The hectic weeks of the spring dance season are drawing to a close, and your editors have finally been able to come up for air for long enough to get this year’s first edition of the AMN in the mail.

It is always good to get out and about, dance, and catch up with old friends during the traditional aprés-morris fluid replacement therapy sessions. Last year several of our conversations centered around changes in team membership and dance styles, and we decided that some articles discussing team repertoire and how it changes with time could make interesting reading in the AMN. This issue contains the first fruits of that idea, from Alan Winston of Deer Creek and Steve Galey of Seattle Morris, both west coast teams. We plan to continue this theme with articles from teams in other regions in future issues, and are currently scanning the horizon for tired and bedraggled looking carrier pigeons with some of the other articles we have solicited clasped firmly in their beaks.

This issue of the AMN concludes with a review of Steve Corssin’s recently published history of sword dancing in Europe by Allen Dodson.

Have a great summer.

-Jocelyn & Peter
Opinions differ on whether Deer Creek, the Palo Alto, California, men's team, was founded for the Christmas Revels. Opinions may differ on various points in this article, and I do not claim that my current position as squire of the Deer Creek Morris Men makes my opinions in anyway official. What I recall, in any case, is that the team started in August of 1986, and was drafted for the first San Francisco Bay Christmas Revels shortly thereafter—like September.

Bruce Hamilton had founded the team to do Sherborne, specifically his interpretation of the Bouwerie Boys' version, as taught by John Dexter. Recruited for the first San Francisco Bay Revels, we immediately found ourselves learning instead the Upton-on-Severn Stick Dance—all rights, the Chingford Stick Dance—the Sleights Longsword Dance, and the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance, with only about three months to do it, and some of us (like me) with no morris background at all.

That couldn't be described as boring.

Starting the following January, we commenced Sherborne, and stayed with it more-or-less exclusively, except for the Revels, for several years. Revels called variously for the Kirkby Malzeard and Papa Stour longsword traditions, about twelve bars of Longborough, and the Lord of the Dance jig, which is a medley of Cotswold styles. Once we had ready access to a set of horns (about 1988), we started doing Abbots Bromley in the pre-dawn gloom of May Day. One year, we were kitted up, carrying our horns, ready to start. Our recorder player lifted his instrument to his lips, drew breath to play, and the air was suddenly rent by the sound of a bagpipe. Yes, a random bagpiper had thought this would be a good spot to welcome in the Spring, with no knowledge of our having been there for years, having a park use permit, etc. He didn't make any trouble once we explained the situation to him, but the air of mystery normally evoked by the "woo-woo" Abbots Bromley was not achieved that morning.

In 1989 Deer Creek and Mayfield Morris joined to host the third California Ale, the PterodactAle. A few years later the two teams plus Fool's...
Choice ran the PterodactAle Ptoo!. I was co-Alemaster both years, and found it a rewarding and interesting experience. That first year, I personally achieved some level of adequacy in Sherborne, which was a great relief.

The process by which we set general direction is quite democratic. At our roughly semi-annual AGMs, we discuss what we've been getting out of the team, what we'd like to get out of the team, and whose we'd like to go. Questions like "who shall be foreman?" are settled by vote. The fore then has artistic authority; we certainly don't vote on how high the knee will go in Sherborne.

Why broaden focus from Sherborne? We'd plateaued. We were plagued by issues of quality of movement and similarity of movement, with some dancers who were individually excellent but we never really coalesced into a single team movement style. I suspect this problem may be known to other teams. The corner-crossing dances in Sherborne cover this up somewhat, since often only two people are moving, and audiences tend to look for the height of the jump rather than the uniformity of motion.

So, if necessary serves, we adopted Bampton in the style of the Zinghannah Morris Men, as taught by alumnus Dan Pellegrini. This was put forth as a "resting tradition," and I certainly found it less exhausting than Sherborne. Practices were split between Sherborne and Bampton. A relaxed single-step tradition complemented the sky-high Sherborne very well. In theory, we'd also be able to spare more attention to make the lines straight and to sync up with other team members. We paid considerable attention to Bampton, and probably the high point of our Bampton experience was dancing the Binghamton Stick Dance on the steps of the Parliament Building in Victoria, BC, as our show dance for H'AleVictoria. That was a high point of any kind of morris performance, since the landing made a perfect stage, the steps made excellent seating, and thousands of spectators actually stayed and watched a lot of dancing. The weather was perfect—clear but cool, even crisp—the setting was wonderful and the energy superb. The dancing was good too. But I digress.

After this high point in, I think, 1991 we put Bampton on the back burner—whence it has pretty much remained, although the dances come out every so often—and started dancing Ducklington. I am not entirely sure at this juncture why we put Bampton aside; perhaps we were looking for a more-macho dance. I think we may have felt we didn't have much more to learn with Bampton. Finding the supply of Ducklington dances

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inadequate to fill our sets, we invented at least one: *Idbury Hill*, which I recently saw Bridgetown Morris dance in Portland. As a tradition ending off with Sherborne, Ducklington is not so restful as it might be, and it doesn't give the audience as much visual relief as it might. It does have my personal favorite Cotswold dance, *Jockey to the Fair*, which I really love dancing.

This was the point at which it became hard for several people to keep track of what we were doing. It wasn't uncommon to see three different traditions during the first half of foot-up, although we were usually together by the second half. Somewhere in here, we lost Bruce as fore. Fores and practice leaders were Dan Tellozgini, Bob Fraley, and others. We focused largely on Ducklington through the mid-90s, continuing to dance Sherborne and Bampton out, but one really working them hard in practice.

Dave Macemon became Deer Creek's fore for Sherborne in 1996 for the 96/97 season. He was faced with a meshage of scripts, and a wide assortment of small details about which different people had authoritative—in the sense both of being strongly-voiced and of having at some time being "correct"—but contradictory answers. He set about melding a new Deer Creek Sherborne script, a process which included breaking various things we thought we knew. Shufflebacks are still broken. We'd seen and been really impressed by Hammersmith at a Los Angeles ale, and Dave added their *Lass of Richmond Hill* to our Sherborne repertoire. Opportunity then called Dave to a new life in Oregon, leaving our Sherborne in some disarray.

At the same time we'd started to work up some border dances. We started with a commissioned workshop from Jim Morrison, and one of our dancer-musicians, Dave Fouquet, was inspired to pursue other border material, assisting with printed sources. We spent the summer of '96 learning *Four Lane End*, and in the 96/97 season picked up *Seven Hand Reel*, which created a big impression at May Day that year. It then went into some disuse, since it called for seven dancers and we could rarely find that many at once. Our border kit at this point was assorted Hawaiian shirts worn unbuttoned over the same white trousers we used in our regular kit. The trousers were themselves a change from the baggy white knickers we'd used for nearly ten years; they had replaced the tight slate-blue knickers used in our first season. A significant part of the motivation for adopting border was the idea that we could loosen up our team persona, which has tended to be quite introverted. Individually, we can be wild and crazy guys, but the gestalt has been intellectual and inward-pointing. This has changed.
somewhat with the addition in the last four years of several guys who’d
been involved with Renaissance Faire performance groups, who have more
experience and willingness to engage the crowd. As it worked out, we
managed to produce some intellectually and introverted border dances.

At the AGM commencing the 1997-1998 season, we decided to keep
up and expand our border. Dave had some ideas for original dances, and
wanted to see us maintain a winter season for border. He was elected “bor-
der gizmo.” In the absence of Dave Macemon, we didn’t feel we could
continue Sherborne as a primary tradition—our fore candidates weren’t
familiar enough with what Dave had been doing that we could build on
it. We discussed dropping Cotswold altogether, but nobody felt entirely
comfortable with that.

Bruce Balan, who’d danced with Sunset Morris in Los Angeles until
moving to the Bay Area, proposed that we take up Brackley. His argu-
ment, which the team found convincing, was that the relatively unspec-
tacular Brackley would compel us to focus on the issues of moving together,
as a team, that we had been harboring with for so long. If we once had a
handle on that, the skills would be portable to other traditions.

We now have a border repertoire of six dances. We’ve split our season
so that the fall practices focus on border, with brush-ups on Brackley, and
the spring will focus on Brackley. We’ve done some exclusively border
stands, and Four Lane End (with Ric Goldman’s choreographic tweak to
allow the dance to kill the Green Man) was featured in the 1997 Christ-
mas Revels. We liked the rag vests they dressed us in so well that we changed
our border kit from Hawaiian shirts to rag vests. This year, we did
longsword practices for the benefit of the Revels, and finally decided to
try keeping up the longsword during the rest of the year.

This last Christmas Eve, we performed as part of a non-sectarian
Christmas Eve service. We did Shugto Longsword, Four Lane End (bor-
der), Simon’s Fancy (Bampton) and the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance.

I think—and this is just my personal opinion—that this is the direc-
tion we’ll be aiming for in the future. Instead of trying to keep up a lot of
Cotswold traditions, we’ll try to get good at some very different kinds of
things, which can really complement each other in different ways.

All in all, we continue to live in interesting times.

Afterword
Reading over this retrospective exercise resembles, in some ways, watch-
ing a slow-motion videotape of a pinball game. The ball hits a bumper
and changes direction completely; hits a gate once and bounces off but finds

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it open the next time it hits. Several people have had visions for the team, which have not with various degrees of success. It's something like strat-
egy in pinball. There may be some target you'd like to hit, but what actu-
ally happens depends on timing, gravity, luck, and just how much and ho
effectively you can juggle the cable without tilting and losing the ball alto-
ger. More than one squire and more than one fore has used the meta-
phrase of herding cats to talk about trying to manage this team.

This isn't altogether a bad thing, I think. That we develop policy in meetings means that members feel some ownership of the direction in which we go, which is good. Our not-too-rigid structure has enabled some mem-
ers to grow artistically: expand from dancing to playing music as well; become fores and put forth their own visions. We've traveled to distant ales and had marvelous experiences there; we've had the experience of to-
tally nailing some dances, and we participate in a May morning festival that's a community tradition with between one and two hundred people in the audience.

On the other hand, the lack of coherence that probably comes from too many different opinions with equal weight has caused some discom-
fort for dancers and fores alike. We tend to be reactive, asking each year what we can do with the material on hand, not, usually, aiming the team toward a distant goal and working to get there. It's hard to keep focus, and we struggle with questions of commitment. Strangely, our pattern has been to have good attendance at practice and not be able to get full sides for gigs.

I suspect that our situation is not uncommon. Our challenge will be to keep Deer Creek interesting and rewarding to its members, preferably by giving us that feeling unlike any other of dancing very well as a team: still individuals but connected by intangible links that let us move as one.

Acknowledgments

Thanks to Eric Goodill and Bruce Hamilton for checking my recollections. Any errors that remain are certainly my own.
Top Ten Ways to Maintain Team Longevity

By Steve Galey

I started dancing morris lots of years ago. I've been a member of Seattle Morris for a bunch of those years. (Counting isn't my forte—ask anyone on my side.) Seattle Morris was originally a men's side but couldn't consistently generate enough men, what with the persistence of the mossyback Morris Men. So after a couple of years, we became a mixed side. This led to certain changes in the look and feel of the team. Although we still used the same kits, everyone agreed that we looked different. And those who took the trouble to feel us here and there also noticed certain changes in the topographical prototype of at least some of the dancers. Enough introduction.

I have stumbled across a variety of ways to keep a side excited about dancing, and being a member of a team. From the point of view of a relatively small or newly formed side, the following may be of some use. An experienced team may find I am preaching to the converted. Coals to the Eskimos and all that.

1. Master each tradition you do before you adopt others. Doing only one tradition, however pure and idealistic, is a recipe for boredom. If you do choose more than one tradition, clearly differentiate among them. Seattle Morris has been doing Sherborne almost since we formed. We used to do Wheatley, opposite in many ways from the Sherborne tradition. It's a damn sight easier to learn and it's crisp and angular everywhere Sherborne is fluid and majestic. Although we liked Sherborne better, it has no stick dances. (Well, supposedly there is one, but we've never seen it.) So we dropped Wheatley a few years ago and took up this apostate tradition called Elm City invented by Rick Mohr and the New Haven Morris Men, which was taught to us by our Fore at the time, David Sacco, a former member of NHMM. It's as sharp as Wheatley but is exclusively a sticking tradition, which dovetails even better with Sherborne. (New Haven also did Sherborne at the time.)

So we now do Sherborne as slowly and powerfully as ever we can, and crack, snap and pop our way through Elm City in between. Since we have no actual rookies on the side this year we've been working on

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Bampton, which we hope will form the third leg of our repertoire. With Bampton, we emphasize the relaxed, almost hypnotic charm of the tradition. Still, our active repertoire is small (no more than ten or twelve dances), and we try to never lose sight of the salient differences among traditions.

So what does this have to do with reducing boredom? Because doing each tradition really well is the key to having members of other side slathering praise on you, leaving you with the misguided but gratifying impression that you are a wonderful person and have a meaningful impact on the world.

Do non-morris stuff together from time to time. We conduct a traditional pre-season expedition to a club called Entros, a multi-media, high-tech adult gaming emporium here in Seattle. Once, we split into three two-person teams, and entered a "game show" where an array of slide projectors flashed assorted images of pop-culture icons, not for identification, but to complete a pun. Of the six teams in competition, Seattle Morris took the first three places. We were awesome.

Once, we stayed an extra day after a Sunset Duck1 and went to Disneyland as a team. At another California Ale, we arrived early to take in the boardwalk at Santa Cruz, including the big coaster and laser tag. There is something to be said for rediscovering the inner child in each of us.

3. Invite out-of-town teams to visit and dance with you. That is, if word hasn't spread after you've worn out your welcome with local teams. Out-of-town teams are generally unsuspecting and will enthusiastically accept virtually any invitation credibly proffered. While Seattle Morris, for example, may have long since exhausted its welcome with local and regional sides, we still invite English teams. We regale them by e-mail with tales of marauding painted savages ambushing stage-coaches carrying payrolls of gold and they think it's an opportunity to get in on a great cadge.

4. I've heard it said that there are three things you must do to earn your credentials as a complete morris dancer: dance out with your side, play an instrument for a dance, and perform a solo jig. Stupid saying, really. So your foreman and best dancer is only 2/3 of a morris dancer just because he/she doesn't play an instrument? Balderdash. Still, members should be encouraged to work up jigs and learn to play an instrument. An individual accomplishment representing your team is good just all the way around.

I entered the solo jig competition several years ago at Sidmouth. I didn't win or even get a particularly good score. But people came up to us...
to me all week afterward and lied very convincingly (as I was predisposed to be gullible anyway) about how much they enjoyed my "interesting" interpretation. On the other hand, after the first time I played my melodeon for my side, no one spoke to me for a week.

5. Do karma gigs. There's nothing like performing at an old-folks home to make even the oldest stiffs among you feel like they're back in the prime of life. Try not to trip and fall on any of the residents and stay away from the cider.

6. Working up team skits for presentations at Ales and other functions can be a fun thing for a team to do together. Watching the skits worked up by other teams is a diicer proposition. Seattle Morris, in a compassionate gesture too seldom emulated, forewore Ale skits several years ago in the interest of humanity.

7. Start practices on time and keep them short. We used to schedule practices between 7:30 and 10:00. Despite gentle prodding, inducements, and threats, we seldom started to dance before 8:00, then were often too whipped to continue until 10:00. Plus, it was too late for some to continue on to the pub by then. Now, we still start at 7:30 but end practice by 9:00 so people are actually showing up ready to dance at 7:30 most nights. Now, no one has an excuse for not going so the pub so team business can be postponed until then. And, team meetings are move fun after a pint or two.

8. Summer practices can be particularly boring. You are nearing the end of the season and your repertoire is well rehearsed. You can work on lines or drill long sidesteps, but we prefer to devote the majority of practice time to more creative pursuits. Bring a great tune and make up a dance. Or take an existing dance and open it up for tweaking. Prime candidates are dances with repetitious figures (step up, chorus, rounds, chorus, rounds, chorus, rounds...). These dances, however enjoyable to perform and however ancient their lineage, send to boorish the audience to stasis. While we are addressing team, not audience boredom, this is a golden opportunity to kill two birds with one stone.

We invented a new Sherborne figure in this fashion, though more by accident than design. I was calling the dance (seldom permitted, even though I'm Fore, but always an adventure), and was perilously late calling the next figure. Eventually, I called rounds just as Jeff Terry, in a third corner spot, came to the rescue and called facings. The middle couple did facings and the rest of us did rounds. It looked great and "Rounden" was born.

9. Be respectful of other team members or go join another team. Actually, it would be best if you took up another avocation. Don't bring
your interpersonal conflicts with other team members back to the team.
If you encounter unavoidable tension with another dancer, be the big one and go up and say, "Hey, I can be an asshole sometimes. Sorry about your kit. I know this great dry cleaner..."
I've never personally found the need to abase myself in this manner, but I've seen it work wonders for others.

10. On a mixed side, recognize the men are from Mars, the women are from Venus. If there is some dispute and someone is upset by something happening on the team, the women should go off to one side and process it. The men won't understand anything you're talking about anyway and just get confused and depressed. Once everything has been thoroughly processed by the caring contingent of the side, explain whatever action is required on the part of the men (i.e., involving the ultimate positioning of toilet seats, etc.), and move on. Any actual effect of this process is transitory at best, but everyone will have conformed to expectations and felt the exercise to be a valuable lesson in relationship building. If this is not a satisfactory way of resolving differences to you, for Pete's sake, don't ever get married!

Conclusion:
For years, I was a morris dilettante. I believed my role to be that of the anti-Squire, carefully dispensing measured doses of crap to everyone in a position of authority. Now, as I creep up on my declining years, I feel a growing sense of responsibility and a more enlightened understanding of the importance of men in my life, not to mention respect for figures of authority (now that I resemble one).

Morris dancing is a good thing and it's worth nurturing your team to make it a better thing. It is excellent exercise and way less boring than jogging or aerobics. If you have an academic bent or even a smidgen of intellectual curiosity, morris is a treasure trove of historical fact and baseless speculation. You have the opportunity to rub shoulders with some of the most intriguing and peculiar persons in circulation. But most importantly, participation in the Morris can be the creative outlet necessary to the maintenance of sound mental health.

Sunset and Pennyroyal of Los Angeles usually have an ale every other year, which they call "The Duck," or a derivative thereof-ed.)

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Sword Dancing in Europe: A History

Reviewed by Allen Dodson

Sword Dancing in Europe: A History is the first detailed treatment in English of the history of linked sword dancing in Europe, and for that matter one of the first scholarly publications in any language to bring together material from a variety of countries where sword dances are recorded. Such books as have existed previously have generally treated a dance or dances from one region (often the author's own), and have suffered either from extreme nationalism—in its worst form, evidenced in German publications from the Nazi era—or the Golden Bough sort of fanciful romantic notions of ancient mystery and ritual surviving into modern times from which so much discussion of ritual dance has suffered.

As someone whose knowledge of Continental sword dancing is limited (like many AMN readers, I imagine), I found the book entertaining, informative, and thought-provoking, posing more questions than providing answers. In this respect it is a useful summary of present knowledge as well as an inspiration for further research. However, its academic focus does serve to limit the book's accessibility. While Corssin does an excellent job of critically reviewing the existing literature and offers useful hypotheses about the origins and transmission of dances, a non-folklorist dancer interested in the dances themselves is liable to come away with less insight than he or she might have hoped for.

This is partly due to the fact that the Continental dances included here take a variety of forms, having in common the use of linked swords but little else. Many of the dances appear completely unconnected to English longsword dance (and they probably are); it's difficult to visualize a dance from the printed instructions, of course, but I found myself particularly frustrated here because they are so different. It is perhaps unfortunate that this book was completed before the author's visit (as AMN correspondent, I should note) to the International Sword Spectacular in England, as I think the descriptions of existing dances would have benefited from his discussions and observations there (AMN Vol. 19, #3). However, the book contains much that is of interest to the sword dancer outside the scholarly realm, and is a valuable addition to one's dance library.

Chapter 1 is a well-written introduction, particularly useful to the non-folklorist, which covers the limited material published to date. The remain-
der of the book is arranged both geographically and chronologically; that is, Chapters 2-5 summarize fifteenth- to mid-eighteenth-century citations and descriptions of sword dancing in the Low Countries, central Europe (including Scandinavia), the Iberian peninsula, and Britain. Certain similarities occur here: most of the references are from urban centers, the performers are often members of trade guilds or other such groups, and the dancing itself frequently occurs as part of a grander pageant, often on a religious holiday. It is to Corrin's credit that he manages to present what, after all, are mostly fragmentary descriptions of dances involving swords (or in some cases prohibitions against dancing with swords), without the book becoming simply a dull recital of extracts from municipal records.

That said, as a non-sword dancer I found some of the descriptions needed more explanation, and would have appreciated some speculation from the author as to what the dances may have looked like, as well as potential similarities among dances from different regions. The Spanish and Portuguese references, some of which may refer to "combat" sword dances as opposed to linked sword dances, seem to suggest a different type of dance than is found in the other areas. Particularly interesting in the paucity of references to sword dancing in Britain, especially England, before the 1760s, while as Corrin states, "non-evidence of performance is not necessarily evidence of non-performance," it does suggest that prior to this period sword dancing was indeed quite rare in England (compare the number of references to Cotswold-style Morris from this period, for instance).

The remainder of this book covers sword dances from various parts of Europe from the late 1700s to the present. I found this part of the book fascinating from the standpoint of the variety of areas which have had linked-sword dances during this period, as well as their variety of styles. Compared to the English longsword dances, which are what I suppose most AMN readers think of as sword dances, the Continental dances may strike one as bizarre, to say the least. For instance, the Hallein, Austria dance, which dates perhaps to the 1580s, uses 20 dancers, flagbearers, and a brass band, and the figures are almost set-pieces or tableaux, connected together by a sword dance; a complete performance lasts 65 minutes, apparently.

In this respect it appears similar to some of the early German sword dances. Dances from the Basque country and Galicia feature two or four files of dancers linked hilt and point, with a "captain" at the front who holds the points of the swords of the files' leaders. Other dances appear to have only a few simple figures, and it is difficult to judge their degree of intrinsic interest without further description.

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For example, the figures of the baccbu-ber, a sword dance still based in its original village in the French Alps, are described here, but the style of its presentation is hardly clear. Was Violet Alford right to claim that it might have been of interest to specialists, but hardly deserved to be presented (at a dance meeting) as entertainment, or might the dance be impressive in its own way, just as Amphiheron is for that matter the Abbots Bromley Horn Dance?

When it comes to English sword dances, both longsword and rapper, Corrsin is on firmer ground, and his descriptions of the dances themselves are more detailed. His analysis of the means and ends of Cecil Sharp's work is balanced and well-argued. While much of the longsword material covered will be familiar to readers of Ivor Allsop's Lonsword Dance from Traditional and Manuscript Sources (edited by A. G. Barrand, Ph.D., Northern Harmony Publishing Company, 1996), many of the early rapper citations mentioned here were unknown to me. Corrsin suggests that longsword (in Yorkshire) and rapper (in Northumberland) probably developed from an eighteenth-century Tyneside sword dance style. An interesting point, not mentioned by Corrsin, which might support this hypothesis is the existence of the "rapper-like" longsword dance from Greatham, County Durham, which geographically and stylistically lies between the Tyneside rapper and Yorkshire longsword forms.

The question of possible connections between English and Continental dance forms is an intriguing one, only briefly treated here. This is certainly an issue which deserves more attention, particularly as regards...
possible immigration or trade connections between the Low Countries and
England. The Papa Stout dance is also discussed, in a short, separate chap-
ter; again, what we do know is dwarfed by what we do not know—is this
dance related to English longsword at all? Corrin makes the point that in
the twentieth century it has been "assimilated" to English longsword style,
and that some of the "English-like characteristics" such as the star-shaped
lock and running step may not be original. Certainly a close analog to Papa
Stout's "tunnel" figure is shown on the cover, which reproduces a Bruegel
engraving from 1560 showing sword dances in Bruges.

All in all a fascinating book which you should have if you're at all in-
terested in longsword dance. It's not cheap, but it's worth the money.

is available in Britain and Europe for £20 (including postage and handling from:
The Folklore Society, DMS Winton Library, University College London, Gower
Street, London WC1E 6BT, England. Telephone: 0171-387-5896. (011 44 171-
387-5894 from the USA).

In the USA it can be obtained for $57.50 from the Country Dance and Song
Society, 132 Main Street, PO Box 338, Haydenville, MA 01039-0338. Tele-
phone: 413-268-7426. E-mail: office@cdss.org "Web: http://www.cdss.org/

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Morris Ale will be celebrating our 15th year in San Diego on November 5-7, 1999, at the North of the Border Morris Ale. It will be a joustous good time, with lots of extras, like real beds, plenty of hot water, a pool and spa, good food and drink—and mostly the best Morris folk from around the world. Please plan on arriving anytime after 3 p.m. on Friday, and stay through ‘till Sunday afternoon.

Transportation from and to the airports, Santa Fe Amtrak Station, or bus station will be provided. We will be sending out details in June, but why wait to save money—watch for low fare opportunities and book your travel reservations. Right now, it seems certain that the Ale fee, including two nights’ accommodations, breakfasts, Saturday lunch, and the Saturday Night Feast, your trolley pass, and other incidentals (like drink and snacks on Friday and Saturday nights) should not exceed $90 per person—lower if we can manage it. Higher rates for increasingly private rooming arrangements are available (choices include 1 or 2 people with a queen bed, or two, three, or four people with two queen beds—all rooms have a private bath).

As space is limited, early responders get priority—so chat this up with your team, and get back to me as soon as you can. We look forward to seeing you at the North of the Border Morris Ale Andrew Miller—Squire, 425 Placer Avenue, San Marcos, CA 92069-1888, (760) 471-9145 (voice mail available). E-mail: andrew@winning.com.

The North of the Border Morris Ale web site is now up at <http://Ihome.earthlink.net/+keGsehl>.
The Bridgetown Morris Men invite all to attend an Ale in Portland, Oregon, August 27-28-29, 1999, at Marylhurst, a Catholic College located approximately 10 miles south of Portland. There will be a Friday evening reception with pickup dancing, bus tours, a feast extraordinaire, nuns, refreshments, more nuns, entertainment, revelry for all, and even more nuns!!!

Housing is at Marylhurst College at two dormitories (one with nuns next door [not kidding] — the quiet one; and one without nuns — the party one). Numbers in excess of the 107 beds available on campus will be billeted by local team members or be provided camping space within 15 minutes of the campus (limited spaces and you must drive yourself to/from the Ale).

The cost will be not more than $90 per person which will include lodging for two nights, Friday reception & beverages, all Saturday meals & beer, and a Sunday brunch; also included are bus tours, and Saturday & Sunday's public dance performances. If you want to arrange your own lodging it should cost you approximately $50 per person. The actual fees will be determined later when we have the final attendance numbers. Non-morris members can attend only if they arrange their own lodging. Free transportation assistance will be given to those arriving via public conveyances (train, bus, or train).

To reserve a place, please supply: (1) your team name; (2) how many you estimate will attend; and, (3) your team’s contact person's e-mail and postal address for future mailings of registration information. Because of the limited bed space, registration is first come/first served. However, we will do our absolute best to accommodate all who wish to attend. Contact me if you have any further questions. Please respond no later than July 15th to: Joe Herzig, BAGMAN, Bridgetown Morris Men, Portland, Oregon. E-mail: giz6@poulsbo.wo.net, Tel: (503)692-6649 (please call no later than 8:00 PM Pacific Time).

More information and registration forms can be obtained from <http://www.hevanet.com/tedr/bmrn/habituale/>. 
What is Molly dancing? Where did it come from? Who performed it and why? What did it look like? And where did the name come from? These are just some of the questions addressed in *Truculent Rustics*. Although it has undergone a revival in the past twenty years, the history of this little-known display dance form is not well documented.

This publication is intended to fill that gap. Molly dancing developed from the amalgamation of Plough Monday celebrations with other customary modes of community expression. The result was a boisterous celebration that combined intimidation with performance. Riots, rough music, house-to-house alms-seeking, Christmastime misrule and the traditional use of disguise are discussed in their role as antecedents. The text is followed by an appendix listing Molly dancers by their home village with brief descriptive notes concerning their appearance and performance.
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