

BRO NEVEZ

INTERNATIONAL COMMITTEE FOR THE DEFENSE OF THE BRETON LANGUAGE
NEWSLETTER OF THE U.S. BRANCH



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New Recordings:

Dastum, Chant et
veuze en
Presqu'île
guérandaise



KUZUL ETREVROADEL EVIT KENDALC'H AR BREZHONEG

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The U.S. ICDBL provides Bro Nevez on a complimentary basis to a number of language and cultural organizations in Brittany; in some instances we are also very happy to establish an exchange of publications.

THE BRETON LANGUAGE IN THE NEWS

LUNDI 16 JANVIER 1995

En avril à Lorient, un colloque sur les « langues minorisées »

« LA LIBERTÉ DU MORBIHAN »

The article to the right reports of a colloquium on "langues minorisées" (minoritized languages) to be held April 20-22 in Lorient. Gathering representatives from Western Europe, the colloquium will address the very different situation of languages such as Catalan, Basque, Welsh, Irish, Scottish Gaelic or Occitan. Themes addressed will include political status to protect the languages, the demand for teachers and teaching materials, and linguistic research. The aim is to come up with some concrete resolutions and to establish a network for collaborative efforts.



Lukian Kergoat, (à gauche sur la photo), directeur du département de breton de l'université de Haute-Bretagne

LORIENT (Ph. G.). - Sous la houlette de Lukian Kergoat, directeur du département de breton de l'université de Haute-Bretagne, et sous l'égide du conseil culturel de Bretagne, sera organisé les 20, 21 et 22 avril prochain un colloque sur les langues « minorisées ».

« Langues minorisées », l'expression témoigne du militantisme des organisateurs. Bretons, Galiciens (notamment l'universitaire Koldo Garottiaga), Basques, Occitans... ils entendent développer l'usage du breton et des différentes langues dites minoritaires.

« Nous traiterons des problèmes rencontrés par des populations d'Europe ou la réalité linguistique diffère énormément ». Il y a l'Espagne où l'usage des langues régionales est courant. Par exemple, en Catalogne, 75 % des habitants parlent le catalan. Il y a les pays celtiques, Irlande, Ecosse, Pays de Galles, où il existe des différences sensibles selon les pays. Ainsi si l'écossais ou l'irlandais sont très répandus en revanche le gaelique est très peu usé.

Enfin il y a les régions françaises - Bretagne, Corse, Occitanie, où le multilinguisme tendait à disparaître avant de refaire surface depuis les années 70. En Bretagne on estime qu'environ 600 000 personnes parlent plus ou moins bien breton. « Ce nombre diminue régulièrement au fil des années. Toutefois, les nouveaux bretonnants ont une approche du breton beaucoup plus positive que les anciens... En outre, le breton est un outil linguistique en évolution constante. En particulier de nouveaux mots apparaissent pour traduire l'évolution des sciences ».

Tous ces pays d'Europe de l'ouest seront représentés au colloque. « Nous traiterons de 3 thèmes. 1°) le problème des statuts politiques de ces langues ; 2°) la demande sociale en matière d'enseignement ; 3°) la recherche linguistique ».

L'objectif est de susciter une réflexion qui débouche sur « un certain nombre de résolutions concrètes ». « Nous allons aussi créer un réseau de collaborations ».

The following is one of a number of articles reporting on classes organized by Breton teacher Ronan Trémel in Spezet, Landeleau and Carhaix for adults whose children are learning Breton in school. The idea is to introduce parents who already speak Breton to the written form of this language which they never had a chance to learn in school. Already fluent speakers will thus acquire the ability to read and write Breton, and they can help their children in the middle school and high school levels to ultimately achieve better scores on exams.

LE TÉLÉGRAMME

Lundi 19 décembre 1994

LANDELEAU

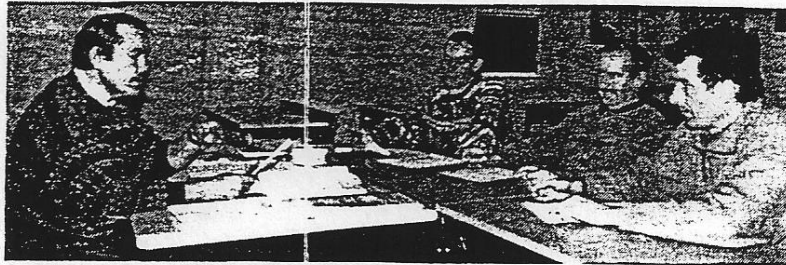
Enseignement du breton

Un apprentissage en famille

Ronan Trémel, professeur de breton au collège de l'Auine, est un passionné de sa langue, mais également de l'enseignement. C'est pourquoi il propose jeudi, lors d'une réunion au collège, aux parents de ses élèves qui parlent ou comprennent le breton, de les aider à suivre leurs enfants à la maison dans cette discipline.

Il s'avère que bon nombre de parents et de grands-parents connaissent le breton, même s'ils ne savent pas le lire et l'écrire. Partant de cette constatation, M. Trémel leur offre la possibilité, en suivant la méthode des élèves « Plouez foenn war an hent », de découvrir l'écrit afin de « débloquer » les familles qui n'osent pas prendre en main l'apprentissage des enfants à cause de cette lacune.

Pourtant, l'environnement familial bretonnant est considéré par M. Trémel comme primordial, et il a constaté de nets progrès en classe lorsque parents et



Ronan Trémel explique aux parents d'élèves l'éthymologie et la prononciation des mots courants.

grands-parents mettent la main à la pâte et deviennent tuteurs de leurs enfants. Il a mis en place un programme qui commence avec une approche de la lecture et de la prononciation des mots courants; par la suite seront proposés différents exercices, qui amèneront ceux qui le désirent à

l'écriture et la lecture. Il ne s'agit pas de transformer le breton en langue littéraire, mais au contraire d'en apprécier toutes les richesses et la variété, y compris écrite.

Un appel est donc lancé aux parents et grands-parents d'élèves: qui pratiquent ou qui prati-

queront le breton au collège et qui souhaitent les aider à la maison. Ronan Trémel, selon la demande, organisera une soirée par mois environ, de 20 h à 22 h, à Landeleau ou à Spézet. La prochaine réunion aura lieu jeudi 12 janvier au collège de Landeleau, à 20 h.

THE EUROPEAN BUREAU FOR LESSER USED LANGUAGES

The work of the European Bureau for Lesser-used Languages has been cited many times in the pages of Bro Nevez, and this organization continues to do excellent work to bring together a wealth of information and people of Europe in a very practical collaboration to support the many "lesser-used" languages of Western Europe. In 1994 the Bureau published Vade-Mecum: Guide to legal documents, support structures and action programmes pertaining to the lesser used languages of Europe. As the title indicates this 64 page booklet gathers basic documents of the European Parliament, Council of Europe, Conference on Security and Co-Operation in Europe, United Nations and UNESCO which pertain to minority rights. It also includes a brief description (and contact information) for organizations to support lesser used languages.

The Bureau also regularly publishes a newsletter called Contact Bulletin which includes a wealth of news on European action in favor of minority languages, notes on new books and publications, conference announcements, and a number of special projects and resources.

NEWS OF DIWAN

As readers know from past reports in Bro Nevez, the Diwan schools have been going through an economic crisis which has been relieved by an accord with the State enabling their support for teachers' salaries and by assistance from the Region of Brittany and the Departments where the schools are situated. But, paying off large accumulated debts has not been easy and Diwan has gone to court to face bankruptcy proceedings. In January Diwan was granted a reprieve by the Ministry of Budget which agreed to abandon the collection of 80% of the debts--2 million of the 2.5 million francs due. Diwan still needs to raise 500,000 francs and will be seeking assistance from the Region and Departments of Brittany.

Le tribunal lui a accordé un nouveau sursis **Diwan : deux mois pour trouver 500.000 F**

Le tribunal de grande instance de Quimper a accordé, hier, un nouveau sursis à Diwan. L'école bilingue a jusqu'au 13 mars pour présenter un nouveau plan de continuation après l'annonce par le ministre du Budget de l'abandon de 80% de la dette fiscale.

Nouvelle donne pour Diwan placée en redressement judiciaire en octobre 1993. Le plan que l'école devait présenter, hier, prévoyait l'apurement à 100% des sommes dues au fisc soit 2,5 MF (y compris les pénalités). Ce qui n'est pas le cas.

Accord sur les dettes sociales

Deux parties distinctes constituent les difficultés financières de Diwan, deux éléments qui se retrouvent dans le plan de continuation.

D'un côté les dettes sociales (URSSAF...). Elles s'élèvent à 7 MF avec les majorations (5 MF pour la dette principale). Ici un accord de principe a été trouvé avec les collectivités territoriales :



Les responsables de Diwan ont obtenu hier un nouveau sursis. La prochaine audience est fixée au 13 mars.

les : conseils généraux de Bretagne, conseil régional et Diwan s'engageant à se répartir le montant à hauteur d'un tiers. Ainsi

les Côtes-d'Armor ont elles voté une somme s'élevant à 347.000 F (au prorata de nombre d'élèves scolarisés dans le

département).

Reste cependant encore à l'école, qui s'acquitte désormais régulièrement de ses cotisations sociales, à obtenir le retrait des pénalités notamment celles de l'URSSAF. Hier, l'organisme a décidé de voir comment allait évoluer la situation avant de prendre position.

500.000 F à trouver

De l'autre côté, les dettes fiscales. Diwan prévoyait là un apurement complet. Avant obtenu une réduction de 80%, l'école bilingue doit désormais intégrer 500.000 F supplémentaires dans son plan.

Comment les trouver ? Par un nouveau tour de table avec les collectivités ? Par un autre échelonnement de la dette ?

Diwan se trouve dans l'obligation de faire vite. D'abord parce que la prochaine audience est fixée au 13 mars par le tribunal de Quimper. Ensuite et surtout parce que Diwan s'approche de la limite des 18 mois accordée lors de la procédure de redressement. C'est le 4 avril que celle-ci prendra fin.

L'école accueille actuellement 1.247 élèves de la maternelle au lycée.

J. Hamard

Le Télégramme 10/1/95

L'État passe l'éponge sur 80 % des dettes de Diwan

Lundi, le tribunal de Quimper a accordé un nouveau sursis à Diwan, placé sous le régime du redressement judiciaire depuis octobre 1993. Les dirigeants de l'école bretonne ont jusqu'au 13 mars prochain pour présenter un plan définitif d'apurement des dettes estimées à 9 millions de francs. Nicolas Sarkozy, ministre du Budget, vient de faire savoir que l'État passera l'éponge sur 80 % de ses créances, soit 2 millions sur les 2,5 millions qui lui sont dus. Diwan a l'intention de demander à la Région et aux cinq départements bretons où sont implantées des écoles bilingues, une rallonge destinée à couvrir les 500 000 F que l'État réclamera sous 18 mois.

O.F. 10/1/95 Ouest France

AN EMIGRANT'S SONG - BRETON EMIGRATION TO THE U.S.

Lois Kuter

In exploring the notes to a wonderful new recording of traditional song for the dances gavotte and fisel performed by Manuel Kerjean, Bastien Guern, Alain Le Clere and Jean-Claude Talec (see review of Chants à répondre... further on) I was pleased to find that the very first song of the recording was a song about emigration to America. There was something very familiar about the theme of the text composed by an emigrant of Saint-Thois about the hard life of immigrants in the New Jersey mills. I knew I had seen this song before, although I had not heard it set to music--in this case a ton simpl for the gavotte sung by Jean-Claude Talec and Alain Le Clere using a melody collected from Marie Rivoal of Saint-Hernin. The text they used was collected from Soaz Citerin of Spezet in 1981.

The text I recalled is titled "Paotred Breiz-Izel en Americ" and is found on a reproduction of a feuille volant (broadsheet) that I had "collected" at an information stand of the organization ARCOB (Atelier Régional de Communication Orale--now defunct) at the 10th Anniversary Festival of Dastum in November 1982 in Pontivy. I brought the text home and Reun ar C'halan kindly translated it and it then became a feature of the May/August 1983 issue (No. 7/8) of Bro Nevez (then still just called "Newsletter" of the U.S. ICDBL).

How exciting to actually hear this text which I had found such an incredibly rich account of the Breton emigrant experience in Brittany. Most of the 34 verses sung by Talec and Le Clere match very closely (in some cases word for word) the text I knew--which has a total of 53 verses. The ending has been changed to reflect the fact that the song is part of Brittany's oral tradition and has been passed along to a new singer.

Instead of :

"So as not to declare myself, I will not say my name,
I will say only that I am from Briec-de-l'Odet

Born in the parish of Sant Toz (Saint Thois), in a town on the hill
Destined to travel since I was small in my cradle

From one corner to the other I have seen Lower Brittany
And I have come to America, pushed by the wind.

the recorded song closes with:

So as not to declare myself, I will not say my name,
I will say only that I am from the parish of Speied (Spezet)

Born in Rubiou, in a town on the hill
Destined to travel since I was small in my cradle

Destined to travel since I was small in my cradle
I will say my name to you, it is Yann Chiterenn.

Because it has been over ten years since we printed this wonderful text in the U.S. ICDBL newsletter, it seems worth bringing it out again. I have also reprinted here--with some revisions--the introduction I did to this text and some background about Breton emigration.

POTRED BREIZ-IZEL EN AMERIC

Chanson brezonek var eun ton anavezet.

1. Breman pa z'eo deut ar goañv diater ar labourio
Evil tremen va amzer, a gomozan sonio.

2. N'oun ket na barz na belec, na ker neubend skrivagnour.
Mar teuan da fasia, me o ped d'am zikour.

3. Da sibuna dirasoc'h, ar pez zo n'em speret
Euz ar skiera ma hellin, evit beza compreded

4. Monet rin digant va hent, o sellet an daou du
Skei a rin gant va daou zorn, elec'h ma kavin an tu

5. Peb lec'h ma vellin an droug, dimeuz an daou gostez
Me en lavaro dizamant, pa vo ar wirionez

6. Dimeuz potred Breiz-Izel, a gomzin d'eoc'h hirio
Pere zo deut d'an Americ, da hounid dollario

7. Kuittet a n'eump Breiz-Izel, kaëra bro zo er bed
Bevi reomp en esperanc, da vont h'oaz d'e guellet

8. Mez kalet eo ar vuez, en amzer m'omp breman
Ar bevanz a zo ken ker, diater ar baëamant

9. Ar bevanz a zo ken ker, ag an dillad ive
Ma n'hell mui or labourer, sevel mad e vugale

10. Kuittet a n'eump anezi, evit eur pennad Amzer
Evit beva evrusoc'h, pa zistrofomp d'ar ger

11. Treuzet a n'eump ar mor braz, evel guir vortoloded
Diskenned e pouz New-York, brasa ker zo er bed

12. Setu-ta ni digouezed, ebarz ar vro neve
Ebarz bro an uzinou, hanved an New-Jersey.

13. Da genta lavario d'eoc'h, on doare da veva
On tresson na n'ouñ, ar vevad an digouez

14. Bevi a reomp assemble, evel d'ar zoudarded
O ren bues ar Riffain, evel m'a zomp hanved.

15. N'hellomp ket mont d'an hôtel, da zrebi or prejo
Pe aotramant on arhant, etre on daouarn a deuzo.

16. Pa z'omp deut kelt-man euz ar ger, da hounid dollario
N'eo ket evit o dispign, ebarz an ostaleurio

17. Na zeuit ket d'an Americ, da glask o plujadur
Aman 'vit gounid arhant, a renker beza fur.

18. Beza fur a labourat, koulz an dez ag an noz
Eb gelloud kaout avecho, eur momant da repoz

19. Ober beb seurt labourio, re louz a re gallet
Labourio skuizuz d'ar horf, pe noazuz d'ar le'hed

20. Tremen gant eun tam bara euz ar mintin tre d'an noz
Na peuz evit e lonka, nemed guin ar baradoz

21. Dimeuz ar haëra lapoused, a glevomp hanoio
Salesmanbitch a crazy, a re all diganto

22. Mez n'omp ket deut d'an Americ, var zigarez, pourmen
Deut e z'omp da labourat, a gounid guenelen.

23. Darn ahanomp zo dimezed, neuz greg a bugale
Sonjit barz ar galonad, tout da gulttad an'e.

24. Seblantout a ra d'eomp, h'oaz guellet ahezo
An dour en'o daoulagad, lavaret d'eomp kenavo

25. Klevet ran lod lavaret, e z'omp tud dirollet
Tud n'a garont ket o famill, a memes tud kollet.

26. Mez me a lavar ar h'ontrol, eo an dud kaloneka
Eo a zo deut d'an Americ, da hounid peadra

27. Da sevel mad o bugale, rei d'ezo deskadurez
A n'em sevel o'hunaan, dimeuz an dienez

28. Rei d'ezo deskadurez vad, ag eun tamig danvez
A rai d'ezo kalez sikour, pa iefont er vuez

29. Labourat 'vit o pugale, kaëra tra zo er bed
Ag a ra d'eoc'h nerz kalon, pa vezoc'h ankeniet.

30. Dever eun tad a famill, m'a n'eo ket kemense
Me a bed an hini a oar, d'en lavaret din'me

31. Ag me a heulilo e avis, ar fidela m'a hellin
Rag bepred eun avis mad, neuz gret plujadur din

32. Be a z'euz eun neubendig, 'ma diganto o famill
Berroc'h kavont o Amzer, o tremen o exil

33. Potred yaouanc a z'euz ive, a vije dimezed
Mag en dijen bed danvez, arog ma oant partlet

34. Darn e'ma o mestrezed, bepred euz o gortoz
A pa zistrofont d'ar ger, en 'ofont o mennoz

35. Abalamour d'eun tam arhant, gounezed en Americ
Ar ré goz a vo kontant, vevz gret eun neizic

36. Etre an daou zen yaouanc, a neuz bepred n'em garet
Ne oa aemed an arhant, en d'oa o separet

37. Kalz ré all a zo deut h'oaz, da hounid dollario
Evit kaout eur vec'h tiegez, pa zistrofont an dro

38. Ag n'em gonsoli a reont, o kavet hir a amzer
O soujal er blujadur, pa n'emgafont er ger

39. Me o ped potred yaouanc, pere zo h'oaz n'o pro
Da zilaou gant interest, darn dimeuz va homzo.

40. A goude pezo lenned, pe kanned va ignad
Arou a rai euz o kiz, goude lennion

41. Houi pere zo attaked, gant klenved an dansou
Me o ped da zont aman, ag a kavoc'h louzou

42. Me o ped da zont aman, eun nebeud bloaveziou
Da ziskuiza o tiwisker, dimeuz an ebatou

43. N'anavezan ket eur breizad, a neufe gret eun danc
Digant eur mias pe eur Lady, Abaoue neuz kuittet Franc

44. Pa grog en o ar fantaisi, da vont d'eur bal er ker
Pa n'ouzent ket speak english, neuz netra da ober.

45. Neuze zistroont d'ar ger, evel chass diloaded
A n'em glozont en o hamp, da zonzal n'o mestrezed

46. Pere zo chomed e Breiz, an tu all d'ar mor braz
Martreze n'ont ar bonheur, da vont d'o guellet h'oarz

47. Sete aze mignoned, a zo fin d'am janson
Euz o klevet e h'ana, m'o konzolasion

48. Kredi ran m'euz lavaret, ar wirionez pen-dre-ben
Var an droug a var ar vad, harvez va reolen

49. A breman lezan peb hini, da dema konkluzion
Dimeuz an oll prepoziou, scribed en 'em janson

50. Komposed gant eur Breizad, o chom e Paterson
O kavet hir e Amzer, kontristad a galon

51. Evit nompaz n'em ziakleria, va haono n'a larin ket
Lavaret rin seulamant, ouñ euz Brie-de-l'odet

52. Ganed e parroiz Santoz, en 'eur ger var an huel
Destined da voyaji, a vihanic n'em havel

53. Euz an eill korn d'egile, meuz guellet Breiz-Izel
A digouezed en Americ, poultzet gant an avel.

Fin.

Eur Breizad en Americ.

Reproduction interdite

THE BOYS OF LOWER BRITTANY IN AMERICA
(A Breton Song on a Well-Known Melody)

1

Now that winter has come, jobs are scarce.
 To pass the time, I write songs.

2

I am neither poet nor cleric, not am I a writer
 If I happen to make mistakes, please come to my help

3

To place before you what is on my mind
 As clearly as I can in order to be understood

4

I'll go on my way, looking at each side
 I'll strike with both hands, whenever I'll find the way

5

Wherever I see evil, on both sides,
 I'll speak without fear, if it is the truth

6

About the boys of Lower Brittany I will talk to you today
 Those who came to America to earn dollars

7

We left Lower Brittany, the most beautiful country in the world
 We live in the hope of returning to see her

8

But life is hard in the times we are in now
 Living is so expensive, the pay is low

9

The living is so expensive, and so is clothing
 So that a working man cannot raise his children decently

10

It has been quite a while since we left our country,
 So as to live more happily when we return home

11

We have crossed the wide sea like real sailors
 And landed in the port of New York, the largest city in the world

12

And so we have arrived in the new land
 In the country of factories, named New Jersey

13

First of all I will tell you about our way of life
 About our way of doing things in the cheapest manner

14

We all live together like soldiers
 Living like the Riffains*, the name we are called.

15

We cannot go to the hotel to eat our meals
 Otherwise our money would melt between our fingers

16

If we have come so far away to earn dollars
 It is not to spend them in hostelrys

17

Don't come to America to look for fun
 Here in order to earn money, one has to be sober

18

To be sober and to work, by day and by night as well,
 Without sometimes being able to get a moment of rest

19

Doing all sorts of work, dirty and hard,
 Work tiring for the body, or damaging to one's health

20

Manage with a piece of bread from morning till night
 And you will have but the wine from the sky to swallow

21

From the most beautiful birds, we hear names
 "Salesman bitch a crazy", and others from them

22

But we did not come to America in order to visit
 We have come to work, and to make money

23

Some of us are married, have a wife and children
 Think of the heartbreak, leaving them behind

24

We seem to see them still
 With tears in their eyes, saying good bye to us

25

I hear some people say we are debauchers
 We don't love our family, we are lost people

26

But I say the contrary, it is the most courageous people
 Who have come to America to earn something

27

To raise their children, to give them an education
 To raise themselves from poverty

28

To give them a good education, and a little property
 Which will be of help to them when they enter life

* Riffain: Riff, a mountainous province of Morocco. Its inhabitants were fierce warriors who long resisted all French attempts to occupy their land. The word "Riffain" refers to a hard life.

29

To work for your children, the most beautiful thing in the world
It gives you strength in your heart when you are distressed

30

The duty of the father of the family, it that's not it,
I pray the one who knows better to let me know

31

And I will follow his advice as best I can
For good counsel has always pleased me

32

There are a few who have their family with them
They find the time shorter they spend in exile

33

There are also bachelors who would have married
Had they had the property before they went abroad

34

Some of them have girlfriends still awaiting them
And when they return home they will carry out their plans

35

Thanks to a little money earned in America
The old ones will be happy, they will have their nest

36

Between two young people who always loved each other
There was only the money that came between them

37

Many others still have come to earn dollars
In order to get a household** when they return home

38

And it is a comfort to them, when they find the time long,
To think of the pleasure when they find themselves at home

39

I pray the young men who are still in their country
To listen with interest to some of my words

40

And when you have read or sung my song
You will do as you wish, after thinking it over

41

You who are victims of the sickness of dancing
I pray you to come here, and you will find the cure

42

I pray you to come here for a few years
To rest your legs of the pleasures [of the dances]

43

I don't know a single Breton who might have danced a dance
with a Miss or a Lady since he left France

44

When they get the fancy to go to a ball in the city
If they don't "speak English", there is nothing to do

45

Then they return home like dogs with their tails cut off
And they shut themselves in their room thinking of their girls

46

Who have stayed in Brittany, on the other side of the ocean
Perhaps they will have the good fortune to return to see them

47

There, my friends, is the end of my song
Those who have heard it sung will be comforted

48

I think I have told the truth, the whole truth
About the good and the bad, according to my rule

49

And now I leave everyone to draw their conclusion
From all the words written in my song

50

Written by a Breton living in Paterson
And finding the time long, sad in his heart

51

So as not to declare myself, I will not say my name
I will say only that I am from Briec-de-l'Odet

52

Born in the parish of Sant Toz, in a town on the hill,
Destined to travel since I was small in my cradle

53

From one corner to the other I have seen Lower Brittany
And I have come to America, pushed by the wind

A Breton in America

** tiegezh: means "farm" as well as "family".

Translated into English by
another Breton in America,
Reun ar C'halan

PAOTRED BREIZ-IZEL EN AMERIC/THE BOYS OF LOWER BRITTANY IN AMERICA

Feuilles volants (best translated as "broadsheets") have long been used in Brittany as a media to express ideas on all subjects. the earliest copies found of these inexpensively printed song texts which were sung and then sold at markets, fairs, or public gatherings, date back to the second half of the 17th century. In the hey-day of the feuille volant as many as 1,500 sheets were printed and distributed. The songs dealt with all aspects of life: current events, politics, crimes, accidents, personal laments and praises, love, morality, life in the army, or religious themes such as the lives of Breton saints. the last known peddler of these song sheets could be found at markets and fairs as late as the mid-1960s. Now non-printed media such as CDs and cassettes, as well as concerts, contests, festivals and dances serve as a means for singers to learn new songs, adding to occasional publication of song texts in books and magazines. Thanks to collection and archives projects such as Dastum in Brittany, young singers have access to thousands of song texts and recordings. The Breton singer continues to comment on the world around him or her, using texts from the past and composing new ones as necessary.

The text to "Paotred Breiz-Izel en Americ" which is reprinted here is reproduced at less than half the actual size of the original feuille volant. It recounts the hard life of a Breton emigrant in Paterson, New Jersey, and was probably composed between 1910 and 1930. The nylon and artificial silk mills of Paterson and Lodi, both west of New York city, employed many Bretons in the first half of the 20th century. As described in the song, translated for the U.S. ICDBL newsletter by Reun ar C'halan in 1983, the work was hard. Other Bretons returning to Brittany have also told of the difficult work conditions of the mills--extreme heat and eight to ten hours of work at a stretch with only a half-hour break for a sandwich and coffee. But for Breton emigrants this work was only a means of earning dollars to pursue dreams back home in Brittany. The relatively high pay compensated for the hard work. The song expressed perfectly the feelings of at least one Breton emigrant, the difficulties of life in the U.S., and reasons for leaving Brittany.

BRETON EMIGRATION

(Some Background--revised article from Bro Nevez 7/8, May/August 1983; information for this was pulled primarily from: "Les Bretons d'Amérique du Nord, d'Argentine et d'Australie" by Grégoire Le Clech, Annuaire des dix milles Bretons, 1971)

Between 1900 and 1970 emigration took over 900,000 Bretons out of Brittany, a figure representing almost a fourth of the population of Brittany today (approximately 3.8 million). Western Brittany--inland portions of the Departments of Finistere and Morbihan especially--led the exodus with 250,000 and 180,000 emigrants respectively.

Why Bretons Left

Economic factors are primarily behind emigration from Brittany. The poverty of the mid-19th century is reflected by the fact that one out of fifteen people in Brittany was a beggar or traveler, doing odd jobs here or there to get by. Emigration was also encouraged by a relatively high birth rate in Brittany with a lack of jobs or land to take up the population growth. Small farms were continuously split into smaller tracts with inheritance and small artisan industries at the base of the economy in several areas of high emigration were foundering. Linen and weaving, mining, slate quarrying and small fishing enterprises were edged out by competition from other areas of France and Europe where capital had been more heavily invested for industrial development and modernization.

The first large-scale emigration from Brittany was around 1850 in the linen producing area of Uzel, Quintin, Moncontour and Loudeac, and then near Guingamp. Between 1838 and 1946 the population of the canton of Uzel had dropped from 13,887 to 5,446. By 1880 the slowdown in slate mining in the Menez Du ("Black Mountains") sent emigrants from Gourin, Languenet, Leuhan, Saint Goazec and Coray especially to the United States and Canada. Crisis in the fishing and related canning industries also touched off an exodus of youth on all coasts of Brittany.

Emigration to Paris

The biggest center for Breton emigrants is Paris and its surrounding area with 700-800,000 Bretons joining its population between 1900 and 1970. Many have settled in the Montparnasse quarter (14e) where several cultural centers are still active today. While early organizations for Breton emigrants in Paris were aimed at helping new arrivals with housing, jobs, finances, homesickness and loneliness, Breton organizations in Paris today also serve as a milieu where Bretons can express and reinforce pride in their identity, and learn more about their heritage and history.

Breton Emigration to Canada

Emigration to Canada started quite early with some of the first settlers in the 16th century. Some scholars have proposed that there was a Celtic presence in North America a thousand years before Columbus. The first certain Breton arrival in Canada came with its "discovery" by the explorer Jacques Cartier in 1534. Although some Bretons settled in Canada in the 16th and 17th centuries, there seems to be little evidence of any Breton cultural impact on the early architecture, language or crafts of Canada.

The most important period of Breton emigration to Canada comes only in the early 1900s. This coincides with the official separation of Church and State in France and is tied primarily to missionary efforts to create a strong Catholic community in Canada. The strong position of the Church in Quebec brought many settlers there and Montreal today has a Breton population of over 7,000. In the early 1900s Breton missionaries worked in rural Canada to convert Indians and Inuit, and also to establish Christian emigrant colonies. Viewing the exodus to Paris (1880-1911) as a particular threat to the maintenance of a good religious life, and spurred by the separation of Church and State which threatened the strong public role of the Catholic Church in rural France, priests worked to divert Bretons to Canadian settlements in the prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Names of towns in this areas such as Saint-Brieux and Gourin-City bear witness to these pioneers' origins. Despite the hardships of travel and the northern climate, the availability of free land was certainly an incentive to farmers accustomed to the overpopulated land of Brittany.

Breton Emigration to the U.S.

Breton emigration to the U.S. was motivated by dollars in contrast to the religious motivations which often brought them to Canada. In contrast to the rural settlements in Canada, Bretons came to the cities and often worked in industry in the U.S. The beginning of a large emigration to the U.S. can be dated to the recruitment of Bretons (especially from the area of Gourin and Roudouallec) in 1901 by Michelin for work first in the factories of Clermont-Ferrand with later transfer to Milltown, New Jersey. In a period of ten years, approximately 3,000 Bretons had emigrated for work in Michelin factories for salaries often six times those in France. With the closing of the Michelin factories in 1928 these Bretons found work most often in other plants in New Jersey just west or south of New York City--artificial silk and nylon mills in Lodi and Paterson, chemical plants in Passaic, or steel mills in Trenton. The work in these mills and plants was very hard, but most emigrants had come only to earn enough money to establish a better life back in Brittany.

With an estimated 15,000 emigrants, the most important center for Bretons in the U.S. (still retaining a large community) is New York City. Until more recent times, nine-tenths of the Bretons of New York worked in the restaurant business--as chefs or waiters, bus-boys or owners of the restaurant. With about 30 Breton restaurants in New York (at least in the 1970s and early 80s), new emigrants were taken care of and started out at least with a dish washing job until they could establish themselves in their new home. Names of restaurants, primarily located in Manhattan between 50th and 60th Streets and 7th and 9th Avenues, may or may not reveal the fact that they have been Breton-owned and operated: Le Cheval Blanc, La Champagne, La Fleur de Lys, Le Brittany du Jour, Le Café d'Argenteuil, Le Café des Sports, or La Grillade, to name a few of the earliest and best known. The important role of Bretons in some of the best "French" restaurants of New York is a bit surprising considering the rural origins of most of these successful entrepreneurs which did not prepare them for such work. Like other emigrants to the U.S. from all nations of the world, success can be credited in large part to hard work and determination.

Emigration as a Contemporary Problem in Brittany

The year 1911 marked a high point in Breton population with a figure of 3,272,000 which, after a decline of 270,000 between 1911 and 1946 started to climb again as the natural gain of births over deaths was aided by a slackened flow of emigrants in peace-time. Today Brittany's population is climbing again slowly. It receives more immigrants than it loses by emigration, but a close look at this population reveals that those incoming are primarily of retirement age (many of them returning emigrants) while those leaving are young professionals who cannot find comparable work in Brittany for their training. A rural exodus continues, leaving towns in central Brittany with a high proportion of older people. Today young Bretons are anxious to remain in Brittany and emigration tends to be more to large cities within Brittany--Rennes, Nantes, Brest, or Quimper, but building an economy which will support the villages and small towns of rural Brittany remains a challenge.

SOME READING

Berreur, Pierre

Les Bretons migrants Paris: Presses de la Cité, 1977.

A very readable book presenting the history of emigrants' travels through accounts of individuals and families. The stories are largely of those who came to Canada and the U.S., but one also finds information on Bretons in various African countries, the Caribbean, New Hebrides, Australia and Tahiti. Those looking for a neat and tidy outline or concise summary of Breton emigration will be disappointed, but one gets a nice "feel" from a variety of individual experiences.

Clech (Le Clech), Grégoire

"Les Bretons d'Amérique du Nord, d'Argentine, et d'Australie" **Annuaire des dix mille Bretons**. St.

Brieuc: Presses Universitaires de la Bretagne, 1971, pp. 363-404.

Excellent presentation of facts and figures as well as some of the personal experiences of Breton emigration. Especially good for emigration to the U.S. and Canada; only passing mention of Argentina and Australia.

"Emigration--Les Bretons à la découverte de l'Amérique du Nord, la rêve américain" **Dalc'homp Sonj** no. 12, hanv 1985, pp. 1-7; "Emigration--dans les prairies de l'Ouest Canadien..." **Dalc'homp Sonj** no. 12, hanv 1985, pp. 8-14.

More recent articles by Le Clech which include a number of interesting photographs as well as good text.

Gautier, (L'Abbé) Elie

La dure existence des paysans et des paysannes; pourquoi les Bretons s'en vont. Paris: Ed.

Ouvrières, 1950. 184 pages. **L'Emigration bretonne, où vont les Bretons émigrants, leurs**

conditions de vie. Paris: Bull. de l'Entr'aide bretonne de la région parisienne, 1953. 288 pages.

Two classic works on Breton emigration. Alone or in collaboration with other scholars, L'Abbé Gautier researched both the causes and resulting social problems of emigration and applied his research as the founder of Entr'aide Bretonne in 1951 in Paris to help Bretons find homes and jobs and in giving spiritual and social support.

Le Dour, Olivier.

"Bretons d'Amérique--Le pionniers des montagnes Noires" **Ar Men** no. 55, novembre 1993.

An excellent article (drawing much from Le Clech's work) about emigration to the U.S. and Canada with lots of fascinating photographs.

Nicolas, S.

"Un chanson sur feuille volante mi-publicitaire, mi-moraliste: "Son nevez var sujet bro ann aour pe ar C'haliforni" **Musique bretonne** 128, mars-avril 1994, pp. 9-12.

An interesting analysis of a Breton text thought to be composed in 1851 on the Gold Rush in California. While New York is known for its Breton community, San Francisco has had an active emigrant community as well in past years.

MUSIC: NEW RECORDINGS

Reviewed by Lois Kuter

Dastum. **Chant et veuze en Presqu'île guérandaise.** Tradition Vivante de Bretagne 3. 1995. CD 73'18".
64-page booklet.

Once again Dastum has produced a masterpiece in its series "Tradition vivante de Bretagne" (Living traditions of Brittany).^{*} And this is indeed a wonderful presentation of the songs, dances, and instruments that are part of a living tradition of the Presqu'île guérandaise--a unique region to be found in southeastern Brittany just above the mouth of the Loire River. Like all areas of Brittany, this region has its unique sub-areas which have both economic and cultural distinctions: an area of peat extraction (pays briéron or pays noir), the renowned salt "farms" (pays paludier or pays blanc), an area of farming communities (pays métayer), and the small coastal towns where fishing has been the main industry. This area has also been the host to numerous tourists in coastal resorts like La Baule and the larger town of Guérande and big city of Saint-Nazaire are also a part of this region.

As this wonderful new compact disc testifies, this is an area with a very rich heritage of song and dance, and has it has been the subject of much research by song collectors since the 19th century. In more recent decades a number of younger singers and musicians have continued collection work--not just to stock pile song texts and traditions, but to encourage the continuation of an ongoing oral tradition. On the CD one finds both old and young voices. Four "ancien" voices are found (Constance Crusson, Eugénie Corbillé, Jean Rivalant, Félix Aoustin) along with six of a younger generation (Roland Brou, Raphaël Garcia, Roland Guillou, Mathieu Hamon, Charles Quimbert and Jean Reynaudon). One finds a number of distinct "bals" and "ronds" led by a solo voice with responding chorus (and sometimes accompanied by fiddle, accordion or veuze). Singers also give us several superb "complaintes" or ballads, as well as Christmas songs, and Easter Passion song, and songs used to visit door to door on New Years.

The veuze, a bagpipe unique to this area of southeastern Brittany and the northern Vendée is beautifully represented by a number of master pipers: Thierry Moreau, Thierry Lahais, Thierry Bertrand and Jean Baron. All four perform magnificent slow melodies on this instrument which has a much "sweeter" sound than the biniou or highland style pipes used elsewhere in Brittany.

In the 73 minutes of this CD (23 selections) there is a wonderful variety in the songs and instrumental pieces, with a good balance of dances and slower melodies and a nice mix of voice and instruments. The selection is very interesting and provide a good introduction to the rich heritage of this area of Brittany. I did have to wonder, however, why there are only two women heard--both of the older generation. Are younger women engaged, like the men on this recording, in collection and performance? While instruments have remained very much a male domain, elsewhere in Brittany women of all generations seem to be very much present in the song tradition.

While what one hears on this recording is lovely all on its own, it is the rich documentation provided in a 60-page booklet of notes attached to the CD that bring it all to life for those of us looking in from the outside. As usual, Dastum has produced a very valuable and attractive text to give the music context and to introduce the singers and musicians. Credit goes to a number of individuals involved in the research and writing of the booklet--all of whom have been active for a number of years collecting and researching the traditions of this area and most of whom can be heard performing: Roland Brou, Thierry Moreau, Georges Paugham and Robert Bouthillier.

The introductory text to the CD includes a very interesting introduction to the Presqu'île guérandaise as an economic and cultural area with a great deal of internal diversity. Like many other "pays" of Brittany, this one is characterized by very strong recognition and retention of subtle and very local cultural distinctions, yet it is also open to the world through its popularity as a tourist destination and the international port of Saint-Nazaire.

A second part of the introduction discusses traditional song of this region--how there really is no song repertoire distinct to the region, yet there are distinctive styles of performing song for the unique dances of the area. This introductory section provides a very useful summary and description of the important song collections made in this area from the 19th century to the present. In presenting each performance on the CD the notes give detailed reference to each collection where a particular song text can be found, which is invaluable information for those interested in comparing different versions of the songs.

George Paugham is well known to anyone who has investigated Breton dance for his technical studies and dance workshops. For this CD he provides a very approachable introduction to the distinctive styles of dance in the Presqu'île guérandaise: rond, bal, ridée, calibourdaire de Breca and quadrilles. Particularly good in this introduction (which does not intend to tell you how to do the dances) are the explanations of the complexity in following changes in the dances practices over time and in the application of a particular name to a variety of dances.

While song has had an unbroken transmission, the practice of the veuze has not. this instrument is remembered but had to be reinvented. In the 1950s this was begun by Bernard de Parades and the group "Tréteau et Terroirs" but it has been the work of the organization "Sonneurs de Veuze" since the 70s which has really brought this instrument alive again. The CD notes include an excellent history of the veuze and its performance in the Presqu'île Guérandaise by Thierry Moreau.

Nothing seems to be left out in the notes and I particularly welcomed the nice biographical introductions to each of the performers. In just a paragraph one gets a very interesting view of their musical life. Finally, to close the introduction section of the notes, one gets a very good bibliography and discography of some 30 works on the veuze, song, and dance.

The second half of the booklet documenting the CD is made up of introductions to each performance, including texts for songs and details on how the performer learned the tune or song and where other versions of it can be found (books and recordings). In many cases these notes include a very interesting history of the performance of a particular song or tune over time. Throughout the text are photographs of the performers on the CD and several earlier photos of dancers and veuze players.

In both the wonderful sounds to be heard on the CD and the very interesting reading in the accompanying text, Dastum and all the individuals contributing to the CD (and contributing to the ongoing music and dance traditions of the Presqu'île guérandaise) are to be congratulated for an exceptionally fine recording.

* The first two recordings in this "Living Traditions of Brittany" series are also wonderful samples of Brittany's rich musical life: **Gouel 20 vloaz Dastum** (reviewed in Bro Nevez 49, February 1994), and **Quand les Bretons passent à table** (Bro Nevez 51, August 1994).

Manuel Kerjean, Bastien Guern, Alain Le Clere, Jean-Claude Talec. **Chants à répondre en Centre Bretagne - Fest noz e Bro Rostren**. Arfolk CD 428, 1994. 54'53 CD

I have already referred to this new recording for its inclusion of the emigrant song about Bretons in New Jersey which makes it of immediate interest to us here in the U.S. But this recording is of interest for many more reasons--first of all as a recording of four great voices who are a pleasure to hear no matter what the song they sing.

In the nearly 55 minutes of this CD just four dances are included: two gavotte suites and two fisel suites (each with three parts). While in his introductory notes Yann Fanch Kemener states that with the rising popularity of kan ha diskant singing in Brittany, it may no longer be necessary to introduce it, this is a unique style to Brittany that merits introduction (reintroduction) to readers of Bro Nevez. In fact, unaccompanied vocal music as a major vehicle for dancing in both Upper and Lower Brittany (and in both French and Breton) where a lead singer is repeated by one or more "responders" is quite unique to Brittany. Kan ha diskant has been erroneously applied to all vocal music for dancing of this responsive nature, but it is specific to central western Brittany. Kan ha diskant (literally "song" and "un-song" in the sense of "wind" and "unwind") is a particular style in the Breton language where one singer is repeated by one or several others; each time there is a transition for one to the next, they start on the last few syllables of the other singer(s) so there is a bit of overlap at the end of each phrase sung.

As Yann Fanch Kemener so beautifully explains in his introduction to the CD, this style of singing used to be used by farmers to accompany dancing done after big work efforts which would gather a number of neighbors. After a period of decline it was revived in the 1950s when the event called a "fest noz" was reinvented in central western Brittany. The fest noz soon spread throughout Brittany and remains a weekly event in country towns as well as larger cities. And, in recent decades this style of singing has attracted young performers who seek out older masters to learn the songs. Alongside singers like Yann Fanch Kemener who have learned the song tradition directly from family and neighbors are many other young singers who did not grow up with the traditions in their family, but who are now immersing themselves in a still very much alive oral tradition to learn songs. Recordings are part of the oral heritage and offer performers even wider access to a rich repertoire.

On this new recording are found two older masters for kan ha diskant who learned song from parents, family and neighbors growing up in a rural community: Manuel Kerjean (81 years old) from Bonen in the Pays Fisel and Bastien Guern (70) from Poullaouen. The two younger singers are Jean-Claude Talec (38) who was born in Spezet but became interested in traditional song while living in Paris, and Alain Le Clere (36) from Mael-Carhaix who was caught up in the folk revival of the 1970s in Brittany and started collecting and exploring the traditions of his community.

All four are superb singers and it is interesting to hear them in different combinations: in one Dans tro fisel Alain Le Clere leads and Jean-Claude Talec responds. For a Gavotte suite they reverse roles. In another Gavotte suite Bastien Guern leads and Jean-Claude Talec responds, and in the other Dans tro fisel it is Manuel Kerjean who leads and Alain Le Clere responds.

Besides the theme of emigration to America, the songs speak of competition between villages, love and eternal problems of finding the right mate, conscription into the army, and a host of other social issues. The notes to the CD give most of the texts in Breton with just a short summary in French. It is noted that all the texts are available in Breton and French for those interested in contacting the distributor, Coop Breizh. The emigrant song is also available by request in English (I wonder where that translation came from...).

What I found very interesting in the accompanying text were the notes indicating where the song came from--from whom the singers learned it and when, who composed it when a composer is known, and where it has been recorded otherwise. All these little notes together show just how vibrant the oral transmission of song is in Brittany today. Recorded live at a dance, the performances are not stunted by a lack of dancers to support the singing as one can find in studio recordings. This is a wonderful addition to the large number of recordings of traditional song produced in Brittany in recent years and I recommend it highly to anyone who has become addicted to Breton vocal music.

Eugénie Goadec and Louise Ebrel. **Gwrizioù--Chants à danser et mélodies de Bretagne**. Arfolk CD 429. 1994. 50'07 CD.

Here is yet another wonderful recording of kan ha diskan singing by two masters of the art. One need hardly introduce Eugénie Goadec to those who have followed the Breton music scene. She is one of the Goadec sisters well known in central western Brittany and known well beyond thanks to Alan Stivell's attention to them as masters of Breton tradition who inspired him. Alan Stivell knew a good thing when he heard it.

When the oldest sister, Maryvonne, died in 1983, the other two, Eugénie and Anastasie, stopped performing--at least publicly. One might have thought that they simply did not have the heart, and since they were then into their 70s, perhaps they were also losing their voice. Loss of voice? Not at all for Eugénie who at 85 years of age as an immensely powerful voice. It is a good thing that her daughter Louise Ebrel convinced her to start singing again, and this new CD is delightful to listen to. The Goadec women have very distinctive voices and it was interesting to hear that the daughter has inherited a very "Goadec" quality to her voice. The two are wonderful in pair.

This recording includes two gavotte suites with an additional "ton gavotten", a suite for plinn, and two of the three pieces of a fisel suite. Also included are five "kan a boz"--slower melodies sung solo. Four of the five are sung by Eugénie Goadec. To close the CD Louise Ebrel sings a poem by Anjela Duval set to music by Fanch Danno. There is a nice variety to the CD with both the slower melodies and the dance tunes and the 50 minutes of these two voices is a pleasure to hear.

The jacket notes include the texts which are all in Breton, with a very short summary in French. Unfortunately there are no notes about how the songs were learned or from whom which I always find interesting. And there is almost nothing at all about either Eugénie Goadec or Louise Ebrel in the way of biographical information. Just a little more to introduce them would have been welcome, especially to those discovering them for the first time. I would have also liked to know more about the recording situation. The jacket says it was recorded at Kroazhent Bodavid by Tangy Le Doare, but there is no indication if it was in a studio or at some kind of live event. Credit is given to Jean-Yves Le Corre for coffee and crepes, so one can assume there was some conviviality to the recording session.

This is another recording highly recommended to anyone who likes unaccompanied traditional song of Brittany. These are two great voices.

Gwenola Roparz. **Telenn Vreizh--Musique bretonne pour harpe celtique**. Arfolk CD 430, 1994. 50'50 CD.

If one can say anything about Celtic harp players of Brittany, it is that they have a tremendous amount of creativity and increasingly impressive skills. Harp has never been one of my favorite instruments, but in thinking about the harp music I have heard from Brittany, it occurs to me that there is a great diversity of styles and approaches to this instrument--and they have always been interesting. From Alan Stivell to Myrdhin, Kristen Nogues, Dominig Bouchaud, Anne Auffret, Job Fulup, the Queffelec brothers, to name just those I am most familiar with, Breton harp players have attacked this instrument from a variety of angles. Some in looking at their Celtic neighbors, or traditional Breton song and other instruments, and others come from a more classical angle. In all cases, harp players have had to reinvent an instrument that disappeared in Brittany quite a few centuries ago.

Gwenola Roparz joins some 50 other Breton harpers who meet the challenge of reinventing this instrument very nicely. As the jacket notes to her new (and first) CD point out the harp disappeared in Brittany in the 15th century, and the lack of polyphony in Breton and other Celtic traditions offers an additional challenge in figuring

out what to do with this instrument. All this poses a challenge but also an opportunity to use some creativity in finding a style and new repertoire for the harp. Growing up with the traditional music of central western Brittany in the home, Gwenola Roparz applies the harp to airs and dance tunes familiar to pipers and traditional singers.

I really like the powerful simplicity of song in Brittany, and I have always had a weakness for pipes--including the high-pitched biniou. And, I am not a huge fan of the harp. So one could not find a much more unenthusiastic critic to impress. Indeed, on first listen I was not terribly impressed, and the dances seemed just a bit labored and burdened by all the strings. But, I liked this CD much more on the second listen...when I listened without comparing the music to how other musicians and singers performed it. After getting used to the richer texture of the harp, I found that the dances were just as danceable as they were when played by pipers or sung by singers.

Included among the dances are a gavotte Pourlet, several suites of marches and gavotte tunes from the Arre mountains, some fisel tunes, an en dro, and ronds de Loudéac. Some lovely airs are also included from Baud, Loudeac and the Fisel area, including songs used to visit neighbors on New Years, a cantique to Saint Anne, and some children's songs. There is that nice mix of slower airs and lively dance tunes that prevents boredom on a CD that features just one solo instrument for 50 minutes.

Jacket notes include a brief introduction about the harp and its renaissance in Brittany by Yves Defrance. Brief notes in both Breton and French are included for each selection. These are sufficient, but I would have liked a bit more biographical information about Gwenola Roparz. A unique feature--and a welcome one--of the notes is a map showing key cities of Brittany and the regions from which she pulls the selections on the CD.

As the jacket notes by Yves Defrance note, it is risky to perform tunes well known in song and to other instruments and try to reinvent them for the harp. But reinvent them, Gwenola Roparz has done, and she has done it quite successfully. While I may still prefer song and the unique sound of the "sonneurs de couple," I will enjoy this CD more and more each time I listen to it. I recommend it to anyone who likes Breton music, and especially to those who like harp and are bored by the hundreds of recordings of O'Caralon tunes.

Pennou Skoulm. Fest-noz/Fête de nuit/Bretonischer Tanzpalast/Breton Ballroom. Escalibur CD 854, 1994. 56'05 CD.

Pennou Skoulm should not need much introduction. All five of its members are well known on the Breton music scene as soloists or members of a number of bands--past and present--which have left a mark in Brittany such as Kornog and Gwerz. One is taking no risk with a group including Soig Siberil on guitar, Jacky Molard on fiddle and guitar, Christian Lemaitre on fiddle, Patrick Molard on uilleann pipes, and Jean-Michel Veillon on flute. Pennou Skoulm is a dance band and was active between 1982 and 1993, touring once in the U.S. Rest assured all the members of this band remain active in other bands or as soloists.

This CD is a remix of an earlier cassette called simply "Pennou Skoulm" that was produced by the band in 1990 (SLOG 038). Cassettes are nice to take along in the car, but CDs are always a more lasting and usually higher quality alternative. The ten selections from that cassette were well worth re-recording. They include a number of dances: ridée, fisel, plinn, laridé, gavotte, scottische, en dro, and waltzes as well as one melody and a march. To them are added five new selections where some invited guests are given some room to show off. Included here is a traditional melody from the Loudéac area arranged and performed solo by Frédéric Lambièrge on accordion. Ronan Le Bars, another great Breton uilleann piper, is joined by Yvon Riou on guitar for a lovely melody composed by Alain Samsun called "Breizh". Just when I was beginning to think that Jean-Michel Veillon was the only great flute player in Brittany, Herve Guillo appears with a wonderful interpretation on flute of a traditional song called "Son Kloareg". Also new to this CD is a lovely flute and fiddle duet (J.-M Veillon and Christian Lemaitre) called "Ton Sioul" composed by P. Le Corre. To close the CD one finds the terrific suite

plin previously recorded on the 1988 lp **Dañs--Musique à danser de Bretagne** (Iguane IG D01). Accordion player Etienne Grandjean was a part of the group for that recording.

The jacket notes in Breton, French, German and English give a nice introduction to the history of Pennou Skoulm, but offer almost no information about the tunes included. A nice photograph of the five band members--looking rather serious and pensive--graces the front of the notes. On the back they look almost as serious holding their big bouquets of sunflowers. Don't be fooled by the expression on their faces.

If you like the sound of Breton groups--and who could not?--you will find this well worth adding to your collection. Pennou Skoulm is one of the best dance bands to hit the Breton scene.

* * * * *

HEARD OF, BUT NOT HEARD

The following are some new recordings and re-releases which I have not heard, but have seen noted in Breton publications. The notes about each are taken from reviews in Ar Men 64 (January 1995), Musique Bretonne 132 (Nov-Dec. 1994), Ar Soner 331 (Nov.-Dec. 1994),

Dan ar Braz. Héritage des Celtes. Columbia COL 4777632, Diffusion Sony Music. CD or cassette.

In 1993 Dan ar Braz performed a concert called "Héritage des Celtes" which was a highlight of the Festival de Cornouaille in Quimper. This included 75 musicians and singers from Brittany, Ireland and Scotland. Recorded in the studio and including a long list of talented musicians, this recording has received high praise in all the reviews I have seen.

Alan Stivell-Cochevelou. Telenn geltiek/Harpe celtique. Dreyfus FDM 36200-2, Diffusion Sony Music France. CD.

This is the re-release of two records produced on the Mouez Breizh label in 1959 and 1961: Musique gaelique (a 45 rpm record) and Telenn geltiek (a 33 rpm lp). Still a teenager using his name Alan Cochevelou, this includes 20 Breton, Irish, and Scottish melodies.

Cercle Celtique de Loudeac. Chansons des pays de l'Oust et du Lié. Diffusion Breizh. cassette.

This cassette is intended to be used with a series of five song collections published between 1968 and 1984 by Marc Le Bris and Alain Le Noac'h. Intended especially for singers, the Chantous d'Loudia and singers of the Cercle Celtique de Loudeac perform just the first two or three verses of some 70 songs. You take it from there using the song collections.

Skol Sonerez Rostren. Fanch ha Fisel--Danses du Centre Bretagne. Skol Sonerez Rostren SSR 01. cassette.

This cassette includes music for dance performed by singers and musicians who are part of a newly formed Music School of Rostrenen: Jean Claude Le Lay on clarinet, Pierre Crepillon on bombarde and flute, and Marcel Guillou for song. But also included are a number of other well known and less recorded traditional singers and musicians: Annie Ebrel, Manuel Kerjean and Erik Marchand, Jacky Le Hetet, Jean-Elie Le Goff, Yvonne Guesdon and Catherine Duro.

Anne-Marie Jan. Parallèles. Keltiq Musique. TVB RS 214. CD.

The first recording by a harp player of Rennes.

Yann Dour. Job Daoulas. Caruhel CAR 13. Difusion Breizh. CD

New release by one of Brittany's great diatonic accordion players.

Lors Jouin. Moualc'h ar meneioù. Auvidis Silex Y225044. CD

One of Brittany's younger generation of traditional singers who performs traditional style a capella ballads, and who does some innovative interpretation of such ballads.

Pierre Guillard. Garçon de bonne mine. Kerig (12 rue du Pre de la Lyre, 35850 Geveze). cassette.

A singer who has researched traditions of the Loire-Atlantique and other areas of Upper Brittany as well as the Anjou and Poitou areas of France. This cassette presents 20 a capella melodies and three songs for dance, and includes a number of other fine traditional singers on the responses.

Ar Re Yaouank. Breizh Positive. Le Ciré Jaune. Diffusion Breizh. CD or cassette.

One of the hottest dance bands of Brittany who bring a very high energy to their interpretation of Breton dance and who attract a younger and younger audience.

Terre-neuvas et islandais, Chants de la Grande pêche. Vol. 7 Anthologie des chansons de mer. Le Chasse-Marée/Ar Men. SCM 033. CD

Another in a series of magnificently documented recordings of maritime music. This one focuses on music of the large fishing ships from the turn of the century including interpretations by some old-timers of the sea but mainly reinterpretations by groups who have researched and recreated the music. From Brittany are Cabestan and La Boueze, but the recording also includes singers of Normandy, Flemish from France (Blootland), Mystic Seaport in Connecticut (Forebitter), and Holland (Liereliet).

* * * * *

BOOKS

Reviewed by Lois Kuter

Le Livre d'Olivier Roellinger. Editions du Rouergue. 1994

There is a category of books which are called in French "beaux-livres" or "beautiful books." We call them much less accurately "coffee table books." **Le Livre d'Olivier Roellinger** is in every sense of the word a beautiful book. Some 9" by 13" and 320 pages, it is certainly substantial in size---all the better to show off 300 wonderful photographs by Anne Testut and Alain Willaume (and others). This is a book about a chef, about his art of cooking, and about Brittany. Three authors--Christian Millau, Colette Gouvion, Daniel Crozes--present Brittany and the sea and countryside that have influenced Olivier Roellinger. Roellinger himself, provides the food.

This is a "cookbook" with 70 recipes but this is not a book you will probably be able to use in your kitchen. The recipes give one all the directions one needs to successfully complete them, including the time of year one can best find the necessary ingredient, and warnings as to difficulty and preparation time required. Most of the recipes in fact do not appear beyond the abilities of a reasonably good cook, but most of the ingredients necessary to even come close to resembling the dishes in this book are not to be found on this side of the Atlantic. You might be able to pick up a few of the spices at your local supermarket, but that won't get you anywhere. At least half of the recipes involve shellfish and fish. I don't care where you live in the U.S., but you cannot find the range or freshness of the seafood to be found in Brittany and this book presents beautifully the incredible richness of the sea and Bretons use of it. And for the more inland recipes, one again is introduced to unique products--sheep that feed on the salted grasses of the bay area, specially raised ducks, garden produce, breads, and fresh creams and butters that have a flavor not to be found anywhere else in the world but Brittany.

But don't let all that discourage you. The best thing about this book is that it so wonderfully introduces one to the fact that in Brittany, as in the rest of France, preparing food is an art and gathering the right raw materials to take to the kitchen is the secret. Olivier Roellinger, like all great chefs, starts with the best of raw materials. He knows what Brittany has to offer and he knows that Bretons also explored the world to find new and exotic ingredients to enrich their lives. Roellinger makes his home in Cancale, a fishing port on the northern coast of Brittany between Saint-Malo and Mont-Saint-Michel. The influence of these areas in recipes for seafood and shell fish of the bay is beautifully evoked in introductory sections to recipes inspired by each. Particularly wonderful are photographs which show just where the things on the plates come from--giving a sense of the landscapes and people of these places in Brittany. and in introductory sections to recipes of the land and for desserts, one sees the streams from which the fish are caught, marketplaces, apple trees, farmers and farm fields, and the cows from which wonderful heavy cream comes.

While one may not be able to go far with the recipes here in the U.S., just reading through them is enjoyable if you have a good imagination. One's imagination is greatly helped by very pleasing and mouth-watering photographs of each dish. The whole book is artistically elegant and evocative of the wealth of possibilities Brittany presents to a chef as talented as Olivier Roellinger. As is the case here, "beaux-livres" of Brittany tend to come at a high cost--in this case 450 francs. But, both the wealth of recipes and interesting introduction to Brittany to be found in this book make it worth every franc. You may never have heard of the chef Olivier Roellinger, but after a look at this book you will dream of being invited to his home for dinner one day.

A further note: For those of you who watch "public television" and may have caught part of the series "Mystery of the Senses", you may have seen Rolland Roellinger featured in the segment subtitled "The Delights of Taste". What was most interesting about the profile of this chef was that his kitchen was contrasted with rural traditions of Mexico where great feasts are prepared for October 31-November 1--the feast of the Dead. Ironical that in Brittany this same calendar event is also so significant, and people have traditionally set out an extra place for the dead who are around that night to be with the living. As in Mexico this is not the gruesome, ghoulis, Halloween event that we have created for children in the U.S.. but a time of the year when the thin border between the supernatural and natural world becomes even thinner. It is a time of remembrance and of communication between the two worlds in both Mexico and Brittany. I am certain that Diane Ackerman, who produced the series for PBS had no idea that Rolland Roellinger might have felt quite akin to the people of Mexico in their preparation of a feast for what the Celts recognize as New Year's Eve. Instead she chose to contrast the haute cuisine of "French" cooking to that of Mexican people. A very ironic contrast to me.

Florence Arzel. **Crêpes et Galettes du monde entier**. Coop Breizh, 1994.

This little 112 page book was originally published in German under the title **Ceres Verlag**. But the author Florence Arzel who also published a book called **Bretagne, cuisine, coutumes et paysages**, must be Breton since Brittany is where the book starts and she hints that this may be where crepes had their origins. For such a basic type of food--composed basically of flour, eggs and a liquid of some kind--the origins could have been anywhere, but the Bretons have certainly been imaginative in adding just about any "topping" one could imagine to make a full meal of the crepe--from simple sugar and fruits to tomatoes, seafood, fish, eggs, ham or cheese. 38 recipes are included for Crêpes de froment (crepes made with white flour) and 11 are included for "crepes de ble noir (buckwheat flour crepes). From there one starts to stray from Brittany with "pfannkucken" and "pannkoecken" from Germany and the Netherlands, Russian "blinis", Austrian and Hungarian "palatschinken", and Swiss "Rosti". There are also several recipes for "galettes" and "crespelle" (from Italy). In the midst of the "pfannkucken" one finds a recipe for "pancakes au sirop d'érable" (pancakes with maple syrup). Many recipes include photographs of the finished product, which based on my experience with Breton crepes, do not always do justice to this wonderful food. The American pancakes definitely suffer in their photo.

The 90 recipes are quite simple and this is a book intended to be taken into the kitchen and used. However, you do need to be familiar with European metric weights and measurements (a good cooking supply shop would have the necessary measuring tools). Unfortunately there is almost no information about the tradition of making or eating crepes and their variants found in this book. Sometimes it is even hard to determine where the dish comes from (I could not find any reference to Italy in the section on "crespelle." Just a paragraph of background on the traditions of these dishes would have been interesting.

Stéphane Le Tyrant. L'Almanach de Bretagne 1995. Compagnie Européenne de Réportage et d'Édition. 400 pages. 148 francs.

Although we are now well into 1995 it is not too late to introduce a new almanach from Brittany. This new publication is, in fact, an old idea, and its charm is that it pulls from Brittany's past for each day's page of household tips, legends and sayings, and little tidbits about traditions, local history and nature in Brittany. Each day presents a variety of information not at all out of date, often including nice illustration.

The following sample page will give an idea of the general format and interest of this publication.

MARDI 7 FÉVRIER	
MEURZH 7 A VIZ C'HWEVRER	
LES SAINTS DU JOUR Keo et Audren, fils dit-on du quatrième roi de Bretagne, Salaün. Drien a été abbé et confesseur au Vème siècle. On lui prête de grands pouvoirs pour soulager les maux de ventre dont sont victimes les bambins. Eugénie, Dorian(e) et Théodore.	Trubardérez na réaz : Jamais Breton Ne fit trahison
LES DICTONS DU JOUR Février, le plus court des mois, est de tous, le pire à la fois. Quand février débute en lion, il finit comme un mouton.	KAN AR BOBL C'est à peu près à cette époque que débutent chaque année depuis déjà vingt trois ans les éliminatoires du Kan ar Bobl (chant du peuple). L'an passé, plus de mille musiciens et chanteurs ont pris le chemin des épreuves qualificatives organisées dans neuf régions bretonnes pour accéder aux finales organisées à Pontivy le 24 avril. Cette grande messe de la musique et de la chanson bretonnes rassemble des concurrents de toutes générations qui s'alignent au départ des épreuves des "chants traditionnels" (breton, gallo et français), des "groupes musicaux", des "chants accompagnés", des "chants nouveaux", des "chants réservés aux moins de quinze ans", "d'accordéon diatonique" et de "harpe". Des épreuves où se conjuguent le répertoire traditionnel et la création artistique, sans rupture avec nos racines, et parmi lesquelles émergent chaque année des talents nouveaux. C'est en effet grâce au Kan ar Bobl que sont décelés les futurs monuments de la scène bretonne.
LES OISEAUX En février, un grand nombre d'oiseaux ont réinvesti leur territoire de reproduction et se préparent à nicher. Il suffit de prêter un peu l'oreille pour entendre et savoir apprécier de magnifiques concerts. Le merle, la grive ou la mésange rivalisent en mélodie. C'est le moment où les mâles se tiennent à leurs postes de chants dans l'espoir d'être rejoints par leur compagne sur un territoire bien défini à l'intérieur duquel ils confectionneront un nid.	
LE PROVERBE DU JOUR Breton biskoaz	
NOTES DU JOUR : _____ _____ _____ _____	

A TRAVEL ACCOUNT FROM 1868

The following account is reproduced from the English magazine **All The Year Round** which was a weekly magazine under the direction of Charles Dickens. This incorporates an earlier magazine called **Household Words**. This popular magazine served as the equivalent to television in its day—a collection of relatively light-weight stories, poetry, and tales of travel to exotic places such as Brittany. In this case two English gentlemen travel to the city of Nantes and get caught up in Carnaval celebrations in the streets. I wonder if oranges are still thrown about in Nantes for Mardi Gras?

It is often difficult to interpret the ethnographic merit of many of the earlier travel accounts of Brittany by English and American writers, and this is no exception. But, this account is certainly vivid, and gives one the idea that Nantes rivaled New Orleans in its wild celebration of Mardi Gras.

no. 485 ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Vol. XX [August 2, 1868] 201
Aug. 9, 1868

CARNIVAL TIME IN BRITANY.

At daybreak one crisp February morning, we entered the quaint old city of Nantes, escorted by a motley caravan of peasants, who were wending their way with their various stock to the market square on the quays. After we had passed the seven ancient bridges which conduct from the southern bank of the Loire, over as many islands, to the northern bank, whereon the old Breton capital mainly lies; after we had taken a glimpse at the stunted-looking cathedral, which rears its square towers above the city, and had for an instant stopped to gaze at the old ducal castle, standing in an enormous ditch, half below the level of the street;—we reached at length the square on the crest of the hill upon which Nantes is built, where stands, inviting to a rather gloomy hospitality, the Hôtel de France.

Here took place a brief but lively struggle between hunger and weariness; but the garçon having conducted us to one of those almost oppressively comfortable rooms which you find sometimes in provincial France, and having, moreover, imparted to us the fact that breakfast would be served at eleven, and not an instant before, Tompkins abruptly declared for sleep by dropping heavily upon the bed—boots, coat, and all—and sounding a nasal trumpet in honour of tired nature's triumph. I have to thank my companion's snoring for the confused and martial dreams which followed me. Once I thought that the bugle blasts of the Black Prince were sounding in my ear, summoning me to the attack on the old Breton Castle; but I was held back by a crowd of screaming bonnes, with their long lace caps, who raised, with their shrill voices, a perfect pandemonium about my ears. In the midst of all this hubbub I awoke, rubbed my eyes, and turned over. More regularly than the ticks of the fantastic clock on the mantel, sounded still the snores of Tompkins; but an instant after I, lying there wide awake, heard the same screeching of bugles and yelling of bonnes, which I had thought a horrid dream.

I aroused Tompkins.

"Perhaps," said he, a trifle pale,—“perhaps it is a revolution!”

This gave a practical turn to the matter, and it luckily happened, that the garçon just then summoned us to breakfast.

“But what is all this hubbub?” asked I, in the choicest of “conversation-book” French.

“In the square, monsieur?” said the stolid Breton, as if nothing unusual were going on.

“Of course.”

“To-morrow is the Mercredi des Cendres, monsieur,” in a tone which expressed, “You’re a noodle not to know it.”

What to-morrow had to do with to-day's uproar, I could not exactly see, and so I intimated to him.

"The day before Ash Wednesday, monsieur, is Carnival day; therefore it is the Carnival which has disturbed Messieurs les Anglais."

You must know that Nantes, on all the days of the year excepting two, is the most droning, hum-drum, stupid, sleepy old town between Biscay and the Bosphorus. But the two days when the ex-capital of Brittany is galvanised into something resembling a wide-awake city, are the Sunday and the Tuesday before the beginning of Lent.

We hastily consumed the conventional Breton breakfast which was set before us—the soup and St. Emilion, the fried fish and filet de bœuf, the sour bread and preserves, the shrimps and watercresses—and Tompkins, for once, in his anxiety to get out, forgot to grumble at the absence of coffee.

A Nantes merchant, who was a bachelor and lived at the hotel, hearing our conversation, politely offered to show us the sights.

"I beg you, messieurs," said he, in the grand Breton style, "not to wear holiday suits."

"Why not?"

"Because," he replied, smiling, "orange juice gives a somewhat unpleasant variety to the colour of one's cloth."

Later in the day we knew what he meant, to our cost.

Accompanied by our new friend, we passed from the hotel court into the square. The steps of the theatre opposite were covered with a perfect forest of bonnet caps. The tops of the houses, the balconies and windows, and the side-walks, were crowded with lookers-on, who were boisterously enjoying the scene. Here was a totally new phase of the Breton character, which I had thought, from previous experience, solid and phlegmatic. It was not such a scene as you witness in the bal masqué at the Paris Opera. It was more free and boisterous, more overflowing with homely fun; far more original in the costumes, the antics, and the contagious high spirits of the actors. I almost shrink back into the sheltered precincts of the hotel, as I saw a party of screaming bonnet come rushing towards where we stood, blowing their tin trumpets and waving their brawny arms. Groups of men and women and boys were scattered over the square, in every conceivable disguise, and performing every conceivable caper, crowding and bustling and shouting, maliciously pursuing the bonnet who were not disguised, but had only come out to see the fun, lustily blowing uncooth horns, and each trying to outvie the others. Perhaps the most amusing of all were the multitudes of little wild gamins—poor ragged urchins, whose home is the street, whose bed is the doorstep, and whose food comes how and when chance ordains—and chimney-sweeps, with their sooty merry faces; these held high orgies in the streets.

After observing the scene in front of the hotel

awhile, our obliging Breton friend conducted us through the long and narrow Rue Crebillon, the main thoroughfare of Nantes, which was already so crowded with masquers and spectators that we moved with great difficulty, and were persecuted by the merry-makers at every step. The old houses were supplied, on every story, with long iron balconies; and upon one of these we took up our position. From the point at which we stood, we could sweep with our eyes the whole street, terminating in a square at either end; and here it was that we saw the Carnival in all its glory.

Tompkins, despite the benevolent warning of monsieur, our friend, had insisted on wearing the shining silk hat which he had just purchased at Bordeaux; for he is somewhat foppish, and had caught sight of the damsels who, in jaunty French costumes, filled windows in every direction. We had hardly taken our places on the balcony when poor Tompkins's hat danced off sportively in mid-air, closely pursued by a shattered orange, until both were lost sight of in the surging crowd beneath.

We were now pelted with a storm of the same too juicy fruit, which came from right and left of us. Orange women, with huge basketsful of their popular stock, were pressing to and fro in the throng, selling their oranges by the dozen at a time, while the air was thick with the yellow fruit as it sped to and from the balconies. It was an equal warfare between man and man; the strongest arm and truest eye were sure of the victory. On the balconies of jauntily dressed gentlemen, each with his stock of oranges; and when any peculiarly amusing masquers passed in the line of vehicles, these would open the battle by pouring down upon them fruity hail. Then would ensue a most vigorous retort, the carriage of the attacked party stopping, and delaying the whole procession until they had "had it out." Tompkins was in a measure consoled by seeing hats, but now as glossy as his own, flying crushed in every direction, and falling to the ground, trodden to flatness by the crowd. Now, the ridiculously long proboscis of some Carnival Achilles is whisked off and sent flying yards away; now, a monkish beard is shaven close and clean, and its loosened hairs fall in a shower over the people round about. Sometimes, the combatants, with their stubborn Celtic blood, are goaded to a momentary warmth on either side; then the oranges fly thick and fast and at haphazard, and are thrown, in the blindness of sudden cholera, furiously into the crowd at large; where, mayhap, they yield their fragrance on the person of an unoffending priest, as in long gown and broad-brimmed hat he hastens nervously along; or attack some pompous old coachman, in wig and livery, who, as he is soberly conducting his master's carriage through the throng, receives an orange plump in the eye, or, before he knows it, finds his gold-banded hat missing from its horsehair pinnacle.

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to many combatants; there were Amazonian jousts, which threw the others far into the shade. Now and then a squad of gendarmes would rush in upon a party of combatants, and with loud voices and much gesticulation seek to end the fray—for this orange pelting is really against the law—but then the opponents of those thus interfered with, would pour down a resistless volley upon the agents of order, who would thereon ignominiously retreat. No one was safe from the juicy missiles, which flew to and fro as far as the eye could see on either side; and the screaming, and laughing, and howling, and "sacrrre-bleu"-ing could be heard echoing everywhere through the narrow streets of the usually drowsy old town.

The shops were all closed, excepting that here and there some enterprising tradesman had lent out his windows (at a napoleon a-piece); the church bells were ringing lustily; over the public buildings the national tricolour had been raised in honour of the festivity; and every now and then would emerge from some side street a long train of peasants, in the quaint costume of their district, who had trudged, mayhap, some dozen miles that morning, to have their share of the Carnival frolic. In the street which lay below us, narrow, and enclosed between six and seven-story houses, a rolling, running, shouting crowd were tiding this way and that, without method or distinction; a mosaic of peasants and shopkeepers, of portly old aristocrats and blue-blouses, of boys and policemen, of devils and crusaders, harlequins and Turks, Bottoms and bandits—the scene and colour changing with kaleidoscopic swiftness; a pandemonium of noises, from the famous Breton fish cry, to the discordant squeaks of violins and the many-keyed caterwauling of the less musical mass. In the midst of the crowd struggled painfully the long line of vehicles which made up the procession of the Carnival. These were of every imaginable sort; there were the carriages and four of the prefect and of the mayor, sandwiched between boxes on wheels and rustic donkey carts; there were the stately lookers-on from the aristocratic Cour St. Pierre, and the humble but witty masquers from the neighbouring villages. Mingled together, and jumbled into an almost indistinguishable mass, was this medley of classes, for one day democratically free and equal, enjoying that "one touch of nature," love of humour, which "makes the whole world kin." I never shall forget Monsieur the Prefect, as he sat in his carriage with its heraldic blazon, its powdered and gold fringed coachman and footman, with a half-embarrassed smile upon his face; while all about him was this weird mass of boisterous masquers, waging their orange war, and giving to the picture of official dignity a most ludicrous frame indeed. The vehicles which contained the masquers were laughable enough. Now, you would see a moving castle, with its bastions, its turrets, its port holes, and its donjon-keep; and from its towers, burlesque knights in cuirass and helmet,

would pelt right and left, supplied with an armoury of oranges; while their paper shields would soon yield to the energetic response of the balconies above. Next, would come an imitation house, out of whose windows masculine bonnes were leaning and fighting with Amazonian force. Anon, you would observe a countryman, in the costume of some remote village, prancing along on his donkey, and mimicking to the life rustic angularity. A favourite joke seemed to be to imitate the street beggars who were familiar to the town. There was a cart fitted up as a circus; and here were chattering clowns, and mock acrobats, and pretentious ballet dancers, ludicrously like. There were men dressed as bonnes, who rushed about with bonne-like nervousness, and seized the opportunity to kiss the genuine bonnes (provided they were pretty), who were so unlucky as to come in their way. One little urchin, besmirched from top to toe, who was mounted on a donkey cart, whisked off a gendarme's chapeau, and clapped it on his own stubby head, replacing it by his greasy and fragmentary cap; then rode dancing off, screaming with glee; while the guardian of order, inclined to be severely indignant, yet unable to resist the infectious merriment about him, hastened laughing after him.

One of the spectrums that whisked by, was a sheaf of corn, whose ears flapped to and fro in harmony with its movement, and which showed certain very clear indications of being a sheaf of the gentler sex. In the midst of the procession was a Tower of Babel, with little figures of workmen employed in erecting that piece of presumptuous architecture. Here, stalked by an apparently marble pedestal, which anon would stop, and stand stock still, as if it had been rooted to the spot for ages; and confidential couples, who had something very particular to say, would conceal themselves behind it, the occupant of the pedestal listening with great glee to their muttered confidences. The variety of illustrations from natural history—the bears, and kangaroos, and gorillas, and giraffes—would have shamed the Zoological Gardens; while the Grand Exposition was well nigh outdone by the representatives of all nations, who hurried along. Underneath the windows, where the Breton belles sat laughing at the scene, a group of serenaders, decked in romantic costumes, would stop, and howl forth a burlesque lute scene from Don Giovanni; while, at a little distance, some dancers, setting a table on the side-walk, would proceed to perform thereon a rollicking "break-down," to the general delight.

And so round and round, for four mortal hours, this quaint procession wound, and the thousands of throats, becoming hoarser and hoarser as the day advanced, sustained their unremitting hubbub. At length the carriages and the donkey-carts, the chaises and the castles, as they repassed, showed signs of a long and severe siege. There were oranges and orange-juice everywhere, broken pieces of

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

[Conducted by

orange lay in piles within them, and stuck to their wheels and sides; the dresses, hats, and faces were covered with the yellow stain of oranges. The warriors of the day began to look jaded and worn; to take off their heavy hats, stifling and dilapidated masks, and sit limp in their seats, and refresh themselves with wine and rest.

Shortly after four (the Carnival having begun at noon) the crowd began to slacken, vehicles began to drop out of the route, and the procession to show long gaps in its line. Everybody seemed to be hastening to the square and the steps of the theatre, and soon the procession had disappeared, excepting that now and then an unusually persevering party came rollicking up the street, singing some rude Breton song, and trying to provoke one last battle by launching the flattened oranges, which yet remained, at the tired crowd. By this time the masquers were somewhat the worse—or, considering their greater vivacity and humour, perhaps somewhat the better—for the white wine, which is freely drunk, as may be imagined, on Carnival day; and in the square, and on the portico of the theatre, the orgie was still kept up, until the thick dusk of a moonless February evening threw a damper on the revellers, and sent them reeling, singing, frolicking homeward.

"A curious sight," remarked Tompkins, as we descended, and passed into the street, "but after a fellow has been travelling all night, a little too long to keep one's interest alive. I'm glad it's over."

"Over?" said our Breton friend, with a shrug and lifted eyebrows. "Then monsieur does not care to see how they finish the Carnival?"

"By Jove! Is there anything more?"

"If monsieur is not too tired, after dinner, we will go to one of the cabarets, and see the Carnival dance."

Tompkins consented with a grunt; for, tired as he might be, he was determined, as he said, "to have his money's worth out of these Frenchmen."

We passed through a zig-zag labyrinth of narrow streets and dingy alleys, and finally descended to a cellar some steps below the level of the street, where we found ourselves in a buvette, with a sanded floor, and where some labourers were busy drinking the favourite white wine. Our guide led us along a dark narrow passage to a long, low-studded, rudely-built hall, with brick floor, and tallow candles disposed at rare intervals along the wall. The guests were of the working classes, and were dressed in their every-day attire, the long lace coifs of the damsels being conspicuous everywhere. We had just taken our seats when a portly, jovial old fellow, his head surmounted by a square paper cap, entered, followed by two garçons, who brought in a large table, and set it in the middle of the room. Anon the landlord reappeared with a huge bowl, from whence a savoury steam arose and filled the air. Shouts of delight greeted the good cheer; glasses were quickly filled; while a great brawny fellow with shaggy red

hair, jumped upon the table, and gesticulating as only a Frenchman can, burst into a loud, wild drinking song. When he came to the chorus—which was something about oh yes, we'll drink till the dawn, or some sentiment equally original—it was roared out lustily by the rest; men and women jumped on the table and waved their hands, or danced with a wild glee which was positively catching. Another round of punch brought out, in spite of the law, the glorious Marseillaise, which sounded even grandly, so fervid were the voices, and so earnest the faces. The drinking over, the table was quickly pushed aside, the floor was swept, and partners were chosen. Two sprightly blue-bloused fellows stationed themselves on a raised bench, with fiddle and trumpet, and forthwith struck up a lively waltz. And such waltzing as ensued! Without rhyme or method, these lusty folk whirled off at every angle, regardless of consequences, and wholly given up to the moment's ecstasy. Now and then there would be a general over tumbling, couple after couple coming to the ground, and presenting to the beholder a confused spectacle of petticoats and cotton stockings hopelessly mixed up with blue blouses and wooden shoes. The revel ended with a grand jig, a combination of an Irish jig and fashionable ballet, performed by a blue blouse and a bonnet. So frantically did they distort their bodies, and pose themselves; the man throwing the girl over his shoulder, she kneeling and he bounding over her head; that every moment you almost expected them to fall to pieces. The man, as he danced, smoked a long cigar; and now and then a long puff of smoke, issuing from his mouth, produced a very ludicrous effect.

AT THE CLUB WINDOW.

I. POCO CURANTE.

SITTING alone at the window,
I watch the crowd of people,
And study as they pass me
The warp and woof of life;
Woven with good and evil,
With sorrow and rejoicing,
With peace and true affection,
With agony and strife.

I think as the old men saunter,
Of the pangs they all have suffered,
In the hard up-mountain struggle,
To the bare and frosty cope:
Of their patience and endurance,
And the victory snatched from Fortune,
Out of the pangs of death,
Or at best forlornest hope.

I think, neither sad nor happy,
But filled with a vague surmising,
That the young men strutting so proudly
Must run the self-same race;
No pity for the hindmost,
And much applause for the foremost;
Applause and pity both idle,
To the heart not right in its place.

Charles D.

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FRENCH CULTURAL HERITAGE SOCIETY

In 1992 the French Cultural Heritage Society was incorporated as a not-for-profit organization (501(c)3) and the following is the description Mark Aronson sent to me about this organization which has just renewed its membership in the U.S. ICDBL.

An institute for the study of France's regional languages (which include Breton) was formed in New York City. The institute, known as the French Cultural Heritage Society, Ltd., is expected to provide funds for language courses in Breton, Basque, Provencal, Corsican, and other languages. The institute is also expected to furnish research grants for projects relating to the regional languages in such areas as literature, linguistics, history, law, religion, manuscript studies, etc. The *raison d'être* for the institute is to understand the linkage between France's regional languages and cultures and the development of the French language and civilization as a whole. The institute will primarily direct its funding to those students and scholars who are working in the field of French studies, and who have acquired a proficiency in the French language. (However this need not imply that all scholarship must be centered directly on French and regional French themes). Eligible students will receive scholarships for studying particular languages. There will be support for beginning courses in the United States, as well as intermediate and advanced course work in France, in the very region where a particular language is spoken. Grants are expected to provide for both tuition and travel. Eligibility for language study grants will be based upon general academic standing, a proficiency in French, knowledge of other languages (including other regional languages) as well as a perceived ability to profit from this language study. As part of this program, the institute expects to cooperate with colleges and universities in setting up language instruction courses. Where there are no teachers available for a particular regional language, the institute will facilitate and sponsor the hiring of native teachers and speakers for teaching positions in the United States.

When sponsoring research in different disciplines relating to the various regional cultures and their languages, the institute will solicit research proposals from scholars. With the assistance of its own panel of scholars, the institute will then decide which proposals are best for funding. The criteria for selection will be proficiency in a regional language as well as in French, the scholar's academic background, the scholar's prior publications, the scope of the project and the importance of the contribution to the overall knowledge of the subject area.

Individuals and organizations wishing to find out more about the organization and/or who have a project to be funded, and/or who wish to make a contribution to the society should contact:

French Cultural Heritage Society, Ltd.
c/o Henry Singer, Treasurer
20 Vesey Street, Suite #401
New York NY 10007

Tel.: (212) 714-6168
Fax: (212) 964-2049

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