

# The Salsa Dancing Sillies

by brad deighan

It's a left foot forward and return 1 2 3 - pause pause - right foot backward and return 6 7 8, repeat, repeat, etcetera, etcetera kind of thing. And I like it. Technically quite very simple to learn, but you gotta' have something else to go with it, see. Some people would call it soul but I don't quite like the word because of it's evil connotations - I'll call it something else - squiggle. In any case we're simply not made to move like refrigerators. And that's all I'm saying - and when you're doing the salsa especially so! But WHAT-the-hellova-christ-my-pits-smell-healthy-as-ever-EVER, my fucking dance partners took off when they... realized, it was going to cost five bucks.

Lift left leg forward, plant foot. Bring right foot forward, plant foot. And fuck the lord, don't be so goddamn mechanical! Come on, through the door and into the gym you doofy bastard, all by your ridiculously lonesome self - you ludicrous monster! And bend your knees you rusty techno-bot baby child - our men are real, not made of steel! - or floating ghosts who finally become whole once they die, souls set free from the entrapment of the physical body, really. All sounds rather silly to me but might there be some kind of something, somewhere maybe? Mommy? Where the what is it?! Is it, even?

Umm... oh, right right! - and the women! The women are not made of steel either, so bend your fucking knees you filthy bitches! Get down and give me twenty! You too Otto, I saw the way you sympathized with them

just a moment ago! And don't go and get all offended now you hapless ninnies, this poor dying writer who had, once presently! been writing this written word down - the silly fool - has simply wrote it all down as it's happened in the past, and as it still happens now - so dig it, or throw away the fucking shovel and start scratching the surface with your careful fingernails, you fumbling, bumbling fools.

Now quick! Get inside and hide behind someone, don't let that Nazi instructor see you. Pretend you know someone, but pretend to yourself. So we switched partners after every song and it didn't matter that I knew no-one, and the instructor lightened up a bit! - once she got to dance with me of course. I even got to dance with another boy, golly! I lead him through terrific smiling twirls, my hands on his, his hands touching mine. We danced and he told me his story - twirl 6 7 8 twirl, dip, catch as rose in your mouth, smile and send your hand out and up in an arc to catch a fresh full bottle of wine and two clean delicate glasses. Return 1 2 3 - open pour - 6 7 8 drink and continue...

Left foot forward and return 1 2 3 - pause - left foot backward and return 6 7 8, but keep that right foot pivoting in place. Turn in a clockwork fashion and we're now doing the Merengue. This Spanish dancing class was put on by Helen Wills, after Spanish language student Adriana Lopez invited her to come to the school in order to promote awareness surrounding Spanish culture.

So if anyone is interested in taking Latin, Hip-hop, or even

dance-fitness dancing classes, Wills can be contacted at The Book Emporium on 169 Queen St, or by telephone at 628-2001. Hip-hop dance classes run from 6:15 to 7:15, while Latin dancing goes from 7:30 to 8:30 pm on Monday and Wednesday nights. The price is 7 dollars per class if you're over the age of 18, or the purchasing of a 10-class card will cost you 60 dollars, saving you ten for the bottle of wine and the rose - you might have to choke down on Great White wine, but the rose is also very important. You see, it's

all about the theater of simply having that classic red rose in your mouth - obviously it should also be caught it in the mouth when you catch the rest of the stuff in your hands - a little more class, please!

And I'd say yes to a little more class - find a partner and dip on down to see Helen Wills. Take a few classes and see if you like it - but do you really need a partner? Go for it you no-good-pansy-boy bottom-biting bridge-troll-eating divine-portable-sandwich with crocodile teeth! Or girl, really.

