

COUNTRY DANCE AND SONG



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COUNTRY DANCE AND SONG

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We are always glad to receive articles for publication in this magazine dealing with the past, present or future of traditional dance and song in England and America, or on related topics of interest to country dancers.

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| | P. 26 (lower) | Lyril Peterson |
| | P. 35 | George Pickow |
| | P. 40 | Stan Levy |

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CONTENTS

Articles

| | |
|---|----|
| DOWN THE OUTSIDE: DANCES OF NEW ENGLAND TODAY | |
| Dudley Laufman | 3 |
| WILLIAM WELLS AND THE BAMPTON MORRIS | |
| An Interview | 9 |
| TRIBUTE TO GEORG BIDSTRUP | |
| Raymond F. McLain | 13 |
| 30 DAYS WONDER: A DANCER'S TOUR THROUGH ENGLAND | |
| Jim Morrison | 15 |
| SOME THOUGHTS ON NOTATING FOLK DANCE | |
| Mireille Backer | 29 |
| NOTES FROM A FIDDLER | |
| Andrew Woolf | 35 |

New Dances

| | | |
|----------------|--------------------|----|
| TED'S TRIPLETS | Ted Sannella | 31 |
| HILL HOUSE | | 46 |

Poems

| | | |
|---------------|-----------------------|----|
| SONNET | Marshall Barron | 28 |
| GULLS & CROWS | Dudley Laufman | 34 |

Photo Feature

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| DANCING ACROSS THE UNITED STATES..... | 23 |
|---------------------------------------|----|

Reviews

| | |
|------------------------------------|----|
| FOLK MUSIC OF BRITAIN AND BEYOND | |
| Reviewed by Judith Davidoff.... | 41 |
| 1971 FOLK RECORDINGS IN RETROSPECT | |
| Stan Leventhal | 42 |

| | |
|---|--------|
| The Contributors | 2 |
| CDSS National Committee, Centers, and Representatives.. | 44, 45 |
| Sales | 47 |

THE CONTRIBUTORS

DUDLEY LAUFMAN is a contra and quadrille caller from Canterbury, N.H. who has acquired a large following among dancers of all ages in New Hampshire, Vermont, and Massachusetts. Those who know Dudley as a caller and musician are sometimes surprised to find that he is also a poet; the poem that appears in this issue was written last summer at Pinewoods Camp.

RAYMOND F. McLAIN, along with his wife Bicky, has for many years been associated with country dancing and the recreation movement in the Southern Mountains. Dr. McLain was a long-time friend of Georg Bidstrup.

MIREILLE BACKER has been a member of the Country Dance and Song Society for 25 years, and is currently serving on our Executive Committee. She has also been associated for many years with the Dance Notation Bureau; her labanotation of the dances of the 16th Century are found in the Dover edition of Arbeau's Orchesography.

TED SANNELLA is a well known Boston caller. In the past he has devised figures which involve multiple sets of dancers; in this issue he offers mini-contras that have been a big hit at Pinewoods Camp and elsewhere in the past three years.

ANDY WOOLF is a very fine fiddler who practically grew up coming to Pinewoods Camp. Until recently he earned his living as an English Teacher.

JIM MORRISON has been working for the Country Dance and Song Society for over a year. In addition to his administrative duties, he teaches English and American Dance, calls square dances, and plays fiddle for outside groups.



DOWN THE OUTSIDE DANCES of NEW ENGLAND TODAY

DUDLEY LAUFMAN

One time old Frank Upton was dancing Chorus Jig in Nelson, New Hampshire, during prohibition. On his last turn as active couple, he danced down the outside of the set, motioned his wife to her seat, and

kept right on out the door to his car for a drink.

Usually Frank never danced that far down the outside, even for a drink. The book says eight steps down the outside and eight back. Frank never took "eight steps" down or back. He danced eight beats, maybe two down, four in place, jigging, and two back, and the same way down the center.

Going down the outside is one of my favorite parts of Chorus Jig, or any other dance that employs that figure. Like old Frank, I never dance all the way down the outside and back (even for a drink). Usually I take two steps down, turn around, jig in place, flirt with the girls on the bench, or, if in the middle set, dance with the girl going down the outside of the next set, and get myself back just in time to sneak one leg into the center for the start of that part, taking both my partner's hands in both of mine, start down the center for about $2\frac{1}{2}$ steps, dance in place for 4 counts, and get back just in time.

The phrasing thing...8 counts for this, 8 counts for that... is the way it appears in the book. In places where there has been a lapse in dancing for several generations, any revival must turn to the book for directions, so that there is a whole thing of dancers who learned from the book, or from somebody who learned from the book, and eight counts is interpreted to

the hilt...dance the full eight steps down and eight back--like soldiers. Only in places where the tradition hasn't been broken, like in Nelson, N. H., has there been much variation from the book.

The kids who come to the dances in Southwestern New Hampshire today, do not, for the most part, have the advantage of this variation to draw from in their own homes. But there are still some old timers who come to the dances, and the kids have them to emulate and enlarge upon, and create variations of their own. Take Lamplighter's Hornpipe for instance. By the time all the balancing and turning is done, there is only time for a four count swing. Even if you step it up there is only time for an eight count swing, but the way kids balance today, the whole thing is down to a three count swing. And they love to swing too, so they keep right on swinging into the down the center part, dancing down only four counts instead of eight, getting back in time for the right and left four. Try to tell them to do it right and they holler "repression". Even when I stop prompting the changes to join the band, or get into the dance, they do it their own way, and always seem to come out on time. I would say that for the most part their timing is excellent. The fact that they extend their swing is really not of any importance. So what! Let the kids innovate. They delight in the joyousness of the music and dances. I know of places where the callers won't allow it, and the kids won't go. We have up to 300 kids every Saturday night. Think about it. Money Musk was once done to 32 measures of music, now is done to 24. Chorus Jig used to be triple minor, now is duple. Things change.

Sometimes this presents problems. Like on what we sometimes call clogging or stepping....formerly executed by the man, now done by the girls as well....derived from the Irish, Scottish, and English clogging and stepping...has been watered down over the years to a sort of shuffle scuff. A summer tourist boy say from New Jersey, up for the weekend to New Hampshire, sees it done by a local, interprets it as a series of stamps, and the dance ends up sounding like a carpenters convention. What are you to do? I don't wish to interfere with the folk process. Sometimes I get down and demonstrate the clogging. But I don't want to say...don't do that.

What about hand clapping? I really don't like it, and neither do most of the band members, in or out of time with the music.

But who am I or we to dictate our opinions to the crowd? Sure, maybe it sounds corny and Lawrence Welkish and Hollywoodish, and maybe it isn't traditional, but who's to say it can't take on new dimensions? The kids who clap, do so with joy, not meanness.

How do you handle an even mixture of innocent beginners and a sometimes rather arrogant group of experts in the same hall? A problem. I have no set rule...play each dance as a separate entity...my devotion being to the entire feeling of the evening rather than to the preservation of Money Musk. If it seems that the success of the dance depends on the good experience obtained from it by the beginners, then I cater to them, and ask the experts to have patience. Sometimes I will do a quickie for the "know hows" only to salve their frothings. I never seem to get much static from the newcomers except their inability to be quiet while I explain things. For the most part they are a pretty good lot of kids, and they keep plugging away until they become "experts".

Recently I learned the tune Prince William at Pinewoods. The dance Prince William would be utterly impossible to do with most of the 300 long-haired freaky kids who crowd our tiny dance halls in New Hampshire. Yet that glorious tune should be shared. I use it for the Beaux of Albany, the Bucksaw Contra, & Washington Quickstep for knowledgeable dancers, and for a corrupt version of the Rifleman for stark beginners and little kids. Those who have never heard it before are delighted. Those who have danced it to its original figure, are horrified. What do you do? I opt for sharing the tune, and tradition be damned.

Sometime ago I went to a dance in Montreal at the Salle Trinidad on Rue St. Catherine. The ticket taker was listening to a hockey game. The lights were low and the music was latin. The floor was crowded with very well dressed young men and women, in tight fitting dresses with sparkles and spangles, high heel shoes and up-sweep hair-dos. Then the latin band took a break and was replaced by three fiddlers, accordion, piano and harmonica. The lights stayed dim. Sets were formed. A floor manager found me a place, and when the sets were full, the music started and the dance commenced. The tempo was medium slow...an Irish reel, but with a definite French flavor. The caller, or callers in my set, were a young man and an older woman. They took turns at some unspoken signal, calling in a lovely musical French patter, each syllable fitting the individ-

ual notes. The figures were very simple, the emphasis being on the long swings, smooth promenades, grand right and lefts, and eight hands arounds. (Their swing is the same as ours, but closer, and slower and longer...8 measures anyway...with feet placed at a slightly different angle.) The music played for fifteen minutes without stopping, and in that time, we did 2½ figures...I ended up swinging with my corner.

The sign said dancing every Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, 8-2.

I have been up since, and they are still at it, although not as frequently. It appears to be dying out among the young people. But if you go, don't ask for "folk dancing" or "country dancing" or "square dancing". Look in the Yellow Pages for Dance halls, and ask if they do quadrilles. And dress up. No peasant outfits. If by chance you should not be able to find a dance, at least plan to be there in the winter so you can take in a hockey game, have some of the great food, and climb Mount Royal right in the center of the city.

Another good dance was in Orange Hall in Brookline, Massachusetts. It was attended by transients from Cape Breton Island who had come to Boston to work and live. They dress and look much like the French Canadians and their style of dance is similar. The orchestra consists of two fiddles, piano, and drum, and a caller. They do polkas, waltzes and foxtrots, and a set of quadrilles in that order, repeating five or six times a night. On the quadrilles they do the same three simple figures each time, the emphasis placed on the stepping. If they swing, they go like the French, but more than likely they will perform a triple hop step, similar to a rant step only more intricate. The music has a definite Scotch-Irish flavor to it.

Orange Hall has since been torn down, but there are still Cape Breton style dances in the Boston area. Marcia Young, 28 Pleasant St., Cambridge, Mass. can tell you where.

Patty and I went to Ireland two years ago, and one Sunday night we found a dance going in a little bar. The orchestra consisted of four fiddles, 2 concertinas, and a set of spoons

DANCING IN COUNTY CLARE

It is Sunday night. The pub is shaped

like a horseshoe magnet.

An orchestra plays in one end, their music rough like the broken end of a whetstone.

A dance is in progress where the current moves both ways. The girls are mini-skirted and white as gulls. The men are in church clothes, dark as ravens.

They rise, glide and dip, slanting in slapping their feet on the cement like surf under the cliffs at Dereen.

Later we found another dance at a marquee out on the burren near Kilmavey. Four hundred young people were dancing a waltz, all in perfect time. Then they danced the Seige of Ennis, not much differently than the style of dancing we have in Nelson, New Hampshire, noisy and with vigor.

Best dance I ever went to was on my fortieth birthday. We had Bronson Schonk up for supper a few nights beforehand, and taught him my six favorite contras. Patty arranged for the band to come, and for the use of Jim and Lybbi Haddock's house in Dublin, New Hampshire, which has a dance hall built into it. She invited our friends who were seriously into dancing, and they came, 100 of them, wearing freaky clothes, and bringing great tureens of fine food. It was a beautiful party. I didn't go near the orchestra. Bronson called the changes. I just danced, rapped with friends, and teased Bronson. Did Chorus Jig three times that night. I don't plan to wait until I am eighty to do that kind of a party again.



William Wells and the Bampton Morris

AN INTERVIEW

From 1886 until a few years before his death in 1953, William Wells was Fool, fiddler, dancer and trainer with the Bampton Morris Men. Both his Grandfather and his Grandfather's Grandfather were trainers of the Bampton Morris, and he traces the association of his family with the Morris for over 200 years. The following interview was given by Mrs. W. R. Kettlewell to Evelyn Wells in 1959, and by Mrs. Wells to the Country Dance and Song Society. It has been edited to include primarily information not contained in the EFDSS Journal Reprint No. 8, entitled William Wells, Morris Dancer, Fiddler, and Fool.

When I first started (dancing Morris) I was a Fool. I first started in '86 and had my first rig-out in '87. In '86 I looked like an African chief. I had two things on my legs that they used to put round flower-pots. In '87 I had a complete new clown's rig-out. I later sold it to Mr. Sharp when I started fiddling. It is now in London.

I always took more delight in my fooling than in my playing.

I was in London in '85 with Tom North and Jack Thatcher and we were going along the street one night when I saw an old fiddle in a pawn-shop marked 6/6d, and I went in to buy it. But the very first fiddle I had I made myself out of an old-fashioned corn-beef tin and the stock and barrel of an old single-barrel gun.

Anybody seeing the Morris today, a keen observer and judge, who saw it 60 years ago would see the differences. I see the differences. Young fellows do not take the keen interest in it today they took years ago.

The dress is more or less the same. There is a difference because you don't see broad sashes. No big broad ribbon as they used to have fastened around the arms and belt ribbons. Hats are very different; as long as I can remember we used to have billy-cock hats, but 150 years ago it used to be top-hats. We have made as many as over 20 sets of bells and we used three sizes of bells, having all three different sizes on the bell-pad.

There were not so many tunes as are played today, in my Granpy's day. There were as many as two tunes that they used to play years ago that I could not play, though I remember their names. One was called "Green Sleeves". We do, practically speaking, the same dance, but it is not the same tune, which we call "Green Garters".

Our people kept pretty well to their own dancing--they always used handkerchiefs. We never used sticks. Our mode of dancing was very different from any other mode.

In the old days we used to have more practice than in these days. We always began the Saturday after Easter and we always had six good practices before Whit-Monday. That was before the war. We used to practice as long as I can remember at Joe the Sweep's corner. Right round the Weald and just close to the Manor walls, there was a good big piece of nice turf; that was where we used to practice in the old days.

My first meeting with Mr. Sharp was when I was living in the Weald, where I was born and bred and of course all Morris men were born and bred in the Weald where Morris dancing originated. Mr. Sharp had started taking down some of the tunes and was at our local concert and our village band was playing. It was made up from three villages; Clanfield, Alvescot, and Shilton. It was not a good band and it made an awful din. Mr. Sharp kept saying "What a noise". It kept up for half an hour but eventually we had a respite.

On Mr. Sharp's second visit, not long afterwards, he came down again and took a few more tunes. He said, "Wells, I suppose you don't know any other old tunes?" I said I didn't know any more but that there was old Stephen, 80 years of age, who knew some wonderful old songs, and he had a wonderful voice. I took Mr. Sharp down and introduced him to Stephen, and he took down some more tunes.

Mr. Sharp was constantly doing the steps himself and asking, "Is this the way you do it?" He wanted to see all the movements himself, he used to say that was the great thing. He took great pains and he took a very keen interest in it. He kept saying, "I think that's a lovely tune", when I was playing them over to him.

When I went to Whitney with Mr. McIlwaine (collaborator with Sharp in the Morris Book) we had to dance. Their children with Mr. Sharp's made up a set of six and went through all the movements. I tried the tune and Mr. Sharp played it on the piano. I often laugh when I think of it. Mr. McIlwaine and Mr. Sharp soon got winded and were puffing and blowing.

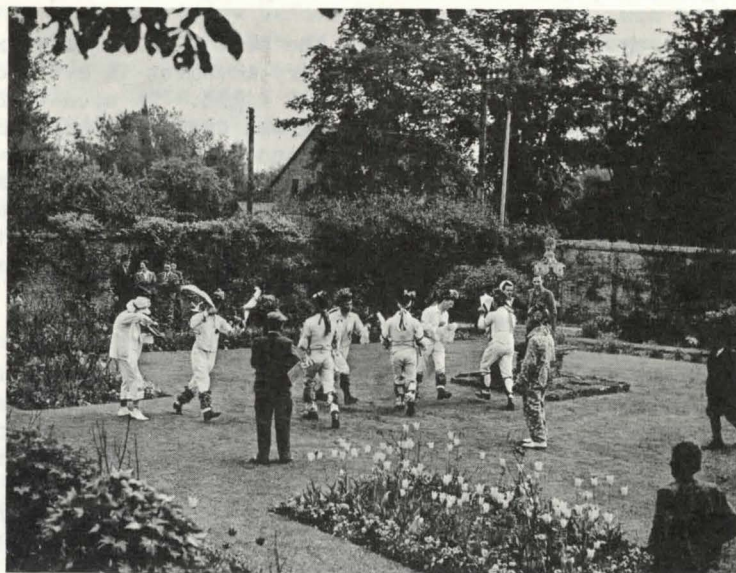
On one occasion he gave me ten shillings and I deliberately, of course, went and put it straight in the box. He said, "I did not mean you to do that or want you to do it." I said we all share and share alike. He said, "I admire you for that but I gave it to you for yourself. You know Wells, I am not a rich man; I wish that I was. I take things from a lot of poor people and I feel I would like to help them". He was a very generous man. A generous, good fellow.

My Granpy always said Dick Ford was the best fiddler we ever had. He was born and bred here. He knew every movement in every dance. My Granpy said he would make them do it right. We used to have players from outside sometimes. There was one from Buckland who used to come; his name was Tot Shorey and he came with his whit and dub (pipe and tabor). My Granpy used to say that he liked to get men from Fieldtown, Finstock and Filkins to come in because they always brought a new tune or two with them. That's how we got new tunes. They explained the tunes and put them through it. Then the local men would pick them up and play them. There were several tunes picked up in that way.

Fiddler Butler from Leafield (Fieldtown) used to go to all the fairs for miles around, including the Witney Feast. They used to do the Triumph, the Step-and-fetch-it, Wait for the Wagon, Double Lead Through, Up the Middle and Back, and Big Handkerchief. Old Fiddler Butler was crippled and had a great iron all up his leg. He used to sit in a chair with his leg straight out in front of him. He was a wonderful fiddler and he used to pull such faces. He could make that old fiddle talk. You could hear it say the words, "Pretty Little Dear" in the Step-and-fetch-it.

There was Charles Rouse, a dancer; the two Tanners, Charles and Tom; Uncle Harry Radburn, my grannie's youngest brother; George Wells, my grandfather's son. He danced in the Morris for about 40 years. When Uncle Harry's father had to give up he took his father's place at carrying the cake. The oldest dancer, when he got too old to dance, always took the cake. There was Joe Akers, Joe the Sweep, who was buried in the snow. He was a good dancer. He was a Fool and a trickster. He knew every move, and when he got buried in the snow we were without a good dancer. But we had Alfred Taylor who was a wonderful heel-and-toe dancer. Tommy Portlock, he's 91 or 92, was a good dancer.

Once we had four young ones in to practice. I have seen a lot practice in my time, but I have never seen a lot start like this lot. They were the worst lot I have ever seen in my life. But after a month was up you wouldn't have recognized them. I have always found in dancing that those that had the most difficulty to learn turned out the best dancers in the finish. There were Vic and Frank Turner; when I first tried to get them onto the Pipe dance I thought I had never seen such duds. But after I had shown them and got them to do the step I turned out two good dancers.



The Bampton Morris in 1947. William Wells plays fiddle.

TRIBUTE to GEORG BIDSTRUP

Excerpts from Remarks at the Burial Service for Georg Bidstrup, May 27, 1971; Keith House, John C. Campbell Folk School, Brasstown, N. C.

Raymond F. McLain

William James, who might be considered America's first major philosopher, was in Europe when he received word that his father was dying in America. He could not return immediately, but wrote his father a letter in which he commented on the nature of life and death. Among other things he said "a man's life strikes but a single note".



I've been trying to identify the single note that Georg's life struck. From forty-five years ago, when he came at twenty-four (an open-eyed, open-handed, open-hearted young man from Denmark) until two days ago, what was the ringing, repeated tone of his life? I think it was that he was always enlarging the circle. The very words, "make a big circle" come first to the mind, I am sure, of anyone who knew George at all!

He kept enlarging the spatial circle. He brought Denmark into this little valley, nestling in these mountains, easy to miss today and no doubt most difficult to find when this School had been incorporated only six months. The green, cold country from Scandinavia bequeathed, through Georg, much of its best to the Southern mountains. George occasionally returned to Denmark, and undoubtedly took something of the warmth, inven-

tiveness, patience and perspective of the mountaineers with him.

Within the circles of his influence Georg eliminated the generally prevailing distinctions between the arts and the crafts. When I say "Georg" I think "Georg and Marguerite". These two have been inseparable in influence upon each other, and in their joint influence upon others, both directly and through the nature and programs of the Folk School. Many people in universities and art academies, as well as in the corner grocery and the vast majority of homes, and even the churches, separate crafts from arts. This separation, both ideological and functional, has quite unnecessarily impoverished the life of the majority of people in this country.

But the circle has been drawn large enough, here, to include the arts and the crafts and, further, so to mingle them with work and play that many unnecessary distinctions fall away.

To underscore the extreme importance of the encircling, integrative influence of this School (and of Georg and Marguerite in shaping it), it is necessary only to point out how our very world and all men in it are suffering from its opposite, namely, separateness and divisiveness, tragically increased in our times. It appears (without illustrating this principle further) that this School is swimming against the currents of modern times. This is the basis of hope.

George lived a long life, as well as a good one....

New Position for John Langstaff

Our Vice-President-At-Large, John Langstaff, has recently resigned his position as head of the Music Department of Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Mass. in order to become Executive Director of "Young Audiences" in Boston, the Massachusetts headquarters of this organization. He will remain on the faculty of the School of Education at Simmons College, and carry on his own concert work throughout the country.

One of Mr. Langstaff's numerous books, Jim Along, Josie, won the American Library Association's award as one of the notable books for 1970, and has just been awarded a Coveted Mention on The Horn Book's Fanfare Honor List of 1971

30 DAYS WONDER

A DANCER'S TOUR THROUGH ENGLAND

JIM MORRISON

At the invitation of the English Folk Dance and Song Society and through the grace of Gadd, I had the great fortune of spending the month of July last summer in England. The idea for the trip originated when Ron Smedley of the EFDSS saw Wayne Holland clogging at the Berea Christmas Dance School and wanted to have a demonstration of American clog or buck dancing in one of the EFDSS shows in London. From here the idea evolved that I might go with Wayne as musician and "co-dancer"; the trip would then also serve to further the contact between the EFDSS and the Country Dance and Song Society and give me some first-hand experience of the English people and country as well as English dance. The Country Dance and Song Society was very generous not only in relieving me of my duties in New York for the month of July, but also in paying for my round trip plane fare.

Thursday, July 1, found Wayne Holland and myself in London's Heathrow Airport, where we were greeted by Ron Smedley. Ron had arranged for hospitality to be provided for us throughout the country by people associated with the EFDSS. The following day we met with Nibs Matthews, once of CDSS (for a year) and now Artistic Director of the EFDSS, and drove with him northward to Loughborough for the Loughborough (formerly Keele) Folk Festival. There we spent a weekend with many of the best-known figures in the English folk dance and music scene; among them, the Bampton Morris Men, Irish piper Seamus Ennis, the Copper Family singers, and many other fine singers, musicians, and dance bands. The Saturday night ceilidh (a party of dancing for everyone interspersed with short song-swaps and performances) also marked the first occasion on which Wayne and I performed together, in England, or any other country!

Following the Loughborough Festival we returned to London, where we spent four days at Nibs and Jean Matthew's home, doing all the typical things American tourists do, but also taking in the dancing at Cecil Sharp House and a performance of folk dancing by Bob Parker and Ron Smedley's students at the Royal Ballet Academy.

We next went north again to Hull on the Eastern seacoast, where we were the guests of John and Kathleen Mitchell. Here we participated in two evening "Barn dances"--both were actually called "barbecues" because food was served, but were held in functioning barns, fortunately cleaned up for the occasion. We were also involved in an afternoon demonstration at the University of York, where we saw our first of many demonstrations of dancing by a local folk dance club affiliated with the EFDSS. On Sunday, July 11, we left for Sheffield, where Kathleen Mitchell had arranged for the traditional sword dance teams from Handsworth and Grenoside to dance for us. I was thrilled to have the chance to see these teams perform, and also a little surprised to be asked by the musician for the Handsworth team if he could interview us. He worked for the local paper, so I suppose it was natural enough,--but it certainly seemed like a switch. We then continued on north to Northumbria and Whitley Bay, where we were to stay with Alan Brown, ex-squire of the Morris Ring, his wife Joyce, and sons Peter and Roger.

When we arrived in Whitley Bay, the Browns and their performing group--the Monkseaton Morrismen and Folk Dance Club--were rehearsing for a program to be given that evening, in which we were to participate. Actually, they were not rehearsing the program at all--they had given the same program, which included Sword, Morris, English, Welsh, and Manx Country, Clog, Broom, and Egg dancing as well as Hand and Morris bell ringing, all over the Mid-west of the United States in the Summer of 1970, and knew it cold. They were instead practicing taking bows, which turned out that evening to have been time well spent. The highlight of the presentation was their local rapper sword dance; the Monkseaton Sword Dancers must surely be the flashiest and most exciting rapper team in England.

During the week that we stayed in Northumbria, we performed at the International Festival at Consett, at the Bridge pub in Newcastle, and even video-taped a short television program for the BBC "Look Northward" program. We also had the opportunity

to hear and meet many fine musicians and dancers, including Irish fiddler Sean McGuire, the High Level Ranters, and North-Eastern style clog dance champion, Johnson Ellwood. We also found time to visit the Roman Wall and Durham Cathedral, and climbed the Cheviot, highest mountain in the Northeast of England, in a 60 to 70 mile-an-hour wind. We hated to have to leave Northumberland, on Friday, July 16th, but we were due back in London for the "6 Hour Folk-In", part of the EFDSS 60th anniversary celebration, and billed as the "greatest folk event ever".

The "Folk-In" was in fact a pretty spectacular affair; the entire Royal Festival Hall complex was used for continuous dancing, sing-arounds, and two concerts. Many of the featured performers we had already met, including the Bampton Morris Dancers, the Copper family, the High Level Ranters, the Ian Campbell Folk Group, Steeleye Span (an 'electric folk' group), and our Northumbrian hosts, the Monkseaton Sword Dancers. Also on the program were two groups I had been looking forward to seeing for a long while--the Headington Quarry Morris Dancers and the Loftus Sword Dance Team, one of the most precise and exciting of the remaining traditional long sword teams. Down at the bottom of the printed program were the "Surprise guests from the U.S.A.": Wayne and myself. It was quite a distinguished bill to appear on, and I think a very memorable evening for all of the 3000+ people who attended.

Our next destination was Weston-Super-Mare on the West coast of England, slightly south of Bristol. There we were the guests of Geoff Rye, chairman of the Executive Committee of the EFDSS, and his wife Bessie. In addition to dancing and teaching some dances one evening, we went around with the Ryes to see the towns of Wells and Bath, descended into the caves at Wookey Hole, and spent an evening at Halsway Manor, which dates from Elizabethan times and which somehow or another (I never quite got the story straight) fell into the hands of the EFDSS. We left Weston on Wednesday, July 21, and stopped by Stonehenge on the way back to London, where we arrived in good time for a last bash with Bob Parker and Ron Smedley before Wayne left for home the next morning.

Within a few hours of Wayne's departure, I had to take a train to Birmingham where I was to appear as the last remaining American buck dancer on British shores in a folk show being put on by Sibyl Clark, Midlands Regional organizer for the EFDSS. Also on the show were the Green Man Morris, the primary

exponents of the Lichfield morris dances. I spent the next day and a half with Sibyl and her husband, Kenneth, who is now the National Development officer for the EFDSS. Then with them I drove to Loughborough again for the 1st National Training Course of the EFDSS, where I spent my final week in England. On Friday, July 30, I was deposited by Messrs Smedley and Parker on a big TWA jet and sent back to Boston, USA. Feeling the dance and music side of my life was being somewhat neglected, I proceeded straight to Pinewoods camp for the month of August.

MORRIS:

I had several opportunities to see the Bampton morris men, and I thought they were terrific. The great drive and force of their dancing is very spectacular, while the naturalness and humor they bring to their dancing immediately conveys the fun they are having to an audience. There is nothing regimentalized about the Bampton Morris; it is full of individual flourishes and just plain hamming around. There is a definite style that all of the dancers have, however, and the overall impression is one of basic unity and not disorganization at all.

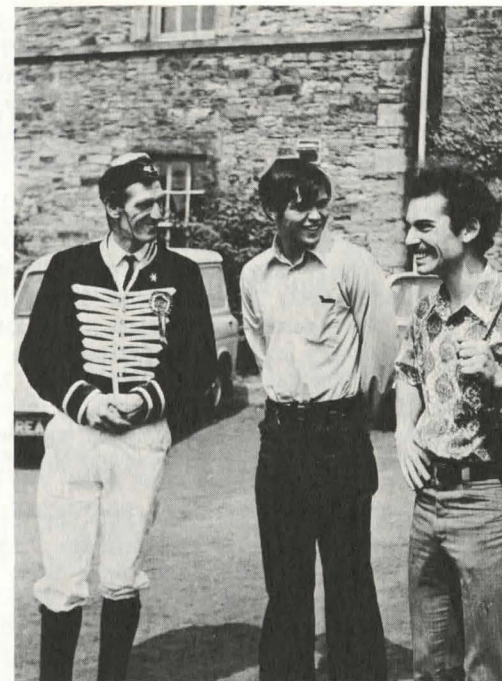
But the Bampton Dancers were far from typical of the Morris I saw in England; the Headington Quarry Dancers were very precise about their morris, and I would say that most of the non-traditional dancers I saw aspired more to the precision of Headington than the freedom of the Bampton dancers. There also is among most English morris a much larger repertory of dances than we normally see here. Not only have many fine dances been discovered from the traditional teams notated by Cecil Sharp, but several new morris traditions have been discovered as well. Unfortunately, practically none of these dances are available in print.

SWORD

It was a hot Sunday morning when we saw the sword dancers of Handsworth and Grenoside perform, and the heavy coats, boots, and hats were designed for Winter performances. But the dancers were very good-natured about donning their gear and coming out in the hot sun to dance for us. Both teams were made up of dancers of all ages; some of the Handsworth men were probably in their early twenties or even late teens, while both teams also had dancers who had been on the team for over 30 years.

The two dances were quite different from each other. One of the most obvious differences is the style of dancing, which in Handsworth is very vigorous and uses a great deal of space, while the dancing at Grenoside is more controlled. So far as I know, the Grenoside dance is unique among long sword dances in the use of wooden shoes or clogs to which strips of metal, something like horseshoes, are attached. Both dances build up to a climax at the end; in the Handsworth dance, the lock is tied and displayed only at the very end, and the dancers march off in line following their leader, who carries the lock. At Grenoside, the lock is tied very early in the dance, and the climax comes when the tempo is quickened during the final figure, the roll, and continues to accelerate during the final stepping, making quite a spectacular ending. (This clog stepping is also used as a break between each of the figures of the dance, though at a much more relaxed pace). The captain of the Grenoside team also sings at the beginning of each of the two parts of the dance, and thus the dance seems to retain much more of the folk play characteristic than the Handsworth dance. Both performances had a strong feeling of the magic and mystery involved in the dance; as Harry Pitts, captain of the Handsworth team put it, "There's something that's out of this world about it".

I felt very honored to have been danced for by these two very fine traditional sword teams. As both dances are quite different from the way they were notated in the Sword Dance Books, I was fortunate to receive a notation of the Grenoside dance as



Harry Pitts, captain of the Handsworth dancers, with Wayne and Jim.

it is done today which had been taken down by our host Kathleen Mitchell. I was also able to make sufficient notes of the Handsworth dance that I think I can reconstruct it fairly accurately; some of the members of the Handsworth team hope to notate the dance themselves, and of course that will be the most accurate source for the dance if and when it becomes available.

The other traditional long sword team I had the opportunity of seeing was the Loftus Dancers, who appeared in the Festival Hall "Folk-in". Their style was extremely smooth and their performance very polished. None of the traditional long sword dancing I saw gave the least impression of being hurried, even during figures with very critical timing like the "your own sword" or "snake". The Loftus Dancers were the least hurried of all, and in spite of the distance imposed by the Festival Hall stage, they emanated the same quality of mystery and magic that I had felt so strongly in the Grenoside and Handsworth performances.

In Northumberland we stayed with the trainer and one-fifth of the Monkseaton Rapper Sword Dancers, and so we had a great chance not only to see one of the best rapper teams in England, but also to step in and go through the dance with them (not in public, of course). The first thing that strikes one about the Monkseaton team is the tempo at which they dance--usually about 170 beats per minute. While this was certainly the fastest rapper I saw while in England, all the rapper I saw was considerably faster than the pace at which we have recently been dancing in the States. In order to go this fast, the dancers must stay very close together, know where they are going at all times, and work well together. The step used is not always the alternating left and right that we normally use; this pattern is often broken by doing two steps on the same foot. The Monkseaton dancers stepped left, left, right, right, left, right, left, right; the Earsdon Men have traditionally danced the opposite--left, right, left, right, left, left, right, right. This stepping too adds to the visual excitement. Done properly, the rapper dance has the potential of being the most exciting and spectacular of all forms of English dancing.

SOCIAL DANCING

I was in England during a period when most of the regular club dancing had been discontinued for the summer. However, there were a great many barn dances with a minimum of teaching, the intent being the creation of an enjoyable evening for people

with little or at least widely divergent dance experience. These dances were run purely as entertainment for a crowd of "uninitiated" dancers--not even a group of beginners, as there was no reason to think that these people were beginning anything that they would necessarily continue. The dances used were of course very easily learned and there was little or no attempt made to teach good dancing. The result in most cases was that the groups that we saw had a "smashing" good evening of folk dancing, and if any converts to the local EFDSS club were made, this was an encouraging by-product and not the main goal of the evening.

It seems to me there is a lesson for our own Society in the success of the EFDSS with these barn dances; although we have often done very well with our local groups of more or less serious dancers, we have not really attempted to reach out to the uninitiated with programs that make English and American dances fun to do from the beginning. From what I observed, the English must have hundreds of people going out to run barn dances on a fairly regular basis; people like the Clarks and the Mitchells often do several barn dances each week. We have two or three people in the New York Headquarters area and perhaps another half-dozen across the country who do dances for uninitiated groups more than infrequently. I hope many CDSS members will start preparing themselves to run the sort of evening described, for it seems to me a promising direction in which we might move.

In many parts of England I encountered great pride in the local customs of the area, and nowhere is this pride stronger than in Northumberland. There I found a great preference for the dances traditional to that part of England and a strong desire among the revivalist groups to preserve the vigorous but controlled style and spirit of the dances of the Northeast.

Many American visitors to England come back complaining that the English no longer do the Playford-type dances. I did not find this true; there are many Playford clubs, Playford dance evenings, and the Playford type dance was included in most of the demonstrations I saw. There is also quite a bit of scholarly work being done on the history and reconstruction of this type of dance by Pat Shaw and others. Although it is true that the emphasis of the EFDSS is much less on the Playford style of dances than that of the CDSS, I find the main difference between the approach of the two Societies is that the English

make a much firmer distinction between the traditional and Playford-type dance, with some beneficial and other not-so-beneficial results.

OTHER DANCING

Since we were being billed as American clog dancers, we ran into many English cloggers (and one drunken Irish step dancer) and were inevitably asked how we could be cloggers if we didn't wear clogs. For in England, clogging is synonymous with dancing in wooden clogs, and the art of solo clog dancing has been very highly developed in many parts of the country. The dancing is quite different from anything I have seen in America; there is very little movement of the body above the waist, and even the legs seem to move as little as possible. But all the English cloggers I saw used extremely flexible ankles, and beat out very complex rhythms with their feet in a slow horn-pipe time. The more I saw of English clogging the less relation I saw between it and New England or Southern Mountain clogging; I have since seen some Irish step dancing which looks much more closely related to the clogging of the Southern Mountains than anything I saw in England. I also had a chance to see the Royton dance from Lancashire done in wooden clogs, which is the traditional footwear--the clogs add a great deal to the dance.

We saw several other kinds of English folk dance not normally seen in the United States; the Egg Dance from Humberside, in which the dancers go blindfolded through rows of eggs (not, in the performance I saw, quite raw); the social and ritual dances from the Isle of Man; and the broom dance, probably distantly related to the Bacca Pipes Jig, and sometimes referred to as the "maid's morris".

THE LOUGHBOROUGH TRAINING COURSE

The final week of my stay in England was spent at the First National Training course of the EFDSS at Loughborough University. Nearly all of the people I had stayed with during the previous three weeks were there for the course, so it was like homecoming week for me. I had been a little fearful that the course would turn into a long series of not-quite-inspiring-enough talks, but by the second day everyone seemed to open up, and it was possible for a real sharing of ideas and honest discussion to take place.

continued on page 27

Dancing Across the United States



Stephens College, Columbia, Missouri



Berea College, Christmas, 1971



Pinewoods

Morris Men

dance in front

of the

Mayflower

PLYMOUTH, MASS.

AUGUST, 1971



Christmas Festival, New York, 1971



Berea College, Christmas, 1971

The course was comprised of discussion groups, lectures, practical sessions, and evening ceilidhs or dance parties for outside groups in the Loughborough area. The lecture topics included, among others, live music--what M.C.'s and bands need to know about each other; running a dance to records and tapes; the historical development of social dance; providing services for outside organizations; festivals and shows. There were also practical dance technique sessions led by Bob Parker and Peggy Spencer, a leading English ballroom dance choreographer and teacher. Perhaps the most unusual and helpful part of the course were the ceilidhs and dances which were held each night of the course at the university, the town of Loughborough, and other nearby communities. Those who had attended each ceilidh or dance met the next morning to discuss the way in which the evening had been run. There were as many as four of these events held each night, and although the groups from the course that went to "observe" somewhat altered the experience level of the participants, these dances were an excellent way to test out the ideas we were discussing in the day-time sessions. One of the major reasons for holding this training course was to consider the institution of a year-round training program for dance leaders. This week spent at Loughborough was for me a very educational experience, and it made clear the need of providing a more systematic way of training dance leaders in this country.

I want to convey my gratitude to all my hosts in England, and in particular those who did most of the planning that made the trip so enjoyable and instructive: Nibs Matthews, Bob Parker, and above all, Ron Smedley. I am also very much indebted to the Country Dance and Song Society for the support, financial and otherwise, that made the journey possible. So thanks to all of you!

SONNET

MARSHALL BARRON

A dance at loggerheads is Shepherds Hey
A Fieldtown morris tricky as can be,
For handkerchiefs droop down in limp array
Whilst they should seem to hover like the bee.

For Sign Posts standing there are what we see
While list'ning to the haunting melody
Which has a rhythmic idiosyncrasy
Which halts the dancers, unlike Banks of Dee.

A hey! The dancers break from reverie
and flaunt their hankies in the cooling zephyrs,
dancing with élan and with esprit--
The tune: collected from a man gone deaf?

Demanded here is latent energy;
But for this sonnet--an apology!

(There is more than just "rhythmic idiosyncrasy" in
this poem; to the first reader who discovers the
literary joke, we will give a free CDS series record
featuring -- who else-- Marshall Barron on violin.)

Some Thoughts on Notating Folk Dance

Mireille Backer

The question is frequently asked, is it a good thing to notate folk dances? Would recording not hurt the spontaneous quality, the ever-evolving character of the dance? In particular, are the English Country Dances suitable subjects for notation, since they are notable more for their social quality and interaction of participants --elusive subjects to catch in notation-- than for their complicated steps or movements. Certainly a danger does exist; a thing written down tends to appear to be the authoritative last word, whether it is a recipe, a news report, or a weather forecast. Still the advantages of notating folk dances way outstrip the pitfalls, which, after all, can be guarded against by bringing knowledge and experience to the reading. These advantages include reaching a larger audience, saving dances from being lost, and making study and comparison possible, particularly for those without first hand access to the dances.

Filming and video taping can be indispensable tools in the recording of dance. They are limited, however, to recording a particular performance and style, while written notation using symbols can represent the essence of the dance itself and show the dance's structure, rhythm and simultaneous happenings (this last alone is a tremendous advantage over word notes). Learning from written notation--labanotation preferably, because it is the versatile and complete system-- makes it possible to re-create and not merely imitate the work.

It is this last point which seems to me the most important. How often one sees an old film of a dancer acclaimed as great in her or his day only to be dismayed by superficial fads of the time-- mannerisms, seemingly unstylish costumes, etc., which mask the "real thing". One would have much weeding to do to learn from this. Likewise, many "folk" singers who have learned by imitating recordings have reproduced only the sliding from note to note and the peculiarities of dialect. Better to my mind to study the bare bones of the work in question and make it one's own in order to bring it to life and communicate it to others, as one must do in any of the performing arts.

But what are we recording? In folk dance there is no pure model. Traditional dance is continually changing. Each time a dance is repeated there are probably some differences. But each time there are samenesses also, and it is these we must hang on to. Notating the dances at various stages of their development--starting now-- would give us a history and literature of folk dance for present and future participants and students to study and enjoy. Setting them down complete with dates, proper identification of where learned, etc., would not preclude their changing or being adapted. But there would be something to refer back to--and if several variants are written comparison and study become simpler.

To consider our own material, how much poorer we would all be if Playford had not written down and printed the tunes and instructions for the dances we love so well. And how much richer still we would be if he had put them into a full notation so that we could know--and ignore if we chose--the exact timing, steps, carriage, arm movements, etc., that were used when these dances were being devised and done.

If these dances are notated now--and I feel they should be--who will read them? It is true that they will be read by few at present. But as more people learn the ease of reading (not writing--that is harder, as writing a foreign language is harder than reading it) more will avail themselves of the material, as they are beginning to in other fields of movement. When the pleasures and advantages of being literate are realized it becomes easy to learn--as with music notation which people of all ages learn to read when they feel the need. This does not mean that leaders or dancing masters will no longer be needed. Notation itself does not teach.

I would like to see a host of people putting down all our material. At the very least, the Morris of the few remaining traditional teams in England should be notated. And there is still the living tradition of country dances in many parts of the United States waiting to be collected. It would be a labor of love--but at least not all would be lost. In Hungary it is a government project to put into Labanotation all remaining genuine folk dances since they wish to preserve this fast disappearing national treasure. Would that we in the West felt the same way!

It is desirable to notate folk dance material, not in the all-inclusive form one might use to notate ballet, but in a simple form that omits personal style. And we must request the reader to bring some understanding of the nature of the folk tradition to this re-creation.

TED'S TRIPLETS

TED SANNELLA

As a dancer and caller brought up in the New England tradition, my favorite dance form has always been the contra. I have observed, with great interest, that those contras with the maximum activity (especially the ones with a great deal of swinging) have been the most popular ones. Conversely, the dances which required an inactive couple to do little else than "move up" have been in least demand. Although quite logical, this fact-of-life is unfortunate inasmuch as some of the dances in the latter category (including many of the triple minors) have redeeming features and deserve a better fate.

By keeping the sets short, thereby minimizing the inactivity, great enjoyment can be obtained by participating in any contra dance -- even the least "busy" ones. Unfortunately, it is not always possible to limit the length of a contra set. Quite often the shape of the hall will be a strong determining factor and occasionally the best laid plans of the caller will go astray when the open-ended short set lures a group of late-comers (sometimes after the dance is underway). Perhaps an optimum length should be selected and an announcement made that this was to be the rule--"no contra shall have more than X number of couples". Indeed, this may be possible in a class situation or if no experienced contra dancers are present. However, I never have been able to muster up enough courage to tell a Yankee veteran (of 20 years on the dance floor) that he can't join a set of Hull's Victory or Chorus Jig because of its length. Therefore, I have joined my calling colleagues in avoiding the problem whenever possible -- i.e. select busy contras when the attendance is high and include one or two of the less active

dances when it is evident that the sets will be short. This type of programming has been successful, but the idea of short-set line dances has crossed my mind frequently over the years--only to be pushed aside, into a back burner, again and again.

In 1968, I agreed to teach squares and contras at the C.D.S. Boston Weekend at Pinewoods (this was to be my third time on the staff for this event). As is my custom, I devoted considerable time preparing the material which I planned to present. Several sessions were spent before my typewriter (where my thinking works best) as I selected or discarded the titles of dances and categorized the chosen ones in terms of difficulty, type of pattern, and suitability for class and/or evening party. Then I picked out the record preferred for each dance on the list and the sheet music to have on hand when live music would be available.

During one of these planning sessions (with my mind plugged in on C.D.S.), a stream of happy memories paraded through my consciousness. I saw myself enjoying English Country Dances in Boston, Cambridge and at Pinewoods--first with Louise Chapin as instructor and later under the guidance of May Gadd, Genevieve Shimer, Helene Cornelius, Bob Hider, John Bremer, Nibs Matthews, and even once with Douglas Kennedy. My total impression was one of complete enjoyment as I saw individual dances come into view and then fade away to be replaced by others, each with its beautiful melody and flowing figures. The parade of dances continued with bits and parts of circles, squares and lines flitting through my mind's eye, and then, suddenly one came into sharp focus!--The Fandango (always one of my favorites). As I visualized a set of dancers doing the hand turns and casting, etc., I realized that I was actually watching a unique type of three couple dance--one that was progressive, required exactly three couples and could not be done as such with more than this number.

Back to reality--I recognized that I had the solution to my problem of the lengthy contra sets. I would make up some contras that required a fixed number of couples and could only be done with that number. After considerable thought, I decided that three couples was the best number--after all, the English had long ago proven the popularity of the Longways for Six with such dances as Picking Up Sticks, The Black Nag, The Old Mole, Scotch Cap, etc. So it was that the first of my "Triplets" was born. The first three were presented at the 1968 Boston Week-

End at Long Pond and more have followed until they now number ten in all (at this writing).

I am including a few samples in case you'd like to give them a try. This is the first time they appear in print. Find a good lilting French-Canadian Jig or Reel, line up the three couples as in Fandango (all proper) and call the dance as long as you wish--nobody waits out more than two turns before becoming "active"!

Ted's Triplet #4

First couple cross and balance the opposite two (8 counts).

Circle left, go once-and-a-half, stay in the middle of a line of three (8).

Forward six and back (8).

Right hand star with the couple below (8). (once all the way round--then gent turn left into next figure)

Circle right with the couple above (8). (once all the way round--again gent turn left into next figure).

Cross through the couple below (lady lead) and cast up one (8).

Balance and swing in the middle (16).

Ted's Triplet #7

Top two couples turn by the right, go one-and-a-half around (8 counts)

Same four right and left through (8). (do not return)

Active couple turn contra corners (16).

Same two balance and swing (16). (finish facing up with lady on the right)

Up the center, cast down the outside to the foot (8).

Everybody do-si-do your own (8).

Ted's Triplet #8

All go forward and back (8 counts).

Forward again and do-si-do (8).

Middle couple turn by the right, go once-and-a-half around (8).

Top two couples right and left through (8). (do not return)

Same two ladies chain--over and back again (16).

All six circle left, go halfway round (8).

End couples right hand turn, go once-and-a-half around (8)
(both top and foot couple do this)

gulls & crows

DUDLEY LAUFMAN

Gulls and crows are playing capture the flag... gulls with a decided advantage, having pushed deep into crow territory...a small pond ten miles in from the open ocean. (Have you ever seen a crow at the sea's edge?)

Right now crows are quarreling as to who should guard the flag. Finally they fly away, leaving one sentinel perched on a red pine.

Suddenly a gull glides the length of a narrow cranberry bog, through a gap in the pines, setting in the water under an overhanging Pepper Bush.

Another gull curves from the cove with a cry shaped of its wing.

They sit waiting, watching, like in the Alfred Hitchcock film.

(This poem was written at Pinewoods Camp, August, 1971.)

NOTES from a FIDDLER

ANDREW WOOLF

After flunking my induction physical in November, 1971, I went to the Country Dance and Song Society of America office at Christopher Street. I hadn't been there for years. I talked a long time with the staff and bought a few books. That

night, back in my parent's home in White Plains, my wife, Karen, and I took out the recorder and fiddle we had brought East with us and began to learn some new English country dance tunes.

August, 1966, my fifth summer at Pinewoods; I've been playing the fiddle for classes and nightly dancing. At the end of the week I'm supposed to play some tunes for a rapper sword dance performance. I practice the tunes every day, but Saturday, as I face the rapper team in the dance pavillon, my stomach is gurgling. Nervously, I begin to play; the dancing starts. The rapper team smoothly stamps around the wooden floor, shifting through their complex patterns. Swords scrape and flash. As I relax, I can feel the power of the dancers' legs and bodies weaving in and out. They seem pushed into life by my fingers playing the fast jigs. At the same time, their life has somehow entered my arms and hands. They thrust the music forward and seem to be playing me.

I first learned folk songs in high school from a group of students who met Friday evenings at the local YWCA canteen. They sang sea chanties and ballads, learned from Ewan McColl and Joan Baez records, played guitars and banjos, and made up songs and skits in a back room while the other teenagers danced to



rock-and-roll or played ping-pong in the front rooms. The next day I would lie on my bed with my new Japanese guitar and try to pick out all the songs and licks my friends had played the night before. Plucking three or four notes from the easiest chords, I would play for hours on my back, the door closed.

In an interview, a San Francisco poet and critic says that Joan Baez, singing "Barbara Allen" is a more subversive act than marching in a demonstration. It is subversive, he says, as the songs of Shakespeare are subversive. They speak of and affirm essential human relationships that cannot be corrupted by the state. Like folk singing it brings community and spontaneity to this overly-mechanized and bureaucratic world.

When I was a graduate student in English at Madison, Wisconsin one of the ways I kept from being depressed was to play fiddle with a banjo-picking friend I had met after a concert; dance tunes from the Southern Appalachians that both of us knew. We became quite good, but in the summer of 1969 he went back to Colorado and I went to Ellensburg, Washington, where I taught English at a state college for two years, before I received a notice to report for induction in White Plains. In my poetry classes I played my folk instruments, and ballads, dance songs, and mouth music from records I had--I didn't know a song could be a poem, one of my students said.

One evening the English Department at Central Washington State College sponsored a program of Elizabethan literature and song, in which teachers, students and townspeople played and sang Renaissance music and read Elizabethan poetry. I danced "Shepherd's Hey" while Karen played the recorder, to the astonishment of everyone in the room, who had never seen a Morris dancer, although a few of the professors knew about them from Shakespeare.

A member of the English Department was learning to play banjo. I helped him with some tunes, and soon we were playing banjo and fiddle duets. At least once a week we got together, and sometimes performed in concerts put on by the Washington Old Time Fiddlers Association. After one concert we went to a dance sponsored by the Association in a veterans hall. The band already had a fiddle and piano, and we joined it, playing American dance tunes from the twenties and thirties, waltzes, two-steps, fox-trots, while the couples on the floor, most of whom were about seventy years old, shuffled gracefully around

the room.

The first year in Ellensburg I made enough money to go to Europe for the summer with Karen. At the Norwegian National Fiddle and Dance contest we saw hundreds of contestants perform folk dances in regional costumes and play eight-stringed hardanger fiddles and regular violins for prizes. One night some of the fiddlers invited us into a tourist cabin where they were staying. I learned a Norwegian wedding march and a schottische, and they loved my "cowboy music", fast bluegrass fiddling.

--Do you know "Boohk Oovins?" they asked me.

--Who?

--Boohk Oovins. He is our favorite singer from America. Do you know him? They looked at me eagerly. But what were they talking about? I finally understood and said that no, I didn't know Buck Owens personally, but had often heard him on the radio singing his country and western songs.

At an English folk festival in Christ Church I played some Morris dances for a man who fiddled American tunes he had learned from square dance records. A group of clog dancers taught me a few hornpipes and reels, and we played one night outside in a street by a pub, where an old man came up to us and said,--I know that tune. Then he started singing some words and smiled--I haven't heard that one since I was a boy.

The old Englishman reminded me of other old people I've seen. In Yugoslavia I saw a woman dance for fifteen minutes to the tune of a ragged gusle player in a public square, before another Yugoslavian, dressed in a suit, came over gesturing, pointed to the windows above the square, and complained angrily about the noise. And once when I was with a bluegrass band in a bar in Ohio, an old woman asked us for a tune, and while we played it, danced by herself in front of the band until we stopped and applauded with everyone in the room.

Karen and I are trying to sleep on the upper deck of a Yugoslavian ferry. It is about five in the morning and the dawn light is beginning to color the sky. We stop at a village, and as the boat pulls away from the pier, suddenly the sound of an accordion and voices singing. We sit up. A group of Yugoslavians appear on the upper deck, laughing, shouting; they order drinks and sing a slow, sentimental song, the men and women linking arms and bellowing the words mournfully. Then a dance begins. I decide to get the fiddle from my pack downstairs.

When I return and pull it from the case, they laugh, nod, another dance starts up, and one of the Yugoslavians walks over to us. He tells us in English he is a waiter at a fish restaurant in Toronto, Canada, and had come back to his birthplace on the island for the summer. He is now returning to Toronto to make more money. These are his friends. They are giving him a party which started early last night, and are accompanying him back to the mainland to say goodbye. He orders some cognac for us, says to me, play, play, and asks Karen to dance. I join the accordion player and watch all of them glide around the deck. The dancing continues as the sun comes up over the Adriatic islands and mountains on the coast. A cigarette dangling from his lips, the accordion player leads me in the dance tunes, and is surprised and pleased how quickly I pick up the melodies, slow Italian waltzes and Macedonian kolos, which I have a hard time following. The boat makes a few other island stops, more people board, and the singing and dancing go on, while some of the other Yugoslavians take turns with Karen. As the boat docks in Dubrovnik, the waiter gives us his address in Toronto, says to look him up, and we all say goodbye. Taking our packs, Karen and I walk to the bus station, where we note the schedules, and sit down for a while. Then we put on our packs and go outside into the sun, ready for some new adventure: but suddenly music, singing, accordion sounds. In front of the bus station, leaning on each other, are the Yugoslavian waiter, the accordion player, and a few more from their party, singing for the fifth or sixth time that slow, melancholy, arm linking song.

When we were in Sweden, visiting an American friend, a Swedish couple invited us to spend a day with them at their cottage near the Baltic Sea. There were eight of us: Karen, myself, my friend and his wife, the Swedish couple, and their two children. We ate a good lunch: cheese, bread, herring, cold meats, Swedish beer, and some delicious little cakes. In high spirits, the sun shining, we decided to walk down the road a half mile to the beach. Karen brought her soprano recorder, I took my fiddle, and as we started walking I began to play "Davy Davy Knick Knack" with Karen, while behind us marched the ragged line our friends had formed. We walked past pine forests and marshes, switching tunes back and forth; a Swedish walking song, a rapper sword dance tune, then "Davy Davy Knick Knack" again. Nearing the beach, we went by a few summer homes, where children were playing. Their parents in the front yards lay on chairs, talked, or puttered with the lawns and houses.

Some of the children joined our group and danced down to the beach with us, and when we began our march back to the cottage, other children danced around us yelling. Everyone was smiling or singing or talking. Finally we got back to the cottage and collapsed inside, weak with enjoyment.

--What were all those kids saying? I asked our hostess.

--Oh, they were saying that we were crazy, that we had all come from the institution.

In the eighteenth century, English country dancing was a gracious, decorous activity. The able dancer showed his good breeding, his compliance with the accepted ideals of civilized living. Today in the United States, and even in England, country dancing is an eccentric activity, done by a few people. It functions as a rebellion against certain norms of this society. The country dancer does not sit and wait to be entertained. His activities require no great expenditure of money. Refusing to follow the trends of popular taste, he is connected with the past and a tradition which he helps to make.

Many different people from Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, and Canada competed for prizes at the Northwest Regional Fiddle Contest two years ago in Spokane. In the hallways of the elementary school where the contest was held, men in spangly, black vests, string ties, and cowboy hats practiced the tunes they would play on stage for the judges. Young people, who had originally learned classical methods, bowed hoedowns like a Bach piece for unaccompanied violin. In a back room, a group gathered that mostly talked: traditional musicians who had never played professionally. One man's father had been raised in Arkansas, where he had learned to fiddle. Another man could remember the dances around central Washington when he was a boy at the turn of the century, and named some of the great fiddle players who lived then. One woman from Canada, whose father was a French-Canadian, and mother, American Indian, was about seventy years old, plump, had steel-gray hair and glasses, and played a fine, complicated version of "The Flowers of Edinburgh" which she said she had learned as a child. One man I met, who played banjo and sang, said that I played fiddle exactly as his father used to, the same style and bow arm. He later sent me some tapes of fiddling his father had made before he died, and I sent him a tape of my tunes.

At the end of one of the Saturday programs at Pinewoods, every-

one present joined to dance "Sellers Round". The musicians stood in the center of the floor, and we gathered around them. As I left my seat and took a place in the large circle, I felt as if I were coming home to friends after a long journey.

Pinewoods Camp, 1972

CHAMBER MUSIC WEEK
DANCE WEEKS

July 30--August 6
August 6--13
August 13--20
August 20--27

We look forward to another wonderful four weeks of music and dancing this summer. As always, the finest staff available has been lined up for each of the weeks. We are particularly pleased to announce that Nibs Matthews, Artistic Director of the English Folk Dance and Song Society, will be with us during both dance weeks.



REVIEWS

FOLK MUSIC OF BRITAIN--AND BEYOND

Frank Howes

English people tend to dismiss English folk-song with a sneer. This at least is the considered opinion of Frank Howes, professor at the Royal College of Music and author of Folk Music of Britain--and Beyond. To make the study of English folk music respectable and worthy of the serious attention of the professional and the academic, Mr. Howes has written a preliminary survey of the folk music in Great Britain with side trips to other cultures for purposes of comparison. The book raises more questions than it answers, and one hopes that the further studies it inspires will prove more interesting than the present volume.

The systematic study of English folk music is surprisingly recent in origin, especially as made from the musician's rather than the anthropologist's point of view. There is still much work to be done in the classification and editing of the vast amount of material collected. Professor Howes has quoted an impressive variety of examples, including a traditional Norwegian fiddle tune, medieval carols, and a work song from 1966 Glasgow. These tunes are listed in an index with the source for each one--a very valuable reference.

An analysis of the national characteristics of folk tunes refers to Sharp's observation that folk melodies almost never modulate (or change key). A chapter on the ballad tells of over forty variants of "Barbara Allen", some traced back to a 1666 entry in Pepys' diary. A description of the printed or "broadside" folk melodies hawked at seventeenth century fairs and appearing as murals in taverns and private houses is included in the same section. Unfortunately, so broad is the scope of the book that many fascinating features of this music are just barely mentioned. One would love to pursue such topics as the "mouth music" of the Hebrides--songs as accompaniment for dancing; or the Welsh descant singing known as the penillion, in which the singer improvises on the tune he is playing on his harp; or the role of the ship's fiddler in the Royal Navy and East India Company. This book is, as its author meant it to be, merely a jumping-off point for a deeper study of English folk music. We should all benefit.

Judith Davidoff

Stan Leventhal

Only a few years ago, one was justified in complaining of the scarcity of authentic folk material on the record market. However in the past year or two, not only have the established independent folk record companies continued their documentation of good folk music, but new companies such as Living Folk, Rounder and Swallowtail are springing up and greatly increasing the amount of new folk fare. All in all, the folk music enthusiast and record collector have been blessed with an overwhelming quantity (and quality) of new discs to enjoy and digest.

I never thought that Folk-Legacy could ever surpass their original "Golden Ring" recording, but indeed they have. This summer, they released "Five Days Singing", Vols 1 & 2 by the New Golden Ring (FSL-41 and 42). The list of performers reads like a who's who of contemporary folk song interpreters, many associated with previous Folk-Legacy releases and/or Bob Beer's annual folk bash at Fox Hollow. Here we have the Armstrongs, the Hickersons, the Patons, the Cooneys, the Dildines, plus a whole bunch of other people (the list is really too long to go on) making lovely, tasteful music together. Besides the excellent performances and feeling generated by the entire venture, the selection of songs is perhaps the most impressive part of the package. Herein are some beautiful folk songs with great choruses and refrains for group singing that run the gamut from a sea chantey like "Sam Gone Away" to the Jacobite "Over the Water to Charlie" to the banjo tune "Angeline the Baker" to the ancient ballad "Lord Bateman". You won't want to pass this one up. Last year, by the way, Folk-Legacy released albums by Tony and Irene Saletan, Joe Hickerson, Sara Grey and Gordon Bok which also warrant your attention.

Peter Johnson, producer of Living Folk records has just issued his second record "Margaret MacArthur" (LFR-100). Margaret is an exceptional singer, dulcimer player, harpist and folklorist who has been living in Vermont and knows a wealth of fine songs from this state. Her family assists her vocally and instrumentally on a few of the songs, and if you were a bit disappointed with her last record (Folk Songs of Vermont/ Folkways) you should find this offering to be quite satisfying.

The Rounder Collective of Somerville, Massachusetts has released Snuffy Jenkins and Pappy Sherril (0005) an excellent collection

of old-timey fiddle and banjo recordings that falls stylistically somewhere between Charlie Poole and early bluegrass. It is a must for old-timey freaks and any country music fan. Also of interest are their recordings of Country Cooking (0006) and Joe Val and the New England Bluegrass Boys (0003). The former is a group of bluegrass musicians from Ithaca, N. Y. (including the incomparable Ken Kosek on fiddle) and the latter are probably the finest bluegrass musicians in the Boston-Cambridge area.

There is not a great deal of Northern American fiddle styles on commercially available records, but two recent releases help to fill this somewhat conspicuous gap. County has released "The Riendeau Family" (County 725) whom you may have heard at Fox Hollow or the Smithsonian Festival a few years ago. They play great New England country dance music with some very beautiful fiddling. The Library of Congress has issued "American Fiddle Tunes from the Archive of Folk Song" (AFS-L62) and I must say that is the most impressive collection of traditional fiddling I have ever heard. One side is devoted to Northern styles and the other to Southern styles. I recommend this record unreservedly for every folk music record library. This record is not available in stores and must be ordered from the Library of Congress, Music Division, Washington, D.C. 20540

Quickies: Arhoolie has purchased the rights to the excellent Folk-Lyric catalog prepared a few years ago by Harry Oster. To date they have re-issued records by Snooks Eaglin, Snuffy Jenkins, Robert Pete Williams (Angola Prisoner's Blues) and some excellent cajun stuff (also, Chris Strachwitz's Old-Timey label has begun re-issuing some early cajun 78's that are of interest). Included in the Folk-Lyric re-issue program is some great music by Al Lloyd, Ewan MacColl, Betsy Miller and Peggy Seeger. Watch for it. Biograph has issued some fine records by the Beers Family ("The Seasons of Peace"), Larry Johnson, Rev. Gary Davis, some early sides by Skip James, Memphis Minnie and Blind Willie McTell. Yazoo keeps turning out the very best in true blues killers, releases this year including "Country Blues Bottle Neck Classics", Clifford Gibson, Papa Charlie Jackson, Funny Papa Smith and Roosevelt Sykes. Their subsidiary label, Blue Goose, released the very impressive Bill Williams record which is a must for anyone into black songsters. County released a 3-record set of re-issued 78's called "Echoes of the Ozarks" presenting great material from this oft-neglected (on record) area. As you can see, it's been quite a year.

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HILL HOUSE

A



B



Longways, duple minor

- A1 Right hands across and left hands back.
- A2 1st couple cross over and move down one place, while second couple moves up; 1st couple two hand turn once and a half.
- B1 1st couple circle left and right with couple below them.
- B2 1st couple circular hey for four with couple above them, giving hands. (first change is with Partners)

Suggested steps: Jaunty walking step on A1 and B1; Easy polka on A2 and B2.

This dance is taken from Six New Minuets and Twelve Country Dances by H. Bishop, dancing master, printed in the year 1788 in London. The book was very kindly given to the Society by Mrs. Mary McNair. Originally this dance was a triple minor; we have shortened it to a duple minor in order to make it more interesting for the inactive couples. A c# has been added to the key signature of the tune, and the "half turn" in A2 has been changed to a once-and-a-half turn.

SALES

Several new items have been added to our stock in the Sales Department since the last catalog came out last Spring:

A Popular Selection of English Dance Airs, Book IV. Sword and Ceremony. Melody and chords for sword and processional dances, many not previously published, including: Abbot's Bromley, Symondsburry Mummers' Tune, and the Ampleforth Sword Dance Tune, \$1.25.

Southerner's Special SS100 45 rpm recording featuring the Southerners Band--Cumberland Square Eight, Mexican Waltz, Cumberland Reel, Aunt Hessie's White Horse, \$2.50.

The Dance Music of Ireland 1000 Gems. Selected by Francis O'Neill. Our best selling item this year, this famous fiddle tune book is now available in a paperback version. \$6.50

Celebration of Life. Jean Ritchie. New collection of songs and poems, including many very beautiful black and white photographs. \$3.95

Allan Block and Ralph Lee Smith MS-1. A long playing 33rpm record featuring instrumental and vocal music by these two fine musicians. Includes Morpeth Rant, Chorus Jig, Speed the Plough, and other titles familiar to Country dancers. (Unfortunately, cuts are not long enough for dancing) \$4.50.

The Puritan and Fair Terpsichore, Arthur C. Cole. Article on the influence of Puritanism on American Folk Dance. \$1.95.

For the Further Improvement of Dancing, Feuillet. Translated by John Essex, 1710. Ten Country dances printed in the earliest form of dance notation, including the Female Saylor and Trip to the Jubilee, \$2.95.

The Dancing Master, Pierre Rameau, 1725. The contemporary authority on the court dances of the early 18th century. \$3.95.

out of print

The following books are unfortunately out of print and can no longer be supplied by us:

The Country Dance Book, Part IV

The Morris Book (All five parts)