1976 festival of american folklife

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION • NATIONAL PARK SERVICE

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Contents

The Cover—Stitched Story

The story of the cover begins September 1975 when Festival Designer Janet Stratton traveled to Belzoni, Mississippi, home of Mrs. Ethel Wright Mohamed to commission a tapestry to represent the Bicentennial Festival.

Mrs. Mohamed had been a much admired participant during the 1974 Mississippi presentations at the Festival and following that experience created a work that now hangs in the State Archives in Jackson. She became an artist only over the past 10 years while looking for something to do after the death of her husband, Hassan, a Lebanese who became a dry-goods store owner in Mississippi. Her work tells the story of her life through needlework. It is an unusual cultural combination of America's Mid-South, her home in Webster County, and the world's Mideast. Her elaborately detailed creations range from one showing her husband riding the bluebird of happiness after they were married, looking for a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow (the pot they found was full of children, no money) to a massive work telling the story of the Third Crusade with knights and Moslem warriors and horses.

During two sun-filled days when cotton was in bloom, Ms. Stratton, and Mrs. Mohamed, working on a 6 foot section of butcher paper, and using actual glossies of the Festival, laid out the details of each area conforming to the site. "We worked over such details as headdresses, footwear, types of musical instruments and interaction of participant and visitor." For the next six months Mrs. Mohamed worked on her stitchery (she never removes a stitch) sending color snapshots as progress reports.

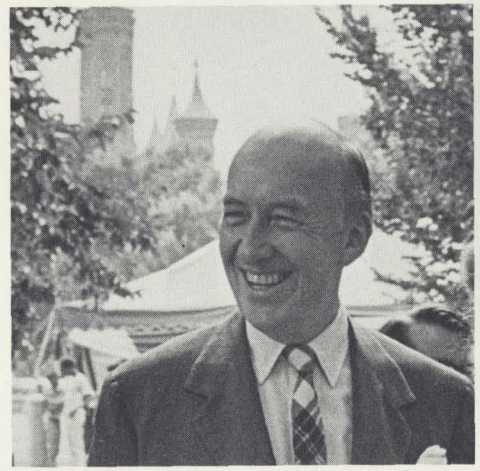
The finished work was received by the end of February, photographed immediately for the cover and then mounted for display at the Festival.

After September it will become a permanent part of the National Collection.

Doris Bowman, Curator of the Smithsonian's Division of Textiles calls Mrs. Mohamed "a real artist with stitches. She has an extraordinary sense of color, a deeply creative use of stitchery and a rich use of humor in her work."

In Celebration . . .

by S. Dillon Ripley
Secretary, Smithsonian Institution



This is the tenth season that the Smithsonian Institution has invited the people of the United States to come and enjoy our Festival of American Folklife. As I look back over the comments I have made on similar occasions during the past nine years, it seems to me that some are still pertinent and that, in this period of recollection and determination that we call the Bicentennial, some are perhaps worth saying again.

". . . Folk culture, transmitted orally or by imitation, supplies the raw material and energy from which fine arts culture takes its nourishment; yet, we in America know relatively little about this culture. . . . As late as the 1930s, there was a common belief that America had no aesthetic tradition of its own and that this country had never produced a culture in which the arts could flourish. We know today that such a culture has been our heritage. We hope that this Festival will serve to bring American people more fully in touch with their own creative roots, and that from this acquaintance the way may be pointed towards a richer life for some and a more meaningful understanding of the roots of our society. . . ." (1968)

". . . A museum should be an open experience. People should be flowing in and out of the buildings, experiencing a sense of connection between their own lives and the

history of their culture. And so, when they come into the Smithsonian museums, rather than feeling that they have walked through some invisible barrier into the past, they should enter without any sense of a barrier, carrying the present with them and realizing that the past is alive, that the past is a part of them, and that the past has messages for them. . . ." (1971)

". . . We are a conservation organization, and it seems to us that conservation extends to human cultural practices. The possibility of using a museum that is essentially a historical documentary museum as a theater of live performance where people actually show that the objects in cases were made by human hands, and are still being made, practiced on, worked with, is a very valuable asset for our role as a preserver and conservatory of living cultural forms, and it should be understood in those terms. It is not a kind of razzle-dazzle, a vaudeville show that we put on. It is, rather, a demonstration of the vitality of those cultural roots which surround us and are so often overlooked. . . . It is worthwhile being proud, not fiercely proud, but gently and happily proud, of the continuance of these cultural roots and their observances and practices which we celebrate. . . ." (1973)

The Smithsonian Institution, in its presentation of the Festival of American Folklife, has been attempting for ten years to demonstrate some of the possible ways to interpret these ideas. Our Festival is only one. What we have hoped—and have seen come to pass in many places—is that our Festival would illustrate the many roads to the better understanding of our varied cultures, that our visitors would return home to create their own celebrations out of their own cultural resources in their own local museums and schools. In the summer of the Bicentennial, may you find at our Festival not only a shared delight in the beauty of craft, music and dance, but a deeper commitment to the creative energies which everywhere inform the human spirit.

Of Our National Heritage . . .

by Gary Everhardt
Director, National Park Service

The story of America is the story of many people who settled a new land, helped it grow, and fought to keep it free. Some of these people are well known to everyone—heroes like Washington and Lincoln whose monuments overlook this Festival. Others, who developed the homely skills that we celebrate here, will forever be anonymous. All were guided by the same beliefs: that each person is entitled to pursue the lifestyle of his choice.

The Festival of American Folklife is an expression of these beliefs that we are different in many ways, but we are still one nation, one people whose individual differences have helped shape a great nation.

The National Park Service is pleased to combine our resources and talent again with the Smithsonian Institution in bringing to the National Mall this Bicentennial edition of the Festival of American Folklife. A major celebration for the nation's 200th birthday, this year's program is the culmination of nine years of Festivals on the Mall.

You will find here 200 years of music and dance, crafts and food, based on rituals and traditions in some cases even older than the nation itself. You will find here people who out of their daily toil weave a unique pattern of living which has become our cherished heritage. Everywhere you look there will be America—even in the performances of our friends from abroad, whose national traditions have contributed so much to the richness of our own culture.

As you think about our heritage during visits with the many participants in this year's Festival, we hope you will enjoy the familiar beauty of its setting, the National Mall and the adjoining new Bicentennial Gardens.

The Mall has a unique history of its own and has been the site of many events of significance in our history.

In recent years it has taken on a new importance as we become more environmentally aware of our beautiful parklands and concerned about protecting them from overuse and pollution. The millions of Festival-goers and others who gather at the Reflecting Pool each year make the area a natural laboratory for testing ways of making mass use compatible with environmental preservation. You will see only lightweight, non-polluting electric vehicles used on this site. Their practicality was demonstrated here in past Festivals, and their use is now being adapted to other parks. Your seats at the main stage are recycled logs, and the grass you walk on is being maintained with new methods to help it recover from millions of footsteps.

And so we have a beautiful setting for this depiction of our colorful and durable national heritage.

Welcome to the National Mall and to this three-month tribute to the skills and accomplishments of the ordinary people who have made our 200th birthday a true cause for celebration.

The Spirit of '76

by George Meany
President, AFL-CIO

In 1976 America celebrates its bicentennial—the 200th anniversary of the birth of freedom on this continent. One hundred years ago, when America celebrated its centennial, the theme was the industrial revolution—the machines that run the country, not the people who built it.

This time it is going to be different. Machines, buildings, monuments are not what makes America great. It is her people—the workers who build, clothe, feed, communicate, entertain and transport us.

Present at the birth of this country were the craft workers of Boston, who refused to work for the British troops and demanded the same rights as landed English gentry. Prominent in the building of America were the mechanics of Philadelphia who formed a workingman's party to fight for free public education and an end to debtors prison.

It was precisely that free public education, secured by working people in the early 19th Century, that freed American workers from the tyranny of ignorance and permitted full development of this country's precious

human resources.

History is filled with examples such as these, where workers demanded and fought for their rights, thus enriching the rights each of us today enjoys.

That involvement continues unabated, as America's free trade union movement daily exercises the First Amendment rights of freedom of speech and freedom of association so vital to a democracy. Freedom is made secure only when citizens exercise their rights vigorously.

The events of today are so important and consume so much of our attention that Americans sometimes forget to look back, to reflect on the people who built America. This bicentennial celebration offers every American the opportunity both to look back with immeasurable pride on how far we've come as a nation and to look forward to rededicate ourselves to the tasks that lie ahead—to the continued building of America.

The AFL-CIO, the largest free trade union center in the world, is proud to participate in the Working Americans exhibits of the 1976 Festival of American Folklife. We are proud of the workers whose skills you will see and the heritage that today's workers share with the patriots of 1776.

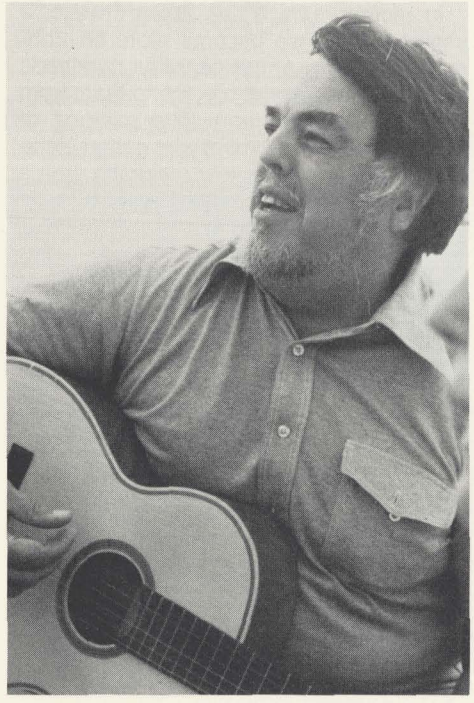
To working Americans, the Spirit of '76 is as alive today as it was 200 years ago.

OF PEOPLE AND THEIR CULTURE
. . . And the Pursuit of Happiness . . .

by Alan Lomax

How can we maintain the varied artistic styles which help to make this nation an agreeable place to live? One senses on every hand the oppressive dullness and the psychic distress of those areas where centralized music industries, exploiting the star system and controlling the communication networks, have put the local musician out of work and silenced folk song, tribal ritual, local popular festivities and regional culture.

Scientific study of cultures, notably of their languages and their musics, shows that all are equally valuable: first, because they enrich the lives of the people who use them and whose very morale is threatened when they are impoverished or destroyed; second, because each communicative system (whether verbal, visual, musical, or even culinary) holds important discoveries about the natural and human environment; third, because each is a treasure of unknown potential, a collective creation in which some branch of the human species invested its genius across the centuries.



The only way to halt the loss of our national cultural heritage is to commit ourselves to the principle of cultural equity, as we have committed ourselves to the principles of political and social equity. Thomas Jefferson was certainly thinking of cultural equity when he wrote in the Declaration of Independence "that all men are created equal and endowed with the inalienable right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness." We now understand that Jefferson's luminous phrase means more than the right of the individual to "do his thing." It means the right of every community or ethnic group to its own way of life, its own culture—the group heritage, customs, art and language that gives every human group its sense of identity, continuity and satisfaction. The importance given to national unity and quick communication has caused this nation to forget or devalue these all-important cultural differences, which are, in the Jeffersonian phrase, inalienable human rights. The rich variety of accent, of posture, of song, and of local custom has too often been sacrificed to mainstream conformity. Our ethnic heritage has not been melted down, but it has been degraded. Indeed, the pace of reduction of cultural differences has so accelerated that many assume their total disappearance. Yet there is another trend afoot. Culture pattern is tough, because it is both invisible and omnipresent. We can retain our varied ways of pursuing happiness if we take pains now.

A first move against cultural pollution is to give all cultures a) a fair share of time on the airwaves and b) time in the classroom. When country folk, urban ethnics, or tribal peoples hear or view their own traditions, projected with the authority generally reserved for the ouput of Madison Avenue, and when they hear their traditions taught to their own children in school, something magical occurs. They see that their expressive styles are as good as that of others and, if they are permitted, they will continue them.

During the 1920's a few southern radio stations began to broadcast the music of the Appalachian mountains. Local audiences bought the products advertised on the programs, so that other southern stations followed suit, and today we have a vigorous modern southern rural musical tradition with several indigenous forms of orchestration that match in virtuosity the storied orchestras of Spain and central Europe. This occurred because talented carriers of a folk tradition were allowed to have their share of broadcast time.

Another instance—the flowering of Black orchestral musical in New Orleans—came about because Black musicians found steady, high-paying jobs and prestige in the amusement district, and they had time to reorchestrate and then record this local music for export to the whole world.

The Festival of American Folklife marks a further step forward. Our folk artists and craftsmen—the fiddlers, the blues guitarists, the blanket weavers, the cooks, the Mariachi musicians, the telephone linemen—brought from all over the United States and set down in the midst of the most powerful national symbols, step out onto the middle of the stage to receive the attention they deserve. They return home, stronger in their own eyes and more respected in their own communities. The principal effect of the Festival seems to be

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Alan Lomax, *co-founder of the Archive of American Folk Song at the Library of Congress, has engaged in major collecting activities in North America and Europe. He was one of the principal architects of the American folk song revival, as editor of the first albums of field recordings as well as the first oral histories in this field. As Director of the Cantometrics Project, Columbia University, he is now involved in cross-cultural study of world patterns of expressive behavior.*

in this validation of local culture and of local folk artists.

By giving every culture its equal access to audiences, its equal time on the air, and its equal weight in education, we can come closer to the realization of the principles of Jefferson's declaration. Twentieth-century communications systems and recording devices, in fact, make it possible for the oral traditions to reach their audiences, to establish their libraries and museums, to preserve and record their songs, tales, and dramas directly in sound and vision without writing and printing them in another medium. So today we see Native American tribes recording for their own archives their own sacred literature, broadcasting age-old sacred rituals over their own local radio stations for the spiritual refreshment and education of their youth.

Thus, neither universal education nor communication need necessarily destroy local traditions, provided that the many customs and the many media channels we possess are shared so as to provide support for a multiple heritage. But the cultural myopia of the past must be put aside so that the unwritten, non-verbal traditions may be endowed with the status and the space they deserve.

The next hundred years should put the principle of cultural equity on a par with the principles of political liberty and social justice on which our national life was founded, so that every region and every group may pursue happiness in its own way.

This article was adapted from "An Appeal for Cultural Equity" that appeared in the UNESCO Journal, The World of Music—Quarterly Journal of the International Music Council, in association with the International Institute for Comparative Music Studies, Volume XIV, Number 2, 1972.

Our 200th Birthday: What We Have to Celebrate

by Margaret Mead

The best thing about a summer festival is that we can celebrate out of doors in green places where many people can come together—men and women, young people and old people and very little children, families and friends and strangers, echoing one another's pleasure in the event. That is the style we set long ago for the annual celebration of our country's birthday. The Fourth of July is pre-eminently an outdoor holiday—a day for family picnics, a day for celebrations on the greens and commons and plazas of villages and small towns, a day for outdoor games and for fireworks at dusk, a day on which people gather to enjoy themselves and one another.

So it is especially appropriate that one of the principal ways we have chosen to celebrate this year of America's 200th birthday is with outdoor, summertime festivals. And it is even more appropriate that in these festivals we celebrate ourselves as a people—as Americans—in all the extraordinary diversity of our inheritance, our present-day lifestyles, the kinds of work we do and the entertainments we have kept alive out of our so-varied past or have newly fashioned for ourselves in every region of our land. As people holding these festivals we are at one and the same time the celebrators, the audience and the objects of celebration.

Yet almost everything to do with celebrating the Bicentennial this year has aroused criticism from many people. This is not a time to celebrate, these people say. We have seen a President resign. The tragedy of the Vietnam war continues to haunt us. We are in the midst of an economic recession. To give ourselves over to celebration and enjoyment, even on our 200th birthday, say the critics, is callous and heartless.

It is quite true we are living through difficult times. But life does not stop for difficult times. The celebration of our 100th anniversary as a nation also took place in a time of trouble. In 1876, the country was still struggling to recover from the devastation and deep division of the Civil War. In addition, Americans were faced with problems of political corruption and with the effects of a disastrous recession. It was not a good time. But taking pride was a good thing. We gained strength and looked to the future.

The celebration of our country's 100th birthday, in 1876, which reached its climax in the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition, was very different from our Bicentennial in its central emphasis and in the part played by everyday Americans. More than 8 million people—foreign visitors as well as Americans—flowed into Philadelphia between May and November of 1876. But they had no active part to play. They came as spectators, to marvel.

One of the high points of that exposition was a magnificent display of paintings and sculpture, porcelain and textiles from Europe and the Orient. For most Americans this was their first opportunity to enjoy great art, including the work of living artists. It was also the first national occasion at which American artists and sculptors could exhibit within a brilliant international context. For the great American museums of fine arts were still in the making, and began to open their doors to the public only in the decade after the centennial exposition.

Equally memorable—and probably far more exciting for a great many Americans—was a tremendous display of every kind of industrial and commercial technology, brought to the exposition from all over the industrialized world of the 19th century. In this display Americans shone as experts who were as innovative and accomplished as any in the contemporary world. In the application of science to technology we were already finding our place among the leaders.

The Centennial Exposition gave us a chance to be proud—justifiably proud. As we can now see, looking back, a principal aim of the exposition was to display our accomplishments in the production of objects, both in the fine arts and in industry and technology. What we particularly wanted to demonstrate to ourselves and to the world was that the United States, after only 100 years of nationhood on a new continent, could stand alongside the greatest European industrial nations.

Today we have become critical of technology. And if we compare our 1976 festival celebrations with the festivities of the Centennial Exposition, what is most striking is the change in emphasis from material objects to human beings. *Then* the celebration focused on the marvels of the *things* Americans had made and the new objects and processes that were still in an embryonic stage of development. *Today* we are celebrating *people.*

The Festival of American Folklife is a case in point. This Festival is taking place on the Mall during the summer of 1976, in the green and open space between the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. The Mall has been called the "axis of the nation." In a sense this national festival also is an axis. For the people taking part in it are gathering from all over our country and many foreign lands, and, once it is over, they will stream away to other festive celebrations.

In the year of 1976, Native Americans are coming to Washington from every area of the country, celebrating their ways of living both in the lost past and in the modern world. Ethnic Americans of the most diverse cultural heritages are joining together with their contemporaries from the lands of their cultural origin. Black Americans are celebrating with their cultural cousins from Africa and the New World. Working Ameri-

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***Margaret Mead** is a world famous anthropologist and a molder of opinion in a wide variety of humanistic fields. She has written prolifically in anthropology and the social sciences and has pioneered in the use of film as a way to study culture. Among many honors, she last year served as President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science of which she is now Chairman of the Board.*

Dr. Margaret Mead, world-renowned anthropolist whose 75th birthday coincides with the Bicentennial year, shown with her daughter and granddaughter. Photo by Robert Levin, Black Star.

cans focus on the pride, the skills and the traditions particular to the countless occupations which support and make productive our land. In other sections of the Festival families and children explore their games, their rituals, their pastimes, their celebrations—all the customs and folkways that both decorate life and make it meaningful. In still another part of the grounds, Regional America examines the features of life that make a geographic area seem home to the people who live there—the crops, the special occupations, the buildings, the sounds of speech and music.

Clearly this national festival is a people-to-people celebration in which all of us are participants—now as organizers, now as celebrators, now as audience, as hosts and as guests, as friends and neighbors or as strangers finding that we can speak the same language of mutual enjoyment. And so the tide of celebration flows, now to the center and now to the most distant parts of the country and new links are created between past and present, between Americans and their contemporary cultural cousins in many lands, between working Americans in many occupations, and between families and children who find that, though different, they are also alike.

Comparing the Centennial and the Bicentennial, we can also see a deep, pervasive change in our relations with the rest of the world. A hundred years ago we were passionately eager to let the whole world know that we are fast becoming one of the giants of the earth and that we could already compete with the best in many fields. Today we have invited people from many countries and from every continent to come celebrate with us.

In a way, it seems to me, this means that while we are celebrating the different kinds of people who are Americans and the different things that Americans have done with song and dance and food, workways and playways, old traditions and new social inventions, we also are celebrating the diversity of human beings everywhere in the world. This is so new a commitment that it comes and goes fleetingly in our awareness, but it is there.

Now, as in 1876, we are living through difficult times. Famine, war, recession—these we cannot and must not put out of our minds. And for the very reason that we are celebrating people, not things, we cannot escape from recognizing the complexity of our unsolved problems of living together as a nation and of acting with responsibility in the world. Nor can we fail to recognize how slowly and, at times, how very unwillingly we Americans move in the very directions in which, ideally, we want to go.

But I believe that what we have been learning about our heritage—individually, as families, as communities and as a people who belong together—can clarify our view of ourselves and give us a more realistic understanding of what our capacities as a people are. And I am convinced that if we can enjoy—really, deeply enjoy—an enriched experience of other Americans and so, too, of peoples elsewhere in the world, we shall be able to take heart in facing problems that are unsolved and otherwise may seem insoluble.

A festival that celebrates people in their extraordinary diversity needs no justification. What it requires of us is that we extend and expand our capacity to enjoy one another and to live responsibly with one another. This we can build on for another hundred years.

Reprinted from Redbook Magazine *July 1975, Vol. 145 No. 3.*

Celebrating on the Mall—Serbian and Croatian American participants join cultural cousins from Yugoslavia in holiday singing, dancing and feasting at the first Old Ways presentation in 1973.

A Festival to Cherish Our Differences

by Ralph Rinzler

In 20th Century America, Christmas and New Year along with a super-bowl game, a department store promotion, and a t.v. run of Bogart films are all called "festival." The word is used so loosely we tend to overlook the serious regenerative function of festivals in early civilizations.

Festivals developed to strengthen people's sense of community by ritualizing common experience. The word itself comes to us from two related Latin words, *festus,* joyful and *festum,* feast. Some contemporary festivals continue this dual tradition of joyful celebration and feast, offering many venerable traits and haps of our most ancient seasonal holidays.

The universally shared contemporary festivals, Christmas and New Year, have roots in pre-Christian Syria, Persia, Greece and Rome. The very date, December 25th, long had been celebrated as the nativity feast of the Persian sun king, Mithra, when in 275 A.D. Roman Emperor Aurelian established it as the Birthday of the Unconquerable Sun. Originally this Roman holiday was the Saturnalia stretching from December 14th to the 27th. Then masters and slaves were granted temporary equality, gifts exchanged, possessions held, all labor except cooking and baking was suspended. Within a week followed the Kalends, or New Year Festival, sporting many of the symbolic traditions we continue to observe today: evergreens, fires and tapers, banquets and gifts. Because it fulfills basic human needs, this mid-winter festival has endured for thousands of years. In the darkest and coldest season of the year, evergreens signify the continuity of life; fires and tapers bring the reassurance of warmth and light; gifts and banquets bring people together to reaffirm their shared beliefs in the sun, but more significantly in each other—in their unity as a family or, on a larger scale, a political unit.

We may feel that the commercialization of seasonal celebrations overshadows their original purposes. But today, religious and secular festivals with songs, dances, processions, costumes and masks, and special foods and structures, sustain people spiritually on every part of the globe. Internationally, Mardi Gras, like the Roman Saturnalia, levels caste and social barriers. Strangers come together in a framework which encourages socialibility, stresses common heritage and interests. As one sociologist noted: "Society is able to revivify the sentiment it has of itself only by assembling."

From time immemorial, then, the world's peoples have learned the importance of setting aside work for seasonal recreations. The Folklife Festival continues this ancient tradition of festival. It is recreation in two senses of the word. First, as refreshment, it is *recreation* for visitors and participants who leave off regular work and join in celebration. But in the second, more interesting sense, we *re-create* the encouraging atmosphere of social and personal interchange. Processions, costumes, old recipes, songs, dances and stories are re-created anew in a situation where all can join together to learn, share and exchange.

Unique to this Festival is the work of the professional staff of folklorists. They have studied the context of many traditions on their field trips in order to re-create an environment on the National Mall which suggests the familiar surroundings of the performer's home or community. This encourages workers, story-tellers, musicians, and dancers to present their most precious traditions in the relaxed manner associated with home or work sites. As visitors, you contribute to this re-creation of context, particularly if you share the cultural background of the performers. You may know the language, dialect, songs, dances and familiar ways of relating to the performance. For example, when a Black preacher is "borne up" by a congregation in a church setting on the Mall the hymns are sung by hundreds instead of dozens. If you know a song or dance, join in and the barrier between audience and performer will disappear. Others who don't know, will learn and join. The artistic level of performance rises as the audience demonstrates through participation that two-way communication has been established. The event forges a community out of a passel of strangers. As a festival should, it affirms a sense of communitas. Formerly, this experience of sharing and participating in traditional celebrations or work practices of an in-group has been the privilege of field workers in the social sciences. The Festival, avoiding an entertainment approach to culture, seeks to serve as a window into community.

We tend to think of the Festival's effect on the public and overlook its impact on participants and their communities. The Smithsonian, as the national cultural institution, is an arbiter of taste and through the Festival acts as the cultural advocate of participants and cultures presented on the Mall. In our nation, where commercially dominated media determine the direction and accelerate the rate of culture change, this cultural activist role of the national museum is decisive.

Today, after nine years of Festivals, individuals, groups and entire areas of culture which had been unrecognized are more actively appreciated and supported by local, state, and federal grants and programs. As a consequence, the growth and development of creativity as well as scholarship are fostered. Since the inception of the Festival musicians and craftsmen presented at the Smithsonian have received national and international acclaim. Edgar Tolson's carvings were never seen outside of his native Kentucky before his 1968 appearance at the Smithsonian; he is now represented in many museums including the Smithsonian and the Whitney. Cajun French is now being taught in Southwestern Louisiana schools and the musicians from the area have visited Mexico, Canada, France and major U.S. cities and university campuses. State festivals and folklore programs have been established in most of the states featured at the Festival over the years and "Old Ways in the New World" appeared as a course offered in the University of Pennsylvania's Department of Folklore and Folklife immediately after its introduction to the Festival in 1973. The AFL-CIO Labor Studies Center is planning a pilot project in the collection of occupational folklore like that presented at the Festival, and a variation of our Family Folklore Program is being established this year at Philadelphia '76, that city's Bicentennial Folk Festival. The National Endowment for the Arts has instituted two granting programs in folk culture and Congress, whose increasing awareness of the richness of our folk culture grew directly out of exposure to the Festival, has passed legislation establishing a National Folklife Center at the Library of Congress. Through these few examples of Festival spin-off it is clear that we must first understand how our differences strengthen us. Then we can actively pursue means for benefitting from our differences rather than overlooking or eradicating them.

In the fashion of the ancient festivals, we Americans gather on nationally sacred turf at the base of our 19th century Capitoline between a neo-classic obelisk and a doric columned temple for an important reunion. As we face the serious world problems of energy, the environment, economic and international tensions, it is the more crucial that we reaffirm our pluralism and cherish our differences while singing each others' songs.

Ralph Rinzler, *Director of the Folklife Festival since its inception in 1967, came to the Smithsonian from the Newport Folk Foundation where he served as Director and fieldworker. He has worked as a performer and fieldworker throughout the U.S. and in many parts of the world.*

LOOKING AHEAD

A Challenge for the Future

by James R. Morris

In 1967 the Smithsonian Institution established a Division of Performing Arts for the purpose of bringing life to the collections of the National Museums and to present programs that explored the American aesthetic experience. In those Spring days ten years ago, I remembered historian Constance Rourke who had reminded us that, as late as the 1930s there was a common belief that America had no aesthetic tradition of its own, and that this country had never produced a culture in which the arts could flourish.

Ms. Rourke was not referring to a commonly held belief about the urban enclaves where theater, music, dance and graphic arts flourished, but to a belief about the nation as a whole, and to a state of mind and spirit that was representative of American society.

We as a nation had developed a pattern of behavior toward the arts which reflected the cogency of Ms. Rourke's observation. We had accepted the idea that we had no aesthetic tradition of our own, and had developed the habit of importing our art. To be sure, we are part of the western world, but because of our insecurity we had become its captive.

This insecurity had caused us to contrive an intricate array of labels which severely conditioned our way of looking at ourselves. A place called a cultural center defines, by the nature of its programming, what culture is. An arts organization has defined, by the pattern of its support and programs, what art is.

Throughout our educational system, courses titled Art History or Music Appreciation ignore all but a narrow strip of the nation's art and music.

A local radio station whose programming was primarily symphonic, operatic and chamber music used to identify itself as "the good music station," as though to imply that other stations were playing bad music.

Other media contribute to this attitude, transmitting their notions about culture in their reporting and criticism.

In 1967 the Smithsonian began to explore and present American folk culture, to investigate our own aesthetic traditions, and, by implication to embark on a period of examination of the cultural establishment as a whole. We called our presentation the Festival of American Folklife, and through the years it has grown until now, in the Bicentennial summer, the Festival will run for 12 weeks and will have some 5,000 participants. Thus, the Bicentennial Festival is the largest cultural event of its kind in our nation's history.

When we present live folk artists on the Mall in Washington under the sponsorship of the National Museum, we attempt to challenge a narrowness of cultural outlook and provide for public examination the forms of expression that are diverse and complex, as well as simple and well known. We place a value on the participating folk artist by the act of our invitation. By recognizing creativity as a human force, we take the first step in providing an access to art for all people.

What have we accomplished in this decade of exploration? Well, we have paid tribute to tradition, not just as the ties that bind, but as the wellspring of art. We have compiled a primary catalogue, a sampler of the expressive forms which emerge unselfconsciously from the home, the places of work and the centers of community life. I hope we have caused people to reconsider their concept of creativity. I believe we have begun a long delayed redefinition of our understanding of culture.

If this is true, and if there is a new, emerging definition of culture, then this definition will recognize that to be creative is a natural human urge, and thus we may see art as a comfortable and logical extension of our own personal experience, and not some exotic facade or acquired taste. Once we have all been included in the experience of creativity, we can recognize the role that art plays by providing us a way of making sense out of our experience, and of reaffirming our value as human beings.

Taken a step further we may personally experience an age old phenomena, the interdependence of the artist and his world. One of the strongest and most discernable models of this interdependence is found in the relationship which exists between a folk artist and his community.

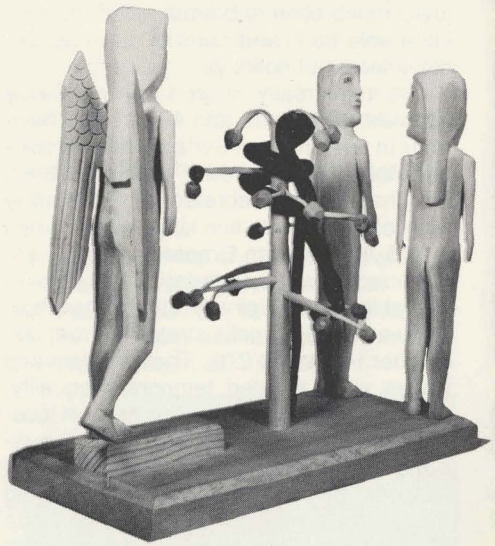
We are not silly enough to imply that all creativity is art, but by recognition of the creative forces within all, we associate the most natural and basic of human forces with the same life force that occasionally produces great art.

During the nine years in which the Folklife Festival has developed, we have seen a substantial rise in public awareness and appreciation of our traditional music and crafts; the formation of a Folk Arts program in the National Endowment for the Arts; the establishment by Congress of an American Folklife Center in the Library of Congress and a substantial growth in academic programs in folk culture.

So perhaps our Folklife Festivals have shown that America does have an aesthetic tradition of its own, one which is incredibly rich and diverse. But if we are to produce a national culture in which the arts can flourish, then we have barely begun. In the coming years, I hope we can develop a national cultural policy which includes all the people, and thus breaks away from the operative policy of 1976.

The present policy is expressed in the priorities of government and foundation grant programs and in arts-in-education formulae, the majority of which are designed to develop a greater body of consumers. These policies are determined by the few for the many, are basically patronizing in attitude, and are uncoordinated and largely unevaluated.

The Folklife Festival may have provided access to the cultural system through the Smithsonian, but now we need to provide access to the policy making procedures by which we will sustain a culture in which the arts can flourish.



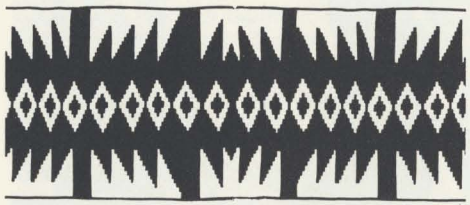
Goodbye Eden—Adam and Eve take one last look as they exit Eden, being driven from the garden. Photograph from the carving by Edgar Tolson of Campton, Kentucky. In the mid-1960's VISTA workers and Appalachian Volunteers sought out creative crafts producers and established cooperative marketing organizations. Tolson, discovered and brought to the Smithsonian for the second Folklife Festival in 1968, has since become internationally known for his skilled and sensitive treatment of familiar Biblical and rural work themes.

***James R. Morris** established the Division of Performing Arts which produced the first Festival in 1967. He is the principal executive responsible for performing events at the Smithsonian including the Festival, the Smithsonian Jazz Program, the Smithsonian Collection of Recordings and a wide variety of programs in contemporary music, chamber music, theater and dance.*

Native Americans

The continuing traditions of the original inhabitants of this nation are presented in the Native Americans area. The people whom you will meet here are representatives of the more than 200 Native American communities throughout the United States. Working with the Smithsonian, they have examined their traditions and created the programs you will see, speaking to their way of life today and their hopes for the future.

When you enter the Native American area, you will find it has been designed with Native traditions in mind. The entire area lies within a circle which represents the wholeness of life, that everything, in Native philosophy, is inter-related. A corn field forms the outlying circle; corn, the contribution of Native Americans to the peoples of the world, is regarded as the gift of Mother Earth. With squash and beans sharing the field, the entire area is thus surrounded by the three staple foods of the southwest, the "three sisters" of the Iroquois. The Learning Center, designed by architect Dennis Sun Rhodes, Arapahoe, faces east, the direction of sunrise and of life, and inside you will find yourself travelling sunwise, in a circle. In design and in presentations of music, crafts, dance and discussion, the Native Americans area honors the first Americans.



Designs from American Indian Design and Decoration by Leroy Appleton.

Indian Education

by Helen Attaquin, Wampanoag

In June, 1744, the Governor of the colony of Pennsylvania arranged a council of delegates from Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Maryland to meet with sachems of the Five Nations of the Iroquois Indians in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. The meeting opened with the colonial representatives offering to send eight or ten young Indians, selected by the Five Nations, to Williamsburg, in order to give them a good education. Canassatego, the principal Iroquois chief, rose to speak for the Indians. He said that Indians had already had experience with the white man's schools and that their young men had returned to their tribes neither white men nor Indians. He said that if the whites would choose one or two dozen of their boys, the Indians would send them to Onondaga, where the great council of the Iroquois would take care of their education and would rear them in the best manner to make men of them.

Therefore, it is obvious that even in colonial times Indians have felt that there was something lacking in the white man's idea of education. This quality that is missing is the Indian's intuitive feeling, as contrasted with the white man's intellectual curiosity, about nature and life. The white man approaches life through his head, developing a materialistic outlook; whereas, the Indian approaches life through his heart. For example, white men would never say that the animals are their brothers, that the beans, the corn and the squash are the three sisters, or that the earth is their mother. Yet, the Indian says it and means it.

In becoming civilized, intellectual and scientific, the white man has become increasingly aware of himself. However, in order to see the world as it really is, one must sometimes be able to forget oneself, one's wants, one's biases, even one's intellectual pretensions. Only then can the world of intuition and inspiration speak directly to one, as it did, and does, to the Indian.

The Indian way of life (his method of observing the world and thinking) is different from the white man's way. It is vitally important that white men, especially teachers and educators of young people, understand this. If our youth could realize this difference, and if they could learn to develop intellectually (like the white man), and still develop intuitively (like the Indian), they would be enabled to balance and harmonize their own lives as well as the lives of others. In this manner, they would become complete people.

Although Native Americans number less than 900,000 (less than one-half of one per cent of the entire population of the United States), their problems are legion. Outstanding among these problems is that of Indian education.

One report on the status of Indians states:

- In 1966, more than 16,000 Indian children of school age were not attending any school at all.
- The average educational level for all Indians under federal supervision is five school years.
- Dropout rates are twice the national average.
- Indian children score consistently lower than white children at every grade

***Helen Attaquin** has been associated with the Plymouth Foundation as Director of Indian Studies and the Boston Indian Council as Director of Education. She received her Masters and Doctorate degrees in Education from Boston University and presently is teaching a course in Native American Studies at Southeastern Massachusetts University. She was an initial member of the committee to form CENA (Coalition of Eastern Native Americans) and is past president of the organization.*

Shizhé'é shił nahasne':

Łah Mą'ii tsé́yaagi ałhosh nít'éé'. T'áadoo hooyáních'ínádzid dóó "Háajį'go lá deeshąął lá," nízingo sidá jiní. Kojígo háaghal jiní ha'a'aahjį'go, nąąná t'ąą'nighái e'e'aahjį'go, aadóó náhookǫsjį'go nąądéét'įį' jiní. Ákonidi kojį'go shádi'áahjį'go t'éí bił ná'ííghá*, áko áajį'go dah diiyá jiní. Ąąjí deestsiin bijeesáá'* t'óó ahayóigo bił bééhoozingo ąądóó áajį'go dah diiyá. Yigąął dóó yigąął dóó yigáałgo i'íí'ą jiní.

Coyote and the Birds

My Father to me told his story:
Once Coyote face down sleeping he was Suddenly he awoke and "which way is it shall I go" he said to himself
they say. This way he turned his eyes eastward, again
westward, also northward
they say. But yet, this way southward only it looked bigger.
and then that way he set out. There pinyon dry pitch
there was a lot of he found out about. and from then he set out that way.
he walked and he walked and he walked until sunset they say.

Excerpt from: "Our Grandmothers and Grandfathers, Their Stories." *Literal Translation by Tom Kavanagh*

level, in both verbal and non-verbal skills according to national tests, administered in 1965. The longer the Indian child stays in school, the further behind he gets.

These alarming results are caused by many factors, admittedly. Some of these are: language barriers, lack of Indian teachers and counselors, the use of culturally biased tests, the generally poor quality of teachers, and the lack of bilingual and bicultural programs. At present these factors are in the process of changing, especially in the bilingual and bicultural areas. The Navajo language is an excellent example.

Since it is a very subtle, very beautiful language. There are more than 20 ways to say "honor" and as many ways to say respect. But until recently the language has only been spoken. The ancient stories and ceremonies were passed from generation to generation for 1,500 years by word of mouth. But a culture, to continue to survive, must be more than written in the minds of people. It must be written on paper. It must have its own writers, its own literature.

Regardless of the central focus that a people's language and literature have, for more than a century, schools serving Navajo children imposed on them a different language, a different set of values—physically removing children from parents on reservation schools, stressing the value judgment that the old ways had to die if assimilation could take place. Because of these influences, no doubt, the lustre of the oral tradition suffered. To preserve their heritage it would be necessary to compete with written texts in English.

Ironically enough it was World War II that served to develop a pride among the Navajo for their linguistic mastery and subtleties. The most successful code used was the Navajo language; used in the Pacific theater, the Navajo code was never broken.

Ninety five percent of the children on the Rough Rock reservation were monolingual Navajo speakers at the first grade level. At all other reservations education programs started with English as the only language of instruction. At Rough Rock, the first Indian-controlled school, parents fought for the right to have a bi-linqual program where content material could be taught in Navajo. Weavers and silversmiths and moccasin-makers from the community served as models for the children. A model program of apprentice medicine men, singers, chanters, shamans was initiated as a joint effort between the U.S. Public Health Service and Navajos. The old ways and the new were taught together.

In January 1975, the new IBM Navajo typing element went on the market. In the last year the increase in the number of typewriters with a capability of typing in Navajo had gone from 12 to 150. A little ball with 88 characters on it. So simple, but now Navajo children are reading and writing about their land and their country in Navajo.

Because of this type of advancement, I believe that there exists much hope for the future education of Indians. Herein, exists a unique opportunity for the Indian to revive religious awareness in their culture and education, and to emerge the victor, at last.

Edgar S. Cahn, ed., *Our Brother's Keeper: The Indian in White America* (New York: New Community Press, 1969), p. 28.

We gratefully acknowledge assistance provided by Cam Pfeiffer, president of 'AK'E'ELCH'1161, Inc. a Navajo literacy organization in Albuquerque, New Mexico.

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Walter Denny, Gourd Dancer at the 1973 Festival of American Folklife.

The Comanche Today: The Use of Crafts as Social Clues

by Tom Kavanagh

Anthropologists tell us that people make and use objects for three important purposes: economic, social and spiritual. In the first group are tools, houses, everyday clothing—all those things we need to cope with the environment. In the second, we find objects which identify individuals within a society—a king's crown, coup sticks, convention badges. In the third are such symbolic articles as altars or icons. The total assemblage of these three types of objects made and used by a particular group can provide particular insight, into the economic, social and spiritual life of that group.

The Comanche Indian community of Oklahoma numbers about 7500 people living on lands spread throughout the southwestern part of the state. Comanche farms and ranches are physically separated from each other by non-Indian land holdings, but it is still possible to talk of a "Comanche community" since there are numerous and frequent social gatherings and meetings.

Comanche homes are relatively old, mostly built in the 1920's. They reflect the growing prosperity of the Comanches, most of them with newer additions added on as families and incomes have grown. The furnishings are typical of rural Oklahoma: TV sets, freezers, air conditioners, etc. Comanche farmers rely on tractors and other non-Indian made equipment; furniture, clothing, photographs, dishes are all purchased from non-Comanches.

In other words, if we look at only the things made for economic purposes, we would see very few differences between the Comanche and their neighbors. However, if we look at the objects made for social or religious purposes, we can see some strong differences.

Many Comanches spend their free time making things generally referred to as "Indian crafts." Exact figures on the number of full-time craftsmen are unavailable; however, almost everyone is a part-time producer of Indian crafts of some kind. These can be divided into four categories:

1. Crafts made for use almost exclusively within the Comanche community, such as Comanche traditional dance clothing or for the Native American Church.
2. Crafts made for sale primarily to the Comanche community identifying the wearer as Indian—such as applique vests, shawls and beaded hair ties.
3. Crafts made for sale primarily to the non-Indian community, based on traditional crafts which have become too expensive for most members of the Indian community to afford, such as silver and turquoise jewelry (a style borrowed from Navajo and Pueblo Indians).
4. Crafts made for sale almost exclusively to the non-Indian community which have little basis in tradition but for which there is a great demand by tourists. Such objects include beaded cigarette lighters, beaded daisy chain necklaces, "Indian bric-a-brac" and the like; their value rests on being "Indian made" rather than on any intrinsic value.

These four categories of objects made by modern Comanches can be further grouped into two: articles made for Comanche use (1 and 2) and for outsiders (3 and 4). There is considerable distinction between these two classes, not only in orientation but in the designs and materials chosen by the craftsmen and the value placed on the items by the craftsmen as well as by their potential customers.

For example, beadwork is made for both internal use and external sale; however the aesthetic values demonstrated in the two types are different. Faceted "cut" beads, size 13/0, are the most popular beads among the Comanche, but they must be imported from Europe and are becoming extremely hard to get. Thus "cut" beads are used only on the most important items while beaded goods for general tourist sale are usually made of large, plain beads, size 11/0 or 10/0.

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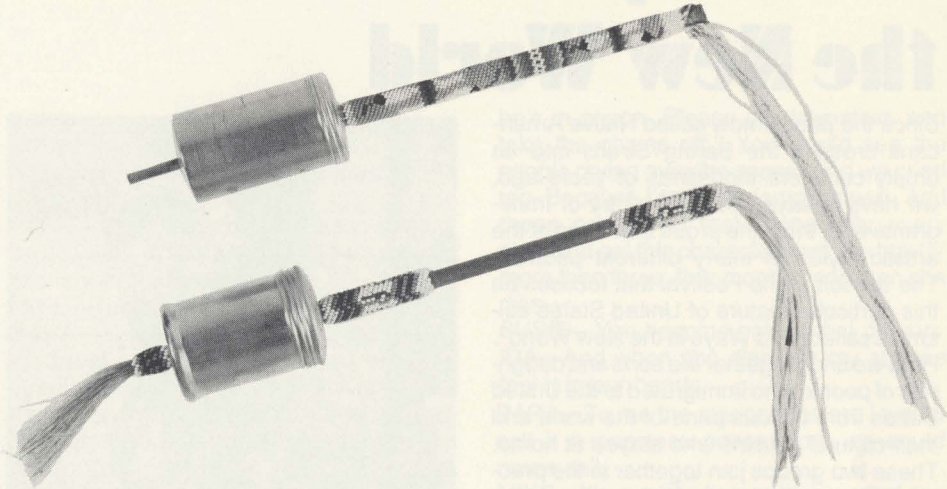

Two Gourd Dance rattles. The Comanche sometimes use salt shakers for rattles to avoid using Native American Church gourd rattles in a secular situation.

Another case in point are the articles made for the Gourd Dance, a social occasion based on the traditional Warrior's Society dances of the pre-reservation life. Perhaps 50% of the Comanches in Oklahoma are Gourd Dancers organized into one club or another, such as the Little Pony Gourd Clan, reactivated in the 1950's by World War II veterans.

A special "uniform" is worn by Comanche men at a Gourd Dance and on no other occasion. It consists of a gourd rattle held in the right hand, a feather fan in the left. A velveteen sash is worn around the waist and tied on the right side, in addition a "bandolier" of red mescal beans over the left shoulder. A red and blue trade cloth blanket is worn over both shoulders.

The rattle, sash, fan, bandolier and blanket are the marks of a Gourd dancer. In visiting stores that feature Indian crafts in both Oklahoma and Washington, D.C., Gourd Dance items were offered for sale in both areas in good variety. However, a store in the District of Columbia, patronized largely by non-Indians, has had a Gourd Dance sash and fan for sale for over a year. The average shelf life of the same items in Oklahoma would be a month or less. Thus, it is clear that Gourd Dance equipment falls into class 1—that is, it is essentially made, purchased and used by Comanches. A move into Class 3 is theoretically possible, should non-Indians begin to identify with Gourd Dance paraphrenalia and begin to buy it. However, at present one can say that the presence and variety of such Class 1 items indicates the presence of an underlying social and symbolic system among Comanches that is different from that of their non-Indian neighbors.

Despite pressures to become more like non-Indians, Comanches demonstrate in the articles they make for their own use a separate system of strictly Comanche values. Today, Comanche culture is a combination of non-Indian technology with native social and symbolic systems. The articles that the Comanche make for themselves are the dynamic, creative expressions of an active system of social and ideological values.

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Old Ways in the New World

Since the people now called Native Americans crossed the Bering Straits into an empty continent thousands of years ago, we have always been a country of immigrants and, thus, the proud inheritors of the artistic styles of many different peoples. The section of the Festival that focuses on this particular feature of United States culture is called "Old Ways in the New World". Here we bring together the sons and daughters of people who immigrated to the United States from various parts of the world and their cultural cousins who stayed at home. These two groups join together in the practice of their traditional artistic and creative behavior; thus they can celebrate a kind of family reunion while they examine together the changes that their different experiences have brought about.

Where possible, we invite participants from the same region or even the same village—both those who emigrated and those who stayed at home. Where this is impossible or impractical, we turn our attention to behavior or style, looking for parallels in all aspects of tradition from cooking to dance. During past years of the Festival, this program has proved to be a healthy kind of self-examination for our domestic peoples—who draw strength from discovering their relationship with older cultures—as well as for our foreign guests, who can return to their homelands proud of the virility of their own art forms which remain clearly identifiable though removed by oceans of time and space.

Papa Manteo in his workshop in New York. Photo by Ralph Rinzler

Gifts to America

Susan Kalčik, editor

The Festival of American Folklife is interested in certain kinds of "gifts" the various immigrants brought with them, particularly those that fall under the rubric of folklore or folklife. At the Festival held in Washington during the summer of 1975, we invited a family from New York to share with us and the Festival visitors a tradition of nearly life size marionettes which had been in their family for five generations. The Manteo marionette show, presenting a part of the saga of Orlando (Roland), was an immense favorite with the crowds who came to see the "Old Ways in the New World" section of the Festival.

On a bitter cold Sunday, in January this year, in a church hall on Bleeker Street, a number of the Manteos met and shared with me their knowledge of and feelings about the marionettes and the part they have played in the life of the family. Michael Manteo, whom I will call Papa, introduced himself with these words: "I am Michael—they call me Papa—Manteo; I live after my father's name. I'll carry his name until as far as I can do it." His son, Mike, also carries the grandfather's name, Agrippino Michael Manteo, Jr. Papa's older sister, Ida Manteo Grillo, and her daughter, Susie, were the other two family members who speak most frequently in the edited transcript that follows. I would like to thank all the family, and especially these four, for sharing their story and for the warmth they showed me.

Susan Kalčik

PAPA—Well, the family came from Sicily, there's a town called—
IDA—Catania
PAPA—Where my father was born, and *his* father, my *grand*father.

We came to this country in 1919, 1920, something like that. First we had the marionette show and then we closed up and opened up a movie house, but we weren't so happy about the movie house. We went right back again and opened up a theatre on Mulberry Street in 1928. That's when we started the real performances, at 109 Mulberry Street.

SUSIE—They stopped giving regular performances in 1939 when my uncle died. Right? My grandpa closed down the theatre.

MIKE—My grandfather became an electrician in the 20's. Because many times the marionettes didn't pay. My grandfather started the business and he passed it on to my father, my father passed it on to me, and my Uncle Bill [Ida's husband] got caught in the family and, whether he liked it or not, he was a puppeteer and an electrician.

PAPA—Why do I know these things about the puppets? I'll tell you why. Because when I was a little boy, the first thing I do, when I started to walk, I get on stage, right. And I sit by a pail of sand, (you know you got the fire department rules), and I sit there and I look. I'm just about seven, eight years old. And I look at my father, and I look at the men that were working on the bridge and you gather all this and you gather the language too. The same thing with my sister. My sister at the age of, not even fifteen, already she started to throw voices through my father's tuition.

And there I'm looking at my sister; I'll follow her. And then I was envying those people up there that manipulated those heavy marionettes. And that's how you became a puppeteer. Because you cannot, especially these kind of marionettes, you cannot teach. You've got to learn yourself. You have to go every night, every night. Then as I got old, I got promoted. I was allowed to get on the bridge. And then I was privileged to hold a marionette. And the professor would take it and make him walk,

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then he'd turn it around and get it ready for me and he told me, "All right, you hold it this way and be attentive. When your father speaks his words, you look at your father and when he talks for the king, you just move the arm this way." And then I was a nervous wreck. This was my first time. And I graduated, slowly, slowly, they allow me. It's something like, if you aren't of age, you can't drink. That's how you learn. Because if you teach them, they take it for granted. Let them go by themselves, they'll learn.

MIKE—We've got about 120 marionettes now.

PAPA—When I was in production with my father, back in the thirties—500. The kind of shows I ran, the stories involved, I would say, about 150 different marionettes coming in and out. I have five puppets just about 97 years old. They were made by my grandfather and my father. There are pieces that my father did in Italy.

IDA—Some from the 1800's, more than a hundred years old.

PAPA—I have original marionettes from my grandfather and then the ones that the whole family built when we were in New York. But when we came here we really made more. The show called for more marionettes. The last one my father built was in 1937. A beautiful suit of armor. When I was not in production anymore, I destroyed quite a few. But I don't worry because if I was in production again I would build again. The newest one I've got is four months old. And if you put this marionette that is four months old with the one that is about ninety-seven years old, you will not know the difference.

MIKE—Except you made the armor out of stainless steel. You thought of your son, because it's much lighter, this new marionette. The other ones weigh like eighty pounds. The giant weighs a hundred pounds.

PAPA—The bodies are made out of—some of it pine, some of it oak. The pine is lighter, but sometimes you have to use oak for the feet and the fist. The fist has to be strong because that takes so much punishment, when they use the sword to fight. The left hand has to be opened up like that to show that it's holding a fist. Then we drill a hole through it to put the sword in. And the head is made out of pine; the rest of the body's out of pine. And then we've got excelsior and canvas. And with the excelsior I keep on putting it on the frame out of two by two lumber, and I keep on turning my hand with twine and shaping up the excelsior, shaping up the leg. And the same thing, I shape up the whole torso. And then when it comes to sculpturing, you've got to have real Italian sculpturing chisels, because they are homemade. You have to make them. And I have a few only. But I don't do any more sculpturing like I used to.

MIKE—Well, now you're doing a lot of the armor work.

PAPA—Yes, I'm practicing more on the armor. You know, you can call me a very good tailor, but not textile. Metal! And I can make a beautiful suit. Ida makes the ladies' dresses, costumes.

IDA—See, my mother used to make them and I used to help her. I used to design the dress and then she used to get an idea—After she died, I took over. And also, I paint the sceneries too.

PAPA—She does all the painting on all the drops. And it doesn't take her long to do it. All watercolor, no oil.

MIKE—The paint is powdered form, right Dad?

PAPA—Powdered. You have to have powder.

MIKE—And it's very pliable.

PAPA—I can't find powder like I used to years ago. We have to go out of the way to see where we can find powdered paints. And we mix it up with some water and some glue; we say one part glue, four parts water. Mike also works on the puppets.

MIKE—Whatever he wants me to do. Dad does the sculpting, painting the armor—

PAPA—I manufacture a marionette completely.

MIKE—But I've seen the way he's done it and when the time comes to jump in, I'll jump in.

PAPA—The whole story (in the show) takes 3, 3½ years. There are about fifteen generations with the show.

MIKE—There's a multitude of stories.

PAPA—I don't know if you ever read medieval stories, about Constantine the Great. He started the Christian faith; and then, generation, generation, it came to Charlemagne. From Charlemagne came his son and two more generations. That ends the story. Then the sequel.

IDA—It's like the Bible, just like the Bible.

PAPA—See the end of the Palladin, then the sequel; there's the story of Guido Santo. Then how long does Guido Santo last?

IDA—About three months.

PAPA—So Guido Santo dies. Now we have another sequel which is two brothers, Dolores and Strenero. That lasts about three months. This story has two brothers unknown to each other. So after that comes, what my sister says, the Crusaders. That's just the last. So by the time that finished, then we start all over again and people start coming in again, the same people, and we repeat the story again.

MIKE—If the audience was interested in and tended toward dialogue, then the story would be mostly dialogue. If they wanted fighting, there'd be more fighting. They would go with the audience; it was a very flexible show.

SUSIE—Think of it like the serials you have on the TV soap operas.

MIKE—A medieval soap opera, this is what it was.

IDA—The people would get very involved. Once, when the hero, Orlando, he is put in chains, about twelve o'clock, somebody came and knocked at the door. Because we used to live upstairs, and the theatre was downstairs. And he says, "Mr. Manteo, I can't sleep." "What is this, you can't sleep? Why?" He says, "Orlando, he's in chains, he's in prison. Please go downstairs and take the chains off." You would see the people crying over the scene. And we cried too. Because I take the female's part. And those parts, you feel—especially every night you get this character, that you talk for more than three, four months, and then she dies—

SUSIE—You become part of that person.

IDA—And when she dies, we cry and we feel it in our hearts.

PAPA—To me the marionettes are I would call it a priceless possession; we could never sell.

MIKE—It's a part of you; it's a part of the family.

PAPA—If you ask any members of my family here, they've got the same idea—you don't sell. Because you build them yourself. There's something about that you love. It's something, like I said before, priceless.

MIKE—It's a part of your life. It's a part of you as much as your arms. We get together to work on the puppets when we have opportunities to. Everybody pitches in, building, refurbishing the marionettes. Dad puts them together, decides what's supposed to be put together, what's not, what characters we want, to prepare for the eventual show that may come up.

IDA—And I have worked on the bridge too. I had to have the muscles.

PAPA—You'd be surprised. Look, my niece Joany already worked on the bridge. Susan now and then comes up when she has—Of course, she's got kids to take care of, but when she's free, she's up there. We can't keep them away.

IDA—And we have now sons-in-law. So we have one, two, three manipulators, now.

MIKE—My daughters are about ready to go on.

PAPA—My *grand* daughters. And as these kids grow, we'll have manipulators, plenty of them.

IDA—We have little Joe.

PAPA—He's going to be a good one.

MIKE—Hurry up, Tommy, grow.

Ethnic Foodways: Traditions That Survive

by Suzanne Cox

While music conveys the spirit of a people, food is often the most enduring expression of culture in American ethnic communities. As they adjust to new jobs, new neighbors, and a new language, immigrants ease their lives with the familiar ways of cooking, serving, and sharing the favorite dishes of their Old World homelands. As a result, America is a place of infinitely-varied *foodways*—the folklorist's word for traditions of cooking, eating, and celebrating with food.

A traditional food is one handed down from generation to generation within the family or community. Because food habits and preferences are learned at an early age, traditional foods are strongly associated with family and memories of childhood.

Making bread in Lebanon and in Detroit, Mich.

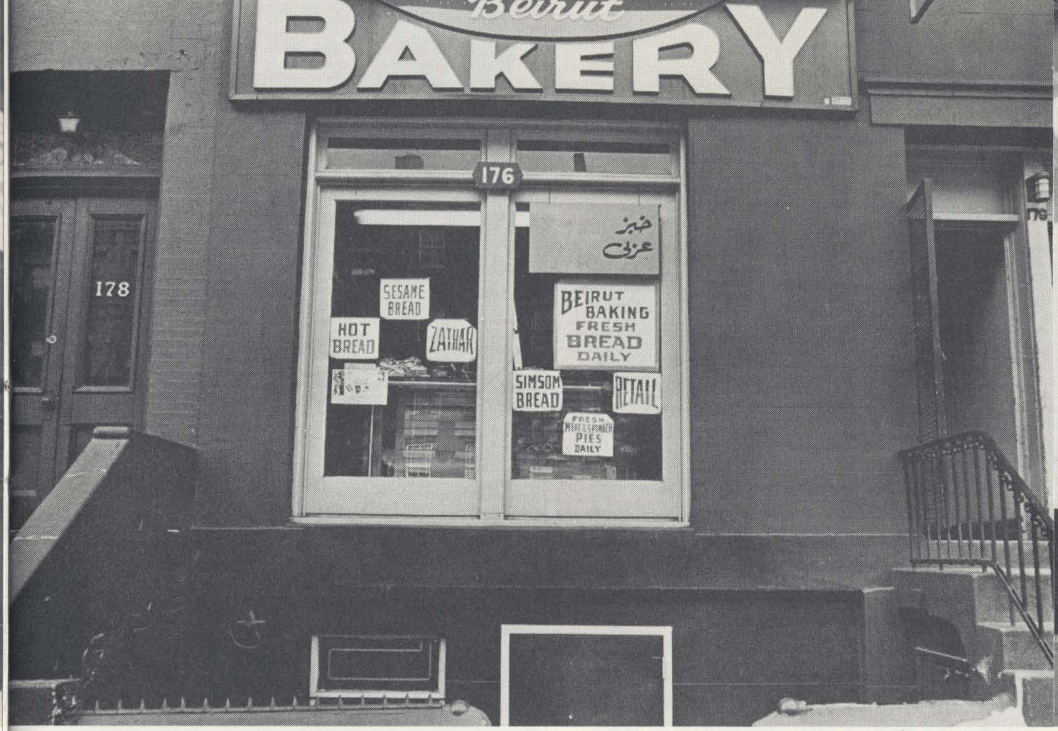
Traditional ways of preparing ethnic foods survive despite inroads by modern kitchen technology.

In ethnic communities, special occasions are often celebrated with special foods. Sharing the festive foods strengthens ties among family and community members.

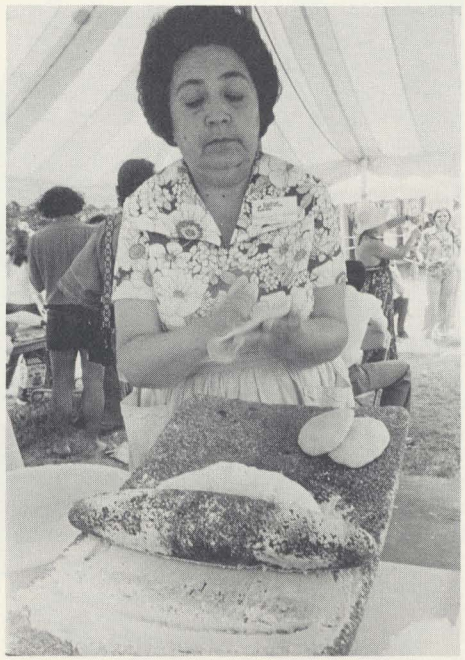
Preparing hammentashen *for the festival of Purim. Photo courtesy of the Jewish Community Center of Greater Washington.*

An Italian family celebration in New York City.

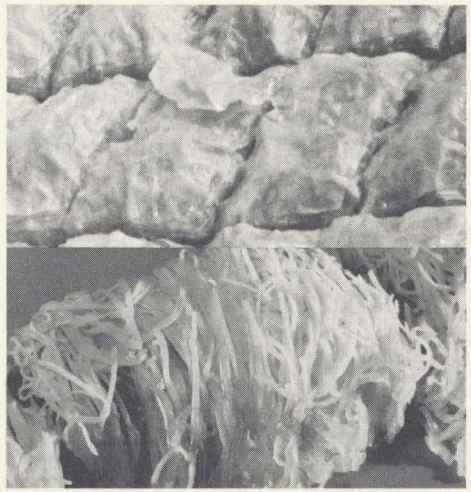
Suzanne Cox *holds a Masters degree in Anthropology from the University of Pennsylvania where she also did a study on substance and symbols of Middle Eastern foods. She has worked in the Old Ways area of the Festival for three years.*



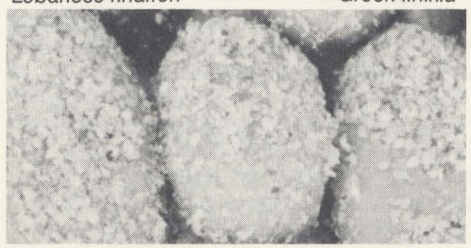
Different ethnic groups produce foods of strikingly different shapes and textures. Breads and pastries, most made with similar basic ingredients, are good examples of this kind of cultural diversity.



Syrian-Lebanese baqlawa



Lebanese knaffeh *Greek finikia*



Ethnic grocery stores, restaurants, and bakeries are familiar sights throughout the United States. These businesses help keep ethnic foodways alive by supplying basic foods and the ingredients necessary for traditional cooking.

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African Diaspora

The African Diaspora program was developed in 1973-74 to make a comprehensive statement about the dispersal of Black culture. The area pays tribute to the varied cultural contributions of Black American communities and documents how Black peoples and cultures flourish throughout the world.

Exploring those aspects of culture which link Black Americans to Africa, Latin America, and the Caribbean, we center on three activities common to all: *homelife, worship,* and *trade*. Each of these is represented on the Mall by an appropriate physical structure: a house, an altar setting and a marketplace. In each structure, the various artistic forms—music, crafts & material culture, dance, and the spoken word—depict Black culture as a dynamic, living force. The evolution of the culture is shown as Black artists of all ages carry out their skills be they traditional, evolved, or revival.

The Rising Star Fife and Drum group, popular Festival participants for several years, will open the market area of African Diaspora at 11 a.m. the first two weeks of the Festival.

"In The Rapture"

by Dr. William H. Wiggins, Jr.

"In the Rapture" is an Afro-American religious drama conceived in a dream some eight years ago by Mrs. Margarine Hatcher of Indianapolis, Indiana, which retains and adapts several elements of West African culture. Structurally, the pageant consists of ten or twelve gospel songs and spirituals strung together on a verbal thread of improvised narration. The play's drama springs from the character acting out the lyrics of the selected songs. The cast includes: a devil, an imp, a sinner, Jesus, four angels, a mountain climber, a temptress, a narrator, several soloists, a ninety-voice choir and a piano, electric piano, organ, electric guitar and drums musical ensemble.

Mr. William C. Hatcher, the husband of Mrs. Hatcher and producer of the play, has developed highly original props and scenery for the play: a heavenly scene backdrop, angels' wings, flood lights, a breakable red plywood heart, which is broken by the devil and mended by Jesus during the singing of "Heartaches," a three-tier mountain, which the devil and the mountain climber fight around as the latter character successfullly struggles to reach the top while the choir sings "Lord, Don't Move That Mountain," and the mythical ship of Zion, which transports selected members of the audience to heaven while "Stood on the Banks of Jordan" is being sung. Each choir member wears a homemade white robe whose symbolic significance is underscored at the play's opening by the choir's fervent singing of the spiritual "Trying to Get Ready" in an AAAB oral formula found in folk songs throughout the African Diaspora:

I'm tryin' to get ready
Tryin' to get ready
Tryin' to get ready
Lord, ready to try on my long white robe.

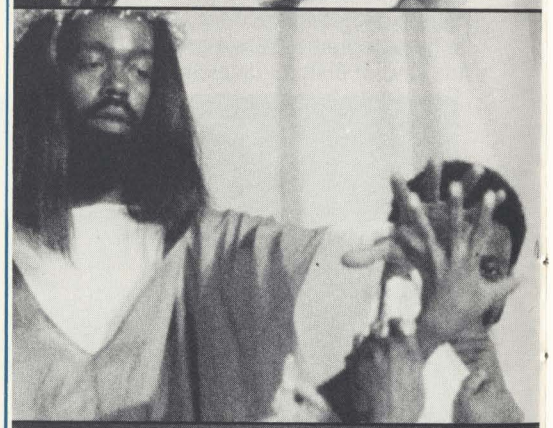
The music of "In the Rapture" shares several other traits with the traditional music composed and sung by Blacks in America, the West Indies, South America and West Africa. Instrumentally, the ensemble's drummer plays a role similar to the West Indian and West African Shango drummers and the buzzing tone of his beaded cymbal is also heard in the West Indian gourd rattles and West African gonjes. Vocally, the call-response interactions between the soloists and the choir can be heard in the work songs of Black people throughout the world and all African Diaspora peoples make effective creative use of simple repetition like this section of the song "Climbing Up the Mountain":

You ought to pray sometimes.
Yes! Yes! Yesyesyes!

The technique of dramatizing the sung word has parallels in other sections of the African Diaspora. Other Afro-American religious dramas which utilize this dramatic method include "The Old Ship of Zion," "The Devil's Play," "Heaven Bound" and "The Slabtown Convention." Trinidad Blacks have developed a similar type of drama in their carnival and emancipation day parades, using elaborate costuming and impromptu drama that evolves out of the creative interaction between the parade music, the audience and such folk characters as the devil, Ja Malaise.

It is not unusual for this miming to evolve into dance, a cultural expression found throughout the African Diaspora. The "In the Rapture" soloist who sings "He'll Understand and Say Well Done" effectively communicates the comforting message of

Dr. William H. Wiggins, Jr., *a folklorist, is an assistant professor of Afro-American Studies and fellow of the Folklore Institute at Indiana University. He is currently researching and editing a documentary film of "In the Rapture" under grants issued by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Indiana Committee for the Humanities.*



Devil, Joe Folson, gives sinner, Andy Crim, his staff and convinces him not to enter heaven.

Two members of the congregation step from the "Old Ship of Zion" and are led into heaven by Jesus, Mrs. Hatcher's son, William C. Hatcher. This boat was made by Mr. William C. Hatcher, Mrs. Hatcher's husband. All of this action takes place during the singing of "Stood on the Banks of Jordan."

Jesus, William C. Hatcher, extends his hand to help the struggling mountain climber, Miss Dovie Cunningham, whose hand is held by the devil's, Joe Folson. The soloist for this scene's music, "Lord, Don't Move That Mountain," William "Butch" Haliburton looks on.

A spiritually broken sinner, Andy Crim, walks slowly down the aisle as the choir sings "Heartaches" behind the duet of Mrs. Betty M. Beck and Mr. Charles Anderson.

"In the Rapture" stills are from the documentary film of the same name produced under grants issued by the National Endowment for the Arts and the Indiana Committee for the Humanities. The completed work will be available in the autumn and may be obtained through Dr. Wiggins at Indiana University.

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her song by triumphantly dancing up and down the aisle singing her testimony to the congregation. This bouncing movement has given to New World culture the American jitterbug, Charleston, twist, bump and hustle, as well as the West Indian beguine, calypso and pique. In West Africa it has kept alive the centuries-old traditions of bongo, Shango and the many other dances associated with death, the breaking of the bush school, and marriage.

African Diaspora cultural attitudes are reflected in the actions of "In the Rapture's" devil and Jesus. The former is an extension of the trickster hero extolled in West African and African Diaspora oral literature. The devil is dressed in top hat, sunglasses, black cape with red satin lining, maroon bow tie and cummerbund, white pleated shirt, black shoes and formal pants. He carries a wooden pitch fork and each of his fingers wears a sparkling ring. During the play the devil tricks the sinner with a diamond ring that proves to be less than "pure glass," an expensive car that will not run, a large bundle of money that is counterfeit, and a beautiful woman who turns out to be a tyrant who makes the duped sinner do both the domestic and the breadwinning chores. Comparable tricks are revealed in the Brer' Rabbit and John/Efan folktales of Black America, as well as the spider trickster Anansi folktales told in the West Indies, South America and West Africa. The play's devil also closely parallels the actions of Legba, the trickster deity of Yoruba religion.

Jesus' cool demeanor is a continuation of the West African and West Indian mask tradition. Patterned after the Western image of Jesus, the play's barefoot Christ wears a crown of thorns atop his long hair, his face is bearded, his body covered with a floor-length white robe, which is partially covered by a purple stole that covers his chest and back. However, his actions are those of the long-suffering Black American Christ who "never says a mumbling word" nor allows any emotion to register on his face. This masking of emotions is evident in the cool urban black American life-style, the Jamaican John Canoe masked Christmas dancers, as well as the elaborate Nigerian Geleda masks and Liberian devil mask traditions.

The play is firmly based on an improvised oral tradition, a cultural characteristic found throughout the African Diaspora. Utilizing the black preaching techniques of such folk preaching heroes as the Reverend "Sinkilling Jones," the narrator spins an impromptu thread of narrative between songs that makes her listener cry, laugh, reflect and dream. Similar oral dexterity is evident in the story-telling styles of the West Indian and South American Anansi storyteller, as well as in the cante-fable creations of the West African griot and praise singers, which creatively mix the spoken and sung word in a powerful oral form.

There is also a communal aspect of "In the Rapture's" artistry which is a part of all African Diaspora oral art. Like most other African Diaspora verbal folk expressions the audience's interaction with the artist determines the length and quality of each play's performance. A "cold" and formally distant audience that gives little verbal encouragement to the cast will cause them to give a performance lacking in emotion and improvisation. But a "warm" audience that consistently encourages the singers and actors with injections of approving laughter, shouts and "amens" will cause the players to come alive and creatively soar like a soloing jazz musician responding to his listeners' commands to "blow!" This same sort of fragile but necessary creative communal tension must exist between the players and listeners of West Indian reggae. And in West Africa the performances of the storyteller, praise singer, and griot are all based on a similar creative oral artist-audience interaction.

In all areas of the African Diaspora this improvised interaction between the folk artist and his audience often climaxes with both participants being possessed by this creative spirit. Some past performances of "In the Rapture" have ended with both the cast and congregation "caught up" in the spirit. Similar behavior can be seen in the possession of Jamaican Kumina or Haitian voudun dancers who, during the course of their dance ritual, are "ridden" by their patron spirit and the Ghanaian fetish priest who is overcome by the spirit as he dances in search of a cure for an ill member of the tribe. Perhaps, the most misunderstood element of African Diaspora culture, these ejaculations merely demonstrate the high regard in which emotion *and* intellect are held by Black people throughout the world. In the final analysis the audience and artist cannot emote until their mental, physical and emotional beings have been joined in a creative communal concord. It is only after this union that the Black preacher can "whoop" in traditional cadences and images, the Shango drummer find his drumming "groove" or the gonje player truly wed his words and music in powerful oral poetry. This African Diaspora wide respect for the creative merger of human intellect and emotion is aptly summed up in the Afro-American saying: "I burned before I learned."

Religion undergirds the traditional cultures of black people in America, the West Indies, South America and West Africa. The Afro-American religious drama "In the Rapture" further underscores the fact that people of African descent who live in these four areas of the world still share many West African cultural traits.

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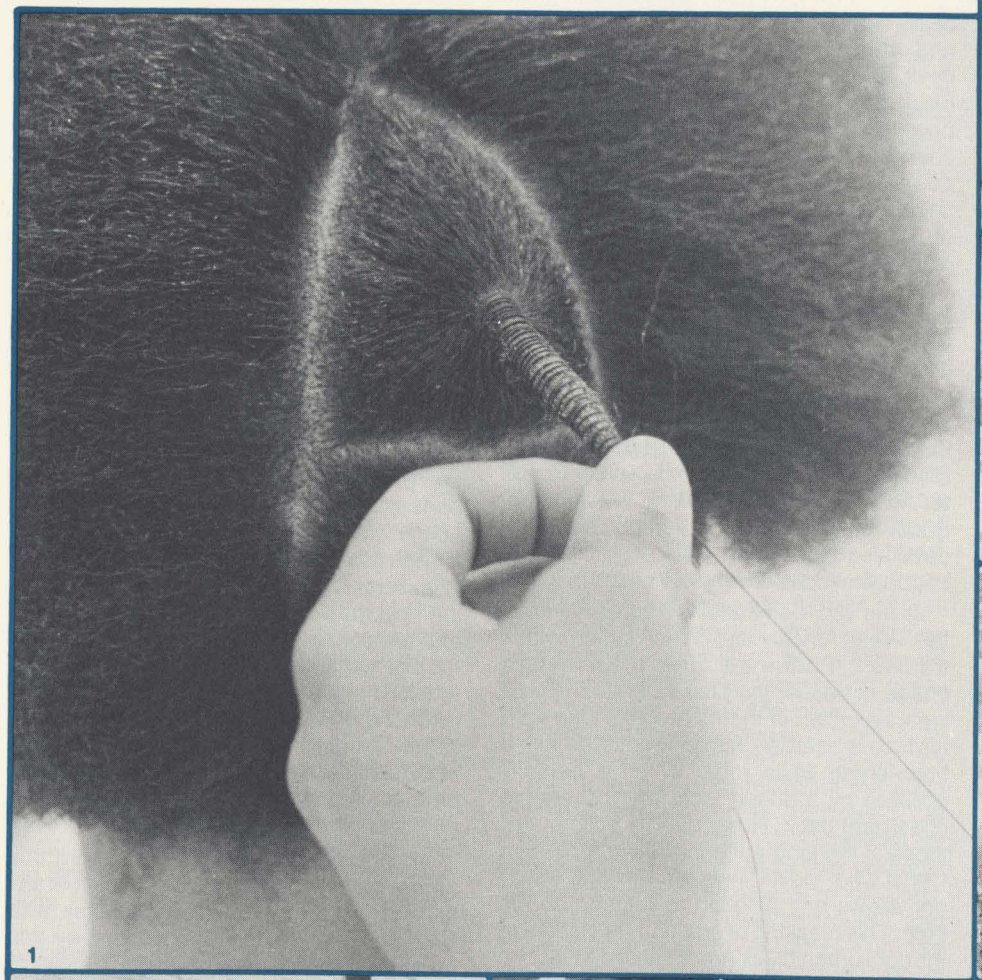
Hair Styles and Headdresses

A look at Black hair styles and headdress not only reveals a high level of creativity but conveys strong statements of the bearer's concept of his or her status to the community. Among some groups in Africa, the tradition of hairbraiding (cornrow) can convey messages from a woman to her peers, her husband, her community. This functionality of style is maintained in some regions of the Caribbean. In the United States this level of specificity is lessened but not the need to wear certain styles for certain occasions. In recent years, there has been a resurgence among Black Americans of attributing certain social and political postures to a particular hair style. The affirmation of Black pride coincided with the development of the Afro. The concept of pan-Africanism and more general identification with Africa has seen wide usage of cornrow styles for formal and informal occasions. The hat or headwrap, the position it is placed on the head, announces a certain air and readiness for the world.

Hair Styles

1. West Africa—Threading and preparation.
2. a & b African in origin is the cornrow here worn by Black American women.
3. a & b Ghana and South Carolina—close cropped and full Afros.
4. Jamaica—The Rastafarian hairstyle, created by allowing the hair to grow and curl naturally.
5. Ghana—The traditional hairstyle of Ga women.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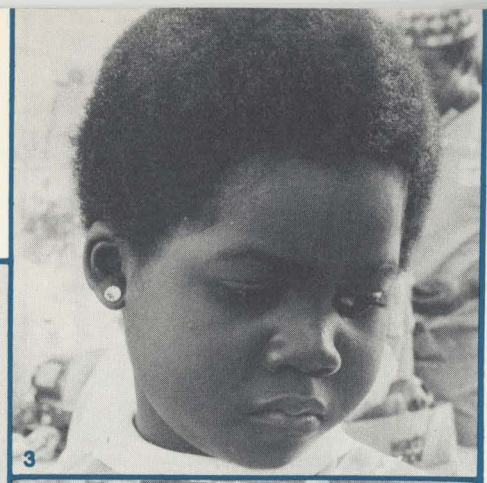
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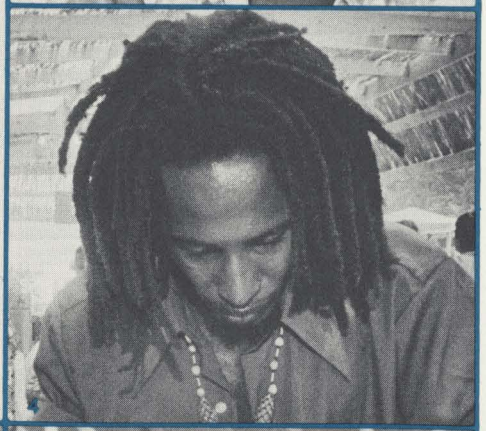
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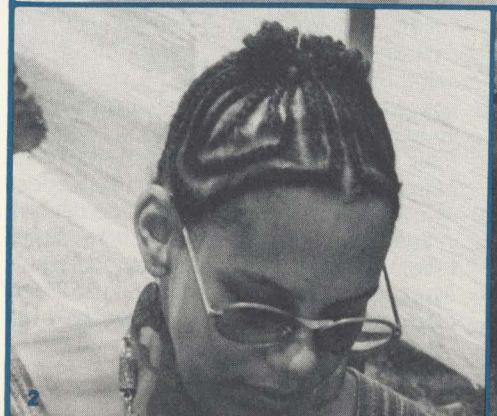
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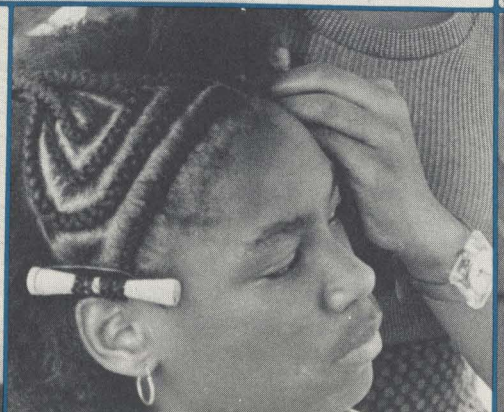


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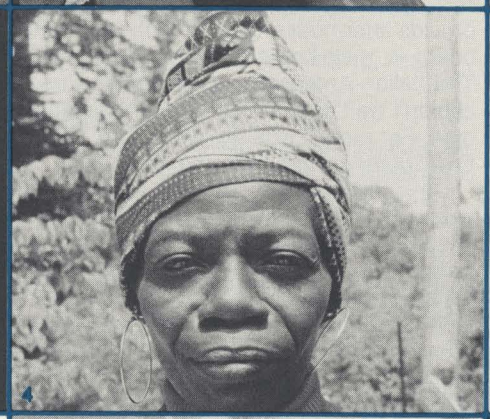
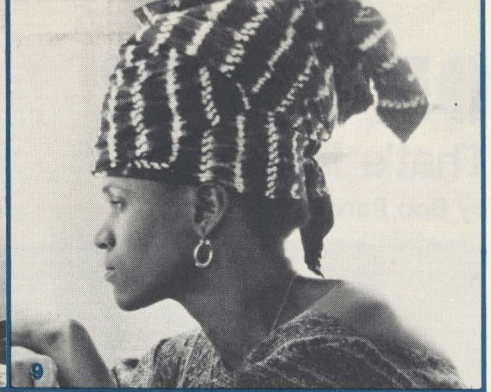
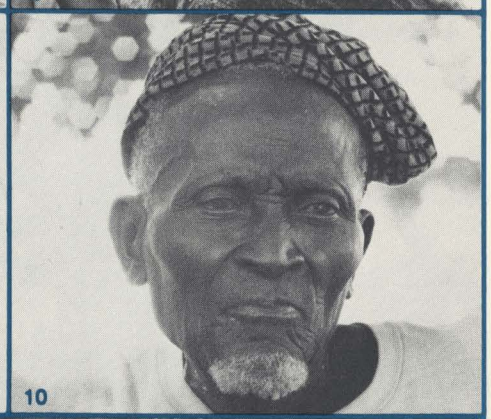
The photo essay on hairstyles and headdresses was prepared by the staff of the African Diaspora area.







Headdresses

1. Black American: Turban styled hat—handmade-related to African headwrap.
2. Black American: Casual head tie.
3. Maroons—Jamaica: Woman's formal head tie—the use of leaves symbolizes the years the Maroons spent in the bush in their successful resistance against slavery.
4. Kuminas—Jamaica: Head tie for public traveling worn by the Queen.
5. Maroons—Jamaica: Male head tie.
6. Northern Ghana—West Africa: Royal headdress.
7. Kuminas—Jamaica: Head tie worn by the Queen; two pieces used for performance.
8. Jamaica: Mento band, tam or beret.
9. Senegal—West Africa: Female head wrap sometimes called "gele"—a most ornate use of cloth to cover and dress the head.
10. West Africa: The placement of the headcovering (sometimes called "Fela") blends in as an extension of this man's face, attitude and stature.
11. Black America: Caps and caps—the specific slant makes the individual statement without creating discord in the group.

ON TOUR

That's Italian

by Bob Parvin

Italian folk performers, shaded by 10-gallon hats presented by Texas hosts, demonstrate the dance steps used today in Southern and Northern Italy.

Last summer El Paso, Texas got a foreign influence it won't forget. Twenty-five folk performers and musicians from villages around Genoa and Naples staged shows in El Paso and Juarez for two days. The group, representing the ancient folkways still practiced in remote northern and southern parts of Italy, stopped in El Paso as part of the On Tour program of the Smithsonian's Festival of American Folklife.

Folk performers from seven other foreign countries participated on such tours in 1975. Such appearances serve the dual purpose of improving our cultural ties with other nations and, perhaps more important, displaying to Americans the customs that time and modern change have not altered.

Most El Pasoans who attended the performances agreed that the Italians were the most spontaneous and eager performers to be billed in town for a long time. During lunch one afternoon in a Juarez restaurant, someone whispered that it would be nice to see the group do a short number. Before the waiters could clear the tables, the Italians had cordoned off a circle and had begun singing and dancing with gusto.

Formal appearances were held the day after their arrival at "El Corredor," a restored area of old business buildings in downtown El Paso. A stage was set up at a corner plaza and dining tables were arranged so spectators could watch the performance and enjoy Italian food catered from a nearby restaurant. In the evening a two-hour performance was offered at El Paso's plush new Civic Center auditorium.

The Smithsonian makes a special effort to help Americans cultivate ties with the foreign folk. Wherever possible in cities in which the groups are booked, residents of corresponding nationalities are asked to provide after-hour entertainment, room and board in their homes for the performers. The Italian-American societies in El Paso couldn't wait to be hospitable to their kinsmen. For most it was like a trip back to the Old Country without leaving Texas.

Days before the group's arrival the women of DIANA, El Paso's 60-member chapter of the Daughters of Italian Ancestry in North America, a few of whom were recent arrivals in this country themselves, started cooking up a storm for the big welcoming banquet. Caldrons of steaming spaghetti, platter loads of lasagne and great dishes of spicy ravioli were carefully prepared. Gallons of Italian wine and loaves of garlic bread were ordered. And souvenir packages of macramed hanging baskets painted with Bicentennial seals were labeled with the visitors' names.

Troupe members were paired off with their Italian-speaking hosts, and taken on sight-seeing and shopping trips around the city. Relationships developed quickly. Mrs. Ettore De Santis, a first generation Italian Texan who housed three members of the Naples group said, "There were beautiful moments. We recalled songs we had heard in our youths and even my 86 year-old mother who came from the Old Country was nostalgic. She sang the boys some songs they had never heard before and they were so impressed they wrote down the words and used the piece in their performance."

Texas was the place the Italians wanted most to see. "Texas is very popular in Italy, probably because of all the Italian western movies made there," explains Mrs. Norman Haley, who grew up in Florence, married her American husband and immigrated after the war. "I think they were really impressed to find Italian-speaking kinsmen here. They were very interested in everything and were so very appreciative that it was refreshing to us."

Goodbyes at the airport were emotional in the best Italian manner, even to the point of tears, bearhugs and cheek-kissing.

"Italy's a lot closer to us now" said Mrs. Haley. A few days after the group's departure, cards and letters began arriving in El Paso. Mrs. De Santis opened a letter from the three Italian boys she had housed. They had drawn a big heart on it and written warm words of thanks underneath.

Excerpted from Texas Highways Magazine, October 1975.

A special pride went into preparation of foods served to Italian guests which, along with the hospitality dished out by their Texas kinsmen, will leave a lasting impression.

1976 ON TOUR: Schedule*

Austria:
Chicago, Aug. 27-29; Philadelphia, Sept. 2-5.

Brazil:
E. St. Louis, Aug. 3-5; Philadelphia, Aug. 6-9; El Paso, Aug. 10-12; Cleveland, Aug. 19-21.

Denmark/Norway:
Philadelphia, July 5-7; Seattle, July 8-11.

Egypt:
Philadelphia, July 27-30; Detroit, Aug. 5-8.

Finland/Sweden:
Calumet, Mich., June 28-30; Seattle, July 8-11.

France:
New Orleans, July 6-8; Louisville, July 9-11; Philadelphia, July 12-15; Fall River, Mass., July 16-18.

Germany:
Indianapolis, Aug. 6-8; Phoenix, Aug. 9-12; Philadelphia, Aug. 13-15.

Ghana:
Milwaukee, June 29-July 1; Albany, Ga., July 2-4; Memphis, July 5-7; Oakland, July 8-11; E. St. Louis, Ill., July 12-14; Evansville, Ind., July 15-17.

Greece:
Galveston/Houston, Aug. 17-19; Grand Junction, Colo., Aug. 20-22; Baltimore, Aug. 27-29.

Haiti:
Minneapolis, July 16-19; Los Angeles, July 20-22; Philadelphia, July 23-25; E. St. Louis, Ill., July 26-28; Cleveland, July 29-31.

Hungary:
Philadelphia, Sept. 6-9.

India:
Philadelphia, Aug. 23-25; Marietta, Ohio, Aug. 26-29.

Ireland:
Ft. Dodge, Iowa, July 23-25; Philadelphia, July 26-29; Baltimore, July 30-Aug. 1.

Israel:
El Paso, June 22-24; Ft. Worth/Dallas, June 25-28; Los Angeles, June 29-July 1; Springfield, Mass., July 6-8; Philadelphia, July 9-11.

Jamaica:
Philadelphia, June 29-July 1; Oklahoma City, July 2-4; Phoenix, July 5-7; Dallas, July 8-11.

Japan:
Philadelphia, Aug. 17-19; Atlanta, Aug. 20-22; Seattle, Aug. 26-28.

Liberia:
Akron, July 27-29; Oklahoma City, July 30-Aug. 1; Philadelphia, Aug. 2-5; Baltimore, Aug. 6-8; E. St. Louis, Ill., Aug. 9-11; Dayton, Aug. 12-14.

Mexico:
Philadelphia, Aug. 10-12; St. Louis, Aug. 13-15; Hereford, Ariz., Aug. 16-19; El Paso, Aug. 20-22.

Nigeria:
Peoria, Ill., Aug. 10-12; Springfield, Mass., Aug. 13-15; Philadelphia, Aug. 19-22; East St. Louis, Ill., Aug. 23-25; Dallas, Aug. 26-29.

Pakistan:
Philadelphia, Aug. 3-5; Boston, Aug. 6-8; Cleveland, Aug. 12-14.

Poland:
Springfield, Mass., July 16-18; Philadelphia, July 19-22; Baltimore, July 23-25.

Portugal:
Philadelphia, July 16-18; Fall River, Mass., July 23-25.

Romania:
Philadelphia, June 22-25.

Senegal:
Philadelphia, Sept. 10-12; Oklahoma City, Sept. 13-15; E. St. Louis, Ill., Sept. 16-18.

Surinam:
Philadelphia, Aug. 24-26; Denver, Colo., Sept. 2-4.

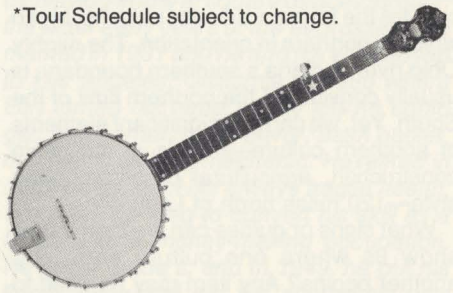
Switzerland:
Phoenix, Ariz., Sept. 3-6; Spartanburg, S.C.

Trinidad-Tobago:
Edwardsville, Ill., July 31-Aug. 2; Peoria, Ill., Aug. 6-8.

Yugoslavia:
Los Angeles, July 20-24; Philadelphia, July 31-Aug. 2.

Zaire:
Philadelphia, Aug. 28-31; E. St. Louis, Ill., Sept. 1-3.

*Tour Schedule subject to change.



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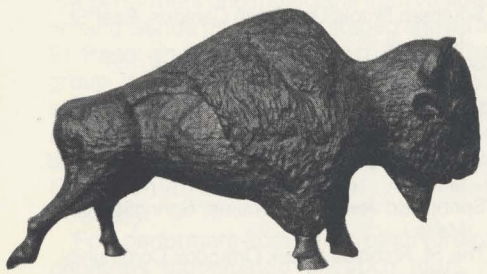
Urban League/Firestone, Akron, Oh.
West Los Angeles Community College, Culver City, Ca.
Yugoslav American Club, San Pedro, Ca.

Regional America

"Regional America" cuts across all the other sections of the Festival by looking at the assemblages of different peoples scattered across our land. In this area, therefore, you will see working people and children, ethnics and Blacks and Native Americans brought together to celebrate not so much their individual identities but the space in which they all live together, their home-place within the wide American land.

A region is a hard thing to create on the Mall; it is an abstract made up of a thousand concrete details: the lay of the land, the slant of the sunlight, the way a person says "Good morning," the particular records on the jukeboxes in the diner, the depth of the topsoil, the smell of Sunday dinner. So in Regional America we bring together the people who live in a particular place and ask them to demonstrate the arts and the skills that make it possible to live in that place and which most powerfully characterize it. It is the sense of home that we try to capture here.



This walnut buffalo was crafted by Bill Holmes of Cambridge, Idaho, who is a Regional America participant during Week 6 (The Great West, July 21-25). Photo by Suzi Jones, Area Coordinator, Regional America

Regional Traditions in American Folk Architecture

by John Michael Vlach

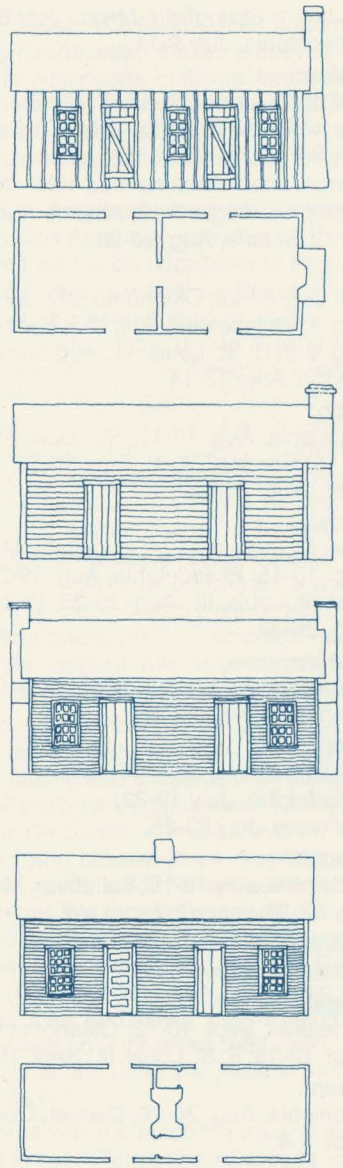
How can we measure the spatial limits of a tradition? When a group of people share a similar way of life, political or geographical dividing lines are of little consequence. A clear demonstration of this fact is found in Indiana. The southern third of the state is culturally part of the Upland South. The rest of Indiana follows a midwestern pattern except for the fringe area near Lake Michigan which is northern in orientation. The mighty Ohio river, Indiana's southern boundary, is usually considered the northern limit of the South. Yet, we can find significant elements of southern culture—modes of log cabin construction, agricultural practices, song style—120 miles north of Louisville.

What signs or guides can we then use to show us where one culture ends and another begins? Any item may be used to describe a region if it appears consistently throughout the entire area. The distribution of a folksong or a dialect term, for example, may very likely approximate the limits of a region. Architectural forms can also be used as an index of regionality and have the distinct advantage that houses and barns are not often carried outside of a region in the way that a song or word can be. Buildings are fixed on the land and can be easily mapped. Their distribution patterns are probably the clearest statement we will ever be able to produce of America's folk regions.

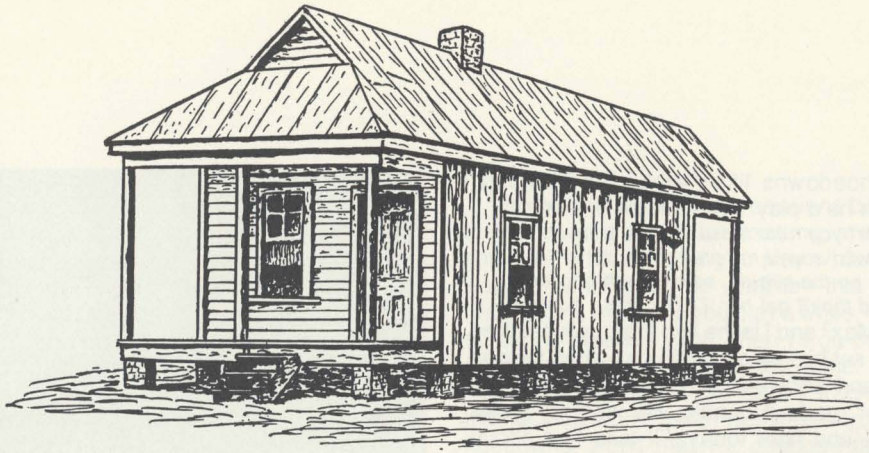
Three regions are revealed in the variations of one folk house type alone. Known to scholars as an *I-house,* this dwelling is, in plan, two-rooms wide, one-room deep, and two-stories high. It was introduced into the United States from England in the colonial period and hence has been known from Maine to Georgia since the 17th century. In New England the house is built with a massive central chimney. The Mid-Atlantic version has its fireplaces set flush with the gable walls, while southern I-houses have gable fire places set completely outside the walls. Southern examples also have large gallery-like front porches. This feature contrasts markedly with New England houses which often have no porches at all. When traveling from Boston to Savannah one needs only to watch for changes in chimney placement to know when he is entering a new cultural region. Other house types eventually became more popular than the I-houses in the coastal and Piedmont areas but by that time the I-house plan had been carried into the then Appalachian frontier. It remains today the most prominent material expression of Upland South culture.

Buildings based on images of Greek temples were initially the height of sophisticated architectural design shortly after American independence, but by the early 1800's the Greek Revival style was having an influence on all levels of architecture. Decorative details were draped over the outside of traditional building plans. Cape Cod houses, for example, were transformed by the addition of the cornice and eaves decoration into "classic cottages." In New England, upstate New York, northern Pennsylvania, and eventually the entire Great Lakes area, the attraction to classically-styled houses was so great that folk builders developed an imitation of high style *temple form houses.* The folk version typically has a story-and-a-half or two-story central element whose gable faces the front, which is flanked by two smaller wings to either side. A frequently encountered sub-type of the temple form house has a wing added only to one side. This particular variation is commonplace west of the Alleghenies. While Greek revival influences can be found in the folk architecture of every region in the United States, this style clearly had its strongest impact in the North.

John Michael Vlach, *a graduate of the University of California, received his masters and doctorate degrees from Indiana University His special interests are material culture and folksong and he has done extensive fieldwork in Africa, Haiti, and the Southern United States. Presently he is on the faculty at the University of Maryland.*



Double Pen House of the Lowland South—a legacy of the plantation system and sure sign of the Lowland South.



Shotgun House—drawn from Afro-American origins, brought to New Orleans at the beginning of the 19th century, it is a strong indicator of the regional impact of cultural migration.

It provided that region with a new "democratic" image for housing and the temple form house is still a clear index of northern folk culture.

The South possesses a number of house types: one- and two-story Georgian houses, I-houses, hall-and-parlor houses, "dog-trots." The most wide-spread building is also the one most commonly found in rural areas. It is a one-story, two-room house with two front doors. Known to scholars as a *double-pen house,* this dwelling type evolved from the *single-pen cabins* of the mountain and coastal settlements. This developmental link is underscored by the fact that during the slave era double-pen structures were used on plantations to house two families. This simple rectangular house often has a large front porch, a shed-roofed kitchen across the back, and other additional storage sheds attached to the rear of the building. Most double-pen houses are built of frame and today are commonly covered with a brownish yellow tar paper patterned with imitation bricks. These simple houses are one of the legacies of the plantation system and can serve the knowledgeable traveler as a cultural sign post that he has reached the Lowland South.

While most regions encompass rather large areas, the regional concept can also be applied to tightly confined zones such as the rivers of America's heartlands. The banks of the Mississippi, Ohio, and Missouri rivers are noteworthy for the presence of *shotgun houses*. Every town from New Orleans to St. Louis has an aggregation of these thin, narrow buildings. If we then turn east and move up the Ohio, we will find shotgun houses well beyond Cincinnati. In like manner we can also trace these house types along the Missouri as far as St. Joseph. The shotgun house was brought to New Orleans at the beginning of the 19th century from Haiti by free black refugees. River travel was at that time the primary mode of migration and hence the diffusion of cultural influences from Louisiana follow the meandering path of the Mississippi. While the shotgun is of major importance because of its Afro-American origins, it is also a prime indicator of the regional impact of cultural migration.

Since architecture is the totality of a built environment, it comprises many different kinds of structures and uses of space including bridges, fences, outbuildings, town plans, and even garden plots and fields. The variety in each of these categories could help us to delineate different cultural regions. The examples already given should be enough proof that it is important to observe carefully the ordinary architecture around us. Then as we cruise along some interstate highway, we might know where we are culturally, as well as when we'll reach the next Howard Johnson's.

Earl Collins: Hoedown Fiddler Takes the Lead

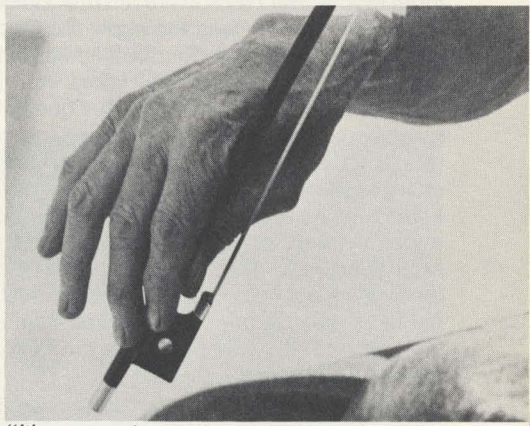
Barbara LaPan Rahm, editor

He was a man of his generation, of his time, and of his region, and his life story follows a classic pattern.

Earl Collins was born in Douglass County, Missouri in 1911. In 1917 his family moved to Oaklahoma, where they sharecropped and Earl augmented their income by playing fiddle at square dances through the bitter early years of the depression. He married in 1931 and he and his wife moved to Los Angeles, California in 1935 where Earl turned his hand to any job he could get: hod carrier, truck driver, trash hauler, machinist, welder, mechanic. He retired in 1969 because of his always fragile health. For years he tried to convert his skill as a fiddler into a money-making occupation. He never made it, and in 1949, he put his fiddle away and did not play again until 1965, when his sons persuaded him to take it up again. Earl's extraordinary technique and musicianship made him a star on the old time fiddler's circuit in California; almost every weekend until his death in 1975 he played at one or another local contest or jam session. In the following, Earl tells his story in his own words, which have been excerpted from a series of taped interviews conducted by Barbara LaPan Rahm.

My grandfather fiddled, and his father fiddled. There's been fiddling through the Collins's since . . . I don't know how far the generation goes back. In the summertime my father always went out on the front porch and sat in a chair. I've heard people tell him, "We heard you play fiddle last night, and we could tell just exactly what you was playing." And they lived two miles away. That's how far a fiddle would carry. Nice clear climate, you know.

Those springs in Missouri that come out of the hills are colder than the ice cubes you get out of that box. That water is so cold that you can't walk in it. Clean pure. You know, the water's so clear down there that it can be 25 feet deep, you can throw a nickel in and tell which is up, heads or tails. But it's mostly just hills and rocks. Just rolling hills. Just up one hill and down, up another and down. You know, Missouri is made out of rocks. I don't care what kind of rock you want, what size, you can find it. Rocks seemed to grow up out of the ground. We'd load them in the wagon and haul them off so that we could farm the land next year, and next year there's the rocks back up there again. If you could find five acres that you could put a little corn on or a little wheat or something, why, you were doing pretty good. They don't farm any more down there.



"It's a touch on the strings and smooth bowing that makes a fiddler."

When I was seven, like I said, we moved to Wynnewood, Oklahoma, stayed there a year and went to Shawnee. Shawnee's an awful poor country. If it wasn't for that Tinker Air Base up there, Shawnee would fold up the sidewalks and quit. See, they just farmed Oklahoma to death. Cotton and corn, cotton and corn, cotton and corn. The first thing you knew there was no fertile ground and you couldn't make cotton or corn either. I picked cotton, hon. I would

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Barbara LaPan Rahm *came from California to the Folklife Festival as Program Coordinator of Regional America. She has her M.A. in Anthropology from California State University at Northridge where she specialized in folklore studies.*

drag a sack 20 foot before I could find a boll of cotton; we'd be lucky if we got ¼ of a bale an acre. That was before Roosevelt—'32. You know how much I got? I got one day a month—$2.40. And that's all the money I could make outside of this old fiddle. I'd play a square dance—play six or eight hours—and make 50 cents. I'd give Dad every bit of it but a dime and I'd go get me a soda pop and a candy bar.

I started trying to play when I was about three or four. But I couldn't reach the fiddle, you know; my arm was too short. So Dad glued up this little old cigar box fiddle and made the little cut-outs, you know. And I played that for four or five years. I guess I was about seven when I got big enough to reach, make a true note. I was making them sharp all the time. And I had a good ear and I could tell I wasn't reaching high enough; my arm wasn't long enough. See, I was a two pound baby. Clark[1] was telling you the other day that you could turn a teacup over my head and put me in a shoebox. That's the truth. When I was five years old I only weighed 15 pounds.

Anyway, going back to this fiddle, I had a full sized bow, but I had this little bitty old fiddle. Then I started stealing my father's fiddle. He kept it under his bed. Boy, he'd spank my butt with a razor strop when he'd catch me playing his fiddle. (It didn't hurt but it popped, you know, it was double; it had the leather finish on one side and fiber on the other. They always rough it up on one side and strop it the other way.)

Mother always watched for him. She'd say, "I see Daddy coming, and you can put the fiddle up." So one day I looked up, and Dad's standing in the door. I was about seven. Oh, I was just fiddling the hell out of "Eighth of January" or something, I don't know what it was. Oh boy, sure going to get it now. He said, "You're playing pretty good; well, come on to dinner." So I was so scared and shaky I could hardly eat, but he started talking to me at the table, said, "You really like the fiddle, don't you?" I said, "Oh, I really love that fiddle." He said, "Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to give it to you if you won't fool it away." And he said, "Why I been spanking you with that razor strop is to *get* you to play. Usually if you try to make a kid play, he won't. Just like a hog, if he thinks you want him in the pen, he won't go in." And that' just the way he put it to me. And that's the way I started playing the fiddle.

I used to hold my Daddy's arm while he fiddled when I was two or three years old. I just kept it loose and tried not to bother him. Oh, he had some of the awfullest bowing you ever heard, he could do licks that no one else could. "Wrassle With A Wild Cat"—Miss Buchanan[2] couldn't even write it; he'd make so many notes that she couldn't get them in there and she'd write it just the best she could. He had quit playing for about 25 or 30 years till that WPA project came along and he needed the money. You know, they paid those fellas, they got a check regular; Roosevelt give them a check. They just played, dances or anything that come up. And Miss Buchanan taught them every day, this whole class of about 50 or 60 of them. Each of them, she'd tell them what it was going to be and she had her little motions, you know. And each one of them would turn to that page and she'd give—like Spade Cooley—one, two, three, and everybody'd start. And they'd all play the same thing. Over and over. She taught them to read music, see. My father was the lead of the whole bunch. I'll put him up at the top of the world. Not prejudiced because he was my father, but Clayton McMichen or Tanner or Eck Robertson, Georgia Slim—they couldn't none of them beat him. In fact, I think he had them all topped.

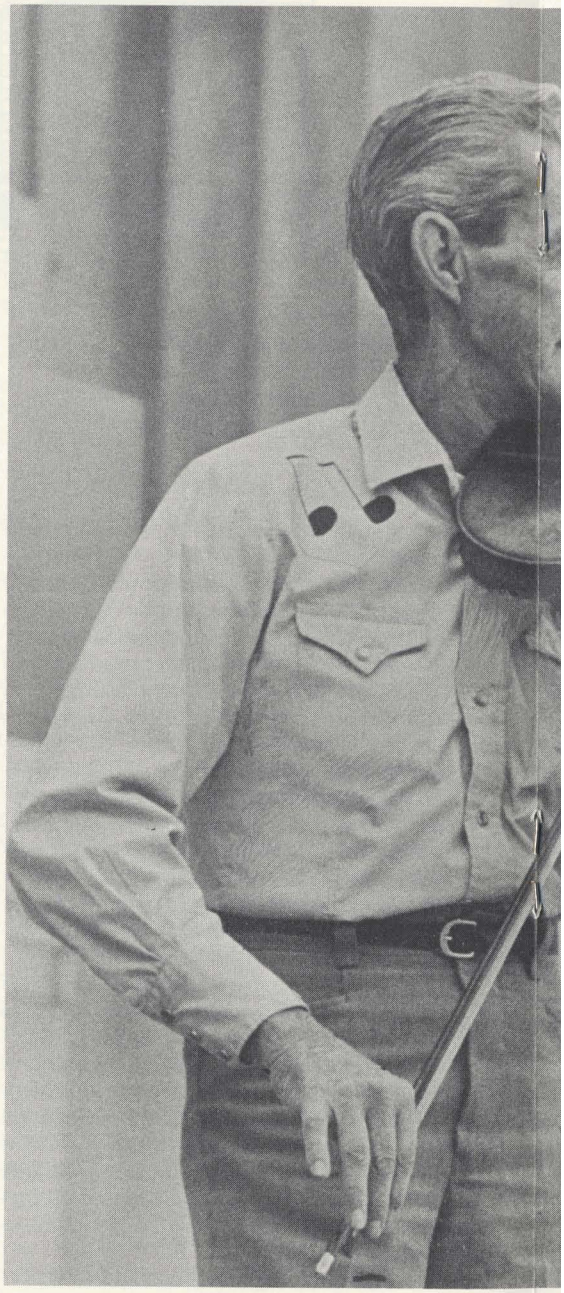
We could have had a family like the Carter Family. There was four girls and five boys, and every one of them musicians. The girls could have played anything they would have tried. They had guitars and sang. Dad used to sing quite a few of those old hoedowns like "Wolves A Howling" when he'd play. I remember one line:

Don't you hear those wolves a-howlin',
Howlin' round my pretty little darlin'
Six on the hillside, seven on the holler
And they'll get her, I'll bet you a dollar. . . .

But Max[3] and I is the two that really teamed up. I set him on an apple box when he was six and showed him "G" chord, and he never made a bobble. He was my guitar man, and right today, I'll take him above anybody.

I stopped fiddling in 1950. I tried everything in the world. I tried every little gimmick that come along. I've been beat out of so much and cheated. Like I played the first television show that ever come to L.A. in the western field—KFI. I played six weeks down there and never got one penny. Rehearsed three or four nights a week and then go down there and play thirty minutes. And a guy collected all the money and run off. And me and my brother, we was both working machine shop six days a week and playing two and three nights a week, sometimes four. We both just quit.

I give both my two boys fiddles—I've had fiddles, guitars, banjos, mandolins—and I wanted one of them, both of them actually, to make a hoedown fiddler, follow in my old Dad's tracks and in my tracks. But neither one of them was interested. Too busy. Running around doing something else, see. But in 1965 they come in to me one afternoon when I got home from work, said, "Dad, we're going to learn to play rhythm on the banjo and the guitar." I said, "Aw no, you don't." They said, "Yes, we do." So that's how it come that I take the fiddle back. I got the banjo and the guitar and the fiddle out, tuned them all up and then I'd play a tune. I'd show them the chords on the banjo and then show them the chords on the guitar. Then we'd pick up all three and we'd



The story of Earl Collins, is not only the story of a fiddler, but of a love that has been and continues to be expressed thru music.
Photo by John Melville Bishop

try.

You know, I love old jam sessions better than I do anything. Just setting around someone's house, and you play what you want to as long as you want to—this and that. I play a while and you play a while, then someone else will play. Then I'll go back, and I'll play some and you play some. . . .

Sheet music looks like puppy tracks to me. Scales won't mean nothing to you in hoedowns, won't mean a doggone thing. You just pick up the fiddle, get a tune in your mind, and you work on that tune and you play it. You've got it in your mind and you know just exactly how it goes. That's memory. But if you go to school and they teach you notes, you're not going to play hoedown, you're going to play violin. It's hard to get an old hoedown fiddler's tone. There's not too many around that has the old fiddler's tone to me. It's a touch on the strings and smooth bowing that makes a fiddler. It's the beauty that you get out of a fiddle. As long as you're in the chord, making your true notes, runnin' your smooth bow—you're playin' the *fiddle*. . . .

[1]Clark Collins, Earl's older brother

[2]Old lady Buchanan, Marion Buchanan Thede, Director, Music Project, WPA, Potowatamie County, Oklahoma.

[3]Max Collins, one of Earl's younger brothers.

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Journal of American Folklore—The oldest folklore journal in the United States was founded in 1888. Although originally devoted primarily to American folklore it is now much broader in scope and deals with folklore throughout the world. Nevertheless articles on regional American folklore often appear in its pages.

Southern Folklore Quarterly—When first published in 1937 this journal was primarily devoted to the folklore of the southern United States but it now deals with folklore internationally. Nevertheless it still contains a great deal of material on southern folklore.

Western Folklore—An international folklore journal based in California. Originally known as *California Folklore* it has on several occasions since the name change in 1945 devoted issues to the folklore of various western states.

Pennsylvania Folklife—Begun in 1949 as a weekly publication this is now a quarterly journal devoted to the folklore of the Pennsylvania Germans.

New York Folklore Quarterly—Founded in 1945 this journal has remained primarily devoted to the folklore of New York State although it does occasionally contain articles with a more international flavor.

Indiana Folklore—The most recent title for the now defunct *Midwest Folklore.* Although more concerned with the Hoosier State than its predecessor it also includes, from time to time, articles on the folklore of the states surrounding Indiana.

Publications of the Texas Folklore Society—Unlike other state organizations the Texas Folklore Society issues a yearly book rather than a journal. The first volume appeared in 1916.

The Library of Congress Archive of Folk Song has over the past few decades issued more than sixty LPs of American folk music. In addition to a listing of these recordings—which are available for purchase—lists of state and regional festivals, local folklore organizations, and folkmusic bibliography are also available FREE upon request. Anyone interested should write the following address: Music Division, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., 20540.

Walter Osborne of Prineville, Oregon, a Regional American participant during Week 7 (The Pacific Northwest, July 28-August 1) carved this logger with a chain saw. Photo by Suzi Jones, Area Coordinator, Regional America

Family Folklore

The Festival overall is designed to make Americans aware of the beauty and value of the traditions which form so large a part of our national culture. Within this large structure, the Family Folklore program complements the other Festival areas by helping visitors discover and recognize their own particular traditions, the home-based folkways that decorate life and make it meaningful.

In this area, a group of folklorists will interview any interested festival goers about the customs, sayings and stories in their own families. Here you can also examine samples of the many traditional ways in which Americans preserve and remember their past—family photo albums, baby books, scrapbooks, family history quilts, charm bracelets and others. We will show our film that treats home movies as an American folk art, along with another on the ways members of a family relate to each other through folklore. Finally, we will display here our book in progress, a history of America through family stories, to which we hope many Festival goers will contribute their own memories.

Caddy Buffers: Legends of a Middle Class Black Family in Philadelphia

by Kathryn Morgan

Whenever my mother was exasperated with me she would say I was "just like Caddy." I never let her know that as far as I was concerned this was a most desired compliment. For us, as Black American children, family legends centered around my great-grandmother affectionately known to us as "Caddy." Caddy legends have served as "buffers" for the children in our family for four generations. From time immemorial, slaves and members of seriously oppressed groups have used such buffers to overcome fear, anxiety and anger. Although there are many similar narratives in folk histories dealing with the ordeals of slavery, they did not belong to us, as did the legends of Caddy. The other narratives finally belonged to the world, but Caddy was ours.

Caddy was among the first generation of freed mulatto slaves who, when emancipated, were decidedly underprivileged people. The struggle for survival in the remnants of a slave economy was difficult for her as she was the offspring of a master-slave relationship, illiterate and unskilled. She also had two very young children to care for who had been conceived by former masters. One of the children, Adeline, died at a very early age, but Albert, my grandfather, worked along with Caddy in Lynchburg, Virginia, until he met and married Kate, my grandmother, also the product of a master-slave relationship. Both Kate and Albert were unskilled and could not read but they worked along with Caddy to help buy property and save money so to enable the third generation to go to school. One of their seven children was my mother Marjorie.

My mother is the major tradition bearer in our family. She told me the legends before I was old enough to go to school. I have kept them alive by telling them to my daughter Susan, who in turn has told several of them to her younger cousins.

This was our folklore and it was functional. It was the antidote used by our parents and our grandparents and our great-grandparents to help counteract the poison of self-hate stirred up by contradictions found in the home of the brave and the land of the free.

I cannot truthfully say that I remember the exact circumstances surrounding the first telling of the legends. I know they were often repeated. They were usually told in the kitchen while my mother was performing some other chore. She never sat to tell them and sometimes we would have to follow her from room to room to hear the end of a story. They were never told as a series. I was the most avid listener, as I was the only girl. It was my life's ambition to be like Caddy when I was a little girl, as Caddy did all the daring things I secretly wanted to do. Frankly, Caddy comes to my rescue even now when some obstacle seems insurmountable to me. I cannot remember the first time I was told about Caddy being sold on the block when she was eight years old, but all during my childhood I remember having a sense of well-being in the knowledge that nobody could sell me.

CADDY

Caddy was only eight years old when she was sold on the block. After that she was always being sold. She was sent from plantation to plantation but she would always run away. She grew to be a beautiful young girl and that made the white women hate her. The white men loved her and sometimes she was taken to live in the big houses. Big houses or not, Caddy didn't want to be a slave. She would run away. When she was caught, she was usually hung in the barn and whipped across the back with a cat-o-nine-tails. This didn't stop Caddy from running. She would run and she would be caught and she would be whipped. Do you think she'd cry when they whipped her with a cat-o-nine-tails? Not Caddy. It would take more than a cat-o-nine-tails to make Caddy cry.

Despite severe financial hardship brought about by the long illness of one of my brothers, my mother always managed to put "good shoes on our feet and good food in our stomachs," and tell us how Caddy made her money and bought property in spite of adverse conditions.

HOW CADDY MADE HER MONEY AND BOUGHT HER PROPERTY

Caddy couldn't read or write but she sure could count money. She was never one penny short. Albert and Kate couldn't read or write either but Caddy taught them how

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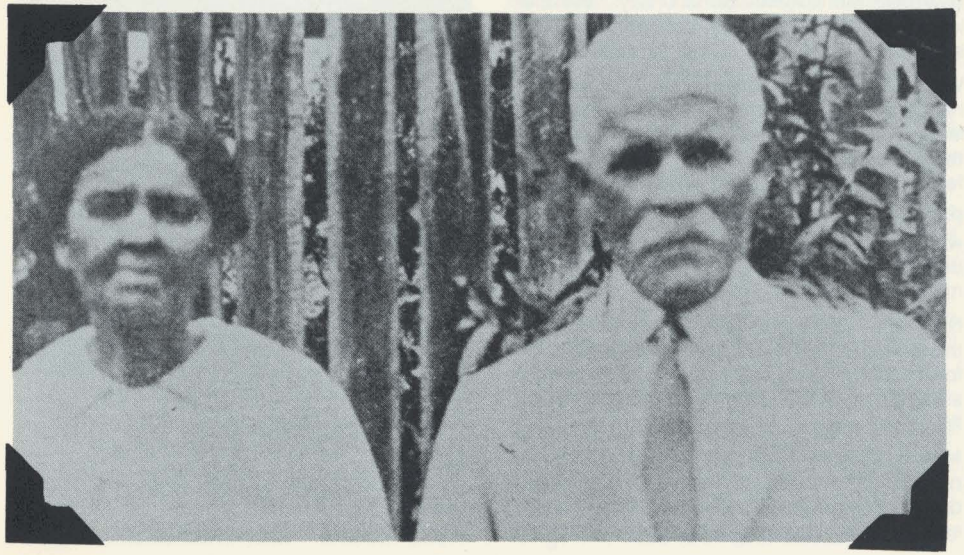


Kate and Albert: Kate—wife of Albert—born slave, daughter of slave and master. Tried to raise the children right.

to work hard and count money too. She said that there was only one way children could learn how to read and write. The grownups had to work hard and save the money. Caddy had all kinds of ways to make money. She was a midwife for the poor whites and the Negroes. She would go around to all the restaurants and good houses on the other side of the tracks, pick out the spotted fruit that had been thrown in the garbage. Then she would come home, cut the spots off and make preserves and pies and go back and sell them to the same folks who had thrown the fruit away!

The next legend stresses the need for respectability and character.

WHY CADDY GOT MR. GORDON OUT OF JAIL

Caddy got married to a Mr. Gordon. Getting married in those days wasn't like getting married today. Caddy never bothered to go to a preacher or anything. It was enough for two people to want to be married. Anyway, Caddy wanted a last name for her children and Mr. Gordon was willing to give them his. It's important for children to have an honest last name. Now Mr. Gordon was not a very good man, but he did have an honest last name and he let Caddy have it for the children. So Caddy put up with his laziness and didn't say too much. Finally, though, he left Caddy and got himself another wife. Caddy got married to a Mr. Rucker. Now Mr. Rucker was a good man, hard working and all but he died early. Caddy worked hard and saved her money. One day she heard that Mr. Gordon had gotten himself in some kind of trouble and was going to be sent to jail. Caddy went to the bank. She marched herself right up to the courthouse, marched right up the middle aisle. Stood before that judge. She reached down under her skirt and put the money on the table. She said, "Judge, I don't want no man with my children's name to go to jail so I'm here to bail him out." Now, everybody respected Caddy, even the judge, so he let Mr. Gordon go. Caddy was that kind of woman. Respectable. Caddy told Mr. Gordon that as long as he had *her* children's name she didnt want him laying around in jail. Then she gave him money and sent him home to his wife. Caddy was like that. Respected.

Caddy: Born slave—daughter of master and slave. Sold on the block when 8.

The last time Marjorie saw Caddy she was running for the trolley trying to make a train home. She was ninety-six and she said she "was a little bit tired." She wasn't sick a day in her life and she had a very easy death. Before she died she took time to tell Kate to get her in the ground quick. "Kate, don't let a lot of folks pray and speak in the 'unknown tongue' over me." Kate never talked much and she never cried, not even when Caddy died. But nobody questioned Kate. She just buried Caddy with no praying and that was that.

If we ask what is most distinctive in this small contribution to the study of folklore, we must first make clear that there cannot be anything absolutely unique in the experience of any race, any country or any individual. I am sure that Caddy had many counterparts throughout the land and, although I have attempted to relate the essence of the incidents as I remember them, I know that there is much implied wisdom learned and transmitted by the enslaved to their descendants which is missing. Further, to say that internal conflict, race hatred and contempt were destroyed by these accounts would be untrue. They served the purpose of diminishing feelings of racial inferiority imposed on us as children. Analysis of this family lore reveals that it is on the whole essentially impersonal, and it reflects emotion and experience which is deeper, wider and older than the emotion and wisdom of one individual. It is passionate without any loss of serenity and it is in the deepest sense—human.

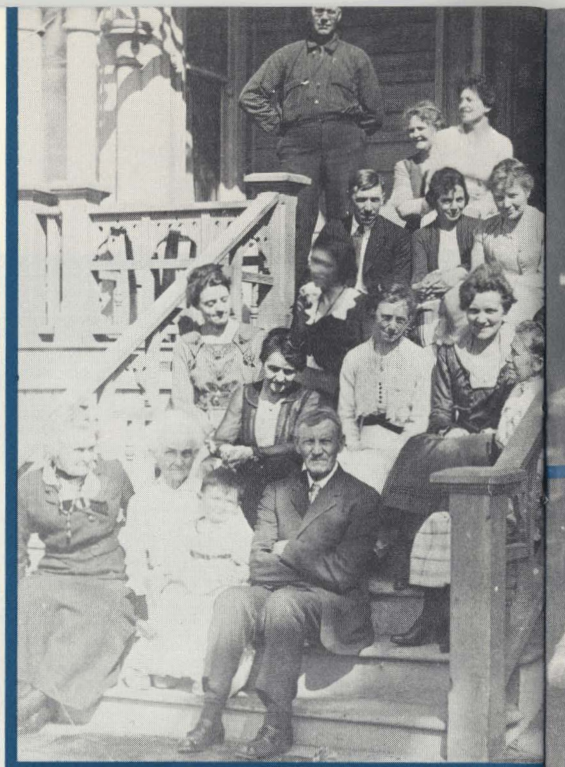
Reprinted from "New York Folklore Quarterly."

American Windows:
Home Photography as an American Tradition

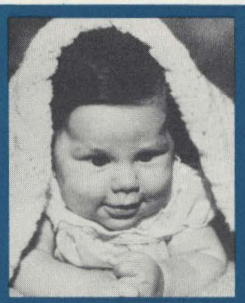
Imagine a family returning to a house in which they once lived. All the doors are locked and it is impossible to enter the house. They can only look through the windows. Imagine the house as that family's past, their photographs as windows into that past.

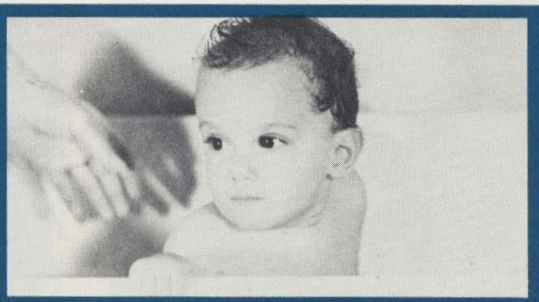
Photographs are windows into one another's lives but the curtains are opened only on occasion. For the intrigues of daily life, they are pulled tight. On special occasions, they are proudly drawn apart.

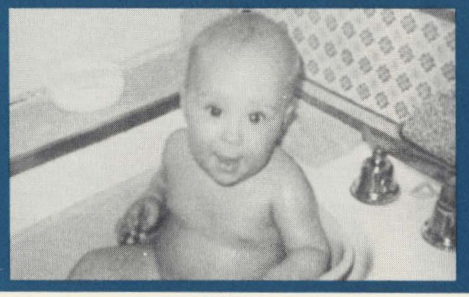
"Christmas', birthdays—you hate to see the camera come out! You know it's going to be a picture of the birthday cake, it's going to be a picture of the Christmas tree, it's going to be a picture of everyone gathered around behind the person . . . you know how it is! Standard family pictures. . . ."—*Carol Maas*

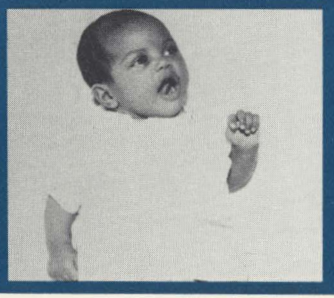


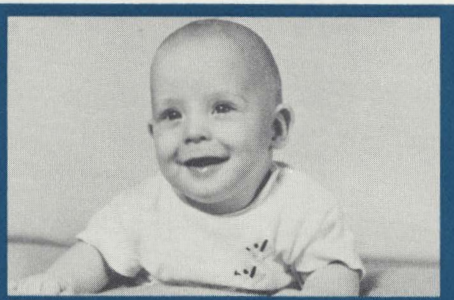
Since we open the 'curtains' only on selected occasions, family photographs are not a random sample of our past. Rather, they are selected glimpses of our past based on how we choose to preserve, remember and be remembered. Certain themes and poses recur in family photograph albums.











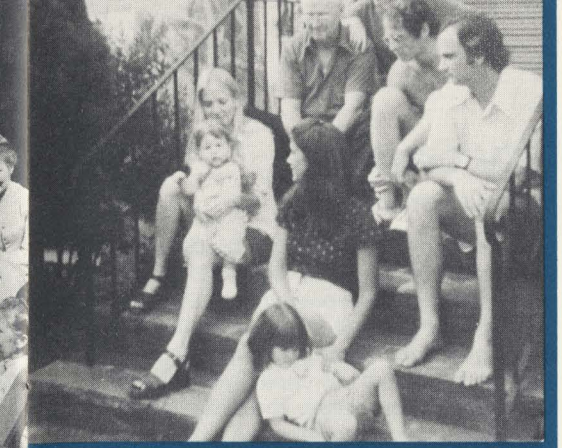
It is because photographs represent such a stylized reality that we have come to think of them as a form of folklore. Persons are photographed saying cheese far more often than eating it. For the most part, the smiling faces in these pictures represent a world as it looked for a single moment through a mother's or a father's eye.

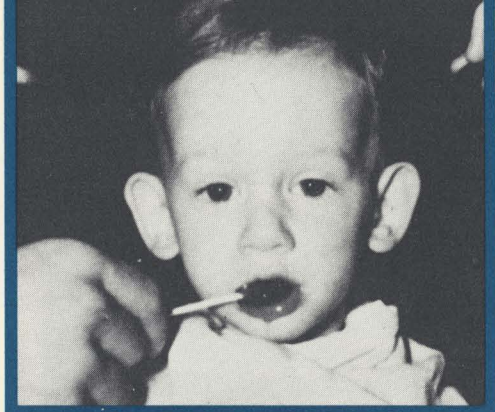
"I have the same photograph, only it's a different kid."—*Marce Pollan*

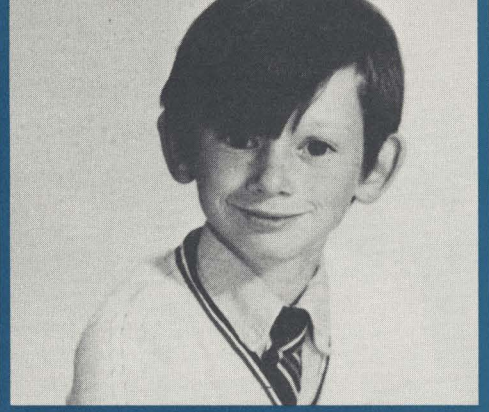
Photographs contributed by:

Joan and Frank Bernick
Carolyn Mitchell
Catherine Strasburg
LaDuska Adriance
Judith Ruttenberg
Katherine Brubeck
Dr. L. S. Yang
Mrs. Jefferson Patterson
Mr. and Mrs. Alan Slan
Susan Dawson
Patricia Beach
Philip Tankel

The Family Folklore Photos and Essay were prepared by the staff of Family Folklore.







Selecting photographs for a family album is one of the ways a family organizes its past. A particular unit of time is selected: a wedding day, a particular vacation, a child from birth through marriage, a bygone generation. A number of photographs—isolated instants—are selected to symbolize that time period. A common focus for the family album is the growth of a child.

Looking at photographs may become a personal or a family tradition. This ritual may evoke nostalgia, pride, humor, boredom or the bittersweet.

"I think that my favorite memories are of . . . looking through the family albums and seeing how we've changed through the years, how the house has changed. Since the time of my eldest brother's Bar Mitzvah, the entire house has changed. We had a portrait done of the five of us. My sister with her tiny little fingers. I remember she was sick as the dickens that day but she looked so pretty anyway. We all look the same, but different. . . . I look at the albums frequently. I'm a real sentimentalist, the most emotional one."—*Bruce Elman*

"Did you have any photo albums when you were a kid?"
"Yea, yea. I burned mine when I left home."—*William Rinhart*

Light streams through the window of the house where the family now lives, frames them in a photograph. Inevitably, time will evict them from the house and they will be forced to look through the windows to find their former selves. "When you take a picture of the present you take it into the future and you have something from the past." (John Clomax)

Children's Folklore

The Children's Area is a magnet. Sprinkle children through the Festival on a scorching day and they'll gravitate here and it will be hard to pull them away. In our shady place, the Hill and Sand area provides the three essential elements of earth, sand and water, to transform the landscape with castles and forts, quarries and caves, as dreams emerge from the blank sand canvas. In the dirt-floored Marble Ring, parents can teach their children, and children can bring their parents up to date on the ways of aggies, steelies, puries and cats eyes. The Game Ring has a tree club-house and materials for building on additions; games of all sorts are played here too—tug of war, jump rope, squirt gun fights, four square, hop scotch, football.

In the Crafts Tents in our area, the articles useful in play are constructed; we make doll houses and dolls, origami cootie catchers, soap box derby cars, wooden sailboats. The Folk Swap Tent is for the exchange of secret languages and riddles, counting out rhymes and ghost stories. Here, too, we make costumes and puppets for the Stage, where children from local schools and clubs share their performance traditions—clapping games, circuses, stunts and parades. Sometimes grownups teach the traditional games and play-parties that they remember so lovingly from their own childhoods. The best times that we have are those when the most Festival visitors join in, so come and play with us.

Jumprope Rhymes

If you stretched a jumprope from Maine to California—somebody said once—all the children along that rope would be jumping to these rhymes:

Down by the ocean
Down by the sea
Johnny broke a bottle and
Blamed it on me.

I told ma
Ma told pa
Johnny got a licking and
Ha ha ha.

How many lickings did he get?
1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 -

(near Maine)
Blue bells
Cockle shells
Eeevy ivy o-ver.

(near California)
Blue bells
Taco shells
Eevy ivy o-ver.

Mother, mother
I am ill
Send for the doctor
Over the hill.

In comes the doctor
In comes the nurse
In comes the lady with the alligator purse . . .

Measles, said the doctor
Mumps, said the nurse
Pneumonia said the lady with the alligator purse.

Out goes the doctor
Out goes the nurse
Out goes the lady with the alligator purse.

My mother'n your mother
Live across the way
Sixteen-nineteen
South Broadway
And every night they have a fight and
This is what they say
Akka bakka soda cracker
Akka bakka boo
Akka bakka soda cracker
Out goes you.

Not last night
But the night before
Twenty-four robbers came
Knocking at my door

I went out to
Let them in
They hit me on the head with a
Rolling pin.

How many hits did I get?
1 - 2 - 3 - 4 - 5 - 6 -

Fudge, fudge
Tell the judge
Mama's got a newborn
Baby.
Wrap in up in tissue paper
Throw it down the elevator
First floor—miss
Second floor—miss
Third floor
Kick it out the door
Mama's got no newborn
Baby.

City Games

by Fred Ferretti

The day of the empty lot, of the city block unencumbered by parked cars, of the stoop, is over. In the cities there is virtually no empty space and what there is of it is given over to asphalt-paved parking lots and to public parks with carefully delineated fields and playing areas. The automobiles, the delivery trucks, the buses and the taxis pack the streets. What had been empty space is now divided into lots each with its tract house and its lawn. Unbuilt-upon land has been turned into ball fields where organized teams play, into golf courses and tennis courts and fenced-in paddle ball and handball courts. Stoops have been reduced to one step up.

One might expect that with this constriction of open space games peculiar to the streets of such urban centers as New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago, games whose forms, rules and rhymes are part of America's urban tradition, would become constricted as well, would perhaps die of disuse. But this has not happened. City games, street games, children's games, dictated largely by the environment in which they were created live on, basically unchanged, though altered slightly by new geography and social alterations.

In cities there are no baseball fields and so baseball becomes stickball, with a sawed-off mop handle replacing the bat, with a high-bouncing pink rubber ball—which I called a "Spaldeen" as a youngster—replacing the baseball, with manhole covers becoming pitching mounds and home plates, and with sewers, auto bumpers and fire hydrants becoming

***Fred Ferretti** is the author of "The Great American Marble Book" and "The Great American Book of Sidewalk, Stoop, Dirt, Curb, and Alley Games" both published by Workman Publishing Co., New York.*

Photos are by Jerry Barvin, from "The Great American Book of Sidewalk, Stoop, Dirt, Curb, and Alley Games" by Fred Ferretti, published by Workman Publishing Company, New York.

bases. Or it becomes stoop ball, wherein the spaldeen is thrown against the point of one of the stoop's steps and each bounce is counted as one base for the "batter."

On city streets games such as Skelly, also called Skelsy, are contrived. This is sort of a billiards game, in which a bottle cap, filled with melted wax, is shot with the fingertip at a succession of boxes within a square court—from one to two to three, and so on, up to 13. Skelly courts were in my time drawn with chalk in the street, or for the more affluent, painted on the tar with white lead. Skelly is not a suburban game. Nor is Box Ball, which must be played within the confines of two or more concrete sidewalk squares, with players slapping the spaldeen on a bounce back and forth in a rudimentary form of tennis. Nor is street hockey, played on roller skates with a role of black electricians' tape used for a puck and with hockey sticks made out of wood handles nailed and taped to boomerang-shaped pieces of wood.

One needs a wall, preferably large and without windows—like the walls around the corner from corner candy stores—to play Russia, because the ball must travel some *27, 28, 29, 30 . . .*

distance up against the wall, then arch outward and downward sufficiently long enough to permit the player to execute the difficult hand and feet movements required before catching the rebound.

Some games are both city and urban and are unchanged by their location—Pottsy, also called Hopscotch, Jacks, Jump Rope, (particularly Double Dutch with its intricate rhymes,) baseball card flipping, Mumblety-Peg—others change in form as they move from city to country. Touch football, city style, has as its gridiron boundaries a pair of curbs and as its goals, telephone wires strung across the street. Basketball, city style, is usually played on concrete courts, often with steel waste baskets—their bottoms ripped out—as hoops, with makeshift backboards made up of discarded wood strips. Basketball in the suburbs is more often than not played on regulation-sized wooden courts. Handball in the city is played in many ways and on many courts and often does not exist away from urban areas, except in athletic clubs.

But only in the city can one find Johnny On A Pony, Ringelevio, or Kick the Can. And it seemed that the best horse *Chinese Handball—any wall will do.*

chestnuts, the ones that hardened the best and became the best "killers" for games of Buckeye came from city trees. Marbles in the city were largely gambling games using concrete curbs, cigar boxes, sidewalks and alleys, but away from the city marbles was likely to be Ringer or Old Bowler—Abraham Lincoln's favorite marbles game—because in the suburbs there is more dirt.

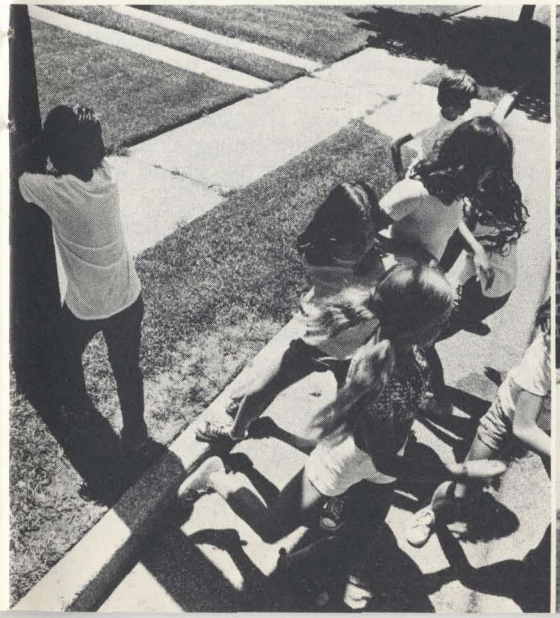
When I was growing up there was no such distinction as city or country. The basic unit of existence was the block. A block might exist in the city or the suburbs but it was one's personal world.

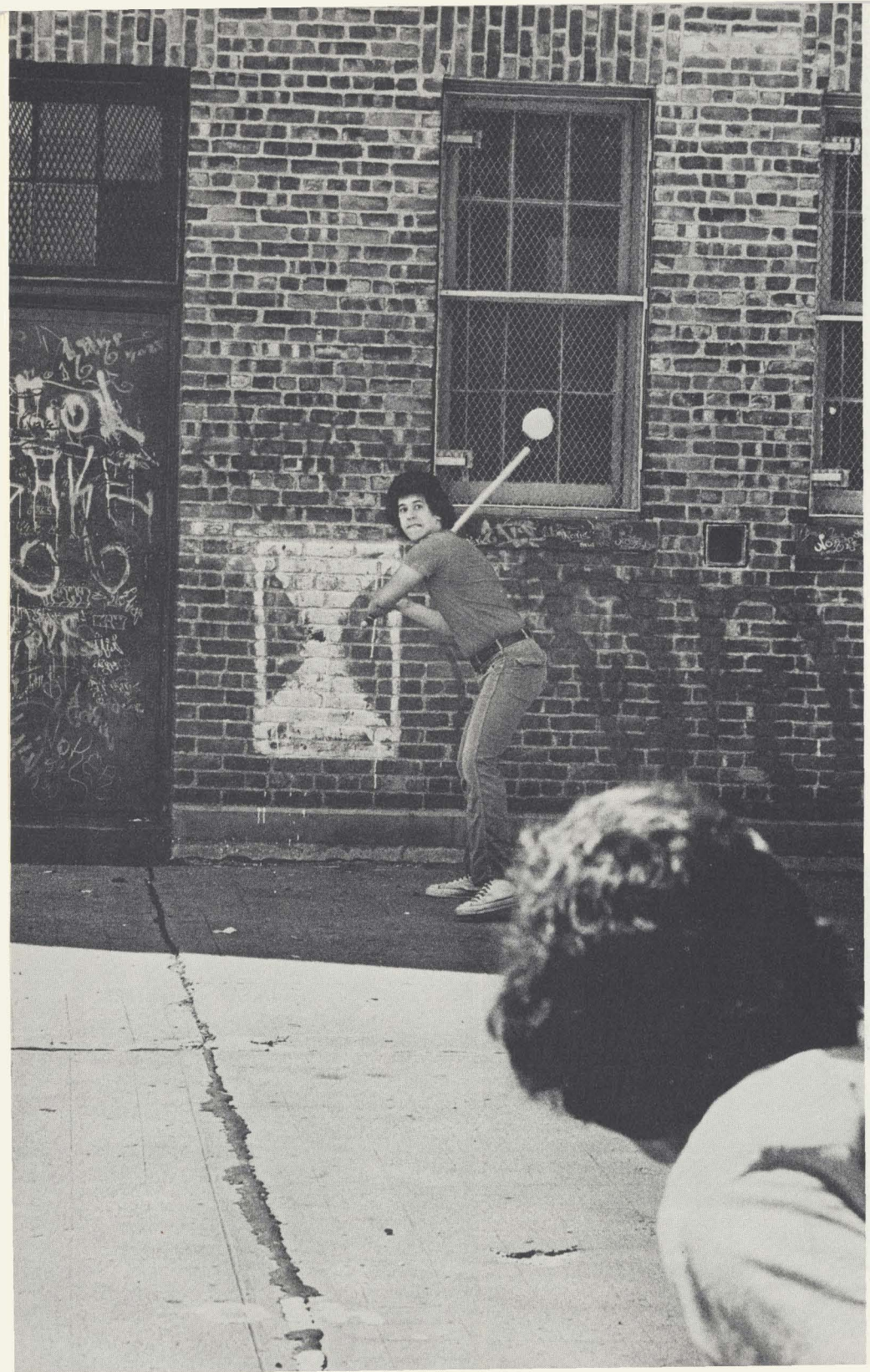
Except for school the boundaries of my youth and my activities were defined by one block in the city of New York. The middle of the block our touch football field because there were no trees to interfere with forward passes. At my end of the street was the basketball court and the stickball field with first base a telephone pole second a manhole cover and third a fire hydrant. Red Rover was played at the end of the block where thick trees allowed for no games that required throwing a ball, and Boy Scout knife-into-the-dirt games could be played anywhere because everybody's sidewalk

was separated from the street by those strips of packed-down dirt that was ideal for such things. It was marbles and stickball in Spring and punchball and handball and slap ball in Summer along with jacks and jumprope; football in the fall and Buckeyes and sleds in the winter.

There is a tendency to believe in our nostalgia that those games don't exist anymore. We are so taken with those overly explicit pastimes sold to us and our children on television that even as we buy them we rue the purchases and long for games that were played with imagination, with rules that changed at whim, with equipment that was makeshift. But they are around. Go into any neighborhood in any American City and you'll see girls jumping rope and playing jacks, boys flipping and swapping baseball cards, children chasing and tagging and hiding from each other, balls being hot with mop handles or with palms and fists, field goals being booted over telephone wires. Stoops still exist in cities and so do curbs and gutters and sidewalks. The kids haven't changed much either and they play now what I remember playing as a boy. The only changes have been in us.

Abe Lincoln's marble game.





Law and Order on the Playground

by Bess Lomax Hawes

Traditional children's pastimes rarely disappear completely; they simply change, adapting to varying circumstances. In southern California, for example, where the afternoons are far too hot for vigorous running, "Hide and Go Seek" is rarely played. Instead there is a "new" game, "Marco Polo" in which swimmers try to outwit and outrace a goal tender guarding a "base" at one end of a swimming pool.

Is this a new game or simply another variation on an age-old theme? Folklorists dealing with traditional children's lore continually confront just this kind of problem, because the double factors of stability and variation that characterize all folklore are stretched to the utmost.

On the one hand, the historical continuity of childlore is one of the most remarkable aspects of the human condition. Revolutions, wars, vast migrations of peoples often seem to have had little or no effect upon the private worlds of the children involved. Some of the counting-out rhymes still chanted on twentieth century playgrounds can be traced to Celtic languages spoken by Britons in pre-Roman times. Spanish-speaking children in the new world still play the singing games that their old-world cousins play, though an ocean and two-hundred year time span lie between. Marbles, kites, cats cradle and hopscotch go back before recorded history, and, as a child in Texas, I used to thump on my brother's back in a guessing game mentioned by Petronius.

On the other hand, variation is as obvious a characteristic of childlore as is stability.

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Schoolyard stickball.

One of the perplexing difficulties in dealing with children's lore is that out of a hundred renditions of the "same" counting out rhyme, for example, almost no two will be exactly identical. The continual co-existence of stability and variation in childlore is indeed so striking one begins to wonder whether they are not perhaps complementary rather than antithetical. Maybe, in other words, you have to have both.

In investigating this notion one summer, I decided to concentrate on watching the actual play of children engaged in those pastimes sometimes called "games of individual skill" such as jacks, ball bouncing and hopscotch. Such games have at least three points in common: they are played mostly by 7-12 year olds; they are generally learned informally; and they operate, like all games, within a framework of rules.

In actual play, however, in spite of the large number of stringent requirements of which agreement is general: (a player may not move any jack except the one in play); (all jacks must be picked up first one at a time, then two at a time and so forth); (a player who doesn't catch the ball after one bounce has "missed"), there are a large number of variables which are free-floating and considered open to discussion.

For example, there are fifteen or more sub-games of jacks—"babies," pigs in the pen; eggs in the basket; around the world; rolling down Broadway; shooting stars; and the like. Just which of these sub-games are played and in what order has varied with almost every game reported to me.

It is apparently negotiable each time a round of jacks is proposed. Even after the sequence has been agreed upon, a number of points of play remain open to a number of kinds of settlement; "kissies," "haystacks," "cart before the horse," etc. The point is that agreement on all these questions is only short-term; all such rules are in effect only for the duration of the particular play session about to begin. The traditional rules for playing jacks are constructed to include

a variation factor, which, through millions of rounds of play, has successfully resisted all the powerful forces of stabilization.

Observation of other traditional games indicates that many of them contain a similar ratio of stability and variation factors.

Even more significantly it appears that in games where the rules have been officially stabilized by adult intervention or decree children counter by inventing their own areas of variation.

In such adult-sponsored games as Chinese handball, four-square and tether ball, the "children's underground" circulates a vast number of variant rules, any of which may be tapped into effect by the magical formulae "I tap . . ." or "Dibs on. . . ."

Thus, in the life-style of American children, there appears to be a kind of fundamental need, or requirement for a bifurcated game structure: unchangeable rules combined with those aspects of a game which are subject to variation. It is through temporary consensus that the format for both is reached. Pre-play discussion about the "right" rules is sometimes prolonged and vociferous, and it may sometimes even use up the entire time available for play. Floating over our playgrounds are the shrill intense voices of a thousand decision-makers at work—testing, probing, rearranging, counter-posing, adjusting. No wonder the decibel rates of our schoolyards and playgrounds is so high.

For variation is frequently productive of uproar; there is no doubt of that. However, our children appear to have taken their cultural stance; they will cheerfully risk chaos any day in order to preserve a satisfactory degree of group or individual autonomy. On the playground, then, "law" and "order" (in the sense of "ordering") become alternative and complementary processes, twin channels through which the human control of the human destiny may flow. As we observe this more closely we stand to learn much,

Odds, evens, who goes first?

for clearly our children, as they play, are themselves grappling with issues of central importance to a democratic society—the interlock of order and flexibility, group consensus and individual freedom, stability and change.

Excerpted from a longer version appearing in Games in Education and Development, Loyda H. Shears and Eli M. Bower, eds., Charles C. Thomas, Springfield, Illinois, 1974.

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Working Americans

One of the first things we want to learn about a new acquaintance is how he or she makes a living. Although it seems so important to know whether a person is a cook or a construction worker, a secretary or a bus driver, most of us know very little about the special circumstances of any occupation but our own. The Working Americans section, then, explores and celebrates work-related traditions, looking at Americans not as people from a certain area of the country or from a particular culture, but in terms of how they make their livings and what they must know to do their jobs.

Each occupation has its own traditions and its own body of skills. In the Working Americans section, Festival-goers can meet and talk with members of many unions and organizations while they demonstrate the particular know-how that is essential to their varied tasks and while they share, in the workshop areas, the particular tales and jokes that grow out of the nature of the work they do.

Occupational Folklife: An Introduction

by Robert S. McCarl

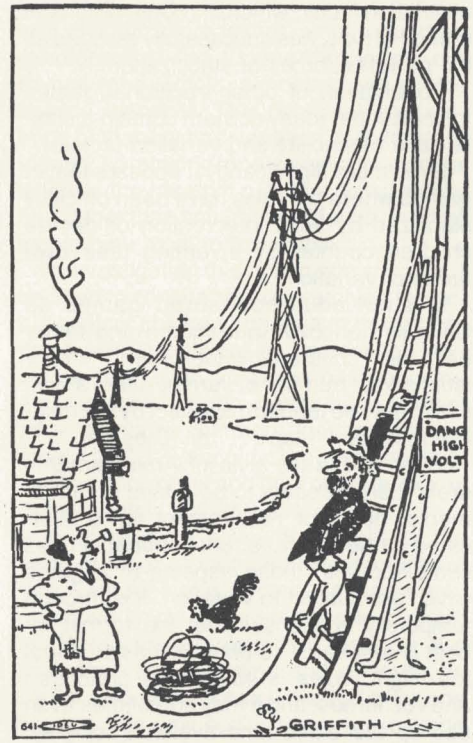
The influence of occupations upon the American character stretches from Melville's *Moby Dick* to Terkel's *Working,* from the development of the clipper ship to the skills involved in the construction of a modern skyscraper. And although we continue to be influenced by and identified through the work that we do, we know very little about the work done by others. By examining the broad categories of occupational "folklife" and the main ways in which it is expressed, it will be possible to gain a better understanding of its impact upon our lives.

Our occupations demand various kinds of skill and knowledge. Even though the basic techniques may be studied in the classroom or read from a textbook, the only realistic way to learn how to do a particular job is through experience. The separation of the work group from the rest of society, its internal cohesion, and the distinctions made between insiders and outsiders, in addition to the passage of work-related information from the experienced to the inexperienced workers defines an occupational "folk" group. The stories told within the work context can be referred to as the folk*lore* of the occupation and together with work skills, dress and the special language of the group, the entire complex comprises the workers' occupational folk*life*. This folklife cuts across regional and ethnic lines and it includes among other things beliefs and superstitions arising from the work place, many of which are told as legends with local details added to substantiate their believability. They include stories about dead construction workers or even entire trains rumored to be encased in concrete bridge supports, the ominous sounds of tommyknockers creaking out impending mine cave-ins, and hitchhikers stopping trucks and either vanishing, or disappearing and taking the driver and truck with them.

Perhaps the most common form of occupational folklore and that most seldom heard outside the work group is the accident or unusual incident story. First or third person accounts of ironworkers being knocked over the side by a swinging beam or of loggers "buying the farm" when a ton of loose bark suddenly crashes on top of an unwary tree-faller exemplify this form. These stories are often filled with too much jargon for the outsider to understand completely, but within the occupation they reinforce the unity of the group members and (particularly in dangerous or monotonous jobs) act as teaching devices to careless or unthinking workers.

Skill is another aspect of occupational folklife which is passed from one member to another and is closely related to experience. Accumulated years of experience are expressed eloquently in the confident setting up and machining of a "no tolerance" compound die part by an experienced tool and die maker and the delicate maneuvering of a twenty-five barge tow by a Mississippi tow boat captain. These subtle skills are evaluated by other workers through their narratives, jokes and gestures. Through these expressions the work group communicates to the individual its approval, disapproval, respect and ridicule for a work skill well or poorly performed. It is

The placement of a steel girder requires the skill, timing, and coordinated efforts of several workers. Photo by Syeus Mottel.



"Electrical Workers," May 1946

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this interaction between folklore and skill that is the basis of occupational folklife.

PLASTERETTES

When is it too cold for plastering?
When a plasterer has to put on three coats.

When is a plasterer like a bird dog?
When he is pointing.

"The Plasterer," Oct. 1927

In addition to the aspects of occupational folklife cited above, there are many other ways in which workers communicate work-related information. Jokes are an important part of any occupation and they may take the form of xeroxed cartoons depicting an office supervisor in a variety of unflattering poses, or anecdotes concerning the clumsiness of a particular worker. Pranks like welding a lunchbucket to a table or sewing the sleeves of a work shirt together; graffiti on the bathroom walls; particular kinds of dress like the grey flannel suit or the loggers' caulk boots; rituals like topping a skyscraper by placing a tree on the highest structural member and having a ground level party or initiating new pilots by ripping off their shirt-tails when they receive their licenses; and even customs like pouring champagne over the heads of the super bowl or world series winners or going without a bath during finals exam week in college. In the past, occupational songs and music could easily be added to this list, but the impact of popular music coupled with a decline in the communal work tasks and union solidarity that characterized the early trades has diminished the "pure" work music found in such occupations as seafaring, logging and mining. In its place popular country-western music that parallels the concerns and emotions of a wide variety of workers through mass media presentation is also adapted to fit into the repertoires of local bands, combos and single performers. This does not totally deny the importance of music in the work group, it merely makes it a more generalized form and one which is difficult to relate to any one occupational group without considerable research and study.

Although occupational folklife communicates the skills and stories which continue and revitalize the work group, it also expresses the concerns and negative feelings that many of us feel toward our work. These concerns are expressed as stories about impending job loss through automation, excessive noise, division of labor and assembly line monotony that precludes verbal communication and results in production games and intentional sabotage, or repressive office regimens that bind the office worker into a cycle of doing time that retains not even the slightest semblance of purposeful work. Also, folklore expressing positive and negative feelings toward organized labor and management reflect a collective concern about the worker's future in an increasingly automated world.

AT A MAIL'S PACE?

One of our patrons seems to be a little fed up with his postal service. To show his sentiments he put a note on his package which read: "I am sending you this by U.S. Snail."

—Michael Barket
St. Louis, Missouri

HI HO

PO Clerk: I'd like to arrange a loan—and fast.

Banker: Sorry, but the loan arranger is out to lunch.

Clerk: In that case, let me talk to Tonto.

"American Postal Worker"
Feb. 1974

A few basic aspects of occupational folklife have been discussed in this brief introduction. Most, if not all, of this information is not surprising or new because we all maintain differing yet parallel forms of work-related knowledge. It is important, however, that all segments of the population (not just a small cadre of specialists) take part in the collection, presentation and study of this material. If we all become more sensitive to the influence of our work upon our lives, then in addition to the need for job quantity we can seek the equally important requirement of job quality. Peter Kropotkin in 1899 stated that

> *. . . precisely in proportion as the work required from the individual in modern production becomes simpler and easier to be learned, and, therefore, also more monotonous and wearisome—the requirements of the individual for varying his work, for exercising all his capacities, become more and more prominent.*
>
> (P. Kropotkin
> *Fields, Factories and Workshops Tomorrow.* ed. Colin Ward,
> Harper & Row, 1974, p. 25.)

By recognizing the role of occupational folklife in this process we can preserve the richness, humor and rewards of our work experiences and perhaps improve our occupational futures.

The following books will provide the interested reader with a general background in occupational folklife.

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The Folk Heroes of Occupational Groups

by Jack Santino

"All them lies we tell is the truth!"
—a worker participant
at the 1975 Festival of American Folklife

The 'lies' this man was referring to are the stories, jokes, and tall tales that he and other workers were swapping at the 1975 Festival of American Folklife narrative center. The 'truth' he was referring to is the values, conditions, and concerns that are expressed in these stories. Inevitably, the stories centered around a central figure, a hero figure, who himself was a symbol of the values and concerns of the worker.

Although most people think immediately of Paul Bunyan as the great American folk hero of the working man, the fact is that Paul enjoyed very little, if any, status as a hero among lumberjacks. His story was not told among them, it was created by a logging company in Minnesota and lived on the printed page. As a result, Paul, and his lesser known analogues created for other occupations, served as great popular symbols of American economic expansion, but do not accurately reflect the life of the worker. The true folk heroes of occupational culture are to be found in the folk songs workers sing and in the stories they tell. Two distinct hero types emerge; the ballad hero who is usually tragic, and the hero of tales, who is triumphant.

A ballad is a song that tells a story, often about a legendary hero or event. One striking fact about many worker-hero ballads is that they document the destruction of the hero by the occupational hazards of the particular job. John Henry, the legendary steel-driver, suffered a heart attack and died, after out-performing a drilling machine

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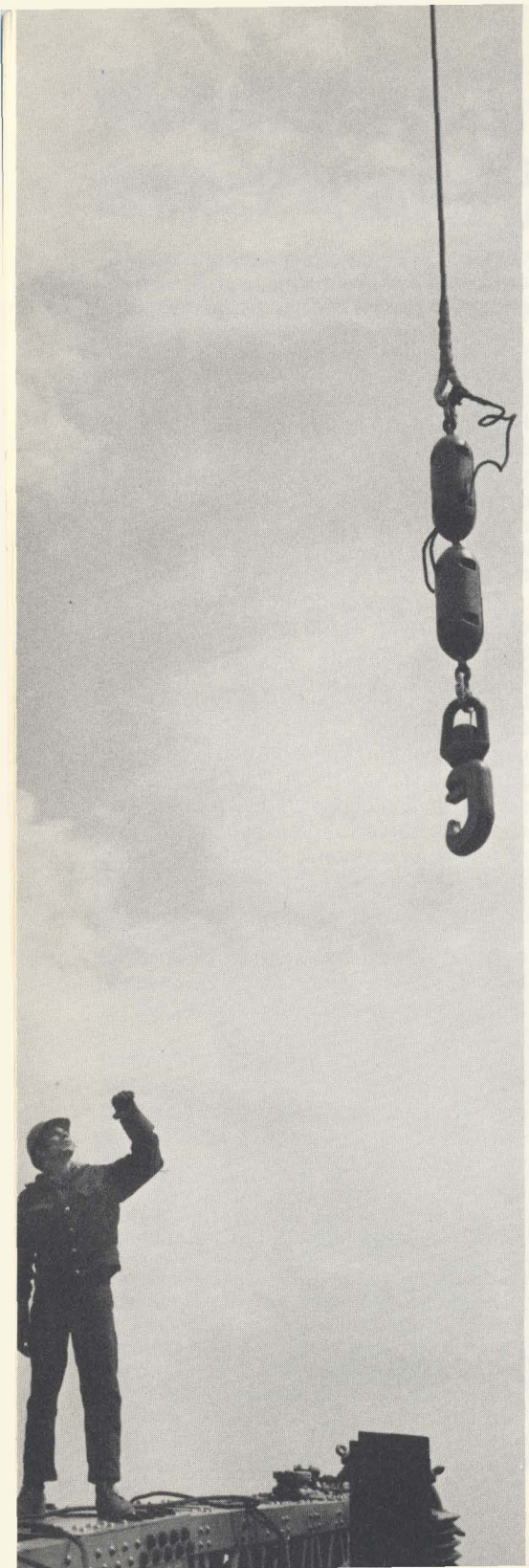

with his ten pound hammer. Casey Jones, the brave engineer, died at the throttle in a train wreck. Among lumberjacks, disaster ballads are legion. The famous "Jam on Gerry's Rocks" tells the story of the successful breaking up of a log jam on a Sunday at the cost of the lives of "six brave youths, and their foreman, young Monroe."

Consider these significant verses from the lumbering ballad "Johnny Stiles":

On the river there never was better
As I said, my young friend, Johnny Stiles
He had drove her far oftener than any
But he always seemed careless and wild

Bad luck seemed against him this morning
For his foot it got caught in the jam
And you know how those waters go howling
In a flood from the reservoir dam

"Careless and wild" . . . the tragic hero usually breaks some taboo, either by being careless and wild, like Johnny Stiles, or by going out on Sunday, as did Young Monroe, or by working double shifts, as did Casey Jones, or by simply trying to do too much, like John Henry. These men, although heroes, outstep their bounds, and ultimately lose control over the situation and are destroyed by it.

The ballad heroes are traditional heroes of occupational culture and reflect workers' legitimate concerns. What do they tell us? To think. To use common sense, to avoid unnecessary risks. The ballad heroes are admired as brave men, victims of the dangers of the job, perhaps even as martyrs to some extent. But it is recognized in the songs that the worker put himself in a dangerous position by being wild and reckless, or by flouting a taboo, or by simply trying to do more than a reasonable man should.

It is in the spoken narratives that the workers swap with each other, and which may represent a more personal and direct expression of their concerns and values, that the worker-hero is clever, a thinker. If the popular mass media heroes are represented as supermen whose physical abilities are highly exaggerated and whose mental abilities are secondary and often minimal; and if in the ballads the heroes display a final inability to control their circumstances because of their own overzealousness and thus contribute to their own downfall; then in the workers' spoken narratives the heroes are clever tricksters who, although unsavory and even wild, are not careless. They do not lose control, but ultimately they prove their control over the situation by means of their wit. Their ability is mental ability *along with* the physical prowess and know-how of their cousins in song and popular publications, who lack this crucial quality.

Photo by Syeus Mottel.

George Knox, for instance, is a legendary lumberjack from the Maine woods who made good his boasts of clearing great tracts of forest overnight, and of lifting heavy boulders. He had, in fact, made a pact with the devil and was receiving supernatural aid. Thus, he managed to accomplish these tasks without doing any physical labor.

Knox, by procuring supernatural help, is an extreme. A more typical story is the one of the trainman named Hoover who was having a lot of trouble with the job, with being on time. He was called before the trainmaster, who told him, "Mr. Hoover, I don't know what I'm going to do with you. You're costing us a lot of money. I mean, put yourself in my place." So he changed seats with the trainmaster, and Mr. Hoover, who is always in trouble, looked over to the trainmaster and said, "Mr Hoover, I'm going to give you one more chance!"

The trickster heroes of the spoken narratives are on top of every situation. They are workers who are tough, able, and physically strong, and who are mentally alert, active, and capable.

Roy Reed, a conductor with the United Transportation Union, told this one on himself at the 1975 Festival of American Folklife:

"Right before Christmas we had this girl porter. We're going down the road, must've been about Hancock and this girl porter comes back. I was with Pete Ervin on the #8. She said something to him, I went out and, when I came back in, Pete's gone. So I go sauntering in through the cars, when I get up to the club car that girl porter says to me you'd better get up there, fella's gonna beat Pete up. So I go on up to the car.

At that time, around Christmas time, I always carry a pocket full of lollypops to give the *kids*, you know. They get a *big* charge out of that. So I go up to this car and there's this big fella standing up and, man, he's just cussing *everybody.* Somebody's stole his ticket. And he said, god damn he said, I'm from West Virginia and he doubled his arm up and he said I'm tough, he said, I'll whip anybody on this damn train. I take my coat off, fold it up nice, you know, double *my* fist up. I said I'm from West Virginia too, but I guess I'm as tough as *you* are. I said now sit down, I don't want to hear no more out of you." Now Pete he done sent the message off for the law to pick him up, when the law pick him up, I had him suckin' a lollypop.

"Sucking a lollypop!"

Physical power is not enough in dealing with the totality of occupational culture. The hero of workers' tales seems to combine a number of attributes and presents a picture of the idealized worker as both a thinker and doer.

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Transportation

The Folklife of Transportation Workers Project celebrates the lore, lifestyles, and occupational skills of the American workers who operate, maintain and regulate the nation's transport system. The airline pilot's complex take-off procedure, the flight attendant's responsibility for safety in the cabin, the railroader's ability to calculate and make complicated box-car switches are to be found here; as well as bus and taxi drivers' tales of ways to handle over-demanding passengers, truck driving songs, and seafarers' yarns. Transportation workers keep the nation's economic lifeblood moving. They also harbor a rich lore, replete with heroes, tall tales, and songs.

Railroad Men Tell Stories Together

by Luis S. Kemnitzer

Ask any railroad man to tell you a story, and in most cases he will say that he doesn't know any. "I just can't remember those old stories. I forget them as soon as I hear them." Or, "Oh yes, I've been working for one railroad or another for twenty years, but nothing exciting or interesting ever happened to me." Then, just as you might be leaving him, he says, "Well, there *was* the time I rode a reefer (refrigerator car) down the side of a mountain after it had jumped the track, but it wasn't much."

If rails (veteran railroad men) "don't know" any stories, then how do railroad stories get told? When do they become full-fledged stories? It seems to me that most rails don't look at their reminiscences as "stories" that can stand alone, but as contributions to bull sessions, which are remembered when something reminds the teller of a personal experience or a story he heard.

Bull sessions take place on and off the job. They are part of the way railroad workers build and maintain an occupational fellowship that eases closely coordinated team work, team work that is essential to getting a job done safely and efficiently. One retired switchman told of being visited by a fellow worker: "By the time we went to bed there were box cars stacked up all over the room." They had told railroad stories all evening.

We can call such sessions communal oral "anthologies" just as a collection of tales in print is called an anthology. They happen only at the right time and place, and their topics vary even as the session itself goes on. A collector looking for one of these oral anthologies may have to wait for weeks before one starts.

A rail may contribute to bull sessions for years without thinking about the fact that he is participating in a communal creative process. To him, there is a storehouse of stories in his memory, and he remembers and tells them as they become appropriate. He may also tell the same story in different sessions under different topics.

There is a rough division of railroad stories into True Stories (which actually happened to me), Might-be-True Stories (which a fellow told me, but I couldn't be sure it happened this way), and Lies (tall tales told with a straight face that start out sounding real but quickly become fantastic). Some Might-be-True Stories and many Lies are part of an oral tradition that passes from one railroad to another. Even True Stories can become part of communal tradition.

Nobody actually announces the topics of an anthology which may shift as one story reminds somebody of another that changes the subject slightly. But a folklorist could probably answer a rail's question "What did you talk about at beans tonight?" with a phrase that could serve as a topic name, such as Crossing Accidents, or Narrow Escapes, or Faulty Equipment, or Complex Switching Moves, or Famous Characters, or Good and Bad Officials, or How Railroading is Going to Hell.

The stories that follow are part of such an anthology and illustrate some of the categories listed above. I collected these stories and have edited them here to fit the confines of space. The topic of this particular anthology begins as Tying Up Crossings. The teller fits a relevant story to the topic at hand by means of his introduction. This is a True Story.

"We sure had the crossings[1] tied up one day at Schellville. You remember those

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Seamen on the St. Lawrence Seaway leave painted greetings to the crews of other ships that pass through the locks. Photo by Jan Faul.

close-coupled Mikes[2] where the cab[3] door was so tight[4] that you couldn't look over the train when it was going around a curve? Well, we had one of those one day on the Schellville Turn, and we were putting our train together[5] after beans to go home.[6] The main line leaves the yard at the bull switch[7] just east of the highway, and then curves around one leg of the wye[8] and crosses the highway again, and we doubled one track to another,[9] which gave us a hundred and twenty-five cars, and put us blocking both crossings and trapping some cars in between. Then we had to make our air test,[10] and that held us some more. It was Sunday morning, and we had been working all night, and everybody in Sonoma County was going from one end to the other, and they were all stopped at this crossing.

The engineer liked to play with his whistle, and when he got the highball[11] from the rear end, he really laid on that whistle cord, and played a tune. Just as he finished whistling off we heard a big whoosh and the fireman yelled, "Hey, we just dropped a plug!"[12] There we were: no water, both crossings blocked, and cars trapped in three places, and a hundred and twenty-five cars. Luckily the Northwestern Pacific crew was around and able to get around us to cut the crossing.[13] That was one more time we died on the law[14] at Schellville. I don't know how the hoghead[15] let the water get that low, or whether the boiler was faulty, but it sure gave us all a scare."

The lore of the train has captured the imagination of Americans young and old for 100 years and will be a featured part of the Transportation Exhibit on the Mall this summer.

The next man picks up one thread of the previous story, and changes the topic to Narrow Escapes. When Dick Murdock told it, it was a True Story, but I can only tell it as a Might-be-True Story, since it didn't actually happen to me:

Dick Murdock tells about the time he was working on the Shasta Division, in Dunsmuir Yard, where it's all down hill. One day when he was hostling,[16] the roundhouse foreman tried to couple into a flat car with a crane on it, with a high-wheeled Pacific engine, but when he hit it the pin didn't fall,[17] and the car started to roll away. He took another hit at it and the same thing happened again, and the car started rolling a little faster. About that time he whistled and called Dick and his helper, and the helper ran and got on the pilot[18] of the engine and Dick got in the cab,[19] the helper gave him a come ahead sign and they took off after the flat car, that was now rolling about five or six miles per hour.

There was a herder's shanty[20] down below there, and he saw the car coming and lined the derail[21]—if he had left it alone the car would have jumped the track and stopped, but he didn't—so with the car on the loose they kept after it. They tried to couple again and failed, but they bumped it and made it go a little faster, and it was all down hill all the way through the yard. The crews down at the yard knew they were coming and had them all lined through the yard, and all the way they kept trying to couple into the car and made it go faster, up to about 30 miles an hour, which is darn fast for yard tracks.

They finally made the joint and flattened all the wheels on that engine as they stopped,[22] and finally wound up pretty close to the derail. It was about a mile and a half from the roundhouse to the last derail at the west end of the yard, that's kept open so anything that gets away goes in the river instead of out on the main line to cause a real catastrophe.

The original telling was embellished much more to recreate the suspense of the actual happening, and included the names of the helper and the roundhouse foreman. The next story could be inspired by the topic of the Narrow Escapes, or, as Ray Levett told it, just out of sheer devilment:

You remember old Henninger, said he was an experienced engineer, turned out he was a correspondence school engineer off the Central of Georgia? He said he was in a wreck back there where the engine derailed and rolled over three times, said, "The only reason I didn't get fired was I whistled out the flag[23] when she rolled over the third time."

No need to tell anyone this is a Lie.

With proper embellishments and explanations of detail, some of the stories are meaningful and interesting for outsiders. But most pieces of anthologies have meaning only for the teller and his fellow workers within the context of bull sessions. The stories not only strengthen the bonds of occupational fellowship, they are also teaching aids to inexperienced workers, if they listen. In these sessions, a young rail learns what is valued by his fellow workers: how to act properly around other rails, how to handle emergencies, and how to make complicated switching moves. In addition, the young rail ("student" he is sometimes called) acquires the lore that is part of his identification with the job and its culture; all of this, that is, if he pays attention to what he hears. Even when the old heads are studiously ignoring the younger workers, these stories are meant for them.

1. Railroad crossings, where an automobile road crosses the tracks.
2. Short for Mikados, a type of steam engine.
3. Cab of the locomotive, where the engineer sits.
4. Mikados were coupled to their coal tender cars very.
5. Coupling together strings of boxcars which have been classified in a freight yard according to their destination.
6. After a meal—lunch in this case—to return to the base terminal.
7. The switch between the classification yard and the main track.
8. A track configuration that resembles a Y with its two upper arms connected by a horizontal line (Y)
9. Put two full trainloads of cars together to make one double-length train.
10. Test the air pressure in the breaking system from the locomotive to the caboose.
11. Signal to proceed.
12. The plug is a safety valve in a steam boiler; if the boiler overheats because of lack of water, the soft metal plug will pop out because of the pressure.
13. The other crew was able to reach the end of the stalled train by way of another track and to use their locomotive to uncouple the cars that blocked the crossings.
14. Ran out of permitted working time according to the Federal Hours of Service Act.
15. Engineer.
16. Moving engine in and around the roundhouse where they are repaired and serviced.
17. The coupling of the cars didn't happen.
18. Platform on the front end of an engine.
19. The place where the engineer normally sits.
20. A herder works in a yard where switches must be manually thrown. He controls the movements of cars and engines according to the orders of the yardmaster. His shanty is his shelter from the weather when not operating a switch.
21. A moveable device put on the track at places of potential collision to derail cars that might otherwise collide.
22. The locomotive's brakes had locked the wheels and it slid to a halt.
23. Gave the signal for the flagman to leave the caboose and guard the rear end of a disabled train from subsequent collisions.

Flat Switching

Photos by David Plowden

The romantic picture of railroading sees a lonely freight rolling through a starlit western prairie or snow-shrouded mountain pass. Train crews do perform the necessary tasks to keep the trains moving through these picturesque surroundings, but much of railroad work also happens in the more functional setting of a freight classification yard.

Work in a classification yard consists of receiving train-lengths of freight cars, classifying them according to their destinations, making up trains from strings of classified cars, and sending the newly made-up trains to their destinations. The most modern kind of classification yard employs computers to sort out the freight cars, a "hump" over which cars are pushed to start them rolling, computer controlled retarders to slow the movement of the cars, and electronically operated switching circuits to channel the rolling car to the appropriate branch of track.

The kind of yard pictured here is a less automated one that requires the closely coordinated teamwork of railroad men sorting, uncoupling, switching and re-coupling, all by hand. When a train pulls in to this kind of yard, a yard clerk, accompanied here by a brakeman, checks over the list of cars that describes the train, making sure that the list matches the actual incoming cars.

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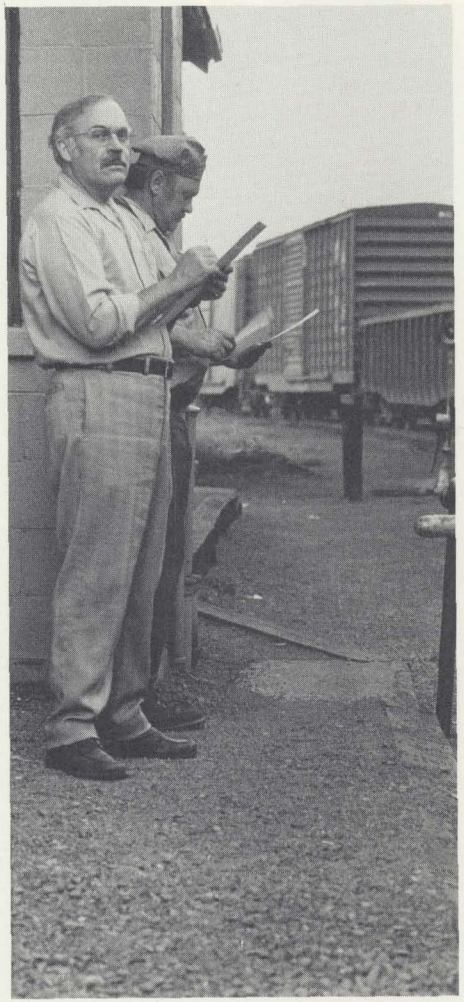
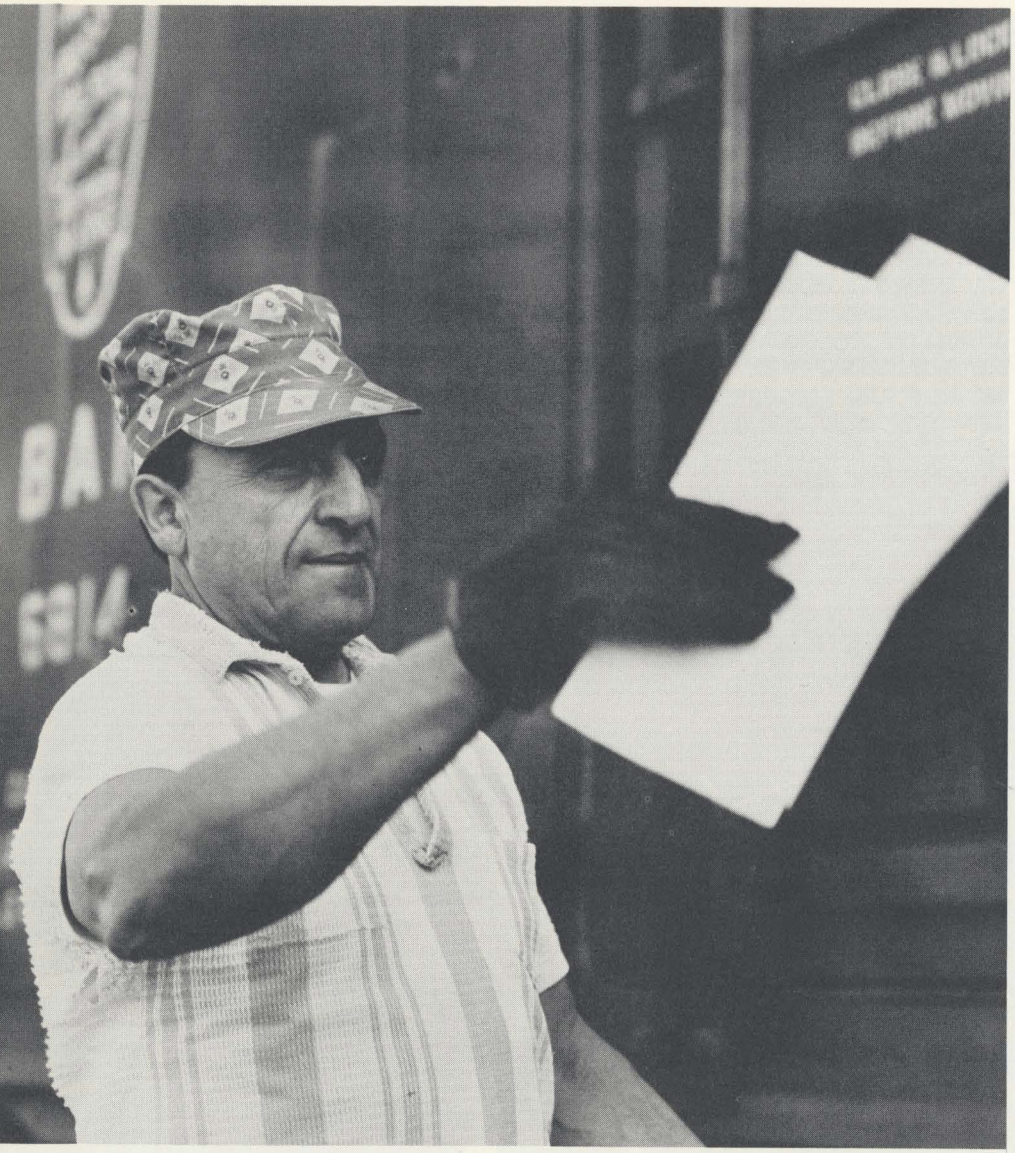


Incoming train checked by yard clerk and brakeman

Cars are separated and classified according to their listed destination. This is accomplished in a "flat switching yard" by means of a "ladder track," a series of branches off one main connecting track. Each branch contains those cars headed for a single destination.

Ladder track in a freight classification yard



Yardman with switching list

The process of placing these cars in their proper tracks requires that the brakeman, checking his switch list, signal the engineer to come ahead, slow down, stop or reverse. This allows switches to be thrown in front of freight cars and regulates the tension along the line of cars so that they can be uncoupled.

Pulling the pin

Uncoupling the cars (called "pulling the pin" after an obsolete form of coupling device) is accomplished by pulling the "cutting lever" before the engineer slows down to let the momentum of the separated car carry it over the switch and into the desired branch track.

Bringing together two cuts of cars to make up a train

Lengths of already-classified cars (called "cuts") are then joined together to make up an outgoing train headed straight for local freight sidings, or first to a distant yard to be reclassified there as local freight.

Flat switching requires skills of handling massive railroad machinery, ability to judge distances of track and movements of ponderous freight cars, and communication and teamwork that coordinate the informed actions of each worker. Railroad skills and knowledge, and the modes of cooperation among workers that enable these to become effective, form the core of an occupational folklife. Surrounding these are stories about incidents and characters, group celebrations, jokes and sayings. They form an occupational folklore that comments on what working on the railroad means to the people who make it run.

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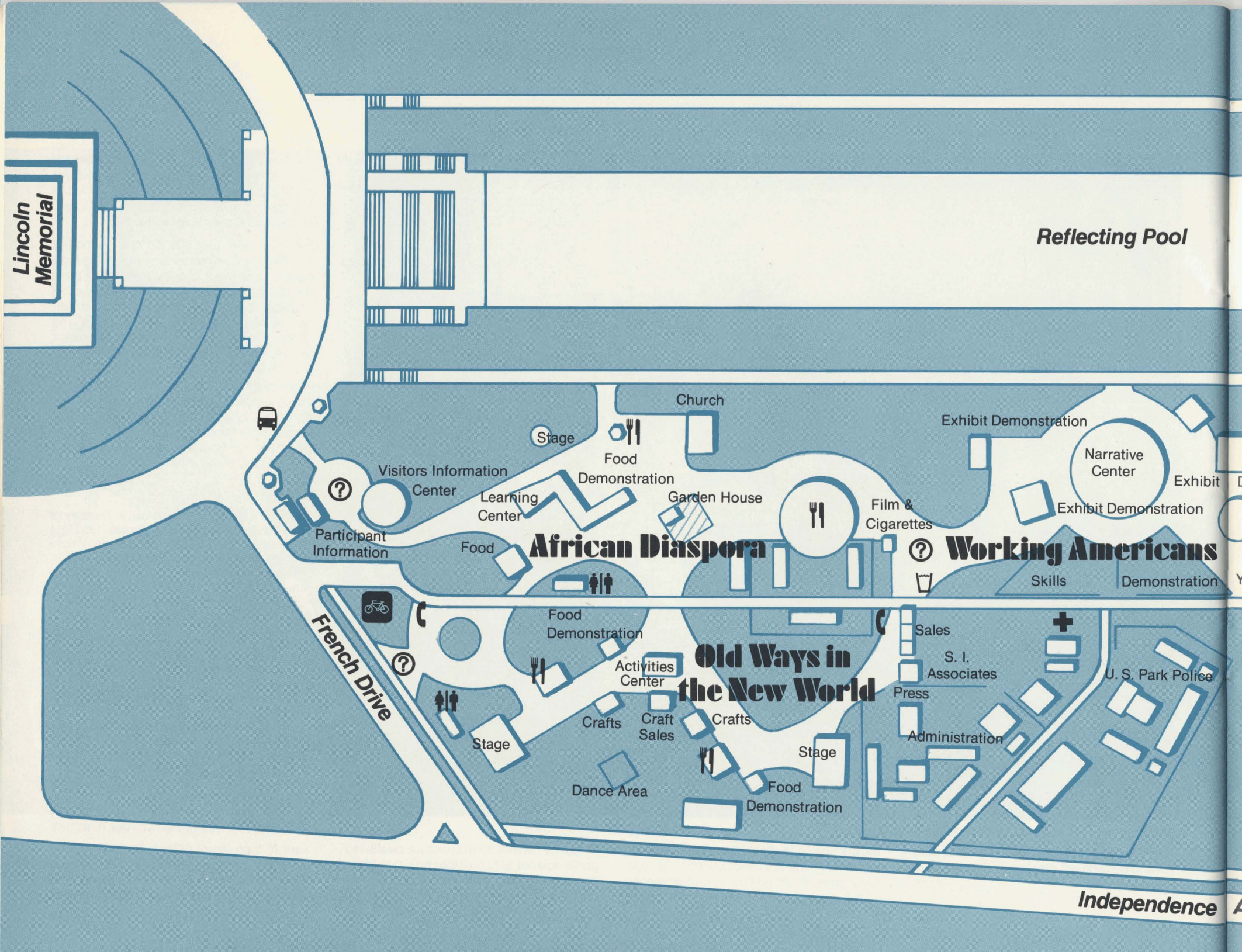
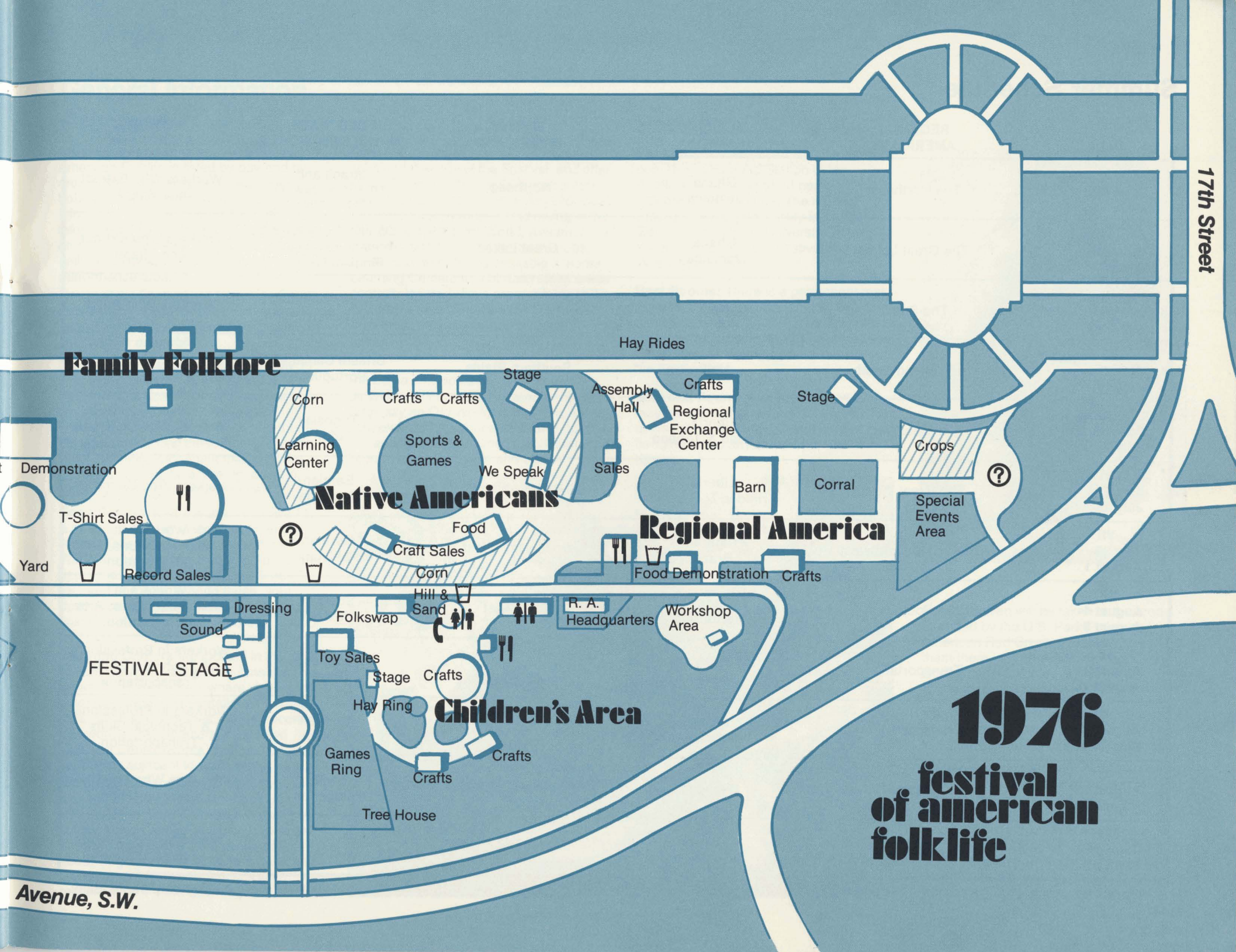

Lincoln Memorial
Reflecting Pool
Church
Stage
Food Demonstration
Visitors Information Center
Learning Center
Garden House
Exhibit Demonstration
Narrative Center
Exhibit
Exhibit Demonstration
Participant Information
Food
African Diaspora
Film & Cigarettes
Working Americans
Skills
Demonstration
French Drive
Food Demonstration
Activities Center
Old Ways in the New World
Sales
S. I. Associates
U. S. Park Police
Press
Crafts
Craft Sales
Crafts
Administration
Stage
Stage
Dance Area
Food Demonstration
Independence


17th Street
Hay Rides
Family Folklore
Corn
Crafts
Crafts
Stage
Assembly Hall
Crafts
Regional Exchange Center
Stage
Crops
Learning Center
Sports & Games
We Speak
Sales
Demonstration
Native Americans
Barn
Corral
Special Events Area
T-Shirt Sales
Food
Craft Sales
Regional America
Yard
Record Sales
Corn
Food Demonstration
Crafts
Dressing
Hill & Sand
R. A. Headquarters
Workshop Area
Sound
Folkswap
Toy Sales
FESTIVAL STAGE
Stage
Crafts
Hay Ring
Children's Area
Games Ring
Crafts
Crafts
Tree House
1976
festival of american folklife
Avenue, S.W.

Summer Schedule

Date	REGIONAL AMERICANS	AFRICAN DIASPORA	NATIVE AMERICANS	OLD WAYS IN THE NEW WORLD	WORKING AMERICANS
I June 16- June 20	The Northeast	Ghana Jamaica	Northeast	Israeli and American Jewish Romanian	Workers Who Extract And Shape
II June 23- June 27	The Great Lakes	Ghana Jamaica	Great Lakes	Danish/Norwegian/ Icelandic/Swedish Finnish/Faroese	Workers Who Extract And Shape
III July 1- July 5	The South	Haiti	Southeast	French/Canadian Polish	Workers Who Build
IV July 7- July 11	The Upland South	Haiti	Southern Plains	British/Canadian Portuguese	Workers Who Build
V July 14- July 18	The Heartland	Liberia Trinidad & Tobago	Prairie	Yugoslav Irish	Workers Who Clothe Us
VI July 21- July 25	The Great West	Liberia Trinidad & Tobago	Northern Plains	Belgian Egyptian	Workers Who Clothe Us
VII July 28- August 1	The Pacific Northwest	Nigeria Brazil	Northwest Coast	German Pakistani	Workers In Communications, Arts & Recreation
VIII August 4- August 8	The Southwest	Nigeria Puerto Rico	Southwest	Spanish Mexican	Workers in Communications, Arts & Recreation
IX August 11- August 15	Transportation	Zaire Surinam	Plateau	Japanese Greek	Workers in Professional & Technical Skills Transportation
X August 18- August 22	Transportation	Zaire Surinam	Basin	Austrian Indian	Workers in Professional & Technical Skills Transportation
XI August 25- August 29	Transportation	Senegal	Northern California	Swiss Hungarian	Workers Who Feed Us Transportation
XII September 2- September 6	Transportation	Senegal	Arctic		Workers Who Feed Us Transportation

* Program subject to change.

Childrens and Family Folklore activities continuous daily.

General Information Program

Program Information about the Festival of American Folklife is listed by day and by area in the schedule insert, separately bound, and updated bi-weekly. General information may be obtained at five information kiosks across the Festival grounds. Detailed listings can be found daily on callboards adjacent to each performance area.

Hours of the Festival are 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. with evening concerts. The Festival is not in operation Mondays or Tuesdays to allow for changeover of exhibits.

Crafts Demonstrations are held daily 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the Native Americans, Regional American, African Diaspora and Old Ways in the New World areas. Traditional crafts appropriate to the theme are featured. Among these: basket making, silver smithing, instrument making, corn husk doll making, lace making, carving, weaving, quilting and many more.

Food Demonstrations are held daily 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. in the Regional American, African Diaspora and Old Ways in the New World areas. Traditional food preparations appropriate to the theme area will be featured and sold. Among these: sour dough bread, souvlaki, corn soup, mochi sushi, gumbo, bratwurst, fry bread, struvor and more.

Learning Centers are located in the African Diaspora and Native American areas. They are centers where visitors can learn more about presentations through films, photos, videotapes, books, records and workshops. Regularly scheduled Learning Center events are listed on the callboards adjacent to each center.

Festival Theaters offer film and live presentations in addition to those on stages. The Family Folklore area will have continuous showings of two films: one with excerpts from Home Movies, the other about Original Family Traditions. African Diaspora and Native Americans will present films in area Learning Centers.

Concessions are representative of the spirit and diversity of the Festival, and offer ethnic foods, crafts, books, phonograph records and children's ethnic toys for sale. Food concessions are located mainly in the Old Ways in the New World, African Diaspora and Regional America areas; books and records are available in some Learning Centers and at main sales areas centrally located. Toys are available in the Children's Area. The Native Americans area features Indian foods and crafts.

The banjo embodies the spirit of the Bicentennial Festival of American Folklife. Originally an Old World instrument, it was transplanted from Africa and developed into an instrument distinctively American through its sound, style and shape.

Services

First Aid: The American Red Cross is operating a First Aid Station in the Administration compound near Independence Avenue. The nearest Emergency Hospital facility is located at George Washington University Hospital, six blocks north of the Festival site at Washington Circle.

Rest Rooms: There is a permanent rest room facility located adjacent to the children's area and another at the French Drive entrance to the Mall. Other facilities are located at strategic points throughout the Festival site.

Lost and Found Articles: Lost articles may be claimed at the Administration Tent at the end of each day. Found articles may be turned in to any of the Information Kiosks.

Lost Children will be taken to the area operated by the U.S. Park Police and the American Red Cross. Parents may call for them there, near the Administrative Compound. National Park Service technicians and Rangers will assist.

Bicycle Racks are located on French Drive. Bike owners must provide their own locks and/or chains to secure their bikes.

Parking-Shuttle Buses: A shuttle bus service will provide transportation at a nominal fare to points on Constitution Avenue. About 40 buses each hour from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. will leave the free fringe parking lots at Robert F. Kennedy Stadium and the Ft. Myer/Pentagon parking lot, stopping at the Lincoln Memorial, easy access to Festival grounds.

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Embassy of Brazil
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Embassy of Haiti
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Embassy of the Republic of Senegal
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Mojave Food Corp.
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H.E.W.—Office of Indian Education
H.E.W.—Office of Native American Programs
U.S. Department of Labor
U.S. Department of Commerce
Indian Desk, Economic Development Administration
Upper Midwest American Indian Center
Canadian Research Center for Anthropology
Michigan Department of State
Michigan State University
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Milwaukee Public Museum
U.S. Geological Survey
Sioux Indian Museum and Crafts Center
University of Wisconsin
Navajo Community College
Anthony Paredes, Florida State University Dept. of Anthropology
Grand Council of the Six Nations
Dr. Meryl Christiansen, Beltsville Agricultural Station
WETA Channel 26
Public Broadcasting Service

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The Government and Embassy of Belgium
The Government and Embassy of Canada
The Government and Embassy of Denmark
The Government and Embassy of the Arab Republic of Egypt
The Government and Embassy of Finland
The Government and Embassy of France
The Government and Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany
The Government and Embassy of Greece
The Government and Embassy of the Hungarian People's Republic
The Government and Embassy of Iceland
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The Government and Embassy of Ireland
The Government and Embassy of Israel
The Government and Embassy of Italy
The Government and Embassy of Japan
The Government and Embassy of Mexico
The Government and Embassy of Norway
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The Government and Embassy of Portugal
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The Government and Embassy of Sweden
The Government and Embassy of Switzerland
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All the families who shared with us their photos, films, traditions, and souvenirs.

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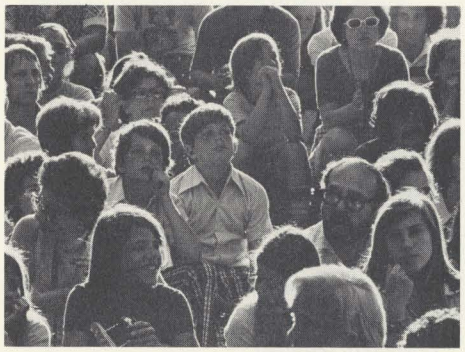

This is the Festival of the Common Man. This is the festival of the Democratic art. This is the art that American people have made out of their experience. All of the people, black and white and brown and red. With all the languages and all of the cultures of the world coming here to make a new country with a new hope. In some ways it seems sometimes that we are about to lose this hope and this dream, and then in affairs like this we realize our strength. We realize how beautiful we are. Black is beautiful and white is beautiful and Appalachia is beautiful and even old tired Washington sometimes is beautiful when the American people gather to sing and fall in love with each other again. . . .

—Alan Lomax
Remarks at closing concert
1968 Festival of American Folklife


AFRICAN DIASPORA
OLD WAYS
HOSPITALITY
FOLK LIFE
LOST CHILDREN
WORKING AMERICANS
COPPER TIMES
BIO