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Yvon A. Labbé, Rédacteur en chef

Steffan T. Duplessis, Rédacteur Adjoint

Marc D. Morin, Rédacteur Etudiant

Elizabeth M. Cash, Rédactrice Etudiante

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Our Christmas Wish

Let's Settle All Quarrels . . .

Share Our Selves!

Christmas is a time for family togetherness, food-filled tables and good will to all, yet one man at UMO says a person could starve on Christmas Day in America.

That's how Kamal Abdelhay sees Christmas Day from the perspective of a visiting Afro-Arab. Abdelhay is a graduate student in physics at the university. He was one of a half-dozen members of the UMO community who talked with me about Thanksgiving or Christmas in his country and comparable holidays in their native societies. Despite a recurring theme, each person I talked

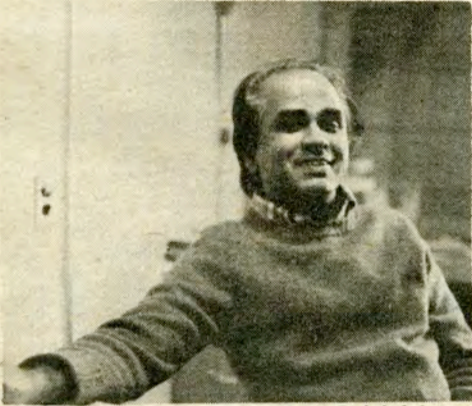
by Mary Hooper

says most closely corresponds to our Christmas season. It is the three day celebration that concludes the month of Ramadan, during which followers of Islam forego food and drink between dawn and dusk. During the festivities marking the end of Ramadan there are big parties and lots of dancing for three days, says Kamal. People put on new clothes and open their homes to all

important and, like Americans at Christmas, Kamal's people are cheerful in their general attitude.

According to Kamal the most important feature of the occasion is not the new clothes, nor the abundant hospitality, but the settling of all disputes from the preceding year.

The settling of all quarrels is also a feature of the New Year's observance that graduate student Mohammad



V.K. Balakrishnan

"A gift is a token and giving is good, if you don't attach a price tag."



Mary Ann Cyr

"The Christmas spirit doesn't begin or end for me. I feel good all the time . . ."



Georges Bérubé

"There was substantial Church involvement with masses and Advent. From early December until mid-January we celebrated Church Holidays."



Mohammad Ehsasi

"Hospitality is extended as away of making up for hard feelings . . ."

with also shared a different viewpoint and contributed another thread to the picture that gives meaning to a holiday celebration.

One sees Christmas as having transcended the Christian religion to become a part of the secular and religious lives of many ethnic groups; others see Christmas as a family celebration that loses much when family members are apart from one another. Thanksgiving, which we have come to accept as ushering in the Christmas season, is compared by still other people to spring festivals, for while giving thanks for the harvest was important for our founding people, in many parts of the world one gives thanks that spring and new life has come again.

Kamal Abdelhay is from predominately Moslem Sudan and he described the Islamic holiday that he

"People literally open the doors and everyone is welcome — friend and stranger. You have to have trust so that you can allow somebody in."

"If I were traveling in my country," said Kamal, "I could stop at any house and be welcomed in and given food." He finds things very different in America, where close friends and relatives share the holidays and the people here aren't in the habit of taking in any stranger who happens by. With the stores closed and Christmas a private function a stranger could indeed get very hungry on Christmas Day.

Because the wearing of new clothes is such an important feature of the Islamic festival those who have money are asked by their religion to give a small percentage of their income to the poorer so that they, too, may take part in the festivities. Giving and sharing are

Ehsasi described as comparable to our own New Year's holiday. Hospitality is extended as a way of making up for hard feelings in Mohammad's home city of Tehran, Iran. The first day of spring, March 21, is the first of thirteen days of visiting and holiday making.

"All religions celebrate the *Nou Rooz*, or New Day, and it is a very happy time," said Mohammad. A week before the new year seeds are sprouted to symbolize spring and during the thirteen days a table is set in each house with candles, flowers, a mirror to reflect the candlelight, the Koran or other holy book, and seven objects that have names beginning with the letter "s." There is much cheerful visiting and the festivities conclude on the thirteenth day with family picnics and the

continued on page 7

Le Français Louisianais

par
Richard Guidry

suite du mois de novembre

Certaines structures anglaises commencent à pénétrer le parler cajun à cause de beaucoup de locuteurs qui ont reçu une instruction totalement en anglais et qui, en fait, parlent beaucoup mieux l'anglais que le français. Un parfait exemple de ce phénomène se voit dans la phrase suivante. Le locuteur a voulu dire: "Va servir ton client," ce qui aurait été compris par la majorité des Franco-louisianais; mais sa phrase était: "Va espérer su' ton 'customer'" (Va attendre ton client), un calque direct de l'anglais: "Go wait on your customer."

Le créole, ou "le parler nègre," se parle dans plusieurs paroisses de l'est et du centre de la Louisiane, c'est-à-dire, le pays des Bayous. A l'exception des habitants cajuns de deux paroisses, Saint-Martin et Pointe-Coupée, les locuteurs de ce patois sont en majorité noirs. Pour ce qui est du créole des Blancs, il diffère du cajun seulement en structure. Le vocabulaire, la prononciation et l'intonation sont exactement les mêmes qu'en cajun. La majorité de ces locuteurs blancs sont aussi capables de parler très couramment le cajun. Et à moins qu'on ne vive tous les

jours avec un de ces locuteurs on ne sait pas si leur langue maternelle est le créole ou le cajun. Par contre, très peu de locuteurs noirs de créoles sont capables de changer de niveau sans difficulté.

Le parler des Noirs créoles diffère plus distinctement du cajun en prononciation et en intonation. A l'exception du "r" roulé qui reflète l'influence des Acadiens, le créole des Noirs louisianais est semblable en prononciation, en structure et en intonation au créole haïtien, son ancêtre direct.

Les Créoles noirs des prairies du sud-ouest de la Louisiane, où ils sont en minorité, ne parlent plus créole. Ils parlent le cajun avec essentiellement les mêmes structures et le même lexique que les Blancs. Dans le cas de Noirs des prairies, la seule influence créole encore évidente de nos jours se trouve dans la prononciation et l'intonation. Ces dernières sont les mêmes que pour les locuteurs de créole noirs de l'est.

En conclusion, il reste que, malgré les différences entre les trois groupes et les variantes régionales à l'intérieur

des trois groupes, deux locuteurs de deux catégories de français se comprennent sans beaucoup de difficulté. On peut donc conclure qu'il existe un français louisianais avec quelques variantes dues à des raisons historiques, géographiques, ethniques et économiques.

I. VETEMENTS (Linge)

- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Eparer ton linge sur la corde | Etendre les vêtements |
| 2. Le linge de d'ssus | Vêtements |
| 3. Le linge de d'ssous | Sous-vêtements |
| 4. La blouse (camisole) | Jaquette, robe de nuit |
| 5. Le capot | Manteau, veste |
| 6. Le corsage de d'ssous | Soutien-gorge |
| 7. Les caneçons | Caleçons, petites culottes |
| 8. La ch'mise de d'ssous | Camisole |
| 9. Le corsage | Blouse, chemisier |
| 10. La jupe de d'ssous | Jupon |
| 11. Le gard'-soleil | Bonnet |
| 12. Le tignon | Foulard |
| 13. Les chaussons | Chaussettes, bas |
| 14. Les bas | Bas de nylon |

II. MAISON

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. La berce, la berceuse | La chaise berçante |
| 2. Le bassin | Le plat, le contenant |
| 3. La bâille | Le cuve |
| 4. La chamb' | La chambre ou la pièce |
| Ma maison a sept chamb': ein salon, eine cu'sine, eine salle à manger, eine chamb' à bain, et deux chamb' à coucher. | |
| 5. La chamb' à bain | La salle de bain |
| 6. La chamb' de d'vent | Le salon |
| 7. La cu'sine | La cuisine |
| 8. La chaise bourrée | Le fauteuil |
| 9. La chaudière | Le chaudron |
| 10. La commode | La toilette, le cabinet |
| 11. Le "ceiling" | Le plafond |
| 12. Les bijouteries | Les bijoux, les bibelots |
| 13. Le bac à bain (St. Martin) | La baignoire |
| 14. L'essence | Le parfum |
| 15. La garconnière | La chambre des garçons, généralement au grenier |

suite à la page 11

LE F.A.R.O.G.

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décembre 1981

Le froid de Noël

Envoyer par un de nos lecteurs!

C'est la veille de Noël. Monsieur Henri Paul, le facteur, fait sa ronde quotidienne. Il a la tête basse. Ce n'est pas à cause du double fardeau de l'ouvrage cette semaine, c'est plutôt ce qu'il a d'amer au coeur qui lui pèse sur les épaules. Avant Noël c'est froid. Neuf fois sur dix il y a de la neige sous pied, ou le ciel gris en annonce de nouveau. Mais ce n'est ni le froid, ni la neige, ni le ciel qui fait frémir Henri ce soir; c'est ce mur de glace qui s'est construit autour de son coeur!

Il y a vingt ans, le même jour avant Noël, Henri sifflait en passant les lettres aux riches et aux pauvres car il était déjà facteur. Il sifflait jusqu'à ce qu'il se rende chez lui et vit que sa maison était en feu. Il lui semble revoir les journaux de ce soir. "Incendie Reclame 12 Vies". Parmi les 12 une était sa petite fille de quelques mois, image vivante de sa mère qui était morte à l'accouchement.

C'est demain Noël! Chacun le reçoit et lui lance, "Joyeux Noël, Henri". Il leur remet machine — lément leur souhaits. Sa tournée commence parmi les riches, docteurs, avocats, dentistes, ici des vingtaine de lettres. En descendant la rue il se rend vers les pauvres où les lettres et les cartes sont rares. Arrivé à la dernière rue de sa route il est accueilli par deux des quatre enfants de Madame Ferguson, veuve depuis deux ans. Pauline et Georges mal vêtus pour l'hiver gelotent en lui disant, "Joyeux Noël, Monsieur Paul! Avez-vous une lettre pour Maman?" Lorsqu'il se secoue la tête et dit non, Pauline, laisse couler doucement une larme de ses grands yeux noirs. Georges en glissant sa petite main dans celle de sa soeur lui dit, "Ne pleure pas. Demain nous avons une lettre." Pauline explique, "Demain c'est trop tard. C'est demain Noël et maman a besoin de l'argent ce soir ou il n'y aura pas de Père Noël."

Monsieur Paul savait bien que cette lettre si attendue venait chaque année d'une tante qui envoyait toujours \$10.00 pour Noël. Il leur offrit chacun un dollar qu'ils refusaient avec honneur. Pauline en se détournant demanda "Pensez-vous que Tante Angeline est morte? Pensez-vous que le Père Noël est mort?"

Mr. Paul continue et à la dernière maison il rencontre Madame Lavallée de sa paroisse qui est a organiser le parti di Noël pour les enfants. Il lui demande s'il y aurait de la place pour quatre autres enfants. Elle dit que les petits seront les bienvenus.

Lorsqu'il doit repasser par chez les Ferguson il s'arrête et frappe à la porte; Mme Ferguson vient vite. "Vous l'avez retrouvée?" — "Non" — Il revoit les mêmes paupières

music or for sports. I have a talent for machines," he says of himself as we sit in his office, eating apples. We are spared the banging and clanging going on in the rest of the building by the interposition of several offices. It wasn't always this way, this being shielded from the tumult of an active machine shop which markets millions of dollars of inventory yearly. A hearing aid is set into his right ear.

Bob learned his trade before the war. At the Bergeron Machine Shop in Auburn, there was little money to pay him. "Pay me whatever you can," he remembers having told them. They hired the eager teenager and found a salary for him. From there, he went to the Woodworth Shop in Lewiston (Notre Heritage Park was created at the former shop site on Main Street next to the river.)

Like all young men of his generation, Franco-American or not, Bob was swept away by the Second World War. He served with the Sea Bees in the Pacific. This time proved valuable for him as a machinist since he was placed in charge of a machine shop and eventually led a maintenance crew on Iwo Jima Island.

In July, 1946, just two months out of the Navy, Bob Verreault, then 23, opened his first machine shop. It was on Bates Street in a 30x30 barn which, before the war, had been a blacksmith shop.

The building stood on posts and this posed a definite problem. The volume of business eventually caused the floors to sag and sent Bob looking for new quarters. In the early fifties, he moved to Blake Street to the former Valley Beachwater building.

Talking to him, one easily imagines the hard work, the long hours, the uncertain pay.

"I had a silent partner, Dick

humides tels que celles de Pauline. Il propose à Madame Ferguson d'aller à la fête paroissiale. Cette pauvre dame aimerait rien de plus, mais elle explique qu'elle doit finir de la couture pour une de ses employées. Monsieur Paul se surprends à lui offrir d'amener les jeunes... "suis-je fou?", pense-t-il. Ils partent, les quatre jeunes, les yeux brillants, deux tenant Mr. Paul par la main. Madame LaVallée reçoit gracieusement les pauvres petits. Très tôt ils sont à l'aise.

Mr. Paul semble content de lui. Soudainement Madame LaVallée apparait de nouveau et annonce au facteur. — "Notre Père de Noël ne peut pas se rendre ici en temps. Pourriez-vous nous dépanner?" Encore une fois il s'entend dire "oui" sans savoir pourquoi car c'est hors de caractère pour lui.

En s'habillant en Père Noël il pense à sa petite fille Marie. Pourquoi Dieu lui avait-il enlevé sa plus précieuse possession? Madame LaVallée lui souffla à l'oreille "Votre petite Marie doit vous sourire du ciel ce soir." Il semble à Henri qu'il entend s'écrouler le mur de place qui est autour de son coeur; le fardeau amer tombe; il ressent la chaleur de l'amour des enfants.

Il entre la salle par dehors. En franchissant le seuil il pense — "Ce seuil sépare le froid et le chaud. Je me promets de ne jamais repasser au froid des vingt années passées. Quelles belle manière pour tous de débiter la semaine des grandes fêtes."

Joyeux et chaleureux Noël à tous! Bonne année pleine d'amour!

Again . . . What's in a Name?

Having enjoyed very much my talk with Yvon, I have agreed to write an article for the Christmas issue of the Forum on my enjoyable experience searching my family's roots. At Christmas time we all love to be together and celebrate as a big family. What better time to find out who we really are and where we come from? I have been working on my family history since February of last year and would love to tell you what a great feeling it is to know my ancestors.

It all started when I became pregnant with my first child. My husband's last name, Richard, was spelled

two different ways. Some spelled it with an "s" on the end and some spelled it without the "s". I wanted my child's name to be correct. I went to the town hall of Old Town, Maine to find some death records. In all the names we found none of them had an "s". I could not understand how a mother could so carelessly have a family name misspelled. On the arrival of my son the lady asked the name of my child. I told her Richard and she wrote Richards, with an "s". I went through the roof. I understand now how easily we can get names confused, and how important it is to have it right. However my son's name is spelled correctly. One battle won!

In February I saw a beautiful Family History book in Lillian Vernon's mail-order catalog, and ordered it. Having an empty book was not much good. I had to fill it in. My sister-in-law thought it was an interesting project so we decided to search together.

First we went to see the older relatives who were so much fun to talk with. Once you get them started they can really remember alot. We all really enjoyed ourselves that afternoon — them telling the stories and us listening. Talking to the old people, you can find old stories of how they lived, who the black sheep in the family were, etc. It makes our books so much more interesting and personal. I just love those ladies so much for what they have given me, and for what I can, in return, give my children.

Cemeteries were also lots of fun to discover. Have you ever gone looking for someone in a large cemetery? We would get so excited when we would find someone we knew. We would holler and jump around. I'm sure people driving by must have thought we were crazy.

Then, of course, there was the town hall. Poor Mrs. Stevens, she had every book out in that place, I think. We found a very good source of information there. Births and deaths and what they died of, was what we found. We also found what the father's occupation was and the town where they were born.

We have come up with dead-ends now and then. Our next trip is to the State Library. I understand they have a great source of information.

In regard to you who want to find your own family, you have all my best of luck. I hope you will enjoy it as much as I have.

Cheryl Richard
Costigan, Maine 04423

N.D.L.R. A tous mes frères, mes soeurs, ma mère et mon père, et mes aieux. Est-ce-que le nom est DuPlessis, Duplessis, Duplissis, Duplissie, Duplessie, Duplessy, Duplissea??? A good article, Cheryl. Merci!



Couden. He was an angel who helped me out. He let me have money to keep the shop going when I needed help. He's dead now," he adds, speaking quietly for the memory of a man who was more than just a silent partner.

"In those days (the phrase jeeps coming back—'those days' were the days that formed and made Bob Verreault), the interest rate on loans was low. 3%, 3-1/2%. A good machinist earned 80¢ an hour and was willing to work right along with you. No vacation pay, no sick leave, no insurance. Nothing but 80¢ for every hour of work. Oh, those things came later. We have the whole thing now for our workers. They're important, but I don't know if I could have done it

Offers began trickling in for shoe-machine contracts.

One of the inquiries Bob received at this time was from the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company. Spokesmen for the company approached him for help in redesigning and manufacturing a machine for synthetic soles. After examining existing Goodyear machinery, Bob went to his plant and, over the following weekend, created the wheeling machine (still a big seller twenty-five years later). about the meeting. I look about me. In front of me is a closet bar, a refrigerator, a sink, louvered doors. As much as anything, this dramatizes the change from Bates Street jobbing days.

Bob Verreault has come a long way. When asked the question which I always feel obliged to ask at the end

A DIAMOND



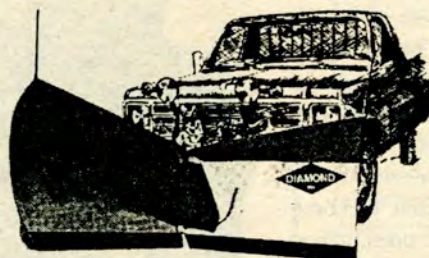
start over. In those days, there weren't so many regulations. People

Diamond Machine Company rebuilt after a disastrous 1972 fire. "And it wouldn't have been possible without Lewiston's business community. People were generous. They kept us going. This is a great place to do business in."

with all of that from the start."

He settles back fondly as he reminisces. "In those days we did 'jobs.' Repairs on water pumps, elevators, car axles—you don't hear of axles breaking now because they make cars better than they used to—and appliances."

A break from jobbing came in the early fifties when Bob designed and produced an innovation for a Knapp Shoe Company machine. So pleased were the Knapp people with the innovation that it was talked up wherever company spokesmen went.



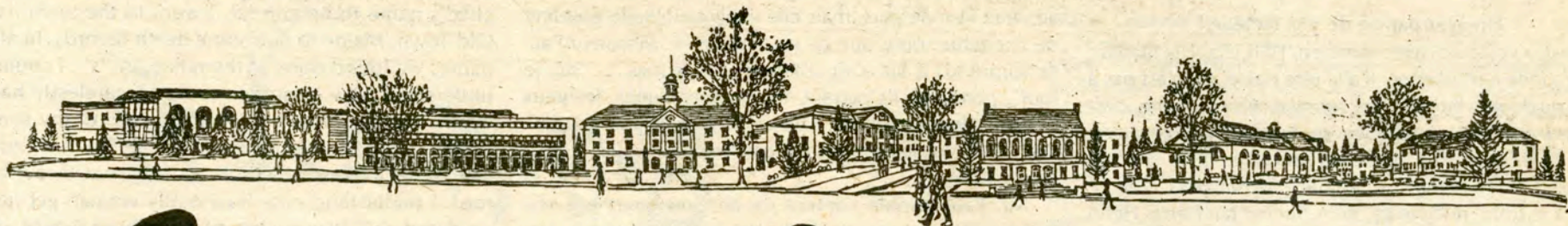
of every interview, "What advice would you give young people starting out today?" Bob breaks out in a smile. He is a congenial man who has been one of his own best salesmen.

"Tell them I'd be scared as hell to

were willing to work for you. I just jumped into it." He scratches his head. "Sometimes you do something because you don't know any better and you get lucky and succeed."

Driving away down River Road, beneath the highway overpass, dodging potholes, I think, "Lucky, yes, but you also need a gift." And I remember Bob saying, "Some people can play the guitar. Well, I can make machines."

Ledoux is a free-lance writer in this part of the state.



Campus Observations

Rédacteur/Rédactrice Etudiant/Etudiante Marc Morin, Elizabeth Cash



"Campus Observations" is partially funded by the Student Government at the University of Maine at Orono. Le F.A.R.O.G. Forum is also a member of the Student Community Services Board.

French Sounds So Easy . . . ?

Hi, my name is Gary Morin. I am a Freshman this year in the College of Arts and Sciences. I haven't decided what I want to major in, but I have decided against becoming an engineer. My father talked me into trying the engineering courses which was a mistake from the start. I realize now that my strong point is not science since I have taken almost a whole semester of physics so far and do not enjoy it. I am living in Old Town now, but am originally from Belgrade, Maine.

Like my two brothers, I am working at the Franco-American Office with F.A.R.O.G. My older brother Mark introduced me to the office and helped me get a job here. I enjoy working at the Franco-American office because I enjoy learning more about my heritage. I am also interested in learning more French because I didn't learn very much in high school since I only took one year. I did take two years of Latin, however. I thought Latin might help me more in college, since I did not know what I wanted to major in. I regret taking only one year of French now when I hear almost everyone in the office speaking French and I can't understand them. This gets frustrating for me especially when Yvon talks about me jokingly in French to my face. They make the French language sound so easy to speak, but

even with my limited French background I know it would take me years to speak the language fluently. I feel that I would have been able to learn French a lot better if I was taught at an early age instead of high school. I think that languages should be taught starting in elementary school and also in the home to help people learn to speak French fluently.

When I first came to college I had a hard time adjusting to living in a town. I have always lived in Belgrade, Maine, a rural area surrounded by lakes and trees, not by houses! At Belgrade I was free to do as I pleased without bothering my neighbors. I could play my trombone or be as loud as I wanted without bothering anyone. I also liked the fact that I lived near so many lakes. In the summer I could swim anytime I wanted to, that is when I wasn't working. In the winter I could skate without having to pay anything except for a little time to walk to the lake. Another thing I will miss this winter is ice fishing. Practically every Sunday after January first until the beginning of February I would go ice fishing. I would go fishing with my father, brothers, and with my neighbors so even if we didn't catch fish we usually found some types of entertainment.

I am looking forward to Christmastime this year just

like every year. One reason why I am looking forward to Christmastime is because of the long break from school without anything to study. Of course the second reason is because I like seeing my whole family. When I say my whole family I mean not only my brothers and parents, but also my uncle, aunt and cousins. Every Christmas for the last few years they have come from Connecticut and spent Christmas with us in Maine. The house is crowded with eleven people there which helps put me in the Christmas spirit. I enjoy Christmas eve as much as Christmas morning. My mother starts cooking weeks in advance for the meal on Christmas eve. There are usually about fourteen people at this meal which brings the Christmas spirit to its peak.

Christmas morning has always started early at the Morins' house even for those who are used to sleeping until noon on vacations and weekends. If we do happen to sleep late my mother is always there to wake us up. The living room is difficult to walk through without stepping on the presents which take up most of the room. I was fairly old before I realized that most of what I got was a result of my mother's odd jobs for that year. Almost everything that she earned for the year she would spend for Christmas presents. Even though my brothers and I are older my mother still tries to make every Christmas better than the last.

Gary

UMO students, have you taken your FAROG home to your parents?

On Travaillent Beaucoup . . . mais on a du "fun!"

Bonjour tout l'monde!

Je m'appelle Lise Leclerc et ça fait seulement deux mois que je travaille pour Le FAROG FORUM. Je veux vous dire que nous autres au FAROG, nous sommes vraiment fous! On travaille beaucoup chaque jour de la semaine, mais à même temps nous ne négligeons pas d'avoir nos "fun". Les autres travaillants dans l'office faissent leurs parti d'ouvrage et moi, je fais la mienne. Mais, tout de même nous travaillons tout ensemble pour assembler le journal mensuel.

Moi, mon ouvrage est de faire de la dactylographie pour Le FAROG. Je travaille principalement avec, ou bien pour Steffan Duplessis. J'aime bien de l'aider pour la production de Le FAROG aussi. Nous nous addonnons bien ensemble et je m'intéresse beaucoup à mon ouvrage.

Puisque cette issue de Le FAROG est pour le mois de Décembre, ça me ferait bien plaisir de vous raconter la signification de Noël comme ma famille la voit.

Chaque année nous soupçons tout avec pur anxiété la veille de Noël. Nous savons que ce soir est un soir bien spéciale pour notre famille, mais on n'oublie pas que c'est un soir bien spéciale pour le Bon Dieu aussi. Après le repas, nous nous assis dans la salle de séjour pour attendre que les mains du pendule indique minuit. Quand le temps viens pour aller à la messe de minuit, on se preparent vite et on va à une messe aux Canada. Ça fait plusieurs d'années qu'on assiste la messe Canadienne parce que nous trouvons tout que cette messe la nous montre l'esprit de Noël beaucoup mieux que n'importe quelles messe dans la ville de Madawaska. Les Canadiens nous presentent une messe bien intéressante et cette messe la n'est pas plât en tout. Le coeur de chant chante en Français et ils faissent une presentation magnifique. Le prêtre nous niasse pas et il est direct dans sont parler, avec le monde dans l'église.

Après la messe nous nous depachons pour nous rendre chez nous pour déboucher nos cadeaux. C'est vraiment un

temps spéciale pour toute la famille des Leclerc. Aussitôt qu'on a fini, on s'assisent autour de la table de cuisine pour manger tout que ma mère a fait pour ce soir speciale. Elle commence à cuire pour Noël un mois d'avance. Vous pouvez vous imaginez combien de gâteaux qu'on a pour manger la journée de Noël.

Après le repas, on parle des choses jusqu'à ce qu'on ce trouve fatigué assez pour ce coucher.

Voilà la manière que ma famille passent Noël. J'espère que votre Noël cette année est aussi beau que la mienne et chaque année. Je vous souhaite un Joyeux Noël et Bonne Heureuse Année.

De bonne foi,

Lise Leclerc
Madawaska, Me.



Le 'Abominable Snowman' peut etre???

photo par: Kevin Duplessis

Mes Pensées . . . !

Government! Politics! Teen-age pregnancy? Alcoholism? Mémère et Pépère! Freezing in the apartment, their home or the "Old Folks Home"? Child abuse! Spouse abuse. Divorce. Juvenile Delinquency. Unemployment. Nuclear (Unclear) Power. The Armanents Race. Poverty. Prejudice. Theft. Murder. Drugs. The Generation Gap. Runaways. Ignorance.

Qu'est-ce qu'on fait? On es tu de monde qui ne voient pas les affaires qui ce passe d'avant nos yeux? J'aurais honte de penser qu'on a plus d'amour à donner à nos amis, à nos frères et soeurs, et à nous mêmes. I can't imagine a world without love, without caring, without each person offering a little of themselves to others.

The items mentioned above are horrible. Each is a problem in itself. Each is a result of something else, of something we have done. We have created this world and everything in it. And it comes to reason! We created it. We can stop it. Let's take a new look at the world. Take out nuclear power. The armaments race is absurd! (We have enough bombs to destroy the world X times over. Somehow I think once is too much.) Does one country have to rule over all the others? Can't we live in peace? I realize everyone is different and we all have different needs, but why are we so used to flying off the handle at every little thing? Where is our patience? Why doesn't the government become a government for the people? If more jobs were created, there would be a substantial amount of people off welfare and unemployment. With more work would come more money. Wasn't America built on a work ethic? Why aren't our leaders creating more jobs? More money would lessen the problems in a marriage. Mom and Dad would be home more to spend quality time with their children, playing with them, listening to them and the things children are facing in these new times. Children will be put in Day Care Centers. Are there Quality Day Care Centers? Yes, there are, and many more

continued on page 6



EDITORIAL

Aidez Nous à Vous Aidez!

The staff of the FAROG Forum will be working harder than ever in an effort to become self-sufficient. In order to do this, we must increase paid subscriptions, and we need your help.

Teachers, the Forum lends itself to classroom use. We feel that the recognition and the ability to speak the French of Canada, New England, and Louisiana is as equally important as knowing the standard, textbook French. Why? Because it lives! It is the language of this area. Also in the Forum you will find stories and articles relating first-hand experiences of being French in North America. The Francophone has played a major role in the history of the United States and Canada, yet little is found in texts.

Parents, the Forum can help you pass on your living language and heritage to your children. We have the latest information about bilingual education and the page "Coin des Jeunes" contains French games and puzzles chosen by a child for other children. C'est important que nos enfants savent et parlent notre langue et la langue de leurs ancêtres!

In addition to publishing this journal, FAROG is involved in a number of projects at the university and throughout the area. Since 1974 we have been a part of many television series produced at the

Maine Public Broadcasting Network. Currently there are some of our workers, past and present, involved in the production of "Reflets et Lumière II," in its third year.

FAROG has aided the production and participated in major conferences held at the University, most recently the final Can-Fram conference titled "The French Experience in North America - Etre Français dans l'Amérique du Nord," which took place last August. The purpose of these conferences was teacher training for and the development of bilingual educational materials.

Due to the efforts of Yvon Labbé and Robert Carroll, a grant was awarded for the purpose of parent education. This program is designed to help French parents understand more about their own language and culture, and the American system of public education, in order to pass their heritage along proudly to their children.

During this current administration, cutbacks in funding will become even greater. We are dependent on you to help us maintain and improve the quality of this journal. It is as much yours as ours. We need YOU. Though we would like to be able to send our newspaper at no cost to you, it is not possible. Please help us help you!

Be Assertive . . . Be Proud!

In the northern part of Aroostook County lives a large French population. These Americans constitute a portion of the citizens of the state of Maine but are in many respects their own separate community. This community, labeled as the St. John Valley, is the area where I was born and raised.

While growing here, I was faced with problems of assimilation but never really lost focus of my French background. While taking French in elementary and high school, I became afraid in a strange way when participating in my French classes. My teachers spoke such a fluent correct French pronouncing all their r's. It was this sort of perfection that I tried achieving making me put my French (from home) in the back of my mind in order to speak and write "Parisian" French. By the time I left high school, I had almost forgotten both types of French. It seemed that I was wrong in either way I chose to speak because I said it "wrong." There developed within me a language now known as "franglais." If I couldn't think of the "proper" French word, why not use an English word! It's so much easier, right?

While going to Orono my freshman year in college, I was in need of a work-study job so I decided that since I like history and did know some French that working for the F.A.R.O.G. FORUM would be an interesting experience. By working there for a year, I received a lot of background information and got in touch with feelings that exist in the present day French culture. It proved a confusing year though in working for the newspaper. I would be asked to write articles for upcoming issues, but what topic to write them on? For a person who never really knew her French culture and was supposed to try opening all the doors to help improve it, proved a difficult task. Yvon would always tell me to be assertive, assertive and ASSERTIVE. One time he even went so far as to hold my hand to assist me to an office of a "higher authority" because I was afraid to talk to the person myself. Looking back on that year, I am not sure if I contributed much to the newspaper like I had originally wanted to. I did learn to be assertive, though, but I wasn't sure what I wanted to be assertive about! I hated seeing my French culture disappear, but was not sure as to how I could somehow preserve it for future generations.

Now I am attending the University of Maine at Presque Isle and have made some progress in my personal confusion by setting up a goal. That goal is to better understand why I feel so strong about my French and to make use my many interests by sharing them. I have found this is pretty easy to do at U.M.P.I. One reason

this is so is because of the bilingual French courses taught here by Maxine Robichaud. Another reason is the French club on campus. Unlike other clubs, this French club is composed of students who are mainly concerned with the area French and area interests. The club is in the process of planning two big activities. One will be a Mardi Gras opened to anybody, near the end of March '82. Another activity will be a Spring trip to Montréal.

Another group I am very interested in is a group called the "French Connection" (F.A.S.T.), which has recently formed. This organization at the moment consists of a few French professors and some talented community citizens who want to do everything possible to help the French of the area. For example, we plan to create one credit night courses for local citizens dealing with French; to offer music programs featuring the Psalms (who were a main feature of the November French Teachers' Conference), and to arrange for French singing and dancing groups that appear in Edmundston to also appear on our campus so area people and students don't have to travel far for good entertainment.

As of now I am still as little confused, but by participating and working toward my personal goal I hope to overcome these doubts. I also plan to keep the FORUM updated on developments on this campus that might interest people with French interests from other areas in Maine. In the mean-time au revoir from the St. John Valley.

Janice Charette
Presque Isle, Maine

P.S. I would like to compliment Steffan and Ludger on this fall's series of Reflets et Lumière II. It is shows like this that which keep my Lumière burning.

N.D.L.R. C'est nous-autres qui te félicitons!
Thank you for this excellent article.

University of Maine at Presque Isle

Maxine Daigle-Robichaud, Instructor

FRENCH FOR BILINGUALS I: Fr. 61

If you still have cousins in Québec, you call your Grand-Mother "Mémère", you like to eat "poyes" and you need 3 credits in French, then **French for Bilinguals** is definitely for you!

Join us in this reflective experience in North-American French ethnicity, where you will explore your cultural legacy in an environment which encourages self-express-

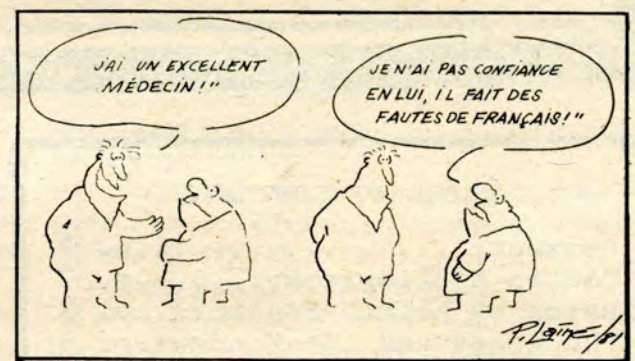
sion through creative projects. Surprise your family and yourself with new information about your roots. Trace the French language from France in the 17th century to your hometown, USA, 1981. Guaranteed to cure terminal cases of homesickness and give you something to write home about!

FRENCH FOR BILINGUALS II: Fr. 12

So you speak French? (Some . . .) But you can't think of the French word for Raincoat? (Not really . . .) And you thought a skunk was a "bête-puante"? (Oui . . . et non . . .) French I and French II are too easy for you? (Definitely.) French III and French IV are too advanced? (Un peu . . .) Comfortable when speaking half-French/half-English? (Ben, of course!) Never sure whether to write "aimez" or "aimer"? (How did **you** know?) Punished for speaking French in Elementary School? (Oui!) Taught how to read and write it? (Non!) Would like to write The Great French-American Novel? (Who, me?) Would like to read one? (T'ède ben . . .) Like sexy, foreign accents, but wish you didn't have one? (Not saying . . .) Identify with 3 or more of the above? (Maudit!) What more can you add to the list? (Ton nom.)

SEE YOU IN FRENCH 12 FOR BILINGUALS!

(Le Bon Dieu va vous bénir . . .)



And at U.M.O. . .

History of French Canada and Franco-Americans — Mr. Doty

The common historical heritage of French Canadians and Franco-Americans from the establishment of New France and Acadia to the great migrations to the United States in the 19th century, and the separate development of the French Canadians and Franco-Americans after that.

Prerequisite: 6 hours of history. Cr. 3.

A FAROG on legs is better than one in the throat.

A. POULIN, JR. *** POET OF OUR PRESENT ***

When the whistle finally blew and the banging and clanging of the weave room and the spinning room and the carding room finally came to an end, where did they all go, those Franco boys and girls, who were at last free of the mill compounds?

A certain kind of boy, of girl, who turned naturally inward and sought the things of the spirit, gravitated to religion with which they sought to interpret the workings of unconscious forces. They took trains or cars to convents and seminaries and there many learned that art, rather than religion, was to be their voice.

their brothers and sisters and cousins went into car dealerships and insurance agencies and government bureaucracies while they became writers and painters and supported themselves teaching and editing and sometimes even oddjobbing.

Their people were a proletarian people still and did not prize the world of the artist. In many cases, their people shook their heads in disapproval.

Such was the conflict of the Franco artist as a young man or woman a generation ago. For such a person, having traded

religion for art, "the only sanctuary left/[was] exile or asylum" (Script Prospectus).

Writers like Jack Kerouac and Grace Metalious found their sanctuaries in an emotional and mental asylum that led to total disintegration and early death.

Others chose exile: the internal exile of the mind and emotions in the homeland or the exile of "expatriation".

Alfred Poulin, Jr., lives in Brockport, N.Y., where he teaches at the state University of New York. Brockport is far both geographically and culturally from the Maine the poet grew up in.

But even there, echoes of the homeland resonate in his poetry.

Let me offer a brief overview of A. Poulin's work.

In Advent, Poulin's first full-sized book of poetry, was published in 1972 and received eulogious commentaries across the country.

Louis Untermeyer called it "one of the most remarkable first books of poetry I've come across in many years". *Modern Poetry Studies* wrote "the poems are perfectly controlled pieces that involve the reader in a kind of constant discovery. Concerning

Poulin declared "*In Advent* is a rare and impassioned first book".

I, too, find here the satisfaction one receives from control, intelligence, technical ability. To read *In Advent* is an engaging, exhausting experience, a foray amid "graveyards, gangrene, deathbeds" as wrote the critic for *Choice*. Poulin "does not merely evoke an emotion, he compels the reader to share it," noted Untermeyer. And so it is, reading Alfred Poulin.

Poulin's anthology of post-1945 American poetry, *Contemporary American Poetry* (1971, 1975, and 1980) has received gracious praise from the likes of Robert Bly, Richard Wilbur, and James Dickey. Following *CAP* were a number of chapbooks. A few of these along with new material have been collected under the name of *A Momentary Order* and are under consideration for publication.

Perhaps Poulin's largest work to date is the translation of Rainer Maria Rilke's *Duino Elegies* and the *Sonnets to Orpheus* (1977). Of this work, Archibald MacLeish has commented, "Poulin has succeeded in freeing his translation of the caul of the translator's labor in a way which, with Rilke's verse, is as remarkable as it is refreshing." Robert Lowell added of these translations, "I think Mr. Poulin has done better than anyone I've read." "Applause for Poulin," said Richard Hugo. "Rilke is now one of our poets." Adrienne Rich, Philip Levine, James Dickey, Lucien Stryk have also joined their voices to praise the translations.

Poulin's translation of *The Roses and the Windows* of Rilke were published in 1979. These were French-language poems which had hitherto been neglected.

In 1979, the poet broke a long period of poetic silence to write again. Many of the recent poems are gathered in *A Momentary Order*, a collection which, unfortunately, because it is presently under consideration for publication, cannot be quoted extensively here.

My concern in this commentary is with A. Poulin's "Quebecois-American" sensibility. What of his sensibility is typically part of our communal experience? For this, I turn to his metaphors, his imagery.

Writing of this, he says of poets, "We deal in images, in sensations, in physical contact --and if there are "symbols", then they become so by a pattern of repetition and not necessarily by wilful choice on the part of the poet."

It is to these unconscious patterns we must turn to for an understanding of Poulin's Quebecois-American sensibility.

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***** LITERARY

FORUM

LITTÉRAIRE *****

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A. Poulin, Jr.

Alfred Poulin, Jr., was born in Lisbon, Maine, in 1938. He received a B.A. from St. Francis College (1960), an M.A. from Loyola University (1962), and an M.F.A. from the University of Iowa (1968). He taught at each of these schools as well as at the University of Maryland (European Division), the University of New Hampshire, and the State University of New York at Brockport.

He is the recipient of many grants and is Founding Editor-Publisher of BOA Editions.

He resides in Brockport with Basilike Poulin and their daughter, Daphne.

In March 1978, Alfred Poulin, Jr., poet, contributing editor to the American Poetry Review, translator of Rilke's Duino Elegies and Sonnets to Orpheus, read at Bates College in Lewiston, Maine.

His poetry had been appearing in various magazines: Atlantic Monthly, North American Review, Kenyon Review, etc, and I was eager to meet him.

The reading was a pleasant one for me, especially since many of the poems selected for the evening explored growing up in Lisbon, Maine (we both went to the same grammar school. He graduated in 1952 three months before I entered first grade).

Wasat, my mate, Martha, and I, caught in the strength and freshness of Al's poetry. And, it did not surprise me that he rather enjoyed reading at a college which twenty years previously would not award him the financial aid necessary to attend.

Later, at the Warehouse Restaurant, we talked for several hours about his work, about being Franco-American (he prefers the term Quebecois-American because "I don't want to go about my daily routine feeling like a can of spaghetti--and pretty bad spaghetti at that!") about being a Franco writer in the absence of a Franco audience.

Three years have passed and one wonders how the situation has changed for Franco writers? Where is the Franco audience today? To whom does the Franco writer speak?

To borrow a phrase from A. Poulin's preface to his Contemporary American Poetry, the situation reflects "the

quality of our communal experiences". It is a sad reflection indeed. We still seem to be a people in hiding, a closet people.

Franco-American writers have, of course, been partly responsible. How many Franco-American writers consciously allude to a Franco-American literary tradition or to Franco-American history? How many Franco-American writers have read Franco-American writers?

We live, for sure, in a pluralistic world where folk traditions are quickly vanishing, where pluralism is perhaps our dominant tradition. But, even so, are not American writers on the whole formed on American and British traditions; French writers on the whole on French traditions, etc?

Is there a Franco-American literary tradition or are there simply writers who have been Franco-American? Do writers who are Franco-American like Jack Kerouac or Grace Metalious (both writing in English) belong in any flow with others like Rosaire Dion-Levesque (writing in French) and Jacques Ducharme (writing in English), etc?

Franco-American writers do not benefit from a common geography that is unique to them, nor their own political structures, nor a language which all share and which is uniquely their own. We are a minority group here --not even as the Quebecois are wont to call themselves "a people in search of a country".

In A Room of One's Own, Virginia Woolf argued for the need to develop a woman's literary

tradition, a tradition which already included Jane Austen, the Bronte sisters, George Eliot, Christina Rossetti, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (to mention only English women writers), then what metaphor can we employ for the present state of development of the Franco-American literary tradition? The embryo? or perhaps even the zygote? Surely, because of our hyphenation, we need not look further back for an appropriate metaphor.

I'm pleased to present Alfred Poulin, Jr. to the Franco-American audience which is available through the Forum. He is an articulate and accomplished poet, one who is consciously narrowing in more and more on his own traditions and producing a universal opus.

This is the first issue of the new Literary Forum. For four years, the Literary Forum has appeared almost monthly as a four-page supplement. This short format made it difficult to develop themes for various issues. The twelve-page Literary Forum will provide more latitude for development.

Some of the "streams of writing" that the Literary Forum would undertake might include issues devoted to writing by: Franco women; Franco proletarian writers; Acadians and Acadian-Americans; Quebecois and Quebecois-Americans; Cajuns; Franco fiction; etc.

Your contributions --original work, critiques --are not only appreciated but vital. Please write your reactions and impressions down and send them to me. Send me your poems and your short stories.

For now, I hope you enjoy reading this first issue of the new Literary Forum.

--D.L.

BOOKS AND CHAPBOOKS BY A. POULIN, JR.

Poetry

A Momentary Order, 1982

The Nameless Garden, 1978

The Widow's Taboo: Poems After the Catawba, 1977

Catawba: Omens, Prayers & Songs, 1977

In Advent, 1972

Translations

The Astonishment of Origins, French Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, 1982

Orchards, French Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, 1982

Poems by Anne Hébert, 1980

The Roses and The Windows, French Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, 1980

Saltimbanques, French Prose Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, 1978

Duino Elegies and The Sonnets to Orpheus, Poems by Rainer Maria Rilke, 1977

Anthologies

A Ballet for the Ear: Essays, Reviews and Interviews of John Logan, 1981

Contemporary American Poetry, First Edition, 1971; Second Edition, 1975; Third Edition, 1980

The American Folk Scene: Dimensions of the Folksong Revival Co-Editor with David A. DeTurk, 1967



BOA EDITIONS

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BOA Editions is an alternative and not-for-profit publishing company devoted primarily to the publication of distinguished poetry and poetry in translation.

One of the unique features of BOA Editions is that, in addition to publishing new, experimental and/or uncollected work by recognized and established poets, a variety of major American writers are also invited to select and introduce the work of younger poets.

Most work published by BOA Editions is issued as a volume in one of BOA's on-going series:

AMERICAN POETS CONTINUUM SERIES --- new poetry by outstanding poets whose earlier work has been issued by other publishers;

NEW POETS OF AMERICA SERIES --- generally first books by new and promising poets selected and introduced by major writers;

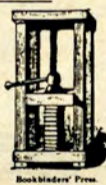
NEW AMERICAN TRANSLATION SERIES --- fresh translations of work by classic poets and by other important non-English poets not widely published in this country;

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DEAR F.A.R.O.G. LITERARY FORUM READERS--

It's no secret anymore that the small press is publishing, by & large, the most vital works of contemporary literature. The big conglomerate publishers can't make enough profit on literature to make it "worth their while." Small press editors, however, in touch with the underground currents, feel freer to go out on a limb with what they publish--putting something in print because it is needed, & can't wait for the biggies to catch on.



In Maine, since 1974, writers & publishers have banded together under the banner of the Maine Writers & Publishers Alliance. We are a cooperative of all those involved in the book arts--one of the few organizations like it around the country. Our book distribution service, now a year old, distributes over 200 titles from the Maine small press & by Maine authors published out-of-state. We also sponsor a Maine poetry reading series & theatrical events. Our quarterly newsletter contains in-depth articles on writing & publishing, news notes from around the state & a calendar of upcoming events--along with the latest MWPA news.

Membership is open to all. We are a growing alliance, now 250 strong. We feel that it is important for writers & publishers to unite, give voice to our mutual concerns & share information/skills with each other.

Dues are \$10.00/year. For this you receive the quarterly newsletter, get a 10% discount off MWPA distributed books & help support on-going alliance activities. If you wish to see a sample of our newsletter or our catalogue (a fascinating look, in & of itself, at Maine publishing & writing today), send \$1.00 to:

The Maine Writers and Publishers Alliance
Box 143
South Harpswell, Maine 04079

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A. POULIN, JR.

POEMS OF A QUÉBÉCOIS—AMERICAN

To My Brother

For Normand and Betty

You'd think there was no end to this tribe. They set out and multiplied as if survival of their species

depended on the acid of their sperm. Now, in the middle of the night, they call us to come bury their dead.

So we make that black pilgrimage back to Lisbon to slide one more familiar corpse into the holy hillside.

We've buried twelve of them, a dozen deaths survived, with still a dozen more or so to live through. The horror

of their deaths and lives lives on and haunts us: Mandia bent and stunted by that monster riding her shoulder,

lied into believing she was partly angel; Blackie drunk before his couple suns rose every morning of his life, except

the last; and Larry loving various wives, not one of them his own, his children strangers to him even when he died;

one Emile lingering for months in hospital beds infested with leukemia's piranha, another dropping on the corner

during lunch-hour, gaping blindly back at the mill hands watching our father take him in his arms and whisper the act

of contrition to his stone-deaf head. Time and time again I resurrect them. They gather in my head, eat, drink and

sing, celebrating their own wakes, prolonging our interminable deaths. But each time I return from burying one

of them, all the way back home from Lisbon I can feel unknown and unremembered parts of me vanish in the dark

and exhausted silence behind me. They die, Normand. They die. And, dying, they kill our only history.

• • •

Easter Sunday

For Hanny and Bill Heyen

All moisture's been sucked out of me. I've turned in and on myself. Layers of stale pastry, my skin flakes: Buddha crumbling at last and falling into place.

In the basket of my dust, my friends will find what was twisted in me, always grating on my ribs: a thin and indestructible scroll, undecipher-

able ancient characters I could never understand: *You will live forever.*

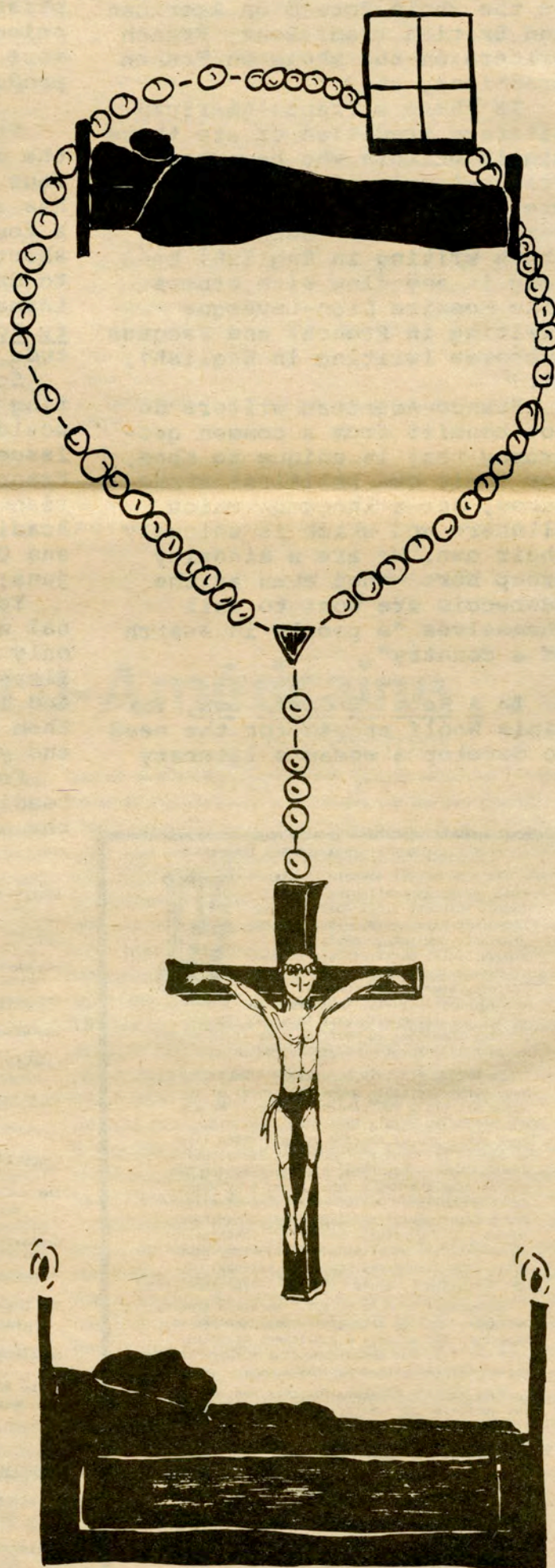
Totem

For Sandi and Tony Piccione

Year in, year out I've shed my skin and hair, my teeth and sperm, perfect invisible antlers. Animal, I've moulted names and friends.

Bones of strangers blow like bugles. Hands ring. Tongues roll. A mob of admiration starts to break and crush.

My ghosts roam the streets and wail. I am arriving to myself.



The Front Parlor

For Jo and Ken

Whenever someone in our family died, the wake was in our house, downstairs, in the front parlor.

It was a spare room, really, and, except for a few extra folding chairs, empty and unheated. The shades were

always drawn, the best lace curtains hung. And in that constant cool twilight, the wallpaper damp

as banks of carnations, when we dared to go in, forbidden to, we played like shadows beneath

the great cross, that enormous suffering, dying or dead Christ, the room's only constant ornament.

It never was a living room.

I've slept above the dead before, my bed in the same far corner as their caskets. Assured their lips

were sewn, their arms clamped, I've fallen asleep to the rhythm of hummed rosaries. My grandfather

choosing to die on New Year's Day. His wife, big boned and stubborn, paralyzed for fifteen years,

bedridden five, decaying three, gangrene growing on her back like some warm carnivorous herb.

An uncle who never spoke a word until the week he died, insane, babbling the poison of his liver.

I've slept above the dead enough. Whole generations of a tribe. Still, in the middle of the night, I hear

the prayers of the living and the dead, a crescendo through the floorboards, filling my room like an ancestral chorus:

Que les âmes des défunts reposent en paix par la miséricorde de Dieu. They have burned

the seams of their eyes, chewed the nylon thread threaded through their lips. They have cast off

their clamps. They stand at my bedside every night moaning my name off endless strings of beads, burning.

She plants a growing kiss on my forehead. With her green hand, moist as moss, wide as my skull, and, forever free,

she strokes my back and thigh.

Death and Transfiguration

This morning on my way to class to teach my freshmen how to write a research paper on the mass media, just as I was walking under the railroad bridge running over Iowa Avenue and heading West across the river, just as I got halfway across and a refrigerator car full of frozen meats and another and another and another rode the rails of my hair, just then

a lion roared,
the day turned
technicolor, I
grew stereophonic
ears, my eyes
screen stretched,
and from the far
wall of my skull
a Vista-Vision
flashed across
by brain: My God,
I'm in a movie!

At first I wondered: Should I tell them? Should I, after calling roll, jump up and shout: My Dears, I have a very special announcement:

I have been made to see we're only film and light, reflections. I tell you our skins are bits of glass on screens, our bones are celluloid. Listen: our words are nothing but a track of sound. We don't exist.

Any minute now, any minute someone who is watching all of this will stand up. Any minute now we'll be inside his mouth, our wild faces flashing on his teeth, our voices screaming in his eyes until he closes them and wipes us out with his eyelids and his tongue.

Today, class, I am telling you all there is to know. I'm telling you what Paul and Isaiah saw, but never told, but never told.

But, you see, it wasn't all that bad a flick, and I got all involved in it. I lost track of time and what I was being paid to do. Every girl was Doris Day: smiling, singing, sexy,

nice; every girl Elizabeth Taylor: purple eyes and pearly teeth. The men were Tarzan: bare chested, primitive, loin cloths bulging with enough seed to populate heaven and earth —or cool and suave as Cary Grant preserved on LSD.

Marcello Mastroianni,
that was me:
dark, deep, corrupt,
but suffering from
absurdity.

And so, no one ever knew that just as I was on my way to class, and just as I was walking under the Rock Island Railroad Bridge, we had all **EXPLODED INTO STARS**

To My Students

For John Logan

On these warm and humid summer nights the echoes of your words swarm and buzz around my brain. You are the mosquitoes in the soft, strained light outside my screened but opened window. Some of you, the more ingenious perhaps, make your way in. The others are no doubt victims of a spider or the rain. Fascinated and afraid, I watch you alighting gently on my wrist: there among the scattered hair as large as life, you probe for blood beneath a tender spot of flesh.

How delicate your bodies and fragile your frames fashioned somewhere in the humid pulse of this warm night. And how quickly, with almost invisible wings, still damp, you circle toward the light, and in birth blindness seek the blood that some legend says is poison. I pity you, although your small annoying bodies are sometimes a relief from the mounting monotony of memory.

And so, because I have some kind of cruel love for you, a father's, I will let you feed among the scattered hairs. But when I can no longer bear your weight upon my wrist or night upon my back, and because I always thought (but never knew for certain) that your death might be a long and painful progress into day, I'll quickly crush you with my fingertip before I flick the switch.

Fear Survey Schedule

Sirs: In answer to your questionnaire, these are the things and experiences that cause me fear or other unpleasant feelings, and the degree to which by every one of them I am disturbed.

I am afraid of vacuum cleaner noises not at all; a fair amount of open wounds, enclosed spaces and loud noises. I am very much disturbed by dentists, worms and reliquaries. I am afraid of failure, falling, and of being left alone, alot.

I am afraid of blood: a) human, b) animal, very much; harmless garden snakes, looking foolish, of one person bullying another, angry people, and of weapons.

Of journeys by: a) train, b) bus, c) cars, I'm not too much afraid —nor of strangers and strange shapes, imaginary creatures. And of sirens I am not afraid at all. Birds and bats and mice and cats cause me unpleasant feelings, as do commercials, jingles, prayers.

But I am very much afraid of dead people, elevators, of darkness and of lightning. And, I'm afraid, I am afraid of nude: b) women, a) men in very high places, singing.

I Woke Up. Revenge

I woke up. Revenge was in my mouth. I said my prayers. It tasted good, familiar, old. I didn't feel afraid.

I have survived ten years of stale nicotine and gin, a decade of most kinds of sin. But I can't brush it off my teeth or gargle it out of my throat.

And on my tongue revenge still sits, a recalcitrant wedge of thinnest bread, a stubborn, undissolving vatican.



The Roses & The Windows

Rainer Maria Rilke

Translated from the French by

A. Poulin, Jr.

VII

VII

T'appuyant, fraîche claire
rose, contre mon œil fermé—,
on dirait mille paupières
superposées

contre la mienne chaude.
Mille sommeils contre ma feinte
sous laquelle je rôde
dans l'odorant labyrinthe.

IX

Sanglot, sanglot, pur sanglot!
Fenêtre, où nul ne s'appuie!
Inconsolable enclos,
plein de ma pluie!

C'est le trop tard, le trop tôt
qui de tes formes décident:
tu les habilles, rideau,
robe du vide!

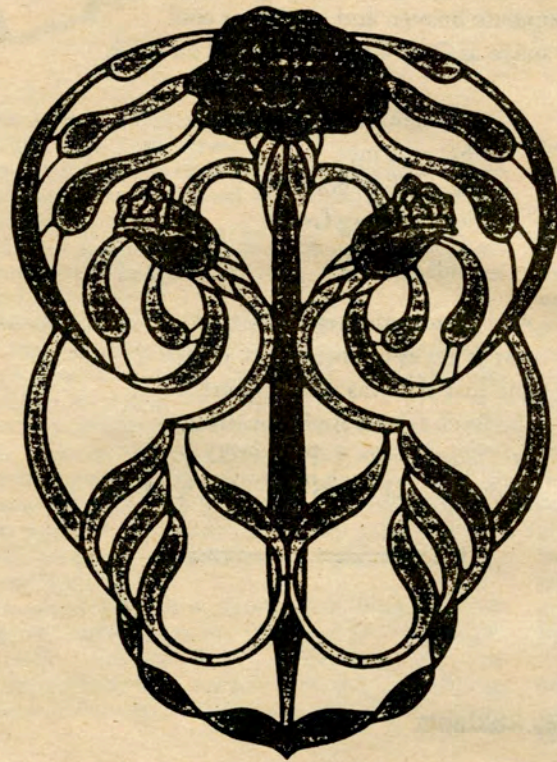
Bright cool rose leaning
on my eye that's closed,
like a thousand eyelids
superimposed

on mine that's warm.
A thousand sleeps against
this counterfeit in which I roam
in a fragrant labyrinth.

IX

Sigh, sigh, pure sigh!
Sill where no one leans!
Inconsolable space
full of my rain!

Your shape determines
what's too soon or too late:
you dress them up, curtain,
vestment of the void!



XV

Seule, ô abondante fleur,
tu crées ton propre espace;
tu te mires dans une glace
d'odeur.

Ton parfum entoure comme d'autres pétales
ton innombrable calice.
Je te retiens, tu t'étales,
prodigieuse actrice.

XXIII

Rose, venue très tard, que les nuits amères arrêtent
par leur trop sidérale clarté,
rose, devines-tu les faciles délices complètes
de tes sœurs d'été?

Pendant des jours et des jours je te vois qui hésites
dans ta gaine serrée trop fort.
Rose qui, en naissant, à rebours imites
les lenteurs de la mort.

Ton innombrable état te fait-il connaître
dans un mélange où tout se confond,
cet ineffable accord du néant et de l'être
que nous ignorons?

All alone, O abundant flower,
you create your own space;
you stare at yourself in a mirror
of odor.

Your fragrance swirls: more petals
around your teeming calyx.
I hold you back, you sprawl,
marvellous actress.

XXIII

Late-blooming rose that the bitter
nights stop with their too sidereal light,
rose, do you suspect the easy full delights
of your summer sisters?

Day after day I watch you hesitate
in your sheath too tightly tied.
Rose who, being born, in reverse imitates
the slow ways of those who've died.

Does your endless state make you capable of knowing,
in some *mélange* where everything is fused,
that speechless harmony of nothingness and being
we so ignorantly refuse?

Rainer Maria Rilke

DUINO ELEGIES
and
THE SONNETS
TO ORPHEUS

Translated by
A. Poulin, Jr.

Duino Elegies: The Fourth Elegy

The Sonnets to Orpheus: Second Series

Aren't I right? Father, you who found
life so bitter after tasting mine,
the first opaque infusion of my must,
as I kept growing, you kept on tasting
and, fascinated by the aftertaste
of such a strange future, tried my clouded gaze —
you, my father, who in my deepest hope
so often since your death have been afraid for me
and, serene, surrendered the kingdoms of serenity
the dead own, just for my bit of fate —
aren't I right? And aren't I right,
you who loved me for that first small impulse
of love for you I always turned from,
because the space in your faces, even while
I loved it, changed into outer space
where you no longer were . . . when I'm in the mood
to wait in front of the puppet stage — No,
to stare into it so intensely that finally
an angel must appear, an actor to counteract
my stare and pull up the empty skins.
Angel and doll: a real play at last.
Then what we continually divide
by our being here unites there.
Then the cycle of all change can finally
rise out of our seasons. Then the angel
plays over and above us. Look at the dying,
surely they suspect how everything we do
is full of sham, here where nothing
is really itself. O hours of childhood,
when more than the mere past was behind
each shape and the future wasn't stretched out
before us. We were growing; sometimes we hurried
to grow up too soon, half for the sake of those
who had nothing more than being grown-up.
Yet when we were alone, we still amused
ourselves with the everlasting and stood there
in that gap between world and toy,
in a place which, from the very start,
had been established for a pure event.

Who'll show a child just as he is? Who'll set
him in his constellation and put the measure
of distance in his hand? Who'll make the death
of a child out of gray bread growing hard — or
leave it there in his round mouth like the core
of a sweet apple . . . ? Murderers are
easily understood. But this: to hold
death, the whole of death, so gently,
even before life's begun and not be mad
— that's beyond description!

19

Gold lives somewhere in an indulgent bank
and it's intimate with thousands. But even
to a copper penny, that beggar, the blind one,
is like a lost place, a dusty corner under a trunk.

All along money feels at home in shops
and shows up decked in silk, carnations, furs.
He, the silent one, stands in the breath-stops
of all that breathing money as it sleeps or stirs.

Oh how does that always opened hand close at night?
Tomorrow fate will haul it out again and hold
it out every day: ever destructible, miserable, bright.

If only someone, a seer, stunned, finally understood
its lasting value and praised it. That's sung
only by the singer. Heard only by the god.

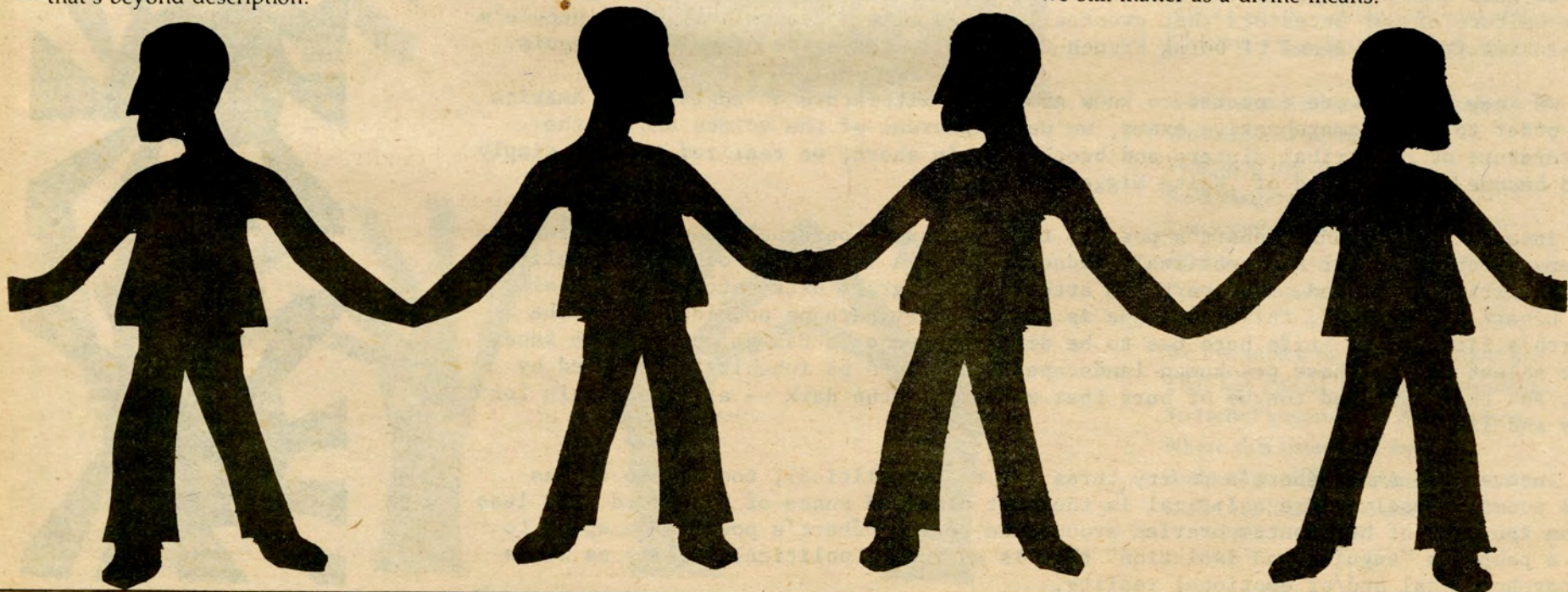
27

Does time the destroyer really exist?
When will it shatter the peaceful mountain's tower?
When will the demiurge overpower
this heart that always belongs to the gods?

Are we really as anxiously brittle
as fate wants to prove us?
Is childhood, so deep, so full of promise
in its roots — later — made still?

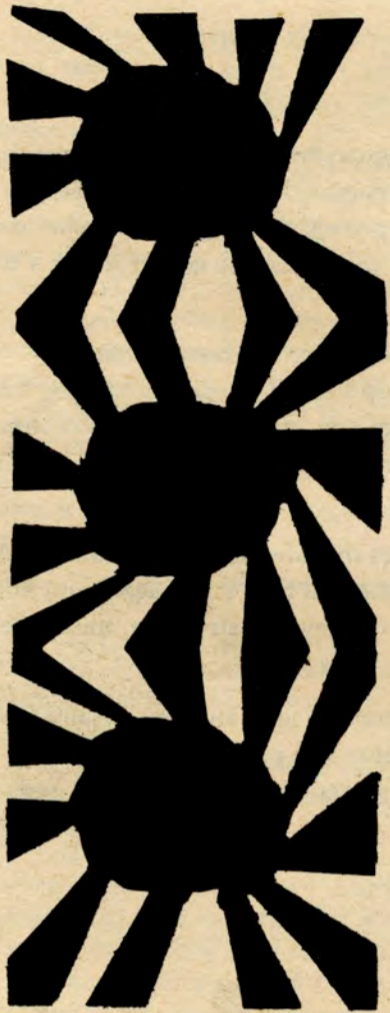
Ah, the apparition of impermanence;
it slides through the innocent
receiver as if it were steam.

As these which we are, the drivers,
among the lasting powers
we still matter as a divine means.



Anne Hébert: Poetry & the Landscape of Epiphany

A. Poulin, jr.



My interest in Anne Hébert's poetry -- as well as in the work of many other poets of French Canada -- is rooted in considerations that are as much personal as they are literary. But then all art, even the art of translation, after all, is as much an epiphany of encounter with one's whole self and total personality as it is a tongue shaping that confrontation with one's medium at the heart of silence.

I was born into a family of French-Canadians -- also known as Franco-Americans, Canucks and, more recently, as Québécois-Americans. My mother's parents had emigrated to this country some time before she was born; my father's family emigrated when he was still a child. Nevertheless, ours was (and probably continues to be) a thoroughly French and Canadian family.

Thus, an American by birth, I spoke French before I spoke English, taught to me primarily by Verna Dingley, my Yankee friend's mother. Despite gestures of assimilation by my parents, most of my childhood was seeped in the mores of French-Canadian ancestors and in their "manners," what Lionel Trilling described as "the hum and buzz of implication . . . that part of a culture which is made up of half-uttered or unuttered or unutterable expressions of value."

And in their overt customs, too: a primary education by the good sisters in the parochial school, where the curriculum included Catechism and *l'Histoire Sainte* (a mixture of hagiography and church history taught in French, the language of our faith); a closely knit family or tribal life involving literally dozens of aunts, uncles and cousins, often clustered around religious observances and holidays, and always returning to memory with the odors of wine, pure beeswax, incense, pork pies and whiskey on the lips of grown-ups.

From birth to death our lives were governed by grand and sacred concentric calendars ruling virtually all measures of time, from the seemingly endless seasons to individual and all too breathless hours. And during some of those hours Harold Dingley made fun of my French accent, teased me because I had to go to Mass every morning during Lent, tried to get me to eat hot dogs on Fridays.

My aunts steamed their kitchens with preserves and pickles and the bleach of their Monday morning wash. My uncles worked in wool and cotton mills, drank beer on their front porches late into the night, the stars of their cigarettes burning silently. And they died.

Most French-Canadian-Americans of my generation spent the better part of our adolescence and early adulthood working hard at negating and trying to erase all traces of our French and Canadian heritage. First the accent, then the language, then the faith, the customs and the "manners."

Long before the phrase became popular in the Province of Québec, we had been "White Niggers" hell-bent on becoming categorically assimilated and on making it in any other man's world than the factories of our French-Canadian fathers, in any other woman's world than the kitchens of our French-Canadian mothers where, in the words of Anne Hébert, "the man smells the bread burning, and the center of the day collapses on us like water without seams."

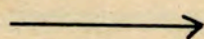
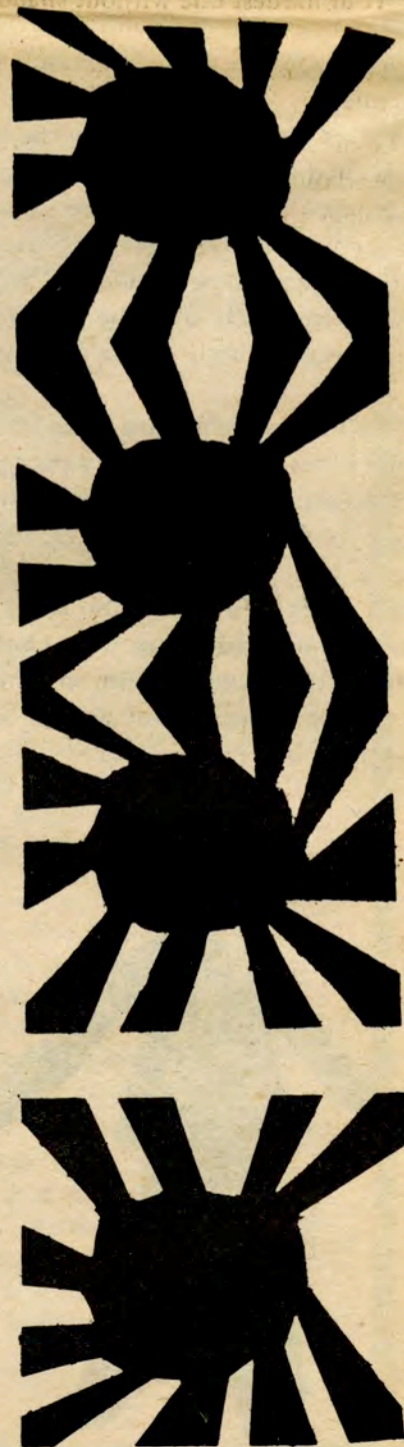
After private school, college and the university, after the start of a professional career, some of us who ostensibly had been assimilated as much as possible realized that we also had severed ourselves from a vital portion of our total selves; having renounced the buzz and hum of a culture's implication, we also had precluded the possibility of any fruitful encounter with the culture itself.

If we knew something about the culture of Germany and Japan, we knew nothing about the culture of our ancestors that eventually would play a central role in a people's evolution from the ennui of being French-Canadian to the pride of being Québécois.

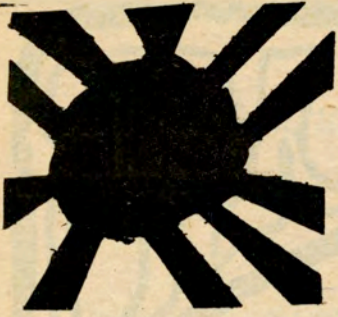
If we knew all we were expected to know about the literature of England and America in order to pass comprehensive exams, we were ignorant of the voices and of the literature of our tribal sisters and brothers. In short, we realized that we simply had become another kind of "White Nigger."

My interest in the Anne Hébert's poetry, then, is quite personal: the world of these poems is the physical and emotional landscape where a vital part of my personality as an artist is rooted, that part I'm attempting to graft back onto my total self. As Hébert has written, this landscape is of a country perhaps no older "than the earth's first days. Life here has to be discovered and be named; our obscure face, our silent heart, these pre-human landscapes waiting to be inhabited and ruled by us, and this confused tongue of ours that murmurs in the dark -- all that calls for day and light."

My interest in Anne Hébert's poetry turns out to be political, too, in so far as the poems themselves are political in the most profound sense of that word. No less than the work of her contemporaries around the world, Hébert's poems also speak to of a people's "anguish and isolation" that is as much a political reality as it is a psychological and/or emotional reality.



...Landscape..., continued



Moreover, surely one can't read these poems (all written before 1960) without realizing that Anne Hébert was committed to the principles of feminism long before it was fashionable to be so. And yet, the final thrust of these poems clearly reflects Hébert's agreement with Camus that "if he speaks or reasons, especially if he writes, immediately our brother extends his hand, the tree is justified, love is born. A literature of despair is a contradiction in terms."

And yet my interest in Anne Hébert's work is also genuinely literary. Along with Saint-Denys Garneau and Alain Grandbois, she is generally recognized as one of the founders of modern/contemporary poetry in Québec, as well as one of Québec's major writers, regarded as highly for her fiction as she is for her poetry.

The publication of *EVE: POEMS BY ANNE HÉBERT* marks the first time that a relatively substantial collection of Anne Hébert's poems in translation appears in the United States. I'm honored to have the opportunity to "introduce" the poetry of Anne Hébert to American readers.

* * *

CASTLE LIFE

This is the family castle
Without a fire or table
Without carpets or dust.

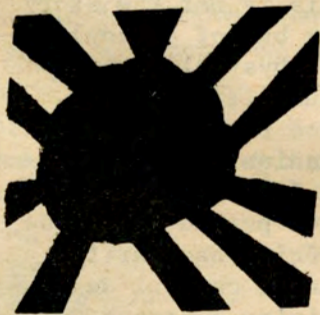
The perverse enchantment of this place
Is all in its polished mirrors.

The only occupation here
Is looking into mirrors day and night.

Throw your reflection into those hard pools,
Your hardest one without shadow or color.

See, those mirrors are deep
As chests.
Some dead is always there behind the lead
And quickly covers your reflection,
Clings to you like algae,

Adjusts itself to you, thin and naked,
Counterfeiting love in a slow bitter shiver.



ANNE HÉBERT

Poems

Translated by A. Poulin, Jr.



MORE AND MORE NARROW

That woman at her window
A place for her elbows on the sill
A vermilion furor tied to her side
Lovely nasturtium in blue sandstone.

She watches a bitter traffic pass
And doesn't budge
All day
Afraid to bump into that wall of silence behind her.

Frosted breath on her neck
Silent space where that man of salt
Has just enough place
Between the woman's back and the wall
To damn her veins that freeze each time he breathes
His slow, cold and immobile breath.

*To the memory of my grandparents
Rosalie and Azarie Michaud
Mélanie and Alphonse Poulin*



SMALL DEAD GIRL

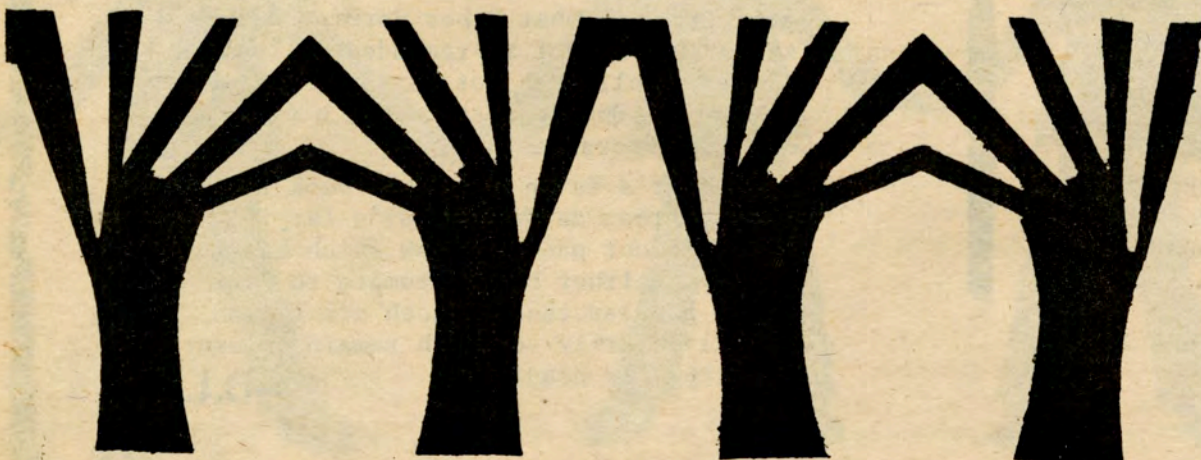
A small dead girl
came to stretch across our doorstep.

We found her one morning collapsed on our sill
Like a fern tree full of frost.

Now that she's there we don't dare go out
She's a white child in her mossy skirts
Glowing a strange milky darkness.

We force ourselves to live inside
Without making noise
Sweeping the room
Re-arranging boredom
Letting gestures fall all alone
At the end of the invisible thread
From our open veins.

We live such a small and tranquil life
That not one of our slow movements
Stretches beyond that limpid mirror
Where this sister that we have
Bathes herself blue in moonlight
While her heady perfume rises.



LE SURVENANT by Geneviève de Guèvremont,
Librairie Plon, 8, rue Garancière,
Paris, 1945, 246pp.

Le Survenant is the story of a wanderer who comes upon the Beauchemin family of Chenal au Moine, near Sorel, Quebec. A mystery man who will not divulge his name, le Survenant acts upon his host family as a powerful catalyst.

Geneviève de Guèvremont has written here a roman de terroir, a novel of the industrial age, a novel coming out of a 1930-ish Quebec literary tradition depicting newly-vanished rural life in nostalgic terms. Herein are fine scenes of une soirée de famille, la grand-messe, a winter storm, a number of habitants pure laine, and many more events and occurrences of early 20th century Quebec farm life.

8 Plus 1, Robert Cormier, Pantheon Books, 1980, 172 pp.

Robert Cormier's latest book, a collection of nine short stories, is disappointing. Not only do few of the stories call forth Franco themes (and then almost only to pinpoint ethnic curiosities) but stylistically the stories are weak.

Not every sensibility a Franco writer wishes to explore need be Franco nor does every issue necessarily have to focus on Franco concerns. One is Franco without having to parade one's Franco-ness.

Jorge Luis Borge, the master of the Argentine short story, while living in Paris, attempted, story after story, to write a short story that would transmit the essence of what he felt to be Argentina. Finally, he gave up and wrote a story about Paris. "At last," said critics, "an Argentine short story."

No, my sense of disappointment in these stories is that they are facile. Things happen too easily; characters are a bit too much of stick characters -- an adolescent learning his lesson of life; a divorced father having had "a few too many chicks"; parents regretting children who leave the "nest".

Characterization is in broad lines, a caricature of insight (e.g., "She blew air out of the corner of her mouth which meant she was being very patient with me." p. 81).

These stories belong to the same family as empty, chatty letters that are full of facts and stories about events and people but reveal nothing essential, nothing at a most elemental level: the feeling level.

These stories need rewriting: fewer words; less telling; more observation. Clichés and stereotypes overcome the text.

It must be said that the plotting in general is quite strong. In this, these stories reveal their origins: mostly the mass-circulation woman's magazine, a medium geared to action rather than to sensibility. Some of these stories were first published in this country's best-paying fiction markets -- none of which unfortunately are known for the quality of their literary offerings.

This novel is one of setting rather than a psychological probe or a work of intrigue. In this, it succeeds well in making us feel quite at home in a Quebec which, long since gone, nourished our ancestors. It is all so strange, so familiar, so engaging!

Le Survenant is available in English or in French and is likely to give pleasure to readers interested in cultural explorations.

Shadows On The Rock by Willa Cather,
Alfred A. Knopf, 1931, 280pp.

First published fifty years ago this year, Shadows On The Rock is set in Quebec City. The story begins in October 1696 and basically takes us through a year in the Old Capital, a year leading to the death of Count Frontenac.

The men in Euclide Auclair's family have, for generations, been apothecaries to the family of Count Frontenac. Sixteen years previous to the story's start, when the count returned to France for a break from his duties as governor of New France, he had persuaded Auclair to accompany him to Quebec to serve both himself and the colonists.

Cécile Auclair is the daughter born in Canada, the true-blood Canadian who has heard of France but has never seen it. Much of the story is perceived through her eyes. Willa Cather captures a very plausible Quebec, one which does not conflict with the Quebec I can extrapolate from my own experiences.

In the usual Cather way, this story is weak on plot -- so much so that it seems to fall apart constantly. Cather is stronger on characterization -- although Cécile seems a bit too mature for her 12 years. Cather's forte remains, here as elsewhere, with setting.

She takes us for a walk in the streets of Count Frontenac and Msgr. de Laval, in streets of a colonial outpost of imperial France. But this is not the story of distant imperialism but of a people establishing itself -- physically and culturally. Euclide Auclair is French and so he is determined to remain always. Cécile Auclair is Canadian and this is central to her being. In the epilog, we read that 15 years have passed since the death of Frontenac. Cécile has married a native-born Canadian, a coureur de bois, and they are raising a second-generation of canadiens.

Willa Cather has captured a spirit which is very French. When I compare what this anglophone was able to do with her material with what Robert Cormier was able to do with his, I am reminded of Louis Hémon who although not Canadian was able to capture Quebec better than his Quebecois contemporaries.

Cather's is an enjoyable book in the same way that de Guèvremont's is: it's a look into our past, a look which has integrity. Neither book attempts to pander to popular tastes; both are flawed books literarily yet both remain eminently worthwhile reading.

-D.L.

Funerals, grave scenes, and dying are the common fare in Poulin's work. The Front Parlor, To My Aunt, In the Sleep of Fathers, Calco di Cadavere di Donna, Pompeii, Begin Again are among those poems which hover around death and dying.

These are not, of course, unique Franco themes --indeed they occupy the literatures of every age and country. Here however is a new note: individual deaths symbolize the death of a culture.

They die, Normand. They die.
And, dying, they kill our
only history.

(To My Brother)

Many of the poems deal with the death of the poet's father. These poems must be primarily read as personal statements of grief. At another level, however, there is here a symbol of the loss of patrimony, a deep deep sense of guilt that the legacy which generations of French-speaking North Americans have kept vibrant should be lost. We carry a burden of guilt which cannot be absolved.

And Son

I love you. I forgive you
your sins
are still prisoners inside
your mouth.

What course of action is
left to us who have sinned?

I plant

The only seed a guilty
firstborn son

can sow, to make us live
forever, Father.

(Prisoners)

A recurrent note in this poet is that of going away and not only going away but wanting to go away.

"...my passion for escape; my

will never to be some factory hand."

(Factory Hand)

...the time

has come to cut myself off
from a tree

I never planted, to uproot
myself

from this unyielding land.

(Begin Again)

The mills --textile, shoe, linoleum, whatever --recur frequently in this poetry as a betrayal of personal values.

Factory Hands deals with men at work in the mills.

...sullen, married to
some
sullen woman in a weave of
mutual betrayals
where the mechanical murder
of each other
or their kids will be the
casual nightmare
of their hopes.

I worked...in the wool and
cotton
mills to pay my own way
out of my father's
futile dreams.

These are terribly personal
poems which present strong
symbols of our cultural condi-

tion as Franco-Americans.

Poulin's earlier poetry had largely been a personal, introspective one --a poetry of private values, of individual ambitions.

The persona we heard in these poems was urbane, educated, essentially uprooted. Geography and memory are used to evoke a personal past, to symbolize an individual quest. Poulin's consciousness was not a community one but a personal one of that community.

The later poetry has changed. Even if one knows that in Lisbon, in the homeland, A. Poulin's brother, sisters, aunts, uncles, cousins still gather to celebrate inarticulate rites of community and that, in Brockport, N.Y., 400-500 miles away, the maintenance of Franco-American values can only be more and more difficult, one is struck by the deepening sense of community Poulin is achieving in his "exile".

His latest collection, A Momentary Order, is perhaps less lyric than In Advent, less exuberant, but it is for all that more profound, more rooted.

I hope you will read A. Poulin, Jr., with as much excitement and pleasure as I did. He is undoubtedly one of our major poets and deserves to be known in Franco circles.

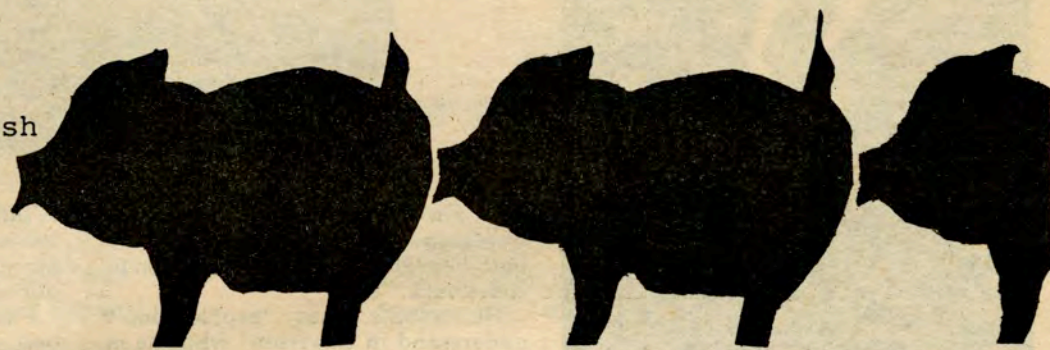
an excerpt from The Slaughter of Pigs

I slip that carving knife into your pig's
tough underside, guide the blade
up to its bloodless, silent throat as if
I had done this all my life . . .

and that high breathless wheeze, that childish
whine of frantic pigs rises
once again above clean pails of steaming
blood in Dingley's slaughter house.

Sledge hammers thud another snout; and when
its skin and bristles have been
tenderized in vats of boiling water,
its carcass pulleyed up, when

it hangs there in fall light, its hooves
dancing softly on the wooden floor,
its head thrown back in sheer abandonment
to hide some soundless promise

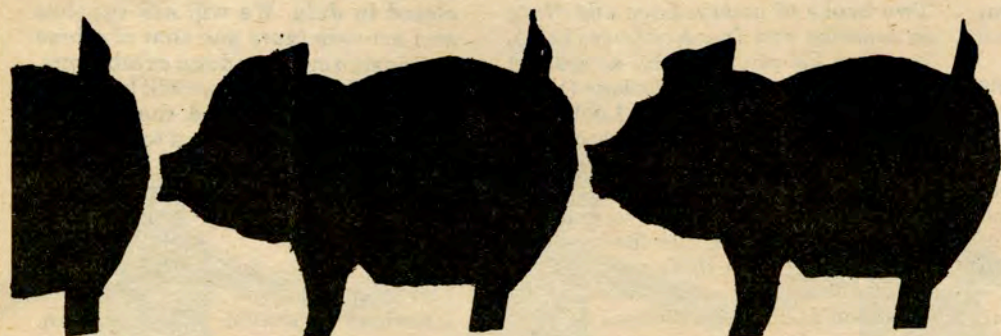


of revenge raging in its small blind eyes,
like the bloated body of
a pink and hairy prisoner left on
the scaffold as an omen,

with the calm precision of a surgeon,
Dingley slits the pig's soft breast
and belly and leaps back, just as the rush
of viscera and bowels

fills a washtub, their sweet odor fills our
lungs and vomit fills my mouth
again and then again. We load the tub,
the pails of blood, the carcass

on our pick-up truck. Dingley wipes his brow,
waves a bloody hand and grins.
As we haul our load away, we hear sledge
hammers thud another snout.



Paul Fortin: Photomaker

Reprinted from BitterSweet Magazine

LES BEAUX-ARTS

Most of us *take* photographs. We line people and tell them to "smile, one, two, three."

A few among us, however, *make* photographs. These are the ones who have earned the right to be called photographers.

Paul Fortin of Lewiston is one such artist. He is an accomplished photographer whose work is full of mystery and romance.

Paul is known for his pastel coloring of photos. This technique, coupled with ample use of gossamer cloths, scrims, and special lenses, lends an old-fashioned evocative air to his work.

"Photography is like the theatre," says Paul. "You manage the setting, the costuming, the make-up, the blocking so that you get the effect you are striving for. An artist *makes* a photograph. I'm not interested in *taking* a photograph. I'm looking to play my fantasies out and that includes manipulating both the setting and the technique.

His photos show careful orchestration. A statue of a classical figure, a hand over her forehead as if to protect her eyes from blazing light, peers through the stencilling of a window of an antique shop (1). Whom has she searched for across the years as she has looked thus?



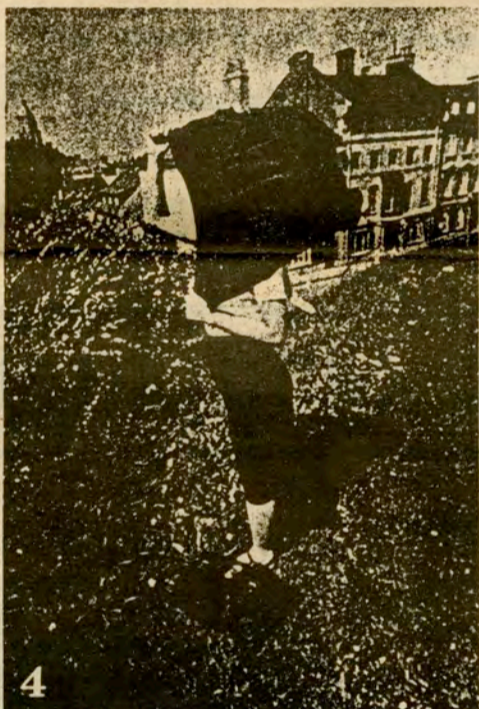
1
Spiritual Guidance



2
Staircase



3
The Lesson



4
Foreign Affair



Paul Fortin, self-portrait

A girl rests wearily by the newel of a staircase. Behind her is the dark-varnish wainscoting of a Lewiston apartment house (2). She holds a cast iron pot in her hand; has she just returned from the bakery with the family's Saturday-night beans?

A child, a girl, plucks absently, uninterestedly, at a violin (3). A photo with Quebec City in the background reveals a woman with a wind-blown veil over her face and hair (4). The ensemble is outrageous and yet it fits together, makes a plausible whole.

This is what Paul means when he says he "makes" a picture rather than takes one. It is, he says, what separates the artist from the snapshot photographer.

In his mid-thirties, Paul exhibits a flair for dress and person that marks the Latin temperament. His shoulder-length brown hair is well-groomed, showing signs of attention more in keeping with his Franco heritage than the negligence usually attributed to the artist. By choice an urban dweller, Paul walks everywhere, a long scarf usually wrapped about his neck.

His is a striking figure, but more striking even is his attitude, his determination to survive as an artist in his native environment, an environment which has not been overly supportive to the Muses.

"I always seem to come back to Lewiston. I've spent time elsewhere both here and in Europe, but I seem to come back."

He admits that "people don't understand in Lewiston" what he is trying to do.

"My photography is a tool for my self-expression. It's a precious gift that is available to me and I make use of it to know myself. It used to make me feel frustrated not to have an access to myself which photography provided."

He admits that the very concept of a tool for self-expression is perhaps foreign to most in the area. His reaction is not to give up, however, but to help share his gift so that others might learn from it to find their own.

Paul came to his art form in 1968 when a friend introduced him to photography. Paul was immediately captivated. After considerable personal study and experimentation, he decided to enter formal study and enrolled at the New York Institute of Photography where he studied in 1970-71. He also studied at the Rockport (Maine) Photographic Workshop. In yet another area, Paul studied photo-reportage in Paris, France. This mode of photography—denotative, analytical, intellectual—

is far from his own romanticism, but the study helped him, he says, to perceive, to develop a more just eye for photography.

Paul has been exhibited widely both in group and in one-man shows. He has been part of group shows across the country and in Europe. This has included shows at the Floating Foundation of Photography in NYC; the Focal Point Gallery in Madison, Wisconsin; and the Prisma Gallery of Perpignan, France. One-man shows in Maine were held at Craftschool in Lewiston and at the Pinchpenny Gallery in Boothbay Harbor.

Publication has also come his way. Two books of poetry, *Love and Hate in America* and *Touch of Love* (1971), included his photography as did the book of poetry *Contemplations* (1976) by Lewiston poet Maurice Leblanc.

His photography has appeared also on book covers, in newspapers and magazines.

Paul's scope continues to expand: he is now venturing into the business world. Along with three others, Paul has opened a store/studio in Lewiston's Gateway Building. It is an attractive space with large windows opening onto one of the city's historic canals. Inside, *Magnum Opus* is spacious. The walls are partially-

exposed brick. Generally, it is a space which is more reminiscent of Portland's Exchange than of Lewiston.

"It's part of the New Lewiston," says Paul, who grew up here and attended both St. Dominic's and Lewiston High School. "It's time Portland people started coming up here to see what's going on. Lewiston isn't just a mill town anymore; it's a place where all sorts of good things are happening."

It is clear that Paul hopes *Magnum Opus* will be part of things. "We will try to fill some of the void created by the demise of Craftschool, Lewiston's non-profit center for the arts which closed in July. We will sell supplies and artwork (ours and that of others on consignment) and run exhibitions. We hope *Magnum Opus* will become a community forum and that its for-profit status will enable it to survive."

In addition, Paul also freelances photography for weddings and special events and may be reached at *Magnum Opus*.

Along with LPL Plus APL, Lewiston Tomorrow, and the Franco-American Festival; Paul Fortin, because of his imagination, his determination, and his vision, is one other asset that the New Lewiston can be proud of.

~ D. L.

If someone were to ask me 'How did you become a poet', I could legitimately answer, without being facetious or pietistic in any way, 'By going to Mass when I was a child.'

That's what I try to tackle in my new poem, "Born Again", especially in the opening section where I say:

I have returned to this
small (coastal) town
in Maine where everything
decays too soon
and nothing ever dies quite
soon enough

Here, each day is another
failure
of another lifetime deposi-
ted across
the forgotten landscape of
forgotten dreams.

Here, in the haze of oaks
and elms ablaze
with no more than a residue
of oxygen and sap, cracked
and peeling

plaster casts of dwarfed
deer graze on blister
grass; whiter every day,
winter brooding
in their intricately beau-
tiful and

brainless skulls, they inch
toward old abandoned
porches that will never be
consoled,
toward the char, the sud-
den frost, the utter

desolation at the heart of
every
open eye and palm...

Much of the same kind of "secular anguish and defeat" appears in my other new poem, "Factory Hands". In my earlier poems like "The Front Parlor" and "To My Aunt", as well as in my more recent poem "Figures in a Stranger's Dream", the title of which, I think, is most relevant to the whole matter of identity. How long has it taken for us to shed the feeling of a kind of spectral identity as 'figures in a stranger's dream' and to assume, resume a more real, stronger, more substantial identity. And I suppose that my poem "September 1, 1979", written after a very long period of silence, addresses itself specifically to this business of identity -- especially toward the end when, after having gone through the dialectics of essence-substance etc., I affirm a kind of momentary epiphany: "...just once, we surfaced and assumed/this rare and elemental substance all our own."

Let me say that it is always pleasant enough to be referred to in print or in introductions as 'Rilke's noted translator' and the like...It's always nice to have strangers

come up at a party and praise your work on Rilke. It's much more pleasant when those strangers praise your own poetry!

I suppose translation has been both a positive and a negative factor in my development as a writer.

The negative factor is that any major translation project necessarily detracts one, prevents one from writing one's own poetry, since the good translator must virtually assume the identity, sensibility, thought pattern, rhythms, etc. of the poet being translated...And that experience was intensified in me because I started translating Rilke's Duino Elegies during that difficult period after the publication of my first book of poems, In Advent. (The period after one's first book is generally very difficult for many poets.)

I suppose the response to my book of translations, Duino Elegies and Sonnets to Orpheus, generated another kind of anxiety that hampered me from undertaking my own poems. The enormously generous praise from a host of major American poets...eventually proved to be further obstacles to my writing poetry. The old ambition business I suppose: how can I "top" myself, knowing full well that I would be competing more with Rilke than with myself.

And yet in retrospect, there are days when I think that that kind of imposed silence was also good for me because it caused me to group my energies, as it were, to store up experiences, memories, to begin to understand myself and my general subjects a little better.

And I suppose to a poet language and technique are the most important "benefits" of

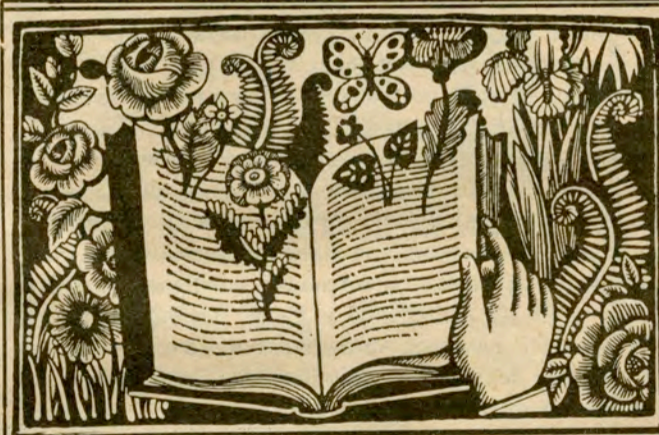
translating. The good translator must be immersed in two languages simultaneously, discovering, uncovering and wrestling with varieties and levels of meaning, impact, as much on a connotative level as on the denotative level. One learns first hand, how certain kinds of "problems" are resolved by the poet one is translating and, of course, that kind of craft-knowledge somehow stays lodged somewhere in one's consciousness.

I would never urge other poets to undertake the kinds of huge translation projects that I've chosen for myself...

However, I would urge all young and emerging writers to undertake at least some small translation projects, if for no other reason than the sheer exercise, the refining of technique, the sharpening of language and form.

The older I get the more I return to my Franco American, my Quebecois-American (!) childhood experiences as a central wellspring of my poetry and other writing.

These seem to be the increasing parameters of my concerns. One of the reasons -- somewhere in the remote background of my consciousness -- is the need to record what probably was the last of the genuine immigrant Quebecois-American experience. The fabric and texture of that experience, it seems to me, ended with my generation. We were educated; we married non-Quebecois-Americans; we were upwardly mobile; we necessarily lost the attitudes of sensibility that created the fabric and texture of experience I spoke of earlier, which necessarily involved "loss" of Roman Catholic practice and of the French tongue.



Les lettres au rédacteur qui concernent le Forum littéraire doivent être envoyées à Box 452 Gould Road, Lisbon Falls, Maine 04252. Il est important que vous, les lecteurs et lectrices, partagez vos réactions, vos impressions, vos idées, vos espoirs avec moi et avec les écrivains qui sont ici publié(e)s afin d'éviter un cul-de-sac.

Letters to the editor dealing with the Literary Forum should be sent to Box 452, Gould Road, Lisbon Falls, Maine 04252. It is important for us, for myself as editor and for the writers featured in these pages, to have some two-way communication with the readership.

PROCHAINEMENT

Au prochain numéro du Forum littéraire, que nous espérons voir jour au mois de février, nous présenterons Normand Dubé qui nous connaissons déjà. Normand est l'auteur de 5 livres de poésie dont le dernier vient d'apparaître au mois de septembre.

The spring issue of le Forum littéraire will feature a write-in colloquium on Franco-American writing.

Is there a Franco metaphor (or image, or symbol)? In other words, is there a literary vision of things which is typically Franco?

I invite readers to think about this question and to send me their reactions. I will try to publish as many answers as I possibly can in the May issue. Please provide quotes from Franco novels, poems, essays, criticisms, etc.



•Mes pensées . . .

continued from page 4

can be made if we put faith in them. Children will be socialized with other children at an earlier age. Men will work in The Centers also, producing children with more contact with males. Mom can pick up the children while dad rushes home to cook the supper. Mom can play with, listen to and teach the kids, while dad works. The next week dad can be with the children and mom can cook the supper. The family can become an integral part of this society. I think there would be less drugs for people to be dependent upon and less alcohol problems because the FAMILY would be a place to turn, for the young and old. Mémère et pépère would have help from the children and grandchildren. We wouldn't put mom and dad

in the homes because the "Old Folks Home" are no good. The teenagers wouldn't be so lost. We would have less "Delinquents" and troubled children on the streets if we had somewhere for them to go; like teen centers, activity centers, concerts, town community centers. Young girls would feel freer to talk to mom and dad (Dad also has to get more involved with the family.) Their self concept would soar because there would be people there to help them, talk with them and deal with the pressures of growing up BEFORE the pressures get too much.

The family would be a unit, eliminating the child abuse and spouse abuse problems on the upsurge today. The generation gap would crumble away as stronger family ties grew. There would be less people on street corners and bars because there would be work, not like the 9% unemployment rate of today, right Mr. President?!

Crime and murder would diminish. We would look at ourselves as people, as equals, a nation.

"A CRAZY MAN'S DREAM," you say. "Possibly!" But if it is a dream, it is something I can work for. Someplace I can work towards. Someplace I can strive to be. Maybe in my little family it will work. Others will see it. It will grow. Love is like grass on the lawns; NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU STEP ON IT OR CUT IT, IT STILL GROWS.

My Christmas wish is to see families at peace. I love people and see the good in them. People who try deserve a chance. Please try! Spread a little sunshine. Listen to yourselves. Listen to your children. Talk to and with them. One saying I follow is 'I never want to go through life saying I wish I had. . . .' To not kick myself in the pants in two months, I say to you . . . I LOVE YOU! Joyeux Noël et Bonne Heureuse Année.

Kevin

Don't Forget Christmas!

It's Christmastime once again! So, yes, *do* get out your tinsel and Christmas decorations, buy (or make) presents for those who are special to you, go to the service or mass at church, and have a BIG celebration! — but *please don't* forget what Christmas is all about!

I'm sure that everyone must surely know the story of Christmas, (the birth of a babe who would save the world from their sins), but *remember*, it's not *just* a story . . . it is a truth, and truths *never* change—even though everything else may . . .

I read a devotional from a "Daily Bread" booklet published for December of 1977. The words really "hit home" — I realized that I *too* was being so caught up in the commercialism of the holiday that even though I was "having a good time and getting into the Christmas spirit" I was missing part of the *true* meaning of Christmas!

So, here is that devotion that I read —

TEN COMMANDMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS

- I. Thou shalt not leave "Christ" out of Christmas, making it "X-mas". To some, "X" is an unknown.
- II. Thou shalt prepare thy soul for Christmas. Spend not so much time on gifts that thy soul is forgotten.
- III. Thou shalt not let Santa Claus replace Christ, thus robbing

- IV. Thou shalt not burden the shop girl, the mailman, and the merchant with complaints and demands.
- V. Thou shalt give thyself with thy gift. This will increase its value an hundredfold, and he who receiveth it shall treasure it forever.
- VI. Thou shalt not value gifts received by their cost. Even the least expensive may signify love, and that is more priceless than silver and gold.
- VII. Thou shalt not neglect the needy. Share thy blessings with the many who will go hungry and cold unless thou art generous.
- VIII. Thou shalt not neglect thy church. Its services highlight the true meaning of the season.
- IX. Thou shalt be as a little child. Not until thou hast become as a little one art thou ready to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.
- X. Thou shalt give thy heart to Christ. Let *Him* be at the top of thy Christmas List.

— D.J.D.

THOT: Selfishness makes Christmas a burden; love makes it a delight.

What do you think? — is it possible that we "all-too-often" take for granted those people and things which are most important? Maybe, this year we all can come closer to celebrating Christmas in the spirit that it began . . . and why let it end there? Wouldn't you like to share the love of Christmas all year?

Merry Christmas and May God Bless!
Jacki

Une p'tite Franco-Américaine . . . A Sherbrooke . . .

Il est 23 h 30 le samedi 14 novembre, et des centaines de personnes attendent avec patience, plusieurs tristes, d'autres qui s'amusent et jasant. L'air est frisquet, l'ambiance émouvante, et moi, valises en main, je dis aurevoir à mes parents et mon ami, comme si je pars à l'autre bout du monde et que je reviendrai pas pour bien longtemps.

Il ne faut pas exagérer; je retourne à Sherbrooke, seulement cinq heures et demie de chez nous (Brownville Jct.), mais ces cinq heures et demie-là paraissent très loin quand je n'ai plus moyen de transport. Je suis seulement une de plusieurs qui sont émus, car ce soir marque la fin du train passager Via Rail de Sherbrooke à Halifax. Depuis bien des années ce train transporte les gens du Nouveau Brunswick, à travers le Maine, et jusqu'à Montréal, Québec. C'était un service aux prix raisonnables, et maintenant on doit faire le voyage en auto (malheureusement, pas tout étudiants peuvent s'en permettre une) car à ma connaissance il n'y a pas d'autobus non plus qui fait le voyage.

C'est probablement difficile pour plusieurs de se mettre à notre place et comprendre notre situation. Imaginez les gens qui dépendaient du train pour visiter leurs familles, qui évitaient conduire dans les tempêtes de neige l'hiver, et qui conservaient l'essence d'automobile dans ces temps où elle est tellement dispendieuse. Ce train était définitivement avantageux.

Pour vivre l'expérience pour la première et dernière fois, plusieurs gens ont prit le train de Brownville à Greenville (une heure de distance), qui faisait un petit voyage sentimentale. Ceci était une démonstration de la tristesse que certain gens sentaient, mais il y avait aussi des démonstrations d'irritation; par exemple une fausse alarme de bombe qui retarda le train d'une heure, des pétards sur la

rail en arrivant à chaque village, et c'est alors que ma tristesse se changeait en impatience, car au lieu d'arriver à Sherbrooke le matin à 4 h 30, j'arrivai à 7 h 30. Pour finir cette nuit incroyable, les officiers d'immigration avaient choisis ce matin pour être vraiment difficile. Je comprend que c'était probablement nécessaire, vu que, étant le dernier train, le monde pourrait peut-être essayer de traverser des choses à la frontière. C'est seulement qu'avec la fatigue que je ressentait, je n'étais pas prête mentalement pour ceci. Ça fait 14 ans que je prend le train du Maine au Québec sans jamais avoir eu de trouble aux douanes, mais par hasard ce matin-là je me fait questionner à propos de ma citoyenneté, qui est autant canadienne qu'américaine, mais par mal chance, je n'avais pas mon certificat de naissance avec moi. Après 20 minutes d'explication et à montrer des cartes, quasiment tous américaines, et montrer preuve que j'étudiais au Québec, ils m'ont laissé aller. C'était une nuit que je n'oublierai jamais.

Maintenant c'est dimanche le lendemain et j'ai le temps de réfléchir de la nuit passée. J'ai enfin eu mon sommeil et je peux penser logiquement, mais ce n'est pas mieux. Le choc de me rendre compte que j'ai pris le dernier train me fait ennuyer, même si ça fait seulement 12 heures que j'ai débarqué. C'est pire de savoir qu'il faut trouver un autre moyen de rentrer chez nous, surtout avant Noël. Je peux toujours espérer que les gens fassent quelques choses pour influencer la décision d'un homme, et qu'il décide de remettre ce train en circulation. Suis-je trop optimiste?

En tout cas, à la prochaine, et Joyeux Noël à tous!

Josée

Abonnez-vous S.V.P. Subscribe.

Le FAROG Forum est un porte parole à la disposition de tout les Franco-Américains

Un Nouveau Livre est Lancer sur Nous-Autres . . . Les Chinois de l'Est!

MONTREAL, LE 13 OCTOBRE 1981—Vous avez déjà eu de la "visite des Etats"? Vous avez de la parenté ou des amis franco-américains? Alors le livre de Normand Lafleur **Les "Chinois" de l'Est ou la vie quotidienne des Québécois émigrés aux Etats-Unis de 1840 à nos jours**, publié aux Editions Leméac, vous intéressera grandement.

L'auteur a amorcé cette étude à partir de ce qu'il appelle lui-même son album de famille, des témoignages d'oncles et de tantes vivant aux Etats-Unis. Leurs voix racontent comment fut la vie des Québécois qui décidèrent de quitter la province afin de trouver ailleurs ce que celle-ci et le pays ne pouvaient leur offrir, des salaires et un niveau de vie décent.

Ils furent ainsi près d'un million à s'expatrier entre 1840 et 1930. Les témoignages recueillis, de même que les recherches effectuées par l'auteur, nous découvrent toute la vivacité de ces gens qui ont su résister à l'assimilation tout en s'intégrant dans un mode de vie devenu le leur.

Album de famille certes, mais qui dépasse la manière intimiste grâce à ses multiples aspects historique, sociologique et culturel. Une étude qui dissipe les doutes sur la survivance du français de ce côté de la frontière et qui rétablit des contacts malheureusement perdus.

LES "CHINOIS" DE L'EST OU LA VIE QUOTIDIENNE DES QUEBECOIS EMIGRES AUX ETATS-UNIS DE 1840 A

NOS JOURS
de Normand Lafleur
Collection Ouvrages historiques
111 pages — 15x23 cm — 9,95 \$

Pour renseignements additionnels: Marie-Diane Martin
Relations de presse

Des Nouvelles du FFA!

La Fédération Franco-Américaine du New Hampshire, à la suite d'une réunion de ré-organisation le 7 de novembre a choisi les suivants comme officiers pour la diriger cette année: Donald J. Biron de Manchester, Président, Richard L. Fortin de North Conway, Vice Président, Mlle. Denise B. Arel de Manchester, Secrétaire, Dr. Robert A. Beaudoin, de Manchester, Secrétaire adjoint, et Maurice Blanchet de Manchester, Trésorier.

Les délégués qui on assister à la réunion on adopter des nouveau statuts et reglements qui fait provision pour la représentation de tous groupements qui travaille pour la préservation de l'esprit, l'héritage, la culture et la langue Française.

La nouvelle fédération va coordonner les activités des differants groupes de façon d'éviter les conflits, assurer que l'un ou l'autre de ces groupements s'occupe de marquer chaque année les fêtes patronales, et agir comme porte-parole, et assurer la liaison avec les autres organismes Franco-américain de la Nouvelle Angleterre, et conserver les liens étroits avec la France, le Canada, Le Québec, L'Acadie, et la Louisiane.

Pour des renseignements sur la Fédération vous etes prier de vous adresser au secrétariat, 52 rue Concord, Manchester, NH 03101.

TEACHER FEATURE

Ce mois-ci, je suis très heureuse de vous introduire à Mlle Elizabeth Gosselin. Liz est la maîtresse bilingue préscolaire qui visite les enfants de quatre ans chez-eux; soit à Richford, Enosburg ou Berkshire.

Elle a fait ses études à l'Université du New Hampshire à Durham et à Johnson State College.

Comme vous verrez Liz est très fière de ses petits enfants et surtout du programme préscolaire.

Paul Bouchard Johnson
Title VII Director
Richford, Vermont

Bonjour Bébittes!

When my supervisor asked me to write this piece for the "FAROG", I panicked. I feel strongly about preschool education as I see it not only as a means of improving our educational system but also as a means of improving the image we have as human beings. I have since reread this article many times and I no longer feel panicky, yet I do wonder if my words will reach into you and convey an impression of what I feel for the program.

Here in Northern Vermont the influence of our Canadian neighbor can be seen daily. French can be found in the homes, in the shops, and in many other community settings within this area. Customs which may be considered uniquely Franco-American have been well incorporated into the socio-emotional structure.

The Bilingual Preschool Program in this area has many facets to it. It is individualized for the purpose of locating and working with potential strengths and weaknesses. We strive to help the child develop a good self-concept. Feeling good about yourself, knowing how to make decisions, knowing how to think, and not being

afraid to stand alone may in the future prove to be important tools for the child.

Activities are geared to develop pre-reading, pre-writing, and pre-math skills. At the same time French is incorporated into the program with the intention of enhancing the child's educational potential. (It also goes along with enhancing the cultural heritage of the area, although not all the children we encounter have a Franco-American background). Young children are willing to learn if they are at first comfortable with themselves and with their teachers. One advantage of the individualized program is that it allows us to critically observe a child and determine his "comfort level". A child, unlike an adult, does not possess the vocabulary and the mental ability to analyze and adequately express his feelings. Monitoring his overt behavior can provide us with important clues as to how he is feeling and how his mind and body respond to a particular situation. These clues play a major role in this individualized program. Early identification of "potential strengths and weaknesses" is an aspect of the program that comes as a natural result of our observations and concerns. When necessary, and if possible, additional assistance can be provided in the form of a specialist and/or a modified program.

Another facet of the Bilingual Preschool Program is that it is home-based. Three times a week each child has a personal visitor who spends 30-45 minutes introducing and reinforcing various concepts. A preschool newsletter, "Le Chanticleer", soon to be published, will help to inform parents on what their four-year-old is learning. (French vocabulary, phonetically spelled in English, will allow English-speaking parents to reinforce their child's French).

Two years ago, the Bilingual Preschool Program did not have an extensive individualized system as it does now. The individualized program was adopted in 1980 (under the supervision of the new Program Director, Paula Johnson, and the new preschool teacher, E. Gosselin) and its advantages have since demonstrated

that they far outweigh those of a group system. With the present program, the children do get to see each other — first in the manner of group sessions throughout the year, and in the manner of group classes in the spring. The group sessions center on a holiday theme and usually consist of 7-12 children meeting in someone's house. Group classes on the other hand consist of 3-4 children working closely with the teacher assistant who tries to simulate, in the home, what happens in an actual classroom.

PARMI NOUS au Vermont

Franklin NorthEast Supervisory Union

So far parents have been telling me that their children look forward to their classes. This is a good sign. But does this indicate that we hold their interest as entertainers or as personable educators? After some serious mulling of this question, I have come to the conclusion that this preschool staff consists of educators with a sense of humor. There is no sound reason why learning should be either very dreary or very entertaining. Helping a child to develop his sense of humor and to learn to accept his successes and failures in a positive and constructive manner may seem inappropriate in our present mistake-oriented society. However, a change in attitude toward young children is definitely needed if we want to start improving the quality of our educational programs.

I think enough has been said for the time being. If you have read this article and would like additional information about the goal and design of the Bilingual Preschool Program, please let us know. We'd like to hear from you.

Au revoir!
Elizabeth A. Gosselin

For information, please contact:

Paula Bouchard Johnson — Program Director

or

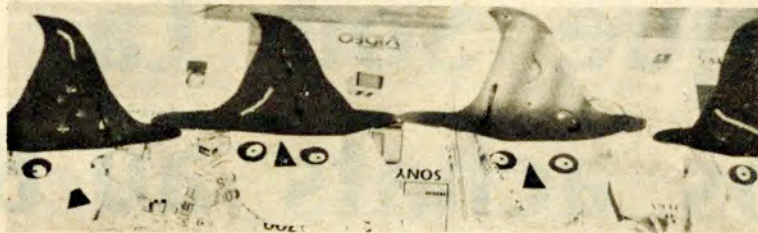
Elizabeth Gosselin — Bilingual Preschool Specialist
Franklin Northeast Supervisory Union

45 Intervale Avenue
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telephone: (802) 848-3775

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Mlle Gosselin, ses élèves, et leurs projets.



Faisons un FAROG ensemble, abonne-toi.

•Let's Settle All Quarrels . . .

continued from page 1

older people making gifts of new money to the children.

For the first few years of the six he has spent in the United States Mohammad observed as an outsider the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year holidays and then he began participating and enjoying the holidays, although, he says, "... the significance was not so great."

Mohammad and Kamal both feel the lack of a close family and Kamal, who has been in the states for two and a half years, feels closer to his absent family when he listens over and over to tapes made in Sudan of his family's activities.

"I listen to the tapes for four or five days and I feel happy," he said.

Mohammad, from a country where he says there are no nuclear families, feels the holidays are much happier in Iran where he believes there is more sharing of the holidays with the members of one's family. Since more Iranians have come to Maine he feels more like enjoying holiday times and the countrymen often set the table and share a meal together.

Togetherness is the same theme Mary Cyr stressed when I talked to her as she sat in the Memorial Union selling tickets to the Maine Masque. Mary, a senior theater major, is the youngest of eleven children and the daughter of French-speaking parents. "My family has been in the United States for over 200 years but we still feel French. You learn to love your culture and you love it forever," she told me.

Christmas is an important holiday in the lives of the Franco-Americans of Madawaska and Mary feels that

"The Christmas spirit doesn't begin or end for me. I feel good all the time and even if we got together in summer it would feel like Christmas."

there is "something missing" when she is not at home in the "French and family" atmosphere. Christmas will always be "great and joyous" to her but when her parents are not there they are sorely missed. "My sisters haven't been home for the holiday season in ten years. They miss it, but as you grow older you learn to cope with missing that special feeling." For Mary the

family is what makes the joy of Christmas. She says, "The Christmas spirit doesn't begin or end for me. I feel good all the time and even if we got together in summer it would feel like Christmas."

Another person who feels good cheer all the year round is V.K. Balakrishnan, professor of mathematics, a native of Kerala, India.

"We send (Christmas) cards in India, too, but there is not a lot of gift giving. It is essentially a Christian holiday but because the Hindu religion is so tolerant many other customs have been adapted by the Hindus." One of the main holidays of the year in Kerala is The Festival of Lights. It is held in November, after the harvest. Lights are strung up and candles lit, gifts of sweets and deserts are exchanged between friends and the mood is "joyous."

"A gift is a token and giving is good if you don't attach a price tag," said Balakrishnan. He summed up his feelings about Christmas in America by saying, "Ideally you have Christmas cheer all through your life."

Christmas cheer lessened considerably for Georges Berube when he was 14 and his immediate family left the St. John Valley for Portland, Maine. Berube is the Assistant Director of the Office of Budget and Fiscal

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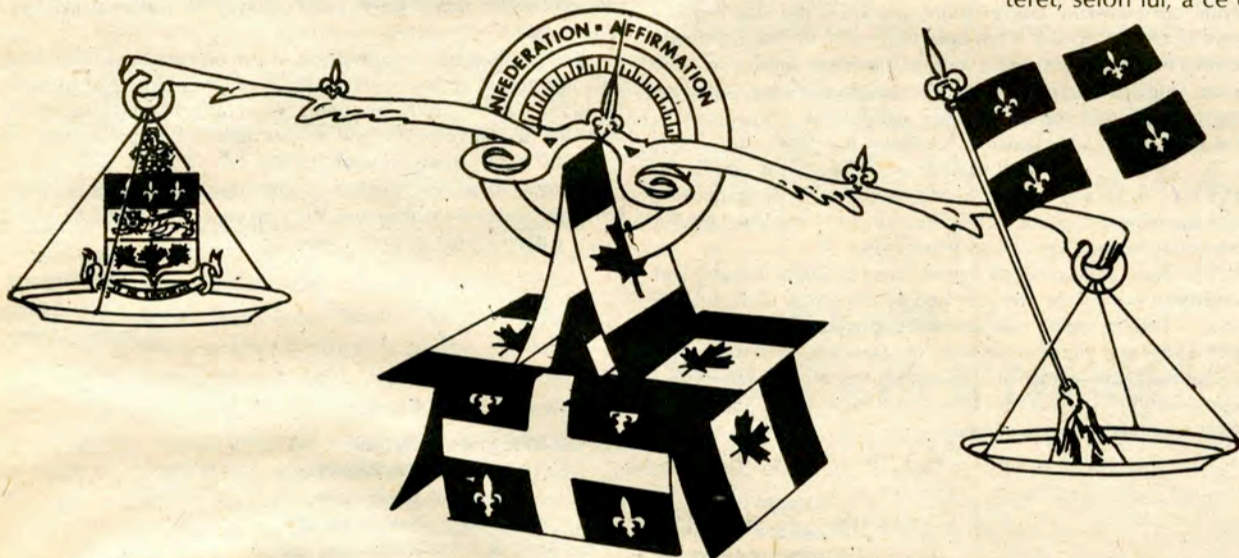
Heures d'Ouverture: 10:00 le matin à 9:00 le soir, du lundi au samedi

QUÉBEC DIT NON à l'Accord Constitutionnel

"Jamais nous n'accepterons que nos pouvoirs législatifs soient diminués. Jamais nous ne capitulerons là-dessus et je vous répète que nous prendrons tous les moyens qui nous restent pour empêcher que ça se produise". Tels ont été les commentaires du premier ministre du Québec, M. René Lévesque, à la suite de l'annonce de l'entente conclue entre le gouvernement fédéral et 9 provinces canadiennes prévoyant le rattachement de la constitution canadienne assorti d'une formule d'amendement et d'une Charte des droits. Cette entente signée à Ottawa le 5 novembre dernier, après 4 jours d'intenses négociations constitutionnelles, a eu comme résultat d'isoler le Québec dans son opposition au projet fédéral.

M. Lévesque a longuement expliqué pourquoi le Québec ne pouvait adhérer à l'entente signée par tous les autres participants à cette conférence. Ces raisons tiennent en trois points:

- le Québec ne pouvait accepter une formule d'amendement où le droit de retrait à un programme n'était pas financièrement compensé. Il exigeait une compensation fiscale pour toute province qui n'acceptait pas un amendement constitutionnel impliquant des dépenses de la part du gouvernement fédéral;



EXPOSITION DE PHOTOGRAPHIES DE PHILIP GOULD "LES CADIENS D'ASTEUR"

Du 4 décembre au 29 janvier, le Secrétariat permanent des peuples francophones présente sa deuxième activité destinée au grand public dans ses locaux du 54 rue Saint-Pierre, à Québec. Il s'agit d'une exposition de photographies de Philip Gould et du lancement de son album "LES CADIENS D'ASTEUR".

L'exposition qui a d'abord circulé aux États-Unis et qui sera montrée en France au printemps 1982 est présentée en collaboration avec le Conseil pour le développement du français en Louisiane (C.O.D.O.F.I.L.), organisme fondé en 1968 dont la mission est d'assurer la sauvegarde et de développer l'usage de la langue et de la culture française de la Louisiane.

Philip Gould, né en 1951 à Greenfield au Massachusetts, a vécu à San Francisco et est diplômé en photographie journalistique de l'Université San Jose, Californie. En 1974, il fut photographe reporter auprès du New Iberia Daily Iberian (Louisiane) et de 1975 à 1978 auprès du Dallas Time Herald (Texas). L'association des photographes de la presse nationale des États-Unis lui a décerné en 1975, 1976 et 1977 le prix du photographe de l'année pour le Louisiana, le Texas et le Nouveau Mexique. Depuis 1978, Gould est installé à Lafayette, au cœur de la Louisiane française, où il a consacré trois ans à la préparation de son album "LES CADIENS D'ASTEUR" et à l'exposition de photographies consacrées à la vie des Cajuns d'aujourd'hui autrefois appelés les Cadiens.

Pour Barry Ancelet, écrivain et folkloriste attaché au Centre d'études louisianaises de l'Université de Lafayette (U.S.L.) la recherche de Gould constitue "une collection de photographies pleines de sensibilité et de maturité qui atteignent jusqu'à l'âme même des Cajuns".

L'exposition et l'album sont une célébration du passé, un hommage à un héritage ethnique qui a été soigneusement conservé par la force des Cajuns. Ils mettent en valeur les aspects traditionnels de leur culture tels sa vocation rurale, ses activités sociales, sa musique et l'importance des liens familiaux. Le document fait état aussi de la renaissance du courant culturel contemporain et de la participation des Cajuns dans l'industrie pétrolière.

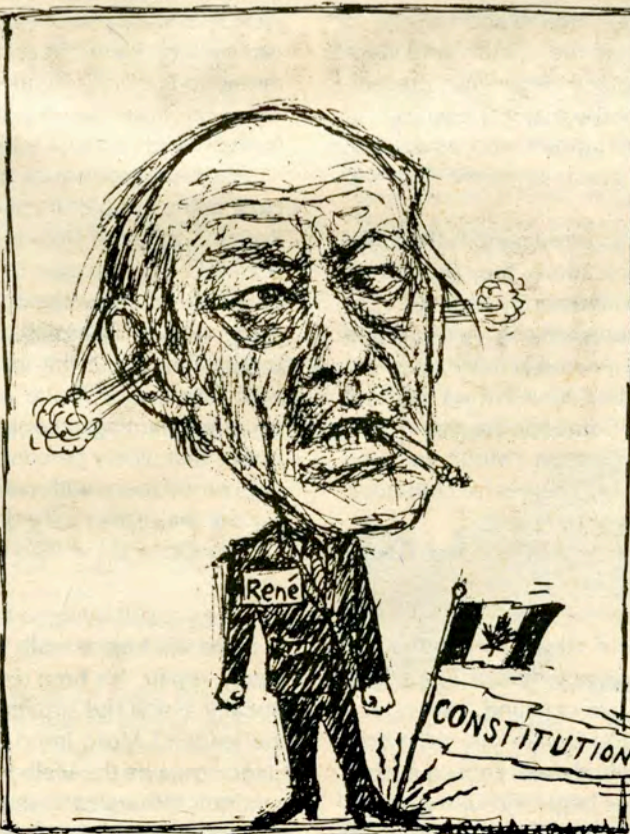
Grâce à une aide financière du ministère des Affaires in-

tergouvernementales, Philip Gould sera présent au vernissage de son exposition et au lancement de son volume "Les Cadiens d'AstEUR" à 17h00, jeudi le 3 décembre, au Secrétariat permanent des peuples francophones, 54 rue Saint-Pierre à Québec.

L'exposition sera ouverte au public les mercredi, jeudi et vendredi, de 11h30 à 18 h00, du 4 décembre 1981 au 29 janvier 1982 (fermée du 23 décembre au 5 janvier).

Tiré de Québec Hebdo 52% DES QUÉBÉCOIS VEULENT UNE RENEGOCIATION DE L'ACCORD CONSTITUTIONNEL

Par ailleurs, un sondage effectué en fin de semaine dernière pour le compte de Radio-Québec révèle que 52% des Québécois expriment l'opinion que leur gouvernement devrait "chercher à négocier à nouveau avec Ottawa" l'entente conclue entre le fédéral et les 9 provinces anglophones du Canada. Le sondage révèle en outre que tel quel, l'accord est jugé une "mauvaise chose" par une majorité des Québécois. A la question "Croyez-vous que cet accord est une bonne chose ou une mauvaise chose pour le Québec?", 42% des répondants ont répondu que c'était "une mauvaise chose" contre 27%. 30% des répondants se déclarent indécis.



- le Québec s'opposait d'autre part à la clause de mobilité de la main d'oeuvre qui sera maintenant incluse dans la Charte des droits. Cette clause, selon M. Lévesque, diminue les compétences législatives du Québec en matière économique;
- le Québec ne pouvait enfin accepter une clause sur les droits linguistiques sans la capacité pour les provinces d'y adhérer selon leur bon vouloir. M. Lévesque a reconnu que M. Trudeau avait indiqué sa volonté de ne pas appliquer cet amendement linguistique tant et aussi longtemps que toutes les provinces n'y adhèrent pas mais il a ajouté que ce n'était là "qu'une manoeuvre vicieuse pour faire porter par le Québec les insuffisances des autres provinces en ce qui a trait à la protection de leurs minorités francophones".

"Pour toutes ces raisons, nous ne pouvions accepter cet accord qui isole le Québec comme jamais et qui le brime profondément dans tous ses droits et pouvoirs traditionnels", a dit le premier ministre. Appelé à commenter ce qu'il compte faire maintenant, M. Lévesque a déclaré qu'il procèdera en premier lieu à toute une série de consultations et qu'il en informerait l'Assemblée nationale lors du discours inaugural du 9 novembre prochain.

Quant au chef de l'Opposition, M. Claude Ryan, il estime que l'accord intervenu "marque un déblocage important et significatif sur la voie qui mène au renouvellement du fédéralisme canadien". Selon M. Ryan, l'absence du Québec est "dépolarable" et peut être attribuée à l'incompréhension qui existe encore entre "nos deux solitudes" mais également aux "intentions ambiguës" du Parti Québécois qui n'a pas vraiment intérêt, selon lui, à ce qu'évolue le fédéralisme canadien.

M. RYAN RETIRE SON APPUI SI LE QUÉBEC REFUSE DE NEGOCIER AVEC LE FEDERAL

En réponse au discours inaugural, le chef de l'opposition officielle, M. Claude Ryan, a demandé au gouvernement québécois de reprendre le chemin de la négociation constitutionnelle, à défaut de quoi il devrait renoncer à quelque caution que ce soit de la députation libérale en matière constitutionnelle. Pour M. Ryan, "l'esprit du 2 octobre" tient toujours dans sa formation politique. C'est dire qu'aujourd'hui comme lors de la session spéciale, il s'agit de veiller à ne pas laisser s'éroder les pouvoirs de l'Assemblée nationale.

OUVERTURE DE LA SESSION A L'ASSEMBLEE NATIONALE

La constitution et l'économie ont été les deux thèmes qu'a abordés à l'Assemblée nationale dans son discours inaugural le premier ministre du Québec, M. René Lévesque. Dans le domaine constitutionnel M. Lévesque a déclaré qu'il ne négocierait plus avec Ottawa, à moins que celui-ci renonce à ce qui "écorche nos droits". "Pour nous, la démarche d'Ottawa, malgré l'accord des neuf provinces, conserve son caractère unilatéral et inconstitutionnel", a dit le premier ministre qui a ajouté qu'en conséquence le Québec se retirerait jusqu'à nouvel ordre de toutes les conférences fédérales-provinciales et interprovinciales, sauf celles qui sont directement reliées à ses intérêts économiques et financiers. M. Lévesque a révélé également que l'Assemblée nationale serait appelée "à réaffirmer nos droits et nos exigences essentielles comme société nationale distincte". Sur le plan de l'économie, le gouvernement entend mettre l'accent au cours de la prochaine année sur la création d'emplois pour les jeunes et sur le développement des exportations.

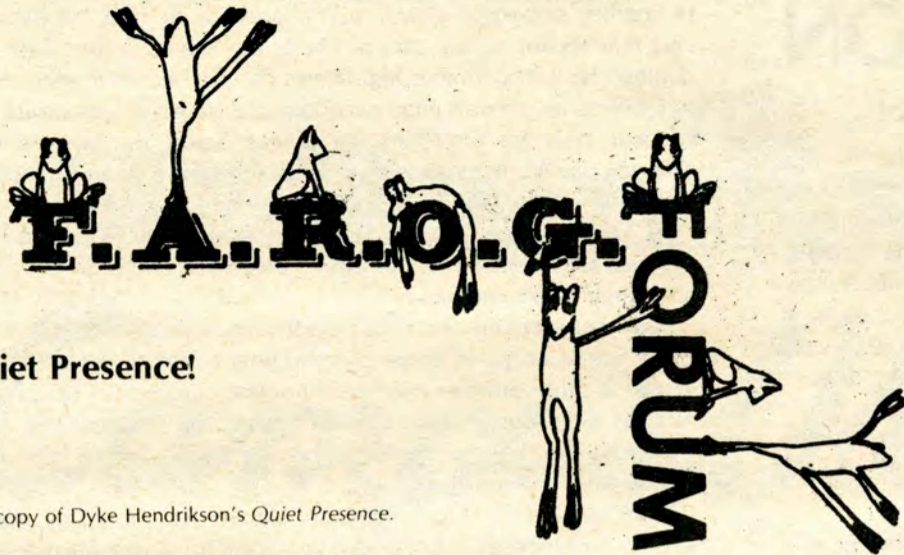
Voici les autres faits saillants de ce message inaugural:—un ministère du commerce extérieur sera créé et une aide accrue sera accordée à l'industrie pour la recherche et le développement;—pour les jeunes, le gouvernement réalisera son engagement d'accorder un bon d'emploi de 3000\$ et lancera des "chantiers-jeunesse";—des amendements seront apportés au Code du travail pour faciliter la syndicalisation et reconnaître la primauté du droit de la personne à recevoir des services essentiels dans les hôpitaux;—la priorité d'embauche pour une travailleuse qui a un congé de maternité sera portée à 24 mois;—le programme d'accès à la propriété, promis par le gouvernement, entrera en vigueur le mois prochain;—certains aspects de la tarification à l'acte des médecins seront révisés de même que leur répartition géographique.

SOUVENIRS D'UN ENFANT DE CHOEUR, de M. Jean-Pierre Boucher

Dans les *Souvenirs d'un enfant de chœur*, Jean-Pierre Boucher fait découvrir l'enfance et l'adolescence d'un jeune garçon qui a grandi dans un Québec duplessiste à l'aube des grands bouleversements des années soixante. Avec une rare précision et beaucoup d'humour, M. Boucher fait revivre cette époque où l'on "s'assurait sa place au paradis en assistant aux messes de neuf premiers vendredis du mois". Tandis que certains retrouveront dans ces *Souvenirs d'un enfant de chœur* un morceau de leur vie, d'autres auront peine à croire qu'il pouvait en être ainsi, il n'y a pas si longtemps.

Commandes: Les Éditions libre Expression ltée, 244, rue Saint-Jacques, Montréal Qué. H2Y 1L9. Prix: 8,95\$

Dear



A Not So Quiet Presence!

Dear Mr. Labbé:

I recently acquired a copy of Dyke Hendrikson's *Quiet Presence*.

I read the book with great interest. I can relate to much of the book's contents. Both my paternal and maternal grandfathers worked in the cotton mills in Connecticut. Three of my four great-grandfathers also worked in the mills.

I believe that an effort should be made to preserve our French heritage before the past slips away under the pressures of our present American society.

Another point—I find it unfortunate that those Franco-Americans who do not speak French are limited in their access to French culture, customs, history, etc.

I would like to inquire about subscription rates to the FAROG Forum.

With every good wish.

Sincerely,
William Gauthier
24 Mario Drive
Hamilton Square, NJ 08690

N.D.L.R. See our subscription form on the bottom of page 11.

Dear Yvon:

From our numerous conversations you know the high regard I have for *Le FAROG Forum*. It has been impressive to note the steady improvement in the quality of the journal, almost on an issue by issue basis. Looking now as I do to each new issue to see what further refinements may have been made in the paper, I was disappointed to note in the October issue (page 11) a photo of a rather messy toilet area. This photo was provided without any apparent relationship to an adjacent article and the cutline did not serve to enlighten me. Perhaps someone thought its inclusion was cute? Personally, I felt the picture detracted from an otherwise fine issue.

While I have your attention I would like to suggest that you and your advisory committee consider adopting a policy of signing all editorials. I believe such a policy would further reader identification with the writer and increase the sense of responsibility of the writer.

I enjoy the paper so much it is almost unfair to take this opportunity to express small dissatisfactions. However, I believe you understand the spirit and intent of my comments.

Sincerely,
Dwight E. Rideout
Dean of Student Affairs
University of Maine

Par Notre Faute . . .

D'un Crapeaux à l'Autre!

Allô les Crapeaux!

To start off, I want to repeat that I'm sorry I had to refuse your visit to Montréal during the 1st weekend in December. I'll be crazy enough during finals that I won't need a bunch of fun people to make me crazier.

Now my business: Today, I received a letter from my sister, Brigitte. I was told that a letter I had previously written to FAROG had been printed in the FORUM. Is it the one I specifically said not to?? To make things worse, Brigitte told me Sr. Eva read it too! How embarrassing! I am mad at you people at the office. Vraiment, je suis furieuse. To be told by my sister that I shouldn't say "moudi"—even less to have it in print. . . Well, print *this* letter and be sure to press the code that will put the following in *bold* (I remember—I used to typeset *other* people's letters. Ahhh. . .):

Never write anything controversial, crazy, or obscene to the F.A.R.O.G. FORUM unless you want to be embarrassed when they print it.

I should have known better—you (FORUM staff) take joy in printing anything and everything. Heck, what am I saying?—I should have known better—I was the "letters to the editor" typesetter last year! (but I thought I told you not to print it . . . ? ?)

Phew! It's nice to have that off my chest.

On a lighter note . . . remember the picture of Beau-Frog's "Frog Meeting?" I've had it taped to my door since September. A lot of people don't get it (crazy anglais!), but those who do, really get a kick out of it.

Besides that, how is everything at the office? Do you still have "all-nighters" to get the paper out on time? I may be mad at you folks (Ha!), but I guess I really miss going to the office. When I was down, someone at 208 Fernald could always make me forget it. (Stef, remember I nearly drowned you? Ha! Ha!)

En tout cas, je fais des folies. J'espère que quelqu'un va trouver le temps et que je vais recevoir une lettre de vous prochainement. S.V.P.? . . . à bientôt!! (au carnaval d'Hiver)

Sincèrement,
Gisèle Dionne
Montréal, Québec

P.S. Miss you *all*.
(Where and how is Josée?)

N.D.L.R. Mlle Josée M. Vachon
10-216 Nouvelles Résidences
Université de Sherbrooke
Sherbrooke, Québec J1K 2R1
On est-ti donc pas drôles nous-autres!



ATTAQUE

by Grégoire Chabot

Like most people, I am subject to occasional nightmares. Pursuits by unspeakably horrible fiends in which my legs simply refuse to move, falls from high places: all the usual nightmare fare. Recently, however, I have had a recurring dream which fits quite well into our discussion of myths.

The elements of the dream are clear and precise. I am attending a Franco-American Congress. For some reason, the site is an open field. Suddenly, an enemy plane comes over and drops a high yield nuclear device some miles from the gathering. There is a flash, a deafening roar and then silence. After a few seconds, I dare to examine the scene. Miraculously, I have survived. Equally miraculously, others have also escaped unscathed. As I pull myself up from the rubble and dust, I look around and struggle to identify my fortunate companions. Let's see . . . Over here are the people who were seated at the six head tables . . . And here are the workshop and conference presenters . . . Discussion group leaders . . . Those scheduled to give the major speeches . . . I guess that's about . . . No! Wait! . . . Yes, it's the Master of Ceremonies who, amazingly, hasn't missed a beat and is still introducing dignitaries and guests of honor. That's it. No one else has survived the blast.

After a few moments, the awful reality of what has just occurred pierces the initial daze and overwhelms the group. They shout oaths and imprecations, they shake their fists in the direction of the murderous plane. They rail at the inhumanity and cruelty of the deed. They damn the pilot, in absentia, to all manner of unspeakable suffering and torture. But suddenly, the Master of Ceremonies, somewhat peeved at having to interrupt his introductions somewhere between the Third Assistant Vice-Consul Without Portfolio from Lichtenstein and the Présidente Émerite of the Dames de Ste. Anne from Township 17, Range 4, gives a sense of perspective to the situation. "Moué, j'ai lu en quèque part," he states in the tremulous, emotion-filled voice he reserves for colloques, congrès and assemblés, "que tous les pilotes ennemis parlent français!"

An immediate hush falls over the diminished crowd. Curses, oaths, condemnations cease as the gathering reconsiders what might possibly have been a hasty initial judgement. The silence grows oppressive. Suddenly, the presenter of Saturday morning's second workshop (You remember. The Mr. Peepers-type middle school French teacher from Wytotiplock who spoke so well on encouraging the use of French through judicious consumption of "Twinkies".) desperately shatters the void of sound. "Attendez," his voice cracks and breaks with emotion. (Actually, as a good Franco-American boy, he had always prided himself on having escaped puberty and its doleful consequences. Unfortunately, at 37, certain uncontrollable physical changes began occurring with a vengeance, the most important of which being a certain unreliability of the vocal

Pour le Nouvel An. Abonnez un parent, une amie ou un ami à votre FORUM. Ça vous regarde!

mechanism.) "Attendez, les gars, là," he begins again. "Si c'est vrai que ce pilote-là parle français, tedben que. . ." Mercifully, the dream ends there.

I am fully aware that dreams are distortions of reality, that they both simplify and exaggerate, that they confuse and combine the commonplace and the bizarre. As such, they are unreliable, a broken-mirror image of the world as it exists. Yet I always awaken from the dream described above in a cold sweat, clutching a copy of the resolutions from last year's major conference in my fevered palm and piteously moaning: "C'est pour la cause".

The nightmare, of course, has its origins in the Myth of Differentiation. In fact, it conveniently brings out the myth's two major debilitating influences. The myth has caused the Franco-American group to become, first, one-dimensional in terms of the issues with which it chooses to deal and, secondly, labyrinthine and bizarre in terms of the value system by which it judges the world.

Both policies or approaches are direct results of the strategies adopted by our grand parents. They felt that the only way to preserve their ethnic essence was to identify and emphasize the differences between themselves and the dominant American society. French-speaking, Roman Catholic and having a close family became the metaphorical walls of an equally metaphorical fortress created to protect the Franco-American from the nefarious and assimilating influences of the American society. The fortress held . . . for a while.

But assimilation took its toll. The differences between the two groups diminished. How many people of Franco-American descent still speak French? How many are still Roman Catholics? How many Franco-American families have escaped or been left unscathed by the ravages of divorce or domestic violence? Yet rather than attempting to adapt to this new reality, Franco-American leaders became more adamant in their statements of differentiation. The traits were magnified, mythologized. Leaders attempted to make the fortress walls higher, more impregnable. They scurried about with mortar and stone patching cracks and holes in the foundation, all the while shouting warnings about the enemy at the gates. Obviously, they were too busy to notice that ninety percent of their followers, tired of the limited vision within the walls, concerned more with reality than with causes, realizing that their leaders cared more for the walls than they did for them, convinced, finally, that the differences had become more artificial than real, had simply opened the enormous front gates and walked out.

We are still trying to magnify the differences. One group of leaders is attempting to build still higher walls while another rushes around frantically trying to shore up, patch, repair. It's time to ring the mill-yard bell (or the Angelus), look around, realistically assess the situation. Who is there left in the fortress to protect . . . besides the leaders? More importantly, who is attacking? Where is the menace? A simple glance outside the walls will show that the besieging force consists of three haggard sentinels lethargically sitting around a sputtering fire and sleepily muttering: "What the hell is a Franco-American"?

•Let's Settle All Quarrels . . .

Services. **continued from page 7**

Christmas for the young Georges was built on a foundation of church activities in a strong Franco community and his father's return from his work in the woods.

"That was a joyous time. Everything built up to my father's return (to stay) for three or four weeks. There was substantial church involvement with masses and Advent. From early December until mid-January we celebrated church holidays."

The Berube family went to midnight mass on Christmas Eve then their house was crowded with relatives, friends, and food. The visitors were entertained until nearly morning and after an hour's sleep the family would be up again for the opening of Christmas presents.

. . . family went to midnight mass on Christmas Eve then their house was crowded with relatives, friends, and food. The visitors were entertained until nearly morning . . .

Because there was no Franco-American community in Portland there was less church ritual. "We left a good piece of the family in the St. John Valley," he said. Ties were severed with the extended family and the "complete Christmas" has been missing from his life ever since. He describes himself as lost between two cultures, "without the old ways" and unable to really capture the new ways.

For Penobscot Indians the old and new ways have been integrated to allow continuation of an age-old tradition of clan gatherings. Ted Mitchell, Assistant Dean of Student Affairs for Indian programs and services, is a member of the Penobscot Nation and makes his home on Indian Island. For Ted and his family

Thanksgiving is the focal point for a gathering of the clans. "We've tried to give it up but we can't do it. We are back to it again this year," he said. "Thanksgiving is a special time for the family to get together. On Thanksgiving we are united."

In the old days the Penobscots met twice a year, once in the fall when they left the shore and headed to the winter hunting and trapping grounds, and then again in the spring, on the way back to the shore. Although they are no longer migratory they still feel the need to gather together.

Ted is proud of the closeness of his family. "You never hear my people raising their voices in anger at each other, they are that close," he said.

Some native Americans have designated the American Thanksgiving day as a National Day of Mourning because it marks the beginning of the end. This holiday began in southern New England as a celebration of the killing of Indians.

All these holidays share a common feature. That is the importance of contact between individuals, between members of the extended family, friends, the community, or even strangers. No matter what the religious or ethnic background of the people I talked with there was the shared feeling that other people are important, that without them the holidays are incomplete.

While we learn to cope with changes in our way of living and in the people we live among, the one thing that remains a constant is the feeling that other people count. We must share with them what we have, whether it be material or emotional, in order to gain the greatest benefit from our holidays. Sharing includes learning the customs of others, for a foreign traveler who didn't know that all houses were open to him could go hungry on the last days of Ramadan, even in the Sudan. So when we are giving and receiving the material and the emotional let's learn about each other, exchange information about our customs and cultural habits, and per-

haps we will remember that other people count, not only on holidays, but on all the ordinary days of the new year, too.

Mary Hooper is a Senior Anthropology student at U.M.O.

•Le Français Louisianais . . .

suite de la page 1

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| 16. Le grenier | dans les vieilles maisons et dehors dans les maisons de plantation. |
| 17. Le gobelet | Le grenier, le plafond |
| 18. La courte-pointe | Le verre |
| 19. La couilte (la couverte piquée) | Le couvre-lit |
| 20. La couverte | La courttepointe, la couverture piquée |
| 21. La couverture | La couverture |
| 22. Le lattage | Le toit |
| 23. La muraille | Le mur |
| 24. Le plafonnage | Le mur |
| 25. Le siau | Le seau, la chaudière |
| | l' mouillait par siaux. Il pleuvait fort. |
| 26. Le sofa | Le divan |
| 27. Le "stove" | Le poêle, la cuisinière |
| 28. Le réchaud | Le chauffage, le calorifère |
| 29. L'éventail | Le ventilateur |
| 30. Le présent | Le cadeau |
| 31. La glacière (le frigidaire) | Le réfrigérateur |
| 32. La toilette | La coiffeuse, la commode |
| 33. La sosille d'oreiller | La taie d'oreiller |
| 34. L'ombrelle | La parapluie |
| 35. La toile (la touèle) | L'imperméable |
| 36. Le vaisseau | Le petit contenant |

à suivre . . .

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Que pensez-vous du LE FAROG FORUM? What do you think of it?

On a bon espoir que vous trouverez plaisir à lire ce numéro du FORUM. Afin d'améliorer le numéro suivant, on apprécierait bien un coup de main. Veuillez répondre aux questions ci-dessous et nous faire parvenir le tout par la poste s.v.p. Merci.

We hope you enjoy this issue of the FORUM. To make the next one better, we'd appreciate your help. Just fill in below and drop it in the mail s.v.p. Thanks.

Village-Ville _____ Etat-Province _____ Pays _____ Métier _____ Age _____ Sexe _____

Town-City _____ State-Province _____ Country _____ Occupation _____ Age _____ Sex _____

- Etes-vous bilingue (français-anglais)?
1. Are you bilingual (French-English)?
Le français _____ English _____
Je lis _____ I read _____
Je parle _____ I speak _____
J'écris _____ I write _____
- Aimeriez-vous plus de français _____, d'anglais _____
2. Would you like more: French _____ English _____ in the FORUM? It's fine _____
- Quelle partie du FORUM vous intéresse le plus?
3. What is your favorite section of the FORUM? _____
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oui _____ non _____ ça m'fait rien _____
6. If you see another issue of the FORUM will you want to read it?
yes _____ no _____ don't really care _____
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5. Will you keep the FORUM for future reference?
yes _____ no _____
- Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le plus dans ce numéro du FORUM?
7. What did you like most about the FORUM? _____
- Qu'est-ce qui vous a intéressé le moins dans ce numéro du FORUM?
8. What did you like the least about the FORUM? _____
- De quels sujets aimeriez-vous qu'on traite à l'avenir dans le FORUM?
9. What kinds of topics would you like to see covered in the FORUM in the future? _____



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L'Office Franco-Américain, Université du Maine, Orono, Maine 04469; 1-207-581-7082
Rédacteur en chef-Editor in Chief
Yvon A. Labbé
Rédacteur Adjoint-Assistant Editor/Affaires FAROG FORUM Business
Coordinateur-Coordinator-Steffan T. Duplessis
Chef de Production-Production Manager
Steffan T. Duplessis
Rédacteurs Etudiants-Student Editors
Marc D. Morin, Elizabeth M. Cash
Rubriques Etudiantes-Student Columns
Elizabeth Cash, Kevin Duplessis, Marc Morin, Brian Morin, Gary Morin, Josée Vachon, Jackie Snell, Mary Hooper, Celinda Rearick
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Stefanie Duplessis
Page Québec
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Les lettres de nos lecteurs sont les bienvenues-Letters to the Editor are welcomed.

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L'équipe de rédaction souhaite que le FORUM soit un mode d'expression pour vous tous les Franco-Américains et ceux qui s'intéressent à nous-the staff hopes that the FORUM can be a vehicle of expression for you Franco-Americans and those who are interested in us.

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1982 SUMMER INSTITUTE FOR HAITIAN CREOLE BILINGUAL TEACHERS

Indiana University, June 18 - August 13, 1982

For the third consecutive year Indiana University is organizing a Summer Institute for Haitian Creole Bilingual Teachers, under the auspices of the U.S. Department of Education, Office of Bilingual Education and Minority Language Affairs (OBEMLA). The Institute is intended for present and prospective teachers in bilingual programs addressed to Haitian children and teachers of English to speakers of Creole. Courses which make up the Institute include: beginning and intermediate level instruction in Haitian Creole; bilingualism and bilingual education as it refers to the needs of Haitian children in the U.S.; structure and sociolinguistic aspects of Haitian Creole; and a micro-teaching experience to be held in Miami or Port-au-Prince, Haiti. Participants in the Institute receive fee remission scholarships for 9 graduate credits and a stipend covering living expenses, books and materials, and part of travel costs.

For information and applications contact:
Creole Institute, Indiana University, Ballantine 602, Bloomington, IN 47405; tel.: (812) 337-0097. Completed applications will be due March 15, 1982.

CAMPAGNE DE SOUSCRIPTION AU BENEFICE DE L'INSTITUT FRANÇAIS

Worcester, Mass. 24 novembre 1981. Claire Quintal, directrice de l'institut français du collège de l'Assomption, annonce une campagne de souscription en faveur de cet institut. Elle explique que, depuis sa fondation en septembre 1979, l'institut joue un rôle indispensable dans la diffusion des connaissances sur les Franco-Américains. De plus en plus, on estime que l'institut rend des services importants au groupe ethnique franco-américain. En outre, l'institut fait partie du réseau des centres francophones de recherche, en France et au Canada. Pour continuer à jouer ce rôle, l'institut a besoin de pouvoir compter sur un fonds permanent dont le revenu couvrira ses dépenses de fonctionnement.

C'est M. W. Donald Moisan, homme d'affaires de Lowell, et président de la Commission culturelle pour promouvoir des échanges entre le Massachusetts et les pays francophones, qui dirigera cette campagne. Le comité de la campagne comprend, outre le Dr. Quintal, le P. Wilfrid Dufault, Chancelier du collège de l'Assomption; M. Warren Bourque de Newington, Conn., Administrateur des Clubs Richelieu de la Nouvelle-Angleterre; M. Eugène Lemieux de New Bedford, Mass., Président de l'Association Canado-américaine; M. Edgar Martel de Woonsocket, RI, Président de l'Union Saint Jean-Baptiste; Mme Vivian Potvin de Holyoke, Mass., Vice-présidente de la Commission culturelle du Massachusetts; M. Gérard Robert de Manchester, NH, président du Comité de Vie franco-américaine; et M. Bernard Théroux, de Fall River, Mass., expert comptable et officier de plusieurs sociétés franco-américaines. La campagne doit être lancée au début de 1982, et se donne comme objectif d'atteindre tous les centres franco-américains de la Nouvelle-Angleterre.

Abonnez-vous afin que Le FAROG soit là.

CALL FOR PAPERS

The third annual conference of the Institut français/French Institute of Assumption College will take place on Saturday, March 13, 1982. The theme of this year's conference is:

THE "LITTLE CANADAS" OF THE UNITED STATES

We intend to examine the social, political, intellectual, religious, and economic milieu of the cities of northeastern United States into which the French-Canadian immigrants arrived; how they were received by these communities; and how they maintained their ethnic identity within those same communities.

Appropriate papers in the areas of urban and community studies; labor, economic and social history; anthropology, geography, literature, and sociology will be accepted. Papers may be in French or in English. Abstracts should be submitted by December 18th. Please address all correspondence to:

Dr. CLAIRE QUINTAL, Director
INSTITUT FRANÇAIS
Assumption College
500 Salisbury Street
Worcester, MA 01609

S.V.P. ABONNEZ-VOUS SUBSCRIBE S.V.P.

The Franco-American Program

The Franco-American Program is an advocate of the Franco-American Fact at UMO. This office stimulates the development of academic and program offerings at UMO relevant to the history and life experience of this ethnic group in Maine and New England. In addition the program provides bilingual and bicultural work experiences, for UMO-BCC students; maintains a readily available library of materials and information and has established a network of resources in Maine and New England to assist students, faculty, administrators and agencies with their special research and programming needs.

FAROG

In conjunction with the student organization, FAROG (the Franco-American Resource Opportunity Group), the Franco-American office publishes a monthly (8 per year) bilingual socio-cultural journal. The FAROG-FORUM (cir. 8,000) has become a major voice for Franco-Americans in Maine and New England as well as a unique vehicle for the dissemination of works and information by and about Franco-Americans (300,000 in Maine-over 2 million in New England).

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We thank you all.

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- Le Français Louisianais.

- In Lewiston . . . A Diamond!
- Le Froid de Noël.

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शुभ वसंत रश्मि हो !
SEASON'S GREETINGS TO THE UMO COMMUNITY FROM THE OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT AND HIS STAFF

Joyeux Noël
Frohe Weihnachten
Merry Christmas
Bon Natal

Vertical text on the right edge of the holiday collage, likely a decorative border or additional greetings.