



# DANCEZING NEWS

## Classes

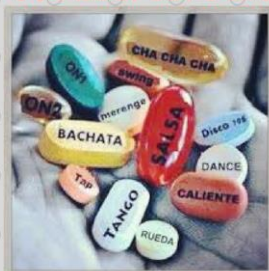
From Monday 4<sup>th</sup> September, classes will return to the normal timetable.

We have spaces in our new beginner classes on Monday evenings in Caterham and Tuesday afternoons in Oxted, so if you know of anyone who would enjoy line dancing, please pass on the details, thank you.

Looking forward to seeing you all on the dance floor again ☺

DAY	TIME	LEVEL	VENUE
MONDAY	6.15 – 7.15pm	IMPROVER	Audley Primary School CATERHAM
	7.15 – 8.15pm	BEGINNER + / IMPROVER	
	8.15 – 9.15pm	NEW BEGINNERS	
TUESDAY	11am – 12.30pm	IMPROVER / INTERMEDIATE	WARLINGHAM Church Hall
TUESDAY	4.15 – 5.15pm	NEW BEGINNERS	OXTED Community Hall
	5.15 – 6.30pm	IMPROVER	
WEDNESDAY	6.15 – 8.30pm	IMPROVER / INTERMEDIATE	Audley Primary School CATERHAM
THURSDAY	9.30 – 10.30am	NEW BEGINNERS	CATERHAM Community Centre
	10.30 – 11.30am	IMPROVERS	
FRIDAY	7.30 – 10pm	INTERMEDIATE	KENLEY Memorial Hall

**WARNING!**



Line Dancing is Addictive

Contact

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### Dancezing with Carmen

A big 'thank you' to Carmen for covering some of the dance classes for me at the end of July and beginning of August and also to those of you who supported her.

I have received great feedback and it seems that you all, including Carmen, thoroughly enjoyed yourselves.



### Dancezing Weekend Break – Saturday Night Theme

In case you missed the 'reveal' on the weekend break facebook page – the theme for Saturday night is '**through the decades**'. You may interpret this however you wish. The costumes at the last weekender were fabulous and we are excited to see what you come up with at the next one ;)



# EVENTS



**2017**

## **Social Night**

**Saturday October 21<sup>st</sup> (7.15pm – 10.30pm)**

## **Christmas Party**

**Wednesday 20<sup>th</sup> December (6.15pm – 8.45pm) - TBC**



**2018**

## **Social Night**

**Saturday January 20<sup>th</sup> (7.15pm – 10.30pm)**

**Weekend Break 16<sup>th</sup> – 18<sup>th</sup> February**

**Saturday March 24<sup>th</sup> (7.15pm – 10.30pm)**

**Saturday May 19<sup>th</sup> (7.15pm – 10.30pm)**

**Saturday July 14<sup>th</sup> (7.15pm – 10.30pm)**

**Saturday October 20<sup>th</sup> (7.15pm – 10.30pm)**

## **Christmas Party**

**Wednesday 19<sup>th</sup> December (6.15pm – 8.45pm) - TBC**





### \* Competition \*

### Design a T-Shirt

**Closing date – 15<sup>th</sup> September**

Don't forget that there will be a prize for the person who comes up with the best idea for a club t-shirt.

If your design is chosen, it could end up as the official Dancezing T-shirt 😊

We have only had one entry so far! You don't have to be a professional artist. You could come up with a funny slogan or a cartoon picture etc.....



### Dances

A popular new dance this month is '**Lonely Drum**' choreographed by Darren Mitchell. This dance has really taken off worldwide and I love dancing it. What do you think?

If you haven't seen it and want to take a look, here's the link:

<http://dancezing.co.uk/2017/08/23/lonely-drum-line-dance/>

Our dancers in Warlingham asked to learn 'Ain't Misbehavin' and 'Those Russians' – dances that they had seen being danced at our social nights. At Monday and Wednesday 'early bird' classes, the request was for 'Better When I'm Dancin''. These dances are now being enjoyed and danced really well at these classes 😊 Well done!

Please feel free to request dances – I will add them to my list and teach them as soon as I get the opportunity.

## **Meet the Dancer**

### **The person behind the paintings.....**

*Some of you know Diana from dance classes – the lady with brightly coloured hair and a tendency to lay eggs whilst dancing ‘Black Coffee’! ;)*

*She has many talents, line dancing being one and painting another, (although the list is endless, to be honest!)*

*Diana will be exhibiting her art at Denbies Vineyard Gallery in Dorking from Monday 16<sup>th</sup> to Sunday 22<sup>nd</sup> October. Some of our dancers visited the exhibition last year and were very impressed and highly recommend it. I am sure that Diana would be delighted to see you there.*

*Check out her website –*

*<http://www.dianakingart.co.uk/gallery.html>*

*Diana has written a really interesting and fun article. Settle down with a nice cup of tea and enjoy learning more about the person behind the paintings.....*



## LIFE IS FULL OF TAGS AND RESTARTS

Nicky has asked me on at least two occasions if I would write something about myself for the newsletter. I have masterfully put off and off boring the pants off you all for a couple of years now but in a weak moment I melted and said OK, but it's really a plug for my art exhibition in October (see the bottom if you get that far). I apologise ahead for the bits I included that I shouldn't have and for the juicy bits I had to leave out because I'm writing this before 9pm. I can tell you those on the quiet but I don't want to go viral do I, I catch enough of those as it is ! I apologise also for the verbal diarrhoea, I tried putting Imodium into the word processor but it just kept churning out.

Where on earth do I start? As you can imagine, for me to end up as I am I did indeed have a character forming childhood making me emotionally and financially independent by my early teens. Here are some examples.....

My best friend at school missed the most boring lesson of the week because she had to go to the clinic for exercises as she was pigeon toed. I thought that sounded a good wheeze, how to fiddle it? Sure enough, when my dad saw me walking like an orangutan in front of him putting on the best acting performance my 8 year old self could manage I was whisked into the clinic with Mary quicker than an electric slide. That was great fun playing in a proper gym with a clinic orange juice and biscuit at the end. My acting career was quite short lived though.

I was so so proud of my first pair of navy sling back chisel toed heels costing the grand sum of 35 shillings. That's £1.75 in today's money but in those days it cost me nearly 2 months paper round money. Coming back from town on the bus I realised with sinking gloom that mum would make me take them straight back to get something more sensible. HMMM. That's easily solved, I just put them on and wobbled off the bus and click clacked my way home scraping the soles as much as possible, then put them back in the box. Mum predictably screeched to take that rubbish back now. "Can't Mum, I've already worn them". That got me a clip round the ear for sure, but I kept the shoes. They were so fabulous.

Similarly on my 17<sup>th</sup> birthday I secretly signed up for a special price deal of 12 driving lessons with BSM and off I zoomed. I couldn't afford any more lessons so passing first time was the plan. Of course the tester gave me a capital B of a junction to reverse around. It went on and on in a wide sweeping curve, my worst nightmare. In the meantime whilst twisting around in my seat, my Mary Quant lookalike mini skirt I had made rode further and further up my thighs. Tights were not in the high street shops yet so suspenders and stockings were the norm. By the time I had wobbled and hiccupped round the corner you can imagine the scene. My reversing was appalling and would have made a backwards slalom skier very proud, but it was quite clear the tester guys eyes had been elsewhere the entire time. Yes, I

passed but didn't deserve to. I have Mary Quant to thank for that. I remember telling mum and dad that night, Oh, by the way I can drive now, here's my certificate signed by Barbara Castle! Another eureka moment in our house.

Still aged 17, I trotted off to Robinsons, the local builders, to pay the deposit on our first house which was then just a little coloured square on a diagram, .plot no 80. Colin and I had 5 jobs between us to save up what seemed an astronomic amount of money. We both carried on working at the paper shop right up until we got married. It was where we had met on our paper rounds four years earlier. When the house was all signed and sealed and couldn't be reversed, I then told mum and dad. Sparks flew like Guy Fawkes Night.

Following our wedding a few months later when the house was finished Colin and I both continued with our studies on day release. I had a huge battle as the only woman and a married one at that, requesting day release study. There was no equality in those days but eventually I got it!!!! I then justified my place by winning the course award several times but mum and dad couldn't come to the presentations because they clashed with their bingo night. My lovely mother-in-law came instead. Colin also had a battle as they said he had enough qualifications but he wanted more. He got it!!!! Up until then Colin's idea of exam revision was to read through his sparse notes on the morning of the exam and just "do enough". Well, I soon changed that philosophy, with a bit of bribery and persuasion (that's for after 9pm) he did "proper" revision, with "proper" notes and low and behold came top in the country, won 2 medals and more importantly at that time, won £50 which paid 2 months mortgage. What a star. Unfortunately when he later got his degree he missed the ceremony because with 2 small children and a mortgage at 15% interest we couldn't afford the £30 gown hire fee. It sounds silly now but priorities were different then.

Having a mortgage so young meant money was squeaky tight so I made most of our clothes. I had already earned money making Mary Quant lookalike dresses for the girls in the 6<sup>th</sup> form at 5/- a time, I made wedding dresses, bridesmaids dresses and Colin's clothes. I was really tiny then – I'm a big girl now – patterns didn't exist below size 12-14 so I made the patterns. I had had a sewing machine since I was 8 years old and made my first 6d (2.5p) cutting down and hemming a neighbours white sheets into tea towels. The throwaway society hadn't arrived yet. I used to get a bale of offcut fabric pieces from a Manchester Mill and make them into anything from clothes to toys. I still have some of my original miniskirts. I think they might go around one leg now!

Before having children I worked for the Science Research Council at Surrey University and also a Dutch research firm. It seems strange now that I was testing out plastic for impact and ageing. This was in readiness for introducing plastic carrier bags into the shops instead of the old paper carriers which cost 4d) and here we are all these years later trying to eliminate them & charging for bags again. In my lifetime the plastic carrier has gone from being one of the best inventions to one of the worst. Another project was testing carbon and glass reinforced polymers to

breaking point which are now used for so many everyday things from golf clubs to bicycles. The progress is amazing. Another new innovation in its time was some expanded polystyrene apple trays that needed testing. Up until then large fruit such as apples and oranges were individually wrapped in blue tissue which was then recycled into our bathroom as luxury loo paper, so much softer than the dreaded sandpaper Izal or newsprint. I scrounged all the extra apple trays from the laboratory and sprayed them turquoise and stuck them on our ceiling. It was the swinging 60s after all! It did look wacky.



After having the children I did some lecturing and teaching, applied maths and physics. That was definitely in another lifetime although some of my notes came in handy for my son when he did his

maths degree. When my favourite Aunty Gladys heard I was teaching Physics she asked me “Don't you get tired with all those physical jerks” - bless her, there was no answer to that. She modelled for me once in her corset when she was about 85 years old. I loved teaching. I can remember taking ages getting the idea of electrical resistance across to a class of reluctant 14 year olds using cows trying to get through different sized farm gates as an example. In their homework I got some beautifully drawn cows in a field but no reference to electricity. Oops.

In the meantime Colin was also lecturing on computer controlled engineering & metallurgy but with a side-line on the go – supplying ferrets all over the country. He



gave one the kiss of life once, I kid you not. My dad was a poacher and taught Colin all he knew. There are some very funny stories to be told about this another time. Colin also wrote a weekly column for a ferreting magazine. This led to making accessories for ferrets (honest) , rabbits and then later, wax jackets , moleskin trousers and stuff. It was a very niche market. Colin is a genius at sourcing the impossible and this was before the internet which spoils us, and he can literally sell fridges to eskimos. I am too honest (?) for that side of the business so I made the patterns, made all the originals and did the books making sure we stayed solvent. Suddenly our little hobby had inadvertently become a business and as much as we both loved teaching we changed direction completely.

The business thrived. I considered it a success when the very first jacket I designed sold over 100,000. For over 25 years we exhibited at Game Fairs all over the country and have sold all over the world.

I used to play a lot of tennis but after 3 knee operations I decided I needed something less jarring on my knees and took up line dancing in my 40s. I started with Bootscoot in Redhill and Crawley. Then Karen Jones took over. There would regularly be 100 dancers on Friday night with up to 300 for the special events at the leisure centre. In 2003 I was fortunate enough to room share with Karen on a 25 day dance tour taking in Hawaii, Mexico, San Diego, Las Vegas & Los Angeles. Her dance, Islands in the Stream was top at the time and danced everywhere. It was an amazing experience staying with choreographers who stay up all night to write a new dance, I made the tea and sketched! What a wonderful way to earn your living. On one occasion a coach party arrived from Japan, before I knew what was happening I was in the middle of their group being taught a dance in Japanese – hiy hiy oyaj – somehow I got the dance but not the language. I am still in touch with one of these dancers and have met up with her a few times. Once we went to the world championships in Blackpool together which was quite incredible. Line dancing makes the world much smaller. In Hawaii dancers had travelled in from all the surrounding islands for the 3 day event. The Ala Wai dancehalls also had their annual traditional Japanese workshop going on next door so I played a lot of truant from line dancing and went in to sketch the Japanese dancers and their wonderful costumes. This became a large painting when I got back to England.



As a 'switch off' from work mode I took up a strange mixture of evening classes including herbal medicine (taught by a strange little man who got my niece pregnant, with his herbs) , upholstery, self defence(I threw 15 stone Selwyn the teacher over my shoulder , I was so chuffed, but when I tried it on Colin it didn't work, he just stood like an immovable rock laughing his head off. I then realised Selwyn must have jumped over me), chinese cookery, ballet, flamenco, french(we had to describe a person for homework practising our french adjectives. I got in trouble for describing a Chippendale in some detail. We had a right prude in the class but we learnt a lot of new adjectives). Eventually I got around to a painting course and that was it, I was totally hooked and have been ever since. So much still to learn.

Colin has an absolutely wicked sense of humour which I think he got from his mum, the kind, generous, lovely Peg. I remember thinking things were getting serious when Colin took me home to meet his mum. I think I was about 15 years old. The front door opened and I looked up and up and up to this giant of a woman who filled the doorframe. She looked down down down at me and said "Gor blimey gel, you need some dung in yer boots don't yer ". Colin's sisters are over 6ft tall as well. At our wedding if the guests were over 6ft they went on the grooms side, under 5ft, they went on the brides side. There weren't many in between. It looked very lop

sided. We had a Christmas wedding, all velvet and fur, with the choir singing Silent Night (had to battle the vicar into submission for that one) and the organist playing Procol Harems Whiter Shade of Pale which was No 1. Trouble was the organist was about 90 years old and obviously hadn't heard the original but he tried. Controversially (of course) my going away outfit was a bell bottomed trouser suit, Twiggy style, I made.

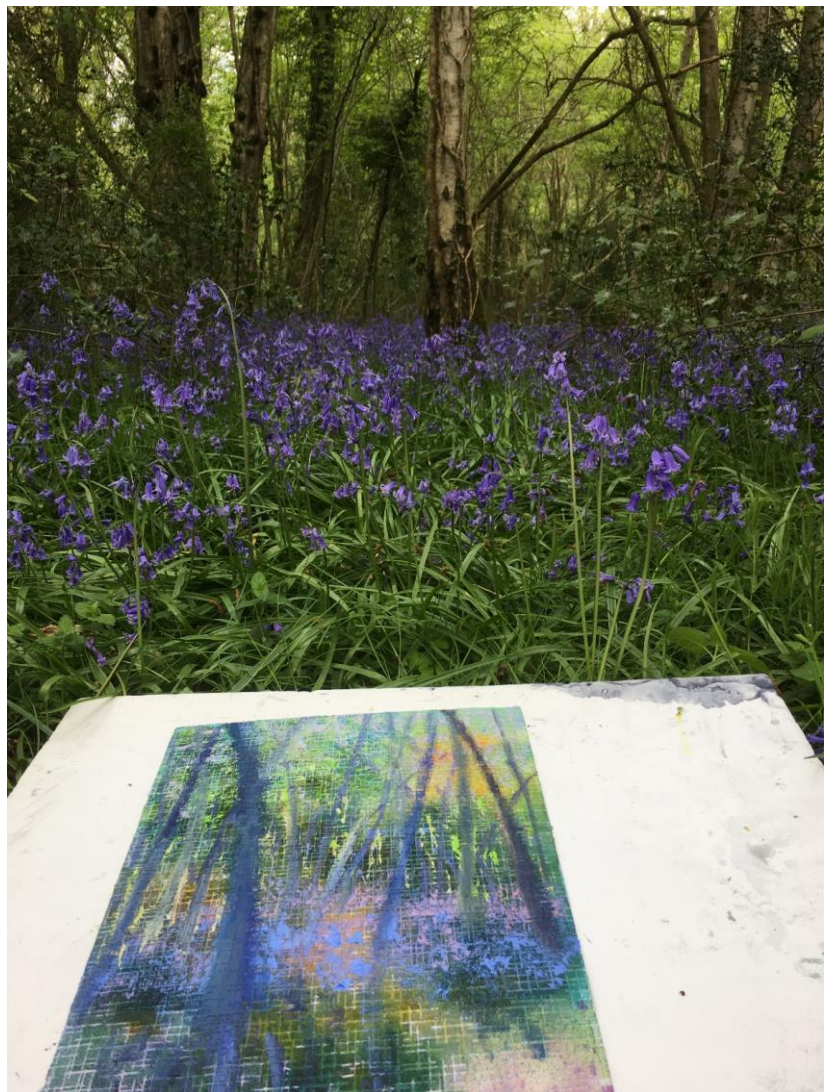
At the showground I was in a queue of at least 30 ladies waiting for a shower whilst Colin had got to the front of the mens queue. He shouted across, "Oi, you can come in with me if you like love" - so I did. Just as he closed the door he shouted out to the other blokes - "Give me a shout if her husband comes along won't you". It was funny at the time but I was scared to go up to the showers afterwards, I kept getting funny looks. Even now as old as we are, we could be going up in a crowded lift in a holiday hotel, or crossing a crowded restaurant and he will suddenly say in a loud whisper "What if your husband finds out". I could write a book on his practical jokes.

My most embarrassing moment of my nearly 70 years has to be on the day of my 21<sup>st</sup> birthday. We had gone to my dad's local for a lunchtime celebratory drink and they refused to serve me even though I only wanted lemonade. They claimed I didn't look old enough to be in a pub - you had to be 14 years old for non alcoholic in those days. My dad went further than blowing his usual gasket, he blew his whole engine up that day and caused such a loud objection along the lines of me being "a respectable married woman", the whole pub were watching the free entertainment. My mum was passively waiting for the storm to pass. I was trying to make myself even smaller to crawl into a mouse hole. Meanwhile my darling Colin was wetting himself and couldn't even stand up straight he was laughing so much. More recently a good friend got really upset when an attendant asked for my ID to get my OAP special entry ticket. She had a real moan at the poor attendant - all because my friend hadn't been asked for ID as well! She had queried it and the attendant had looked her up and down and said "No, that's OK" What a to do.

Colin and the boys have built the most amazing studio space imaginable in the garden. I am so spoilt. Gone are the days of chopping up the Christmas tree to go on the fire because we couldn't afford any coal. I am so so lucky. I sketch or paint most days having scaled right back at work a few years ago after a big health scare. Painting is like a drug or line dancing - I get withdrawal symptoms if I have to do without either. My favourite subjects to paint are dancers or life models. The only criteria is that they have attitude! Our lovely energetic Carmen has modelled for me and large paintings of her dancing hang in the South of France. It's a good job I wasn't painting when my children were young, it is so all consuming I would have made a lousy mum. My car is a mobile studio. I go out in all weathers to paint "en plein air", snow and rain are so atmospheric.

I have always “bucked the trend”. When all the girls at school were collecting Bob Dylan and the Beatles I was the only one going for the Rolling Stones. I saw them perform in the pub next door but had to watch from my bedroom window. My dad had banned me. My paintings vary so much that a very staid and snobby art club member said to Colin at one exhibition “Of course, she'll be alright when she settles down”. Colin assured her in no uncertain terms that that was never going to happen, nor did he want it to.

My health still sets me challenges sometimes but it's a bit like surfing – the bigger the wave, the better you have to ride it. Don't give in and let it suck you down has always been my motto. If someone says you can't do something prove them wrong. Life has lots of “tags” and “restarts”, it's these tags and restarts that challenge us and make us who we are. Without them life, just like the dances would be too easy and boring. I am the luckiest girl in the world. I have a family who love me unconditionally, grand children who think I was born with purple and orange hair & get confused when they see early photos of me, I can paint to my heart's content and I have the best line dance teacher EVER. It's our Golden Wedding this year so we are celebrating every month but our 7 year old grand daughter topped this by declaring “It's always Golden Time at your house Grandee”. What's more to want?



I should take this opportunity to say that I exhibit over 100 paintings annually at Denbies Vineyard Gallery In Dorking. This year I will be exhibiting between **Mon 16<sup>th</sup> and Sun 22<sup>nd</sup> October, 9-5**. It would be lovely to see you there. The gallery is on the first floor. The vineyard is on the A24 opposite Box Hill , famous for being on the Olympic cycling route and a very picturesque part of Surrey. Denbies has a very nice cafe, restaurant and shop. Their wine has won lot of awards. There are lovely walks through the vines onto the North Downs Way.

**Imagination Art Studio**

**[www.dianakingart.co.uk](http://www.dianakingart.co.uk)**