward's advice, she is eager to travel. An invitation to perform in Buenos Aires is the first of many she accepts. The tango venues are sometimes shabby and ill lit, but the atmosphere is electric. There is tango in the streets which thrills her. Other overseas experiences are not so enjoyable, in Cuba the aggression evident in the crowds surprises her. She takes it all in stride.

By 1970 Adela is forty-three years old, famous around the world. Edward is

still her devoted slave, though hope is fading that Adela will one day be his bride. He tells her,

'It's all very well gadding about the world but you are missing an important aspect of life.'

Adela laughs and teases him, saying, 'What makes you think I have missed the many-splendoured thing?'

What Edward does not know is that some ten years previously she fell deeply in love with a young tango performer, Roberto, who partnered her at the New York Tango Festival when her regular partner failed to appear (he was what we now call 'gay' and had a clash of priorities).

With Roberto, it was a case of instant recognition. The first time he placed an arm around Adela she knew something extraordinary was happening. His body pressed to hers, her heart beating unevenly, intoxicated by the intimacy of tango as never before, she missed the beat of the *bandoneon* and stumbled. It took all her skill of cover-up to complete the performance.

She was staying at the Waldorf, with the rest of the tango performers. By unspoken agreement, when they returned to the hotel, Roberto bade her goodnight, then discretely made his way to her suite. There was a night of passion such as Adela had never dreamed of.

It was all over next day, when Roberto's wife arrived at the hotel (Would it have made a difference, had Adela known he was married? I doubt it, given her spellbound state). Thrust down from the pinnacle of pleasure, she stayed in her suite until she had done weeping, then braved the outside world wearing dark glasses, telling herself she must tango on. The one-night affair is placed in her memory bank.

Edward knows nothing of this dramatic event in Adela's life, but when she returns to Australia he senses a change in her. Having by now entered a leading law firm where he is about to be made a partner, he again asks Adela to marry him. She says, 'I am very fond of you, Edward, but I shall never marry '

'Neither will I,' he declares.

Forty years later, still a single man, Edward is heading a global Management Consultancy, living in a swanky rooftop apartment. Powerful and wealthy, he is still attractive to women, many of whom have entered his life and eventually left with a sizable fiscal keepsake. Compared to his first love, they all fell short. He has abandoned the idea of marrying Adela, but she is a constant in his life.

Knowing that Adela's financial resources are few, Edward offers to buy her cottage, at a price that makes her gasp.

'But where would I live?' she asks.

'You would stay where you are, the cottage will come to me when...'

'When I die', she says, laughing, but I shall live to a very old age.' Edward, always the gentleman, does not remind her that she is already at a very old age.

What a wonderful man, you are thinking, and he does love Adela, but he is also astute. Adela cannot have many more years to live. Losing her will be a terrible blow. He cannot bear to think that not only will she have gone (to tango in heaven) the cottage will no longer be in his life. If it belonged to him he could move from his rather sterile apartment to this delightful place (even astute business men have foolish ideas).

Adela has a problem. It is her misshapen toe (she was a damaged ballerina, remember). 'I will be in the Epworth hospital for a while, I need an operation', she tells Edward, without being specific. She refuses his offer to pay the bill.

Edward consults his solicitor.

She may be a famous tango dancer, but she's an eighty-four-year-old woman about to have an operation', says that worthy, 'If you want the cottage you must make an offer she can't refuse.'

Edward renews his offer to Adela, adding, 'I would also arrange for you to receive an annuity, for as long as you live. You could afford to travel first class, visit London, Paris, Spain, Buenos Aires, see the latest tango.'

He has touched her Achilles heel. Adela wavers.

'A thousand dollars a week,' says Edward.

'But if you die before me?'

'In that unlikely event, the cottage reverts to you.'

A contract is drawn up, signed and witnessed by Edward's solicitor and his clerk.

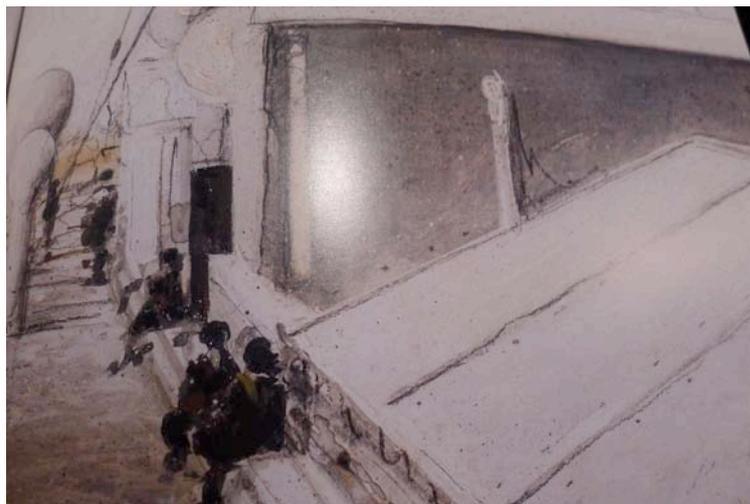
Adela's operation is a success. Six months later she is on board an exclusive cruise ship bound for Europe. Exercising at the ship's rails, a bandeau round her head, a tango outfit that appeared on the cover of Vogue encasing her slender

form, she is admired by everyone on board. She dines with the Captain, who takes a special interest in his famous dancer. The purser organises a tango competition for the passengers, which Adela judges.

When the ship docks in Marseilles, Adela's is given celebrity treatment. She is flown to Paris and thence to the Ritz hotel, where a special dinner and tango performance has been arranged in her honour.

Unfortunately, while she is away, Edward has a heart attack on the golf course. He dies on the way to hospital.

The sad news reaches Adela in London. Being so far away from home, it takes a while for her to grasp that she has lost her life-long friend, but as realisation sets in she becomes very upset. She knows she will miss Edward terribly, but consoles herself with the thought that she has booked a flight to Buenos Aires, where she is to be an honoured Tango Festival guest and judge their prestigious tango competition. She was to have gone on to Cuba, but enough is enough: she decides to return to Melbourne. There will be no Edward to meet her, but her admirers will be at the airport. Her lovely cottage awaits her. And she has her memories. She will tango on.



Photograph by Pam Jarvis of a painting by Yann Letestu

LA MIRADA

By Scott Baldwin

We arrived at the milonga early that night. "I want to do some dancing before the orchestra starts" I explained to my partner Jasmine. She didn't protest. We sat at a table with our English friend, and were introduced to Chuck, her stereotypically loud American friend.

The venue was full, but the dance floor almost empty. "People come to listen to the orchestra", our English friend informed us, "not all of them dance". No one was listening at that point. The room was full of chatter, mainly in Spanish, but many other languages as well, after all, it was the height of the tango tourist season.

The DJ was playing 'Di Sarli'. Jasmine, loves Di Sarli, and demanded a dance. I happily obliged. Our connection was solid, and the forlorn longing of Podesta's voice took on new meaning as we weaved our usual magic. With the dance floor this empty, not even the trademark, poor floor-craft of the *nuevo* dancers could put us off. The tables around the dance floor were filled with people watching as we danced. They watched our feet as we approached their table. Were they critiquing our footwork or admiring our dance shoes? Probably both. At the end of the *tanda*, we returned to our table.

We listened to Chuck drone on and on, in his American drawl, about his work teaching English, and his love of the good life here in Buenos Aires. I concluded that Chuck was best enjoyed in small doses. A friend sitting at another table looked at me and gave me a smile. I used the *cabaceo* to invite her for a dance. She accepted. I'd met her a few weeks ago at another milonga. She was a fellow country-woman and long term tango tourist.

A few more people were on the dance floor now. It didn't matter, we were really connecting. We were hot. She was transferring her body into positions I'd never experienced before. Opening up amazing new possibilities - a boleó here, a gancho there, a colgada where I least expected it; turns and combinations I'd seen far more experienced dancers do, but never dreamed of myself. I'm sure people were watching, but I didn't notice, far too intent on taking the dance to wherever it was going. The members of the orchestra started to congregate on stage as we transcended the physical realm through our dance. The *tanda* ended and we returned to our seats in a state of total euphoria.

The orchestra made their final preparations. A hush descended on the crowd as they began with a dark, rich tango. The dance floor remained clear for the first piece out of respect for the orchestra. The intensity of the music drifted through the tables like a thick mist. No one spoke, no one even dared cough. The atmosphere was thick

enough to cut with a knife. It was then I noticed a table of Nordic-looking women. Beautiful long, blonde hair, fair skin, sitting not more than fifteen meters away. I hadn't seen any of them on the dance floor. Were they listeners or dancers? They were entwined in the music like myself. One of them caught my eye, but then turned to her friend and smiled. The music kept building, commanding we follow it, binding us in its spell, taking us places we'd never been on before, never dreamed existed. The music peaked with a long crescendo, that eventually ended in the classic perfect cadence, the bandoneonists slamming their instruments down onto their knees with gusto, the violinists' bodies jerking violently as they wrenched the bow across the strings to punch out the dominant chord. Then ever so gently they drew out the tonic resolution until it disappeared into thin air, as though the whole piece was merely temporal illusion. A few seconds of stunned silence, then emphatic applause rained down for a whole minute as the audience acknowledged the amazing journey they'd just been taken on. The Nordic woman looked at me and smiled. I smiled back.

The orchestra began their second piece, a more danceable tango this time. My feet were itching. I started to look around the tables for a familiar face. She caught my eye... Again. I instantly looked away. She couldn't be. I'd recently heard about a technique for a woman to seduce a man into asking her for a dance. Simply fix your gaze on him, and drill holes in him with your eyes. She couldn't be doing this! I had to verify. I looked back in her direction. Her gaze was solid. I could feel her eyes digging holes into me. I had to look away. Had she seen me looking at her? I hope not. I had no intention of asking her to dance.

I continued to scout the room for potential victims. Damn, the girl with the short brown hair I had been tango stalking for the past week was already on the floor. Anyone else I know... no. Maybe I can pretend to enjoy the conversation at my own table. Nope, English girl just got up to dance with Chuck, and as I turned to talk to Jasmine, I see her eyes fixed on our friend Oscar on the other side of the room. She nods in acceptance and Oscar takes her to the floor. Did Nordic girl notice me looking at her before? Another look in her direction confirms that she did. This time she holds my gaze captive for just over a second and a half. I tear my eyes free of her devilish stare. She can't force me. I look across towards the stage, and try to focus all my attention on the orchestra, but I could still feel her determination. I could see her in my peripheral vision, eyes fixed, demanding that I look at her, demanding that I fall under her voodoo spell, insisting I ask her to dance. My resolve is firm, I will not ask. She keeps looking. I keep feeling her eyes burning into me, deeper and deeper. She has chosen her prey and nothing is going to distract her from the kill. Deeper and deeper they bore. Stronger and stronger my resolve grew. I knew I couldn't look at her again... But.. I couldn't not look. Then it happened. As if a giant pair of invisible vice grips had been clamped around my head, I slowly start to turn towards her. Fighting it with all my strength. I was powerless, she had me. As soon as our eyes met I knew there was no escape. At her command I begged her for a dance.

THE GATEKEEPER By Janet Breen

I love Juliette's response to my tango lead. When we dance, I take her far beyond the Melbourne suburbs which surround us to Argentina, the place of my birth. We move as one to the years of my childhood -the 1950s - to my family's tenement which we called our own "gift from the past." My family danced upon its tiled patio beneath cumquats and jacaranda, in sultry, Buenos Aires air. As I tango tonight, I see the colours of summer and smell ripe tomato and sage. I feel the call of home once more. Tonight, the clarity of these memories startles me and I feel a sharp jolt. I'm elevated, heightened somehow, by a sense of significance which I've never felt before.

Back then my family ate lunch together on Sundays, then we'd dance our beloved tango. We were an ordinary, proud porteno family. My father Alfredo danced with my mother in a way which seemed both tender and commanding, in a tango which might be thought unsophisticated here tonight. I'd sit entranced as they became one with each other and with the music. When La Cumparsita played, they danced as if no one else was there and when they kissed, my uncles teased them as they drank at the table. My mother's arm lay upon Alfredo's shoulder, her face rested against his cheek and her blue dress flicked as she turned. One day her hand cradled the back of his head like he was a baby, or as I now know, like a lover. When they danced, a strange, remote look would wash over their faces and my grandmother and I would joke together saying, "they have their tango faces on again." Sometimes my mother would wink at me as she passed. As I dance now with my Juliette to La Cumparsita, I'm amazed at this coincidence, of us dancing to my parents' favourite tune, on Argentina's remembrance day. I'm even slightly amused.

My mother, Camila, wore her hair swept up. She was glamorous, like Eva Peron in my grandmother's picture, the one with the saying: "I am a sparrow among sparrows" glued beneath. I've carried these silly words all my life and here I am recalling them as I dance with my wife. I can't believe that today - the twenty sixth of July 2012 - is the sixtieth anniversary of our beautiful Eva's tragic, early death. As we move around the floor, memories are becoming real somehow, magnified by the power of this commemorative day and I'm shocked to find myself grieving for her for the first time. Inside, I cry like my family cried that day when they toasted her and spoke of her kindness. We loved Eva for her beauty and for all that she gave to the poor of our country. In my old age, Camila and Eva have become one, inseparable in their detail and a wave of intense sadness washes over me. As I tango with Juliette on this day to the song of my parents, I feel helpless. The force of this alignment is impossible to resist as each step pulls me closer to San Telmo, the place where both tango and I were born.

My body somehow leads as it always does and Juliette turns elegantly, brushing my leg with her skirt as she steps. Her arm adjusts across my shoulder as she moves closer against me and I tighten my embrace. The dance floor is becoming crowded and we are swept along by the movement of others. Many of these people have danced in Buenos

Aries. With each step I feel my heartbeat rise as I stand at this door which Eva is opening, this door which I've kept tightly closed for over fifty years. Tonight, remembering Eva on her anniversary, I'm afraid of being taken to memories of the darkest time of my childhood. Events which I've tried hard to forget are coming closer. This dance, this music, this date and my love for my wife overwhelm me and my emotions begin to run out of control. As I struggle for breath, I begin to see the pale sky and feel the chill of that terrible Buenos Aires day.

It was three years after Eva's death, a Thursday, when my grandmother came to get me from school. I was only ten. I'm resisting these memories but Eva has my hand somehow and won't let me look away. She forces me on - a terrified child - to confront the unimaginable. We were scared because we'd heard planes and bombs nearby and these sounds and screaming filled the cold air as my grandmother and I hurried without speaking, across cobblestones to her home. As she closed the door behind us she began wailing and held me tightly to her breast. "Your parents", she cried, "Are gone...muerto..." She could say no more. Terror and fear engulfed me and I screamed. As I lashed out my uncle moved towards me from the shadow, wiping himself with a bloodied towel. He took my arms and embraced me tightly.

"Stefano," he said gently, "Stef, look at me. Something terrible has happened. They are gone." My grandmother's wails carried over his voice. "Alfredo and Camila have been killed by the bombs. They were at the Plaza de Mayo at the rally, with the others."

"No..."my child's voice hurt and my body shook and tears fell down my jumper. "But... they were at work..." My uncle closed his eyes and shook his head. He pulled me against his blood soaked shirt and engulfed my head with his large hand. I was overcome by the sickly sweet smells of blood and my grandmother's baking and vomited on the floor. My beautiful parents were gone and I cried out for them and for myself. As I dance tonight, I hear these sirens and screams and see blood and tears. I cannot hold this memory back and my child's grief is so deep that I bleat as I stop myself from crying out. I feel the terror of that day when my parents were killed - slaughtered - by our own bombs. If only they hadn't gone to the rally to support Peron - their Juan Peron who had given them so much. I'm overwhelmed by the convergence of every memory of my childhood and need Eva's presence more than I could ever have imagined. A tidal wave of grief pulls me under and I plead for this damned music to end.

I'm in Juliette's arms and she leads me, helpless and weak, in this dance. I'm her tango child. Eva's loving arm is around my shoulder and my parents hold me in their embrace. We move together to their music, in perfect symmetry of time and space. My body no longer exists as each step is a sound or emotion, so deep and so painful that I don't know where I end and tango begins. Tango is dancing me. This timeless, emotional dance is my life and I'm trapped within it, a child, utterly and excruciatingly alone in my grief. I swirl wildly in this prism, engulfed by the terror of that Buenos Aires day which has waited

fifty-seven years to confront me. Tonight, San Telmo is my reality and Melbourne is far away in my future.

From somewhere else, I finally become aware that it's over and am disoriented. I'm losing my parents once more and know that this memory can never be locked away again. My eyes are open and I'm grateful for the soft lights and copied arrangements of this Melbourne hall. It seems lighter somehow, without the weight of its own history. Juliette touches my face as we walk from the floor and I struggle to regain composure as we rejoin friends at our table. I quickly drain my glass and pour another, nodding in response to comments which I don't hear and laughing at jokes which others share. I have no idea how long I sit here, or if I even exist. "Tonight," I'm surprised to hear myself mumble, "I'd like to do something I've never done before." Our friends turn towards me. My hand is shaking and I'm feeling both released and abandoned by Eva and my parents. "Tonight," I continue softly, "is the sixtieth anniversary of Eva Peron's death," I clear my throat, "and I'd like to propose a toast." Their eyebrows lift in surprise - perhaps at the very coincidence of this date.

Or perhaps at the passing of sixty years.

Juliette moves alongside me. "Perhaps we could just toast Argentina dear," she says and I realise my indiscretion, for my words are completely without sensibility and this suggestion is neither appropriate nor relevant in this modern place. My head is clearing and I'm grateful for her rescue. With our dear friends, tango devotees and students of Argentina's history, we've discussed events during Juan Peron's rule. By using tango as a tool to serve his nationalist agenda he compromised its very soul. Eva has no friends at this table. In fact, when I've read of these times I've even wondered if I'd like her myself if she were an old woman alive today. I try to order these thoughts, to separate emotion from fact and realise that my family's story is inseparable from Peron's politics, regardless of historical judgements. I stifle a laugh, because it suddenly occurs to me that I'm completely bound - I can neither commemorate nor deny my history. But tonight Eva has been my comfort and my guide and tonight I can only love her. Her remembrance day has been the catalyst for these buried memories to surface. She has been the gatekeeper of my story.

I regain some sense of myself and rise to my feet. "Of course." I smile at Juliette and know that eyes are upon me, our companions holding their glasses in anticipation. I clear my throat once more. "As I dance on this floor tonight, in this country, I think of my homeland," I say, hoping my voice holds steady, "and I thank Argentina for this exquisite dance." Parallel layers of experience, I tell myself, of Argentina, tango and life, for each of us. I'm beginning to feel restored - unified even - shaken but somehow enriched and know that my parents and Eva will always be close by. I gather confidence and raise my glass. "To Argentina, the country that we all know and love." We drink together and pause to reflect. "And to tango - its gift to us all."

Special tango events that should not be missed

Milonga 100 at the Fitzroy Town Hall, celebrating a century of social dancing and tango, organized by teachers of the Melbourne studios, **17 August**, \$35/30
apptango@gmail.com

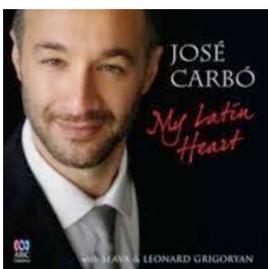
Maria de Buenos Aires at Melbourne Recital Centre, 21 – 24 August

Astor Piazzolla's surreal operetta, critically acclaimed, stunning production from Victorian Opera & Leigh Warren & Dancers, with the extraordinary Cherie Boogaart starring as the tragic Maria, & Andrew Gill as the Tango Man.

www.victorianopera.com.au
<http://www.melbournerecital.com.au>



TangoConca Dance Tour to Argentina, 29 August – 8 September
www.tangoconca.com



My Latin Heart concert show with Argentine-born baritone José Carbó, guitarists Slava & Leonard Grigoryan, & tango dancers Adrienne & Andrew Gill, at Elisabeth Murdoch Hall at the **Melbourne Recital Centre**. One performance only - **Saturday 7 September, 7.30pm**

<http://www.melbournerecital.com.au>



Festival City Tango in Adelaide, **6 – 8 September** – No classes, just social dancing, and a chance to experience tango in Australia's foremost festival city with like-minded dancers. The event includes Practica, Asado, & three Milongas with different organizers and guest DJs, in different parts of the city. Some billeted accommodation is available. Bookings www.festivalcitytango.org

Tango in Shepparton, 14 – 15 September. Help Bruno Giorgio (ex SA dancer & specialist medico) spread the benefits of tango and launch a Central Victorian tango group. Shepparton has a diverse multi-cultural community, and the Gallery houses a fine collection of Australian pottery. A range of accommodation is available. Information and Dinner Dance Bookings: brunogiorgio@internode.on.net

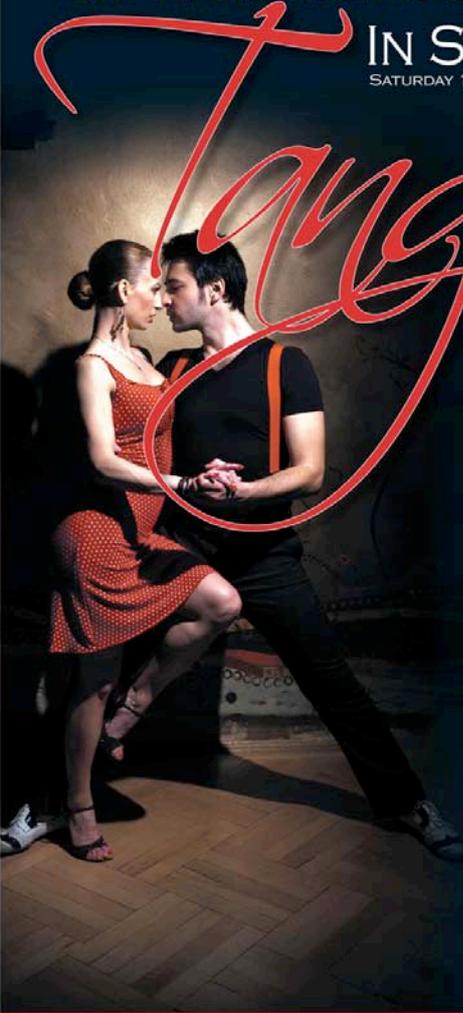
Ney Melo in Adelaide, 26-29 September 2013

Ney Melo (New York) will be visiting Adelaide in September with a program of tango salon workshops & performance at Tango Luz Milonga. Presented by Southern Cross Tango. Workshop program information coming soon. Bookings & info: sctango@bigpond.com www.southerncrosstango.com.au



Tango Encuentro in Hobart, October 25-27 www.tangoencuentro.com.au or phone 0438 300 753. This is a celebratory weekend of workshops, milongas & performances. All events are around the historic waterfront area, with the main milonga in the exquisite old Hobart Town Hall, the perfect night to really dress for the occasion. Mantra Apartments (next door to one venue) offer tango people a 10% discount on accommodation www.mantra.com.au Check for cheap flights.

EXPERIENCE THE MAGIC OF
Tango **IN SHEPPARTON**
 SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER 2013, 6PM TILL LATE



Where:
 The Olivehouse
 7230 Goulburn Valley Highway
 Kialla West

The evening includes:
 A delicious three-course meal (drinks available at bar prices)

- Tango dance demonstrations
- A free introductory Tango lesson
- Practice time to dance to Tango music till late

– Your ticket price also includes participation in a beginner Tango workshop on Sunday, 15 September 2013 from 10:30am to 12:30pm

Cost: \$60 per person

If you prefer to attend the Sunday workshop only, and not attend the dinner event, cost is \$20 per person for the workshop.

About Argentine Tango
 Argentine Tango is NOT a "ballroom" dance; it does not have choreographed patterns. Argentine Tango is improvised, with every step being a spontaneous, creative discovery. It is almost exclusively a social dance; partners are focused purely on each other and on the music.

To book for dinner or the workshop, contact:
 Bruno Giorgio
 Ph: 0409 267 284
 Email: brunogiorgio@internode.on.net

Please advise of any dietary requirements at time of booking.

Tango around Australia:

DARWIN TANGO

Northern Tango: Kelly (0448 664 593), Belinda (0402 244 483) or Carol (0435 531 995)
northerntango@gmail.com or <http://sites.google.com/site/northerntango>

HOBART TANGO

Jenny & Vince Merlo (0438 300 753 & 0427 479 217) **Tango Milongueros**. Classes, milongas & practicas, performances & events. Email: tangomtas@gmail.com. www.tangomilonguerotasmania.com or Facebook
Tasmanian Club de Tango: tasmaniantangoclub@hotmail.com & www.tastangoclub.wordpress.com

PERTH TANGO

Champagne Tango Perth: Monthly Milonga (4th Saturday), classes and events. Website: www.champagnetanogperth.com Email: info@champagnetanogperth.com Sabrina Elias Phone: 0404 264557

MELBOURNE TANGO

Sidewalk Tango, David Backler @ 327 Swan Street, Richmond. **Tango Noir Milonga:** First Friday, 9pm – 1am, \$15. **Classes:** Monday (3 levels) & Wednesday (basic & inter) then practica 9 – midnight. david@sidewalktango.com.au or www.sidewalktango.com.au/melbourne-tango-events

MELBOURNE TANGO *continued*

Solo Tango. Alberto & Natalia's milonga, last Saturday, 154 Liardet St, Port Melbourne. For class details albertocortez@bigpond.com Ph: 0411 665 454

Tango Bajo. Bill 0416 015 327. La Mision Milonga every Saturday: Class, 8.30pm, dancing 9pm till late (usual price \$15) Wed classes, Beginners; Inter & Advanced @ 73- 75 Union St, Armadale. General enquiries 0419 826 061

Tango Tambien. Thu, @ St Catherine's Church, 406 Kooyong Rd, Caulfield South. Siempre Asi Milonga last Sunday of month 3-6pm, \$15, Dance be In It Studios, 73 -75 Union St, Armadale. \$15. Clifton Hill classes, Community Church of St Mark, 100 Hodgkinson St, Clifton Hill Leigh 0410 257 855 www.tangotambien.com Email leighis@fastmail.fm
Chris Corby – Mon 7-8pm, Essendon Danse Academy, 305 Buckley St, \$15. Chris_corby@hotmail.com 0423 388 799

Tango Butterfly. Dana Parker 0403 192 867 –info@tangobutterfly.com.au. Classes, practicas & Monday La Milonga de las Mariposas, 1543 High St, Glen Iris. www.tangobutterfly.com.au and dana@tangobutterfly.com.au

Viva. Christian Drogo's **Tango Bar Milonga** last Fri of month. 1/241 Smith St, Fitzroy. Doors open 7.30, open class from 8pm, then social dancing till late. Private Lessons, Group Classes & practice on different nights

Melbourne Tango hosts milongas @ Czech House, 497 Queensberry St, North Melbourne on the second Sun of each month – class @ 6.30, milonga from 7.30 pm.

Project NFT (Neo Fusion Tango). rjh@keypoint.com.au 1st & 3rd Sunday of month, from 7pm. 1st floor, Palace Hotel, Camberwell, 893 Burke Road, opposite railway station and on tram route 72, stop 64

TangoMelbourne – reeneffleck84@gmail.com & info@tangomelbourne.com.au Classes, practicas, milongas

Melbourne Practica Group Inc is a non-aligned community organization running open & structured Sunday practicas, 3-6pm, and other events to promote social tango at Centrestage Performing Arts School, 15 Albert Street, Brunswick East www.melbournepractica.org

Well-researched tango site www.verytango.com Go to website to advertise a coming event.

COMMUNITY TANGO IN GEELONG: Learn simple elegant tango with a great group. No previous experience or partner needed. **Community activities.** 1st Monday of month 7.30 pm Group Class, 8.30 -10.30pm **Milonga del Sur + supper.** \$5. 3rd Wednesday of month 8 – 9.30pm Group Class & Practice. \$3. Newcomers & visitors always welcome. Christ Church hall, cnr Moorabool & McKillop Streets. richardandpam@mac.com Phone 041 753 1619.

Go to www.southerncrosstango.com.au for links with other Australian & overseas tango groups.

ADELAIDE TANGO

TANGO ADELAIDE CLUB – Milongas & Practicas

Club Milonga (1st Saturday of the month)- Saturday 3 August, 8pm – late at Druid Hall, 2 Cassie St, Collingswood. \$10/7. www.tangoadelaide.org

TANGO SALON – Classes & Milongas

La Esquina Milonga – Sunday 18 August, 4pm – 8pm at Kings Head Hotel, Adelaide. \$10.
www.tangosalonadelaide.blogspot.com

SIEMPRE TANGO – Classes, Practicas & Milongas

Dom Polski Milonga (2nd Saturday each month) - Saturday 10 August 8pm – 12, 232 Angas St, Adelaide. \$10.
www.siempretango.net.au

SOUTHERN CROSS TANGO – Classes, Practicas & Milongas

Tango By the Sea Milonga (2nd Sunday of the month) – Sunday 11 August, 4-8pm at Henley Sailing Club, 1 Esplanade, West Beach. \$12/10. *Tango Luz Milonga* (last Saturday of the month)– Saturday 31 August, 8pm- 11pm at Restless Dance Theatre, 234a Sturt St, Adelaide (enter via Arthur St). \$12 www.southerncrosstango.com.au

SOUTHERN CROSS TANGO



MONDAYS

8 Wk Course: Monday 29 July 2013 – 16 September 2013
Beginner 7pm; Intermediate/Open 8pm
@ The Hungarian Club, 82 Osmond Tce, NORWOOD

TUESDAYS

8 Wk Course: Tuesday 30 July – 17 September 2013
Intermediate/Open 7.30pm
@ The Aldgate Memorial Hall, Kingsland Rd, ALDGATE

WEDNESDAYS

8 Wk Course: Wednesday 7 August – 25 September 2013
Beginner 7pm; Intermediate 8pm; Advanced 9pm
@ Thebarton Community Centre, cnr South Rd & Ashwin Pde, TORRENSVILLE

THURSDAY - PRACTICA

Weekly Thursday Practicas, 7-9pm
@ Thebarton Community Centre, cnr South Rd & Ashwin Pde, TORRENSVILLE

SATURDAYS

Tango Technique Training for Women with Adrienne Gill
Saturday 3, 10 & 31 August 2013, 9am – 10am (Open Level)
@ Southern Cross Tango Studio, SEACLIFF

MONDAY to SATURDAYS – Private Tuition

Various times available @ Southern Cross Tango Studio, SEACLIFF

COMMUNITY TANGO IN GEELONG (Victoria)

First Monday of the month: Tango Group Class 7.30pm, Milonga del Sur 8.30-10.30pm
Third Wednesday of the month: Group class & supervised Practica, 8.00-9.30pm
Vic Teachers: Pamela & Richard Jarvis - Ph: 0417 531 619 richardandpam@mac.com
@ Christ Church Hall, cnr Moorabool & McKillop St, GEELONG

Southern Cross Tango
Andrew & Adrienne Gill
Ph: 0419 309 439 sctango@bigpond.com
www.southerncrosstango.com.au

