ALEX (TINK) WILSON

DANCE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

Julie,
p. 93 shares a Cot.
I have extra
copies for Planning
for those who
would especially like them.
Thanks for the good
times with
Alex.
John

Alex "Tink" Wilson Folklife Fund
Boulder, Colorado

13 September 2012

Alex's Dear Friends,

Four months ago Alex passed on, and its been three since the dance celebration at Pearl Street Studio and Avalon. You hold here a collection of memories to which many have contributed. Enjoy browsing through these times and places, whether it is with Alex or Tink, to appreciate a significant person in our midst. You have said:

"You taught me that it was all about opening yourself and your feeling when you dance."

"When we got married in 1985, we wondered what we should do to celebrate at our wedding. There was only one choice: ask Alex to get everybody dancing."

"If you think of dance as a language, there is the medium, the steps, and the message. When the message transcends the steps, it is magic. Tink was this type of dancer, in spades. It gave me goose bumps. It is a quality that made him a truly great dancer and a unique and wonderful person."

It has been a privilege to get to know you and my brother through this project. As Gary Diggs said about dance as language on page 65, when a person's spirit transcends the dance it is a game changer.

Thankfully we carry this with us.

John Wilson

John Wilson, Personal Representative, 406 E. Broadway Hwy., Charlotte, MI 48813 / 517-543-5325

Alex (Tink) Wilson
Dance Celebration
June 15-16, 2012

Published by the
Alex "Tink" Wilson Folklife Fund
Boulder, Colorado
Cost: $20 contribution to
the Folklife Fund, or free
to those who can't afford it
but find the message inspiring.
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John Wilson, personal representative
to the Alex Wilson Estate
406 E. Broadway Hwy.
Charlotte, MI 48813

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ALEX (TINK) WILSON

DANCE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

Alex "Tink" Wilson Folklife Fund
Boulder, Colorado
John Wilson, Personal Representative, 406 E. Broadway Hwy., Charlotte, MI 48813

I hope the experience of reliving the Life Celebration for my brother Alex will be as rich as putting it together has been for me.

To All of his friends in Boulder and beyond — my thanks.

Alex himself is now "beyond," but his legacy lives on in our hearts, and in dance.

JOHN WILSON
2012

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

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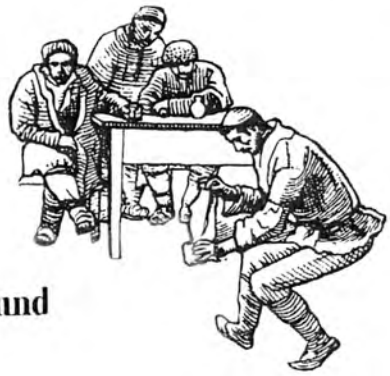

Alex "Tink" Wilson Folklife Fund
Boulder, Colorado

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

Part I

We Celebrate

June 15-16, 2012

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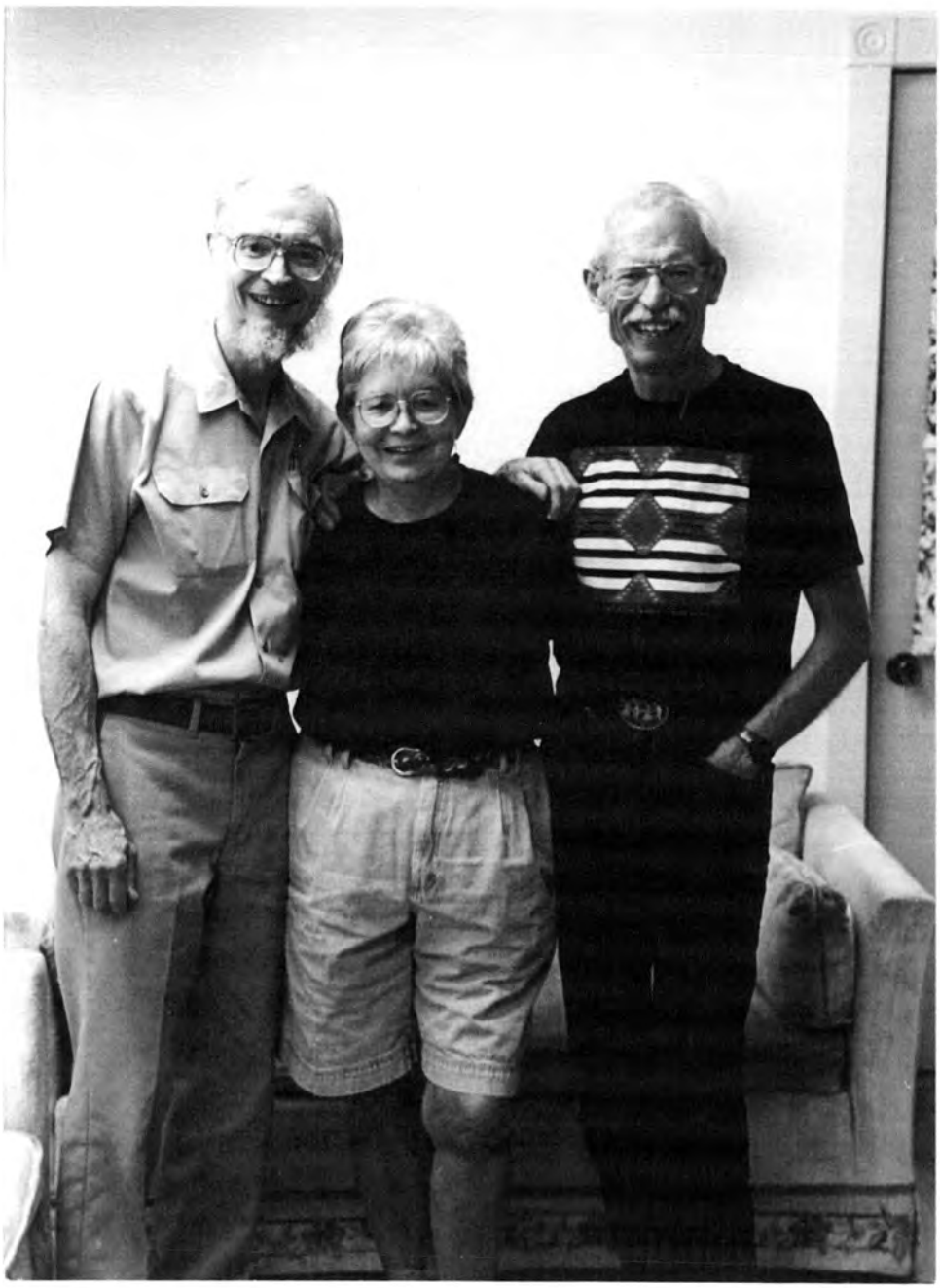
It is well and fitting that the accomplishments of my brother Alex be remembered and that his goal

> *to create moments, events, environments that delight people, that enlarge and deepen their view of life, that make life glow, that make people feel good about themselves and others . . . grounded in the reality of folk life*

flourish, and he be remembered as one who worked hard to create such moments.

John Wilson



John Christina Alex

May 22, 2012

It is with sadness mixed with joy that I share with you news of my brother Alex's death on May 13, 2012. Sad over the loss of a person who touched so many lives in a creative and considerate manner for the fifty-five years he lived in Boulder, mixed with joy in that he found life among the wonderful group of like-minded folks there.

The last years have not been easy for Alex as he experienced the onset of Parkinson's and more especially as he realized that sharp thinking and memory were being taken from him. He was never a passive bystander, and this condition was taking independent living from him. In a reasoned and honest way he decided to end his life rather than become someone else.

It was a privilege to spend the week prior to this event with him looking through picture albums and listening to "Alex's Favorite" tapes. The photos enclosed are some of my favorite ones to help remember this remarkable man.

Alex shared a letter from an old friend, recently received. He was proud of what it said, and rightly so. It is a poignant sharing in light of his passing:

Dear Alex,

Thank you ever so much for the birthday remembrance. I too value your friendship highly. You have been one of the high influences in my life with your great courtesy and gentleness and sincere caring about the well-being of others. Learning to dance was one of the most expanding events of my life, and your patience and care in analyzing what I needed to know was a big part of my "getting it". You are a treasured part of my life as well.

Alex, my dear, I hope you are well and happy also. You have brought so much happiness to so many people throughout your life. I certainly hope your days are full of peace and well-being now.

Love from all of us. Alna

With this we can all say: Amen.

A memorial celebration for Alex with food and song from 5 pm will be held at the Pearl Street Studio on Friday, June 15th and dance at the Avalon 7:30 pm on Saturday, June 16th. I hope you can join us.

John Wilson

Dear Friends of Alex (Tink) Wilson, May 25, 2012

A two-evening event commemorating Alex's life will be held in Boulder on **Friday, June 15th and Saturday, June 16th**. To accommodate his wishes, the Celebration of his Life on Friday will be held at the **Pearl Street Studio, 2126 Pearl St.**, which was a special place for Alex. When the Village Arts Coalition leased it for the first time more than 20 years ago, Alex employed his carpenter skills and transformed the inside of this drab-looking, cinder-block building into an attractive home for folk dancing. Later, when the building was purchased by members of the dance community, Alex was one of the investors. Folk Dancers Investor Group, LLC, (owner of the Studio) and Alex's family are organizing the Friday event. A large tent will be erected in the parking lot next to the Studio to accommodate the large number of people expected to attend.

Alex's many singing friends ("CakeNjam" and others) will begin at 5 p.m. followed by a 6 p.m. dinner catered by Donald Vukovic. Thanks to many members of the dance community who have volunteered to provide appetizers and desserts. Coolers with water and lemonade will be provided. Friday evening will continue with a short gathering of everyone to commemorate Alex's life, including comments from the family. A quote from the wishes he left behind will be a guide: "No long speeches. 5 min. timer. Maybe a few memories. All-in-all it's been a good life." The evening will be dedicated to singing and dancing, and celebrating Alex's passion for life.

In that spirit, and in order to keep the oral stories and tributes to a minimum, we are inviting friends to print out the attached page and write on it your contribution. You may include pictures and drawings if you wish. Send it to Melba's address below. These pages will be printed and displayed at the memorial and then compiled into an album for Alex's family and for posterity in a collection at the Avalon Library. Collages of pictures are also welcome for display at the event—to be taped onto the wall-length mirror.

Parking information: http://www.boulderdowntown.com/visit/parking

To allow more time and space for dancing, Alex's family is also hosting a party on **Saturday, June 16th, at the Avalon, 6185 Arapahoe in Boulder, starting at 7:30 p.m.** We will have some live music by local musicians playing Balkan and Scandinavian music (two of his favorite dance forms), as well as some recorded music. Pot-luck snacks are welcome.

We would like to collect pictures for a slide show of Alex's life. Please email your contribution to Ingvar at the email address below.

Please send writing/creations to:
Melba Shepard
404 Hapgood St.
Boulder CO 80302
Email: melbashep@aol.com

Please send digital photos for slide show to:
Ingvar Sodal
1550 Moss Rock Place
Boulder CO 80304
Email: sodaling@norsk.us

Thank you, Judith Mohling, Melba Shepard, Sally and Ingvar Sodal, Julie Lancaster

International Folk Dance Party

Saturday, June 16 • 7:30-10:30pm
The Avalon, 6185 Arapahoe, Boulder, CO
Celebrating the Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson

Everyone's invited!

Hosted by Alex's Friends and Family

- Cost: Free!
- Many easy dances
- Some live music by local musicians playing Scandinavian and Balkan dances (two of Alex's favorite types) - tip jar for the musicians
- Some recorded music
- Potluck snacks and desserts
- Slide show about Alex's life available for viewing in the kitchen
- Listening station will be set up for Alex's "Walkabout" KGNU program from the '80s, a listening tour of folk music from Scandinavia through the Balkans; CDs available for purchase

---

Contact: Julie Lancaster - lancasti@aol.com • Ingvar Sedal: - sedaling@norsk.us

Alex "Tink" Wilson's Celebration

June 15, 2012

Pearl Street Dance Studio

Playing for the dance

June 15, 2012

Pearl Street Dance Studio

BAGPIPER
Chris Doyle

Alma Laurel

"This is the best! I can't think about Donald's Baklav
without my mouth reliving the memory of how delicious it
- Die

The Baklava Guy
Donald Vukovic
P.O. Box 20003 Boulder, CO 8030
303-818-3765

baklava@dvukovic.com
www.thebaklavaguy.com

Donald + Dave Vukovic
and Michele Ferran

Pearl St. Studio
Celebration
June 15, 2012

Alma Laurel ! Jesse Mallo

Marilyn Chartrand &
Russ Nye

NEW MEMORIES OF TINK

Oh, Tink, you should have been there!

It was a perfect summer evening in Boulder. Your Pearl Street Studio was brimming with life and laughter, music and dancing. The huge tent in the driveway was full of tables of delicious food. On the walls were all the pictures of you that could be found, from young Tink first in Boulder, all the way through to the very recent Alex still smiling at your 80th birthday party. And your variety of friends.

Sally and Ingvar Sodal followed your instructions to perfection, Melba Shepard and daughter Jane were constantly involved, as well as Judith Mohling and Julie Lancaster. Many many others showed their love and care by helping out. Donald Vukovick and his brother presented a wondrous feast to the couple of hundred people.

Joe Miller came from California, Sunny Newman, too. Came dancers, hikers, skiers, co-workers, musicians.....from every walk of your life, greeting one another with delighted smiles and long hugs. The music by Dave Wood and Duffy Keith, the fiddler from Gold Hill, the music and harmonies were all in the air bringing you back to us.

Judith Mohling gathered us together, and introduced people who wanted to talk.

Your sister Chris spoke beautifully about you as her big brother, poignant stories of your early antics, and more recent memories of you.

Brother John told of his admiration for you, and shared heartfelt stories about you. He then read a letter someone wrote. Did you hear the quiet when he told of your choice to end your life at this time? You know there was sadness. But, too, you could probably feel the acceptance from so very many friends who have known you to be an idealistic and independent person. We understood you.

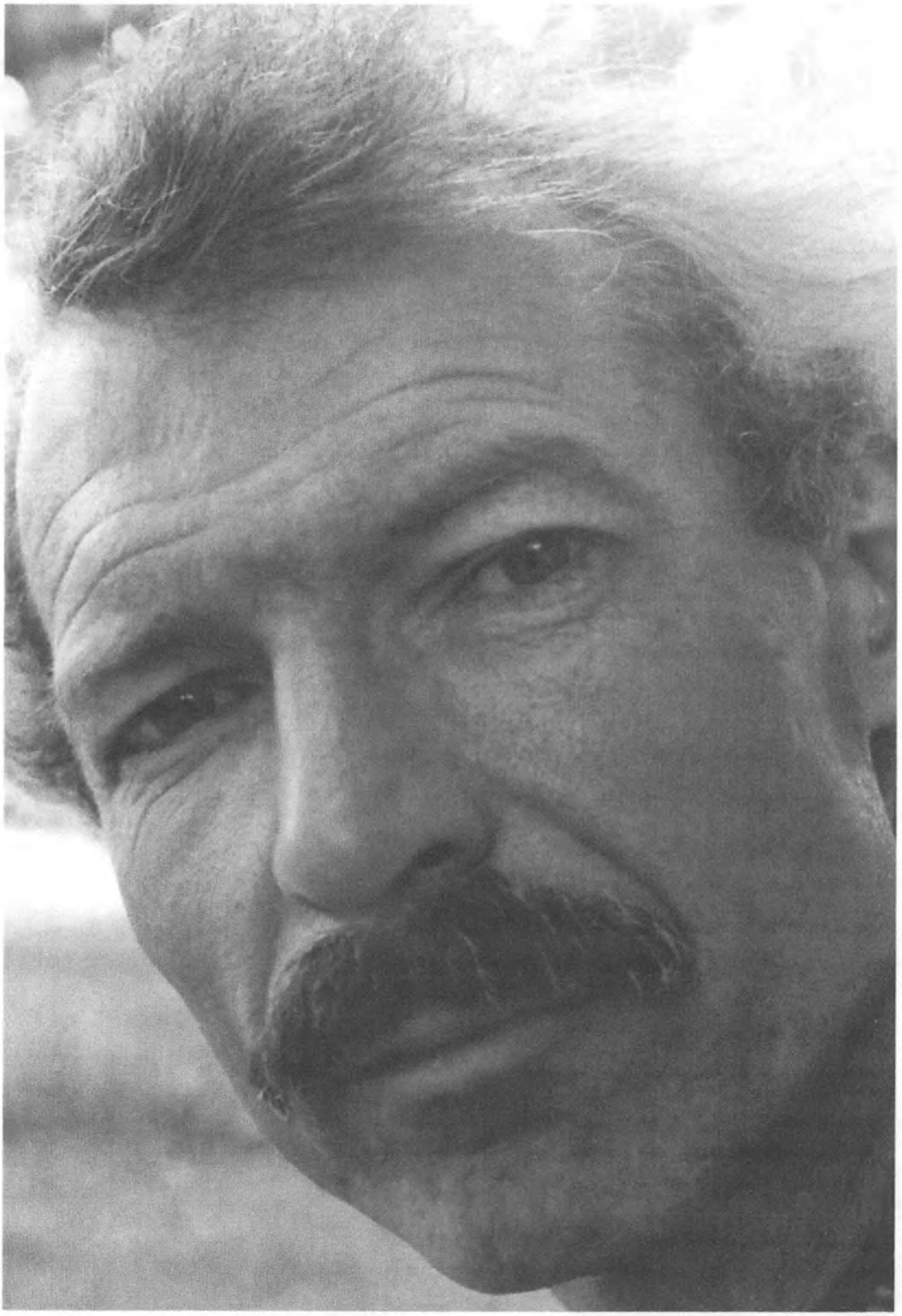
Sunny spoke. Otto sang a song you loved. Melba, who has been your best friend for countless years, spoke lovingly of you. Ulna had memorized a story.

We danced in that small studio you made and loved. Sometimes, in a line dance, someone would look over and think they saw you there in your bright royal blue T-shirt you wore so much. For an instant, you were there, leading the line dance, teaching us the steps, the style, the strange beat of the foreign music. I know you were there.

The next night, more. The Avalon Ballroom was grand, the low lights a background for the huge, elegant chandelier sparkling above. Another night of dancing, greeting, hugging. The music was full and lovely, letting us dance and dance. Did you feel the happiness?

Your strong spirit was in the air. Yes, Tink, you were there! Thanks for coming.

Betsy Buck



ALEX WILSON
July 28, 1929 – May 13, 2012

Boulder lost a guiding light of the folk dance and singing community on May 13, 2012. Alex Wilson (born Alexander Ross Wilson in Syracuse, New York) was known for years as Tink among his many friends in this community where he resided for fifty-five years. Alex came to Colorado to pursue rock climbing, skiing, folk dancing and singing, which he had been introduced to during his undergraduate years at Syracuse University. Having lost several companions in mountaineering accidents, Alex then limited his climbing to rescue work. Throughout his life he worked in the building trades until his retirement at age 79 as a carpenter with the Boulder County Government.

What he will be best remembered for is his contribution to the international folk dance community, and to the many ways folk song thrives in Boulder. At any party he would always have a harmonica ready. Alex provided inspiration for the founding of the Village Arts Coalition in 1989 and leasing the Pearl Street (dance) Studio a year later. As a skilled carpenter he re-built the interior of that drab, cinder-block building into a pleasant dance space for the folk dance community in Boulder. He was passionate about including all who wanted to dance as well as encouraging those who wavered on the sidelines.

Alex was an accomplished dancer specializing in Eastern European and Scandinavian dance. He traveled to Hungary on several occasions to participate in festivals. His friends remember stories of his travels to dictatorship-ruled Romania where having a foreigner in your home overnight was against the law. Alex stayed the night in the hayloft of a barn to avoid detection. Finding his Hungarian travel companions at the station on his way out the next day, they insisted he return to the farm with them where he stayed another night in the barn. Upon hearing music in the village square, he stole out to watch some of the last examples of local folk dancing as it had been a part of village life for a thousand years.

Alex made a special contribution to the civic life of Boulder on his 75th birthday by organizing and funding a three-day party which brought in musicians from around the country. His friends will remember him as he looked that weekend in the photo above—joyous, energetic, and welcoming others to join in.

In recent years, declining health and memory due to Parkinson's brought diminished activity to the point where Alex decided to close out his life before losing independence. It is with sadness that we learned of this, but it is also with understanding and appreciation. Alex made such a difference in the community. It is with heartfelt gratitude that we wish him *bon voyage*.

Alex has an older brother William Dexter Wilson (deceased), a younger sister Christina Wilson Adams, and a younger brother John Mark Wilson together with ten nieces and nephews. A two-evening celebration of Alex's life will be held in Boulder on Friday, June 15th at the Pearl Street Studio, 2126 Pearl Street starting at 5 p.m. and on Saturday June 16th at the Avalon, 6185 Arapahoe, starting at 7:30 p.m. Both evenings will be filled with singing and dancing to which all friends are invited.

More Thoughts on Alex Memorial Service

How he expended The Time and good will of so many Good people on his various hair-brained schemes To build a Folk Dance center out of logs and barns and used materials and our own hand labor, without any consideration about where The money would or That people had their own lives To deal with. Come from. In short, I was a ~~fool~~ fool

ALEX's Model, Photo of Studio Dec 1989

Alex wrote these thoughts shortly before his death. My comments are on the following page.

JOHN WILSON

My Brother Alex "Tink" Wilson

It has been a privilege to be my brother's personal representative. I have come to know what kind of a man he was, and the impact he had on the Boulder folk life community during his 55 years there. As a younger brother by ten years, and living 1,000 miles away, time and distance gave me only a shadow of his accomplishments.

All that changed as I read his journals and listened to stories of others. As someone said "in the absence of family here, the whole folk life community is his family." The outpouring of affection for Alex (Tink) in the past two months has been a testimony to the legacy of this dancer, teacher, program organizer, and friend. Alex treasured the story of the Hungarian dancer Egres Kis Lajos who was a recruiter for the army going from village to village inspiring the young men to enlist. Alex was just such a dancer, and he was also just such an enlister, only his venue was the folk dance community.

There was idealism in Alex that undergirded the direction and energy he brought to this pursuit of the dance. His dream of a folk dance center was one such ideal. As with dreams, they do not play out in reality in just their ideal way, and such was the fate of this one. Alex saw it as an opportunity for community building, for bringing together those whose labor would build the structure as well as foster the program that it would house. He salvaged bricks and boards for this higher purpose.

In the end, all his planning and model building and proselytizing did not build the center. Perhaps it was a case of a good idea with bad timing. Or maybe in Alex's own words his "lack of consideration about where the money would come from, or that people had their own lives to deal with" would cause it to flounder. In any event, his assessment of this dream was that "in short, I was a fool." This last sentiment must give us all a pain of sadness. Alex was no fool. He was a dreamer. And may we all honor such men when in our midst, and if not then, then in memory.

One such avenue for continuing Alex's dream is the folk life fund that will encourage programs for Boulder folk dancers into the future. It is the hope of his family who have dedicated the money from his estate for this purpose, that more than just paying air fare for a dance teacher from Hungary, or renting a hall and paying musicians, that the **Alex "Tink" Wilson Folk Life Fund** will inspire others like the Hungarian dance recruiter inspired youth in his time. We must have a renewal from the younger generations if folk dancing will remain alive and well in Boulder. It is well and fitting that the accomplishments of my brother Alex be remembered and that his goal to "create moments, events, environments that delight people, that enlarge and deepen their view of life, that make life glow, that make people feel good about themselves and others...grounded in the reality of folk life," flourish, and he be remembered as one who worked hard to create such moments.

23 July 2012 John Wilson

A Sister's Recollections

Tink moved to Boulder in 1957 when I was 21, so many of my memories were from my childhood, and the adult memories were mostly long distance. Recently people have asked me if we were close. Obviously, we didn't live in each other's back pocket, but I felt we were close in spite of distance.

He got his nickname very early. He had whooping cough at 3 months and supposedly looked like a "tinker toy" when he coughed. He recovered, but the name stuck. In the last few years he chose to use "Alex" as his name and it was hard for many folks to change.

Someone asked me why I thought he was drawn to sea chanteys in his music groups, and the only thing I could think of was that he's spent summers at Otisco Lake in Central New York State and was an early and good swimmer and sailor. A story that had been handed down was of a Labor Day sailing race when he was seven and had been asked to crew for Dad because the weather was rough and they needed ballast. It was the only time that Dad capsized a boat and he began to count heads to be sure he had everyone. He came up one short and then noticed Tink swimming away from the boat – going after Dad's pipe that was bobbing along on the water's surface.

He was a teacher at heart. I was probably 10 when he had John and me commit to memory a definition of a spiral stair case – without using our hands – and I still remember it, "a convoluting series of risers and treads."

An April Fool's Day in the same period, I made the mistake of telling him that I had switched the salt for the sugar at the dinner table. I'm sure you know that he switched them back and that the joke was on me.

He sent books and music on subjects about which he was passionate. "Reviving Ophelia" to me and Woody Guthrie's LP "Songs to Grow On" for Susan. He loved the movie "The Quiet Man." He listened, and listened, and listened again to the "hi-fi" to get the words to the songs. He memorized all of the words to all of the verses of every song – frustrating to those of us who couldn't and fun because he could. And he distributed a cassette of "Tink's Favorites" each holiday season.

Tink had many summer jobs during his school years: Boy Scout camp counselor; Good Humor scooter driver; construction; working with Bill, our oldest brother, at resorts in the Adirondacks from which, one year, he hitch-hiked home arriving in the wee hours. He couldn't rouse anyone in the house until he tossed pebbles at Mom and Dad's bedroom window and sang "please come down and let me in...".

I was the lucky recipient of many of his prodigious letters – some running to 12 or 14 hand-written pages, covering events and people in his life, and also philosophical thoughts written on topics of interest and concern to him. Some were typewritten. He never made it into the computer age, but was more than competent on a Royal standard manual typewriter. He would send the carbon copies because they were more readable than the original. I have kept many of them dating back to 1960. One was written in red ink and surrounded with hand-drawn artwork of hearts and cupids to celebrate Valentine's Day.

And postcards – did you ever get one? Very, very small print from beginning to end – a whole letter on each – like the Lord's prayer on the head of a pin. Maybe that's why the post office now charges 32 cents for postcards.

After one of his hitch-hiking jaunts that covered much of Middle America and included a stretch as a roustabout with Wallace and Clark circus in Arkansas, he started a charm bracelet for me to commemorate the trip. He made hand-carved wood pins and he sent me several native-American silver pieces.

In the early 70's Tink visited us and, of course, wanted to dance. We went; Tink introduced himself and everyone within earshot turned to see "the real Tink Wilson". It was my first realization of his standing in the folk dance world. The letters and information that brother John sent to you talk about the community-wide influence Tink had in Boulder.

Tink was the best man for many weddings – both family and friends – the kind of guy that folks thought of as their best friend.

I recently read a Danielle Steel book and this quote spoke to me: "Easy roads aren't always the best ones. We think they are, but look at the people you respect in life; they're usually the people who've made it when the going wasn't easy, people who survived and grew from all the pain. The ones who have it easy don't have a hell of a lot going for them. It's the others, the ones who climb the mountains with their heads banged up, and their faces scratched, and their shins bleeding who're worth knowing."

In all, Tink was sensitive to others, humble about his many accomplishments, intelligent and introspective. Tink was my big brother.

June 2012 Cris Adams

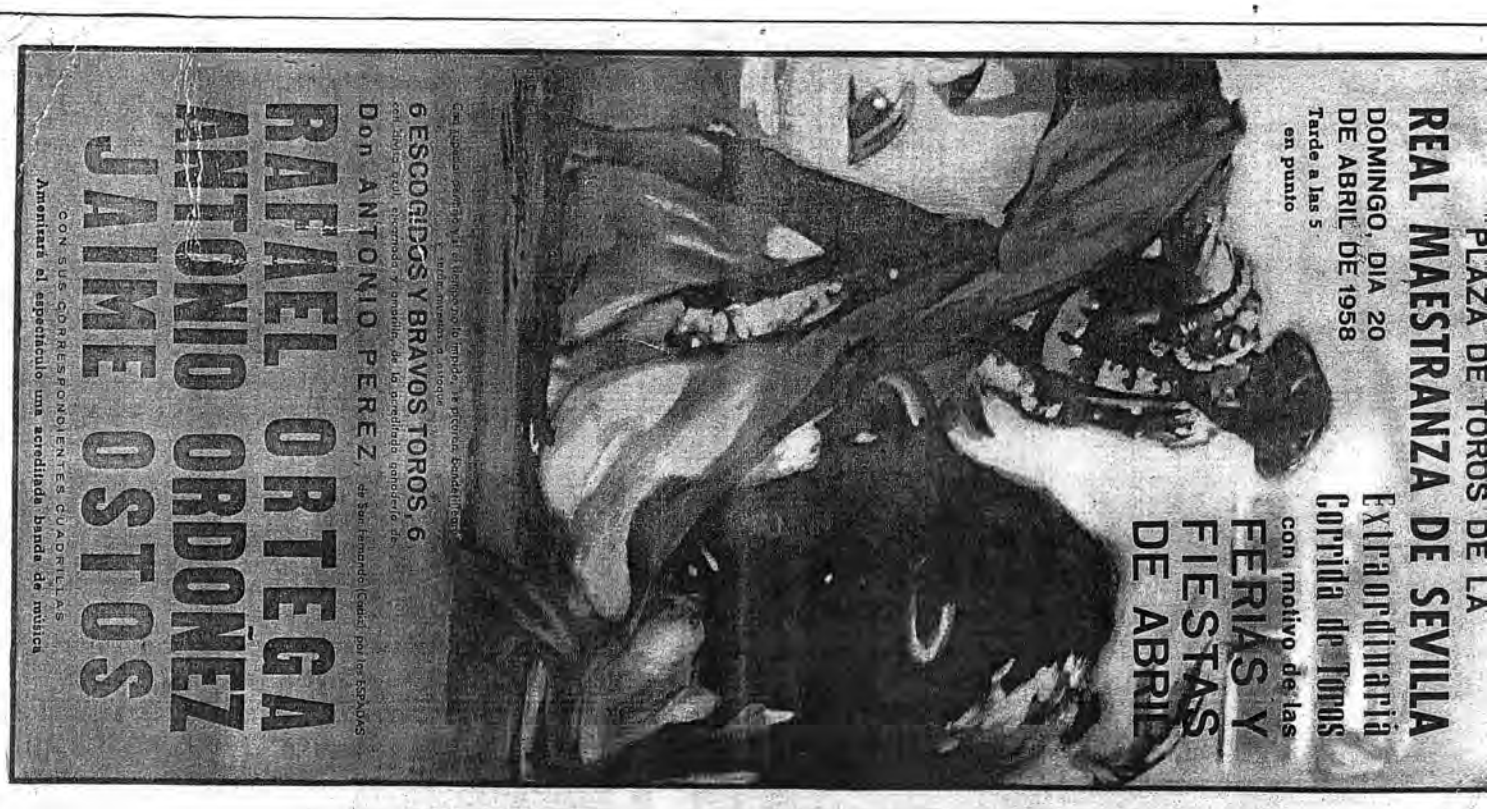
Tink in his travels would send postcards that set a standard for most words in a small space:

REPRODUCTION:
AFFICHE DE CORRIDA
POSTER OF CORRIDA
PLÄKAT VON CORRIDA
CARTEL DE CORRIDA

Dear Mom & Dad: [my address will be [Apr. 26, 1962
c/o Amer. Express, Barcelona. I don't know how long I will be there.

Tomorrow, after having been here at Casa Campello a week & a day, I'm taking off on my motor- for Barcelona in hopes of getting a ship for the sta was told I could probably get a Scandinavian freig from there & work my passage across. Let's hope better luck there than ~~doing~~ I did doing the sam New York. This has been a pleasant and relaxed -sun, bathing, swimming occasionally in the sun trips to nearby towns, and a certain amount of partying. I've met some interesting people he they run mostly to English & Australian. I w the point of going to the Festival in Seville a couple English ~~and~~ boys and a Canadian fron treal. Then I was thinking I'd take a trip out the Islands (Ibeza, in particular), but it seem head straight for Barcelona. ~~Saw~~ a bullfight Sunday (Easter day) in Murcia. One of the ma was Jaime Ostos, whose name is on the other this card. One of the other two, who went by the name of Valencia, was gored by a bull, badly. And a picador was carried from the ring with a co cussion when the bull dumped his horse on him. So there was plenty of excitement although the paper said they made a butchers job of it. It may be a couple weeks before I can get a boat when I get there. I'll let you k how things are going when I get there

Mr. & Mrs. W.D. Wilso
8 Victoria Pl.
Syracuse 10
New York
U.S.A.



Nov. 19, 1988

There are thousands of ways for people to be miserable. We have only to look about us and see the circumstances of peoples everyday lives. I love to conceive and create moments, events, environments that delight people, that enlarge and deepen their view of life, that make life glow, that make people feel good about themselves and others.

That was the motivation behind An Evening of Folklore. And, thankfully, it worked – on many levels. (A purpose also was to validate my own long involvement with folk dance, folk song and story.)

- It was grounded in the reality of folklife.
- The items in the program were jewels that would delight.
- It made the participants as well as the audience feel good about themselves.
- It gave people the sense of being part of a larger movement of folklife.

(A Page from Tink's Journal)

Nov. 19, 1988 -

There are thousands of ways for people to be miserable. We have only to look about us and see the circumstances of peoples everyday lives. I ~~want~~ love to conceive and create moments events, environments that delight people, that enlarge and deepen their view of life, that make life glow, that make people feel good about themselves and others.

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It gave people the sense of being part of a larger movement of folklife.

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

Alex "Tink" Wilson Folklife Fund
Boulder, Colorado

THE ALEX "TINK" WILSON FOLKLIFE FUND

GOAL: To continue the long involvement of Alex "Tink" Wilson with folk dance, folk song and story in the Boulder, Colorado, area. In his words: "I love to conceive and create moments, events, environments that delight people, that enlarge and deepen their view of life, that make life glow, that make people feel good about themselves and others...grounded in the reality of folklife."

GRANTS: To fund projects that foster Alex's goal through small grants of $500 to $5,000 (with possible exceptional grants) in folk dance, song and story in the Boulder area.

FUNDS: The return from investments held by the heirs of Alex's estate (together with use of the capital sum when appropriate) and with contributions by others to the fund. These funds given annually shall be administered by the Boulder International Folk Dancers (BIFD) or such other group as chosen by the heirs to Alex's estate to be distributed to projects that foster the folklife community.

ADMINISTRATION: A committee of three persons chosen by the BIFD Board shall decide on project recipients. Decisions shall be made promptly, hopefully within 30 days of receipt of the project request. Recipients shall notify BIFD on how funds were used and provide a brief statement on the outcome of the project. Donors shall receive receipt for funds given along with the most recent annual report on what was supported by the fund.

John Wilson, Personal Representative, 406 E. Broadway Hwy., Charlotte, MI 48813 / 517-543-5325

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

Part II

Dance!

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I want people to be **good** to each other. Not to **use** each other, not to exploit or hang on people, just to be open and accepting and encouraging and enthusiastic about who they are.

With this as a basis, I want to cooperate and work with others toward an altruistic, idealistic goal. To make our life better and maybe to do some good in the world at large – at least to try. Dance, song, good times, basic needs.

Alex

What Do I Want?

I want people to be **good** to each other. Not to **use** each other, not to exploit or hang on people, just to be open and accepting and encouraging and enthusiastic about who they are.

With this as a basis, I want to cooperate and work with others toward an altruistic, idealistic goal. To make our life better and maybe to do some good in the world at large. At least to try. Dance, song, good times, basic needs.

I want a little basic house on a secluded lot (with trees) and a big barn.

I want a lady who cares about me as I am and as I could be and for whom I can do the same. She also needs to have a nice trim body and a wide ranging mind and a good sense of humor. She needs to be a class person (not mean spirited, but considerate because their mind sees the larger picture). "Aware" is the key word.

When I listen to folk tales I get a sense of longing for mystery and community and life lived in relation to eternal and ultimate things that makes me weep. Example: reading from **Foxfire** books about growing up in mountain culture; stories of the Orkney Islands about Silkies.

from Alex's Journal

WHAT DO I WANT?

I want people to be <u>good</u> to each others. Not to <u>use</u> each others not to exploit or hang on people, just to be open and accepting and encouraging and enthusiastic about who they are. With this as a basis, I want to cooperate and work with others toward an altruistic, idealistic goal. To make our life better and maybe to do some good in the world at large. At least to try. Dance, Song, good times, basic needs

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JANUARY 1970

Račenica

Carol Johnson, Tink

(Nan Hall in original costume from Macedonia)

ALEX. FRANZ MOHLING Sonska Patorka FELIX MARTI RON HEDL

Alex & Alna

Tink, my dear -

I understand why you decided to leave, and I think you chose a good day to go - Mother's day being a day dedicated to peace, and the year 2012 supposedly being a turning point in Earth affairs, a turning towards renewal and re-alignment with the Great Creative Force, willy-nilly as it may be for us reluctant humans.

I wasn't prepared though for the effect your going had on me; after all, I've said fare-well to several members of my family, without feeling anything more than relief that they were free of the drag of bodies that no longer served them well, and gladness that they were once again free to Be. And I was experienced in maintaining an attitude of detachment, delighted in knowing that such fine people as yourself lived upon the Earth and that I had the privilege of their acquaintance, while at the same time feeling free to simplify my time-management by focusing on tasks of my present while leaving the maintenance of heart connections to the trustworthy care of the ethers, outside time and space.

So when brother John wrote that you had gone, I was surprised that I felt regret to the point of fierce tears that I would see you no more in physical form, and regret also that I had visited you - and communicated with you - so infrequently over the past many years since I had left Boulder. And when I read over the letters you had sent over the years, and viewed again the photos, I felt that I had missed out on something valuable beyond telling by not having stayed on the trail with you instead of branching off to explore other paths toward self-knowledge -- even though those other paths have brought me invaluable experiences as well; and even though I might not have been able to mature to the point of fully appreciating your worth, had I not taken those other paths apart from you.

I know that time and space do not really exist, but are mental constructs for our convenience in this three-dimensional plane; and I believe that death and birth are but two sides of the gateway between three-dimensional and multi-dimensional consciousness. I believe that persons of similar "frequency" or "vibe" are always connected, regardless of time, space, birth, or death. I feel privileged to share such a connection with you, along with all the other marvelous folks in the spectrum.

I respect you for choosing to finish a life committed to pursuit of your path of heart, with a clear, conscious, and courageous descision to withdraw when no longer able to continue following that path. I respect you for having held on for as long as you did, still finding ways to contribute to the enrichment and in-joy-ment of others' lives through what you did with your own, well after your body no longer supported your favorite methods of dancing and dance teaching.

I honor your integrity, which is strong and true, and I honor your commitment to nurture "high vibes" and community of hearts in the lives of those around you. I honor your ability to sense what would delight people, and your willingness to arrange occasions that would bring that about. I honor your patience, your focus, your willingness to go to great lengths and great expenditure of personal time and funds to create events that met your standards for delight, beauty, and expansiveness for friends and general public-- all for the sake of sharing these values with others.

That's true for everything you did. Even in carpentry work, your focus was on meeting the needs of the employers with integrity through the beauty of good craftsmanship, for the delight of those using its lasting functionality. With friends, you instigated high-quality things to do like hiking or skiing to some beautiful spot, going to sing-along Messiah or to watch the elephants raise the circus tents, or having an evening out at a delightful entertainment such as a folksong-fest; and you also provided high-quality support for it like delicious food, conversation on topics that matter, and on occasion dressing up in folk costume to add a flavor of fairy-tale to the affair. You gathered groups of friends to dance or sing together, and you created many a beautiful event to invite and include the public in the fun

Love, Alna

THE VILLAGE ARTS COALITION
PRESENTS :

VOL. 15, NO. 5
SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 2004

STOMP!

FOLK ARTS DANCE &
MUSIC CALENDAR

BASED IN COLORADO'S FRONT RANGE - ON THE WEB AT *WWW.VILLAGEARTSCOALITION.ORG*

ALEX 'TINK' WILSON CELEBRATES 45 YEARS OF LIVING IN BOULDER
HE SHARES WITH US THESE PHOTOS OF SPECIAL TIMES

Alex Wilson Celebrates Life in Boulder

Tink Wilson discovered the Outing Club in college and decided that was a fine way to live a life – enjoyment of the outdoors, folk song, folk dance and good times with friends. Carpentry was a way to make ends meet.

He was the second son in a family of three sons and one daughter. In 1957, after dropping out of Theological Seminary, Alex came out west to climb mountains, living and ski bumming at Winter Park. But the climbing partners and folk dancing were in Boulder, so after breaking a leg he moved here in 1959. After climbing for ten years and experiencing the deaths of several of his friends in avalanche or climbing accidents and his own close calls he re-evaluated and he shifted his passion to folk dancing.

Alex was a leading folk dance teacher in Boulder from the early 60s into the late 80s. His goal was always to introduce new people to the joy of folk dancing and to bring them into Boulder International Folk dancers (BIFD), which met on Friday nights. During the 70s he held a Wednesday night class, which involved sometimes 70 people, all excited about learning dances from around the world.

Alex loves planning and promoting parties and events. He likes to tell about the "snow picnic." It had been planned for a lovely, spring day in April, in Ebenfin Park. A barrel of fish was flown in to cook over an open fire. But Boulder got six inches of snow the night before. So they beat out a track and played Fox and Geese while the fish baked and then tromped down the snow and cranked up the record player for folk dancing. A great time!

Sunny Newman initiated the Greek Picnics, featuring a mountain setting, a Greek band and lamb roasted on a spit. Alex helped to carry on the tradition for many years. And weekend trips for skiing in the day time and dancing at night, potluck suppers with an evening of reading aloud and the New Years Day Parties which started as a Scandinavian New Years Party at the Gold Hill Inn. Alex started the tradition of First of Fall dance parties, held each September. An Octoberfest with make shift floor, a polka band and dancers in dirndls and laderhosen was held in Canyon Park one year. Halloween costume parties, previously held as an overnight at Camp Shoshone, are currently held at the studio with live music.

Appropriate space for dance activities has always been a limiting factor, which Alex has made and effort to remedy over the years. After several aborted efforts at buying land or a building, Alex, with Bonny Askew and others, founded a private nonprofit organization, The Village Arts Coalition, dedicated to participatory folk arts. This organization has worked diligently seeking adequate space for dance activities and promoting international music and dance through the annual International Festival on the downtown Boulder Mall.

Alex remodeled the Pearl Street Studio space on a $600 shoestring, and he designed and produced a unique sign for over the door. He built our first outdoor dance floor. Alex memorizes stories to be told extemporaneously at gatherings of friends, to the delight of everyone. He knows the words to hundreds of songs, many of them Irish, and creates arrangements for the monthly Cake 'n Jam sessions. He produced a show of folk song, dance and stories, which played at Eisenhower School in 1989.

Alex thinks the purpose of life is simple –"creativity, love and good times with friends." He thinks the folk dance community has generated it all during his 45 years in Boulder. To celebrate, he planned, organized and financed with some help from his friends a three-day folk dancers' reunion and bash the weekend of July 30/August 1. It was a wild success.

Article submitted by Melba Shepard

THE VILLAGE ARTS COALITION
9070 TAHOE LANE
BOULDER, CO 80301

First Year, 1990 • February/March

Stomp!

The Village Arts Coalition News

A space of one's own --

The Dream Dances On

"I'm part of the dream" read brightly colored buttons on the folkdancers at the New Year's Day party at the Elks Club. The dream is a great one, one shared by folkdancers everywhere: a dance space of their own.

Although a permanent dance space is still a long way off, progress toward making it a reality has occurred. Thanks to endless hours of planning, talking, and attending meetings, Boulder dancers have joined forces to achieve the dream step by step.

This newsletter heralds one of the steps: a coalition which unites several groups. Formation of the Village Arts Coalition, a non-profit organization established March 22, 1989, required a year of planning and cooperation by several different folkdance groups. At present 12 groups are represented in the Coalition and others have expressed interest.

Instrumental in organizing the Coalition were Bonny Askew, Gloria Adamson, Valerie Brown, Donald Vukovic, and Tink Wilson.

The Coalition owes particular thanks to the Boulder International Folk Dancers, a group whose newsletter has long been an important voice in the folkdancing community. BIFD Board Members Sandra Biroc, Valerie Brown, and Diana Neff lent particular support to the new group.

Besides securing a permanent dance space, the Coalition plans to promote folk arts through classes, workshops, and special events. They have met with the Boulder Parks Department to explore the possibility of dance space at the new East Boulder Recreation Center. Ann Vickery serves as liason with the Parks Department.

Plans for participation in the Boulder Creek Festival on Memorial Day weekend are underway, and the Coalition has begun holding dances the second Friday of each month at the Barn.

Officers for the Coalition include Bonny Askew, president; Connie Hirsch, treasurer; and Sheryl Horner, vice-president/secretary. A representative from each dance group has a voice at the meetings, held the first Friday of the month. Other interested persons are welcome as well.

By uniting several different groups, the Coalition hopes to expand communication and coordinate information. The newsletter will be mailed to all group members. Ideas for stories can be mailed to PO 7444, Boulder.

Talking with Tink

An interview with Tink Wilson
by Nancy Kovasic

Q. I understand that you've spent years learning and teaching folkdances. Just what's so special about dancing?

A. When I'm dancing well, I have to be aligned, on a physical level, with gravity, momentum, leverage -- all the laws of the universe. So it takes on a spiritual dimension. Then you let go and respond to the inspiration of the music in a particular culture. When a whole line of people respond this way, it starts to get transcendent. I sometimes think that through dance one approaches the platonic ideal of what it is to be human. It doesn't happen all the time, but it keeps you coming back.

Q. That's pretty impressive. But do you really think the average person who shows up for a night of folkdancing is looking for a transcendent experience?

A. Probably not. He may just see it as exercise in a social context or a place to meet the opposite sex. But that's all right. Folkdancing has always been those things -- and more. The community provides the vehicle for those energies and turns them to its own uses. When a couple married, there was always a dance. At work parties and saints' days and birthdays and sowing time and harvest there was dancing. The social aspect has deep roots.

Q. What kinds of folkdances are popular in this area?

A. Mostly dances from eastern or western Europe and the Near East — Scottish, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Romanian, Polish, Ukrainian, Yugoslav, Bulgaria, Greek, Turkish, Israeli, and some Latin American. These seem particulary suited to the American format.

(Continued back page.)

This plan, drawn by Tink Wilson, has three activity areas: terrace, garden, and work room. A model of it was displayed at the New Year's Day party. One part of the dream is acquisition of land upon which a folk arts center could be built.

More Talk

Q. What's your favorite folkdance?

A. I love Hungarian dancing. It's very demanding, especially the men's solo boot-slapping dances. But the music is incredible. The Transylvanian dances trace clear back to the Renaissance. The women do marvelous turns, the men virtuosic boot-slapping, and both punctuate the dance by shouting rhymed verses, either humorous or tragic. The dance starts slowly, continuing for 10, 20, sometimes 40 minutes, always increasing in tempo, with the Gypsy musicians cranking up the dances to a final whirlwind finish.

Tink Wilson leads a group in the Iste Hendek at a gathering of the Boulder Friends of International Students.

Q. What other stories do you have?

A. I recently learned that women of Szek in Transylvania feature red and black in their costumes to commemorate a massacre by the Mongols about 1790. Red for blood, black for death: it's woven right into the fabric of their lives. Their lives are not like TV which can be turned off or switched to another, equally unreal, world. They can't escape their history, but through creativity and renewal of life, they turn it into something beautiful.

Q. Are you involved in anything special right now?

A. I'm eager to get a large group together to drive to Albuquerque for a Balkan dance workshop, March 16-18. They've lined up the two best Balkan dancers in the country, if not the world — Jaap Leegwater and Atanas Kolarovski.

Q. One last question: how did you get involved in folkdancing?

A. A pretty girl invited me to a weekly folk-and-square dance sponsored by the College Outing Club, Syracuse, where I went to school. I've been hooked ever since.

[I] want something to show for all my life of dedication and love for folkdance.

Can I have both?

There is a tide of support for building a center among my folkdance committee. If I put my time and energy elsewhere I'm afraid I'll be throwing that away.

More and more people are living lives of quiet desperation. I want to strike a blow for the way life **could** be.

Chance to open out folklore and folkdance to the community at large which I believe thirsts for that connection with tradition.

Also, folkdancing as I've known it is diminishing, the participants are aging, new people not coming in. I feel only something like this could save it. Otherwise I might as well get out of it.

from Alex's Journal

Want Something to show for all my life of dedication & love for folkdance.

Can I have both?

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Admiring the Folk Dance Center

Model at Anne Vickery's house

VAC – breakfast meeting – April 14, 1991

Ingvar Sodal, Rick Speer, Stan Wilkes,

Sabine Schaffer, Sheryl Horner, Judith Mohling

Terri Rassmusson, Tink, Steward Hartman

The Boulder International Folk Dancers (BIFD) has been a gathering organization of the folklife community. The photo shows the membership who have belonged for more than forty years.

Back row (l to r) Caroline Stepanek, Melba Shepherd, Cherry Sand, Mickie Magyar, Cynthia , Sandy Carpenter, Carol Johnson, Jofrid Sodal, Gloria Adamson, Betty England, Ginni and Bob Powers, Nan Hedl, Judith Mohling, and Alice Shaw.

Front row (l to r) Harold Ryan, Ray Bowman, Michael George, Alex Wilson, Rhoda Smith, Otto Verdoner, Judy Huston, Ingvar Sodal, and Steve Carpenter.

ALEX DEMONSTRATING THE PROPOSED DANCE STUDIO

'BOULDER INTERNATIONAL FOLKDANCERS
MEMBERS 40 YEARS OR MORE.

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

For me Alex is still Tink or Tinkush as I called him. He was perhaps the most lively person I ever shared life with. We were married for a short while, but Alex was not made for marriage and I moved on. Our time together was a happy time in his life and mine.

Yes, we danced, sang, we performed together, we loved and we hiked, skied and laughed together. Perhaps one of Tinkush's most endearing qualities was his candid expression of joy. Our first kiss was a good example and unlike any other. We both knew we were in a state of anticipation. But when he finally kissed me, something unusual occurred: He stopped kissing me and burst out with a loud laughter of joy before he kissed me more. Like a little child giggling in joy, Tinkush was openly rejoicing his pleasure.

There were ski trips and nature adventures that I will never forget, specially the one in which I almost died. One spring we went to the red mountain area to cross country ski. We were skiing on an icy slope. I sled and found myself face down sliding on my belly looking at the end of the slope after which there was a cliff toward a canyon. I experienced terror and panic. Tink stayed calm and I believe his amazing ability to focus in that critical moment has saved my life. All I saw was death coming toward me in the invisible approaching end of the slope where the unseen cliff would end my life. I expected Tink to rush toward me to stop me and when he didn't I panicked even more. However, he didn't move because he knew very well that one of us had to stay stable on the ground and see where I go.

He told me to bring my poles forward and stick them in the ice to stop myself from sliding. It wasn't easy but I did manage. The sliding stopped but I was in no position to move at all. At that point he, slowly and carefully, came over to help me get up and climb back to saftey. We then skied down to the canyon and photographed what would have been my death path.

Dancing with Tink could only be described with one word: Joy. If there was a man committed to celebrating life, it was Alex. He got up in the morning the way I later saw my children get up: "Wow, what can we do today to rejoice in this magical life?"
We danced, sang, hiked and we read Winnie the Pooh and incorporated his delightful wisdom and humor in our conversations.

Tink's had an endless willingness to assist others, to see the gift that others have to give, and point in the direction that makes them shine. At the time, I was still aspiring to be a singer. Yet, he always said that my best gift is my understanding of children, education and parenting. Indeed he was right and I became and author and speaker on parenting.

Alex was candidly assertive. Unlike most people, he did not patronize by protecting people from their own emotional reactions. If he felt or needed something, he said it with no ceremony and it was up to me to feel whatever I felt about it. "Nomush, (that's how he called me) I do not like when you... this or that..." One would not have to guess and feel their way around him. His preferences were always known.

Living life can be a chore, a burden, or a celebration. With Tink it was a celebration.
I therefore am happy to see that we commemorate his life with a celebration he would have enjoyed. He wouldn't want it any other way.

The following poem by Nancy Wood was Tink's favorite. He specially loved the lines I copied in bold:

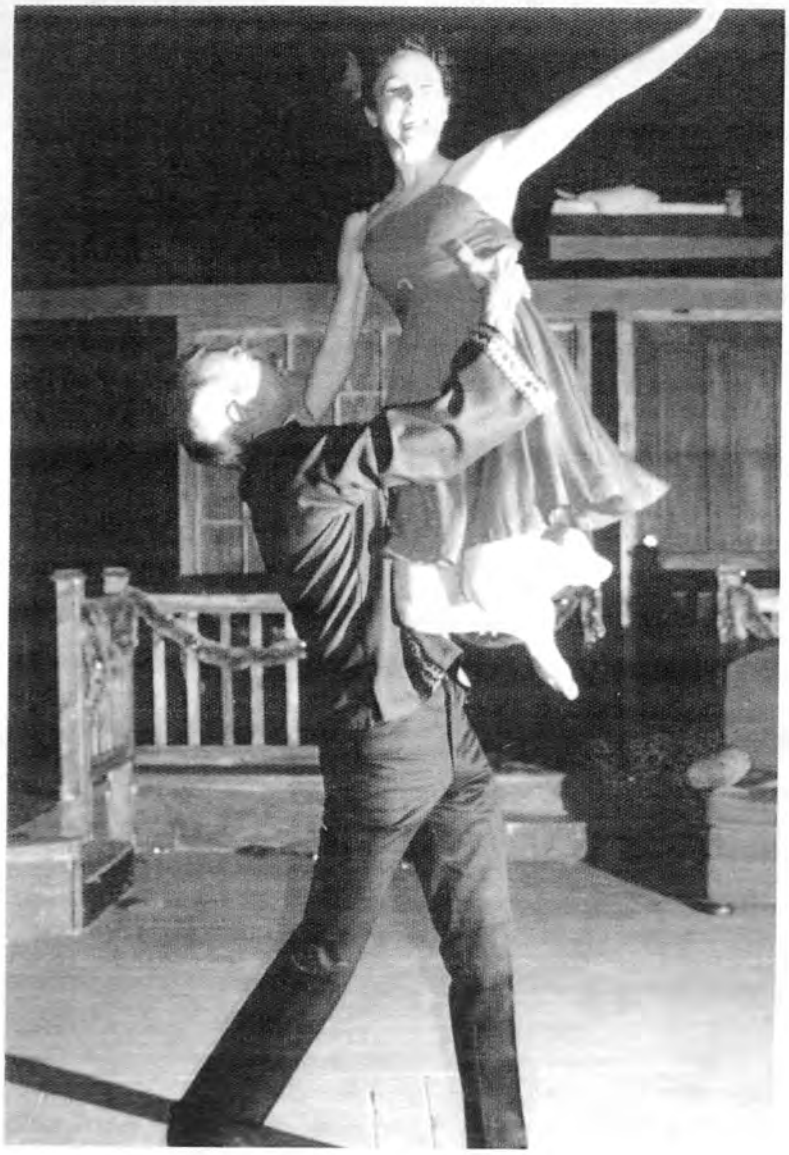
MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

When I was young and feeling the earth,
my steps were quick and easy.
The beat of the earth was so loud
that my drum was silent beside it.
All of my life rolled out from my feet
Like my land which had no end as far as I could see.
The rhythm of my life was pure and free.
As I grew older my feet kept dancing so hard
That I wore a spot in the earth
At the same time I made a hole in the sky.
I danced to the sun and the rain
and the moon lifted me up
So that I could dance to the stars.
My head touched the clouds sometimes
And my feet danced deep in the earth
So that I became the music I danced to everywhere.
It was the music of life.
Now my steps are slow and hard
And my body fails my spirit,
Yet my dance is still within me and
My song is the air I breathe.
My song insists that I keep dancing forever.
My song insists that I keep rhythm
With all of the earth and the sky.
My song insists that I will never die.

From Many Winters
Prose and Poetry of the Pueblos
By Nancy Wood

Warmly,

Naomi Aldort



Tink & Naomi

Tink, My Life in Folk Dancing

By Lynn R. Malkinson

"Hungarian dancing is my favorite," Boulder folk dance teacher Tink Wilson told me. "It suits my character. The strict, slightly militaristic boot-slapping and heel-clicking combine with great expressiveness of feeling.

"In the early 1960s a Hungarian dance teacher named Andor Csompo drilled us in moving our arms to express the feeling of the dance. I found that if I imitated a gesture, the feeling followed, and I could become a Hungarian for three minutes. I like folk dancing because I can step into the role of Europeans who use their bodies much more easily than we do. Men can be more expressive of their feelings and more volatile."

Tink and I sat on folding chairs in front of a brown stucco building at 22½ Spruce Street talking about folk dance. 22½ Spruce is a dance studio with mirrors on one long wall, a barre on the opposite wall, and a piano and tape deck against another.

Inside, two lines of men and women were learning a Ukrainian dance with the folk dance performing group, Norodno. Three of the women wore fancy Ukrainian hats with ribbons trailing down their backs. Tink had asked me to stop by that Sunday afternoon because he couldn't dance the Ukrainian suite. "Too many squat jumps for my arthritic knees," he said.

"Tink Wilson is part of Boulder's folk legacy," Norodno director Marilyn Shartran told me. He has taught dancing to hundreds of Boulderites since the early 1960s and currently holds what people call "Tink's Wednesday night class" at Columbine School.

David Haussler, a CU graduate student and folk dancer, said that "Tink has true charisma and it comes out in his dancing."

Gloria Kroeger agrees. "He's having so much fun that other people are drawn along. He has a talent for making people happy."

These things don't happen by chance but grow out of Tink's philosophy and experience. "I'm aware that most people come (to folk dancing class) with feelings of inadequacy about their ability to dance or socialize so I try to create a non-competitive atmosphere. I want people to express themselves as they are so they feel at home.

"Folk dancing is a marvelous non-verbal way for people to interact bodily," he told me. "Americans are inhibited about touching, so that learning to stand in a line holding hands or holding a partner within intimate distance is new. Most interaction is in the form of smiles, gestures, and response to someone else's movement."

Tink is a handsome man of 51, tan with close cropped grey-white hair and moustache. His deeply cut features shift and re-form as his mood changes from thoughtfulness to delight.

"I picture Tink erect at the head of a Balkan line," an old friend of his told me. His lean figure cuts through space with precision and grace. His movement and the idea of the dance are a single thing.

"Even if Tink misses a step, nobody notices because he dances with such joy and enthusiasm," Marilyn Shartran observed.

Tink was always intense. His education at a New England prep school was based on the British boarding school model in which young gentlemen were raised to take care of themselves. Expectation was high and Tink pushed himself to achieve perfection.

"It was tied up with religion. I was trying to earn God's love by torturing myself with strenuous exercise. I'd lie on my bed and hold my legs up for as long as I could. But it could never be long enough. I also searched for moral tasks. Whatever I didn't want to do is what I felt I had to do.

"I finally started to lose weight and get sick, and realized I must be on the wrong track. My first enlightenment came at age 16 when I decided to do what I could and let the rest go."

Boxing at Syracuse University taught him about movement. He learned to use gravity and inertia to move effectively.

"Since there is a physics to perfect movement, there must be one best way to do everything, and I wanted to find it out. I taught myself how to walk. Later I applied this to construction. When I started pick and shovel work in my sophomore year, I discovered the most efficient way to dig a hole in the ground.

"I find repetitious work is kinesthetically satisfying – like a dance."

Tink discovered folk dancing at Syracuse when he joined the Outing Club. "We would canoe around the islands in Lake George and in the evenings go to Turtle Island, and dance around the fire. The folk music, song and dance made life rich.

"I had always wondered what we could do to make life interesting after all the problems were taken care of. For many years I have had this picture in my head of a dance-barn community building with houses scattered around it. It expresses the idea of simple living community – for culture and good times. We (the Boulder International Folk Dancers) made a couple of attempts to do this in the 70s, but the project fell apart in disagreements."

Wistfulness wove into the conversation. An almost childlike look of hurt came over his face when he spoke about his unrealized idea of community living.

"In 1978 I bought an acre with a house and an orchard on the Clark Fork River on the edge of Missoula, Montana. The idea was to have a self-sufficient homestead and

community center built around dance and folklore. There were money problems and lack of a dedicated knot of people with like ideas, so I'm going to sell it this summer.

"Most people are on the track our culture sets for them, which is to succeed and get ahead at an individual job or study. Men are competitive and role-trained to be in charge, to be tough and mechanistic rather than feeling and accepting of touch. It is important to get people to cooperate and not compete. If everybody puts in, the returns are greater for everybody."

"Sometimes people seem to come dancing and bounce off each other like pinballs," he said, "which is symbolic of our whole society. People live so far apart and the jobs they do are so specialized that there is no casual way of interacting."

Considering his non-worldly world view, it was not surprising to discover that Wilson had spent two years in a New York theological seminary two years after he finished college. He engaged then in a kind of passive resistance to parental expectations and daydreamed to avoid doing what his parents wanted him to do. When he found that he couldn't study any more, he left.

"I was very discouraged, thinking something was wrong with me," he recalled. "In group therapy I decided to do what I wanted to do rather than what others wanted me to do. So I came west and climbed mountains for 10 years. I lived and skied in Winter Park. In 1959 I broke my leg and moved to Boulder. That is where I really fell in love with dancing. I learned a lot from Ted Brott who started folk dancing in Boulder and soaked up all that was available through workshops and guest teachers. I spend eight months in Los Angeles dancing seven nights a week, learning on an intense level. I danced with the Amen Ensemble, but found it so competitive that I lost interest. I felt so bad that I came back to Boulder where things are nicer."

Tink is a rare man. Physical movement has provided the framework for his life. He works as a laborer and carpenter, and teaches dance. Nevertheless, his language is as articulate as his movement, and he treats words and ideas with the same respect he does a dance or a piece of woodwork. While describing the mountaineering prowess of an old friend he hesitated and said, "I'm searching for a careful superlative," refusing to be glib or facile.

His grace makes it difficult to notice that he has started to limp. The severity varies, but I often see pain in his eyes when he moves. He speaks about it matter-of-factly. The doctors say that the cartilage in his knee is wearing away. The bones will soon rub together, and he will be a cripple within ten years, unable to dance or do carpentry. But Tink won't have it, and is treating himself with a special diet and natural medication.

He spoke about a future dream.

"I see myself doing a Hungarian solo I've been working on. It is very subtle and never repeats a step from beginning to end. I have it on film by the lead dancer of the

Hungarian National Ensemble. I've analyzed what he is doing and am writing a dance description. It is line archeology, difficult to piece together, but when I finish I'll go to a studio in the North Boulder Recreation Center and learn it."

One evening I heard Tink read the story of Egres Kis Lajos (phonetically, egresh kishe lawyosh), an obscure Hungarian folk hero whose job was to recruit soldiers for the Hungarian army. Kis Lajos went from town to town attracting young men with his wonderful dancing, by the whirl and flash of his white shirt and the manly click of his boots. He became famous. After his recruiting days were over, he retired to his home town. The people loved him and asked him to officiate at weddings and to participate in all the town's affairs. Though an orphan, the town had become his family.

Like Kis Lajos, Tink Wilson is a gentle hero in our town. He has no family here, but as Gloria Kroeger told me, "the whole folk dance community is his family."

BOULDER 1980

February 1992

Tink Wilson

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE RELATIONSHIP OF MEN IN FOLKDANCING

I think that there is a general belief among American men[1] that the purpose of social discourse and action is to establish one's status and, if possible, one's domination of a group or situation. In other words, talk and actions are often not so much about their content as about the end purpose of attaining status and control. Corollary to this is the belief that one man is the winner and gets the rewards - attention, respect, admiration, control of the action, the most desireable women, etc. - and the rest get what's left over: they're losers.

Consequently there is rivalry among men. They can't really get together. Some think this is the law of nature. I think it's pathology, or at least a lower level of dealing with things, and that we have a choice. Even if the rivalry were a law of nature, the cost is very high. It's a commonplace observation among sociologists that most American men say they have no close male friend whom they can trust, - how can they if they're busy competing with and undercutting one another? Also,under such conditions it's very difficult to have openness, creativity or mutual support, and hence for individuals and the group to flourish as they truly could. People wind up simply tolerating others for the sake of the activity. It becomes a least common denominator situation. Finally, without that closeness and a common sense of the best interest of the group, it becomes easy for some individual to exploit the group, - for example, to use it to get attention in a negative way; or to "score" on the women.

1. The research of Deborah Tannen (see her current best-seller, YOU JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND - Women And Men In Conversation) seems to bear out my own observations.

Throughout a long folkdance career all this has been a cause of frustration and sadness to me. I believe we could have had our folkdance center and hundreds of more people folkdancing in Boulder long ago if men's eyes had not been focused on status issues.

How does this work out in practice? -

Be the one who tells
Don't be the listener
Relate your own stories and successes; discount other's
Say one-up things
Don't listen to women and others who are one-down already
Put the joke on somebody else
Interrupt others
Make categorical statements and defend them against all comers
Talk about in-groupy things that exclude others
Change the subject when a rival is talking
Change the subject when it's not an area of your expertise
Don't ask. Take. Or, give orders
Don' talk about your true feelings. It could be used against you.

-or in action, -

Limit the activity to what you do well, or that others don't know
Stake out the center of the floor or the head of the line
Combine with a few allies to dominate the rest or squeeze out a rival
Make a lot of noise and commotion (shouting, loud talk, laughter or singing) to draw attention away from others and focus it on yourself
Be outrageous in behaviour
In extreme cases use physical or verbal intimidation.

The purpose of these activities is unspoken. Yet, others sense what's happening on some level and resent it, even if they can't articulate it or prove motivation. It cultivates a rip-off mentality in those who are doing it, because they are taking something (control, attention, advantage) without asking or openly negotiating for it.

Mostly it is the men. Not all men engage in it. Not all men that do it use all of these behaviours. The same men who engage in them often have other very good qualities. Also, some women striving to gain or maintain

leadership positions in folkdancing have followed this model.

All this is behaviour that men have learned in a society that encourages it and teaches it from the day we're born - through parents, schoolyard, workplace, advertising, etc. Individualism, competition and machismo are glorified; but they only leave men isolated and out of touch with the full range of their humanity.

I would like a new vision of working together for each other's and the common good. There's so much that could be created together. Does anybesides me have a problem with the way things are, and want to try to change things? Perhaps we could gather and talk about it sometime. I'd be interested to hear your thoughts on what I've written. Take your time and communicate with me in whatever way feels best, either by writing it down or in person. I'd appreciate it.

Regards,

TINK

cc:

Dave
Storm
Eric
Keith
Julie
Judith

I remember well receiving a copy of "Some thoughts on the Relationship of men in Folkdancing" from my brother twenty years ago.

Alex spoke from the heart, and from Experience. He had the insight of the big picture, and the frustration of attempting an understanding — to say nothing of a change — in some of those around him who had a smaller view.

He saw that it did not have to play out in ways of dominance. He had hope, at the same time as grieving that people were lesser than they could be.

I know that he shared with others. Women in his dance circle "got it", but men by and large didn't. It was a head shaker for him, and a disappointment.

John Wilson

1988

A Monday morning rose to: Tink Wilson

Folk dance teacher inspires

By CHRIS ROBERTS
For the Camera

When Tink Wilson dances, it looks like he's transcending the world, according to fellow dancer Mark Bradley.

And Wilson would like to see the rest of America dancing, too.

"I think we're somewhat crippled in this society. People are sitting at home, sitting at a desk or sitting in their car. People grow up this way and it's difficult for them to move," Wilson said. "But most people want to move."

Klutz or gazelle, anyone is welcome at Wilson's dance classes. They usually attract about 100 people and will begin again this year the first Friday after Labor Day. Wilson said he teaches mostly European — east and west — and Near Eastern dances.

He says "literally thousands" of people have gone through his classes. "If you're in a crowd and you're having a good time, who cares (what you look like). You make (life) rich as you go along by having good times with each other."

Wilson gives hope to the terminally clumsy when he tells of how he was your "basic awkward teenager."

Bradley said, "One of the things I find outrageous about Tink is that he says, 'We are as angels when we dance.' It sounds a bit corny, but when you watch him you know what he's talking about. I would guess he's in his early '60s, but when he dances he looks like he's 25."

Wilson, who "will be 58 at the end of the month," came to Boulder in 1959 and has been teaching dance for 25 years.

The classes are held from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. at the Pegasee Barn on Sumac Avenue and cost $3. For those who learn the dances, there is a $2 session on Fridays during the same time of the year.

Camera staff photo by Vern Walker

DANCES FROM MANY COUNTRIES: Tink Wilson of Boulder has taught folkdancing to thousands of people.

These dancing sessions have provided times for people to get together and socialize without the single-minded pressures of the singles bar. Wilson says about two dozen couples who have met at the dance groups have eventually married.

Wilson said he has been the "center of Boulder folk dancing for years." He has traveled twice to Europe to film folk dances in Hungary and Romania. He studies the films and learns their moves which he then passes on in his classes.

He describes the many variations of folk dance — even within the Bulgarian sphere, his current favorite, which he said has seven or eight distinct regions — as an "inexhaustible trove."

"I am dancing stronger and better than I ever have in my life," he said. His only regret is that he has not been able to establish a folklore and dance center in Boulder. He said of one attempt he made, "It took us a year to get city and county approval for zoning. Then people began to be afraid of the overall costs."

He hasn't given up hope though, and still thinks that, someday, the center will be a reality.

Folk dance teacher gets people moving

MELBA SHEPHERD & ALEX WILSON

Alex Wilson

Architects Division

Born in 1929 in Syracuse, New York, Alex Wilson was the second child of four. The summer of 2004, in festive celebration of his 75th birthday, Alex was joined by his brother John from Michigan, his sister Christine from Florida, and many Colorado friends.

The determination and resiliency of Alex are evident as he relates his prep school and college experiences. In a society unaware of the existence of Attention Deficit Hyperactive Disorder, now commonly called ADHD, he knew that learning was difficult for him. Nonetheless, he made it through South Kent Preparatory School, where he "rode the bench" for two years in football and was a member of the rowing crew. He also made it through Syracuse University, gaining a Bachelor of Arts degree in history in 1953. While there, he joined and then abandoned fraternity life when he discovered the Outing Club, which featured canoeing, hiking, mountaineering, folk singing, and folk dancing. These activities became his model for a lifetime.

After two years of study at General Theological Seminary in New York City, Alex determined he had made a wrong choice and headed west to Colorado to "climb mountains." For two years, he lived in one of the shacks at Winter Park that had originally housed Moffett Tunnel construction workers. Heat came from a pot-bellied stove and light from a Coleman lantern. While in Winter Park, Alex traveled to Boulder weekly to engage in folk dancing and to arrange for climbing partners. His favorite climb was the north face of the Grand Teton. After breaking a leg skiing and spending six months in Denver recovering, he moved to Boulder permanently in August 1959.

Since then, he has supported his life-style activities through construction work. He worked on numerous buildings designed by Chuck Haertling, considered to be one of Boulder's best far-out architects. Having met Jofrid Sodal, a Norwegian-born Boulder County architect, through folk dancing, Alex learned of an opening in construction work in the Architects Division.

In late February 1988, he joined the construction crew involved in remodeling the then Jail into the Justice Center and the old Elks Building into the West Courthouse Annex. In August 1992, Alex was designated Carpenter I and assigned to do "work orders" throughout county buildings. A year later, he was advanced to Carpenter II. As the county moved towards modular office components, his work became less stud walls and cabinetry and more personalized Herman Miller work spaces.

Married from 1978 to 1981 to Naomi Katzir, a music teacher, folk dancer, and folk singer from a pioneering Israeli family, Alex has maintained their friendship. He speaks with her periodically on the telephone, knows her husband and their three children, and has visited them at their home on Lopez Island near Seattle.

For the past decade, Alex has been a part-timer, working on Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays. With much discretionary time, he keeps fit through aerobics and weight training, hosts a bi-weekly couples dance at the Pearl Street Studio, and is part of "A.D.D.," a three-man group that sings sea songs.

Alex has traveled to Europe four times. His trips to Hungary during the Easter seasons of 1982 and 1983 provided him opportunity to pursue his fascination with that country's folk dancing. After the first trip, he designed t-shirts from a magazine cover photo of four men engaged in a dance. On the second trip, he took a few of these t-shirts to give as gifts and, in the process, found that the men of the photo were friends from the first trip. The second trip also included an excursion to Transylvania, then under communist dictator Ceaucescu. Had the local police discovered Alex there, his peasant host could have been jailed for three years.

During a trip to Scotland, Alex visited the Applecross Peninsula, a wild and beautiful area in the Western Highlands. Upon his return to Colorado, he discovered that it was the seat of Ross, his own clan, and had been presented to the first Earl of Ross by Alexander III of Scotland in 1234. Alex understands now why his own name is a popular family name.

At various times Alex has traveled across country to participate in protest activities. In November 1999, he was among those in Seattle protesting the World Trade Organization.

In order to express his own strong opposition to the current war in Iraq, Alex attended seven rallies, including the half-million-person rally held in Washington, D.C. in 2002.

Alex Wilson
1055 Adams Cir.
Apt. 1420
Boulder, CO 80303

SEP. 10, 2011

TO: MGT., BREWING MKT:

SIRS: I have been visiting The BRewing MKT. Facility on Baseline for over a year, 2 ce a week, and have always enjoyed the experience. I consider it a pleasant and well run operation.

IT is for this reason That I cannot understand why The Men's urinal has remained unfixed for months. I hope you will remedy the situation soon.

Yrs Truly,
Alex Wilson

(Alex voiced his concern for life in many ways — from the march on WASHington to protest the WAR to the broken urinal at a favorite establishment in Boulder.)

rning, who holds hands | About 100 high school students joined the protest.

ction – and learning

Alex Wilson, 73, of Boulder, makes his feelings known during a protest Wednesday at the University of Colorado. Wilson, a semiretired carpenter, said he was there as a concerned citizen.

MARC PISCOTTY/ ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS

Houlbreque runs with.

At 57, she's older than most of her fellow protesters' parents.

But when the city government worker looked out her office window Wednesday morning and saw the youngsters protesting in Civic Center Park, she knew how she'd be spending her lunch hour.

"I just came out to support them," she said. "I had to do something.

"They're doing more than I am, more than most adults are doing. We should all be doing

marked absent.

"They were supposed to be learning *other* things at this time," Quist said.

Nine absences brings possible disciplinary action.

Some support invasion of Iraq

Not all protests Wednesday were in opposition to war.

More than a dozen students at Fairview High School rallied in favor of President Bush's Iraq policy.

rally to protest U.S. action against Iraq. Members of International ANSWER, which sponsored the protest, put the turnout at 500,000.

action and learning

Alex Wilson, 73, of Boulder, makes his feelings known during a protest Wednesday at the University of Colorado. Wilson, a semiretired carpenter, said he was there as a concerned citizen.

Houlbreque runs with.
At 57, she's older than most of her fellow
marked absent.
"They were supposed to be learning *other*

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

INVITES YOU TO A

CELEBRATION

of 45 years of

The

GOOD LIFE IN BOULDER

FRI-SUN

JULY 30-AUG 1, 2004

-- MAIN EVENT --

SAT. JULY 31ST, LIBRARY MALL, 4 -10 pm

UNDER THE BIG TENT

BANDS EVERY HOUR

(cajun, swing, contra, bluegrass, scandinavian, international)

SKITS, ENTERTAINMENT EVERY 20 MINUTES

Don't have to dance to have a good time

-- OTHER EVENTS --

FOLK DANCE REUNION - FRI, JULY 30, 7-10pm

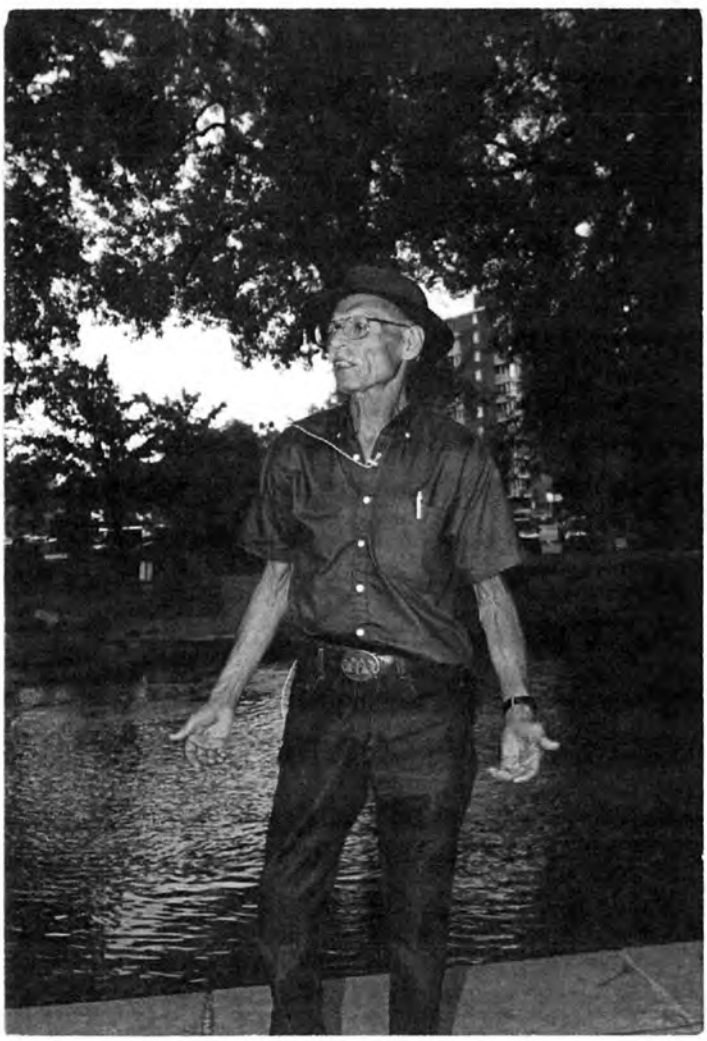
PEARL ST. STUDIO, 2126 Pearl St

Hungarian 'Tanchaz' - Sun. Aug 1, 6-10pm, (potluck)
Julie Lancaster's,1329 S.Vine, Denver, Jo Moka Band

Pickin' & Singing - Sun., Aug. 1, 9:30- 2pm, Chautauqua Lawn, (Brunch Potluck)

INF: Alex, (303) 447-8508; Melba, melba@qadas.com

Jan & Joyce Stenflo, Melba Shepherd, Christina Adams, Alma Laurel



Alex Reciting
A Story
At the 75th
Celebration

Dancing
At
the 75th
Celebration
2004

The 75th CELEBRATION WITH
PAMELA DAVID & PAT CARRUTH

DANCING WITH ALNA LAUREL

FAMILY — JOHN, ALEX, CHRISTINA

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

Alex (Tink) Wilson

I knew him as Tink, though he reverted to his given name, Alex, some years back. But even if he'd had a dozen aliases there could've only been the one very real and unique person; Tink was as genuine a person as I've ever known. He was a true anomaly, a real person in a world that tends to be ever so slightly phony. His purpose and take in and on life seemed to me to be spot on. He was truly in the moment, one person: himself. I recall some thirty years ago Jane and I traveling to Boulder for a Scandi workshop with Ingvar and Sally. At the recommended local restaurant we were having a great breakfast when Tink came in, sat a few tables over from us—I don't think he knew us and I barely knew who he was at the time. Something drew my attention to him. By that time he was eating what looked like three or four eggs, ham, rolls, coffee—pretty substantial (if he became vegetarian later, he wasn't then!). His back partially toward me, I continued to discreetly watch him, being impressed by something, some quality I cannot describe, then or now, but that left me a little awestruck but also with a nice quiet feeling. And though I don't consider myself an overly sensitive guy, it's something I've never forgotten. Later Tink and I would become good friends; for a time we maintained a tradition of doing Legenyes together at whatever folkdance event we both happened to be at. Another dance Tink liked a lot was Jaap's version of Lamba Lamba, which we also often danced together. In his prime he was one of the best practitioners of improvisational Hungarian dances that I've ever seen, particularly Mezosegi Csardas. I loved to watch him dance. Same for Scandi dances like Telespringar. Tink loved the challenge of harder dances and had a huge diverse repertoire. While he was passionate about doing each dance as authentically and with as much style and pizazz as he could bring to it, he could also be very self-effacing and never struck me as being remotely a member of the folk dance gestapo.

FROM

(OVER)

This last thought I'm not sure I can adequately express. I'll try; it sort of sums up my feelings about Tink. While Tink danced masterfully, I also felt that he danced as he lived, from the inside out and with an inner purpose. We all dance for a variety of reasons, to impress members of the opposite gender, to gain attention, to "be the best", to be social, to relax, to exercise. But beyond that, if you think of dance as a language, as a way of *saying* something to someone, then to "dance well" takes a different perspective and possibly takes on two different meanings. There are those who primarily try to perfect the *medium*, to do all the steps and figures perfectly, like the couple practicing in front of mirrors all day every day for six weeks prior to their debut on "Dancing with the Stars". And then there are those (very few in my estimation) dancers who focus not so much on *how* they say it, as on *what* it is exactly that they want to say. They focus primarily on the *message*. When the message thus transcends the words (or steps, or notes, or images) that deliver that message, I think it is magic, a game changer. I think Tink was of this latter type, in spades, especially with his Hungarian and Scandinavian dances. I cannot put into words exactly what it was he was trying to say, but it gave me goose bumps. It's probably in some wise what made me pay attention that morning in the restaurant. In any case, for me it is a quality that made Tink truly a great dancer and a unique and wonderful person.

Gary Diggs

Al '24 with Gary At "August Camp" in New Mexico 2001

MELBA SHEPHERD — MAY THE BALOONS GO UP!

FALL FOLKDANCE CLASSES

BULGARIAN PEASANT SCENE, ca. 1910

TAUGHT BY
TINK Wilson

MONDAYS - BEGINNING FOLKDANCING

STARTS SEPT. 12.; 7:30-10 p.m.; AT FIRST CHRISTIAN CHURCH (2 BLOCKS N. OF BASELINE ON 28th).

A NEW BEGINNER CLASS AND DANCE EVENING WILL START IN THE FALL. IF YOU HAVEN'T DANCED BEFORE YOU SHOULD FEEL RIGHT AT HOME BECAUSE WE ARE EXPECTING THE USUAL LARGE CROWD OF PEOPLE WITH MINIMAL EXPERIENCE BUT A BIG INTEREST IN HAVING FUN AND ENJOYING EACH OTHER'S COMPANY. WE'LL DO EASY DANCES FROM A WIDE VARIETY OF COUNTRIES. AND WE KEEP IT SIMPLE WITH FREQUENT RUN-THRU'S, SO THAT IT'S POSSIBLE TO HAVE FUN RIGHT FROM THE START. YOURE INVITED TO COME WITH OR WITHOUT A PARTNER; THIS HAS WORKED OUT SURPRISINGLY WELL IN THE PAST AS FAR AS HAVING EVEN NUMBERS FOR THE COUPLE DANCES - AND, WE DO AN EQUAL NUMBER OF LINE DANCES AS WELL. MANY PEOPLE FIND FOLKDANCING A GREAT WAY OF GETTING A MILDLY AEROBIC WORKOUT IN A NICE SOCIAL SETTING, AND YOU'LL BE SURPRISED TO FIND HOW QUICKLY YOUR DANCE SKILLS IMPROVE AND WHAT A WEALTH OF EXCITING MUSIC IS AVAILABLE FROM ALL THE COUNTRIES WE COVER, INCLUDING GREECE, ENGLAND, SCANDINAVIA, RUSSIA, TURKEY, THE CARIBBEAN, ISRAEL, THE BALKANS, AND OUR OWN U.S. of A! NO REGISTRATION JUST $2.50/SESSION AT THE DOOR.

PLEASE FEEL FREE TO CALL ME - TINK WILSON - AT 443-7858 IF YOU NEED ANY FURTHER INFORMATION.

WEDNESDAYS - BEG.-INTERMED. FOLKDANCING

-THE REPERTIORE OF THE WED. NIGHT FOLKDANCE GROUP.-

STARTS SEPT. 14; 7:00 - 8:15 p.m.; AT WASHINGTON SCHOOL (BROADWAY & CEDAR).

ONE OF BOULDER'S BEST-KEPT SECRETS, THE WEDNESDAY NIGHT FOLKDANCE HAS BEEN ESTABLISHED AND ATTRACTING LARGE NUMBERS OF PEOPLE FOR OVER TEN YEARS. BEGINNING SEPTEMBER 14th, THE FIRST PART OF THE EVENING, 7:00 to 8:15, WILL BE DEVOTED TO A BEGINNER CLASS OF A MORE FAST-PACED NATURE THAN MONDAYS, EMPHASIZING THE REPERTOIRE OF THE WEDNESDAY NIGHT DANCE GROUP. TEACHING OF AN INTERMEDIATE DANCE FOLLOWS, 8:15 - 8:45, AND THEN THE PROGRAM OF INTERMEDIATE DANCES UNTIL 10:30 p.m. FUN + GOOD TIMES IS STILL THE NAME OF THE GAME AND WE DO REVIEW THINGS FREQUENTLY. NO PARTNERS NECESSARY. $2.50 / session.

- SPONSORED BY THE BOULDER FOLKDANCE SOCIETY -

-- INTERMEDIATE FOLK DANCE CLASS--

LEARN The BEST OF BIFD'S* Friday Repertoire

DON'T Struggle Along Behind The Lines !

HIT THE GROUND DANCING !

on THURSDAY NIGHTS

(January 2 - April 24)

8 - 10 p.m.

At the SEPTEMBER SCHOOL church building

19th and Canyon, Boulder

with TINK WILSON

Dances to include: Ramot (ISR), Rio Tango, Viper Tango (USA), Kostadine Mili Sino (BUL), Floriçica Olteneasca (RUM), Kujawiak Weselny (POL), Šopsko Horo (BUL), Rørospols (NORW), Shoofni (ISR), Čekurjankino Horo (BUL), Bees of Maggieknockater (SCOT)

This is intermediate and better dancing, so it's best to have previous dance experience (beginning folk dance or other). A refund is available until after the second session. FURTHER INFO: Tink 447-8508.

17 Classes -- $50

Single Sessions -- $4

* Boulder International Folk Dancers

An Audio Tape is available. A Video is in the making.

HUNGARIAN
DANCE WORKSHOP
with
Zoltan Nagy + Katalin Juhász

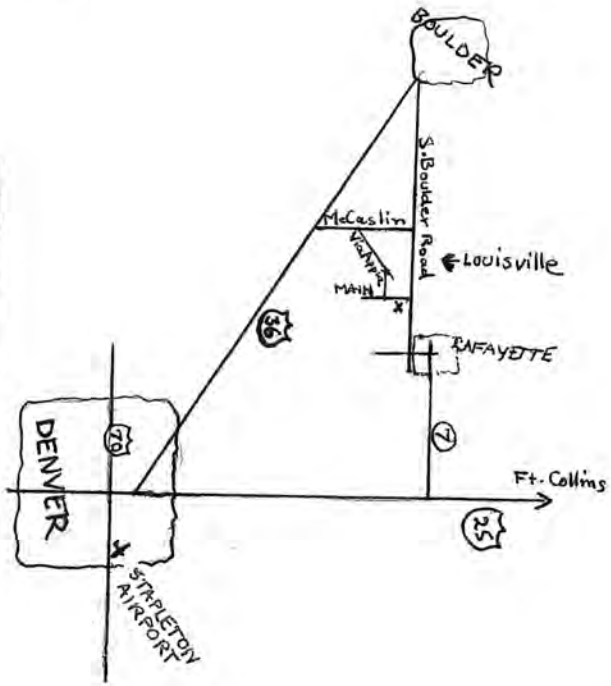
March 22-24
1991
Boulder, Colorado

All sessions except Sunday morning (TBA) will take place at Trinity Bible Church, 1340 Main Street Louisville (where 1st + 3rd Friday contra dances are held.)

FROM BOULDER: take S. Boulder Road to Main Street Louisville (stop light), turn RIGHT a few blocks to Griffith St. (across from Louisville Middle School).

FROM DENVER: Take Boulder Turnpike (U.36) NW to Superior/Louisville exit. North on McCaslin Blvd; Right on Via Appia; R on Lafayette; Left on Main one block to Griffith

FROM Fort Collins: come South on I25 to Route 7 (Lafayette turn off); Right on S. Boulder Road to Louisville; Left on Main Street to Griffith Street.



Zoli will soon be here with his partner "Kati", one of Hungary's best women dancers. Together they will teach two of the stirring dance cycles of Transylvania.

The **BONŢIDA CYCLE** was traditionally done by Romanian peasants of western Meszöség. It features a slow, elegant invirtita done to gorgeous music, and a fast part similar to Meszöségi Csardas. It is currently popular among young folkdancers in the culture houses of Hungary.

The **SZÉKELY CYCLE** is the dance of the Székeler Hungarians who traditionally guarded the passes of the Carpathian Mountains. Its lively forgatos has much in common with American Swing dancing, working rhythmically off counterbalance with a partner.

Zoli will also teach some points of the **KALOTSZEGI LEGÉNYES**, that non-pareil of men's solo dance, for those who already know the basic structure of the dance. And Kati will teach Hungarian **SONGS** and **CSUJOGATOS**, the rhymed, often spicy shouts that accompany Hungarian dance and spur the dancers on.

Dance teaching will be at an **intermediate to advanced** level. A background in couple dancing is assumed.

Since these are couple dances, an effort will be made to **balance the genders**. You don't need to bring a partner, but it will help to register early. If an imbalance exists after March 8, some registrations may not be accepted.

SCHEDULE

	Friday		Saturday
AM:			
9:30-11:30	Székely	9:30-11:30	Bonţida
11:30-12:30	Bonţida	11:30-12:30	Székely
PM:			
2:30- 3:30	Bonţida	2:30- 4:00	Bonţida
3:30- 5:00	Székely	4:00- 5:00	Székely
5:00- 5:30	Kalotaszegi Legényes	5:00- 5:30	Kalotaszegi Legényes
EVE:			
7:30- 8:15	Songs/shouts	7:30- 8:00	Songs/shouts
8:15-11:00	Tanchaz !	8:00-12:00	performance & international dance party

Sunday AM

9:30-11:30 Review
11:30-12:30 Filming

PARTIES: Friday party will be a Tanchaz - mainly Hungarian dancing with perhaps a few others throw in. It will feature a brief review of the dances taught that day, and the chance for workshop participants to dance with the teachers. Saturday party will be a dance performance and gala international dance party, including teaching by Zoli and Kati. You don't have to do Hungarian dance to come and have a good time.

FOOD, ACCOMODATIONS, TRANSPORTATION, CHILDCARE: We can put up out-of-towners, but you may have to sleep on the floor. Check after March 8 to see if you need to bring a sleeping bag. You're on your own for food. We can also pick up people from the Denver Airport or Boulder Bus Terminal, as well as coordinate in-town transportation for those with no car. Daytime childcare is available for a small fee. Contact Betty Butler (303) 444-2569 (eves or weekends).

COST:

***3-day package:* $50.** Includes Fri, Sat, and Sun sessions with free Fri and Sat Party tickets.

***2-day package:* $30.** Includes Sat and Sun sessions with free Sat party ticket.

***Party tickets:* $7** per evening for Friday Tanchaz or Saturday party. Available separately from workshop sessions.

REGISTRATION FORM (we need to receive this by March 8 in order to coordinate everything)
Questions: Tink Wilson (303) 447-8508 or Alna Laurel (303) 442-6865.

Name:_____ Phone:_____

Gender _____ Enclosed for 3-day package $_____ 2-day package $_____

Needs: Housing _____ (preferred roommates?) _____
Childcare _____ (number and ages) _____
Airport pick-up _____ (flight # and ETA) _____
Bus pick-up _____ (bus and ETA) _____
Transportation in town _____

Payment in full by March 8 will secure your place. Registration at the door is also acceptable. Make checks payable to Boulder Hungarian Workshop and mail to:

Tink Wilson, 2635 Mapleton #58, Boulder, CO 80304

Hungarian Dance Workshop with

ZOLTÁN NAGY

November 9+10, 1984

FRIDAY Dance Barn, 1360 Sumac Boulder	Session I (BIFD) 7:30 pm - 10:30 pm	Dunántúli workshop and open dancing
SATURDAY Eldorado Springs Dance Hall (see map)	Session II 10:00 am - 1:00 pm	Szatmári workshop
	Session III 2:30 pm - 5:30 pm	Szatmári workshop
	Party: FESTIVAL ON THE DANUBE 7:00 pm - ???	Open international dancing, potluck snacks

FEES: Each workshop session - $5.00. Party - $5.00.

Zoltán Nagy is a professional dancer and choreographer from Hungary. A student of Sándor Timár, Zoltán is currently dance instructor for the Téka and Kamaras Dance Clubs in Budapest.

Information: 303/449-9769 or 442-6351

FRIDAYS ARE HUNGARIAN!

— Mezöségi Class;
— Táncház with Zoli and Kati;
— Hungarian Dance Night —

ALL HAPPENING FRIDAY NIGHTS THIS FALL

MEZÖSÉGI CSÁRDÁS CLASS

Sept 28, Oct. 5&12

This favorite and most spectacular of the Transylvanian couple dances will be taught by Tink Wilson at **BALLET ARTS CENTER**, 816 Acoma, Denver, on three Friday evenings, **7:30-10:30** p.m. Cost is **$6.00** per session. Boots are fine but so are hard-soled street shoes: for women, shoes with a low heel (1½") will help in the turns.

★ TÁNCHÁZ with ZOLI & KATI ★

FRI. OCT. 19, 7:30-10:30 p.m.

at "**Space For Dance**," 3204-B Walnut (1½ blocks E. of Crossroads Mall) in Boulder. This Hungarian Dance Party is being held in connection with the Hungarian Dance Workshop with Zoltán Nagy and Katalin Juhász, two of Hungary's finest young folkdancers and teachers, Oct. 19-21 (see separate flier for complete details). Workshop participants each get a dance with Zoli or Kati! **$6.00**

(**Also** – **Don't Miss** the dance **Performance** and gala International dance **party** the following night, **Sat. Oct. 20th**, 7-11 p.m., **First Congregational Church**, Pine and Broadway, Boulder.)

WEEKLY HUNGARIAN DANCE NIGHT

FRIDAYS Oct 26 thru Dec. 14

A chance to retain what we've learned with review and practice and just dancing with like-minded friends. **BALLET ARTS CENTER**, 816 Acoma, Denver **7:30-10:30**

A donation will be asked to cover the rent, probably about $3.00

FOF MORE INFORMATION CALL TINK WILSON 447 8508 OR JULIE NORMAND 777-5678

EGÉSZSÉGÉRE!

Summer Folkdancing

in front of the Library

Friday Evenings

between Memorial Day and Labor Day

8:00 ~ 10:30 P.M.

DANCING FOR ALL LEVELS ~ No Partner needed

Everyone invited ~ Admission **FREE**

Led by Tink Wilson and Boulder International Folkdancers

HUNGARIAN DANCE CLASS

with Tink Wilson

FRIDAYS FEBRUARY 8, 15, 22, & MARCH 1

7:30 - 10:30

AT BALLET ARTS CENTER 816 Acoma, Denver

$6.00/session

- February 8: Review of Mésosegi class taught by Tink last fall.
- February 15 & 22 : Basics of Székely dance
  March 1 : cycle, reviewing material presented by Zoltan Nagy last year, in preparation for his upcoming workshop March 22-2

Boots are fine, but so are hard-soled street shoes. For women, shoes with a low heel (1½") will help in turns.

It is not necessary to bring a partner.

Questions? Contact Tink
447-8508

MEZÖSÉGI CSÁRDÁS

SUNDAY AFTERNOON HUNGARIAN DANCE WORKSHOP

MAR. 5
MAR. 12
MAR. 19

BASICS OF THAT NON-PAREIL OF DANCES, THE HUNGARIAN MEZÖSÉGI CSÁRDÁS! TEACHING WHAT YOU NEED TO KNOW TO GET STARTED: COUPLE FIGURES AS WELL AS BASIC MEN'S BOOT-SLAPPING PATTERNS. NOT NECESSARY TO BRING A PARTNER,-BUT DO TALK IT UP WITH YOUR FRIENDS.

PEGASEE DANCE BARN 1360 SUMAC
3:00 P.M. TO 6:00 P.M. $5.00/SESSION

[NOTE: ZOLTAN NAGY (OUR OWN "ZOLI") WILL RETURN TO BOULDER MAR. 30-APR. 1, FOR A WORKSHOP IN HUNGARIAN DANCING. THE FRIDAY EVENING SESSION WILL BE DEVOTED TO MEZÖSÉG. BE PREPARED! AND OF COURSE THERE WILL BE ANOTHER GREAT DANCE PARTY!]

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

Part III

We Remember

- My Special Memory of Tink 79
- "When we wowed 'em in Albuquerque" 82
- Testimonies of: 83 – 173

  Singing and A.D.D.

  Climbing and Skiing

  Dance Camp

  Classes Wednesday Night
  Friday Night
- Dancing Any Time

"We will miss his presence,
but he will always be in our hearts."

Tink

Remembering Tink is like living again fifty years of my life, the discovery of International Folk Dancing and the joy it would give me the rest of my life.

When he taught, he was precise but relaxed with us, patiently accepting of feet going the wrong way, bodies bumping, and confused looks on faces. How delighted we all were as we gained confidence, growing into moving gracefully through the dances together side by side.

As Arden and I started our life together, we danced. We would dance away hot August days at the Greek picnics, dance evenings in the park or on the UMC terrace under the full moon. Or in the drizzle of rain. Even one cold Christmas night we were all there dancing. It was Tink's leadership and enthusiasm that made all this happen.

On our country acre we would feast, dance by the fire. Tink played the records and tapes. Yes, those colored lights were gently strung along the barn and through the weeping willow tree.

For a year, Tink lived with us and our family. This gave him time and finances to work on his dream of a folk arts center. Daughter, Dina, as a toddler, would lie at the top step of the basement where he stayed and call him to play with her: "Teeennnkkk."
He would build snowmen with our older son, and teach him guitar. And gently hold the baby.

He saw our kids grow up. He saw Arden and me grow up. We shared in much of that life.

The dancers would rent a mountain lodge. With Tink we would ski all day, feast in the evening, dance. And then sing and play guitar most of the night.

It was many times that we and our close friends would take to the mountains for skiing or hiking, or to someone's house for parties. Our full moon ski tours, singing all the moon songs we could think of. The Strauss balls, decked out in our finest. Tink would always be there. We enjoyed the tradition of breakfast on Flagstaff Mountain, just the gang of us being a little crazy together. It wasn't unusual to gather for pot lucks at someone's home, each bringing a short reading to share. Tink, now Alex, would speak a memorized piece or take up his guitar and harmonica to play an old song, or new original one. Bringing tears to my eyes was my favorite, "Christmas in the Trenches".

Although Tink didn't especially want to choose me, of all the beautiful attractive single ladies, to dance with, we enjoyed dancing the line dances and mixers. Best were our long talks on the phone about anything from kids to politics to life in general.

The last time we were with him, we left him off at Golden West. He struggled out of the back seat as I held the door open for him. I didn't hug him good-bye. I could have, but

of course I would see him again, and there were always lots of hello and good-bye hugs. Off he went. I didn't know that was the last time I would see him.

I miss his aura of goodness, intelligence, honesty, and telling-it-like-it-is. His seriousness and care about the world was strong. His eagerness for everyone to be enjoying life was infectious.

Arden and I will miss his friendship. His gift of dancing has remained, and will last as long as we last. There will be no one like Tink.

Betsy Buck
June 15, 2012

ALEX & BETSY BUCK CHRISTMAS 1983
DINNER AT MELBA'S WITH ROAST
SUCKLING PIG

Betsy and I knew Alex for almost 50 years, as a hiker, skier, folk dancer, balladeer, and friend. He has been part of our lives for all this time. For a year or two, he lived with us.

He was always a straight shooter, dependable, and honest. He walked his talk. He was knowledgeable about world affairs and engaged in progressive concerns such as human rights and environmental issues. He was also an avid reader of history - I remember especially his delving into the life of Alexander the great.

One of my favorite memories was an advanced dancing class he taught - it was challenging and great fun to do.

Another memory: a backpacking trip in Canyonlands, with another folk dancer (Ralph Rogers) our 5 year old son, and a friend visiting from Korea.

Alex lived fully, throwing himself into things 100%. At one point he moved to L.A. to learn about the West Coast dance scene. He was a fearless skier: on a slope that the rest of us would negotiate cautiously, Alex would point his skis and shoot straight down!

Alex enriched our lives, and he leaves us with many good memories.

This is a page from my memory book on retirement in 1986 – Mabe

Do you remember?

-When we WOWED 'em in Albuquerque? ... with our Telespringar, no less? We were visiting hot shots, and none of the sour-pusses back home knew what we were pulling off! But we did it with élan, didn't we
-And lots of chuckles together

-All those sunday breakfasts when we discoursed on the state of the world, ourselves and our friends?

My happiness-wish to you is
music, dance, love, friendship and fulfillment.

From
your always dear friend,
— TINK

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

A major goal in Alex's life was to create good times for his friends. One story that he wanted to be told here was:

Tink had planned a dance party at Eben Fine Park. Someone had a lot of fish, and they were to cook the fish and dance on the grass. But a big snow fell that day. Never mind, the party went on with a fish fry and a rousing game of Fox and Geese in the snow. A memorable good time for all!!

A favorite winter evening, for Alex, was a potluck and read aloud in front of the fire. Friends read everything from Winnie the Pooh to Brutus's speech about Caesar. Tink always brought something special, often a piece he had memorized, either funny or thought provoking. Whatever he did, he did with élan!

We must mention his delight in giving. Most unique were the T-shirts he designed, sent to dance teachers and friends in the Balkan countries and gave generously to us at home.

Alex was in his glory when he was entertaining. Early on it was taking a novice folk dance teacher climbing up the 3rd Flatiron or teaching a dance to and someone who thought they had "two left feet." When dancing became difficult because of Parkinson's, Alex engaged more in singing and created A DD, Alex and the two Daves, Merrit and Shaw. They sang the Sea Songs he loved. He liked to bellow out and smile big when he had a solo.

As his voice began to fail, Alex returned to his harmonicas and played "the old songs" on the Special Transit bus to the grocery store. He told me, proudly, that he had performed in three events in the Golden West talent show about a month before he left us. He recited words to the song, "Let the Band Play Dixie", he sang with the Golden West trio, and backed-up John's guitar solo on the harmonica.

His passing leaves a hole in the lives of the Gang of Twelve of us who have celebrated birthdays and holidays together for the past forty years. Some of us are wearing his T-shirts today.

FROM: MELBA SHEPARD, Boulder, Colorado

Peggy Wren Melba Shepherd, Alex, George Johnson
At Peggy & George's Wedding

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

I've known Alex as long as I've been in Boulder. I arrived in 1972, and put up with my girl friend in a third floor apartment on Pine Street between Broadway and Ninth for $140 per month. We didn't know anybody in town. I was an avid beginning guitar player. Somewhere, I picked up a flyer announcing a bluegrass jamboree in some town named Dillon. We had nothing to do that weekend, and were looking for somefun. We looked up Dillon on the map, loaded up my guitar and a few six packs and drove my old Volvo up there. The jamboree was about five pickers and their girl friends at a picnic table, orchestrated by Alex, laced with a few more six packs, and featuring Roger Hudiberg, a great Boulder picker. We met Alex there, which started our forty year friendship.

Over the years, we kept up with Alex. He made bluegrass tape compilations, and gave them away at cost. I still have a lot of them: they've gotten me all the way across I80 and back many times.

When my wife and I got married in 1985, we wondered what we should do to celebrate at our wedding. There was only one choice: ask Alex to get everybody dancing. Typically, he agreed enthusiastically. After the ceremony, out on the big concrete patio, he got everybody dancing to a semi-complicated Greek folk dance step. People old enough to remember the theme music to the movie Never on Sunday will remember the tune. Everybody had a great time.

We then left on our honeymoon in Greece. We visited several islands, including Rhodes. A major feature of the old walled city of Rhodes is the castle Suleman the Magnificent built to commemorate his victory over Rhodes after a twenty-three year siege. The castle is up on the highest hill overlooking the seaport out the back. In front of the castle, there's a wide esplanade down the gentle slope with shops on both sides leading to the downtown area.

One nice afternoon, my wife and I were walking down the esplanade enjoying the sunshine after your basic Greek lunch and a few glasses of wine. Out of one of the side food shops came the tune Alex had just taught us to dance to. Dizzy with love and sunshine and wine and blue skies, we grabbed each other and did our best to do the dance for a few moments down the esplanade. The food shop proprietor and his wife started clapping, and beckoned us over. When they heard we were newlyweds and had learned that dance at our wedding ceremony a few days ago, they insisted that we accept their gift of a free meal.

I didn't tell Alex about this until a few weeks ago, just before he died. I'm glad I got to tell Alex this story: It's Alex all the way. RIP Alex. You made everyone's life more joyous.

George Johnson

FROM

Alex at Open Mike at the Rock & Soul Café
with his group "A.D.D." (Alex, Dave and Dave)

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

SEVERAL YEARS AGO ALEX CALLED ME AND SAID "HEY. - I'M PUTTING TOGETHER A SMALL SINGING GROUP. DO YOU WANT TO SING?" I ASKED HIM WHAT KIND OF MUSIC HE HAD IN MIND AND HE SAID "HOLD ON". A MOMENT LATER "ROLLIN DOWN TO RIO" BY TOM LEWIS CAME OVER THE PHONE. WHEN IT FINISHED HE CAME BACK ON AND SAID "WHADDYA THINK". I SAID "I'M IN". THAT WAS THE BEGINNING OF ADD.

FROM

DAVE SHAW

Alex with Huntley & Jotun

The Grand Tetons

And with Leyton Kor?

Kor was undeterred. He attempted to persuade a local rock climber named Tink Wilson into going back with him. Tink recalls that "some hunch told me not to go." Next, Kor approached Huntley Ingalls. Huntley, lacking Tink Wilson's instinct for self preservation, agreed. He recalls, "I'll never forget it. While we were walking up to the cliff there was a stone fall and rocks came cascading down the face. Kor turned round and said very provokingly, 'Don't pay any attention to that. That don't mean anything.' It was just crazy to climb the thing."

Tink & Leyton Kor, Top of Nez Perce (Via N. face). Tetons.

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Climbing the Crestones, September 1960

John Jones, May, 2012

On the Sunday of Labor Day weekend, September, 1960, Alex (Tink) Wilson, Huntley Ingalls, and I set out to climb Crestone Needle, Crestone Peak, and the Black Gendarme on the ridge between the two peaks. It was a warm sunny day, and all went well as we climbed the west side of Crestone Needle. We traversed the ridge toward Crestone Peak, and Alex led a technical climb up the Black Gendarme. Then we went on to the Summit of Crestone Peak, arriving late in the day.

We sat on the summit admiring the view of the sand dunes to the south as the sun went down , and then decided that maybe it was time to start thinking about our descent. Alex had a copy of Orme's Guide and, following what we thought it said, we started down the "red couloir" that it described. Apparently there was more than one red couloir, and we chose the wrong one.

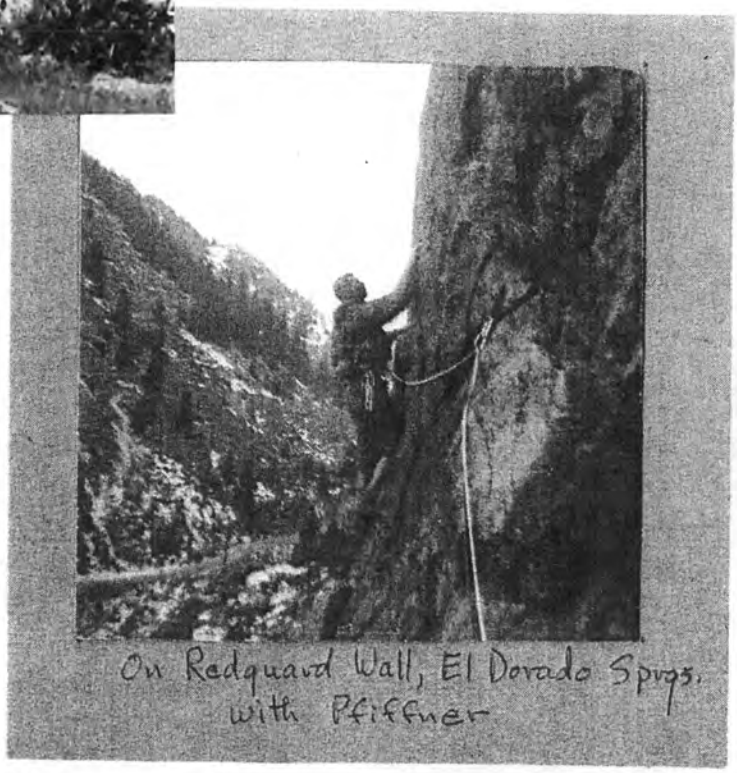
As darkness fell we continued down the increasingly steep couloir, eventually doing free rappels over ledges in the dark. During the final rappel our ropes got caught in a rock crevice and we couldn't pull them free. Not wanting to try climbing back up the rope, and not wanting to continue down the steep snow-filled couloir in the dark, we spent the night on a ledge just big enough for us to sit like three people on a toboggan.

Fortunately for us the weather remained good, and the next morning we started down from the ledge. Tying our sling ropes together we made a long enough line to belay Alex, who had improvised an ice axe by tying a large piton to a piton hammer. He led the descent and crossing of the snowfield , his improvised ice axe holding together just long enough to get him to solid rock.

As we walked down the talus slope to our campsite, we couldn't help thinking about what would have happened if the weather had turned bad during the night. Later we learned that we weren't the first climbers to misinterpret Orme's Guide and go down that wrong "red couloir", and that others before us had suffered more than we did.

We all agreed that if there was one lesson to take home with us, it was: Don't sit on the top of a mountain and watch the sun go down.

The pictures included with this narrative were all taken by Huntley Ingalls.



On Redguard Wall, El Dorado Spgs, with Pfiffner

Cris Adams

From: cecelialindberg@gmavt.net
Sent: Thursday, May 31, 2012 4:19 PM
To: Cris Adams
Subject: Re: Alex (Tink) Wilson

Dear Cris:

Oh, I remember it well. July 28, 1958, Tink and my mutual birthday, but that year my 21st! He called a day or two earlier and suggested we celebrate by attending a Broadway show and at that time the top billed one was 'My Fair Lady.' We knew that tickets were not available and agreed to meet at the theater early on the morning of the 28th. There was quite an assemblage of people waiting for 'standing room' only passes. We finally got two passes and each went our separate way (mostly to catch up on lost sleep). That evening I met Tink at the theater and we moved right in and stood up at the back along the brass rail. We expected the curtain to go up on the show, but instead the orchestra did not begin to play the overture and a gentleman came out from behind the main curtain to make an announcement. Alas, he announced that Rex Harrison would not be in that evening's production because on that day he has married Kay Kendall.
Well, the play went on, it was absolutely wonderful and I left feeling as if I 'could have danced all night.' Thank you Tink!

With great affection and thanks for the memories,Ce-ce L.

> Thought you might like to know that Tink died on May 13th. There is a
> memorial service in Boulder on June 14th, and I will be flying out for
> that.
> His ashes will be interred at Oakwood Cemetery in Syracuse right after
> July 4th - not sure the exact date.
>
>
>
> When we were together this spring, you reminded me of the birthday
> that you shared with Tink and of the year that you were both in NYC
> and met to go to the theater on your birthday. I'd love to have you
> tell me the details again. I may use it when I speak at the memorial.
>
>
>
> Hope you are doing well and I'll look forward to hearing from you.
>
>
>
> Fondly,
>
>
>
> Cris
>
>
>
>

'GREEK PICNIC', COAL CREEK CANYON JUNE 1968

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

- A blur of Wednesday night folkdance evenings he produced at Columbine Elementary in Boulder... the excitement of learning so many new dances and meeting people... Tink being excited to teach a Bulgarian dance that was new to him... enjoying Tink as a dance partner.
- Falling in love with the táncház style of Hungarian dancing at approximately the same time Tink did. We loved to practice and polish this dance style and eventually became teaching partners in the style.
- Taking the bus to Boulder from Denver (where I lived and still live) one very snowy night. He picked me up at the bus station and took me to a memorable singing party where all kinds of people I didn't know - but who were to become good friends - were. Camping out that night on the living room floor at Tink's place.
- Hanging out with Tink at Hungarian camps in Mendocino, early 1980s. He was telling me of his experiences dancing with the different women in the room; some were nice to him and some snobby!
- Driving down to Albuquerque together, where the folk dance group presented Tink and me as the teachers for the weekend. So fun! Later, he was part of a group of us who drove down for a Hungarian dance workshop in Albuquerque with Sándor Román (from Hungary). We sang in the car most of the way, not necessarily to the pleasure of our ride-mates.
- The many and wonderful events he created! Wonderful parties with themes like "A Festival on the Danube"! An Irish singing party at my house. His wonderful folklore show. All with publicity prepared in his inimitable style! Many with a spot for my chorus, Planna, to perform, or even me as a solo singer.
- His sharing with me pictures and his journal musings after his trips to Transylvania, and giving me a beautiful embroidered scarf from Szek.
- His explaining, after his trip to Ireland, that he had decided to be "Alex" from then on. (I remember this earnest conversation in the middle of a party at my house.)
- His guest appearance with Planna in 1988. (We were a women's choir at the time but invited male guests for that one time.) And dancing together in Narodno (dance performance groups).
- Tink was at Planna's first performance in 1987 and was there this Jan. at our most recent big concert. With tears in his eyes he expressed his appreciation for our music. With tears in my eyes, I try to explain and express my appreciation for him!

FROM

Julie Lancaster

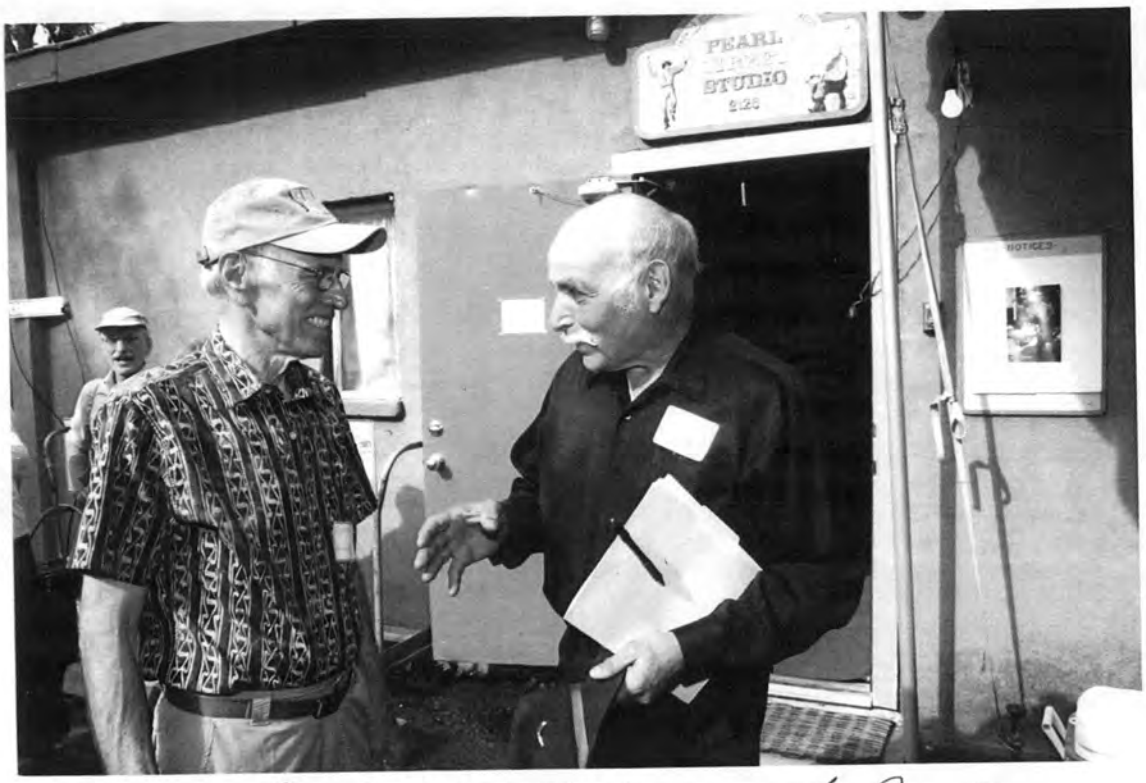
Teri Rasmusson & Stan Wilkes

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

On A visit TO Alex (Tink) wilson's house on Mapleton I was in For some Fun. I was Planning a trip TO wyoming schools. Part of my Program included some Greek Dancing, Alex knew all about it so he invited me over. when I arrived he was dressed in his dancing outfit. He put on some music. We danced inside, on the Porch, down the steps and out into the yard. I had plenty of dance to talke with me that day.
Another visit he brought his display of the Plans with chris. We had a dance hall to our house. He ran by some cute little dance with my Limberjacks and toy dolls inside and on the dance hall display. We stored it for awhile at our house.

FROM

Teri Rasmusson



INGVAR SODAL WITH JOE MILLER, THE PEARL STREET DANCE STUDIO CELEBRATION JUNE 15, 2012

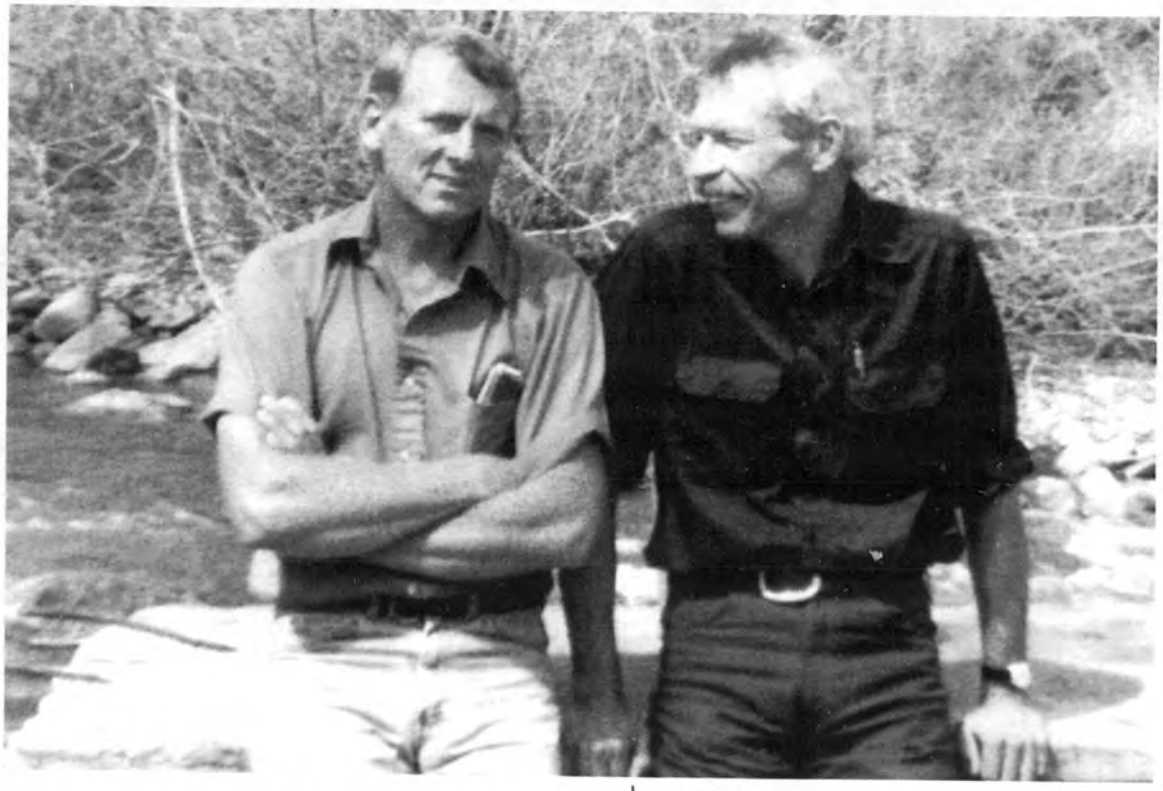
YAHOO! MAIL Classic

Re: Tink's memorial Tuesday, June 12, 2012 8:09 PM

From: "joe miller" <drjoe1947@sbcglobal.net>
To: "Jim & Carole Allen-Morley" <jim.carole.allenmorley@gmail.com>

Dear Jim, It,s Tues night , I just got back from 2 days of working in 95 degree heat, and i.m rushing to get everything done for my 10 am flight tomorrow. I just read and printed up your letter to Tinks brother. He should be very proud to read it. I,m very proud to read it! I couldn't have said it any better myself. I owe alot to Tink for the direction in dance that I took. I am indeed fortunate to have called him my friend and mentor. Along with Morowski, He taught me what it was all about opening yourself and your feelings when you dance, weather it was on stage performing to thousands or in the Allen house on Pleasant st. at an afterparty with a bunch of inebriated folkdancers. I owe Tink a debt of gratitude that can never be repaid. Your greiving friend , Joe Miller

> Joe,
>
> I hear through the grapevine you are going to Tink's memorial. Fantastic, I wish I could be there.
>
> I am attaching a file with my comments and since you are going to be there early on could you please print this and pass it on to Alex's Brother.
>
> Also, I would like to contribute something to the party - and the only thing I could think of first Senzo wine - we can't get that any more
>
> So a bottle of Ouzo - Metaxa.
>
> I will give you a call to get your details so I can transfer some money for my contribution.
>
> I will call you in abit.
>
> Jim



Sonny Newman & Tink

Alex, beer in hand, dancing with Gary Rottman

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

I often wonder why some people a special to you from the very beginning, bat with Tink that was evident from the beginning. Alex (Tink) taught me my first dance that I actually learned and remembered at an after party in Ralph Rogers back yard - Semeta Soulene (questionable spelling) and from that night I always loved Greek Dances. From that time on I respected Alex in a way that is hard to pat into words. I think my respect for Alex comes from his straight forward way of taking on life and as part of that the joy of folk dancing. The joy and exhiliration of dancing a Syrtos, Hasopikos or Tsamiko with Tink leading and I as his support then switching and he as my support was a moment that I will remember always. Alex did more than encourage he exhorted me to jump higher, slap harder putting my whole self into my dancing.

The picture above is how I will remember Alex with Gus an Matoula (hiding off to the right) playing their Greek Music Alex with his beer in hand with the music coursing through, around him and absorbing him and the freedom of the mountains.

Every time I would meet Alex over the years has been special and I was incredibly lucky to have met Him.

Wish I could be there. Raise a glass for me Opas, Yamas.

FROM

Jim Allen-Morley
Boulder, Fort Collins, Seattle, UK
Jim.Allenmorley@gmail.com

IN MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

In my earliest memories of Boulder I met you through Sonny Newman's folk ballets. You were one of the strong dancers that invigorated the front of the line.

Later, you were with us at every Scandinavian performance, whirling and twirling with the best.

The dance group was a big part of my life and you were always there keeping dancing alive — leading or supporting, carting records and tapes and a great dance program to every Friday night dance. Your name is synonymous with Boulder folkdancing.

How I will miss you . . . . I will, we will, all of us will miss the spirit that you so generously imparted to our community of friends.

FROM

Judy Murray Pearson

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

My first memory of Alex was, I believe, in 1959 when both of us were relative newcomers to Boulder. He was connected with musicians and hikers groups to which I have belonged for many years. I think he attended some steak fries on Flagstaff Mountain sponsored by the Department of Mountain Recreation at CU (I was a hiking guide and song leader there for 8 years). We attended the same parties and jams, and I distinctly remember the song he wrote of the 1960 Long's Peak tragedy, in which 2 of 4 climbers lost their lives. They were all friends of Alex, and had attempted climbing the mountain on a warm April day, when they were hit by a sudden snowstorm.

At the last (or one of the last) party I hosted at my current home, he introduced the song "Zen Gospel Singing", which I had never heard before.

Alex was special, and a unique individual whom I will never forget.

FROM

Dave "Woody" Wood

Age 74

Alex's Trailer Home, Mapleton Park, Boulder

New wheels ('93 Corolla)

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Oh dear Alex,

i Miss you. There's a part of me that has always thought you'd just come home one day. When you'd decided to move to your new Apartment, i remember sitting in your home next door to me, going through paper by paper, picture by picture, item by item. Every once in a while you'd get frustrated, grumble, grab it all + dump it into the trash. 10 minutes later we'd fish it all out of the trash + begin again. Gazing at the pile of papers, pictures + items, you'd say "but this is my life" and then say something like "i can't get rid of it all."

i truly appreciate how gracious, trustworthy, kind, gentle + your communication + care you were.

For some reason i will always remember a very small moment: one day you came over to let me know that I'd left my trunk open + that it had been open for a long time. i don't know why but your gesture touched ~~to~~ my heart.

i remember a sweet picnic you made me on your porch, everything just so... placed in front of me. And the time we went to Dots. And the times i drove you to ROCK 'n SOUL to perform — how proud + impressed i was with your ability + memorize crazy long poems + get up + perform them too! And the time your singing group came over + put on a special show for a few of us special guests in the hood. And once you were in your Apt, how you'd walk ALL THE WAY (!) from the Apt to the hood to visit us — we were all FROM impressed! And how you proudly took my hand at the Avalon, wanting to be the one to track me the dance moves ☺

i understand ~~and~~ your decision to leave your body + this plane. It's so like you to have your ~~own ideas + independence~~ — to do it your way — on your own terms.

I'm so glad to hear you say "It's been a good life". I'm sure you are dancing + ~~dancing, singing + singing~~, wherever you are!!! We'll miss you. Thank you and

Lots of Love, Juliette

Alex with Jane Shepherd & Tea Cozy hats 1981

Dear Alex,

Thank you so much for your help with the film. It really did help us to move forward.

Next I'm thinking of making a movie about a man that decides hes the Pope, because he wears a tea-cozy on his head. Where in the world will I find an actor for that?!

Love,
Jane.

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

To: Otto, Ingvar, Sally, Melba
From: Jane

Hey Y'all,

I just wanted to say thank you to 'the committee' for deciding that I should have Alex's mandolin. I am very touched.

He was so much part of the basic landscape that I grew up with, I didn't even stop to contemplate what that landscape is until he got sick. Throughout my life in the shallow land of 'show biz', in L.A. & New York City, I feel l like I've had these wonderful values that I learned from the folk dance community. Valuing and creating community, making time for people, for helping, & for joy and, as Alex would say, making good times. These were values that grounded me in hard times and gave me something to aim for in terms of the person I wanted to be. And it taught me how to share those skills with others, to bring people together, how to make good times even out of hard work. And to stand together in transition, whether it is the happy work of building a dance space, or this ritual now of saying goodbye to one who was so much a part this community.

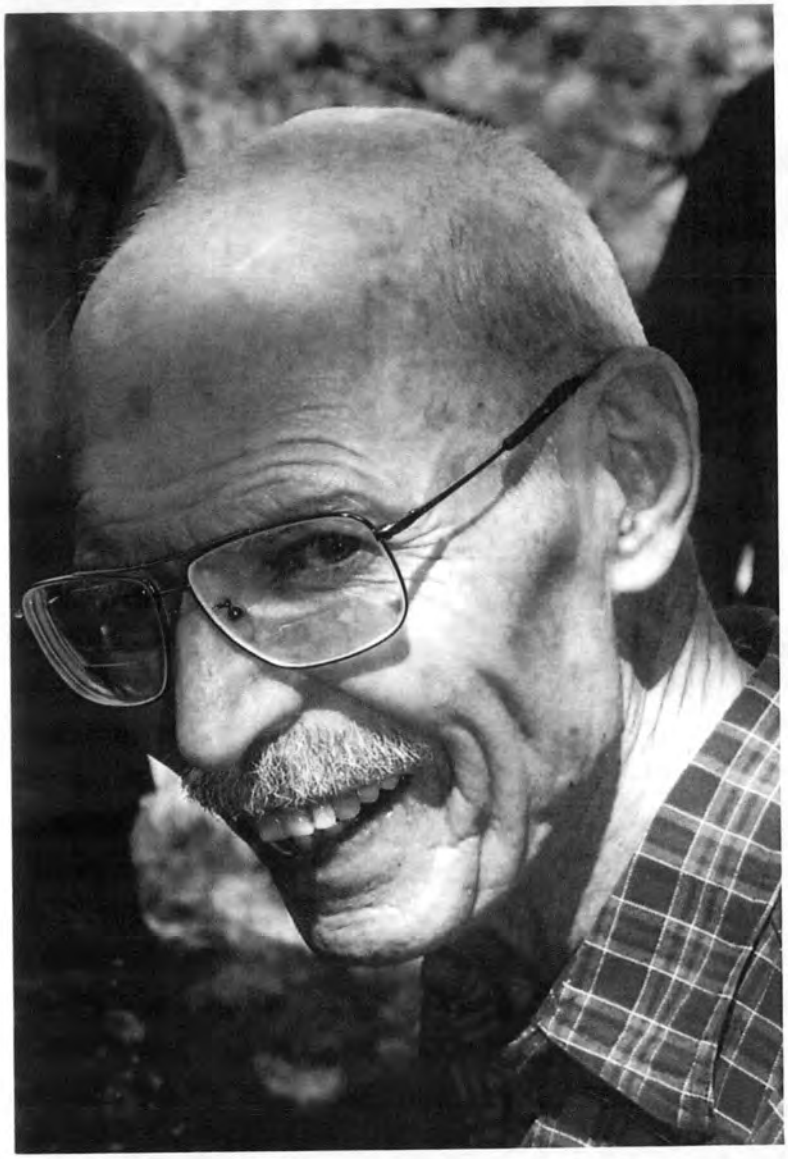
So thank you for giving me something to remember Alex by. In him I lose a Life Uncle, if not a family uncle. And I am honored to get to carry on a little bit of Alex in the occasions I have to bring people together around music. Many years from now when that mandolin is old & scratched & seasoned, I hope it will have borne witness to years & years of good times. If so, then I'll have done right by him.

I am grateful for Alex, and for all of you, not just for the mandolin, but for a fundamental sense of what matters in life. Not by lessons taught in words, but demonstrated in the way lives are lived. I know that Silje would agree with me that we were the lucky children of such an extended family. I mourn Alex's loss, but the real legacy I inherit is those life values. And thank God I have a few more Uncles & Aunts to keep instilling them, should I lose my way!

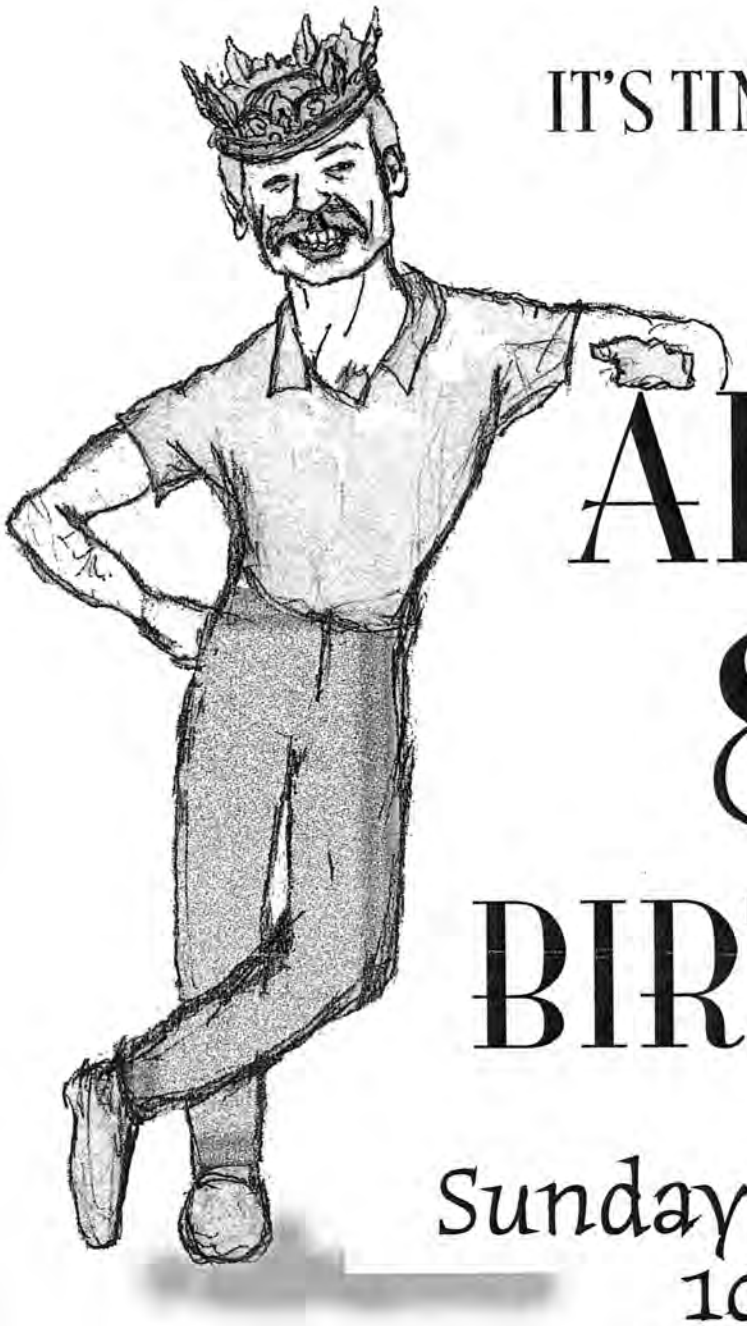
Love,
Jane

FROM

Jane Shepard



Alex at his 80th



IT'S TIME TO CELEBRATE

ALEX'S 80th BIRTHDAY!

Sunday, August 2nd
10am - 1pm

Potluck Brunch! *at the* Flagstaff Half-Way House

(The stone shelter across the road from the Flagstaff House Restaurant.}

EATIN' & SANGIN'

Parking is limited, carpool if you can!

Contributions welcome for the charge of the facility.

RSVP

Melshep@aol.com

Jane Shepard production -

Sonny Newman and Alex shared life as good friends. Here are some reminiscences on Alex's friendship.

I met many of his girlfriends, and every one of them loved him and none of them held it against him when it was time to part. They all knew that he was a late bloomer and needed to catch up on all that he had missed.

I went to his 75th birthday celebration a few years ago. The town turned out in great numbers. They even donated the use of the park to him for the grand picnic. The music played continuously and someone was always dancing. His friends came from far and wide to celebrate his coming of age. He married once to help a friend keep from being deported. She and her new husband were at the party as well as many old girlfriends who all enjoyed each other and had many stories to tell of their time with him. Perhaps there were others who did not love him but no one missed them and everyone who was there, male and female, were there out of friendship for this man who had spent much of his adult life growing up in their midst.

NANCY ALEX SONNY

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

Tink and I drove together one year to August Folkdance camp in New Mexico. We took a scenic route through central Colorado on the way back. We spotted a tiny old cemetery far away from any development, and stopped to take a look. To me the place seemed a little forlorn—a beat-up fence surrounding mostly untended graves, a few with a hand full of artificial flowers. Some of the markers were hand made from cement. But Tink wasn't looking down. He was looking up and around, at the hills and countryside and off at the continental divide. He said it looked like a nice place to be.

From

Bob Cooper

Bill & Crystal Atkinson playing for Alex and Melba to sing at Melba's retirement

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Crystal and I wonder how we first met Alex, and when. Was it 1960 or '61? Maybe Wendell and Harriett Harris brought him to a music party at our house. They were interested in music and dancing and we knew them from days back in Oklahoma. Paul and Alex often came to our place together. From these long ago days they often sang "he's going back" and "tramp on the street", if my memory is correct. In more recent times I liked his "I've been everywhere man," "railroading on the great divide," and "my name is Morgan but it's not JP."

Once, Alex showed up unexpectedly in Gold Hill. We were up on our roof, putting on new shingles, and of course he came up and pitched in with his skills.

It was fun playing with him. I remember Melba's retirement party in Estes Park, the Arvada Performance Center, a sea chantey show, playing at his mobile home, at Roger and Peggy's house, and at the October Fests near Steamboat, Frazier, and Allenspark. We often rode together to Steamboat.

I would have valued his analysis of the recent occupy movement and I guess if health permitted he might have joined. Several times I offered to bring him to Gold Hill, a place he enjoyed when his health was better, but he didn't seem interested any more. I knew we could not have lasted through all night singing parties like we did when we were young.

At our house he met Ulna(sp?) with whom he became a close friend. She recited a long story of a magical stone, maybe the philosopher's stone. He added this to his repertoire. I really enjoyed his recitations of Silver Jack and the religious debate, of the horse riding and roping bear, and of one whaler's desire for Christian civility from a captain who swore creatively on the "right hind leg of the Lamb of God." For success as a harpooner the captain offered the narrator a Havana cigar and a fine bottle of Jamaican rum. The harpooner declined and hoped instead for Christian civility from the swearing captain, saying "a damn little Christian civility" would satisfy him. Well, Alex had a damn lot of civility and Crystal and I will miss him.

FROM

Bill Atkinson

Crystal Atkinson

Alex with his niece Molly Wilson 1997

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Alex Wilson, along with Sonny Newman of Seattle, Washington, was a special friend of mine.

We did two Floating Kolo parties in Boulder when I lived here during 1972 and 1973. We also got apartments in the same building so we could communicate more readily.

One of our favorite outings was to go to Furr's Cafeteria every week or so and get our favorite dish . . . hmmm, Chicken Pot Pie?

When I was in Los Angeles, Alex sent me one of his T-shirts. I still have it!

Those were the good ol' days. I'll miss them, as I'll miss Alex (whom I shall always remember as "Tink.")

FROM:

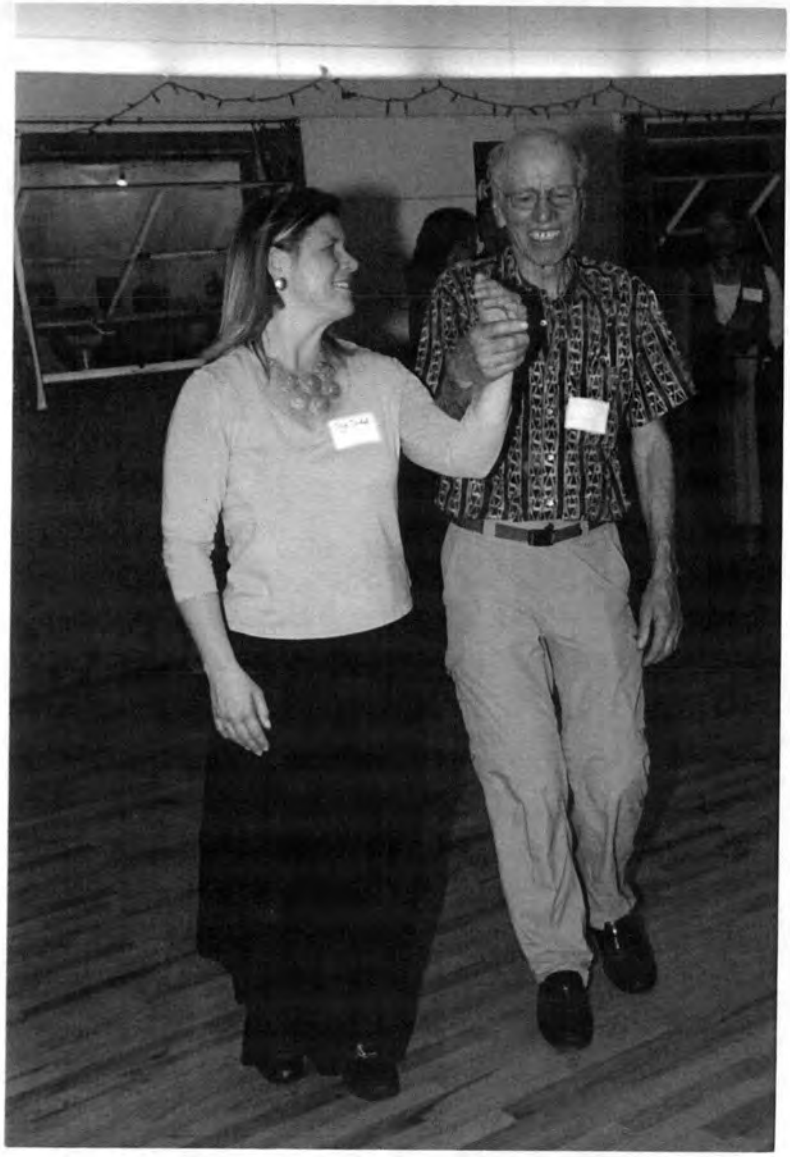
CAROL OSBORNE SILJE SODAL INGVAR SODAL
AT THE JUNE 15, 2012 CELEBRATION

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

I will remember Alex as a timeless individual, someone who lived life in a most honest and direct way. He could easily slip into a song, his smile broad and a twinkle in his eye. And he was such a talented and dedicated dancer, teacher and carpenter. He is part of my earliest memories, gratefully having grown up in the dance community, surrounded by creative and extraordinarily fun individuals like Alex. I remember my giddy excitement upon receiving an old Polaroid camera from him on my 13th birthday; twirling around the dance floor with him as he slapped his boots in a Hegoseji; and all of the wonderful picnics up on Flagstaff where "the gang" would gather to commemorate birthdays, special events, good friends and shared history. This was always the best part – seeing the folks whom I admire most in the world gather to laugh, sing, tell stories, laugh some more, comfort, and share good food. I always left these gatherings feeling so happy, my heart full, and incredibly thankful for the strong, rich community that Alex helped create. The community is still vibrant and strong, but without one bright light. I am glad to participate in a celebration of Alex and his life, and also to honor and celebrate those he leaves behind. ♥

FROM: _____

Silje Sodal



Silje & INGVAR SODAL

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Tink was one of the first people I met in the dance community when I first arrived in Boulder. We have enjoyed many good times in dancing, singing, skiing and hiking over the past fifty years. He introduced me to international folk dancing and he was eager to learn about Norwegian dancing and singing. He became an active member of the Boulder Scandinavian Folk Dancers where he not only learned the dances, but he sang (in Norwegian) traditional ballads, which provided music for some of the dances. He bought an expensive, complete traditional costume (bunad) from Telemark in Norway. He wore it often and it has now found a new home in the Boulder Spelmannslag where Kyohei Ozawa is wearing it.

Tink had a very clear vision of a folk dance center in Boulder. He created the "Tink's Model" which became an inspiration for us all in our effort in finding a permanent "home" for the Boulder folk dancers. I have a clear memory of the time when he brought his model over to our house and we discussed the various aspects of his ideas. Unfortunately, that very attractive model was not financially viable with the land cost being so high in Boulder. But his vision still lives on, now in the form of the Pearl Street Studio and the Avalon.

From:

Ingvar Sodal

Sally Sodal, Alex, Ingvar Sodal

2012

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

The experience with Alex that most pleasantly stays with me is our Scandinavian dancing together. The glow on his face, his eye contact and everything about him expressed the joy he was feeling in that moment.

I thank Alex for his generous spirit and for all the times he created social gatherings with friends - over a meal, a concert, a lecture, a Nomad Theater production, a movie... As Rod Frehlich succinctly wrote to Alex in the Narodno album Daisy made for Alex: "Thank you for being a leader."

FROM

Sally Sodal

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

My favorite photo of Alex (Tink) says it all. What pizzazz!

Meeting Tink in the early 1970's resulted in a lifetime of great friends for me. His charisma, never ending smile, leadership, and enthusiasm created an incredible international folk dance community of people young & old. His knowledge and interest in other cultures brought an intellectual atmosphere to many spectators & fellow dancers during performances as well as recreational dancing. More than 40 years later, those same people and a new generation of dancers still gather to share the dance that Tink loved so much. He was a true treasure to so many. We will miss his presence, but he will always be in our hearts.

FROM

Bart Haldane-Miller

Dan Meitel

Lyn Mead

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

After several years of watching Floricica (ortenzasca) dance by the more advanced dancers, I thought it was about time I tackled and mastered it. (Dancing behind the line had not worked!)

So, I took Alex's Wednesday evening classes at September School. In no time at all he had us dancing not only the first half, but the more difficult second half like we were ready to audition for the Jambroritzans. (Well, maybe not, but we had lots of fun with his well-humored, patient approach!)

FROM: Lyn Mead

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

I first met "Tink" in the mid-nineties. A young Irish dancer (jogs + reels) in Denver. Coming up to the Pearl Street Studio that he built, inside at least, and was most impressed with his singular enthusiasm and exuberance for life and people. My sense was that he was so good a person as to not be entirely of this world. He was a Super Mensch! Then and Almost every time I saw him since. Until at one time - I approached him, saying: "Hi ya Tink" and happily expecting to get his genuine hello in response - I got instead a most surly: "I'm not Tink, my name is Alex." I was perplexed, but always recall Tink - before he became Alex. His life on a great and grand scale, touched mine most memorably.
The saddest thing is that most of us will never match him.

- David McClinton

ɔulder Folkfest
ıay 1983

oto by David Blanchard

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

I started dancing with Tink on Wednesday nights in the Fall, 1978, when we were still in elementary school gyms. I'd never folkdanced before, and very quickly came to love the music, The movement, the community. It has been a part of my life in varying ways ever since, and I credit Tink with opening up that space for me to learn and grow. More Than anything, it's his legacy to our community that I appreciate, and the impact that his dedication and love of dance has had on my life.

It was through folkdancing that I met Neal McBurnett, and we just celebrated our 24th wedding anniversary. It is also through folkdance that I had the opportunity to sing with Planina and to travel with them to Bulgaria. And it is through folkdance that I have learned the delicious feel of music + movement + dance through my body. Folkdance has graced my life in unexpected ways, and Boulder wouldn't be the rich dance community it is without Tink.

Finally, the NOT-DICKCRUM-WORKshop. I was involved in planning this weekend dance workshop in the Fall 1984. It was held in Eldorado Springs, and many people from out of state came, except Dick. Somehow, he Thought it was the next weekend. With grace and aplomb, TINK, along with Ingvar, Tom and others stepped in to save my butt and fill Dick's shoes, and we ended up having a great weekend. Esperanto speakers Alice + Harley, from Albuquerque were there & rekindled Neal's interest in Esperanto. Shortly Thereafter, we traveled to Albuquerque & met Derek Roff, who not only started Neal down the Esperanto pathway but became a dear friend, and Neal's best man at our wedding. You just never know how things are going to unfold.

FROM

Thank you, Tink

Holly Lewis

A letter from Maggie Butler at the 75th party for Alex,

Below Maggie + Alex in Costume

July 30, 2004

Dear Alex/Tink,

What a golden opportunity to thank you for all the joy you have brought to all of us over the years —

- for all those Wednesday nights at Columbine, introducing us to new dances and exciting music — in my case, particularly the concert by Utah Phillips and "Alex' favorites."
- for Sunday brunches with you and Melba and the rest of the "usual suspects,"
- for wonderfully executed improvements to my living spaces, including your beautiful glass coffee table, which now graces my living room,
- for being a "civilized" roommate! — Rare!
- for rescuing me the night I wrecked Marvin's truck and knocked myself silly,
- for the embroidered Hungarian blouse you gave me so many years ago, that I still wear for special occasions, and the good village tales that accompanied it.

Most of all I appreciate your unfailing friendship over more than 25 years. Here's to La Vida Ancha!

Love,

Maggie

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Dear Tink/Alex, I miss

Your precise, patient dance teaching

Your joyful performances of dance and song

Your amazing collection of world music

and tales of your travels to the villages that produced them

Your unique sense of style and your beautiful, efficient homes

Your love of mountain adventures and your courage in the face of adversity

The insatiable curiosity that kept you reading and thinking all your life

and made you such a good conversationalist

Your bottomless well of construction know-how and your willingness to share it

Your unfailing, loyal support of your friends

Your integrity and authenticity with everyone

and your concern and support of your community

Your determination to stay fully alive, alert and independent

But most of all I miss your smiling face and great hugs.

Farewell.

FROM:

Maggie

MAGGIE BUTLER

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Alex was my roommate during the mid-eighties, and ever since then, I always felt very lucky to know him.

We had endless political rants in our home, rooting for truth and justice during the Reagan Years. We also shared a fanaticism for music & dancing. I still own and frequently play the blues tapes he made for me, illustrating how most of the early blues cover tunes of my beloved Grateful Dead, actually had deep, old roots in spirituals, gospel etc.

I always admired his attention for detail whether in dancing or tinkering. He was a humble gentleman — always welcoming, charming, while being incisive & passionate. Thank you, Alex, for all you did for the Boulder dance community and world. I admire you for always choosing Peace, especially your own.

FROM:

Bea Butler

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Dear Tink, We never appreciate enough what we have until it is gone, and this applies doubly to you.

I hope there is a Heaven and you are in it, dancing, singing and playing the harmonica day and night! I am so grateful you were part of my life, and I want to tell you why.

First there were your Wednesday night folk dance classes, which you taught for about 20 years. These classes had a reputation all across the country for being the most friendly and welcoming of any in the country! And these classes are the reason I was able to learn how to folk dance! You taught thorougly and well, you had a repertoire that did not change much from year to year so we could get the dances 'wired in', you structured the class so at 8 o'oclock those who already knew how to dance came for two hours, and we got to practice what we had learned with people who knew what they were doing.

Then there was your relationship with Gary Diggs and the Albuquerque group that created a bond between the two groups, with the making of new friends and with exchanges of teaching and performing, plus traveling to NM for August Camp. There we learned from professional dancers and teachers in a doable and affordable 4 day workshop. So much fun, so good to learn from these dancers.

I remember well your trip to Hungary that you were so excited about it! You brought back Mesosegi that you loved so well. Once while teaching this you asked me, "How do I lead this step?" I was a graduate student in modern dance at CU at the time, and I had no idea how one would lead any moves. But that started a life time quest for me in how to lead and follow that has led me to become quite good at both and in teaching both.

Then there is Pearl Street Studio! Your skills and desire to create a welcoming and useable dance space truly made and makes a very special place for us to dance. It is still my favoite place to dance and to teach.

Singing and Songs of the Sea! I am glad I could play a small part in your enjoyment of singing, when I brought Tom Lewis to Boulder for a house concert where he sang 'Songs of the Sea', many of which were his own compositions and one that you particularly liked and sang with your group. You were so enthusiastic to meet Tom, to hear him sing, and to ask him questions about sea life which he could answer. You gave me so much by teaching me to folk dance, I am grateful I could do a little bit to bring you some joy.

FROM:

Barbara Roach

With love and blessings, wherever you are.

Alex at Golden West 2008-2012

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

Dear John, (and family)

Oh, how we will miss Alex. He touched many lives here in Golden West, and in the larger community. His stories and music brightened our lives, and will live on in memory. A truly good guy – in control to the end.

With sincere sympathy,

Priscilla Gifford

Valentine Ball
at
Golden West
Alex King &
Linda Johnson
Feb. 14, 2012

That's Tink on the left, Dick Pittman (died in Jackson in March 1964), and me on the right, on Lions Head, Mount Washington, in September of 1955.

Climbing with Tink was great! He had a pickup with a cap, so we could sleep on the way to and from the mountains. He was always up first in the morning; we awoke to the purr of the little Svea stove and the aroma of coffee.

He used to sing these words that have stayed with me for almost sixty years now:

> The closer to the bone, the sweeter the meat;
> The very last slice of a country ham is the best that you can eat.
> So don't make fun of my old gal; she's skinny, but she's sweet.
> The closer to the bone, the sweeter the meat!

Willem Lange

Boulder County Architects who worked with Alex.

James Butler, Mark Boulette, Sofrid Sodal, Wayne Kuhn, Brian Tewey, Alan Watkins

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Alex was a great asset for the Boulder County Architect Division. His friendly, outgoing personality, his can-do attitude, his carpentry skills, and his "handyman" mentality were a great fit for our Work Order Program. Through outstanding customer service, Alex was a wonderful ambassador for our division, as seen by the many letters we received from his "customers" from various County departments and agencies. I've missed having him around since his retirement, and regret that we don't get to see his friendly face in our "neighborhood."

FROM:

Brian Tedey

Project Architect

Boulder County

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Alex was not afraid of anything. Many times I found him working alone in our "boneyard" wrestling with 7' tall wall panels by himself. He even created a special dolly that he could use to roll these large panels by himself. I believe this was how Alex approached life. Fearlessly.

James Butler
Project Architect
Boulder County
June 13, 2012

Alex with John Yeas →

FROM:

June, 2012

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

1960s:
- learning from CU's Charlotte York Lacy of "Boulder's Mr. Folkdance"

1970s:
- becoming addicted to Wednesday night dance sessions!
- x-country skiing up into Montezuma Gulch - Zoom!
- munching on mashed avocadoes + tomatoes + ruminating on life, whilst sitting on the roof of his Mapleton Hill Broadway residence, at sunset

1980s:
- discovering our Syracuse, NY, connection
- his building the dance floor for our sister Gwen's wedding at our Boulder Heights home
- countless partnerings in Narodno Ensemble performances all over the Rockies - Krakowiak & Mezőségi!

1990s:
- dance, dance, dance!!!

2000s:
- agreeing to call him "Alex" if he'd stop calling me "Vinnie"! (LAVINIA)

FOREVER!

His million-dollar spontaneous SMILE!

FROM

JOHN & LAVINIA

YČAS

ALEX & MARSHALL SHAPIRO

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

There are so many fond memories of Alex:

- His generosity of spirit and time.
- One of Margie's first friends in Boulder. He could out hike and cross country ski her any day! They had some wonderful picnic dinners together. A true friend ...sharing openly and honestly about his life and always offering a listening ear as well.
- Helped us with various carpentry projects around our house
  - Alex could single handedly dig post holes using his awl faster than 2 younger men could do using a motorized post hole digger!
  - Alex fixed our hall handrail and made the stairwell safe before Maya arrived!
  - Helped Marshall finish the roof of our outdoor shed
- Always so thoughtful in remembering all the little and big things that make other's happy
  - Like sending photographs of our shared adventures
  - Giving us yearly music cassettes of all his favorite songs
  - Purchasing entire rows of seats to his favorite music concerts at Chautauqua and giving the seats to his friends
  - Spending Thanksgiving dinners at our house and bringing lots of great energy
- Sharing his musical talents
  - Singing sea chanteys (with his harmonica accompaniment) and telling fun stories (How did he manage to memorize so many?)
  - Inviting his friends to musical performances
  - Leading songs during our yearly music/singing parties

Strong, honest and vocal, while being caring and compassionate.. That's Alex

...and of course, many, many years of fun Israeli Dancing together!

FROM

Margie &

Marshall

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

Tink was a dancer -- not a folk dancer, or a contra dancer, or a Scandinavian dancer. But just a dancer. A pretty darn good one, too. I still have memories of Tink doing the Frug, and the Pony, and the Camel Walk at some late-night party long ago after the Friday night folk dance. That was back when we were all younger -- there was always a party after the Friday night dance. And there was always more dancing -- and Tink in the middle of it.

When I first started folk dancing in Boulder on Friday nights, Tink was the guy you watched if you didn't quite know the dance, or you weren't sure of the styling. He wasn't always the most flamboyant guy, but he was the one who really knew the dance. And he could be surprisingly flamboyant at times, as well. And energetic, and helpful.

And visionary, too. It was his vision that the dancers should have a permanent home that was theirs. It was his inspiration and persistence that drug everyone else along, and finally resulted in the Pearl St. Studio, and later, the Avalon Ballroom.

I had a hard time calling him Alex -- I know that's what he wanted -- but I had called him Tink for so many years. This was a very hard adjustment. I often flubbed it, and had to correct myself. He was usually tolerant of me. He knew I had an old "reset" button.

In his later years, I was always happy to see him at any dance event. It helped make it seem that all was right with the world. I'll miss him lots. My "reset" button is having a real hard time with this.

FROM

-- Chris Kermiet

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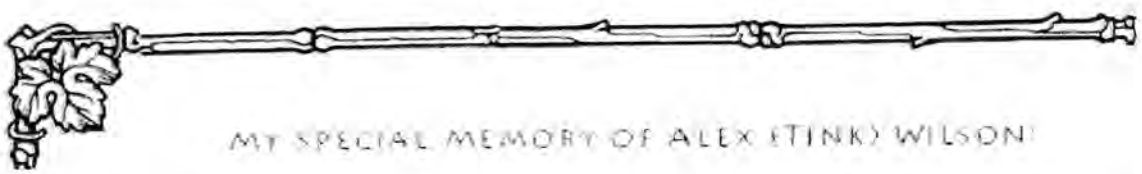


We first met Alex when he was known as Tink, in 1979. We'd just moved back to Colorado, and were avid folk dancers. We found our way to his spirited Wednesday night dances at the church on 28th. Not long after that, we got to know him better when he joined the Narodno Ethnic Dance and Music Ensemble. I remember him especially in the Polish suite, throwing me over his shoulders in what we'd dubbed the "potato sack" throw.

When we added a Mesoszeg suite in 1982, Tink became an unabashed Hungarian dance fanatic. He spent many an hour outside of rehearsal working on moves, especially for the Lads' Dance that he performed with Sandy Wilson. I remember a Denver Post critic noting that the lads were a bit "long of tooth." What they lacked in youth, they made up for with enthusiasm and fine moves.

Kurt and I were once invited to Tink's apartment for an intimate dinner party, where guests were requested to bring something meaningful to them to read aloud to the group. It was a special evening that we fondly recall.

The 75th birthday party stands as one of the great parties in our community, and what a gift it was to us all. It brought friends together from all over the country to eat, be entertained, to dance and to sing together. We former Narodniks laughed ourselves silly over our geriatric Polish suite performance.

The last time I saw Alex was in the fall. He'd heard that our sons, Wesley and Colin, were starting a folk performance troupe in Washington, DC, and he offered Hungarian costume pieces for their use. We went to lunch, and he enjoyed some Mexican food and a beer. After that, we went back to his place at Golden West. I saw his modest, sunny apartment, decorated in some special pieces of folk art. It was a very sweet day.

We will miss him, and we are thankful for all the many contributions he's made for all of our community. He was a real gift. I will see him dressed in his beautiful Hungarian pants and jacket that he had made on a trip to Hungary, the round hat perched on his head, and a big toothy grin on his face, dancing a waltz and calling me "Suze."

Susan and Kurt Reisser

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

Alex was a generous Soul with his talents and time.

He painted his life's canvas liberally with many colors and facets from which one could select and share with his willing and adventurous heart.

Alex shared his life with me on many levels, International folk dancing being foremost. I have many fond memories of musical times -- of climbing, hiking and sharing life's moment and perspectives.

He added to my life's canvas, and what followed was a long list of dear companions and long term friends.

Thank You, Everyones Friend - And Mine.

FROM

Roy Pearson

My Special Memory of Alex (Tink) Wilson:

I began my journey into international folk dancing in 1972 by signing up for Tink's "Top 40" class of international dances. Those 40 dances were the core that got me started so that I could feel comfortable attending BIFD with the dances he had taught in his class. I don't think I could name all 40 of those dances today, but there were many Balkan, Scandinavian, and Israeli, and I'm sure other nationalities too. For some reason, the hambo sticks strongly in my memory. That class with Tink formed the roots of what was to become a lifelong passion for me.

A couple of years after that, when I was on the BIFD board, I have a distinct memory of sitting in my living room in 1973 or 1974 with Tink and a couple of other folks involved in the leadership of the Boulder folk dance community to discuss Tink's dream of a community-based dance space. I believe that dream was with him from the 60's when he began dancing in Boulder, and years later, the Pearl Street studio became a reality. He clearly invested himself in many ways to bring his dream to reality.

When I joined Narodno in 1976, I had 6 months to learn 6 suites of dancing and make the accompanying costumes for a big show at Boulder High. I made it through all the costume constructions except for Macedonian. Tink owned a woman's Macdeonian costume, and graciously loaned it to me for that first performance. I then made my own chemise, copying the embroidery exactly as I saw it on Tink's authentic original. Sometime after leaving Narodno, I sold my replica costume to a dancer in Texas, so Tink's loan of that fine costume had tentacles outside of Boulder much longer than he would have ever imagined.

Tink joined Narodno sometime in the '80's...I really don't remember exactly. I have particular memories of him performing in our Polish, standing tall and proud in his Polish costume with a grin a mile wide, as he enthusiastically executed the steps in our choreographies. I also have distinct memories of his performing various Balkan dances. Oh, he loved them so!

After I moved away from Colorado, Tink changed his name preference to "Alex", but he will always be "Tink" to me. Alex Tink Wilson has left a legacy in Boulder that has touched the lives of hundreds of people, including mine. He will be remembered with gratefulness, humor, and dignity.

FROM
Marilyn Chartrand
June 11, 2012

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

- Singing sea shanties as ADD (Alex, Dave & Dave)
- spinning yarns — boy, he had an incredible memory!
- dancing Hiluta with us at Boulder Israeli Dance on Sunday evenings
- his amazing set of harmonicas, & playing them
- his love of folk music
- how dapper he looked in his Balkan (?) dancing outfit
- some wonderful memories of fun times together
- grateful to have had him as a friend for the past 5 years or so; sorry not to have made his acquaintance sooner

FROM

Carol & Steve Jordan

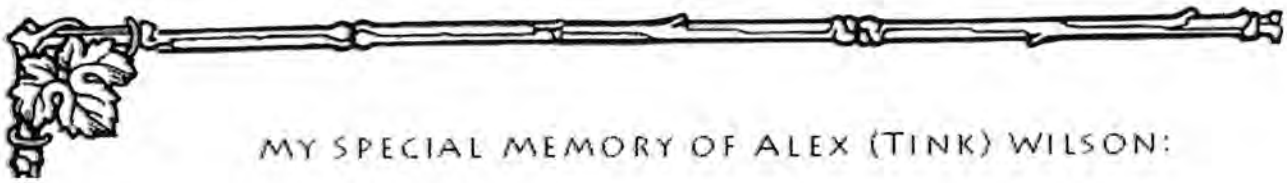
MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

I met Tink Wilson in 1974 as I began my recreational dance career with folk dancing at the Columbine Grade School gymnasium in Boulder. I have fond memories of those days, learning all the foot puzzles, with Tink as the ever patient teacher and coach. Everything about the experience was strange at the time, the music, the movement, the dances. But I was in graduate school at CU and looking for a new social activity to take the edges off my 'technical' personality. I thought dancing would be good for me, expand my social horizons a bit, and eventually thanks much to Tink it was!

I don't remember how many dances I learned from Tink, but he was always there with a new one each week and a well prepared lesson. Tink displayed a tremendous dedication and commitment over decades in sustaining international folk dancing in Boulder. We are all the richer for having had him in our community for so long. Tink Wilson is a significant contributor to our shared history, and will be missed.

Keep dancing Tink!

Richard (Dick) Kiefer - May 28, 2012



MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

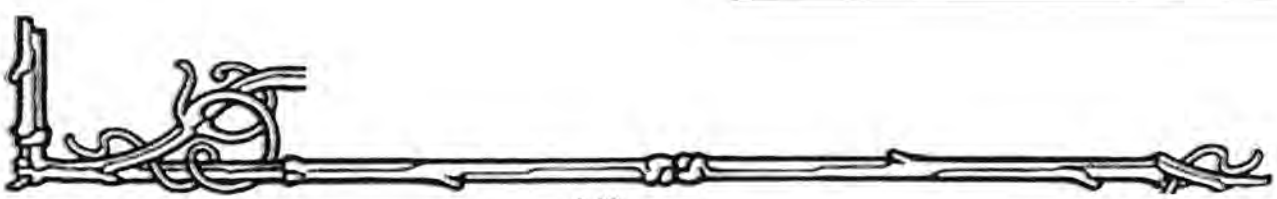
Alex was a wonderful dancer who taught and inspired many. It was he who got me started teaching in Boulder in 1979 when he went to Montana and entrusted his Wednesday evening group to me (& Naomi). He was an accomplished singer and musician and loved Irish folk ballads. He was a conscientious & meticulous carpenter. He was a peace activist and anti-war protester, working with the Peace & Social Justice group and Friends meeting. I still have fond memories of going to Washington together for an anti-war protest. He was a climber and mountaineer. Even after he moved from his trailer to his Golden West apartment, we would often talk on the street when he was out walking. He was not one to tolerate idleness or infirmity. I suspect there were many impressive attributes I knew little about. But above all, he was a friend, and I miss him. May he somehow now be going forward with new joy and enthusiasm.

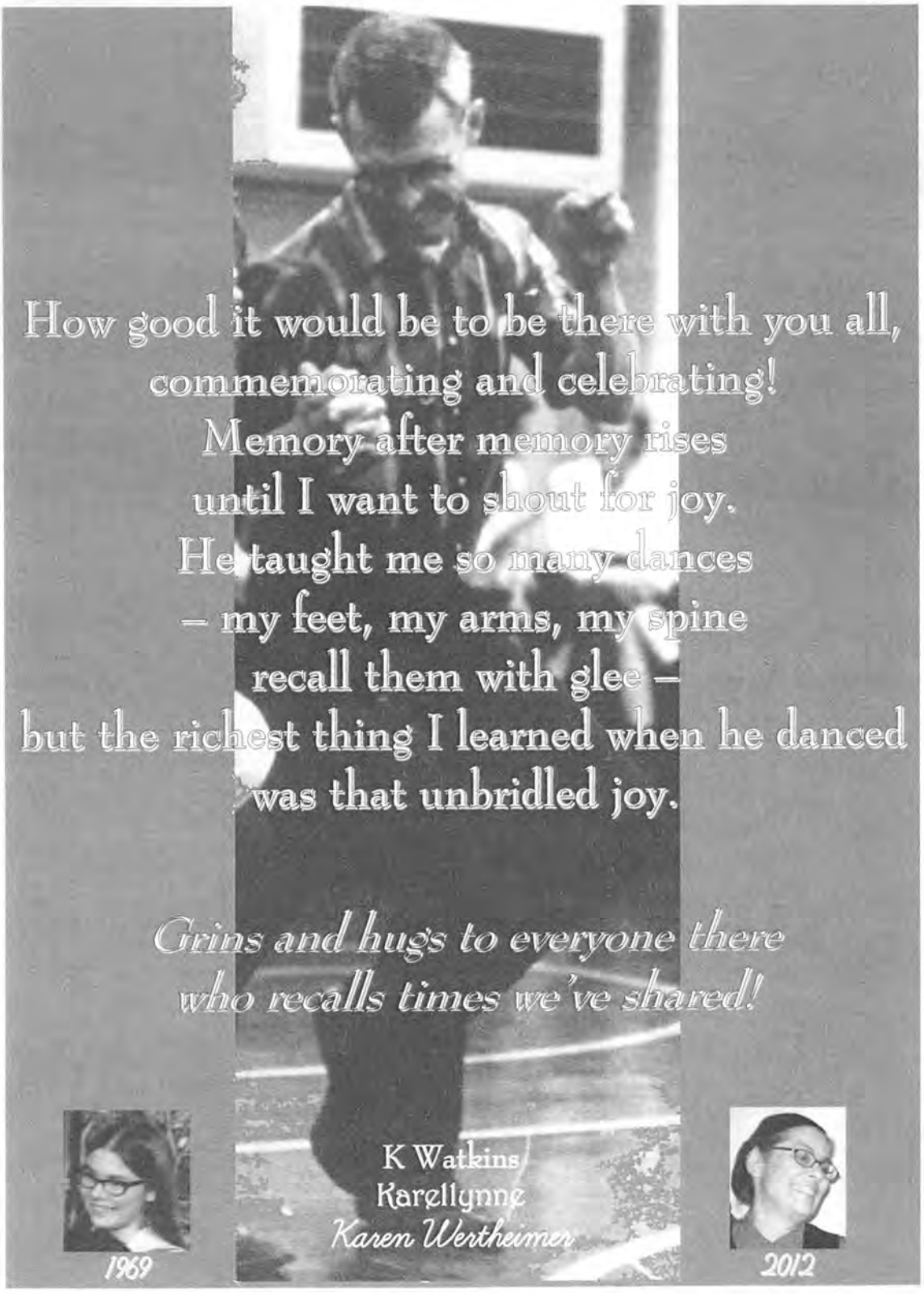
Tom Masterson

From:

_____

_____




How good it would be to be there with you all,
commemorating and celebrating!
Memory after memory rises
until I want to shout for joy.
He taught me so many dances
– my feet, my arms, my spine
recall them with glee –
but the richest thing I learned when he danced
was that unbridled joy.
Grins and hugs to everyone there
who recalls times we've shared!
K Watkins
Karellynne
Karen Wertheimer
1969
2012

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

I remember meeting Tink when I first started folk dancing in 1965. He was obviously a leader of the Boulder International folk Dancers. His dedication to the music & dance lasted through the years & kept it vital. He was welcoming to new people & was instrumental in getting some really great teachers to Boulder for workshops. He liked to go to Stockton for the annual folk dance camp. Outside of the music, he was ready & willing to help anyone in need & do what he could for them.

Great memories of a good person.

FROM: Betty Wilde

Alex & Melba Shepherd
At the Costume Ball

My Special Memories of Alex (Tink) Wilson

***I remember ...**

... my friend, Ward, taking me to my first folk dance ever at Columbine Elementary in Boulder in the 70's..

... being enthralled with so many dances and the wonderful music ... I had never seen or heard before.

... arriving early to the dances on Thursday nights to learn from Tink, my first ever folk dance teacher, talented and patient..

... bringing my young daughter, Sheri, along to sleep in the nurse's office at Columbine until the dance was over.

... sharing many interesting "after parties".

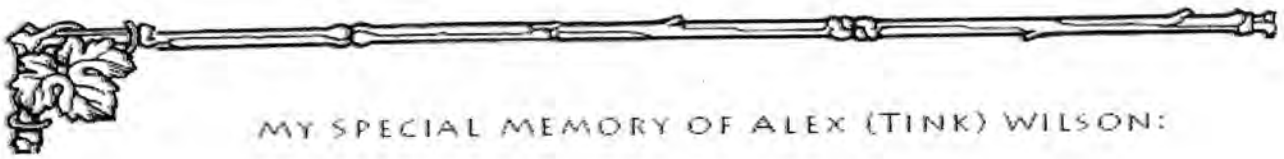
... polka dancing with Tink at the DAV in Arvada on Sunday nights with several tables full of folk dancers.

... he will be missed by so many. He brought "culture", joy and "dance" to so many, including me.

Warmly, Jan

Jan Cole, Broomfield, CO

MAUREEN PECK & JOHN CHU



MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

I first met Tink in 1986 at August Camp. The camp was held on the campus of the Armand Hammer World College and we got to dance in the ballroom of the beautiful castle. Our teachers that year were Nico Hilferink and Eva Kiss; I remember clearly how beautifully Tink and Eva danced the Mesoszegi during an evening performance for all of us.

Since then, it was always a pleasure to see Tink once a year at a Folk Dance camp. I was very happy to see Tink when I came to Boulder in 1994 to attend Greg & Donna's wedding and to learn that Tink was a folk dance legend here.

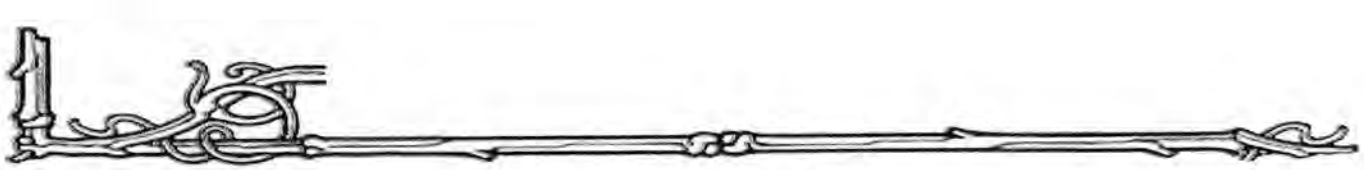
Since moving to Colorado in 1995, I had the pleasure of dancing and learning from Tink many dances; most of them remain my favorite dances.

It was a joy to attend Alex's 75th birthday celebration. Since then, I've missed seeing and dancing with him at BIFD but it was always a treat when he showed up at one of the parties.

Alex, you are a special person and you will be missed by all of us.

From:

John Chu



I've not known Alex for long—first saw him at his 75th birthday party in 2004. But right away I appreciated his genuineness and the light in his eyes, as well as his ability to dance.

Over these relatively few years I've had the privilege to share a waltz with Alex now and then or dance next to him in a line, and to talk about music, especially singing, which we both had a fondness for. He told me of the group he was in—A-D-D, which stood for the first names of the group members, but of course we laughed at the intended pun. Not long after, Alex presented me with a tape of sea shanties, saying that it represented some of the music that A-D-D performed. I never got to hear Alex and his buddies sing, but I can imagine it was a delight.

It certainly was a delight to be acquainted with Alex. May there always be good journeys for him, whatever form they take when we leave this realm.

From:

Maureen Peck

Alex with Jaap Leegwater

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

When I think of Tink, three are several things that immediately come to mind. One is as bestman when Bill & I were married. He took his job very seriously, but with a bit of humor.

2nd was driving to the Hudson Valley and watching him rock climb along the Hudson River. Steep, steep cliffs they were.

3rd when he visited us with a friend and demonstrated some of the dancing on our large front porch. It was very loud in music, but mostly the stomping! We were so interested I hadn't realized how many neighbors had gathered to watch. It was a lot of fun.

And lastly we were all gathered at dinner at 118 Victoria Place & Tink discovered his & Bill's favorite dessert in the refrigerator — don't remember the name of it, but it was somewhat orange flavored & very large & tall. Tink took it out off the refrig to taste it & it slipped & ~~went~~ went on the floor!! The expression on his & Bill's faces I will never forget.

Tink was a special person; his own person, & his life was spent helping others — in dancing, construction work, civil wars, etc. etc.
And he was my brother-in-law.

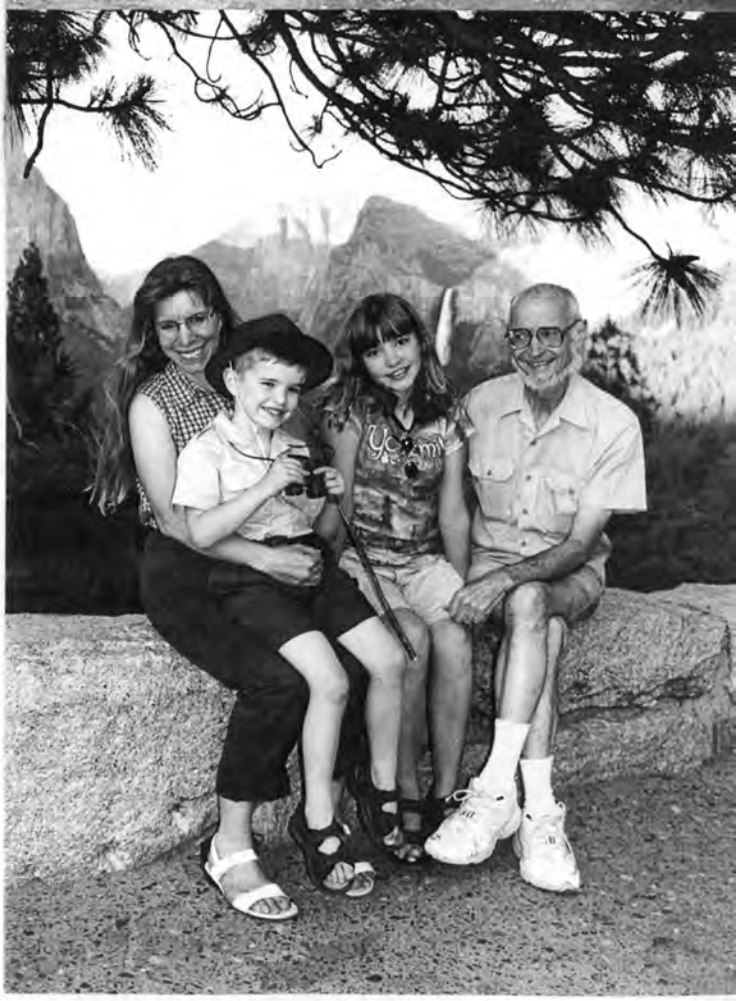
FROM:

Dalley J. Wilson —
Bill's wife

Some of Alex's Family

John Sally Molly & Will

in Yosemite 2005



Alex Wilson
2635 Mapleton # 58
Boulder, CO 80304

Dear Folks:

When Sally wrote suggesting a family reunion, I got to thinking about summers at our Otisco Lake cottage and how the kids up and down the shore would get together and put on a "show" ~ usually at the Smith's as I recall. They'd hang sheets for a stage, sell tickets, lemonade and cookies, and rope everyone into doing something for the entertainment: Some kid's piano recital piece; a harmony trio; a few 'eight-year-old' jokes and riddles; a poem; a skit, etc. When I suggested to Sally & Chris that we do something like that, they liked the idea and Sally suggested Saturday afternoon. I hope you'll all be thinking of what you might contribute — it could be fun. Actually, we're a talented clan from what I hear, with several guitar pickers, folk-song lovers, dancers and actors. But don't assume that talent is a requirement, just a willingness to contribute to the general entertainment. This is for family fun.

On another score, I was thinking how things have changed since the 30's & 40's, even 50's. The vendors with horse-drawn wagons ("Eddie Ice"; Barney the milkman, the rag collector, Pete the fresh produce man); the out-house and accompanying lore; the wind-up Victrola; the rituals of a cottage lit with Kerosene and cooking on a kerosene stove; the wind-up (would you believe 5-Day) clock; the primative appliances; the trolley cars. In moderation, I think this could be fascinating to another generation and maybe an interesting topic for cocktail hour. So why not let your mind run back and think about life when you were a kid — things and a pace of life that your mind takes for granted but that are really quite intriguing to folks today. Even jot down a note or two. You'll be surprised how memories keep coming up. If we do it, it might even be worth tape-recording.

Finally,- this an area I've never investigated but now-a-days with computers there is so much more available — I'd be fascinated to know more about the geneology of our respective families. Two years ago I visited the Western Highlands of Scotland and learned a little about the battle of Culloden and the Highland clearances, and it would be fascinating for instance to know how the Rosses survived those times (ca. 1745). Likewise the Wilson's history in England and why they left. Anybody into geneology?

I'm looking forward to the reunion and having a good time with all of you. Until then -

Love and best regards,
Alex

OTISCO LAKE 1976

TINK WITH EIGHT OF HIS TEN NEICES AND NEPHEWS ALL WEARING HIS DANCE T SHIRTS

Jeanne's family had a cottage near the Wilson's on Otisco Lake, N.Y.

MY SPECIAL MEMORY OF ALEX (TINK) WILSON:

Dear John,

Thank you for telling me about Tink's death. I am so sorry for your loss. But it sounds like he had a wonderful life and had things the way he wanted them.

It was so interesting to hear about his life. He lived a full, happy life and touched many other's lives. And I really enjoyed reading his "memories of Otisco Lake. We all were blessed with good memories of our childhood at the lake.

I don't have any specific memories of Tink. I do remember being jealous of you all sailing and all the young people that were always at your camp.

Thanks for the plans of your Skaneateles row boat. I'm so glad you kept the boat and did so much research on it. We still have a Skaneateles row boat. It's under our camp. We think it will float but haven't taken it out in years. It has a square stern.

Thank you so much for the kind words about Russ. He died eight years ago from complication of diabetes.

I hope you have a good trip here for the interment. If you come out to the lake stop in and say hello. I live in a house Russ and I built where the horse barn was. My daughter Marion + her daughter Alexis live with me year round. We love it.

FROM:

My very best to you

Jeanne Greenhalgh

The following lists are some of the 300 people who came to the Pearl Street Dance Studio and Avecon Celebrations on June 15 and 16, 2012.

The list of those signing the celebration pages reads out as an inventory of the Boulder folk dance community itself, a reminder of folks who shared with Alex/Tink the good times and good memories of dancing with Tink.

These <u>were</u> good times, and it is my desire that soon we will have occasion to join up again in Boulder.

John Wilson

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

Michele Ferrand	Fellow folk dancer
MARIO ESCOBAR	FOLK DANCER
Jane Blanchard	BIFD Folk Dancing
Suzan Heglin	folkdancing + cakewalk
Joanne Gengle	folk dancing
Donna Skonie	BIFD
Linda Gore	Singing (Cakewalk)
Anita Rue	Music & Dance
Julie Lancaster	friend + Hungarian dance teaching partner
Ann Smith	friend
PETER LEE	CLIMBING PARTNER 1960-61
GARY ROTTMAN	OLD DANCING FRIEND
Barb Haaland-Michaels	" " "
Dan Michaels	" " "
JAIME SHUEY	folkdancing, mobile home association
JUDD JOHNSON	FELLOW DANCER
Silje Sodal	folk dancing
Annie Mauerer	dancing friend
Daisy Saragoussi	dancing - friend
Leslie Gomez	singing

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

DARYL D. HALL

SARAH HILL

BILL GLINKMAN — DANCE TEACHER + HE INDIRECTLY ENABLED ME TO MEET MY WIFE

David McClinton

Loretta Elledge-Lockett — danced with

Currie Lockett — dancing

Juli Marki

Lyn Mead — folk dancing

Sofia Rubain — folk dancing

ROGER BURKART — FOLK DANCE

Linda Hachtel — Folk dance

DAVE MERRITT — MUSIC

ARNOLD GUMINSKI — FOLK DANCE

ANNE GUMINSKI — FOLK DANCE

Jan Cole — Folk Dance

Chester Smith — BIFD

Dona Smith — BIFD since 31 yrs old

Julia Gibbs

Cara McMillan — friend since the 1960's

[illegible] Tala — Folk Dance

Lori Johnson — Folk dance

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION
JUNE 15-16, 2012

Nan Hedl	Folk dance
Richard + Susan Jones	" "
Jeannie DeMarinis	"
Gene Wilken	"
Marilyn Chartrand	dance + Narodno
Sonny Newman	
Nancy Newman	
Jim Brown	Fold Dance
Valene Brown	" "
Jessica Bondy	Folk Dance
Thom Roby	Singer - Planine
Miriam Palsner	FOLK/ISR. DANE
[illegible]	Dance
Bonnie Blackwell	folk dance
Paula Brett	folk dance
Peggy Livingston	folk dancing
Judy Huston (Smith)	folk dancing
Peter Korba	" " Construction
Roger Hudiburg	Music + Friend
Sylvia Perchlik	dancing

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

MARCIA CRARY	folk dancer
SAM FUQUA	KGNU
Michael Covey	folk dancer / singing
Gillian Longley	folk dance
John Sand	
Cherry Sand	Folk dancer
Albert Sadler	Folk dancer
Ken Ke	folk dancer
Silva Pigors	Golden West coffee buddy
John Jones	FOLK DANCE, CLIMBING
Ward Olin	folk dancing
Jeff Crowe	contra, cake + tam
Lynn Malkinson	folk dancing
Judy Feland	Folk dancing & Singing
Connie Hirsch	Folk dancer
Carol Osborne	folk dance
David McIntosh	Friend of former roommate!
Teri Rasmusson	Friend, Dancer, Singer
Holly Lewis	Folkdancer, singer
Jane Bunin	Folkdancer, singer occasionally

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

Bonny Strong	folkdancer
Lilly Strong	Daughter ↑ ☺
Pam Brown	old contra dance friend
Juliette Nelson	Israeli dance Mapleton next door neighbor ♡♡
Vern Gonnsen	Folkdancing / Folkmusician
Kurt Reisser	Narodno / BIFD etc.
Jesse Malk	Folkdancer FORMER DANCE STUDENT of ALEX
Mark Brissenden	folk dancer / musician
Mary Ann Sanssotte	First of Fall Shows / BIFD / Planina
Maureen O'Shea-Stone	Dancing - Narodno
Paul Morrissett	Dancer / Musician
Mike Bell	KGNU / friend
Marshall & Margie & Maya Cantor Shapiro	Dancing friends
Dorothy Cohen	
Michael George	Dancer w/ Alex since 1970
Karla Reiss	dancer
Ed Kletzky	"
Laurie Clark	Dancer
John Adams	Folk Dancer

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION
JUNE 15-16, 2012

Robert + Virginia Powers

JOHN & MARILYN PICCHIOTTINO - DANCING 30 YEARS AGO

LAVINIA + JOHN YČAS - DANCE SYRACUSE, 'LIFE'

Cathy Blake - International + Scandy dance teacher taught me Hambo

Christy Bordon Cd. forms

Erika Hendricks Boulder - music

Chris Joyce Boulder - music, work et al.

Joe + Caroline Stepanek Dance + RMRG

Diane Leonard Folkdance since 1966

Guarlen Simons

Gary Rader Folkdancing

Bea Butler friend, dance, music, politics roommate

Alma Laurel

Steve Brown folk dance

Sofiid Sodl

Arlen Buck dance, hiking, skiing

Debbie + Charles Haseman Hudinburg music

Peggie Hudelburg Music

Judy Wong Folkdance starting in '80

Ken Regelson Folkdancing

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

Nelson Shepard -	Dancing, Singing, Skiing,
Tom & Nancy Storm	Dancing
Stan Wilkes	Dancing
Huntley Ingalls	climbing
John Chu	BIFD
Maureen Peck	BIFD
Donlyn Arbuthnot	dancing, Skiing, Singing
Nancy + Duffy Keith	dancing, Singing, Eating, talking
Crystal Brakhage	Dancing, Singing, Hiking, Discussions,
Russ Nye	Dancing
Elena Klaver	Singing - dancing a long time ago.
Sheila Sharpe	Folk dancing since 1960's
Jane Shepard	A child of folkdancing.
Jack Heard + Linda Kenney	- Energy Center
Judy + Roy Pearson	- dancing, friend.
Betty England	dance + friend
Dave Moston	" "
ERROL KORN	DANCING
Ruth Bleuze	All the above
Maggie Butler	Long-time friend

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION
JUNE 15-16, 2012

Lita Reasoner	dancing
Mike Paulson	music
Deborah Howard	
JIM SCHWARTZKOPFF	folk music + DANCE
Doug Hudiburg	Music (Growing up at Tink & Dad Playing)
Dorothy Vernon	dancing
Janna Butler	dancing
Dave & Sue Wood	pickin' 'N' singin'
Barbara Roach	folk dancing + singing
Mary Parson	Israel & Balkan
Ross Yeoman	Int'l. & Scandinavian dance
ARIGOTHI STATTNER	FOLK MUSIC!
Gaylor Harford	dancing
Susie Rayser	NARODNO, DANCING, FRIEND
Lynn St. Pierre	dancing friend
Robert Easton	folk dancing friend
DUFFY KEITH	FOLKMUSIC, any topic to talk about!
Madoa 6/15/12	
Sally Sodal	

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

Peter Van Laanen	danced with
David Roney	danced with
Cheri Hoffer	Cake N Jam
Lale Korba	dance
Gay Waterbury	song & dance
Sunny Brown	Tink taught me internat folk dance
Jim X Borzym	VAC & PSS
Judy Bashor	"tink's" folk dancing
Dennis Spindle	etc., etc.
Jaguar Sodal	

Alex & Belly DANCER
Luiza ALMEH
At the 75th-2004
Celebration

ALEX WILSON LIFE CELEBRATION

JUNE 15-16, 2012

Paula Roney

Dick Oakes Folkdancing

Joe Miller Dancing, ski touring, climbing

Cristina Geck Dancing, Moonfest

Gloria Adamson Folkdancing

For Alex "Tink" Wilson

SOMOS EL BARCO (Lorre Wyatt)

Chorus:
Somos el barco, somos el mar,
Yo navego en ti, tu navegas en mi
We are the boat, we are the sea,
I sail in you, you sail in me

The stream sings it to the river,
The river sings it to the sea
The sea sings it to the boat
That carries you and me

Chorus

The boat we are sailing in
Was built by many hands
And the sea we are sailing on,
It touches every land

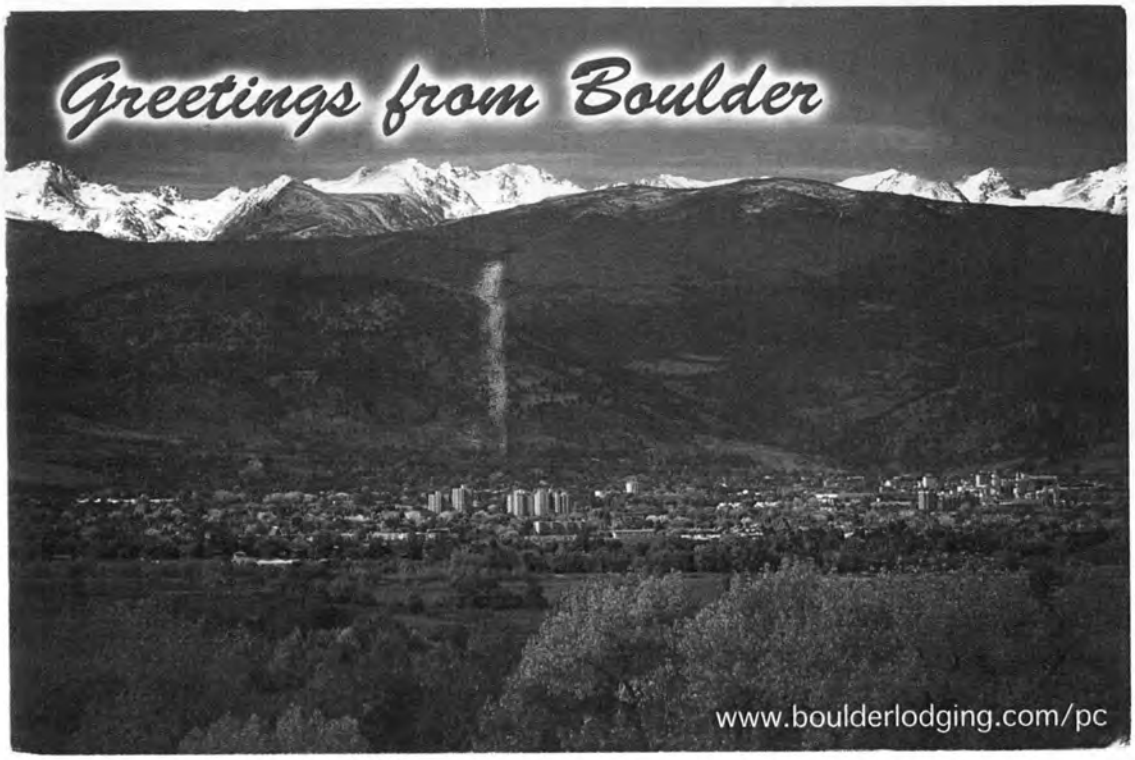
Chorus

So with our hopes we set the sails
And face the winds once more
And with our hearts we chart the waters
Never sailed before

Chorus

We are the boat, We are the sea
I sail in you..., You sail in...meeeeee.

For Sing-along-
Lead by Judith Pearson, Daisy Saragosa + Ruth Blaeze



BOULDER WAS HOME . . . AND A SMILE TO THE END.

ALEX (TINK) WILSON

Part IV

Gallery of Photographs

In the end, all his planning and model building and proselytizing did not build the center. Perhaps it was a case of a good idea with bad timing. Or maybe in Alex's own words his "lack of consideration about where the money would come from, or that people had their own lives to deal with" would cause it to flounder. In any event, his assessment of this dream was that "in short, I was a fool." This last sentiment must give us all a pain of sadness. Alex was no fool. He was a dreamer. And may we all honor such men when in our midst, and if not then, then in memory.

Alex was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1929, and christened Alexander Ross Wilson after his maternal grandfather. He was called affectionately Tinker, and more formally Ross. Tinker was shortened to Tink as a young man and he continued to be known as such to everyone in Boulder where he moved in l957. However, following one of his trips abroad, this time to Ireland and Scotland in 2000, he decided to adopt his birth name shortened to Alex, so that readers will find both used in this account interchangeably.

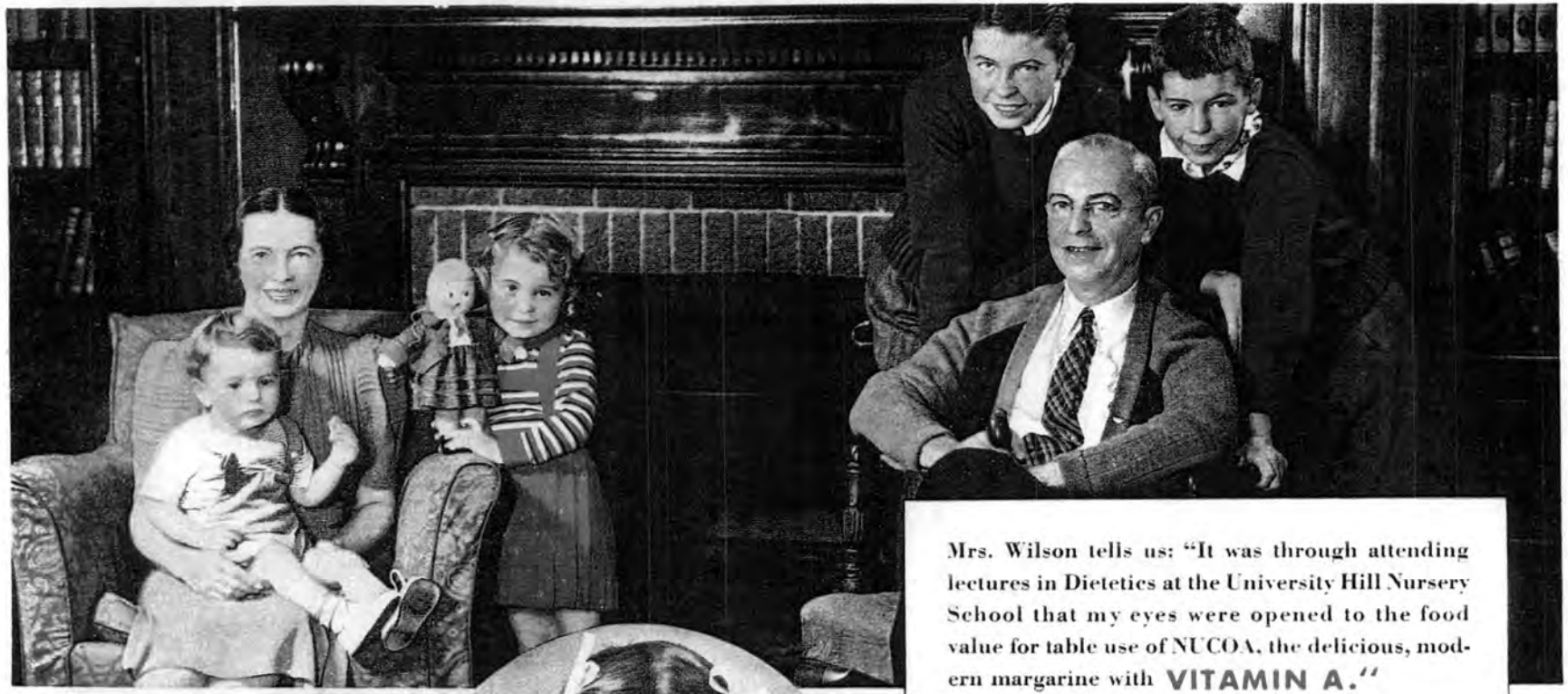
The following page of Alex's family was an advertisement for Nucoa margarine in LIFE Magazine, December l941. William Dexter Wilson was our father and the name of Alex's older brother Bill. The cute little girl of five is his sister, Christina, nicknamed appropriately Cutie. The baby boy on his mother's lap is John Mark, known as a kid as Butch.

Our father had a friend in the advertizing business which explains why all this went on, and the publicity lines at the top of the ad. It even got on a billboard, which the family only found out while on a drive one day. The two boys, Bill and Ross, were staged having an outing by the big elm tree on our front lawn. Christina was asked to pose before a pretend birthday cake, made with Nucoa margarine of course. Her lasting memory is being incensed at the sham of all this: not only was it not her birthday, but the cake was a fake. Her expression shows that life (LIFE) sometimes demands a smile whether we feel like it or not.

"Good living DEPENDS ON SENSE MORE THAN CENTS,

WE BELIEVE...FOR SEE HOW WE SAVE WITH Nucoa!"

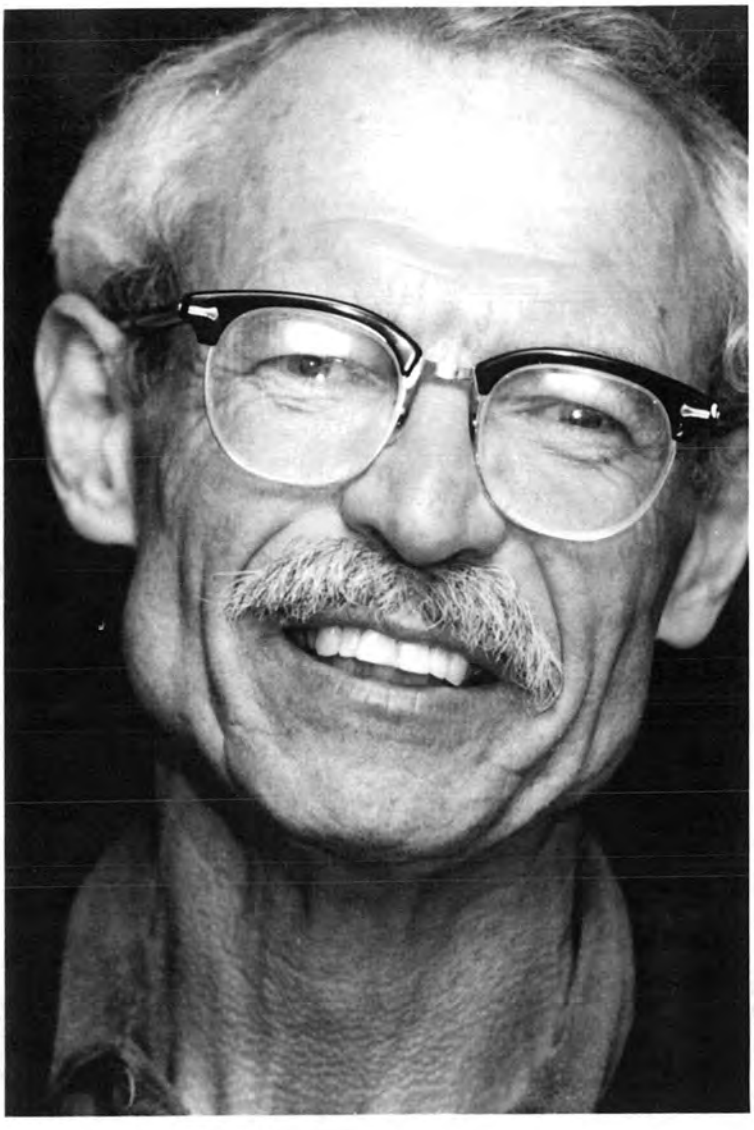
says *Mrs. William Dexter Wilson* mother of John Mark, Christina, William Jr., and Ross



Mrs. Wilson tells us: "It was through attending lectures in Dietetics at the University Hill Nursery School that my eyes were opened to the food value for table use of NUCOA, the delicious, modern margarine with **VITAMIN A.**"

Vantine Hamilton, N.Y.

Alex & his
older brother
Bill at
South Kent, Conn.
Prep School
1944



1988

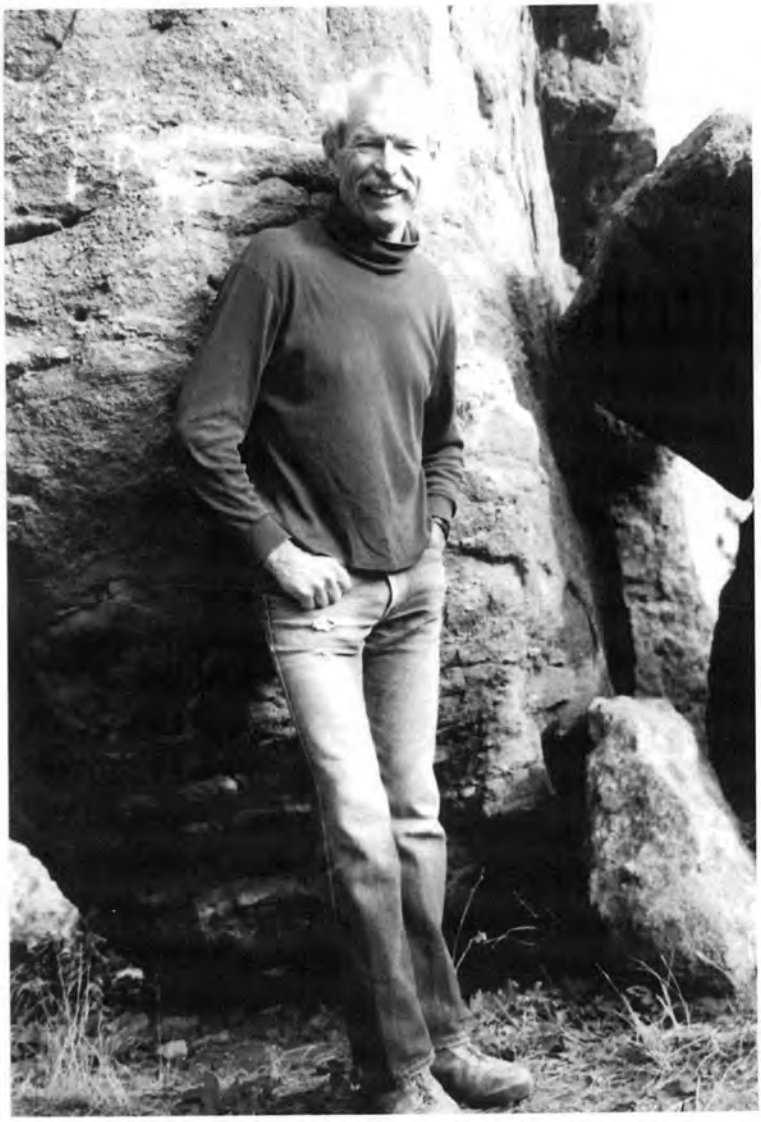
SHOPSKA PETORKA: ALEX, FRANZ MOHLING, FELIX MARTI, RON HEDL
JAN. 1970

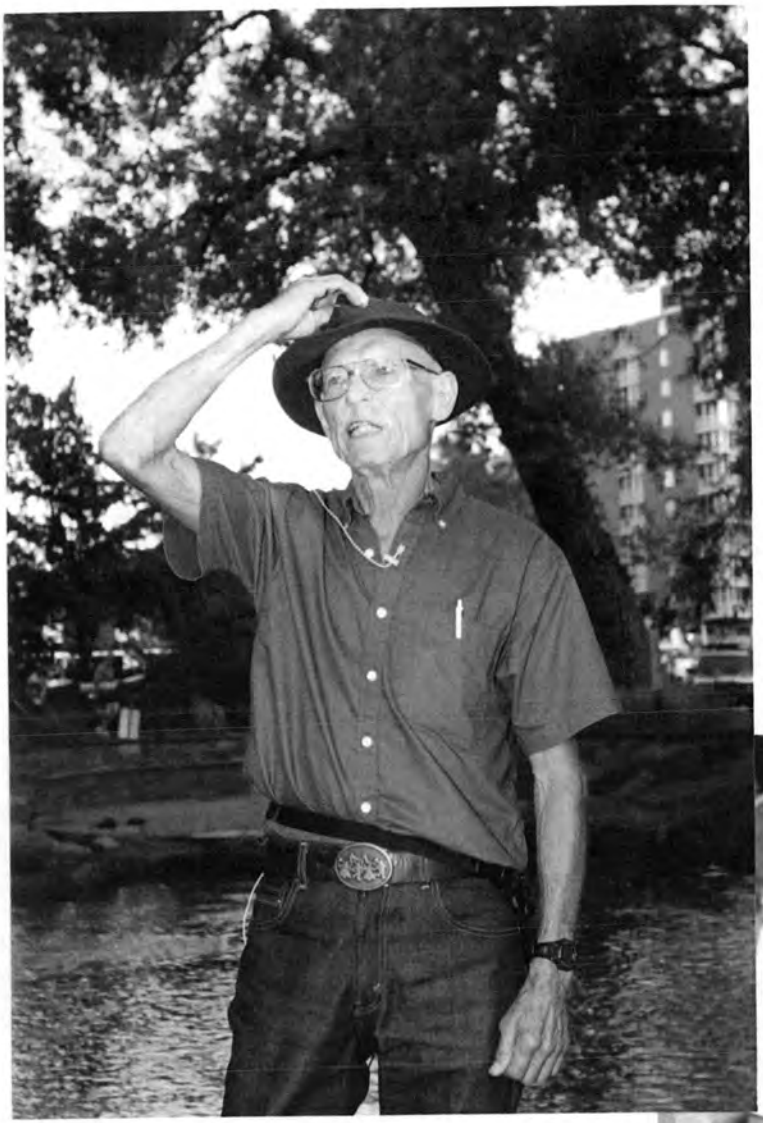
Jan 1970
Martin Park

Račenica (b)

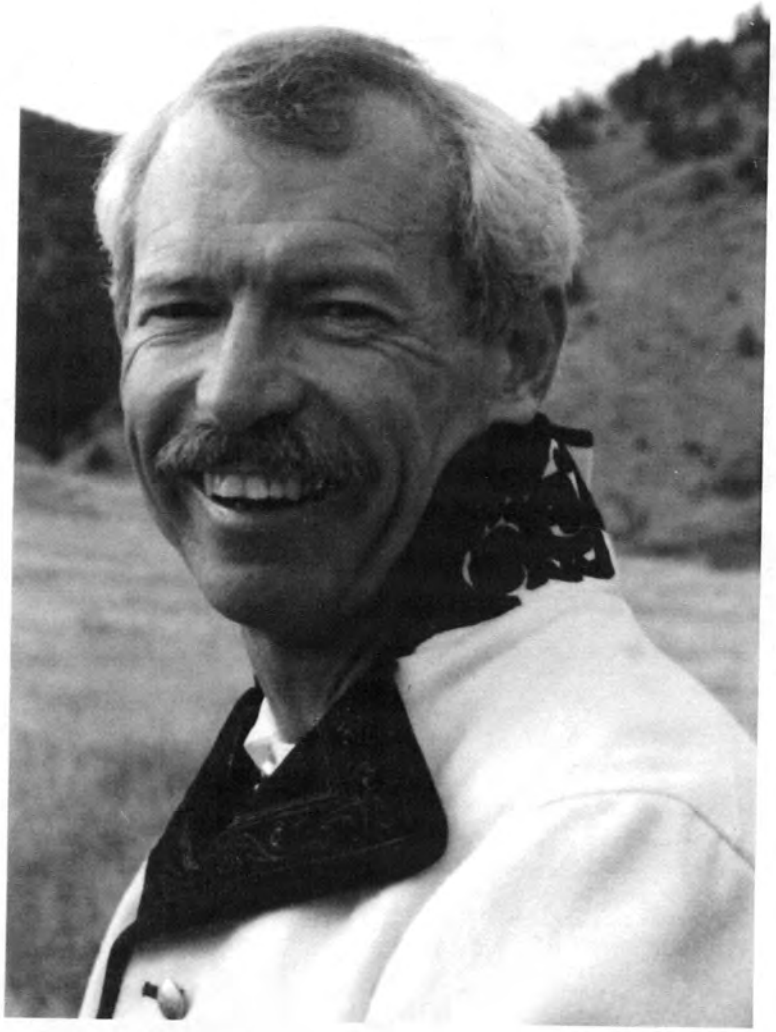
Nan Keoll Carol Johnson Tink

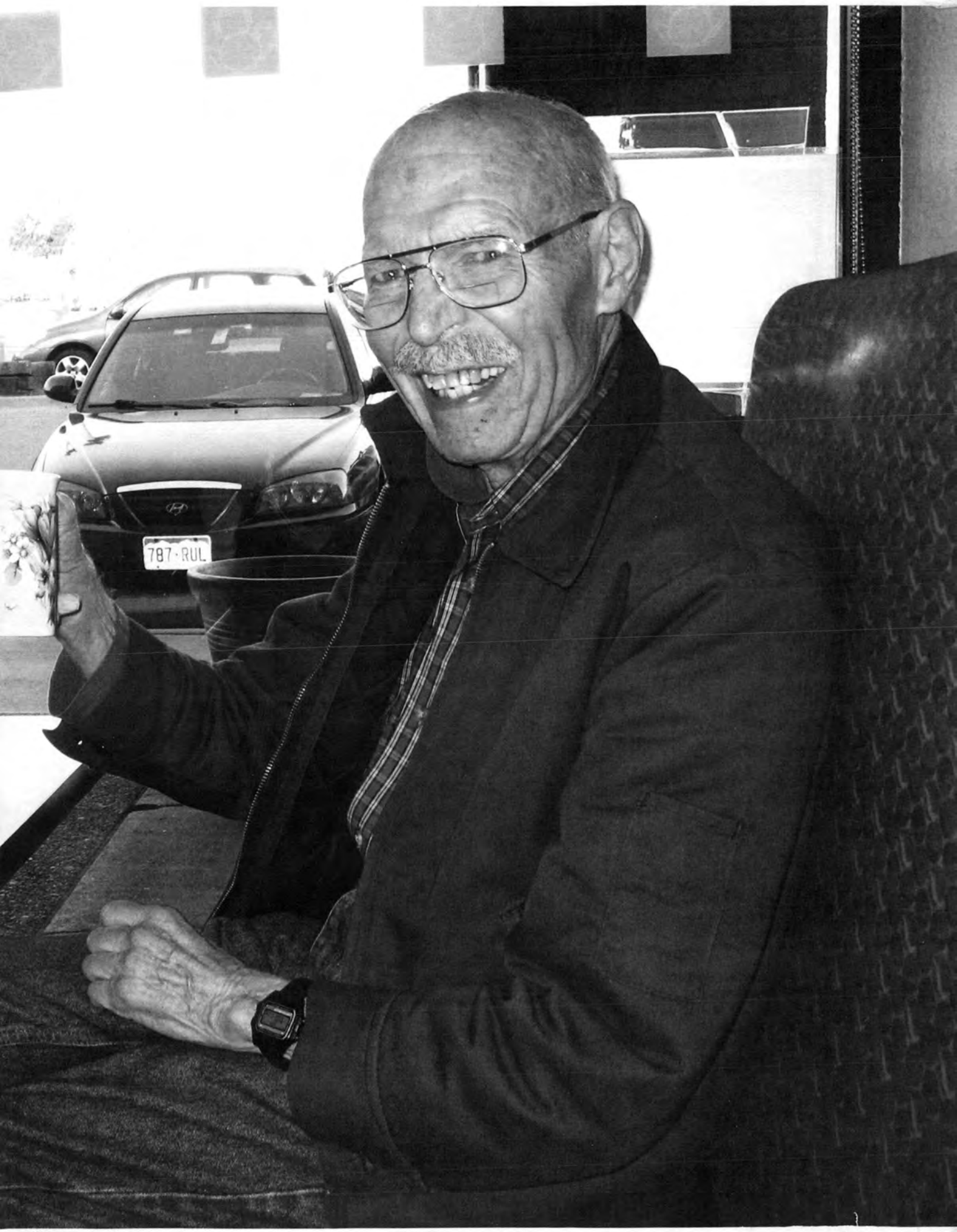
NO
WAR!





At his 75th
Celebration
2004
Telling a story
&
Playing for singing

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The exuberant expression on the face of Alex "Tink" Wilson tells it all. He was at the 75th birthday celebration he programmed and funded for friends, visitors, and fellow folk dancers in Boulder, Colorado, August 2004.

It was typical of Tink that he programmed an event for people to have a good time around folk dance and song and story. He embodied the idea of folklife, and through his energy and imagination made it happen. He was a modern day folklife presence.

"Dance Celebration" presents a glimpse into the path that this extraordinary man took as dancer, teacher, organizer, peace activist, and advocate for the folk community. Folklife is not so much to be documented as it is to be lived. We can draw encouragement and inspiration from Tink. He will live on in what we do.

Alex "Tink" Wilson Folklife Fund
Boulder, Colorado