

Tango In Paris 1903 - 1918

By David Ebreo

As the story is told, tango arrived in Europe between 1903 and 1907 arriving first in Paris. In 1906 Argentinean naval cadets distributed sheet music for the early tangos, La morocha and El choclo, at several European harbors. Around 1907 Angel Villoldo, Alfredo Gobbi and Flora Rodríguez - tango composers and performers - moved to Paris where they spent more than seven years working in music halls. World War I saw a prohibition on dancing tango that endured from 1914 to 1918; this interrupted the importation of dancers, composers and musicians for a time, but the flow simply resumed again after 1918.

But even in that initial period between 1903 and 1914, the practice of tango was radically changed, perhaps entirely cut from the root, in its encounter with the continental elite who peopled the cabarets of Montmartre at the turn of the century and who fueled its flourishing and long-established market in 'exotics.' Tango, like so many other imports from Europe's present and former colonies, responded to the imperatives of the imperial marketplace and was competitively reshaped into one of its distinctive enticements. One wonders

> whether the so-called frenchification of tango - a label continental Europe did to tango at this time – is not thoroughly misleading if meant as 'new

dance from a source external to it.' Surely, this event is more precisely understood as the outcome achieved by those few successful Argentine tango practitioners who held their own by calculatingly packaging themselves relative to one another and to the horde of competing musicians and dance forms found in Paris at that time, all sharing the status of 'import' whether from Eastern Europe, Cuba, North Africa, the Middle East or the Americas. In the process of holding their own by holding the eye, the practitioners of tango changed what they did and, consequently, the practices of tango naturally divided from within. The following short story, El Tango Argentino, takes its cue from the distinctions within tango that emerged in this period, lush in its retelling of the historical realities that pressured the changes. The story first appeared in the February 1914 issue of the English Review.



those international caravansaries that vulgarising process that blots out every type. It makes the Argentine, the French, the Englishman, and the American all The cars surged up as silently as snow falls from a fir-tree in a thaw, and with the same soft swishing noise. Tall, livened porters opened the doors (although, of course, each car was duly furnished with

The ladies stepped down delicately, showing a fleeting vision of a leg in a transparent stocking, just for an instant, through the slashing of their skirts. They knew that every man, their footman, driver, the giant watchers at the gate, and all who at the time were going into the hotel, saw and were moved by what they saw just for a moment; but the fact did not trouble them at all. It rather pleased them, for the most virtuous feel a pleasurable emotion when they know that

Argentino

By R. B. Cunninghame Graham

they excite. So it will be forever: for thus and not by votes alone they show that they are to the full men's equals, let the law do its worst. Inside the hotel, heated by steam, and with an atmo-sphere of scent and flesh that went straight to the head just as the fumes of whisky set a drinker's nerves agog, were seated all the finest flowers of the cosmopolitan society of the French capital.

Lesbos had sent its legions, and women looked at one another appreciatively, scanning each item of their neigh-bours' clothes, and with their colour heightening when by chance their eyes met those of another priestess of their sect. Rich rastaquaoures, their hats too shiny, and their boots too tight, their coats fitting

covered passage of

the front door of the hotel, one of

pass their clients through a sort of

alike before the power of wealth.



too closely, their sticks mounted with great gold knobs, walked about or sat at little tables, all talking strange varieties of French. Americans, the men apparently all run out of the same mold, the women apt as monkeys to imitate all that they saw in dress, in fashion and in style, and more adaptable than any other women in the world from lack of all tradi-tions, conversed in their high, nasal tones; Spanish-Americans from every one of the Republics were well represented, all talking about money: of how Dona Fulana Perez had given fifteen hundred francs for her new hat, or Don Fulana had just scored a million on the bourse.

After the "five-o'clock" turned to a heavy meal of toast and buns, of Hugel loaf, of sandwiches, and of hot cake, the scented throng, restored by the reflection after the day's hard work of shopping, of driving here and there like souls in purgatory to call on people that they detested, and other labours of a like nature, slowly adjourned to a great hall in which a band was playing. As they walked through the passages, men pressed close up to women and murmured in their ears, telling them anecdotes that made them flush and giggle as they protested in an

unprotesting style. Those were the days of the first advent of the tango Argentino, the dance that since has circled the whole world as it were, in a movement of the hips. Ladies pronounced it charming as they half-closed their eyes and let a little shiver run across their lips. Men said it was the only dance that was worth dancing. It was so Spanish, so unconventional, and combined all the aesthetic movements of the figures on an Etruscan vase with the strange grace of the Hungarian gypsies ... it was so, as one may say, so ... as you may say ... you know.

When all were seated, the band, Hungarians, of course—oh, those dear gypsies-struck out into a rhythm half rag-time, half habanera, canaille, but sensuous, and hands involuntarily ... even the most aristocratic hands, of ladies whose immediate progenitors had been pork-packers in Chicago, or ganibusinos who had struck it rich in Zacatecas, tapped delicately, but usually a little out of time, upon the backs of chairs.

A tall young man, looking as if he had got a holiday from a tailor's fashion plate, his hair sleek, black, and stuck down to his head with a cosmetic, his trousers so immacu-lately creased they seemed cut out of cardboard, led out a girl dressed in a skirt so tight that she could not have moved in it had it not been cut open to the knee.

Standing so close that one wellcreased trouser leg dis-appeared in the tight skirt, he clasped her round the waist, holding her hand almost before her face. They twirled about, now bending low, now throwing out a leg, and then again revolving, all with a movement of the hips that seemed to blend the well-creased trouser and the half-open skirt into one inharmonious whole. The music grew more furious and the steps multiplied, till with a bound the girl threw herself for an instant into the male dancer's arms, who put her back again upon the ground with as much care as if she had been a newlaid egg, and the pair bowed and disappeared...

Discreet applause broke forth, and exclamations such as "charming," "wonderful," "what grace," "Vivent les Espagnoles," for the discriminating audience took no heed of independence days, of mere political changes and the like, and seemed to think that Buenos Aires was a part of Spain, never having heard of San Martin, Bolivar, Paez, and their fellow liberators.

Paris, London, and New York were to that fashionable crowd the world, and anything outside-except, of course, the Hungarian gypsies and the tango dancers-barbarous and beyond the pale.

After the tango came "La Maxixe Bresilienne," rather more languorous and more befitting to the dwellers in the tropics than was its cousin from the plains. Again the discreet applause broke out, with exclamations such as "exquisite" and "charming," that universal adjective that gives an air of being in a perpetual pastry cook's when ladies signify delight. Smiles and sly glances at their friends showed that the dancers' efforts at indecency had been appreciated.

Slowly the hail and tea-rooms of the great hotel emptied themselves, and in the corridors and passages the smell of scent still lingered, just as stale incense lingers in a church.

Motor-cars took away the ladies and their friends, and drivers, who had shivered in the cold whilst the crowd inside sweated in the central heating, exchanged the time of day with the livened doorkeepers, one of them asking anxiously: "Dis, Anatole, as-tu vu mes vaches?"

With the soft closing of a well-hung door the last car took its perfumed freight away, leaving upon the steps a group of men, who remained talking over or, as they would say, undressing, all the ladies who had gone.

Argentine Tango, eh?" I thought, after



my friends had left me all alone. Well, well, it has changed devilishly upon its passage overseas, even discounting the difference of the setting of the place where first I saw it danced so many years ago. So, sauntering down, I took a chair far back upon the terrace of the Café de la Paix, so that the sellers of La Paine and the men who have some strange, new toy, or views of Paris in a long album like a broken concertina, should not tread upon my toes.

Over a Porto Blanc and a Brazilian cigarette, lulled by the noise of Paris and the raucous cries of the street-vendors, I fell into a doze.

Gradually the smell of petrol and of horse-dung, the two most potent perfumes in our modern life, seemed to be blown away. Dyed heads and faces scraped till they looked blue as a baboon's; young men who looked like girls, with painted faces and with mincing airs; the raddled women, ragged men, and hags huddled in knitted shawls, lame horses, and taxi-cab drivers sitting nodding on their boxes-all faded into space, and from the nothing that is the past arose another scene.

I saw myself with Witham and his

brother, whose name I have forgotten, Eduardo Pena, Congreve, and Eustaguio Medina, on a small rancho in an elbow of the great River Yi. The rancho stood upon a little hill. A quarter of a mile or so away the dense and thorny monte of hard-wood trees that fringed the river seemed to roll up towards it like a sea. The house was built of yellow pine sent from the United States. The roof was shingled, and the rancho stood planked down upon the plain, looking exactly like a box. Some fifty yards away stood a thatched hut that served as kitchen, and on its floor the cattle herders used to sleep upon their horse-gear with their feet towards the fire.

The corrals for horses and for sheep were just a little further off, and underneath a shed a horse stood saddled day in, day out, and perhaps does so yet, if the old rancho still resists the winds.

Four or five horses, saddled and bridled, stood tied to a great post, for we were just about to mount to ride a league or two to a Baile, at the house of Frutos Barragan. Just after sunset we set out, as the sweet scent that the grasses of the plains send forth after a long day of heat, perfumed the evening air.

The night was clear and starry, and above our heads was hung the Southern Cross. So bright the stars shone out that one could see almost a mile away; but yet all the perspective of the plains and woods was altered. Hillocks were sometimes undistinguishable, at other times loomed up like houses. Woods seemed to sway and heave, and by the sides of streams bunches of Pampa grass stood stark as sentinels, their feathery tufts looking like plumes upon an Indian's lance.

The horses shook their bridles with a clear, ringing sound as they stepped double, and their riders, swaying lightly in their seats, seemed to form part and parcel of the animals they rode.

Now and then little owls flew noiselessly beside us, circling above our heads, and then dropped noiselessly upon a bush. Eustaquio Medina, who

knew the district as a sailor knows the seas where he was born, rode in the front of us. As his horse shied at a shadow on the grass or at the bones of some dead animal, he swung his whip round ceaselessly, until the moonlight playing on the silver-mounted stock seemed to transform it to an aureole that flickered about his head. Now and then somebody dis-mounted to tighten up his girth, his horse twisting and turning round uneasily the while, and, when he raised his foot towards the stirrup, starting off with a bound.

Time seemed to disappear and space be swallowed in the intoxicating gallop, so that when Eustaquio Medina paused for an instant to strike the crossing of a stream, we felt annoyed with him, although no hound that follows a hot scent could have gone truer on his line. Dogs barking close at hand warned us our ride was almost over, and as we galloped up a rise Eustaguio Medina pulled up and turned to us.

"There is the house," he said, "just at the bottom of the hollow, only five squares away," and as we saw the flicker of the lights, he struck his palm upon his mouth after the Indian fashion, and raised a piercing cry. Easing his hand, he drove his spurs into his horse, who started with a bound into full speed, and as he galloped down the hill we followed him, all yelling furiously...

Just at the hitching-post we drew up with a jerk, our horses snorting as they edged off sideways from the black shadow that it cast upon the ground. Horses stood about everywhere, some tied and others hobbled, and from the house there came the strains of an accordion and the tinkling of guitars.

Asking permission to dismount, we hailed the owner of the house, a tall, old Gaucho, Frutos Barragán, as he stood waiting by the door, holding a maté in his hand. He bade us welcome, telling us to tie our horses up, not too far out of sight, for, as he said, "It is not good to give facilities to rogues, if they should chance

to be about." In the low, straw-thatched rancho, with its eaves blackened by the smoke, three or four iron bowls, filled with mare's fat, and with a cotton wick that needed con-stant trimming, stuck upon iron cattle brands, were burning fitfully.

They cast deep shadows in the corners of the room, and when they flickered up occasionally the light fell on the dark and sun-tanned faces of the tall, wiry Gauchos and the light cotton dresses of the women as they sat with their chairs tilted up against the wall. Some thick-set Basques, an Englishman or two in riding breeches, and one or two Italians made up the company. The floor was earth stamped hard till it shone like cement, and as the Gauchos walked upon it, their heavy spurs clinked with a noise like fetters as they trailed them on the ground.

An old, blind Paraguayan played on the guitar, and a huge negro accompanied him on an accordion. Their united efforts produced a music which certainly was vigorous enough, and now and then, one or the other of them broke into a song, high-pitched and melancholy, which, if you listened to it long enough, forced you to try to imitate its wailing melody and its strange intervals.

Fumes of tobacco and rum hung in the air, and of a strong and heady wine from Catalonia, much favored by the ladies, which they drank from a tumbler, passing it to one another, after the fashion of a grace-cup at a city dinner, with great gravity. At last the singing ceased, and the orchestra struck up a Tango, slow, marked, and rhythmical.

Men rose and, taking off their spurs, walked gravely to the corner of the room where sat the women huddled together as if they sought protection from each other, and with a compliment led them out upon the floor. The flowing poncho and the loose chiripá, which served as trousers, swung about just as the tartans of a Highlander swings as he dances. giving an air of ease to all the movements of the Gauchos as they revolved their partners, heads peeping above their

shoulders, and their hips moving to and fro.

At times they parted, and set to one another gravely, and then the man, advancing, clasped his partner round the waist and seemed to push her backwards, with her eyes half-closed and an expression of beatitude. Gravity was the keynote of the scene, and though the movements of the dance were as significant as it was possible for the dancers to achieve, the effect was graceful, and the soft, gliding motion and the waving of the parti-coloured clothes, wild and original, in the dim, flickering light.

Rum flowed during the intervals. The dancers wiped the perspiration from their brows, the men with the silk handkerchiefs they wore about their necks, the women with their sleeves. Tangos, cielitos and percones succeeded one another, and still the atmosphere grew thicker, and the lights seemed to flicker through a haze, as the dust rose from the mud floor. Still the old Paraguayan and the negro kept on playing with the sweat running down their faces, smoking and drinking rum in their brief intervals of rest, and when the music ceased for a moment, the wild neighing of a horse tied in the moonlight to a post, sounded as if he called his master to come out and gallop home again.

The night wore on, and still the negro and the Para-guayan stuck at their instruments. Skirts swung and ponchos waved, whilst maté circulated amongst the older men as they stood grouped about the door. Then came a lull, and as men whispered in their partners' ears, telling them, after the fashion of the Gauchos, that they were lovely, their hair like jet, their eyes bright as "las tres Marias," and all the compliments which in their case were stereotyped and handed down for generations, loud voices rose, and in an instant two Gauchos bounded out upon the floor.

Long silver-handled knives were in

their hands, their ponchos wrapped round their left arms served them as bucklers. and as they crouched, like cats about to spring, they poured out blasphemies

"Stop this!" cried Frutos Barragán; but even as he spoke, a knife thrust planted in the stomach stretched one upon the floor. Blood gushed out from his mouth, his belly fell like a pricked bladder, and a dark stream of blood trickled upon the ground as he lay writhing in his death agony.

The iron bowls were overturned, and in the dark girls screamed and the men crowded to the door. When they emerged into the moonlight, leaving the dying man upon the floor, the murderer was gone; and as they looked at one another there came a voice shouting out, "Adios, Barragán! Thus does Vincente Castro pay his debts when a man tries to steal his girl," and the faint footfalls of an unshod horse galloping far out upon the plain. I started, and the waiter standing by my side said, "Eighty centimes"; and down the boulevard echoed the harsh cry, "La Patrie, achetez, La Patrie," and the rolling of the cabs.

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03

January 03 New Class Sessions Begin

The second class sessions in 2005 begin February 14



TANGO

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Los Besos Milongita: Douglas + Ellen + Oleg



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Milonga M: Maria + Jim



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Milonga San Telmo: Jiami + Patricia



Milonga M: Pheobe + Les



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Photo Page Editor Daniel Byrnes byrnesdaniel@hotmail.com



If You Need to Send the **Feeling Irene Has Just** the Card for You By Sarah R. Graff

he December 2004 issue of Tango Noticias featured an image on the cover generously donated by Irene Bermudez, the founder and owner of Shallwedancecards™. The photograph, titled "Boleo", is just one of the four tango poses you will see in the set of tango greeting cards she has available for purchase.

The story of how this small business was born is an appealing one. When Irene went to the Tampa Tango Festival in February, 2004, she met a very nice man who had just begun to learn Argentine tango. She wanted to encourage him, knowing how hard it can be to start learning this dance, so she looked for a greeting card she could send to him. She searched everywhere including the internet but she couldn't find the right card. In her mind she imagined a card with dancers on the cover but she couldn't find what she was looking for anywhere. Thinking about it further she realized that she could create such a card with a little help from her friends.

First she needed dancers to pose for the photographs. She thought of her good friends Sheila Lonergan and Geary Gaspord who are beautiful dancers and long time members of the Chicago tango scene. Irene spoke to Sheila about the idea for her project and Sheila, understanding the value of Irene's idea, enthusiastically agreed to help. Then Irene asked another friend of hers, Jo Machado, an accomplished photographer to take the photographs of Sheila and Geary. Although Ms. Machado had never photographed dancers before she was excited by the challenge. On a Saturday morning in late summer Irene held the photo shoot in her apartment. Everyone involved was pleased with the results. Irene chose four images to become her first tango card set.

After getting the project underway, Irene went to the SCORE organization (the Senior Core of Retired Executives), a group of very talented retired executives who formed a not-for-profit organization during John F. Kennedy's administration to help new entrepreneurs. They work with the Small Business Administration mentoring on a volunteer basis to help people start their own businesses. There she met a new friend named Al who has been instrumental in guiding Irene in everything from pricing to the "mechanics" of putting a business together.

Irene is passionate about tango and this is what prompted her

to create Shallwedancecards[™]. As Irene explains, "Nothing beats the exquisite sensation when the music, dance and partner become one on the dance floor. I truly feel transported at times when I have had such connections to my partner. Tango feeds my soul so richly."

Recently Irene has been bringing her tango cards to the Nuestro Tango Milonga held on the last Friday of every month (check the Tango Noticias calendar for details). She also has a website where you can download an order form and see each of the four tango poses featured on the cards:

http://www.shallwedancecards.com/

The cards are blank inside so they can be used for any occasion. When you need to send the feeling, just talk to Irene and I'm sure she can help you send the right message.



WindyCityTango, Inc.

As 2004 ends, WindyCityTango, Inc. would like to publicly and sincerely thank those of you who support our sponsorship of visiting instructors and other activities. Your enhanced dancing is evidence of your dedication and the community benefits from your enthusiasm. WCT, Inc. will provide you with a certificate toward future activities in gratitude for your appreciation of our efforts. Unfortunately, as you are aware, there were too few of you. As we look toward 2005, WCT, Inc. will modify our approach for organizing activities in the Chicago area. We will continue our class/practica on Thursdays, but we intend to travel to a wider variety of tango locations during 2005. Therefore, WCT, Inc. will bring fewer visiting instructors to Chicago and, particularly for those who previously have been here, we will offer select seminars by invitation only. Our aspiration for 2005 is for the tango organizers/promoters/teachers in Chicago to come together and better coordinate events for the benefit of the general community. We welcome anyone's input on this or other suggestions!!! Leroy & Phoebe

We wish all tangueros/tangueras a fabulous 2005!!!

Tango á la Leroy & Phoebe

Thursdays Jan. 6, 13, 20 & 27

Class fee includes Practica; package pricing available 7:00-8:15p. Techniques for Social Dancing (\$15) **Practica** 7:30-9:30 p.

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Milonga del Morocho (Jan. 24) 4th Monday Chicago's first & only "alternative" milonga – add your favorite jazz, blues, pop, classical music to our play list!

Milonga M (Jan. 3, 17 & 31) 1st, 3rd & "Blue" Mondays Hosted by Tango Vida "Free" pre-milonga class (7-8 p.) by advance request Special Milonga Rubia de las Rosas (Feb. 14) The atmosphere of Argentine tango will be heightened with roses and other sensual delights ...

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Contact Phoebe J. Grant

WindyCityTango@yahoo.com (312) 342-4335 for details these events & on tango trips with Paulo Araujo. Also visit: www.TangoNoticias.com - calendar and Tango Talk pages or www.tangoparatodos.com

To receive WCT, Inc. updates, sign up on www.TangoCorner.com or http://groups.yahoo.com/group/ChicagoTango/

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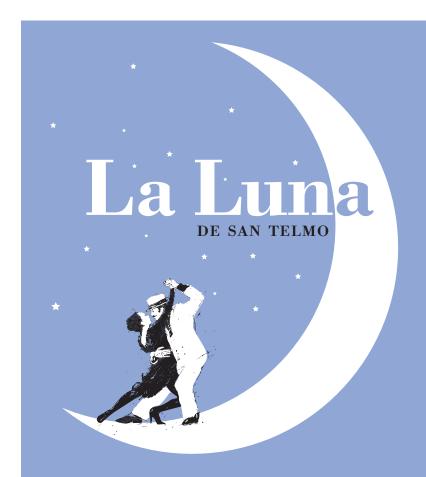


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The Calendar Page on the Tango Noticias website is the most up-to-date resource for Chicago Tango events. While the Chicago Tango Page in the newsletter informs you about milongas and practicas the TN website calendar is more detailed and includes even more tango activities. Updated weekly (sometimes daily) this page will give you all the information you need on upcoming workshops, special events, milongas, and practicas. Our new Chicago Tango Editor, Cindy Pamintuan, has created a detailed calendar that is extremely user friendly and the most accurate resource in Chicago. Check it out at: www.tangonoticias.com/calendar/month.php?LocationID=

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Chicago Tango

Chicago Milongas

MONDAYS

Milonga M

1st & 3rd Monday of the month. Milonga M - Blue Moon Every 5th Monday of the month. Mariposa, 346 N. Justine St., #300 Chicago, 8pm - 12am; \$10 Contact: Beth Braun 847.846.5611

Milonga Rubia

2nd Monday of the month. Mariposa, 346 N. Justine St., #300, Chicago, 8pm - midnight, \$10. \$8 after 10pm. Contact: Phoebe J. Grant at 312.342.4335 or WindyCityTango@yahoo.com.

Milonga del Morocho

4th Monday of the month. Mariposa, 346 N. Justine St., #300, Chicago, 9pm - 1am, \$10; \$8 after 10pm Contact Contact: Phoebe J. Grant at 312.342-4335 or WindyCityTango@yahoo.com.

Cousin's Restaurant

3038 W. Irving Park Rd., Chicago. 9pm to midnight - \$5. Tom Aksoy at 773.968.0101 or www.chicagotangoloop.com

TUESDAYS

Tango Chicago Tuesday Night Milonga

Tango Chicago Dance Centre. 1043 W. Madison, Chicago, 8:30 pm - 12 midnight, \$10. Al Gates at 312.850.1078 or www.tangochicago.com

Milonga at Kabak

Kabak Supper Club and Vodka Room 1090 South Milwaukee Avenue, Wheeling 8:30pm-12 midnight, \$10 includes milonga & 1 drink. Contact: Vadim Muchnik 847.My-Kabak or Netza Roldan 312.287.8406 MyTangonet@yahoo.com www.mykabak.com

WEDNESDAYS

Cousin's Restaurant

2833 N. Broadway, Chicago. 9pmp.m.- midnight, \$5. Contact: Somer 773.807.5704; Agape 708.945.4140, findagapepappas@yahoo.com or visit www.tangoardiente.com

THURSDAYS

Tango "Entre Amigos"

Pasha Restaurant & Club, 642 N. Clark, Chicago (312.397.0100), 9pm to midnight, \$5 cover. Contact: Jorge Niedas 312.437.2122 or visit www.21tango.com

FRIDAYS

Milonga Vida

1st and 3rd Fridays of the month

Milonga Vida-Blue Moon

4th Friday, when there are 5 Fridays in a month. 346 N. Justine Street, #300 Chicago, 9pm-2am; \$12. \$8 students with I.D. Contact: Bethdance11@aol.com, 847.846.5611; MariLiz7@aol.com, 630.254.5628.

Los Besos Milongita

2nd Friday of the month. 346 N. Justine Street, #300 Chicago, 9pm - 2am; \$12; Ellen's sweets & savories; BYOB. Contact: Ellen & Oleg Mashkovich at una_emocion@yahoo.com

Nuestro Tango

Last Friday of the month. Latvian Community Center, 4146 N. Elston Ave., Chicago 8:30pm - 12:30 am; \$10, Contact: 262.942.4587 Valentina. 773,279,9414 Carmen, 312,342,4335 Phoebe or WindyCityTango@Yahoo.com

SATURDAYS

La Luna de San Telmo

6137 N. Northwest Highway, Chicago, IL, 9pm.-2:30am, \$15. Contact: Daniel Byrnes 312.953.0494, byrnesdaniel@hotmail.com

SUNDAYS

Cousin's Restaurant

2833 N. Broadway, Chicago, 8pm-11:30pm, \$5. Contact: Somer 773.807.5704, Agape 708.945.4140 or visit www.tangoardiente.com

Chicago Practicas

THURSDAYS

Practica at Dance Connection

3117 N. Clybourn, Chicago, 7:30 to 10:00 pm. Hosted by Sarah Graff and Misha Goro. Drop-in workshop from 7:30-8:30 p.m. followed by practica until 10 p.m. \$10. Contact Sarah & Misha at 773.575.6906 or www.mgoro.com/tango.html

Tango a la Leroy y Phoebe

Mariposa, 346 N. Justine St., #300 Chicago, 7:30pm - 9:30p. Practica in place of classes approx. every 3 wks. First 1.25 hour class instructions by Leroy Hearon Jr. Phoebe J. Grant and/or guest instructor. Contact: Phoebe Grant 312.342.4335 WindyCityTango@Yahoo.com

FRIDAYS

Tango Chicago Dance Centre

1043 W. Madison, Chicago. Practica 7:30p.m.-11:00 p.m, open to all levels, \$12. Contact: Al Gates at 312.850.1078 or www.tangochicago.com

SUNDAYS

Tango Para Todos Practica

Schopf Gallery on Lake 942 West Lake Street 9pm - 10pm; Free. Contact: Erica Sutton erica@tangoparatodos.com or 773.505.1577

Tango Sentido Productions Practica

Drucker Center, 1535 N. Dayton St. Chicago, 6pm - 9pm, \$10. Contact: Dany Novakovich 312.296.1955, 773.550,2646. info@TangoInChicago.com, or www.tangoinchicago.com

Chicago Classes

ON-GOING CLASSES

Check the teachers' pages on our website www.tangonoticias.com

Central Tango

Fayetteville, AR

Contacts: Elayne Hency at Elayne's Dance-The Art of Social Dance; www.elaynesdance.com, info@elaynesdance.com 479.521.6683 or 479.263.6683

Denver and Boulder, CO

Contacts: www.ragtime.org/dance/; www.danceoftheheart.com; Boulder - Deb Sclar: deb@danceoftheheart.com; Denver www.mercurycafe.com; Chas Gale at (303) 320-4020, hotchango@msn.com, www.thetangohouse.com; Colorado Springs - www.tangosprings.com

Atlanta, GA

Contacts: www.atlantatangofestival.com

Champaign-Urbana, IL

Contacts: http://tango.joegrohens.com www.centraltango.com; Joe Grohens: joe@joegrohens.com; 217.378.4751, Ron Weigel: TangoSociety@aol.com; 217.328.1311

Ames / Des Moines, IA

Contacts: Valerie Williams: www.vjw.biz/docs/amessocdnc.htm; v@vjw.biz; 515.232.7374;

Fairfield / Iowa City, IA

Contacts:

http://soli.inav.net/~dance/tango.html Fairfield Tango Community - Sheryll Ryan: sryan@humanfactors.com, 641.233.1011, Kelly Custer: 641.472.1001 Iowa City Tango Community - Greg Kovaciny tangoic@yahoo.com or kovaciny@inav.com

Indianapolis, IN

Contacts: www.tangoindy.org; info@tangoindy.org, David Crosley: dcrosley@challenge-inc.com; 317.407.8181 Barb Bill: 513-321-3546; bbillcinci@yahoo.com

West Lafayette, IN

Contacts:

http://web.ics.purdue,edu/~tango; Ricardo Fanciulli: 765.404.5367, riccardo@purdue.edu; Michelle Murphy: mcmurphy@psych.purdue.edu

Ann Arbor, MI

Contacts: www.umich.edu/~umtango; umtango@umich.edu; 734.327.0642 or 734.564.0811

Detroit, MI

Contacts: Amy & Ray:

MotorCityMilongueros.com, 313.561.3236; Amy & Ray: MotorCityMilongueros.com; AmyandRay@comcast.net; Lori Burton: Argentinetangodetroit.com; Lori@argentinetangodetroit.com; 586.726.2370, 586.254.0560

Twin Cities, MN

Contacts: www.mntango.org www.geocities.com/twincitiestango Steve Lee: 612.729.5306 tango@winternet.com; Lois Donnay: donnay@donnay.net, 612.822.8436; Frank Williams: Frankw@tc.umn.edu, 612.379.4565. For a weekly update of Twin Cities tango activities http://mntango.org/mailmn/listinfo/ and subscribe to 'TSOM- announce.'

Kansas City, MO

Contacts: Korey Ireland; at http://www.ko-arts.com/tango.html; korey@ko-arts.com; or 816.931.9545

Mt. Vernon, MO

Contacts: Karen Whitesell: www.thelearningdepot.com/murrays-1/; 417.471.1001; Fax 417.471.1002

St. Louis, MO

Contacts: http://groups.yahoo.com/group /St_Louis_Tango/ and http://cec.wustl.edu/ ~hs3/ Roxanne McKenny: www.tangoteacher.com, 314.324.0887. Carter Maier: tngomn@hotmail.com. Estella & Randy: tangoartists@tangorosa.com, www.tangorosa.com, 314.849.3007; Rick Barbarash: rbarbarash@yahoo.com; 314.369.3698; Shaun Sellers: sellers@me.wustl.edu; Berette Salazar: 314.961.1686

Albuquerque/Santa Fe, NM

Contacts: The Tango Club of Albuquerque at www.geocities.com/tango_abq/special.html Paul Akmajian tango_abq@yahoo.com

Las Vegas, NV

Contacts: Allison and Gabriel; www.tangosilhouette.com

Tulsa, OK

Contacts: Fred and Jessica Stowell; fjstowell@aol.com

Cincinnati, OH

Contacts: Fred and Jessica Stowell; fjstowell@aol.com; or Virginina Malton at vmalton@yahoo.com

Cleveland, OH

Contacts: www.tangocleveland.com Tim Pogors: Timmy Tango@aol.com; 440.327.8211; Greg Messina at neotango200@yahoo.com, 330.554.8900; atanguerita@yahoo.com or 330.608.4444

Pittsburg, PA

Contacts: PATangoS - Pittsburgh Argentine Tango Society at www.pitt.edu/~mchp/PATTangoWeb.htm Trini or Sean patangos@yahoo.com or 412.521.1478

Madison, WI

Contacts: www.madisontango.org Steven Fosdal: steve@fosdal.net. 608.347.0014; Krista Bultmann: 608.236.0198, kabultmann@yahoo.com; Nicole Stevens: 608-213-8301, milongamadison@yahoo.com

Milwaukee, WI

Contacts: www.wisconsintango.com or www.milwaukeetango.com Marek Szotkowski: argtango@hotmail.com

Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Contacts:

www.festivaldetangodemontreal.gc.ca

Toronto, Ontario Canada

Contacts: www.tangoacademy.org; Musharraf Faroogi at info@tangoacademy.org or 416.536.8446.

Please send any information regarding contact information for Argentine tango events in the Midwest to central tango@vahoo.com and we will be sure to update each community's contact listing. Also, let us know if you'd like your community featured in an upcoming issue.