

# THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER

VOL IV NO4 LATE JAN, FEB, MAR 4 '86

"Oh, every year hath its winter, And every year hath its rain -  
But a day is always coming When the birds go north again."  
(-- Ella Higginson, 1862-1940)

## 3A'S, 1B FOR GILLIAN

FINDS SCIENCES HER MEAT AT UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA-RENO

**Reno** This news is only a bit old: first semester's results came after our last issue. And we're not surprised, from a woman who can read Godel Escher Bach all the way through & understand it! Since Gill enjoyed both chemistry & biology so much, she's thinking of a biochemistry major and that's sure where the action is, these days! (Had I college to do over again, I might become a gene splicer. I don't regret anything I took at Beloit; I just have always wished I'd taken more biology, Welty's Ornithology, etc.)

Congrats, Gill! We're proud of you! **ELUE PULLS A 2 B+'s at D'M Hanover, N.H.** As you know, Ellie's done right well right along at that thar big-name school, has a B+ average for her 4 years, & FINISHES with this winter term! In 2 weeks! She'll stay on working at D'Mouth P.R. dept., & waitressing, till graduation June 8. Then -- who knows? "I'm not thinking of grad school at this point," reports Ms. Jackson. "Maybe later." **MEGAN NO SLOUCH, EITHER** But I think ENNL reported how she graduated w/ high honors, & was elected to membership in brain frat, & KΦ. **SO WHAT HAS DEMI DONE LATELY?**

"What's your Bible school teacher's name?" a mother asked her little girl.

"I don't know," she replied. "I think she must be Jesus' grandma. All she did was talk about him and show us his picture." (OR HIS MOTHER!)  
(Christian County Farm Bureau Newsletter)

her a job at the Dairy, where she was pretty much her own boss, and after she'd finally retired, and she'd had a leg amputated, he and Mom still took her, and Miss Andrus, for rides, and bird-walks, and to the Ned Hollister Bird Club meetings -- and helped get the plaque in Miss Glenn's memory, after she died (located on the lawn of Roosevelt Jr. High School.) When we kids have been in straits RAD & VWD have crossed continents for us, and helped with time, effort, cheer, generous loans, and more than loans.

Now that the time has come when you need care, Mom, don't ever for one minute think it's too much for any of us, or that we aren't happy doing it. We WANT TO. We have your and Dad's examples before us; and our own stabilities are products of your caring.

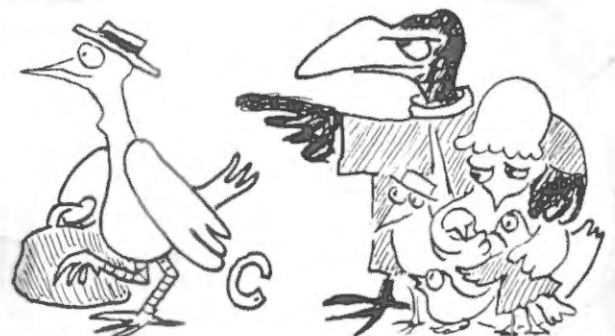
## Cauliflower can liven up your winter



3 masthead pix, but for those of you who haven't, here are two: the 3<sup>rd</sup> you'll find in ENNL Vol III # 3. The frolicking birds above are ENNL subscribers LeRoy & Carol Wardner, seeking our roots in the Tyrol; and below, that somewhat rueful bird tossing aside his clerical collar is none other than our direct ancestor Norton Smith Wardner (grandpa of 8 ENNL readers) (that we know of) as he leaves his first mate and 4 fledglings, AND his father-in-law, Pa Summerbell. Cousin Bobbie Caris Smith has written a Summerbell account, published in Words, which ENNL ought to reprint in the near future. New Words editor is Carolyn Wardner Buck, who did a bang-up job on recent Feb. issue!

### SHORT EDITORIAL/ESSAY+NOTE TO VWD

Before Mom & Dad's 60<sup>th</sup>, ENNL invited readers to write in anecdotes, remembrances, etc., ab't RAD & VWD, and many of you did. If you have more of these, please send! I'd planned a series of essays ab't Mom & Dad, in addition, but didn't get beyond the 1st, which was about their generosity: how they always throw in the towel with the hide (and there's always a hide!) This essay is about a related attribute: how they take care of people. Examples: no nursing homes for Great Gram, Effie, or Hazel. They lived in their own homes til they died, and Mom & Dad helped them to do so. I recall when Hazel had an operation late in life; Mom & Dad were waiting for her when she came out of anesthetic, because there's nothing more frightening than to be alone at that time, not knowing the results of the surgery. Then there's Miss Glenn, to whom RA gave a job in the office when, after first losing her principalship when the Beloit School District swept all women administrators out of their jobs, and then she became a copy-reader for the B.D. News but the job was a demeaning one after her former status, & very hard on her eyes -- anyway, Dad gave



WOULD YOU RECOGNIZE THIS SPOT? GRAM + GRAMP OPENED THE



SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1985

Beloit Daily News one day last fall to discover the Hill Farm on the front page! The house is gone, of course, it burned Christmas Day was it 1950 or 51? That house in the trees is new. And the line of trees beyond is the woods of fond memory, where the cabin is still, but as a hobby house's out-building. Across the road, abt at the 6th telephone pole, is the highest spot in Turtle Township, where Gr. Gram Evine always wanted to build.

The rolling countryside in the rural areas near Beloit becomes a thing of beauty in the crisp, fall air. Two horses grazed peacefully Friday in a rolling pasture near the intersection of Townline and Colley roads, with a stand of corn nearing harvest stage in the background.

## NEWS BRIEFS

Spfld The ENNL Ed just got word that she has received a sabbatical for Fall '86! Florida Jo + Karl Schmidt have been luxuriating down there for ever, it seems, but maybe just the month of February. Beloit RAD + VWD recommend the Br. Caedfel mysteries by Ellis Peters. They take place in the 12th Century, in Engbud, Br. C. is the detective, + there are always strong female characters. Read + enjoy! Spfld, The "Can You Caption Uncle Lewie" contest results will be postponed to the

next issue, due to lack of space in this one, time, + the general confusion of the ENNL Ed. The response has been voluminous! Beavercreek, OR, Dr. Craig Dougan has a caboose coupler in his front yard. "If any body needs a caboose coupler," says Dr. Dougan, "I've got one." Somewhere in Maine Did ENNL Ed report ever that on her way to N.B. last summer she passed a place advertising "Antiques and Elderly Items"? San Francisco Charles Espy, husband of Alison Walsh, has graduated from college with a degree in philosophy. He has long

done volunteer work at a zoo, + now has gotten a job as a humane officer, looking after animal rights! In a month he'll even be allowed to carry a gun! TANSY HAS MIDDLE NAME Perranporth, Cornwall, England When Megan Jackson asked Pam + Winnie Taylor wh ther Tansy had a middle name, they didn't know + had to go look at her papers. Turned out it is "Jeanette." HAS WILD WILD RIDES Beloit The downy who rides the free-hanging suet-bag ought to suffer from grade A gizzard-aches from the gale winds they've been having.

## FINDS "HONEYCOMB" ON WATERSHIP DOWN

Overton, Hants, England All the adventures from Jackie's + Megan's cycling in Engbud last May-June haven't yet been reported, and maybe never will be, but here's one: While Megan explored Ransome country in the Lake District, JJ biked down thru the Cotswolds to Oxford, hitting bad weather, abandoned her plan to cycle thru the Thames Valley, + took a train back to ENNL readers (+ contributors) Hughie Jessie Perkins. En route, studying her hostel manual, she found that she was riding in a "thundering Angel of Frith" on the very Iron Road that Hazel + co. had to cross, + that a hostel was only 4 mi. from Watership Down. So off she hopped at Overton, had a lovely evening at a "simple" grade hostel -- the warden is a former Oregonian, a young mother -- + the next day, armed w/ maps + Watership Down found at the hostel, biked (in sunshine) to the foot of the down, climbed it, hiked its length, using my binoculars on the spectacular view, found the beechgrove under which was the rabbits' Honeycomb Warren, + a huge beech that Fiver, Hazel + Bigwig had carved their names on. JJ located (by binoc) other sites in the story before returning to the hostel for lunch + her panniers, + gathered a sack of beechnut hulls to give to her students the next time she teaches Watership Down in Fantasy Class. A most serendipitous visit!

### Not very bunny >

Enterprising British butcher Barry Onslow had hoped his sign would help make hare today gone tomorrow, but mostly it just made noncarnivorous rabbit fanciers rabid. "The sign was offensive," said an animal protection agency spokesman. Onslow, who lives in Kidderminster, was unrepentant. "We like a bit of a laugh," he said.





# GOD, SOUL, AND CHAD WALSH WOW 'EM! IN PRAISE OF GOD AND HER LOVE

A POETIC DIALOGUE by CHAD WALSH

*In Praise of God and Her Love is a series of forty sonnets about the union of the soul and the Creator. The poet has provided this description of his approach to the subject:*

Years ago, when I was strongly under the influence of C. S. Lewis, I wrote a sonnet which concluded:

We are all women in the hands of God  
Claiming *jus omnis noctis* when he will;  
He enters, and the sun absents its light  
Like a subverted servant, and the night  
Curtains the earth and heaven out. When God  
Rises and goes, the sweet night trembles still.



Lewis maintained that the distinction "masculine" and "feminine" is far more than a sexual one; it is rooted in the metaphysical structure of the universe. God is the complete "masculine." A woman encounters the "masculine" in her lover, but he in turn is "feminine" in his relation to the ultimate "masculine," God.

There is nothing novel in this way of viewing masculinity and femininity. St. Paul held a similar view when he asserted that Christ is the "head" of the man, and the man is the "head" of the woman. And certainly there is a long tradition of devotional writing in which the language of earthly love depicts the relation between the soul or self ("feminine") and the lovingly aggressive God ("masculine").

<sup>above</sup>  
My poem stands squarely in that ancient tradition. As I reread it now, I confess I would hate to use it in a poetry reading to an audience of liberated women. All the same, I am not quite ready to abandon it. The poem depicts God as the cosmic lover, almost the cosmic rapist; perhaps that is one aspect of what and who God is. The need is not to abandon one kind of religious symbolism, but to create alternative systems, so that partial insights can be combined into a total symbology, which will pay justice to both God's "masculinity" and his/her "femininity."

All language about God is metaphorical, but though we cannot talk literally we have to talk. One can, for example, say that God is wholly "masculine" or wholly "feminine." One can say that God is neither; that the language of male and female, masculine and feminine is rendered meaningless by the utter *I am* of God's being.

Or one can say that God is both masculine and feminine while transcending either term. Perhaps all of the above statements have their glimmer of truth; none is adequate by itself.

The mystics assure us that the union of the soul with God cannot be expressed in univocal language. The indirection of the poet is needed, to provide symbols and images. What I here propose is an experiment; to see whether the ancient sexual symbolism can be reversed. The soul is now pictured as masculine, summoned to union by God who is the cosmic seductress, shamelessly wooing the soul. This new symbolism does not negate the traditional one, it supplements it.

Of course, whether this reversed point of view can generate a new and living set of symbols remains to be seen. Certainly, these sonnets did not start with a complete list of symbols and images pinned to the wall of my study. They evolved, sonnet by sonnet, evolved with a curious life of their own. they will have to speak for themselves. (C.W.)

\* \* \*

Chad Walsh grew up in Virginia and received his Ph.D. at the University of Michigan. He taught at Beloit College in the English Department for 33 years, interrupting his tenure there to be a Fulbright lecturer in Finland and in Italy and to be a visiting professor at Wellesley, Juniata, and Roanoke colleges. He is the author of 26 books. Closest to his heart are his 6 books of poetry. He has received a number of awards for his poetry and his poems have appeared in periodicals such as *Poetry*, *Saturday Review*, *Sewanee Review*, and *New Republic*. He has recorded his verse for the Harvard Lamont library and for the Library of Congress. He and his wife, Eva, live year round in Vermont and are the parents of 4 daughters and 8 grandchildren. "In Praise of God and Her Love" has previously been performed at Juniata College and at the Cathedral Church of St. Paul.

Clara Hsu is a senior in Lab High School and is college-bound next fall. She played for two years in the Metropolitan Youth Symphony Orchestra and is now a member of the Chicago Youth Symphony and the Lab Chamber Music group. She has won the junior, intermediate, and senior divisions of the Society of American Musicians Flute Contest, and has won the junior division of St. Paul Federal Music Competition in flute. She has studied at Interlochen National Music Camp and played in its orchestra. She also teaches flute.

## Readers

Esther Doyle

Richard Livingston

Music selected and performed by

Clara Hsu

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Sunday, February 23, 4:00 p.m.

University Church  
5655 S. University Avenue  
Chicago, Illinois

*Chicago* It was a gala event, and lots and lots of good friends were there, when God & the Soul spoke back and forth in strong sexual terms, up in front of University Church. If I ever get to heaven, I'll be DELIGHTED if Esther Doyle is presiding! I found many of the sonnets to be almost humorous in their mad references, & more than once thought of my & Bill's *Endless Pavement*, w/ all the talk about cars, tolls (rhymes w/ souls) & high ways. Afterwards there was a sumptuous feast & gathering at Haublin's double-decker apartment. Thank you Chad, for the fine poetry you've given us all these years, & thanks, Bill & Maddie, for sponsoring this event!

Esther Doyle has a Bachelors degree from Emerson College in Boston, and M.A. from Boston University, and a Ph.D. in Interpretation from Northwestern. She has been a counselor and director at various camps and taught in public schools before joining the faculty of Juniata College from 1945-1975. She has been a visiting professor for the Arts Program of the Association of American Colleges, and a Senior Humanist for the National Humanities Series under the auspices of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation. She has performed frequently as an oral interpreter. She and Richard Livingston participated together in the premiere performance of "In Praise of God and Her Love" at Juniata College in 1983; they have also performed together in "This Man's Art," a program of songs, sonnets, and scenes of Shakespeare.

Richard Livingston is a native of Johnstown, Penn. He received his B.A. from Juniata College, his M.Div. from Bethany Theological Seminary in Oak Brook, a M. Music from Northwestern and a Ph.D. in Interpretation from Northwestern. He is an English teacher at Niles North High School in Skokie, and is a professional member of the Chicago Symphony Chorus. He and Esther Doyle participated in the premiere performance of "In Praise of God and Her Love" at Juniata College in 1983.

# THE EMPTY NEST NEWSLETTER VOL IV NO 4 P 4

## GRANDMA STILL PUBLISHING! HERE IS HER LATEST COLUMN OF

### *I Remember When...* (in Music Clubs Magazine, Autumn 1985)

I first met Otto Harbach in 1951 at the National Convention of NFMFC in Salt Lake City at the end of Marie Keith's brilliant administration. I was national chairman of the convention. The local chairman, Edna Johnson, was a close friend of the Harbachs and had been instrumental in getting Otto to return to the city of his boyhood and speak at our convention. Edna gave a pre-convention dinner for President Marie Keith, several officers and close friends. Otto Harbach and his wife were guests of honor. I sat beside Otto, and though I do not recall any important details of our conversation, I do remember what a warm and interesting man he was. I am sure that American music, lyric writing, ASCAP and Federation were discussed.

At that time Otto Harbach was not only prominent for his lyrics, but was president of ASCAP, American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. He had been a charter member of that organization, one of the board of directors since 1920, then vice president for a number of years, and finally president in 1950.

Otto's speech at our convention was both witty and erudite, and all our members were charmed by him. He in turn was delighted with the Federation—and especially was impressed by our dedication to the performance of American music from small clubs to national conventions. As our convention progressed, program after program featuring American composers, he became increasingly enthusiastic. He asked searching questions about our auditions, young artist winners, publications, legislation, and educational and functional activities. After he returned to New York City, he talked to the ASCAP Board of Directors—"Look what this group is doing!"—and there began the ASCAP annual gift of \$10,000 to the Federation. The newly elected president, Ada Holding Miller, whose outstanding regime is history, received the first check. The annual gift has been continued to this day, forging a close bond between the two organizations.

I had heard about Otto Harbach before I ever met him. Of course I knew his lyrics: "Indian Love Call," "Who," "Bambalina," "The Night Was Made For Love," "One Alone," "Love Nest," "Yesterdays," "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," "Touch of Your Hand," to name but a few of hundreds. I knew some of his great Broadway shows, among them, "The Firefly," "Kid Boots," "Song of the

Flame," "The Cat and the Fiddle," "Desert Song," "No, No, Nanette," "Roberta," and "Rose Marie."

But Harbach had also attended Knox College in Galesburg, Illinois, and through the columns written weekly by my good friend Mary Creighton, editor of the *Galesburg Post*, I often read news of this favorite son. I learned his history: that during his four years he'd been active as an orator, winning declamation contests all over the state, and having the honor of class orator at his commencement in 1895. I knew he'd received an honorary Doctor of Letters from Knox in 1934, returned for the Galesburg Centennial in 1937, returned again in 1940 when Knox College put on "No, No, Nanette," and yet again in 1948 for "Desert Song." Mary Creighton interviewed him during the Centennial visit and recalls him saying that "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" was his favorite of his lyrics. He wrote out the words for her and she has since placed them in Knox College's Harbach Collection. Knox honored Harbach by naming the theater in their new Fine Arts building, the work on which began shortly after Harbach's death in 1963, the Harbach Theater.

Otto Harbach was 89 when he died. Stanley Adams, then the president of ASCAP, delivered a moving eulogy, which NFMFC later printed in *Music Clubs Magazine*. I quote a passage; "In the days when the American musical theatre was young, actors were prone to string a necklace of jokes around the neck of a thin storyline and call it a libretto. Otto Harbach was the pioneer who integrated story and lyrics. He, more than anyone, was the creator of the legitimate play with music...."

"Gathered around him were his composer-collaborators who wove their immortal musical strands—Victor Herbert, George Gershwin, Lou Hirsch, Vincent Youmans, Peter DeRose, Jerome Kern, Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein."

My last memory of Otto Harbach is the most vivid. I was quietly eating my breakfast in a hotel dining room in Washington when Howard Hanson hurriedly came to me and said, "We'll have to leave at once because the Senate hearings have been advanced an hour and we don't want to be late." Taking my arm he guided me quickly out the door to an awaiting taxi which took us to the Senate Office Building.

A large group was gathering, consisting of composers, authors, publishers, and

other musicians (including myself, then NFMFC president) there to fight for the repeal of the Copyright Bill of 1909 which made coin operated machines exempt from paying any taxes. The bill was originated in the days of the Penny Arcade. At this particular hearing a group of octogenarian composers and writers had been assembled to testify that their work had been pirated. Since the first juke boxes were installed nationwide, the artists whose works were used and performed without their permission thousands of times, day after day and year after year, had received no royalties at all.

The composer of "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" was about to speak when we took our seats. Otto Harbach was next. The chairman said, "Mr. Harbach, I think you are the writer of many librettos and hit songs of our great Broadway shows. Let's see, some of them were: 'No, No, Nanette,' 'Rose Marie,' 'Up in Mabel's Room,' With whom did you collaborate? Jerome Kern, Sigmund Romberg, George Gershwin?" "Yes," Harbach answered, "and many more." "Of all your popular songs do you have a favorite?" "There are so many" answered Harbach, "but the one I've liked best, I think, is 'Smoke Gets in Your Eyes'." Some one began to whistle it. Then the chairman continued, "Mr. Harbach, you wrote, did you not, the song, 'Every Little Movement'?" "Yes," replied Otto. "Every Little Movement Has a Meaning All Its Own'." "Would you be willing to sing a verse of it for us?" The crowd laughed. "Well," said Harbach, "at my age I'm not in very good voice, and I never had much of a singing voice anyway, but I can demonstrate." He stood up with a grin and an impish look on his face proceeded to do a dance step while gyrating like Elvis Presley. His audience was hilarious.

The durability and immortality of Harbach's lyrics can be illustrated by a recent comic strip. Garfield the Cat's owner has made some belittling remark, which Garfield naturally takes ill. In the last frame he aims a swipe at his master's face and his words are, "Every little movement has a meaning." Otto Harbach would have appreciated that.

*Vera Wardner Dougan*

Vera Wardner Dougan

### TURNED BACK AT THE PASS

Belvedere, IL When Talie & Tom Zier were on their way to Chad's gala (p.3) their car broke down at Belvedere & they had to limp home. We wish Talie'd stood out on I-90 w/ a twin & a car seat under each arm and hailed one of the many Bebit cats going by! We MISSED YOU!!



### Lives A Week on Pate

Spt 14. Liver pate, plus the ham bone that Bill Hamblin fished out of the garbage for the frugal ENNHed, who made ham & lentil soup. The two gourmet dishes literally fed her for a week. JJ claimed pate remains after the Walsh gala because none of the Hamblins eat onions.



### ADVICE COLUMN ANNOUNCED

S.F. Cal Animal lover Charles Espy, recent graduate in Philosophy, & now a humane officer for Marin (or what ever) County, will give advice to any dogs, cats, goats, ducks, etc. writing in with problems, in a new column exclusive to the Empty Nest.



I thought I'd saved the Otto Harbach Garfield, but can't find it now. This will do almost as well. Moral of this tale: ET! Call (or write) home!



# OHIO! SO HERE'S WHAT DEMI'S DONE LATELY

## ENOUGH ABOUT ME . . .

### MEET DAMARIS JACKSON

September 1985 *The Professional Quilter Magazine*

When a soft-spoken quilter breaks the rules, all you hear is the gentle swoosh of fabric floating into place against a wall. So it is with Damaris Jackson, a quiet woman in her 30s.

Damaris recently completed four wall quilts as a study of food issues. One compelling piece tells of anorexia. On a deep blue background, a crescent moon shines. Quilted around the crescent is the shape of a woman crouching, completing the circle to a full moon. Beneath are quilted clouds of seemingly random stitches outlining the form of a woman reaching to the sky. Look closer, though, and the words sewn into the clouds emerge with erie power: "I don't eat." "I hate myself."

The quilt is an expression of Damaris' feelings toward the heart-breaking illness. She strives to combine personal reactions and political statements. How does she break the rules? She uses an industrial long-arm darning machine to put her stitches into fabric.

Machine stitching came to Damaris naturally, even though her first quilt was hand stitched. She sewed doll clothes as a child, and explained "the challenge was to make something that fit all by myself, without using a pattern."

That urge to be different, to work without the rules, is shown in the direction Damaris took when she first started quilting in 1978. Her quilts were puffy, with large applique designs of people or animals, while her stitching took the form of dancing women, trees, or animals. The figures hang suspended, or are entwined with each other or the background design. "Line drawings in quilt stitching," as she describes them.

Friends saw Damaris' first few efforts, and she started receiving orders for custom quilts. Soon her business grew to the point where she could work at her art full time and make a living. "The trick," she said, "was low expenses. That, and large easy applique patterns with machine stitching that I did over and over again."

Soon after Damaris went into business, however, fire struck her apartment house. Her first quilt was seriously damaged, and her fabric and sewing machine were destroyed. Damaris was forced to make a decision: start over, or give up? She chose to start over, and that's when she purchased the darning machine she uses now.

Quilting sustained Damaris for three years, but the tedium of sewing the same simple patterns many times grew wearing. She just got another job to relieve financial strain, and is taking time out to explore new directions in her quilting.



Her characteristic figures still adorn her quilts, but now they dance across a different background. "I got interested in traditional patterns," she explained. She is experimenting with traditional piecing patterns, adding her own unique quilting to the old-fashioned piecing. Complexity has become important to her now, as well as finding a blend of old and new, traditional and innovative.

Working with established guidelines can sometimes be seen as restrictive, and a strong personal need for expression kept Damaris outside the traditional boundaries of quilting. As quilting takes new directions and Damaris finds new reasons for quilting, however, her art is becoming more and more a joining of the longing in all of us for the old and familiar with the yearning for the new. DMS

AND, meet Damaris's Godmother, Damaris Walsh McGuire →

→ Congrats to our two artful Damarises! SCHENECTADY GAZETTE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1985

## Arts Coalition Names 1st Full-Time Director

By ELEANOR KOBLENZ  
Gazette Reporter

ALBANY — The Arts Coalition of the Empire State — organized in November as the first professional lobbying organization in the state geared solely to the arts — has hired a full-time executive director.

Damaris Walsh McGuire is a self-proclaimed "legislative junkie." She gets withdrawal symptoms when not involved in some way in the political process.

But McGuire, a legislative assistant in both the New York State Assembly and Senate during the late 1970s, specifically has ruled out running for office herself.

"Politics has always intrigued me," McGuire explained in a clipped New York City accent. "But I'm not prepared to run for office every two years nor to turn my life over to the public. I don't have that 'fire in the belly.' But I love the excitement and sense of accomplishment of being involved in the legislative process."

So after a four-year hiatus in which she worked for New York City arts organizations, McGuire is back in Albany renewing legislative contacts and gearing up for a session of advocacy for the arts.

ACES was founded in November as a lobbying unit in an attempt to meet needs identified by many New York City arts service organizations.

Major funding source for hundreds of arts organizations statewide is the New York State Council for the Arts. But the council is an executive chamber agency. As such, according to McGuire, it cannot lobby strongly. The council must do what the governor tells it to do.

"In the past 10 years, the legislative appropriation for the council has stayed about the same, between \$30 [million] and \$36 million in local assistance funds [dollars distributed statewide among arts organizations]," McGuire said. "Last year it was not quite \$36 million. But in order to provide the same buying power, those dollars had a decade ago, the appropriation should have been \$70 million."

After a series of New York City meetings, representatives from arts groups, artists and arts service organizations (including several from outside New York City), formed ACES — an independent, nonprofit corporation, operating under section 501(C4) of the Internal Revenue Code.

"This means that we are a tax-exempt organization, but contributions to us are not tax-deductible, and we cannot receive any government funding," McGuire explained.

"It's going to be our job to make a case for the arts," she continued. "We'll be a full-time, year-round operation with an office here in Albany and one in New York City."

McGuire said ACES seeks additional members from upstate and others from artistic disciplines not yet represented, including environmentally oriented "living museums".

As one of McGuire's first tasks, she will determine constituent reaction to the budget Gov. Mario M. Cuomo announced yesterday. It includes slightly more than \$3.8 million in local assistance funds for NYSCA, an increase of \$795,000 above last year's allocation but less than the \$45 million requested by the Alliance for New York Arts Councils, a statewide coalition of arts service organizations.

While she will be working closely with the state Council on the Arts and advocating an increase in funding, McGuire asserted she will "in no way be official spokesperson for the council."

"If I encounter any displeasure with their operation, I will let them know," McGuire asserted, but she said she feels her role is neither to defend nor criticize the council.

However, she does see the possibility of "a recodification of NYSCA's enabling legislation in the near future. The only changes

since that legislation was passed 25 years ago have been in decentralization of the awarding of certain grants and in per-capita requirements. If there are changes proposed, we will look at them very carefully."

McGuire said she will look to her still-forming board of directors for guidance in all matters.

Heavily weighted toward downstate, the board now consists of Robert F. Longley, vice president of Morgan Guaranty Trust Co.; Leon Botstein, president, Bard College; Harvey Lichtenstein, president, Brooklyn Academy of Music; Beverly Sills, director, New York City Opera; Mrs. Frank Y. Larkin, chairman, Edward John Noble Foundation; Amory Houghton, chairman, executive committee, Corning Glass Works; Orville Shell, partner, Hughes, Hubbard and Reed; Nathan Leventhal, president, Lincoln Center; Henry A. Panasci, Jr., chairman, Fay's Drug Company; Seymour H. Knox III, vice president, Kidder Peabody and Co.; ballet dancer Edward Villella and former New York City mayor Robert F. Wagner.

Wow-what a Board!  
(And what a director!)

To Lobby State—

Here it is: the second installment  
of Jeremy Schmidt's EQUINOX article!

# Les Acadiens

Had they been allowed to pursue their own interests, things would have been just fine for the Acadians. But as it was with the Belgians, the Poles, the Lebanese and all people who find themselves settled on lands between great powers, geopolitics was the undoing of Acadia.

The issue was hegemony, both in Europe and in North America. The lands settled by the Acadians became a border country between New England and New France, and as the settlement of North America progressed, the question of proprietorship became increasingly important. Would France dominate or England? Catholics or Protestants? From the first settlement in 1604 until the fall of Quebec and the Treaty of Paris in 1763, the two nations were locked in continual combat, trampling back and forth across the Acadians in the process; Nova Scotia changed hands almost a dozen times. For their part, the Acadians felt no loyalty to England and virtually none to France, which over the years had done little but ignore them. Acadia had survived by its own hard work, and in the process, its people had developed an independence quite unusual for that era.

From the Acadians' point of view, neutrality was the only reasonable posture. An alliance with one side would only serve to create an enemy of the other, and they never knew from year to year which king might hold their lands. But neutrality was impossible; neither king accepted such a status. Because they spoke French, Acadians were expected by France to be loyal even when governed by the English. In turn, the English — who governed from 1710 on — suspected them of subversion, saw them as untrustworthy subjects and demanded that they sign an oath of allegiance.

For nearly 50 years, until the expulsion, the oath was a headache for all involved. The Acadians feared that it would require them to fight against other French people or against their friends the Micmacs. They agreed to sign it only if it included conditions that the English would not accept. France, through the priests it controlled, threatened excommunication for anyone who signed it and even began to promote its own oath. But overall, England held the upper hand; in 1750, English settlers in North America outnumbered the French by about 20 to 1, and they wanted France off the continent. And although the English did distinguish between the French of Acadia and the French of Quebec, in New France, there was, nonetheless, pressure to resolve the "Acadian issue." All French-speaking people were potential enemies, some said, and should be dealt with together. It was not incidental that the English coveted the good Acadian land.

Their chance came with the appointment of Charles Lawrence, then a lieutenant colonel, as director of the settlement of European Protestants on Acadian land and the subsequent resumption of war in 1754. Lawrence made no secret of his desire for an English Nova Scotia. Using hostilities as an excuse for direct action, he called an Acadian delegation to the English capital of Halifax and ordered them to sign the oath without conditions. As they had done for decades, and not realizing that the situation had changed, they refused. Lawrence needed no more excuse than that to order the deportation.

Some Acadians were taken on the spot — events at Grand Pré happened much as Longfellow described them. Lawrence did order the separation of families. The men and boys were to be shipped off first to various American colonies. "Then," he wrote, "ship the women and children afterwards to different destinations far from each other . . . [and] deprive those who might escape of all means of subsistence by burning their homes and destroying in the region all that might enable them to exist [during the upcoming winter]."

Others, forewarned, managed to elude capture for a time, fleeing to the forest or to remote parts of the Maritimes. But because deportation continued until 1763, when the war ended, many of those who initially escaped were subsequently captured and shipped off or imprisoned. Stateless, the Acadians were scattered throughout the Americas, south and north. Many followed painful and circuitous routes to Louisiana, where they became known as Cajuns; others disappeared in foreign cultures from the colony in New York to the Falkland Islands; some returned to the Maritimes after the war only to find their lands confiscated; and a great many, roughly half of the 8,000 who were deported, died at sea, killed by storms, starvation or disease.

A few made good their escape in Canada, but none without hardship and the loss of their homes. The members of one group, after two years of wandering north, ceased their travels at the northeast tip of New Brunswick, halfway up a long bay that was protected from British military boats by shallow waters. There, they found flat, exposed land, barely lifted from the tides and lacking the familiar shelter of the Nova Scotia highlands. But they knew how to work the tidelands, and they stayed, at the pres-



ent site of Caraquet. Over the years, word filtered out to other exiles, and gradually, the Acadians who were able to do so, or who had found nothing for themselves elsewhere, came to settle in New Brunswick. At first, they were squatters, hiding their existence from the English until the Treaty of Paris in 1763 allowed them to live anywhere the English did not want. Even so, not until 1784, when New Brunswick was officially established, were they granted the land on which their new homes stood.

## LAND OF STEEPLES

Today, the area that is considered the Acadian Peninsula — where the largest Acadian population lives — is a rough triangle marked by a line from Neguac to Grande Anse. The major towns are Caraquet, Tracadie, Shippegan and Lamèque, but even they are small. The population, some 68,000 people, is spread throughout the territory, characteristically strung out along the highways. Some houses, the new ones, are big, almost suburban in appearance. Many, however, are so small it seems impossible that there can be separate rooms inside. In the yards are fishing boats, nearly matching the houses in size and colour. Stacks of lobster pots lean against both houses and boats. The land is level and low; nothing rises higher than the scrubby forest. Few houses are a full two storeys, and virtually no building is above three.

None, that is, except the churches. Huge and built of solid stone with towering ambitious steeples, they are visible miles away, suddenly seen in a sunset like prairie grain elevators across miles of wheat fields. From the ocean, at a distance of just a few miles, the flat land disappears, leaving only the steeples to recall its existence. Off Caraquet on a calm morning, one sees glassy water, sky, a few boats and three sets of steeples.

The size of the church, however, did not always determine its reputation. The Shrine of Ste. Anne du Bocage, for example, is a tiny but beloved church in Caraquet that stands on a low cliff above Chaleur Bay. Built in 1830 to replace an ageing log structure, it was the first permanent church on the Acadian Peninsula. Beside the church, surrounded by pine trees, is a small cemetery with 36 badly eroded tombstones. One commemorates Alexis Landry, who died in 1798. He was one of those who escaped the deportation boats — one of the original settlers of Caraquet in 1757. His epitaph reads: "Remember what happened to us, it may happen to you. Yesterday was our turn, perhaps tomorrow it will be yours." Through the irony of nature, his stone, of all in that cemetery, is the only one still legible.

Landry was able to poke his head up through the grass for a look around today, he would be pleased with the view. After 200 years, his family still lives on his old homestead. They have prospered (the sheer number of Landrys in Caraquet — a page and a half in the telephone book — would like as not send the old gent back underground in utter amazement); and they certainly have not forgotten their history. One of the Landrys, Antoine, was instrumental in setting up Le Village Acadien Historique, several miles from Caraquet. A project of the New Brunswick government, the village is a collection of 46 historic buildings — all but a handful are restored originals, not reconstructions — that have been carefully arranged to give the feel of Acadian life between 1755 and 1880.

The place hums with activity. Several sets of farm buildings stand surrounded by fields where men in traditional clothing operate horse-drawn implements. Women bake bread in outdoor ovens and cook meals in fireplaces that were used in the same way 150 years ago. Others card, dye and spin wool shorn from sheep raised at the village, then weave

it into blankets. A blacksmith repairs iron-tired wheels in a smoke-filled smithy, heating the metal in a forge with two huge hand-pumped bellows. Next door, carpenters work in a furniture shop. Their tools are powered by a massive wooden wheel that one man spins as the other works at the lathe or band saw. At a fish house, cod are spread to dry in the sun while nets are mended. A general store stands beside a tavern; unfortunately, neither sells its wares.

As the seasons change, so does the work. A visitor in spring will see ploughing and planting; in fall, there is the harvest. At noon, all the villagers sit down in their homespuns to hot meals cooked in the various houses. It takes but little time for a visitor to understand that the early Acadians were an ingenious, resourceful, self-reliant people.

The village details are lovingly attended to by people such as Bernard Thériault, its chief historian. His aim is to have each building so accurate that the ghost of a former occupant would feel at home. The task is made difficult by the lack of written records — especially from the century following expulsion. Acadians then were so poor culturally, so unassertive, silent and lacking in education, that very little information was recorded. It requires educated guesswork, and historians must read between the lines of official documents — census records, land transactions and the like — a challenge Thériault enjoys.

His proudest achievement is the village's flour mill. It was discovered several years ago in a shattered building — rusted, warped and abandoned but basically intact. After three years of labour, the mill and the machinery now stand on the Acadian Village grounds, completely restored and operating. The metalwork is polished and painted, often in a decorative manner not given entirely to function alone. Wooden parts are built with the care of furniture — lovingly designed to both please the eye and do the job.

To some visitors who arrive at the village expecting to experience life at the time of Evangeline, the mill, which was built in 1888, looks too modern. When Thériault receives complaints on the village's antiquity, however, he quickly points out that a great deal has happened since 1755. Do not look at Acadians as quaint or old-fashioned, he says. "There's more to Acadia than its history."

He is, of course, correct, and nowhere is this more apparent than on the new crab boat owned by Jean-Pierre LeBouthillier. He bought the *Katrena Leslie*, which he has had for only a year, in Vancouver and sailed it to New Brunswick via the Panama Canal. Walking aboard is an education in the new high-tech world of modern fishing. The wheelhouse — it should more properly be called the bridge, for its size and comfort — is a complex of electronic gear that might disorient an airline pilot. The galley has a microwave oven, a refrigerator and a full-sized range complete with vented grill. There are showers, sofas, carpeting and bedrooms that look like bedrooms. The interior could have been taken from *Better Homes and Gardens*.

The cost? Roughly \$1.5 million, and very little of that went into furnishings. The working end of the boat is what makes it pay. Refrigerated holds with a capacity of 50 tons keep crab alive for days. If fishing is good, LeBouthillier can turn around with a full load after two or three days. Ten hours sailing out of Caraquet, he drops his traps in 500 feet of water, and if things go right, he can fill them overnight: 500 pounds per trap, 150 traps, nearly 40 tons. Even in the limited crab season, a boat like his can pay for itself in less than five years.

For an Acadian to own a state-of-the-art boat like that 15 years ago would have been an impossible dream, and LeBouthillier represents a brand-new but growing breed of Acadian fishermen who provide the foundation for the region's developing economy. If LeBouthillier's recent prosperity is a source of pride — and it is — it should be, because Acadians have been waiting for the renaissance for a long time.

The first Acadians who settled in Nova Scotia lived beside the ocean but made their living on the land, as farmers. Only after the expulsion, after their farms were confiscated and they found themselves thrown back to the elemental struggle of the first settlers, did they turn to fishing as a livelihood. The beneficiary of their desperation was the Charles Robin Company, British traders on Jersey Island in the English Channel. Seeing the homeless Acadians as a source of labour at the end of the 18th century, the Robin Company encouraged them to settle in the area of Caraquet and Shippegan and fish for cod. The company rented equipment to the fishermen and paid them for their salted cod with credits at the company store. Not surprisingly, the arrangement always worked to the company's benefit; the fishermen were chronically in debt.

To be continued in next Empty Nest Newsletter, if JJ can find the xeroms!