

Voices

Spring–Summer 2016
Volume 42: 1–2

The Journal of
New York Folklore

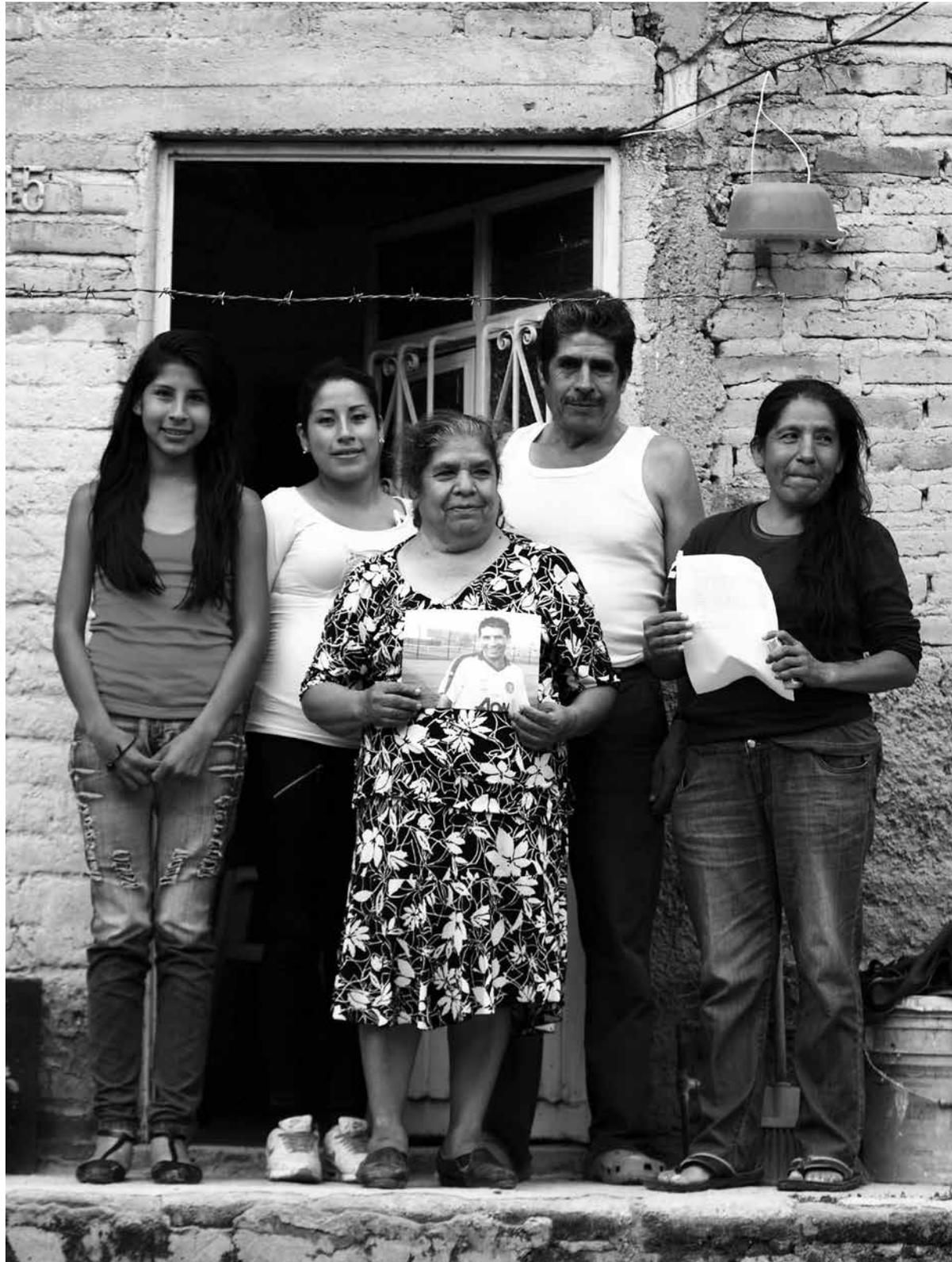
Sesame Flyers
International

Dreams of America:
A Photo Essay

Remembering
Bill Nicolaisen
1927–2016

Chinese Immigrants
In the Spa City

New York Heritage:
A Digital Archives



From the Director



As the New York Folklore Society approaches its 75th anniversary (1944–2019), we are mindful of our history, while looking forward to new horizons. NYFS Board

President Tom van Buren stated in his recent member letter that the New York Folklore Society was founded in 1944, “to serve the folklore community, whether in academia, in applied or public sector work, among folk artists themselves, and any and all persons with interest in the subject and its related fields.” Your membership supports *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore*, as well as the many programs of the Society. We hope to expand our membership in 2016. If you haven’t yet renewed, please do so. If you are not yet a member, please consider joining!

We have much to report. On February 28, we convened local and national leaders for panel presentations and townhall-style dialogue, on the topic of “Democratizing the (Folk) Arts Nonprofit Workplace.” This forum about inclusive governance and decision-making was introduced and moderated by its organizer, folklorist Eileen Condon, the NYFS New York City Representative. The forum was supported in part by funding from the Technical Assistance Consultancy Program of the American Folklore Society. View video of this forum on our website: www.nyfolklore.org/progs/conf-symp/forum2016-video.html.

Our conference, *Crisis of Place: Preserving Folk and Vernacular Architecture in New York* was a tremendous success, attracting vernacular historians, architects, folklorists, and geographers to the Rose Auditorium of The Cooper Union in New York City on April 2. Panel presentations highlighted both graduate

student work, as well as the important work of community advocates and public folklorists. Andrew Dolkart of Columbia University and Michael Ann Williams of Western Kentucky University shared the keynote presentation.

During the 2016 Annual Meeting on April 2, 2016, we welcomed two new members to the Board of Directors. Julie Tay is the founder and executive director of Mencius Society for the Arts, which focuses on Chinese classical and folk cultural arts. Also joining the Board is Wilfredo Morel, a sculptor and gallery owner, community arts activist, and Director of Hispanic Health for Hudson River Health Care in Peekskill. Our board members are elected by the NYFS membership. Next year, with the newly approved bylaws change, we will be able to deliver a ballot and other materials to our members via email or other electronic means, providing greater membership participation in the Society’s decision-making.

Finally, I am pleased to report that the Society is partnering with the New York State Council on the Arts (NYSCA) for a folk arts survey of a large part of Central and Western New York State, helping to extend our reach to and understanding of the folk arts in New York. Following the groundbreaking work of the Folk Arts Program of NYSCA, many areas of the state have received support for traditional arts activities. This project will seek to specifically document traditions in new areas, with Central New York and Southwestern New York being particularly targeted. Hannah Davis, our NYFS Upstate Representative, will begin her work in May 2016, and will be “on the ground” throughout the rest of the 2016 calendar year.

Ellen McHale, PhD, Executive Director
New York Folklore Society
nyfs@nyfolklore.org
www.nyfolklore.org

From the Editor



There is a fishing fly called “Shushan Postmaster.” Like all handmade fishing flies, it is a mix of natural and artificial materials. In this case, bits of turkey tail, red hen hackle, red squirrel hair, black

thread, yellow floss, and narrow gold tinsel tied on a hook—when done, looking like something fish would eat.

I’ve been told that this fly has its origins in my adopted hometown. Teasing out the layered backstories of the simplest of objects is an occupational hazard of mine, so you can imagine my delight when I recently had the opportunity to learn the whole story behind this tied fly.

About a year and a half ago, a scheduled exhibition for my gallery at work was postponed unexpectedly due to a family crisis, giving me only a few months to find a replacement. After an initial thought of panic, I mused that this could be an opportunity to pursue something that had been in the back of my mind for some time: to research and develop an exhibition on the Battenkill watershed, a region that I’ve called home for almost 30 years.

The Battenkill flows some 59 miles from Vermont through upstate New York’s southern Washington County to the Hudson River, north of Albany but south of the Adirondacks. It became my mission to find both art and artifact to tell the stories of creativity inspired by the waters of this iconic river. Designed to be multidisciplinary, “Battenkill Inspired” would showcase the work of living artists, as well as look at the river’s cultural history. The search led me to paintings by local artists, wooden covered bridges built to cross the river, the many industries that once drew power from its flow, the lure of

continued on page 2

“A place cannot have a personality except as that personality emerges in the expressions of its people—their homes, songs, stories, and customs.”

—Mary Hufford, *One Space, Many Places* (1986).



Features

- 3 Sesame Flyers International
by Molly Garfinkel
- 10 The Dream of America / El Sueño de América:
Separation & Sacrifice in the Lives of North Country Latino
Immigrants
Photos by Lisa Catalfamo-Flores
- 17 Remembering Bill Nicolaisen (1927–2016)
by Libby Tucker
- 21 Recovering the Stories of Chinese Immigrants in the Spa City
by Yiyun “Evian” Pan
- 30 New York Heritage: A Digital Archives
by Susan D’Entremont
- 36 Camp Woodland Memories Inspire A Poem
by Mickey Vandow
- 41 Critical Thinking, Wisdom, and Paying Homage to the
Human Experience
by Amy St. Clair
- 44 Seasons in Schuylerville, New York
by Jeromy McFarren



Departments and Columns

- 7 Upstate
by Dan Berggren
- 8 Downstate
by Steve Zeitlin
- 16 Good Spirits
by Libby Tucker
- 27 Voices of New York:
Dan Berggren
by Christopher Mulé
- 34 ALN8BAL8MO: A Native Voice
by Joseph Bruchac
- 38 Artist Spotlight: Enikö Farkas
- 46 From the Waterfront
by Nancy Solomon



Cover: Family in Mexico with photos of their relative, away from home, working in the US. See the photo essay, “Dream of America,” that begins on page 10. Photo by Lisa Catalfamo-Flores.

From the Editor (continued)

Dionondehowa Falls and its pleasure park and the electricity generated for a trolley system, the world-class trout fishing with its own original fly patterns and personalities, the decorated rafts of the 1960s–1970s for a timed float and competition, and current efforts to preserve this valuable resource.

It was a mad scramble to pull this off, but worth the effort. Some 50 artists, individuals, and organizations participated. The exhibition featured paintings and prints, photography and magazine cover art, postcards and maps, hand-tied fishing flies, hunting and decorative decoys, a boat, jewelry, dolls, sculptures, a bridge model, and artifacts from the many mills.

People loved the exhibition. It resonated with our patrons, because the layered stories were connected to the art and artifacts.

The story of the Shushan Postmaster was one of many stories told. The fly is named for Al Prindle, the postmaster of the hamlet of Shushan, 1935–1947, who, after retiring, liked nothing better than to fish the Battenkill. He became a fishing buddy and good friend of Lew Oatman (1902–1958), a retired banker who bought a home on the Battenkill. Oatman, who had been a trout fisherman all his life, upon retirement devoted his time to fishing, making trout flies, and writing articles on the art of trout fishing. He became known as the pioneer of the streamer fly patterns, studying the baitfish (or young fries) in the Battenkill and imitating them by creating 17 new innovative patterns, with names like Battenkill Shiner, Golden Darter, and Trout Perch. In 1953, Oatman honored his friendship with Al Prindle with a new streamer fly pattern called the “Shushan Postmaster,” and an article of the same name was published in *Esquire* magazine in March 1956.

Al Prindle was also immortalized by Norman Rockwell (1894–1978), the painter/illustrator famous for the *Saturday Evening Post* cover illustrations of everyday life scenarios that he created for more than four decades.

Rockwell lived upriver in Arlington, Vermont, from 1939 to 1953, and encouraged other successful artists to follow him there. For a time, a little bevy of artists lived along the Battenkill, including: Mead Schaeffer

(1898–1980), credited with 46 covers for the *Saturday Evening Post* and called by his editors, “a fisherman who also happened to paint,” and John Atherton (1900–1952), a world-renowned artist/illustrator and one of the great American fly fishermen of the 20th century, who wrote and illustrated the fishing classic, *The Fly and The Fish* (1952).

Not a fisherman, Rockwell would hire local folks to be his models, photographing and then painting them into his pieces. Shushan Postmaster Al Prindle was among his subjects, often paired with another Shushan resident, Alva Roberson—famously depicted in the series, “Four Seasons” that is often reproduced on calendars. Al Prindle was also the subject of Rockwell’s painting, “Fishing Lesson,” also called “Catching the Big One,” that was featured as *The Saturday Evening Post* cover on August 3, 1929.

Unfortunately, the people behind this story are long gone, but in my search I did meet Herbert Eriksson (b. 1925), a link to them all. As a young man, Eriksson moved from Shushan to New York City to learn architectural drawing and estimating. He also picked up photography, taking photos of bank interiors and conference rooms for contractors to use for advertising purposes.

Back in Shushan on the weekends in the 1950s, Eriksson photographed friends, including Lew Oatman and Al Prindle. Some were used in Oatman’s 1956 *Esquire* article, showing the Shushan postmaster casting in midstream, walking into the hamlet, and fishing by the covered bridge. There is also a picture of a fine catch of trout and of Prindle and Oatman at home comparing notes.

Eriksson retired to Shushan in 1988. He made the shift to digital photography and computer printing, laughing as he observed, “I had to put a window in my darkroom.” Now in his 90s, he graciously provided these and many more photographs of Lew Oatman, Al Prindle, and the Shushan Postmaster for the exhibition “Battenkill Inspired.”

Todd DeGarmo

Voices Acquisitions Editor

Founding Director of the Folklife Center at

Crandall Public Library

degarmo@crandalllibrary.org

Voices

Spring-Summer 2016 · Volume 42: 1-2

Acquisitions Editor Todd DeGarmo

Copy Editor Patricia Mason

Administrative Manager Laurie Longfield

Design Mary Beth Malmshiemer

Printer Eastwood Litho

Editorial Board Varick Chittenden, Lydia Fish, Hanna Griff-Sleven, Nancy Groce, Lee Haring, Bruce Jackson, Christopher Mulé, Libby Tucker, Kay Turner, Dan Ward, Steve Zeitlin

Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore

is published twice a year by the
New York Folklore Society, Inc.
129 Jay Street
Schenectady, NY 12305

New York Folklore Society, Inc.

Executive Director Ellen McHale

Development Director Marcia Harrison Moss

Administration and Gallery Laurie Longfield

Web Administrator Patti Mason

New York City Regional Representative

Eileen Condon

Upstate Regional Representative

Hannah Davis

Voice (518) 346-7008

Fax (518) 346-6617

Website www.nyfolklore.org

Board of Directors

President Tom van Buren

Vice President/Secretary Christopher Mulé

Treasurer John Braungard

Past President Gabrielle Hamilton

Gabrielle Berlinger, Wilfredo Morel, Gregory S.

Shatan, Naomi Sturm, Julie Tay, Kay Turner

Advertisers: To inquire, please call the NYFS
(518) 346-7008 or fax (518) 346-6617.



Voices is available in Braille and recorded versions. Call the NYFS at (518) 346-7008.

The New York Folklore Society is committed to providing services with integrity, in a manner that conveys respect for the dignity of the individuals and communities the NYFS serves, as well as for their cultures, including ethnic, religious, occupational, and regional traditions.

The programs and activities of the New York Folklore Society, and the publication of *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore*, are made possible in part by funds from the New York State Council on the Arts.

Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore is indexed in *Arts & Humanities Citation Index* and *Music Index* and abstracted in *Historical Abstracts* and *America: History and Life*.

Reprints of articles and items from *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore* are available from the NYFS: www.nyfolklore.org/gallery/store/books.html#back or call (518) 346-7008 or fax (518) 346-6617.

ISSN 0361-204X

© 2015 by The New York Folklore Society, Inc. All rights reserved.

Sesame Flyers International*

BY MOLLY GARFINKEL

Labor Day morning is always a *busy* time at the Sesame Flyers' Church Avenue headquarters. Starting around dawn, a small army of staff and volunteers set about organizing and distributing refreshments and fantastically feathered and sequined costumes to members of the Flyers' West Indian American Day Carnival mas band. Even in the early hours, soca (soul-calypso) blares from exterior wall-mounted speakers, invigorating the upwards of a thousand band members, who, throughout the course of the morning, will fill not only the Sesame Flyers storefront, but the entire length of sidewalk outside before departing for the parade entrance along Eastern Parkway. Those waiting in the fresh morning air move to the music, as they slowly migrate indoors, greeting crowds of friends and neighbors as they go. Once inside, paper plates are filled with porridge, salt fish, and bagels; hot coffee and cold water fortify paraders and spectators alike for the midday march to the parade grounds. Women take turns at makeshift makeup and hair stations near the entrance, while along the side walls, plastic organizers full of bobby pins and self-adhesive Velcro tabs are carefully circulated to enable last-minute adjustments to bodices, bikini tops, plumages, and headdresses.

Founded in East Flatbush in 1983, Sesame Flyers International has been a mainstay in Brooklyn's Carnival for over a quarter of a century, but their work is not limited to Labor Day weekend, or even the summer Carnival season. The Flyers, a multi-service nonprofit organization, provide Flatbush and Canarsie residents with year-round social and cultural programs, which range from educational and recreational programs

to family counseling to steel pan and Afro-Caribbean dance classes. The Flyers' diverse programs reach over 5,000 individuals annually, and there are very few aspects of Brooklyn's Caribbean community that they do not touch.

A mission to preserve Caribbean culture and tradition underscores all of the Flyers' work. Nowhere is their commitment to cultural conservation more evident than in their participation in Brooklyn's West Indian American Day parade. As Curtis Nelson, the Sesame Flyers' executive director, puts it, "We have a year-round structure, so

we're planning for culture year-round. But the last three months before Carnival—June, July, August—whew, we do ramp up the amount of activities and the operations, most certainly!"

Carnival season begins with Caribbean Heritage Month in June, when the Flyers and other mas (short for "masquerade") camps each launch their band's theme and associated costumes for the year's Carnival. "We showcase the costumes the first time in June, on the stage with models. It's an important cultural showcase," Nelson says. In recent years, Brooklyn Carnival has



Sesame Flyers' Queen on Eastern Parkway during Brooklyn's West Indian American Day Carnival, 2015. All photos in this article by Molly Garfinkel.



Sesame Flyers' participants in the West Indian American Day Carnival Association's Kiddie Parade, 2015.

included between 30 and 40 mas camps, whose theme-based costumes are inspired by anything from politics and current events to history, mythology, fantasy, and popular culture. Early Sesame Carnival revelers wore printed T-shirts and sailor caps, but by 1992, Trinidad-based designer Steven Lee Young produced 1,000 costumes for the Flyers around the concept of “Excerpts of the New World.” (<www.sesamecarnival.com>).

In 2015, the “Egyptian Royale” motif offered participants a choice of 10 costume sections, each with a distinct color combination, and designs ranging from elaborate to skimpy. Participants

paid anywhere from \$250 to \$1,500 for a costume, with some individuals dedicating over \$5,000 for a queen or king option. Even the children’s costumes for the Kiddie Parade follow the theme, and infant outfits cost up to \$150. While adult ensembles are typically assembled elsewhere, most of the children’s costumes are made in the Sesame Flyers’ headquarters by Sesame Flyers’ staff and volunteers, as well as by summer youth volunteers who are interested in learning the intricate sewing skills. Coordinating and producing costumes is expensive and time consuming, but spectacular regalia is integral to the Carnival celebration and parade.

Six hundred costumed masqueraders were recruited to “play” in Egyptian Royale in 2015. Historically, the Flyers’ band has fluctuated between 300 and 1,200 participants per Carnival. Nelson notes, “Different mas camps in the community attract and recruit masqueraders every year. Some masqueraders go from band to band, and some masqueraders have been playing with us for 10, 15 years. We’re lucky because they’re very loyal. More than a majority of the band are folks who return.”

Band and overall Carnival numbers depend on not only the popularity of themes, but also on the health of the

economy. The 2008 recession curtailed event subscription, but now enrollment is almost back to pre-crash levels, for the Flyers and for the Carnival, as a whole. Participation has increased correspondingly at other annual Carnival weekend events, including evening concerts, the steel pan Panorama Competition, the king and queen costume competition, and the Kiddie Parade, all of which have taken place behind the Brooklyn Museum since the Brooklyn Carnival's official inception in 1971.

For many, Brooklyn's Eastern Parkway is nearly synonymous with Carnival, but New York City's earliest Carnival parade dates back to 1947, when two nostalgic Trinidadians, Rufus Gorin and Jesse Wattle, obtained a permit for a Carnival parade on Lenox Avenue in Harlem. For the next decade, the Harlem Carnival featured elected officials, community leaders, beauty queens, floats, fancy costumed dancers, American-style marching bands, and Trinidadian brass and steel calypso bands. After the media overplayed minor scuffles at the 1961 and 1964 events, the Lenox Avenue permit was revoked. Gorin moved to Brooklyn and reestablished the tradition in Crown Heights' rapidly growing Caribbean community. What started in the late 1960s as block parties and informal parades grew into a small formal procession down Prospect Park West by 1970. The following year, Gorin's successor, Carlos Lezama, head of the nascent West Indian American Day Carnival Association (WIADCA), organized the first official parade along Eastern Parkway (Kasinitz 1997).

According to Dr. Ray Allen, professor of music at Brooklyn College and the CUNY Graduate Center, the first Eastern Parkway parade probably included half a dozen steel and mas bands. From there it grew, as Brooklyn's Caribbean community swelled in the wake of the 1965 immigration reforms. By the late 1970s, Brooklyn Carnival's participation numbered in the hundreds of thousands, and by the 1990s, it was the largest outdoor ethnic event in North America. Today, Brooklyn is home to the largest West Indian community outside of

the Caribbean, and the WIADCA draws close to two million participants annually to the largest Carnival in the United States and Canada.

In the early 1970s, most of the Carnival's music was produced by live steel bands. Some played attached to a formal mas camp, while others played independently and found themselves suddenly surrounded by a spontaneous collection of celebrants. "That music was the center of the parade," Allen says. Simultaneously, soca, a new Trinidadian popular style that melded traditional calypso singing with elements of black American soul and disco music, was on the rise. By the end of the decade, in Trinidad and in Caribbean communities across the globe, soca's heavy sound and deep bass began to displace light, lilting, lyrics-oriented calypso as the party music of choice for group celebrations. By the 1990s, steel bands had more or less disappeared from Eastern Parkway, replaced by DJs on sound trucks spinning the latest soca hits.

Happily, steel pan is alive and well at WIADCA's Labor Day Panorama contest, which has been a vital component of Brooklyn Carnival since the first Panorama in the early '70s. It also holds court at Monday's J'Ouvert daybreak procession. J'Ouvert has signaled the opening of Trinidad's Carnival

since the early 20th century. In the late 1980s, steel bands revitalized the J'Ouvert tradition in Brooklyn, so that pan playing could be preserved as part of Carnival festivities.

Brooklyn's Carnival is modeled on Trinidadian Carnival, the three distinguishing features of which are mas bands, steel pan, and calypso/soca. According to Allen, while other English-speaking Caribbean islands developed Carnival celebrations, nowhere does it exist on the scale of Trinidad, where the event captures the imagination of an entire country for a month and draws tourists to boot. Other Caribbean Carnival traditions include New Orleans' Mardi Gras or Brazil's Rio, which all involve costuming, parading, and African-derived music. But R&B and samba, respectively, dominate these other soundtracks; each has its own separate, local take on the music and masquerading.

Trinidadian Carnival, in turn, is based on mid-winter, pre-Lenten celebrations brought to the Caribbean by the French and Spanish. Despite its roots in Trinidad, WIADCA has always promoted Brooklyn Carnival as an event for celebrating pan-West Indian heritage. Trinidadian traditions have dominated the activities, but there is representation from immigrants from other English-speaking countries of the region,



Early morning parade preparation at the Sesame Flyers' Church Avenue headquarters, 2015.

as well as from the French- and Spanish-speaking Caribbean, including places that do not necessarily have a Carnival tradition. Although Lezama and WIADCA explicitly aimed to unite all West Indian people in New York under the banner of Carnival, tensions have existed around the parade and national identity. For example, by the late 1980s, Jamaicans constituted the largest Caribbean community in New York, with the Trinidadians as second. “Lezama always wanted the Jamaicans to participate,” Allen says. “He tried to integrate reggae into the Brooklyn Museum Labor Day concerts. But there was tension, and in the early years, steel bands and calypso trucks on the Parkway competed with giant reggae sound systems, which were set up on the sidewalks lining the route.”

Today, Sesame Flyers and other mas bands often feature well-known musicians from around the Caribbean. Nelson recalls, “From Trinidad, from Barbados; from all different islands. In the past they came and they played for us, on the road, live. We used to have *live* shows, with individual artists as well as bands who had hits in the Caribbean carnivals. We used to even hire two live bands. One for one truck, and one for the other.” Today, they work with DJs and artists who sing with recorded tracks. Hiring live bands is too expensive to be profitable, a significant consideration at a central community event that, unlike its Trinidadian counterpart, does not receive significant corporate or public funding. The lack of support sometimes spells financial loss for coordinating entities like the Sesame Flyers.

Carnival floats and costumes can be costly, and many bands have come and gone as a result; happily, the Sesame Flyers have managed to keep their floats afloat since 1983. Unofficially, Sesame Flyers began in Trinidad, where, as the story goes, the founders’ children played together in a small, secluded alley nicknamed “Sesame Street” after the popular television show. When the families moved to the United States, they hoped to recreate a place like their Sesame Street, where their children could play, learn about their heritage—about

the steel band and about Caribbean dance—and where they could receive community-based mentorship. So they organized a volunteer association in a rented space on East Flatbush’s Church Avenue. Fundraisers helped to pay the rent, and on Saturdays the volunteers offered tutoring, as well as steel pan and West Indian dance and cooking classes. Eventually they raised enough to buy the storefront and establish an official homegrown community center. When the collective went to the State Department to incorporate as the Sesame Street Flyers (as members often flew back and forth between New York and Trinidad), they were advised to choose another moniker. Ultimately, they organized under the banner of “Sesame Flyers International,” in recognition of the community’s ties to homes old and new.

The Flyers’ longevity is at least partially due to their open participation policy. “We cater to all Caribbeans who want to play in a quality band,” Nelson says. “Our roots are in Trinidad and we do attract a lot of people from Trinidad, certainly, but a lot of folks are not particular about what nationality the band originated from, but rather, they are concerned with how nice the costumes are or how nice the music is. Or how familiar the experience is. Because, you know, we pride ourselves in having a consistent quality experience.” The Flyers have both displayed and inspired loyalty by winning Band of the Year 12 consecutive times.

The organization is also still literally and figuratively on the scene because they are lucky enough to own their original Church Avenue community center. New York’s Carnival has, to some degree, always been threatened by lasting stigma from the incidents in the 1960s, as well as long-standing racial tensions in Crown Heights. Today, concerns also include gentrification in East Flatbush. It is increasingly difficult to find space for mas camps and steel bands, as Central Brooklyn gentrifies. Empty lots where bands once practiced have turned into condos, and monthly storefront rental fees are skyrocketing. Many steel and mas bands are being forced out of the neighborhood; East New York is now home to pan yards

formerly located in Flatbush. Pan yards and mas camps have always been sites for community coalescence, for congregating and socializing. As the bands are being pushed out, the future of the community may look more diffuse.

For now, Caribbean culture is strong on Church Avenue. As Nelson notes, “I wouldn’t say that it’s the heart of the Caribbean community in Brooklyn or New York. This is the heart of the Caribbean community in the entire country. This is the mecca of Caribbean culture. Brooklyn, New York. East Flatbush.” ▼

*Author’s Note

For the preparation of the article, I interviewed Curtis Nelson, executive director of the Sesame Flyers International on November 11, 2015, and Ray Allen, professor of music at Brooklyn College and the CUNY Graduate Center, on February 6, 2016.

References

- Allen, Ray. 1999. “J’Ouvert! Steel Pan and Ole Mas Traditions in Brooklyn Carnival.” *City Lore* magazine. <http://citylore.org/wp-content/uploads/pdf/jouvert.pdf>.
- Kasinitz, Philip. 1998. “Community Dramatized, Community Contested: The Politics of Celebration in the Brooklyn Carnival.” In Ray Allen and Lois Wilcken, eds., *Island Sounds in the Global City: Caribbean Popular Music and Identity in New York*, pp. 96–97. New York: New York Folklore Society, and Institute for Studies in American Music, Brooklyn College.
- Sesame Carnival & Sesame Flyers International, Incorporated. 2015. *Sesame Carnival*. <<http://www.sesamecarnival.com>>

Molly Garfinkel directs the Place Matters project, a public history and community advocacy initiative of City Lore. She has worked in cultural resource management, museum education, exhibition curation, and traditional arts presentation. Her research explores Western and non-Western building traditions, theories of cultural landscapes, and histories of urbanism and city planning.

Hail Fredonia, Pinch Gut, and Minerva! Place Names in New York State

BY DAN BERGGREN

“Folk Roots” was the name of a freshman seminar I taught at State University of New York, Fredonia. The first assignment: tell the story of your given name and why your parents chose it. A few already knew, but many had to phone home to find out. Everyone was excited to share their personal folklore the next time we met—from the proud young woman who was the seventh Emma in her family to the embarrassed 20-year-old who discovered he was named after his mother’s favorite soap opera character.

Naming and Changing Names

The places we live also have tales to tell. I was born in Brooklyn, what the Dutch called “broken land.” Head north up the Hudson River Valley, past the city of Hudson, both named for the English explorer who claimed the territory for the Dutch, and you arrive at the state capital. Due to the beaver fur trade, people settled around Fort Orange and called that village Beverwijck. The English renamed it in 1664. My storyteller friend Joe Doolittle tells the tale:

When the English took over the colony, they had to change all the names. King Charles named his newfound colony after his brother the Duke of York, who was also Duke of Albany, a town near York in northern England. In the old Latin-Norman-French, Alba is white and nee is to be born, so if you were from Alba-nee, you were born in the white place, which was Scotland where it snowed more than it did in the midlands.

Greco-Roman Names

I was raised in a town named for the Greek goddess of wisdom, Minerva. Each part of that township has a name rich in stories: Irishtown, where immigrants settled during the potato famine; the West Side, not only the western portion of town

but, more importantly, where the West family lived; Olmstedville, where Levi, Sanford and Aaron Olmstead had a tannery; and Leonardsville, where David Leonard had a sawmill on Trout Brook. This last section of town, where my family lived, bears the nickname Pinch Gut. As the old-timers used to say, Mr. Leonard didn’t feed his workmen that well, so they were always hungry, cinching their belts tighter, hence pinching their gut.

Pinch Gut is certainly more colorfully named than the classically named town it’s in. There’s a great number of Greco-Roman names across the state. Rome, Utica, Syracuse, Ithaca, and dozens of others are in an area once called The Military Tract—land promised to Revolutionary War veterans for their service. George R. Stewart tells about the naming of townships in his book *Names on the Land: A Historical Account of Place-Naming in the United States* (New York: Random House, 1945). Rather than being associated with emigrants’ homes, these Greco-Roman names were ones intended for the new citizens to live up to. The New York State Land Office dispersed land in the Military Tract, and the naming job fell to its secretary, Robert Harpur.

Missing Names

Sometimes a name doesn’t stick, and it is replaced or forgotten. Hanging on my wall is an 1890 Map of the Great Forest of Northern New York. On it are fascinating names proposed for townships on the western edge of the then proposed Adirondack Park: Unanimity, Frugality, Perseverance, Sobriety, Enterprise, Industry, and Regularity. The only remnant left in the spirit of these is a river called Independence.

Drop the H

Our state has a number of *burgs* (the German word for castle, which came to mean the city that grew up around the fortress)

and *burghs* (the Scottish word for town or borough): Newburgh, Duaneburg, Edinburg, Lansingburgh, Warrensburg, Ellenburg, Whallonsburg, and Plattsburgh. In 1891, government bureaucracy flexed its muscle in the form of the United States Board on Geographic Names (First Report of the United States Board on Geographic Names. 1890–1891, U. S. Govt. Print. Off., 1892). One of its 13 general principles for standardizing place names was to drop the final *-b* in place names ending in *-burgh*. Some towns petitioned successfully and kept their final *-bs*.

On the Frontier

Before moving to Western New York, my image of Buffalo was the large animal that is an athletic team logo, the bison. Not long after arriving, I heard the story of how Buffalo, formerly Buffalo Creek, was named for the beautiful river, or as the French settlers said, *beau fleuve*. My family and I lived in Fredonia, and my only prior reference for that name was the 1933 movie *Duck Soup* in which Groucho Marx was dictator of the mythical kingdom of Fredonia. While doing volunteer work on the restoration of the 1891 Fredonia Opera House, I heard stories about the Marx Brothers playing that stage in their vaudeville days. However, Rick Davis, current director of the Opera House, says there’s no documentation that this ever really happened. Maybe the four other cities across the country named Fredonia have their own version of the same story. According to Rick:

Fredonia Mayor Harry Hickey protested the film’s release in a letter to the studio, claiming that it tarnished the fine name of Fredonia and asked that the name in the movie be changed. The Marx Brothers wrote the mayor back and suggested, among other things, that he change the name of the town!

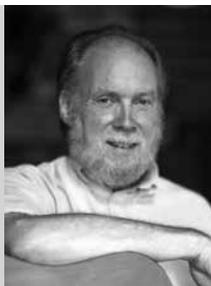
Whether or not this was part of a planned publicity stunt is still debated.

While thinking about the Marx Brothers' connection, I was reminded of another Fredonia story: that Fredonia was once in consideration for the naming of our nation, instead of honoring the 15th-century Italian explorer Amerigo Vespucci. According to a 2015 blog post, "The United States of Fredonia," by Mark Boonshoft, Post-Doctoral Research Fellow, in the Manuscripts and Archives Division of the New York Public Library:

"It was a great oversight" of the Constitution's framers that they did not give the United States a "proper name." So claimed Samuel Latham Mitchill in an 1803 broadside. A doctor by training, Mitchill not only diagnosed this problem, he also proposed a remedy. The land occupied by the United States, he suggested, should be called Fredon, or Fredonia in its more "poetical" form. (www.nypl.org/blog/2015/11/12/united-states-fredonia)

Apparently Dr. Mitchill's suggestion was simply too late. We all know how hard it is to change once something or someone is named. Besides, the Marx Brothers would've had to invent some other mythical kingdom. ▼

Dan Berggren's roots are firmly in the Adirondacks, but his music has taken him throughout the US and abroad. Dan has worked in the woods with a forest ranger and surveyor, was a radio producer in Europe, professor of audio and radio studies at SUNY Fredonia, and owner of Sleeping Giant Records. An award-winning musician and educator, Dan is also a tradition-based songsmith who writes with honesty, humor, and a strong sense of place. Visit www.berggrenfolk.com to learn more about Dan and his music. Photo by Jessica Riehl.



A People Who Live by the Word

BY STEVE ZEITLIN

"My village of Dankawali is about the same size as Jackson Heights," Kewulay told me as we walked along Roosevelt Avenue in Queens, with the elevated subway roaring overhead. "But quiet, the only sounds we have in Dankawali are crickets and frogs, a whole symphony of frogs." Kewulay is my "friend and close associate," as we respectfully (and jokingly) refer to one another. For more than a decade, we worked together on the documentary *In Search of Finah Misa Kule*.

Directed by Kewulay Kamara, founding director of the nonprofit cultural center Bad-enya, the documentary chronicles Kewulay's quest to reconstitute an ancient epic handed down in his family. When he was a boy of 14 in the village of Dankawali in northeast Sierra Leone, Kewulay watched his father, a member of the Finah clan of oral poets and masters of ceremony, writing down the ancient stories in the Kuranko language, in an Arabic script on an animal skin with a reed pen. His father was concerned that his children would no longer continue to pass the stories down in the oral tradition. Kewulay tells of his decision to leave the manuscript in the village as an heirloom after he immigrated to the US. He then tells of the breakout of the Civil War in Sierra Leone and his journey back to his home, only to discover that the manuscript was destroyed when the village was razed. "A thousand years of history lay in ashes," he says.

Kewulay's son, Kalie, is a Queens-based rapper who is reading the dictionary to improve his raps ("I just reached the word 'loaf' in the L's," he told me.) In the film he talks about how he is "holding down 718," his area code. In the documentary, Kewulay returns with his son Kalie to Dankawali to collect and retell the ancient stories, using cameras and computers rather than a reed pen. I was so pleased to travel with them to the village to meet this sweet clan of elders for whom "humility is nobility." Practicing, good-hearted Muslims who live in peace with the

neighboring Christian populations, his brothers and cousins do not drink, but Kewulay and I did spend a magical evening telling each other stories of our very different lives in a bar set up in a veranda in downtown Kabala, the larger town where Kewulay went to school.

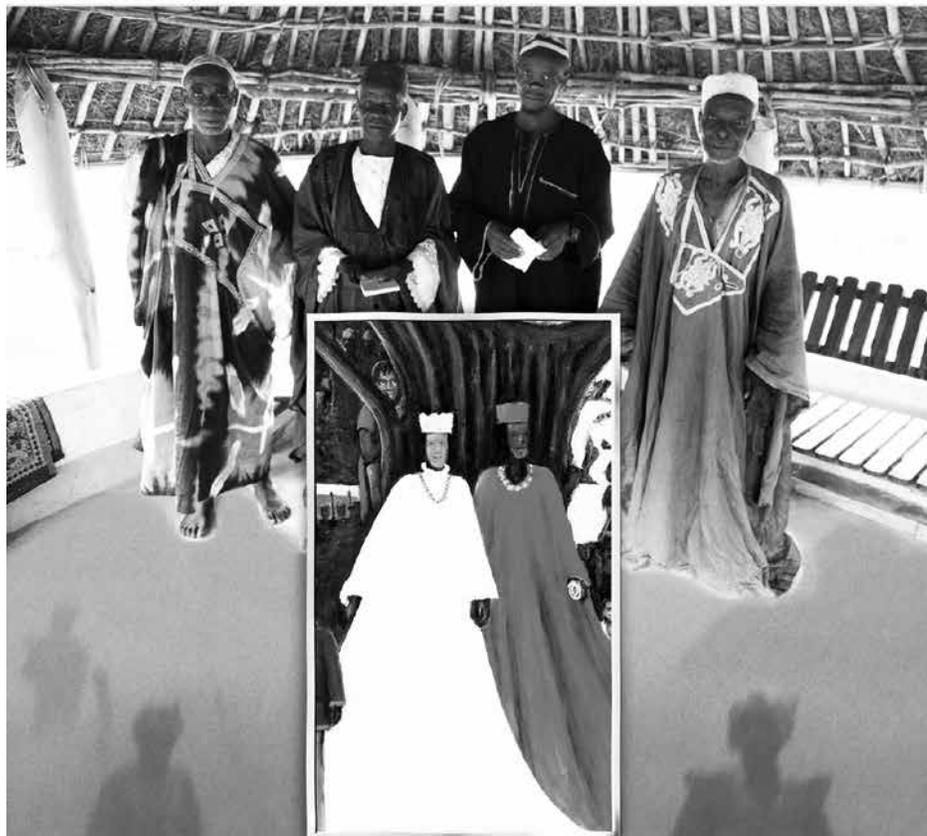
Kewulay's family mythology is of a people who live by the word. "A person who cannot bear to hear," he told me, "will have nothing of value said in their presence." "Words do not rust, words do not rot." His stories come from a time "when what was said was done, and what was done was said." As his cousin Momory Kamara put it,

You are not a Finah because you lie
You are not a Finah because you slash
You are not a Finah because you kill
You are a Finah because
When the people want a word said
But the word is hard to say
Finah, say it!
The people say.

And the Finah says it. "Each word that a Finah utters," Kewulay says as the film opens, "has his life in them. Each word that the Finah utters is beyond poetry, is beyond history. It's an instrument that can create the whole world." As the film closes, he says, "We live by the wisdom in these stories."

Kewulay brings the humility and the gift for words of the Finah clan of poets to bear on his life in Jackson Heights, Queens, both as a teacher and organizer of *baro* gatherings and Kwanzaa celebrations. He also teaches young people to write praise poems. "If I tell you that my name is Kewulay, that might not mean a lot to you. But if I tell you that I am the son of Kamara and Mara, and I come from the village of Dankawali at the foothills of the great Loma mountains near the mouth of the River Niger, that starts to mean something. All of a sudden I am part of something much greater. A child to be praised may be just a little boy—but pointing

BADENYA AND CITY LORE PRESENT:



In Search of

Finah Misa Kule

the story of a people who live by the word

Cover image of the DVD of *In Search of Finah Misa Kule*. Photo by Kewulay Kamara.

out who his father is and who his grandfather is a praise poem that elevates that person. It's not saying that a person has a lot of money or that he is the president of the United States, but that he is a father or mother or a grandfather or a grandmother—and that's important enough.

Wow. So I am Steve Zeitlin, son of Shirley Stein, grandson of Bella Brodsky from the town of Shpola in the Ukraine by the famed Khovkivka River.

Though we all don't all have Kewulay's direct connection to a mythology of words to live by, we all do tell stories and can think of those stories as a kind of mythology. Like a blessing delivered over a meal—"keep us mindful and responsive to the needs of others," for instance—we cannot always live up to the words and ideals in our stories and poems and prayers. But they provide guideposts and enshrine our daily lives with meaning, whether we live in Dankawali or Jackson Heights. ▼

Steve Zeitlin is the founding director of City Lore in New York City. The 42-minute DVD of *In Search of Finah Misa Kule* is available through City Lore (steve@citylore.org). This essay will appear in Steve's upcoming volume, *The Poetry of Everyday Life: Storytelling and the Art of Awareness*, to be published in September by Cornell University Press. Photo by Martha Cooper.



NEW YORK
**FOLK
LORE**
SOCIETY

To continue to receive *Voices* and enjoy the full range of New York Folklore Society programs, become a member!

For more information turn to the inside back cover or visit our web site:

www.nyfolklore.org/about/support/membership.html

The Dream of America / El Sueño de América

Separation & Sacrifice in the Lives of North Country Latino Immigrants

FEATURING THE PHOTOGRAPHY AND TEXT OF GUEST CURATOR, LISA CATALFAMO-FLORES

[*Editor's Note:* This exhibition can be viewed February 27 to August 31, 2016, at the Crandall Public Library Folklife Center Gallery, Glens Falls, NY. Visit the website www.crandalllibrary.org/DreamofAmerica.php for more information and hours.]

About the Exhibit

“The Dream of America” takes us from the milking parlors of surrounding coun-

ties to the cinder-block homes of Coyula, Guadalajara, Mexico, and back again. This straightforward perspective asks that we consider—without bias or stereotype—the work being done, and the lives and sacrifices of the workers. Hard work and separation are underlying themes of these immigrants’ lives.

After two years of photographing workers on local farms, I traveled to Coyula to share these photographs with family

members. Welcomed with tears and open arms, these visits are powerful testaments to the weight and toll the long separations have on loved ones, both here and abroad. Most dramatic is a prevailing sadness over the disconnection from the daily lives and experiences between workers and their separated family members. In sharing stories with loved ones, a fuller picture of the worker comes into focus. Individual talents, abilities, and desires become evident,





leading us to a more complete and human point of view.

The symbols of art and culture represented throughout the exhibit are tangible examples, and an integral part of life in Coyula. The intersection of family, faith, celebration, artistic expression, and food are central themes that inform and enrich lives on both sides of the border.

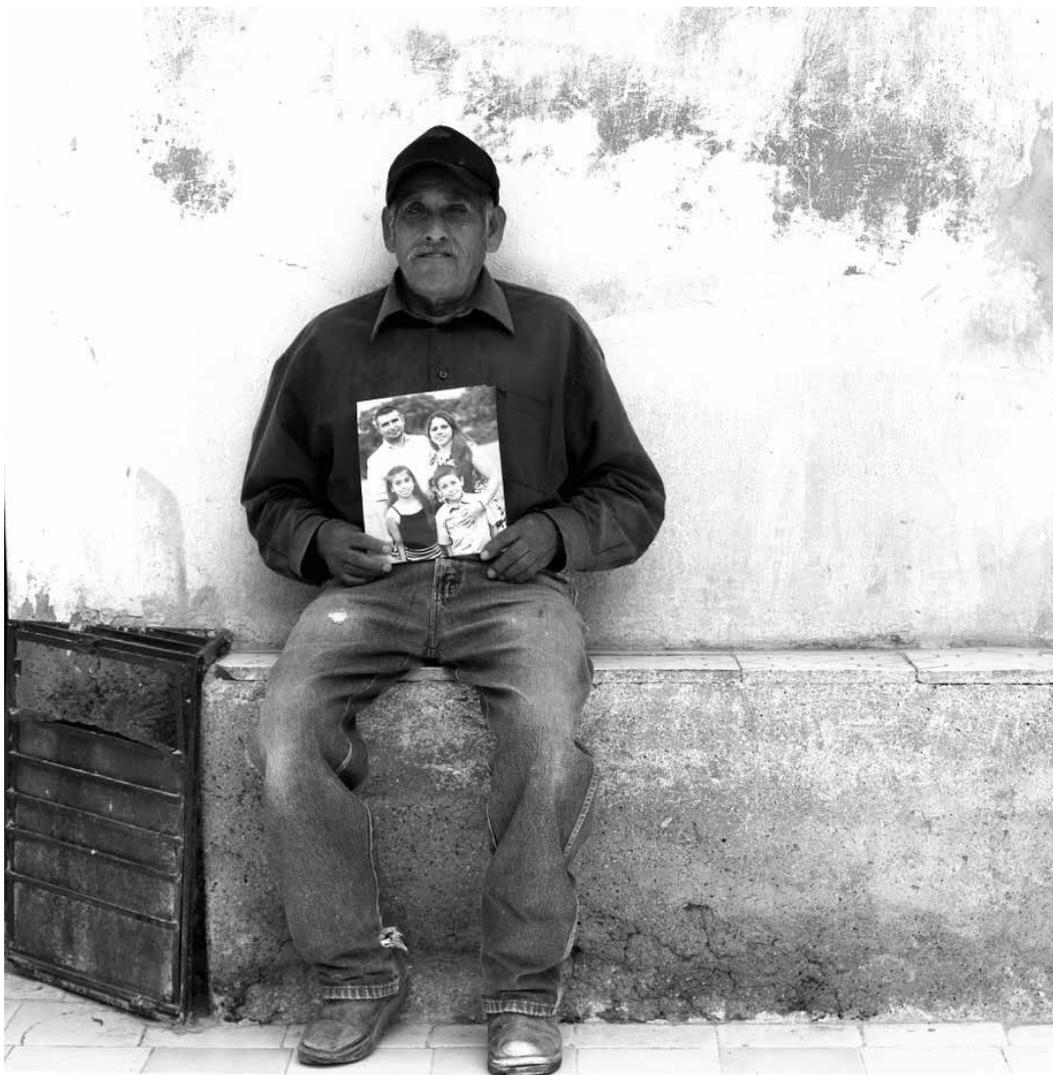
Sobre la Exposición

Presentando la fotografía y texto de la curadora invitada, Lisa Catalfamo-Flores.

“El Sueño de América” nos lleva de las salas de ordeño de los condados cercanos hasta las casas hechas de bloque de Coyula, Guadalajara, México, y la vuelta. Este punto de vista directa nos pide que consideremos sin el prejuicio y el estereotipo el trabajo hecho y las vidas y sacrificios de los trabajadores. El trabajo duro y la separación es el tema central de las vidas de estos inmigrantes.

Después de fotografiar a los trabajadores por dos años, yo viajé a Coyula para compartir estas fotos con los miembros de las

narrative continued on p. 14



Chuy

- ▷ Arrived in 2004 when he was 17 years old
- ▷ Assistant herdsman on local dairy farm
- ▷ Financially supports his wife and daughter locally, and his parents and younger brothers in Mexico

“I miss the bugs...”

— Chuy (tears in his eyes)

“This is the first picture I’ve seen of him in six years. His youngest brother was one-year old when he left for the US. I’m longing to see and hug my son”

— Chuy’s mom

- ▷ Llegó en 2004 cuando tenía 17 años

- ▷ Asistente encargado de lechería

- ▷ Mantiene a su esposa, hija, padres, y hermanos menores en México

“Extraño los abrazos”

— Chuy (con lágrimas en los ojos)

“Esta foto es la primera que he visto de él en 6 años. Su hermano menor tenía un año cuando salió”

— La madre de Chuy



Vidal

- ▷ Arrived in 2013
- ▷ Milker at a local dairy farm
- ▷ Financially supports his wife, 2 sons, parents, grandmother, and extended family in Mexico

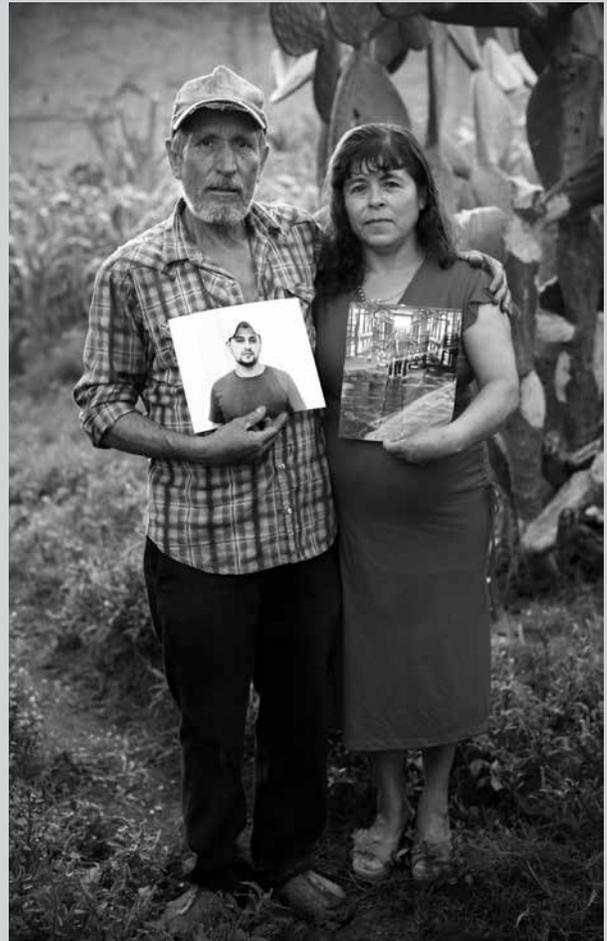
"I miss my boys, and being taken care of by my wife and my mother"
— Vidal

"It's very difficult raising two energetic boys on my own"
— Vidal's wife.

- ▷ Llegó en 2013
- ▷ Ordeñador en una lechería local
- ▷ Mantiene a su esposa, 2 hijos, padres, abuelos, y parientes en México

"Extraño a mis hijos y el cuidado de mi esposa y mi madre"
— Vidal

"Es muy difícil criando a mis dos hijos energéticos sola"
— la esposa de Vidal



familias. Dada la bienvenida con lágrimas y con los brazos abiertos, estas visitas son testimonios poderosos al peso y daño de separaciones largas y sus consecuencias a los queridos aquí y en el extranjero. Lo más dramático es la tristeza predominante sobre la desconexión de las vidas y experiencias entre los trabajadores y sus familias en el extranjero. Mientras compartía cuentos con los queridos, una imagen más clara se enfocó. Se aclaran talentos individuales, las habilidades y deseos, y nos llevan a un punto de vista más completo y humano.

Los símbolos de arte y cultura representados a través de la exhibición son ejemplos tangibles, y son una parte fundamental de la vida en Coyula. La intersección de la familia, la fe, la celebración, y la comida son temas centrales que informan y enriquecen las vidas en los dos lados de la frontera.



In poor communities across Latin America, young people desperate for work take a leap of faith and decide to make their way to the United States. The tale of Hispanic immigrants is a narrative that plays out in rural communities across the country, where common themes of separation, sacrifice, and struggle, punctuate a familiar storyline and weave a picture of today's economic migrant.

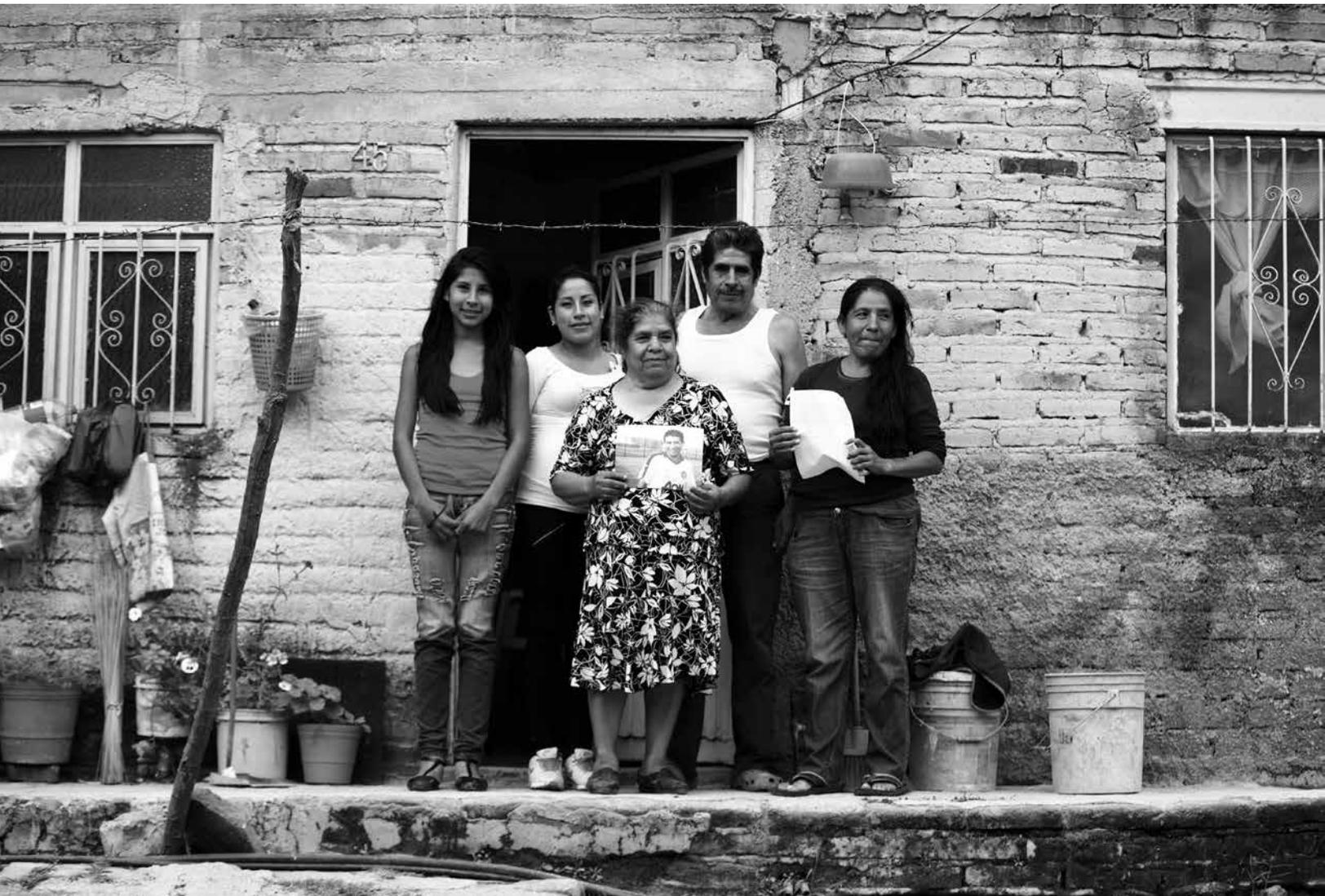
For first-time migrants the vision of America is a dream. Each worker's American Dream is driven by the desire of providing for their families and achieving their own economic security in a new homeland. The hope of opportunity and economic gain is met with the reality of perilous journeys, grueling work, long hours, overwhelming isolation, and long separations from loved ones. Still, they come.

Against the backdrop of political debate and anti-immigrant rhetoric, this timely

exhibit shines a light on workers, the work they do, the vibrant culture and people they left behind, the toll of their absence on family back home, and their impact on local communities.

En las comunidades pobres que cruzan Latinoamérica los jóvenes desesperados por encontrar trabajo deciden salir con la fe ciega y venir a los Estados Unidos. El cuento de los migrantes latinos es una narración que existe en las comunidades rurales por este país donde los temas de la separación, el sacrificio y la lucha puntualizan la trama y tejen una imagen del migrante económico actual.

Para los migrantes de primera vez, la visión de América es un sueño. El Sueño Americano de cada trabajador se empuja por el deseo de mantener a sus familias y ganar su propia seguridad económica en una patria nueva. La esperanza de la oportunidad y el alza económica choca con la



realidad de travesías peligrosas, trabajo agotador, jornadas largas, aislamiento arrollador y separaciones largas de los queridos. Todavía vienen llegando.

Contra el fondo del debate político y la retórica anti-inmigrante, esta exhibición destaca a los trabajadores, el trabajo que hacen, la cultura vibrante y la gente que han dejado, el daño de la ausencia de su familia y su impacto en las comunidades locales. ▼

Photographer Lisa Catalfamo-Flores, lives on small farm in Kingsbury, NY, with her husband Omar, 20 milking goats, 250 chickens, and 4 dogs. A school social worker for the past 18 years, she is also an advocate and volunteer with the local Hispanic community. Over the past two years, she has been photographing and interviewing Hispanic workers locally, and their families in Coyula, Mexico, for the project, "The Dream of America." When Lisa is not at home on her farm, she enjoys combining her love of travel with her love of photojournalism. Photo by Omar Flores.



Ghosts Moving Furniture

BY LIBBY TUCKER

Have you ever heard furniture moving on the floor above? “SCRREEK!”—a sharp, grating sound, like fingernails raking a blackboard. When people drag tables and chairs across a room, the source of this annoying noise is clear. Sometimes, however, no flesh-and-blood movers seem to be present, and ghosts get the blame. New York State has a long tradition of ghostly furniture movers, both in private homes and on college campuses.

“Furniture,” from the French *fournir*, means “the movable articles in a room.” In many Romance languages, the word for furniture (French *meubles*, Spanish *muebles*) means “movables,” so furniture is all about movability. In English, tables and chairs have “legs,” which express the dead or seldom noticed metaphor of furniture resembling a living creature that can walk around.

In the 1979 movie *The Amityville Horror*, a rocking chair rocks by itself, terrifying the new owners of a large old house on Long Island. Fascination with furniture that moves by itself has a long history. At the height of American Spiritualism, in the late 19th century, people claimed that tables rocked back and forth, jumped up, and climbed walls, as if they were living creatures. The sounds of tables moving helped to prove the presence of spirits. In the Spiritualist colony of Lily Dale in western New York, founded in 1879, early photographs show mediums moving their hands above tables to make them move. The astonishing idea that tables had a life of their own inspired New Yorkers to visit Lily Dale’s psychic mediums and to experiment with “table tipping” of their own.

Ernest Baughman, in his index, *Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America* (The Hague: Mouton, 1966), lists four stories about furniture-moving ghosts from New York. One of the best is the story of Aunt Sylvina, collected by Emelyn Gardner in 1914. Aunt Sylvina, who had always been very particular about the arrangement of her house, haunts the house after her death. Her younger relatives try to change the furniture around to suit their own taste, but she keeps

changing it back, making loud noises while doing so. Finally, the new occupants decide to let Aunt Sylvina keep the furniture as she wishes it to be. This legend shows that there should be “a place for everything and everything in its place,” and that older family members should maintain order, both during their lifetimes and after their deaths. In other words, older relatives rule.

In contrast to the story of Aunt Sylvina, a campus legend from Binghamton University describes what happens when a young Resident Assistant, Malika, is alone in her residence hall before new students arrive. Malika is a self-confident student leader who does not want ghosts to bother her. She explains:

I was all alone on my floor, making door tags for all the students who would be moving in soon, and it was really quiet. All of a sudden I heard furniture moving in the room on top of mine—SCRREEK! Really scary, because I knew nobody was there. The sounds kept coming—SCRREEK! And again, SCRREEK! After a while, I couldn’t stand it any more, so I shouted, “GO AWAY, GHOST! LEAVE ME ALONE!” That was it. The ghost went away. I never heard it again.

Malika takes the role of hero here, because, like the central character of the Grimms’ “The Youth Who Wanted to Find Out What Fear Is,” she confronts a spirit and puts it in its place. “Go away, ghost!” she shouts, and the ghost obeys. Who is this ghost, and why does it want to move furniture above her room? It can’t be the ghost of an elderly person like Aunt Sylvina, because older people don’t usually live in college dorms. Perhaps it is the ghost of a student who died in desperate circumstances and craves the attention of a Resident Assistant. For students in college, Resident Assistants rule.

The dark side of college emerges in legends about students who, when feeling overwhelmed by stress and pressure, take their own lives. One Binghamton University legend explains that Gus, a student of the 1970s, hanged himself in his residence hall’s

basement when academic pressure became too great. Since the early 1990s, students have made legend quests to this basement to see where Gus allegedly made the transition from the busy life of a college student to the limited existence of a ghost.

Furniture-moving ghosts signal the inexorability of change. “Move-In Day,” when college students arrive with their bags and boxes, marks the beginning of a new year of student life. Other kinds of moves mark different life passages: finding an apartment, investing in a small house, choosing a larger house to accommodate a growing family, and then, perhaps, downsizing to an apartment in an assisted living facility. Whenever furniture moves, a change takes place.

While writing this column, I have ordered baby furniture for my niece, moved chairs around in my English Department office to make room for students who are preparing to graduate, and, with my sister’s help, moved chairs and tables out of the halls of our father’s house to make room for a walker and a wheelchair. All of these moving objects with their own “legs” or wheels remind us of life’s progress. When ghosts move furniture, they remind us that they have crossed over to the realm of the dead. Oedipus solved the Sphinx riddle, “Which creature walks on four legs in the morning, two legs in the afternoon, and three legs in the evening?” with the answer “Man.” In their own eloquent, enigmatic way, ghost stories trace our progress through life and remind us of the mystery of life’s transitions. ▼

Libby Tucker teaches folklore at Binghamton University. Her book *Haunted Halls: Ghostlore of American College Campuses* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2007) investigates college ghost stories. She also authored *Children’s Folklore: A Handbook* (Westport: Greenwood, 2008). She co-edited, with Ellen McHale, *New York State Folklife Reader: Diverse Voices* (University Press of Mississippi, 2013).



Remembering Bill Nicolaisen (1927–2016)

BY LIBBY TUCKER

*F*rom 1977 to 1992, I had the great pleasure of teaching folklore with Bill Nicolaisen at Binghamton University, then known as SUNY B. I have always been grateful that he picked me out of a crowd of hopeful young folklorists looking for a job. We developed our English

Department's specialization in literature and folklore together, and planned a New York Folklore Society meeting in Binghamton, as well as visits by folklorists and singers. When we traveled to New York Folklore Society meetings, I got the chance to hear place-name legends and jokes that

he had collected over the years. His well of wonderful narratives never ran dry, and his kindness was extraordinary.

Bill was an inspiring teacher and scholar who made important contributions to folklore, onomastics, and linguistics. He received the Chicago Folklore Prize for



Elizabeth Tucker, Bill Nicolaisen, Max and Toni Treppenhauer Lüthi, and Katherine Briggs at an International Society for Folk Narrative Research meeting in Edinburgh in 1979. Photo courtesy of the author.



Bill Nicolaisen with his wife May in 2002. Photo courtesy of Birgit Nicolaisen.

his book *Scottish Place-Names* and wrote hundreds of scholarly articles. The number of his publications was even more remarkable, because he also served on what seemed to be thousands of committees, contributed to many cultural indexes, taught wildly popular classes, and became president of numerous organizations—including the American Folklore Society, the Folklore Society in the United Kingdom, the American Name Society, and the New York Folklore Society. Throughout all of these involvements, he was a devoted family man who had countless friends in the United States and Europe.

Remembering Bill's many roles, I like to think about two of them: father and teacher. Daddy, Opa, and Professor were some of Bill's favorite terms of address; his daughters, grandchildren, and students comprise his living legacy. During the years we taught together, I noticed that Bill was never happier than when surrounded by his wife May and his four daughters, Fiona, Kirsten, Moira, and Birgit. He was extremely proud of his family and delighted in teaching the girls linguistic games, which I got to hear when enjoying the family's warm hospitality. One funny and challenging game was "Drei Japone-

sen mit dem Kontrabass," which involved vowel exchange through eight verses sung vigorously in German. The girls sang all the verses loudly and precisely, enunciating the vowels like little linguistics scholars. Bill smiled, knowing that he was passing his love of speech play on to the next generation.

When the girls were small, Bill told me, it was not easy for him to find time to get work done. His creative solution to that problem was to take the baby out of her playpen, put in some books and papers and get into the playpen himself, pretending to get to work on an article. I can only imagine how much the girls laughed at the sight of their dad sitting in the playpen. By the time I got to know the Nicolaisens, the playpen was gone, but it stayed with them in family stories.

As the girls grew older, they enjoyed trick-or-treating on Halloween. Birgit has told me that they had to watch out for their Halloween masks, because their dad liked to take them to the university campus. One Halloween I saw him striding across campus, wearing a bright green and yellow witch mask that must have come from one of the girls. There he was in his navy blue raincoat, balancing a full brief-

case and an umbrella, disguised as a Halloween witch. Of all my memories of Bill, this one is my favorite.

Sometimes the smallest details offer the best sense of a person's nature. On the SUNY B campus Bill had two offices, both at Hinman College, and both overflowing with books, posters, and folk toys. When I visited him at Hinman, he was always working on at least two projects at once, moving from one stack of books and papers to another. Close to his desk he kept a poster with a simple but emphatic prayer: "Slow me down, Lord." He may not have slowed down much while he was at work, but the strength of his faith was always clear.

Bill was intensely proud of his students and followed their careers with great happiness. Two of his students became lifelong friends of his and offered important support in his later years. Both of them have achieved a high level of success. Simon J. Bronner, who graduated from Binghamton University in 1974, is Distinguished Professor of American Studies and Folklore at Penn State Harrisburg and director of the Doctor of Philosophy program in American Studies. He is also the Lead Scholar in the Holocaust and Jewish Studies Center and the developer of the folklore and ethnography certificate program at Penn State. This year he received the American Folklore Society's Goldstein Award for Lifetime Academic Leadership, and he has also received many other forms of recognition for his numerous publications and service. Like Bill, Simon has done much to promote folklore studies and to bring folklorists together in constructive dialogue. His support of graduate students and fellow folklorists has made an important difference in our field. Simon's Festschrift for Bill, *Creativity and Tradition in Folklore: New Directions*, was published in 1992.

Another highly accomplished student of Bill's is Michael McGoff. Michael wrote his dissertation, "Computer-Oriented Onomastics: The Toponyms of New York State," under Bill's direction and defended

In His Own Words

BILL NICOLAISEN: New York Folklore Society President 1972–1976, 1981–1983

[*Editor's Note:* The following remembrance was part of the New York Folklore Society—50th Anniversary Issue of the NYFS Newsletter (Fall/Winter 1994, Vol. 15, No. 3–4, p. 7). From 1964–1985, presidential terms were limited to four years and, with the exception of Bill Nicolaisen, no president served two separate terms.]

My first contact with the New York Folklore Society was in Scotland, almost 30 years ago. Having joined the School of Scottish Studies in the University of Edinburgh on May 1, 1956 (what a May morning!), I made an extensive use of its excellent research library, and there on the shelves in the journal section, among the plethora of periodical publications from all over the globe, the earlier issues of something called *New York Folklore Quarterly* had begun to make their demands for ever-increasing space, adding to their growing number four times a year. I remember *NYFQ* distinctly not because I had, at the time, developed an interest in North American folklore (far from it!) but because of its appearance, which was so different from anything else the mail brought from Finland and India, from Hungary and Texas. There was an old-worldly touch about the journal's cover, an appropriate quaintness, a sense of the homespun and of surviving good graces that made it both fascinating and attractive, apart from being out of the ordinary.

My second contact happened more than a decade later when Bruce Buckley was on a tour of Britain and, I believe, the European continent, visiting museums and research institutions specializing in folklife. Then, on the southern slopes of the Scottish capital overlooking the Pentland Hills, we listened with wonder to his tales of Cooperstown, Fenimore House, the Farmers' Museum, the Graduate Program and, of course, the New York Folklore Society; and the *NYFQ* cover began to take on an even greater sense of appropriateness. The world of Leather-stocking and of Glimmerglass Lake translated itself from the youthful delight it had been into serious scholarship in pleasant surroundings and shared adventures. Could such a place really exist, had fiction produced reality—it all seemed so remotely transatlantic and yet so unlike the inherited European view of the New World.

My third contact, not long after, was miraculously in upstate New York, at my very first meeting of the Society itself. In order to prove Bruce Buckley right, somebody had obviously quickly built a place called Cooperstown and an open-air museum and Fenimore House overlooking—well, not Glimmerglass but Otsego Lake. That name was a disappointment, but it sounded so persuasively Native American, and there was the source of the Susquehanna, anyhow. And the people behind the *NYFQ* cover were there, the Editor and some of the contributors, and their European reader stood in the spot where most of those quarterly issues crowding the shelves of that Georgian house in Edinburgh's George Square had originated.

I was not allowed to plead stranger value for long, however, and the following year I was elected president of the Society for my first two-year term, two more such terms followed, and I belonged. Annual, sometimes semi-annual, pilgrimages to Cooperstown became routine, where setting and activity, budding scholarship and personal involvement in song and story, custom and tradition, encountered each other and often blended and merged imperceptibly.

Were those the golden days of the society? I do not know. They seemed like it but perhaps their apparent stability and tranquility already contained unread signs of stormier and less settled years to come. But why speculate? The quaint old *NYFQ* cover may not be there anymore, there may be difficulties in publishing the journal even twice a year, the Society's structure and membership may have changed drastically, the Cooperstown idyll may be over—but who is prepared to say that these are of necessity changes for the worse? Leading the Society, administering its finances, increasing its membership, editing and publishing its journal may be less comfortable tasks now, but they are certainly more challenging than ever,—and I remember distinctly that Deerslayer never refused a challenge.

—W. F. H. Nicolaisen, 1985

it in 1980. This dissertation, which received the university's Distinguished Dissertation Award, made a groundbreaking contribution to onomastics. As Binghamton University's Senior Vice Provost and CFO, Michael is one of our university's leaders. He is also known for his skill in reading the names of students from around the world aloud at commencement: a feat of onomastic daring that few others would dare to undertake. Michael's Festschrift for Bill, a special issue of *Names: A Journal of Onomastics*, was published in 1999.

Bill's four daughters have all made significant contributions to their fields: Fiona as a minister, Kirsten as a doctor, Moira as a teacher of special education, and Birgit as the director of the National Student Exchange at Binghamton University. It

has been a joy to work with Birgit, who has a sense of humor much like her father's. Because of her, I can now say that I have worked with Nicolaisens for almost 40 years.

Soon after Bill's passing, I received an invitation to lecture at Inner Mongolia Normal University, and I asked Birgit if she thought her dad would have liked to go there. She answered, "My dad travel? You have to ask? Of course, and he would have taken great photos, tried weird and wonderful foods, and made friends for life."

Of course, Birgit was right. Bill made countless friends around the world and had a heartfelt appreciation of folk culture in every place he visited. We are all richer for having known him. In New York State

and beyond, he will always be cherished as a leading folklorist who has given us important knowledge, deep insight, and welcome laughter. ▼

References

- Bronner, Simon J., ed. 1992. *Creativity and Tradition in Folklore: New Directions*. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- McGoff, Michael, ed. 1999. Special Issue: A Festschrift in Honor of W. F. H. Nicolaisen. *Names: A Journal of Onomastics* 47:3 (September).
- Nicolaisen, W. F. H. 1976. *Scottish Place-Names*. London: Batsford.

For more information about Bill Nicolaisen, see

"Former professor remembered for passion for teaching, distinguished career" in the Binghamton

University's student newspaper, *Pipe Dream*:

www.bupipedream.com/news/66220/obit-2/

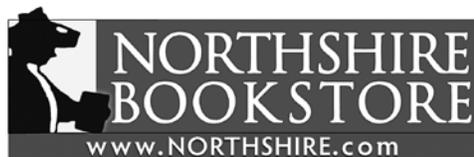
Simon Bronner's post on February 14, 2016, on the American Folklore Society, History & Folklore Section Facebook site:

www.facebook.com/groups/1550062601904433/permalink/1687382918172400/

Libby Tucker, Distinguished Service Professor of English at Binghamton University, is the author of *Haunted Halls: Ghostlore of American College Campuses* (Jackson: University Press of Mississippi, 2007). Her most recent book, co-edited with Ellen McHale, is *New York State Folklife Reader: Diverse Voices* (University Press of Mississippi, 2013). Currently she is working on a book about legend trips.



Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore is now available at:



424 Broadway
Saratoga Springs NY 12866
518-682-4200



Gallery of New York Artists
129 Jay Street
Schenectady NY 12309
518-346-7008

Recovering the Stories of Chinese Immigrants in the Spa City

BY YIYUN “EVIAN” PAN

In her book *The Chinese in America*, Iris Chang asserts that, “...I try to show the Chinese Americans as they really were and are: real, and diverse, flesh-and-blood individuals in search of a dream. All I ask of the reader is to look past ethnicity and see the shared humanity within us all” (Chang 2004, xvi). The Chinese American journalist and author ends the introduction to her book with a call to ask her audiences to zoom in, under this broad ethnical topic, onto the individual journeys that she has documented. Although the waves of Chinese immigration to the United States have occurred over nearly two centuries, the individuality and personal narratives of Chinese immigrants and Chinese Americans have long been packed and stored in a single cabin, represented under the group name of the ethnic population, instead of those of individuals. As sociocultural representations have empowered a collective political voice, individual narratives became culturally blurry and remain in the shadow of large records such as census data, employment surveys, and income numbers.

Therefore, to learn and tell individual stories, The Saratoga Chinese Oral History Project, initiated in June 2015, investigates and documents the historical and contemporary narratives of Chinese immigration and residency in Saratoga Springs, NY. The city’s prosperous entertainment, artistic cultures, stable economy, and picturesque landscape appealed, within a hundred

years’ history, to many immigrants, including Chinese, to settle here. Thus, beyond the larger picture of immigrants’ cultural adaptation to a new country, how did those newcomers and their children, the second generation, on a local scale, interact with the environment of this upstate New York city where white culture is deeply rooted? The oral history interviews aim to learn about the cross-continental journeys and discover the feelings of the individuals upon changing lifestyles. The project also looks into the lives of the second generations of immigrants, the Chinese Americans who were born here, especially to examine how the dichotomy of growing up in a Chinese family and living in an American town impacted their awareness of identity and cultural memories.

Chinese in Saratoga Springs (1970s)

The Oral History Project is not the first to look at individual Chinese stories. From the collection of the Saratoga Springs City Historian’s Office, I found that the *Saratogian* newspaper devoted pages to the stories of several notable Chinese figures in 1970s.

A column of *The Saratogian*, published on February 9, 1975, introduced the family of Pui Pui Wah and Kwan Ling Chang, known as Sabrina and James Chang to their friends, describing how they celebrated in welcoming the Year of the Rabbit in a traditional manner (“Changs of Saratoga”

1975). The members in the family bonded over the preparation and enjoyment of homemade authentic Chinese food and connected the Asian tradition with modern American life. Further, speaking of Chinese cuisine, Willie Lum, Hong Kong-born and a former New York City resident, opened his Chinese American restaurant at the age of 76, in the year 1976 (“At 76” 1976). Two years later, Ronnie Cheuk, who had lived in Saratoga Springs for 15 years, opened the Rice Inn, featuring various types of Chinese cuisines (Von Seggern 1980). Apart from running restaurant businesses, the Chinese also adopted roles in education. In 1975, sadly, Dr. Yu-Kuang Chu, who served for many years as a professor of Asian Studies and the department chair of Education at Skidmore College, passed away. A native of China, Dr. Chu immigrated to the US in the late 1940s, introducing the discipline of Asian Studies to the Skidmore campus (“Dr. Chu” 1975). His wife, Mrs. Chu retired as head librarian at the Saratoga Springs Public Library in the summer of 1973 (“Mrs. Chu” 1973).

These newspaper writings, published in 1970s, highlighted the Chinese people’s unique journeys from the parts of China where they grew up to Saratoga Springs, as well as how their lives in the Spa City reflected the culture and traditions they carried with them. Similarly, the Saratoga Oral History Project aims to revitalize the attention that these personal narratives of

Changs of Saratoga to welcome year 4673 in traditional manner



AT HOME IN THE KITCHEN — Sabrina Chang loves to cook and whips up Chinese dishes as quickly as Americans broil hamburgers. She also grows her own vegetables, even during the winter months. In one of her

THE YEAR OF THE TIGER will be shered out and the Year of the Rabbit welcomed in on Tuesday, when Chinese people throughout the world celebrate the new year, based on the ancient moon calendar.

Pui Pui Wah and Kwan Ling Chang, nown to their Saratoga Springs friends

the New Year are confectionaries—kumquats, crystallized coconut, crystallized ginger, crystallized lotus root, dry sweet lotus nuts, crystallized eater chestnuts and dry sweet coconut slices. As most of the authentic Chinese foods are not available in this area, friends of the Changs oblige them by

thin slices, with carrot and radish slices for garnish.

Celebrating the Chinese New Year in America is much different than celebrating it in the Orient, said Chang who was born in the northern part of Shanghai during the Japanese occupation in 1935. When still a boy, his

Sabrina Chang shares recipes

SABRINA CHANG offers her own recipes for those who wish to celebrate the Chinese New Year.

Chang's Spiced Drunk Chicken

3 whole chicken breasts—boned and skinned
3 tsp. salt
1 tsp. crushed Chinese spice (star anise)
¼ cup dry sherry
Mix wine, salt and spice. Marinate in a tightly closed jar in refrigerator for five days. Turn chicken twice daily.

Remove from refrigerator and leave at room temperature for at least 3 hours before cooking.
Place breasts on rack over boiling water. Be sure chicken is not touched by water. Steam approximately 20 minutes.

Remove and cool. Slice thin across grain and serve cold. Garnish platter with raw vegetables—such as carrots, radishes, etc. Sprinkle three tablespoons of sherry over chicken to moisten.

Chinese Dried Beef

3 lbs. top round, or top sirloin beef sliced ¼" (or thinner). (Ask the butcher to machine slice.)
½ cup soy sauce
¼ cup honey
2 tsp. salt
4 tbsp. sherry
Mix soy sauce, honey, salt and sherry. Marinate beef in liquid for one hour. Remove beef to baking dish and cover with aluminum foil. Bake in preheated oven 350 degrees for 15 minutes.

Remove. Let cool. Store in jar or closed container in refrigerator. Beef will harden. Serve as snack or hors d'oeuvres.

Tung on Chicken

(The name of this dish is for the town in China that made it famous.)
2 whole chickens—cut in small pieces
¾ cup soy sauce
1 tsp. sugar
3 tbsp. Sherry
1 pkg. scallions (cut entire scallion to one inch pieces)
Mix soy sauce, sugar, sherry and scallions. Marinate chicken for two hours. Put in pot, cover. Bring to boil and simmer for ½ hour. Remove pieces of chicken to broiler pan—skin side up. Broil for 3 minutes to crisp skins. Pour hot sauce over chicken. Serve.

兔
年
year of
the rabbit

SUNDAY—Sunday, Feb. 9, 1975—3C



CHINESE CONFECTIONARIES — Chinese and is about 100 years old. The Elaine Chang, seven, and Douglas Chang, three, share some of the traditional confectionaries served during the Chinese New Year. The red satin coverlet on the couch is authentic

Images from *The Saratogian* column, published on February 9, 1975, introducing Sabrina and James Chang and describing their traditional celebration of the Year of the Rabbit.

Chinese people received around 40 years ago, by collecting, documenting, and presenting the contemporary stories to continue the historical writing.

The Contemporary Stories

The three sets of interviews that the Project have collected thus far are from three individuals or pairs of interviewees, all with distinctive cross-continental experiences and different types of social and cultural engagement with the town of Saratoga Springs.

I. A Working Life

“Food culture of contemporary Chinese Americans reflects a seemingly paradoxical adaptation strategy. It is not only possible but also increasingly preferred for many immigrants to maintain their Chinese ethnic tradition while becoming Americans” (Liu 2015, 5). Restaurant jobs are what most Chinese immigrants favor and seek due to the business’s low economic risks, as well as its relative cultural proximity for immigrants to their recent memory of the mother country. In Saratoga Springs, Chinese immigrants who came from Fujian

and Canton, the two Southern provinces, are now running almost all the Asian restaurants in the city.

The first interviewee, Anna Zhu, is a receptionist at Char Koon, a Chinese and Thai restaurant on downtown Broadway. In her late 40s, Anna came to the US, directly to Saratoga Springs in 1997. When I first approached her, she immediately accepted the interview, after hearing my request, with no hesitation of speaking about personal stories. I was impressed by her confidence and independence. She spoke Mandarin with me and shared

stories about her life with me comfortably; she also spoke fluent English with her customers—not only restaurant vocabularies, but naturally greeting and chatting with them—building her confidence through the years, as she adapted to a foreign culture as an adult.

Anna moved to Saratoga with her husband, a Taiwanese American who constantly traveled to Taiwan, to Mainland China, and to the US, and eventually decided to settle here as a restaurant owner. A former office clerk in an electrical utility office, Anna gradually picked up English and learned business skills to assist her husband in running the restaurant. She said, “I prefer to do things on my own. I like to listen and talk. So gradually, after about four years, I feel that I handle everything by myself.” Speaking of her current profession, she said that she had become so familiar with running a restaurant that she could do it with eyes closed.

However, Anna’s outgoing personality contrasted with her demanding work routine in America. She works 12 hours each day, with a Saturday daytime break before work resumes at 5 p.m. Taking a walk early in the morning and a bit of bedtime reading fill her few spare hours. Chicago, where her cousins live, is too far away to visit to secure family relationships. Chances to chat and go out with friends, who are also busy with their jobs, are always limited. Describing her life, Anna concluded by saying, “In my memory, since I’ve come to America, I feel like America to me is a place for working, not for living a life.” It is interesting, as well as a bitter truth, when we consider how Anna describes her days, while living in the cultural environment of Saratoga Springs that is dominated by countless modes of entertainment and enjoyment, such as horse racing, diverse arts experiences, and various businesses located downtown. Though Anna has

always been very actively adjusting to living an American life, a Saratogian life, cultural detachment seems still inevitable for Anna, after living in the city for nearly 20 years.

Nevertheless, Anna’s optimistic personality helps her to focus on the positive aspects of her current life. She favors the elegant cityscape of Saratoga, the snow that she finds beautiful, and the qualities of water and air that often are appreciated by immigrant Chinese due to the emergent problems in their homeland. Specifically, Anna pointed out that living in a two-story house was a huge benefit for her: “It’s impossible for me to afford one back home,” because major Chinese cities, including Hangzhou where Anna comes from, have been experiencing real estate booms, resulting in high prices, such that the majority of the citizens find it difficult to afford home ownership.

Anna defined her experience as a first-generation immigrant in Saratoga Springs



Anna Zhu at the reception counter of Char Koon, a Chinese and Thai restaurant in downtown Saratoga Springs.
Photo by Evian Pan.



Andy Lu in front of his parents' Chinese fast food counter in the Wilton Mall, Wilton. Photo by Evian Pan.

in this really, *really* predominantly white town,” said Andy. For many young Chinese Americans, the mirror to see yourself is the way you look at others, in this case, others being white (Tung 2000). Andy, like others who are the second generation of immigrants, often faced a hesitating process of self-identification.

Since attending a larger university as an adult, Andy has become much more aware of his own identity, and more active in promoting self-awareness, mainly because he has met many peers—Asian Americans, specifically, Chinese Americans and Chinese international students on the Rochester campus. By socializing with others of similar ethnicity, while starting to take Chinese language courses, Andy began and continues to familiarize himself with the Chinese culture, which has helped him to understand many of his childhood questions related to the food traditions and his family's religion and customs.

At the same time, Andy also recognized the boundaries between the Chinese and Chinese Americans, which he had not thought much about in the past. He said, “When I sit around a bunch of Chinese people speaking Mandarin, it's really clear. I'll just be eating, because that's what we're all doing, except you're holding a conversation, and I'm not.” The bitterness of Andy's words conveys his now evident self-identification as a Chinese American, who makes efforts to connect himself with the traditional culture, which is more like his parents' culture, while acknowledging the distance between the social group he belongs to and the group from the eastern country.

Family was another topic raised during my interview with Andy. Like many Chinese immigrant parents, the stories of their efforts in relocating to a new country and their personal dramas through the years have become the most prominent part of the parents' lives. Thus, passing on those memories to the children appears to be some of the few family times for sharing, given the parents' often busy working schedules. Andy mentioned that

as economically beneficial but culturally isolating, which reflects the condition and mentality of many newcomers from abroad. As we glimpse United States history from a Saratogian viewpoint, we hear the continuing dialogue about immigration from the individual stories of immigrants like Anna.

II. Am I Chinese?

Andy Lu, a junior undergraduate at Rochester Institute of Technology, spent his entire pre-college life in Saratoga Springs. Speaking of the city, Andy complimented the picturesque cityscape while

admitting that, “There's not really many activities for the kids here. It's more like for the older people.”

Born to a Chinese immigrant couple coming from Canton, who are now running a Chinese fast food restaurant, Andy has been aware of many cultural restraints at home, at schools which he attended in the city, and at college now. When he recalled his school life, being one of the few Asians among the school population made his ethnic identity invisible, even to himself. “It's not that I forgot, but a lot of times it just didn't come to mind that, oh I'm Chinese, since I was born and raised

his father, Thomas Lu, loved telling stories of him growing up, moving to several Asian countries, to New York City, and finally to Saratoga. In this immigrant family, the father telling the stories and the son listening to them consists of perhaps the only “family bonding time.” “Sometimes I’m not in the mood for a story.” Andy would feel bothered by his father repeating stories when he was busy, rushing to complete his homework. But whenever Thomas wanted to tell Andy some stories, Andy would simply sit by his father and listen, because, “How am I gonna get the time to listen to the story again?” said Andy. Those family memories that Andy could recall have also driven him to connect more with Chinese culture.

When the memory of growing up in a Chinese family blends with the impression of living in an American city, the individuality of being part of a second generation is constrained by the distinctions between the two cultures (Zhou 2003). Especially in places such as Saratoga Springs where American traditions are well rooted, young adults like Andy often face twice the amount of issues that their American adolescent peers encounter. Yet the bicultural

experience also assists Chinese Americans like Andy in clarifying their formerly invisible self-awareness and in exploring where to locate their own identities.

III. Chinese in Art

Restaurant jobs are indeed what most Chinese immigrants have devoted their lives to, yet in the past summer, I have found a couple who moved to the upstate from New York City and have tied their lives intimately with arts development in Saratoga.

Hongyu Chen, or Mary, the English name she goes by, and Yong Li are both renowned vocalists among Chinese immigrants in the Northeast. When I first approached them in August 2015, one of the first things they mentioned was that they had just performed with a Chinese orchestra in Washington, DC, two weeks before. During our conversation, Mary and Yong elaborated more about their arts careers, from their traveling and performances to the gallery they once owned on Beekman Street, in Saratoga Spring’s Arts District. They talked much less about the business they still keep for modest income—the Brentwood Motel—even though it has one

of the most convenient locations, facing the Saratoga Racetrack.

The Gallery of 70 Beekman St., in a three-unit complex, according to Mary and Yong, was the first gallery opened in the District in 1990s and soon initiated the Beekman Street Renaissance—the neighborhood’s cultural and artistic transformation and development that continues today. Mary and Yong showed me their personal archive of the gallery, including photographs, newspaper clippings, and past event programs. The gallery welcomed both Chinese traditional and American contemporary artworks, two-dimensional mediums and sculptures. The space also hosted several Chinese concerts to celebrate Chinese Lunar New Year in January or February and other major festivals. I am indebted to Mary Ann Fitzgerald, the City Historian of Saratoga Springs, who suggested to me that I get in touch with Mary Chen. The concerts in their gallery space gave rise to cultural waves in Saratoga Springs and highlighted the gallery as one of the focal points for the arts on the west side of the city. During those concerts, Mary and Yong were indeed the hosts, as well as leading vocalists to warm up the stage for their performer friends and guests. The couple’s profession in *bel canto* and their hospitality had attracted a number of local institutions and organizations to collaborate for art events.

Recognizing the competitiveness present in the music world from their own career experience—with frequent auditions for precious performing opportunities—and drawing upon Mary’s experience as a vocal instructor at New York University, the couple developed the gallery as not only an elite, professional space but also a local venue for talented, young musicians from Saratoga and the nearby region. Mary leafed through the concert programs they have collected and told me stories about each of the young talents, whom she praised. She would say, “This young man is very talented. Later he participated the National Chopin Piano Competition.... So did this boy,” pointing at another young



Owners Mary Chen and Yong Li inside their Brentwood Motel, Saratoga Springs. Photo by Evian Pan.

performer's profile on the program. When Mary spoke about those concerts, I detected a sense of happiness and caring pride emanating from this dedicated arts educator. The opportunities that Mary and Yong created for the young talents proved to be gateways to these musicians' performance careers.

An art space, a music venue, and an educational center, 70 Beekman St. has sparkled in the couple's Saratogian life, as well as in the public memory of arts in Saratoga. The space prospered and Mary and Yong, two artist immigrants from China, thus created another aspect of immigrants' participation in local development. Unfortunately, since the couple's motel business near the racetrack remained their major source of income, and the idea of retiring had been on their minds for some time, the couple, feeling unable to retain both places, closed the gallery and sold the building complex on Beekman Street in May 2015.

Stories To Be Continued

The Saratoga Chinese Oral History Project has collected these three sets of stories from formal interviews. To acknowledge both the individual stories and public meanings that those personal narratives reflect, the Project seeks to gather more memories and dialogues.

Media Documentary

The Saratoga Chinese Oral History Project was initially designed and developed mainly as a documentary project that will develop into a multimedia archive, a collective portraiture of the ethnic community life. Currently, the Project includes audio and photography as two main media approaches, supplemented by mapping and writing. The bilingual website for the Project, <chineseinsaratoga.weebly.com> is designed and published as the main window of presentation.

The project has adopted ethnographic photography approaches for subjects' portraits and action photos, aiming to capture the natural posture and working environment. Audio-recorded interviews were

conducted in either English or Mandarin. Interview questions have differed according to the primary identity of the interviewees. For the Chinese who have moved to the US as adults, questions have focused on the subjects' cross-continental journey, the potential transitions that have occurred in their personalities or lives, and their relations with the town of Saratoga Springs. For Chinese Americans, such as Andy Lu, the interview has sought to understand processes of self-identification and cultural awareness. Both sets of questions were prepared in advance but not strictly structured, as follow-ups often led to more details or new aspects of a story.

The bilingual website presents the edited outcome of each set of interviews and photographic documentation. Each interviewee has an independent page that contains a basic profile, photos, mapping, playable audio clips, and downloadable transcript, creating a well-rounded portrayal of the interviewees and a multi-layered media experience. The bilingual presentation could expand the range of the audience, as well as provide potential academic research value.

We hope that the Project's materials are useful to people who are interested in Saratoga's local history and the history of Chinese immigration to upstate and the Capital region of New York, as well as Chinese oral history, in general. Future development of the Project includes joining with the Skidmore Saratoga Memory Project and expanding into a Capital Region or upstate oral history project.

Conclusion

The Saratoga Chinese Oral History Project underscores personal narratives in writing the modern history of the city of Saratoga Springs. As documentation of various ethnicities could not be separated from Saratoga Springs' centennial history, such as those of the Irish and Italians, now in contemporary times, the diversity of cultures in the Spa City could not be considered without including Chinese immigrants. The project therefore seeks to

give voice to those newcomers' personal journeys that are indeed fascinating, yet often under-recognized, emphasizing their individuality, as well as the "shared humanity." ▼

References

"At 76, Willie Lum Starts Anew." 1976. *The Saratogian*, April, 1976.

Chang, Iris. 2004. *The Chinese in America: A Narrative History*. New York: Penguin Books.

"Changes of Saratoga to Welcome Year 4673 in Traditional Manner." 1975. *The Saratogian*, February 9, 1975, 3C.

"Dr. Chu, Professor Emeritus at Skidmore, Dead at 72." 1975. *The Saratogian*, February 3, 1975.

Haiming Liu. 2015. *From Canton Restaurant to Panda Express: A History of Chinese Food in the United States*. New Jersey: Rutgers University Press.

"Mrs. Chu Feted at Party." 1973. *The Saratogian*, June 13, 1973, 68.

Tung, Mary Paomay. 2000. *Chinese Americans and Their Immigrant Parents: Conflict, Identity, and Values*. New York: Haworth Clinical Practice Press.

Von Seggern, Edd. 1980. "Restaurateur Ronnie Cheuk Finds Opportunity to Prosper in Saratoga." *The Saratogian*, October 19, 1980.

Zhou, Min. 2009. *Contemporary Chinese America: Immigration, Ethnicity, and Community Transformation*. Philadelphia, PA: Temple University Press.

Yiyun "Evian" Pan is an undergraduate student at Skidmore College. Evian majors in Anthropology and also has strong interests in Art History, Asian Studies, and Documentary Studies. She expects her future life to be blended with curatorial projects and documentary experiences. Photo by Jie Li.



Dan Berggren: *Fresh Territory*

BY CHRISTOPHER MULÉ

*Dan Berggren's 2006 CD release, **Fresh Territory**, contains an excellent representation of the variety of material that Dan covers as a singer-songwriter of the Adirondack region. I spoke with Dan to find out how he crafts songs and where his inspiration comes from.*

How did you get started as a musician?

Well, in high school and in college I liked to write poetry; I was moved by poets that I read in school, and at some point I realized, well, what am I going to do with these poems now? I had been playing the guitar since I was 13 years old, singing folk songs, mostly traditional songs, some songs by James Taylor. I thought, at least if I wrote a song, instead of writing a poem, I could sing it to people. And so it was after college, I was in the Army, I was stationed in Germany, and I wrote a song about my grandfather who was an “Adirondacker.” Had grown up on the family farm and was a rural delivery mailman, one of the first in the North Country. I guess I was homesick, I wrote a song about him. And that kind of started it, writing more and more songs about experiences and of people and places in the Adirondacks; then it eventually broadened out to writing about experiences outside of the Adirondacks. My brother John is six years older than me, and when he went away to college and came back knowing how to play the guitar, I thought that was magic. I asked him to teach me, which he did, and I started playing at 13 and bought my first guitar at 14.

What were your musical influences and inspirations as you were developing as a musician?

I was singing things that my brother would listen to, his records of the Weavers and Pete Seeger and Woody Guthrie and Lead Belly. And at the same time, I was listening to whatever pop songs were on the radio. And that

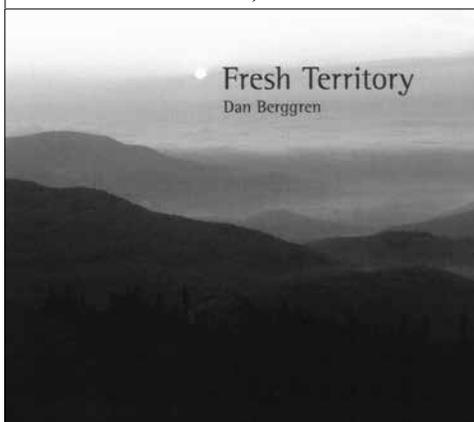
was everything from the Beatles and the Rolling Stones to hearing the Kingston Trio and newer things like Bob Dylan on the radio. So, I would sing the mix of all of it, as long as it was a simple three-chord song that I could play along with. I met a really significant person in my life when I was 16, Ralph Rinzler. He worked with the Newport Folk Festival, and he came to a family compound, where I was a chore boy [in] the summers. I was 15 and 16 years old, and he treated me like an adult. He said, “So, Dan what do you think? Sing me a song?” And then he sang me a song. And then I sang him a song, and back and forth. And then he played a reel-to-reel tape for me, and he said, “I’m collecting the music of Uncle Dave Macon,” this old-timey guy who used to play at the Grand Ole Opry and played the banjo and was quite a showman. Then he played it for me. He had gotten some 78s and was playing me a reel-to-reel, and I had never heard old-timey music like that before. Then he gave me a couple of records of Doc Watson. He was writing the liner notes for a new release on Vanguard from Doc and Merle Watson and said, “You should listen to him. He sings about North Carolina and songs that he grew up with.” So it was later that summer that I got to hear Doc Watson live, at a little boathouse concert series at Schroon Lake, NY. I met him and



sat in the front row listening and watching every note that he and Merle played. The combination of meeting Ralph Rinzler and him introducing me to these two very different artists—and then meeting Doc Watson—that carried me for a long way. That kind of was an undercurrent throughout my college years, as far as the kind of music I wanted to play. I hadn’t written any yet, but that came later.

That must have been a high standard of musicianship to witness? Was it intimidating to watch that level of musicianship and traditionality?

Yes, it was one of those experiences where you either want to burn your guitar or practice harder. Thank goodness, it made me want to practice harder. That was the introduction that got me thinking in that direction. But it was when I got out of the Army in 1975, and got out of the Adirondacks. I grew up in the town of Minerva. I am not a native of the Adirondacks; I was born in Brooklyn. And every summer my family would come up to the family homestead, the place my mother was born, her father was born, her grandfather was born, and her great-grandfather settled when he came over from Ireland in the middle 1800s during the potato famines. I came back home and worked with a surveyor for a



year, and it was during that year that I discovered the recordings of Marjorie Lansing Porter. Marjorie was the Essex County historian. She did for Essex County what John Lomax and Alan were doing all across the country, and eventually around the world—collecting folk songs before they evaporated into thin air. Once people stopped singing those old songs, from Grandpa and Mom and Dad, they're lost. So, she was going around the back roads of Essex County, recording songs with an acetate recorder, and her collection of Adirondack songs focused on “Yankee” John Galusha. He died in 1951; I was born in 1949. There was no way I could have met him, but growin’ up in that time—my family moved when I was 12 to Minerva. Here I grew up in the same time, in the same town as this guy “Yankee” John Galusha who knew hundreds of songs. And Marjorie Lansing Porter recorded most of them, and I’d never heard of him. Nobody had mentioned his name! I thought, “What a crime this is that here’s someone who grew up in this town, and loved folk music, and sang folk music, and I never heard of him?” So, it was at that point that I decided—if I was going to sing folk music anyway, why not pick up some of the music and lore of “Yankee” John Galusha and bring that forward? So, I started singing some of those logging songs, “Once More A-Lumbering Go,” “The Lumberman’s Alphabet,” all those songs. Then writing new ones that I consider in the tradition, not only musically in the tradition of the musical style, but writing songs about people, places, and events. Some of them I had the chance to experience, and others, I didn’t experience them, I would research them. I will give you an example: I was asked to write a song about the Minerva Historical Society, about Francis Donnelly. He had been the town supervisor for Minerva for 46 years. After he died, the Minerva Historical Society was going to have a special dedication to him. They asked me if I would write a song about him. As I began my research, I discovered that it was his grandmother who came from Ireland, as a widow, with five children. Think of that, not only leaving your home and going to a totally new country, but you no longer have a husband, and you have five

children to care for! She brought them up to be good people: civil servants. Not only did this guy, Francis, become a town supervisor, but also his father had been one. And when he died, his brother completed the term. He just was always giving to the community.

What experiences have shaped the content of your songs?

I will take a real diversion and mention “Roadblock,” because it’s not an Adirondack song. It illustrates how *Fresh Territory* is a better representation of the wide variety of things I’ve written—and yes, there are some Adirondack things on this album, but it’s very diverse. “Roadblock,” is a song I wrote when I was in Jamaica in 1985. Western New York and Kingston, Jamaica, are part of a group called Partners of the Americas, and they are like brother or sister communities. I went down with an engineer. This was back when I was teaching audio and radio production at SUNY Fredonia, and spent a month in Jamaica teaching audio for radio, audio for theater, and working with the cultural training center down there in Kingston. The day before we were to return home, the price of gasoline—what they call Petro—went up from a couple of dollars to 10 dollars. Overnight, it skyrocketed! The next day, the headlines talked about how fuel is now at this outrageous cost, because the government could do it, and the government needed the money. The general public protested. They shut down the city of Kingston and virtually the country of Jamaica; every road. There were fires at the intersections of every major road, the airport was cut off; nothing was happening, and this went on for 24 hours—tires burning at every intersection. And at the end of 24 hours, everyone went back to work and said, “Okay, we’ve made our statement, and we are not happy, but we got to say what we wanted to say, and now it’s back to work.” Then, the next day after that, we got to return home. But being in the middle of this, and hearing the radio reports—shots being fired here and there, police looking for this and that, so and so hasn’t come home from school yet—I wrote the song “Roadblock.” One of the challenges

of a songwriter is whenever anything personal happens, how can you turn the song to be universal, so that those who weren’t in Jamaica can get something out of this? Yes, it happened in 1985, but what does it have to say to people in 2012? So, that’s what I attempt with all the songs I write. So, certainly over the past couple of years, I have been singing “Roadblock” more and more. It’s virtually the Occupy [Wall Street] movement. They were occupying the City, saying that “We’re pissed off, we don’t like this, what are you going to do about it?” But then, they are continuing on with life. It indirectly addresses greed, which is a topic in another song: “Peace Begins in My Own Heart.” You recognize the tune in “Peace Begins in My Own Heart” as being “The Wayfaring Stranger” tune. I was asked if I knew any songs about the Golden Rule; there was going to be a guest speaker at a local church who was going to talk about how the Golden Rule is a part of every major world religion, and if I knew any songs about it. After searching all my songbooks and records and CDs and not finding one, I decided to put new lyrics to that tune but didn’t care much for the lyrics to that particular tune. So I made it about helping one another versus the greed that we see in the world. “Whistle Blower” came after hearing some stories about specific whistle-blowers who are trying to do something for the good of all people. And often get either fired, or in trouble, or, a company suing them because they said something publicly or disseminated some classified information that they weren’t supposed to. But it was for the good of the people. Instead of making it about a specific case, I decided to have the person be unnamed, and the job unnamed, and let it be a generic whistle-blower instead of a specific one, like in the tobacco industry.

Where did this desire to stand up for social justice come from?

I guess the best way to describe it is my upbringing, my parents, or my mother, always giving things away. If she’d make a pie, she’d make a couple of extra to give away to friends. At church she’d be quilting with the other women, and they would always be working

on quilts to give away to others. And it wasn't until really late in her life that I learned that during World War II, she and other women were crocheting bandages for the troops, so every night she'd be crocheting. So just her experience, learning that life is not about you, it's about how you interact with others.

What tools have helped you with your songwriting?

Moving from Brooklyn to this 350-acre farm at the age of 12 years old was a huge shift and an important change in my life. Letting me experience wilderness. All I had to do if I wanted to go for a walk was to tell my parents, "Okay, I'm going in this direction and I'll be back by supper." The freedom to wander off the trail—I think that at a young age helped me to not be such a jerk as a teenager. Experiencing solitude, seeing a deer trail and deciding to follow it, and if you were lucky coming upon some deer or just the opportunity if you were quiet, and observant enough, that the wildlife was there. It is my uncle that took me hunting. He was a hunter training person, and he taught me to "still hunt"—instead of tracking a deer or a bear, sitting still, blending in, being quiet and observant, and eventually, that would pay off in the wildlife coming to you as long as you were quiet and were observant. Those are exactly the tools I needed to become a songwriter, or actually [for] any kind of writing—is to be observant and blend in and listen. That contributed to my teaching of audio production. The first lesson is that you have to learn how to be an excellent listener if you hope to be a good producer. The same is true for writing. I have heard that fishermen do this—you begin to catalog in your brain, whether you write it down or not—you go out on a day and it's 78 degrees and overcast and what do you see and hear? What do you catch if you are fishing? Every time you go out, you are mapping what is the temperature? What is the weather? What season is it? And eventually, after years, you have a sense of "I am not even going to go out today, because the fish won't be biting." Or, you look out and it's a certain humidity and temperature and it's a fall day, and you know that if I go out there, I am going to see some rabbit,

I'm going to see some deer, because all of the dates that I have collected in my lifetime tells me that this is when they'll be out. Of course, that applies to everything in life. We are collecting data all the time. Or, at least we are if we are observant. The next step is having the brain process it and put it to use. Calling upon that and seeing and hearing connections. No matter where you learn those skills about observing and collecting data, and if you go hiking, you are out in the open, out in the woods, the things that you learn to do there can be put into use there, no matter where you go, even in a city. When I visit my daughter and her husband and granddaughter in Brooklyn, I feel I get more out of their backyard and the parks. We walk around—'cause they don't own a car, we walk everywhere—I get more out of that experience than the average person who's lived in Brooklyn all his/her life. Just because I am tuned in to what is going on around me. I realize that I have these skills or tools, and I try to take advantage of them no matter where I am.

Where did you write the songs for *Fresh Territory*?

Quite a few of them were written at that cabin: "Power From Above," "Whistle Blower," "Fix it or Stop Complaining." "From Every Mountainside" was written while I was driving. I do a lot of writing while I'm driving, if I'm going to be in the car for two to four hours. Instead of having music on, I'm just quiet for a long, long time, and then maybe something I've been thinking about, or a song idea that I wanted to work on, or something completely different gets into my head. "Like a Sailor" was written at that camp; "Widow of Charlie Hollow," that was written at that camp; "Oh Holy Day" was written at that camp. Both "Oh Holy Day" and "Seize the Day" are meditative songs along that line about observing. It all started with noticing when I was at that cabin, a Black-Eyed Susan kind of bobbing slowly up and down in the breeze, and it looked just like it was nodding yes. And, so, I think I jotted down, "The Black-Eyed Susan is nodding Yes, I wonder what the question is?" Then, I set that aside, and then came back

to it later with other images. Have you been to Great Camp Sagamore up near Racquet Lake? It's one of Durant's great camps. The Vanderbilts lived there after Durant went bankrupt, and then it belonged to Syracuse University. Since the late '70s, it's been a not-for-profit educational organization. I was singing there the week before last, and there was a group of birders there from all over the country. I hadn't been in the Adirondacks in the fall for a number of years, and I was going to do a program of Adirondack music at Sagamore back in the '90s. Every turn in the road—I'm driving there in October—every turn was another splash of color, and I rolled my windows down and the smell of decaying leaves was so sweet and overwhelming. And when I arrived at Sagamore, before getting out of the car, I just started writing "Drink of Autumn." ▼



Fresh Territory is available for download only (www.berggrenfolk.com/fresh-territory.html). From this webpage, you can also download a free PDF of a choral arrangement of Dan's solar and wind energy song, "Power From Above." Dan has been inviting choruses and choirs around the country to sing it on Earth Day (April 22), or any day they wish. Bill McKibben, author and environmentalist, says, "Dan is a throwback to the old role of the folk singer. With his wind power song, he's articulating things that need to be said right now."

Dan's CD, *Fresh Territory*, was the May 2012 featured selection in the New York Folklore Society's CD-of-the-Month Voices in New York membership program. Visit our Artists' Directory www.nyfolklore.org/tradarts/music/artist/berggrend.html for more information about Dan Berggren. Look for other CDs by Dan Berggren, including his 2013 release, *Tongues in Trees*, with Ed Lowman in the NYFS online store www.nyfolklore.org/gallery/store/music.html.

Chris Mulé is the Folk Arts Director of the Brooklyn Arts Council (BAC). He earned his MA in Folklore and Ethnomusicology at Indiana University, Bloomington. Chris is also vice-president/secretary for the New York Folklore Society Board of Directors.

NEW YORK HERITAGE

A DIGITAL ARCHIVES

BY SUSAN D'ENTREMONT

New York Heritage <newyorkheritage.org> is a free online resource that provides access to digitized primary sources held by institutions throughout New York State. There are currently over 670,000 photographs, manuscripts, oral histories, postcards, scrapbooks, and more on the site, and items are added almost daily. Contributors to the site include libraries, universities, historical societies, museums, and other organizations ranging in size from the University at Buffalo to Colton Historical Society in St. Lawrence County. The site includes many small collections that, prior, to being uploaded to New York Heritage, were relatively inaccessible due to location or limited hours. Even local residents often first hear about a collection through the site.

The administration of New York Heritage is decentralized. Contributors work with their local Empire State Library Network council <www.esln.org> to learn how to catalog and upload materials. Some readers may remember regional sites, such as Tools of History in South Central New York and North Country Digital History in Northern New York. Since 2011, these sites have been merging with New York Heritage. As of this



Shovel Maker by Gary Rathbone, ca. 2001. Gary's work often focuses on specific characters or occupations found in everyday life like this shovel maker. Courtesy of The Folklife Center of Crandall Public Library, Glens Falls, NY.

writing, the only region of New York that does not have a presence in New York Heritage is Southeastern New York, which is made up of Columbia, Greene, Ulster, Dutchess, Orange, Sullivan, Putnam, and Rockland Counties. The Southeastern New

York Library Resources Council showcases material from this region on their Hudson River Valley Heritage site <hrvh.org>.

There are currently two collections in New York Heritage that focus on folklore material: the Crandall Folk Art and Artists Collection



ARTiculate

Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester



Log loading operation, Colton, NY.
Courtesy of the Colton Historical Society.

from Crandall Public Library Folklife Center in Glens Falls and the Heritage Awards Collection from Traditional Arts of Upstate New York (TAUNY), headquartered in Canton.

Todd DeGarmo, Founding Director of the The Folklife Center at Crandall Public Library, collected the pieces highlighted in their digital collection. The images are a sample of contemporary folk art Todd has added to the collection since 1986 to support the Center's folklife programs and exhibitions. Although the website only includes images of the objects themselves, the Center also holds files documenting the artists and traditions. Like most of the collections in New York Heritage, the images alert researchers and the general public to the existence of material that



Akwesasne Basketmakers, winners of TAUNY's Heritage Award for their traditional sweet grass and ash splint basketmaking, date unknown. Photo by Martha Cooper. Heritage Awards Collection, Traditional Arts of Upstate New York, Canton, NY.



EXTREME·MATERIALS

OCTOBER 23, 2011 - JANUARY 15, 2012

Cover of *ARTiculate*, September-October 2011, Memorial Art Gallery, University of Rochester

they never knew existed in the region. New York Heritage is only the tip of the iceberg for most of the collections depicted, and the contributing institutions are usually more than happy to answer questions or provide access to additional materials.

TAUNY's Heritage Awards Collection is a new addition to New York Heritage. The images in the collection depict both the artists honored by TAUNY and the items these artists create. The awards are given to people and organizations in the state's North Country that demonstrate 'evidence of traditional-ity, mastery, and creative commitment to their art form over time, and a commitment to their community and the teaching of others' <tauny.org/ncha/about/>. Some of the arts documented in this collection include quilting, basketmaking, fiddling, decoy carving, and storytelling.

Although there may be only two collections in New York Heritage that focus on folklore, there is an abundance of items related to folklore. They just take a little bit of searching of the site to unearth. The "Collections" tab at the top of the site's homepage brings searchers to a list of the institutions that contribute to the site. The "Browse" tab brings users to several different avenues to peruse the collection: general topic area, location of the collection, date, and "sub-collection." An institution may contribute multiple subcollec-

tions, which are groupings of materials from their holdings. Institutions interpret subcollections differently—they may group materials with similar format, subject matter, or provenance into a subcollection.

Most users begin their searches with a general key word search from the search box at the top of the page. The results from this type of search can often be overwhelming. Users can limit their search by subject, format, type, and more. However, like any sort of catalog or database, the results are only as good as the information that contributors have added to the site. New York Heritage contributors vary widely in how much and what sorts of information they add to the site, so if you don't find something you are looking for, it doesn't mean it's not there! If your results are disappointing, try broadening your terms.



"A Prospective Mother Needs to Foster her Strength and Energy, Not Waste It," ca. 1937, WPA Fine Arts Projects in Rochester, Memorial Art Gallery, University of Rochester.

As would be expected, there is a lot of old material in New York Heritage. Cultural institutions have millions of pages of undigitized material, so it makes sense to start with material that is out of copyright. But the site definitely reaches out almost to the present day, and there are many long runs of material. For example, the Memorial Art Gallery of the University at Rochester has uploaded hundreds of their publications, including their Gallery Notes and, more recently, their ARTiculate publication through 2013. The Museum has a number of other subcollections in New York Heritage, including some ever-popular WPA posters.

People love to document their special events more than the everyday, so our institutions tend to hold many items related to festivals and celebrations that may be of special interest to folklorists. The City of Saratoga Springs spent over \$800,000 on bringing an entire Mardi Gras parade to Saratoga around



1896 Saratoga Floral Parade and Battle of the Flowers Program. Courtesy of Saratoga Room, Saratoga Springs Public Library.



A girl stands in line for a procession on Good Friday at St. Simon Stock Church, Fordham, 1984. Photo by Georgeen Comerford. Childhood in the Bronx Collection, Leonard Lief Library, Lehman College, CUNY.

the turn of the 20th century, and there is a collection in New York Heritage that provides a lot of detail on this Floral Fete. Materials documenting other special events, from the Blessing of the Fleet in Montauk to weddings and processions in the Bronx to Clarkson University's Ice Carnival to the spectacle of people going over Niagara Falls are scattered throughout the site.

This article provides just a taste of what New York Heritage has to offer. One of the biggest challenges for our contributors is choosing material to put on the site. Digitization is time-consuming and expensive, but it definitely pays off in increasing accessibility if the material is in demand. We would love to hear what sorts of material and information you would find useful so that we can help our participants determine which collections to conquer next. ▼

Susan D'Entremont is Digital Project Manager for the Capital District Library Council (CDLC), a member of Empire State Library Network. Susan has worked in various roles at CDLC for 16 years.



Prior to that, she was an archivist at the Wisconsin Historical Society and the John F. Kennedy Library in Boston. She received her MA in Library and Information Studies, with a concentration in Archives from the University of Wisconsin-Madison. Photo by Kariann Kakeh.

Here's a sample of what you can find in New York Heritage:

Thanksgiving Ceremony, Buffalo (Temple Beth El, 1957, Jewish Buffalo Archives Project):

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/BUF009/id/253>

Log Loading Operation, Colton: (Colton Historical Society)

<http://nyheritage.nynln.net/cdm/ref/collection/p16694coll16/id/41>

Shovel Maker, Crandall Public Library, Folklife Center:

<http://nyheritage.nynln.net/cdm/ref/collection/crandall/id/47>

Akwesasne Basket Makers: (Traditional Arts in Upstate New York)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/p16694coll60/id/246>

Gallery Notes with Basketry Exhibit: (Memorial Art

Gallery of the University of Rochester)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/p277601coll5/id/4669>

Cover of MAG publication, ARTiculate: (Memorial Art

Gallery of the University of Rochester)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/p277601coll5/id/6691>

WPA Poster "A Prospective Mother Needs to Foster her Strength and Energy, Not Waste It": (Memorial Art Gallery of the University of Rochester)

<http://nyheritage.nynln.org/cdm/ref/collection/p277601coll5/id/15>

Floral Fete Program "1896 Saratoga Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers Program": (Saratoga Springs Public Library)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/sspl/id/107>

Girl in a Good Friday Procession: (Lehman College, Childhood in the Bronx)

<http://nyheritage.nynln.net/cdm/ref/collection/p128401coll5/id/31>

Hindu Student Festival Poster: "Baisaki Mela" Punjabi Festival (Queens College Archives)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/qcgslls/id/456>

Rose Day 1939 video: (The College of Saint Rose)

<http://nyheritage.nynln.net/cdm/ref/collection/strose/id/1767>

St. Patrick's Day Parade, Montauk, 1963: (Montauk Library)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/ref/collection/p15281coll78/id/252>

Tub Race, Schenectady, 1895: (Museum of Innovation and Science)

<http://cdm16694.contentdm.oclc.org/cdm/singleitem/collection/schmuse/id/184/rec/28>

Ray Tehanetorens Fadden: He Saw Between the Trees

BY JOSEPH BRUCHAC

Few people in modern times had more effect on a Native American nation than did Ray Tehanetorens Fadden (1910–2008) on his Mohawk people. It began in the 1930s when he started a youth group called the Akwesasne Mohawk Counselor's Organization to revive indigenous culture and restore pride in the community. Many of the later leaders of the Mohawk Nation were part of his Counselors Organization. It was, quoting Mohawk author Doug George (former editor of the crusading newspaper *Akwesasne Notes*), "the spark that started the longhouse movement" (Personal email communication from Doug George, March 10, 2016).

A visionary teacher in the St. Regis Mohawk School, Ray Fadden refused to allow his students to forget Haudenosaunee history. Then—largely built with his own hands and without support from any institution—he created the Six Nations Iroquois Museum in Onchiota, New York, four miles from the place of his birth. Opened in 1954, it is one of the most informative and unique repositories of Native American history and culture.

Further, the 27 pamphlets he wrote, later compiled into book form are still regarded as seminal contributions to Iroquois folklore and history.¹

Ray's everyday life itself was unique. Numerous Native and non-Native storytellers and writers who met Ray ended up retelling some of his traditional tales (such as his hilarious true account about Needles, a baby porcupine he raised²) or telling stories about him. There are probably as many tales about Ray as stories that he told.

Anyone who visited the Six Nations Museum during the decades Ray ran it, came away with several impressions. First, that the three rooms of that longhouse-shaped museum were mind-bogglingly filled with so much information, that a week's visit there wouldn't be enough to absorb it all.

Second, that Ray's lightning-quick mind was at least as full as those rooms, as he proceeded to tell stories, read the long pictographic beaded belts he created, and relate in minute detail aspects of American and Native American history that few of his visitors—even those who were Iroquois—knew as well as Ray. Third, that the word "outspoken" was nowhere near strong enough to describe Ray Fadden.

My first meeting as an adult with Ray, who I'll always regard as a friend and teacher, took place over 40 years ago. To be honest, it was less than auspicious. I'd known about Ray since my childhood—when I saw him telling stories and demonstrating traditional crafts at a Lake George tourist attraction called the Indian Village. But college, three years in Ghana as a volunteer teacher, and then the job of teaching English at Skidmore College kept me from visiting the Six Nations Museum. It was not until 1972 that I finally took the long drive, past Saranac Lake, to his minuscule town. (Where two signs 50 yards apart read, respectively, "Entering Onchiota" and "Leaving Onchiota.")

I'd brought one of my college students with me. As Ray started to guide us through the museum, I noticed a full-size taxidermied deer placed inside a canoe.

"A lot fairer to the animals," I said, "hunting them with bows and arrows."

Unfortunately, Ray—who'd never really met me before—heard that remark.

"You're a *hunter*?" he said, laying the emphasis on that last word the way you might say "serial killer."

Then, before I could reply that I was actually a lifelong friend and defender of the animal people, he delivered a ten-minute lecture on the evils of hunting that singed my eyebrows. It only ended with the arrival of a group of kids with their teacher. As Ray walked back into the entry room to greet them, my student leaned over to

me and whispered, "He doesn't really know who you are."

"It's okay," I said. And it was. No more than a minute later, in a much softer voice, Ray poked his head into the room and said, "Joe, you and your friend come on in here. I'm going to read a belt to these kids, and you need to hear it."

Then, to a rapt audience that included my student and me, pointer in hand, he told the story of "The Gift of the Great Spirit."³

It was the first of many visits that often ended up at Ray's place across from the museum, with him and his wife Christine Chubb Fadden, or at the nearby house of his son John (who became a friend and artistic partner, illustrating such books of mine as *Keepers of the Earth*) and his daughter-in-law Eva Thompson Fadden, an acclaimed woodcarver. Every visit produced at least one more story about Ray—such as the one I included in an earlier column about Arthur Caswell Parker, who was a dear friend of Ray's.⁴

So I'm going to devote the remainder of this column to sharing a few more of those anecdotes that illustrate Ray's uniqueness, iconoclasm, and devotion to nature.

For example, thinking of Arthur Parker, there's the time I walked around behind the museum and found Ray splitting wood—while wearing a tuxedo.

I didn't say anything, but Ray noticed me noticing his attire and lowered his ax.

"Mr. Parker left me this," he said, tugging on the tuxedo's lapel. "It's good thick cloth. I can't think of any better way for me to use it."

Then he went back to his formal wood-splitting.



One of Ray's main concerns was the well-being of the wild creatures on the land he'd purchased and posted. He set up

hundreds of feeding stations, not just for the smaller creatures, but the larger ones as well.

He explained to me that he did so because the acid rain caused by “those devils” (his favorite term for any people, businesses, corporations, or states doing environmental damage) was killing trees and destroying natural food sources for birds and animals in the Adirondacks.

As a result of his caretaking, his many wooded acres teemed with all sorts of animals, so many that local trappers were tempted to trespass.

“This one local man,” Ray told me, “kept doing that. I’d find his traps on my property. I’d take them back to him and warn him not to do it. He’d say it was just a mistake. But then he would come right back and do it again. Finally, after the third time he did that, I had to do something. I took one of his traps and welded a 50-cent piece to the trigger. Then, that night, I set it up in the snow outside his house, buried so just that coin was showing.

The next day, I saw him in the supermarket with his right hand bandaged up.

“What happened to you?” I asked.

“Well, somebody set up a trap in my yard and I got caught in it,” he said.

“Good thing it wasn’t a bear trap,” I said, looking him right in the eye.

“Oh my,” he said, looking a little scared, “That’s surely right, Mr. Fadden.”

And he never set his traps on our land again.”

Among the animals Ray fed—giving them meat scraps that he either bought or had donated by local markets—were black bears. At first he fed them in his back yard.

“Animals are very psychic,” he told me. “I just let them know there was food for them by thinking to them. All they had to do was just knock on the back door, and I’d bring it out to them.”

Then Ray laughed. “But that didn’t work so well. One day my wife Christine was just about to take out the laundry. All of a sudden—BAM—the door got knocked

right down in front of her. And there was a big black bear up on his hind legs. It stood there for a moment, looking embarrassed before it turned around and went back into the woods. Christine came to me and said, ‘Ray, you have got to do something different about those bears.’”

What Ray did was to set up a feeding station on a big rock back in the woods. Once again, just using his thoughts, he told the bears to go there for food. “And,” he said, “they never came into our backyard again.”

At one time there were more than 19 bears visiting that big rock. No one went back there but Ray. He didn’t feed them by hand, just put down food and moved off to a respectful distance to watch them. They never caused him any trouble, and he learned to communicate with them.

“When they greet a friend,” Ray said, “they lower their heads and sway back and forth and make this sound, *Ummmm, ummmmm, ummmmm-mmm*. Any time I meet a bear in the woods I do that. I lower my head, sway back and forth and go *Ummmm, ummmmm, ummmmm-mmm*. They do it right back to me, and then we each go our own way.”

The last story I’ll share about Ray has to do with one of his bear that had an injured paw.

“Probably from a trap,” Ray said.

He called it Limpy and put food for it off from the other, bigger bears that bullied it. But Limpy kept looking weaker. Then, one day, he didn’t show up.

Ray was sad about that, figuring Limpy had died. Seven days passed. Then that little bear came walking out of the woods from the west, looking well and not even limping. He came up to Ray, did the headswaying greeting, then turned and walked back west. Ray felt really happy that Limpy was well. But then, later that day, his wife Christine noticed ravens circling over to the west where there was a clearing. Ray went to investigate. And there he found Limpy’s body. The ravens had been working on it. That bear had been dead for days.

“I guess,” Ray told me, “Limpy had to come to me one last time before he set off on his journey to the place spirits go.”

It’s been a while now since Ray himself left us, but the Six Nations Museum (www.sixnationsindianmuseum.com) still remains open as always in the warm months of the year. It’s run now by his grandson David, himself an artist and storyteller. Visit there and as you wonder at everything that place has preserved, you may feel the lasting presence of Tehanetorens, the man who saw between the trees. ▼

NOTES

- 1 Illustrated by his son John Kahionhes Fadden (who enjoys a worldwide reputation as an artist), those volumes from The Book Publishing Company, include *Legends of the Iroquois*, *Sacred Song of the Hermit Thrush*, *Roots of the Iroquois*, and *Wampum Belts of the Iroquois*.
- 2 Ray Fadden’s story of Needles can be found in *New Voices from the Longhouse*, edited by Joseph Bruchac, The Greenfield Review Press, 1989.
- 3 Included in the CD, *The Gift of the Great Spirit: Iroquois Lesson Stories*, by Tehanetorens / Ray Fadden (Mohawk). Good Mind Records, 1988.
- 4 See Bruchac, Joseph. 2015. “Being Iroquois: Arthur C. Parker.” *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore* 41(1–2): 38–39. <http://www.nyfolklore.org/pubs/voic41-1-2/nativevoice.html>

Joseph Bruchac is a writer, musician, and traditional Native storyteller whose work often reflects his American Indian (Abenaki) ancestry and the Adirondack Region of northern New York where he lives in the house he was raised in by his grandparents. He is the author of over 120 books for young readers and adults, including the award-winning volume *OUR STORIES REMEMBER, American Indian History, Culture and Values through Storytelling*. Photo by Eric Jenks.



Camp Woodland Memories

Inspire A Poem

BY MICKEY VANDOW

[Mickey Vandow grew up in New York City where Charity Bailey and Pete Seeger introduced him to folk music. He studied guitar with Laura Rosenblatt and Bob Claiborne and banjo with Pete Seeger. At the age of nine, he performed with his closest friend, Eric Weissberg, on WNYC's "Oscar Brand Show" and later on NBC-TV's "Charity Bailey Show" and WABD-TV's "Wonderama." He performed with Eric at the New York Academy of Music, at St. Nicholas Arena, at New York's Washington Square, and on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera. He spent five summers at Camp Woodland, where he learned and performed the songs collected by Norman Cazden and Herbert Haufrecht. Each year there, he performed in the annual Folk Festival of the Catskills.]

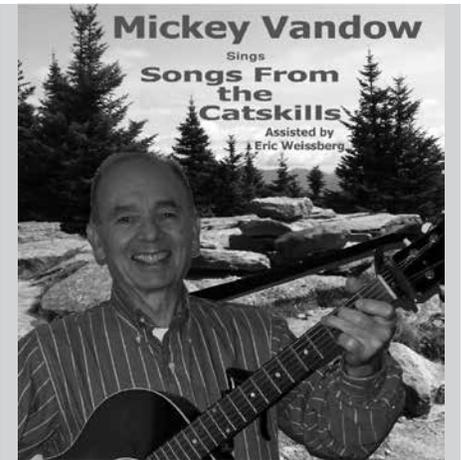
In the middle of the 20th century, I was lucky enough to spend several summers as a camper, work camper, and junior counselor at Camp Woodland in Phoenicia, NY. The camp was started and run by Norman Studer, an educator who believed that city children of all races, creeds, and religions needed to spend time in the country to learn about the rural culture of the Catskill Mountains. He was able to bring us city children not only to the country, but also to the homes of Catskill people: woodsmen, farmers, and artisans who were musicians, dancers, and storytellers. They shared their songs and stories with us.

Norman hired two musicologists/composers, Norman Cazden and Herbert Haufrecht, as music counselors at the camp. They were able to notate and later record the music that the campers heard, while the campers wrote down the words to the songs. These collected songs were

later published in *Folk Songs of the Catskills* (Cazden, Haufrecht and Studer, State University of New York Press, 1982). Norman collected many of the stories and wrote articles about the folklore that he discovered in the Catskills. Many of these articles may be found in back issues of the *New York Folklore Quarterly*.

Although the campers enjoyed many of the usual camping activities—hiking, swimming, playing sports—it was the cultural component that distinguished the camp. We were visited at camp by many of the artists and artisans who shared with us their many skills. We in turn became docents in a small museum in Phoenicia that displayed implements used in various Catskill industries, including lumbering, hoop-making, scoop-making, farming, and blue stone quarrying. We also joined the local performers at the annual Folk Festival of the Catskills sponsored by the camp. Together we sang, played, and danced the songs and dances collected during the summers.

Norman Studer's papers are archived at the Library of the State University of New York in Albany, so former campers held a reunion there in the summer of 2013, where we once again sang the songs and did the dances that we had learned at Camp Woodland—in many cases, more than 60 years before. Seeing how many lives, including my own, were changed as a result of their Camp Woodland experiences, I felt the need to express my feelings of gratitude to Norman and encapsulate in a song some of the experiences that we campers had. My words and music are printed here.



Mickey earned a BA in English from the University of Rochester, an MA and PhD in theater from New York University and a MS in radio/television/film from Syracuse University. After a 30-year hiatus when he taught Theater and Video Production as a professor at the State University of New York in Cobleskill, Mickey returned in 2002 to performing folk music with Eric Weissberg on *Herbert Haufrecht Memorial Project: Folk Songs of the Catskills*. He also recorded, again with Eric, *Songs We Used to Sing*. Mickey has performed at two Eisteddfod Festivals, on two WJFF Radio programs, and at two programs celebrating the music of the Catskills collected at Camp Woodland. Mickey's most recent disc is *Mickey Vandow Sings Songs of the Catskills*.

Mickey was founder and artistic director of Depot Repertory Players, a theater company in Schoharie, NY. He also founded and was first president of the Schoharie County Arts Council. He was the founder, first president and now the current president of Schoep Access, Inc., providing public, educational, and governmental access programming in the Schoharie County region. He is, additionally, the chair of the Regional Municipal Consortium's Cable Television negotiating team. He is also a past president of the Cobleskill Rotary Club. Mickey lives with his wife, Annette, in Cobleskill, NY. They have two daughters and six grandchildren. Photo of CD cover courtesy of the author. CD cover designed by Kathryn Haley.

"Woodland Memories" By Mickey Vandow

1
On the way to Woodland Valley, go
Cross the creek and round the ben',
Up the road of Garfield Mountain,
To the place where we have been.

Chorus:

Norman's¹ children come together
To sing and dance, to work and play
It may be gone and lost forever,
But in our memories it'll stay.

2
Hiking through the Catskill Mountains,
Woodchuck Lodge² for overnights,
We were city kids in Nature's classroom,
City kids in a country life.

3
We sang the songs of Edwards³ and Avery⁴
Collected by both Herb⁵ and Norm.⁶
We learned many more from Catskill artists
That at Catskill Festivals, we'd perform.

4
We listened to Mike Todd's⁷ woodsman's stories,
Saw him water-witch and play the bones.
Then we watched him lure the honeybees
To show him the way to their hollow-tree
homes.

5
We went swimming in Ushy-Gushy,⁸
With local teams, we played ball;
Then we learned about our worldwide
neighbors,
So in Camp Olympics, we'd play our all.

6
We sang about building New York's reservoirs;
Sang about Boney Quillen's⁹ pranks;
Sang about Sojourner Truth¹⁰ and;
To Haufrecht¹¹ and DeCormier,¹² we owe
thanks.

7
We danced each week to Van Kleeck's¹³
calling,
Red, black, yellow, tan, and white,
Vanguard of our rainbow nation,
Dancing together each Saturday night.

8
Sitting in Takashi's¹⁴ amphitheater,
Joining in Pete Seeger's songs,
We sang about world peace and brotherhood,
And working together to right world wrongs.

9
As we travel lifetime's highways,
Let us pass this lore along,
So that future generations will
Know Camp Woodland in story and song.

Notes:

1. Norman Studer: educator, Camp Woodland founder and director.
2. The name of the lean-to on the south side of the Camp Woodland property.
3. George Edwards: Scoop-maker and lumberman of Sundown, NY.
4. Mary Avery [Every]: Farm wife of Olivebridge, NY.
5. Herbert Haufrecht: Camp counselor, musicologist, and composer.
6. Norman Cazden: Camp counselor, musicologist, and composer.
7. Mike Todd: Woodsman, lumberman, conservationist of Dry Brook, NY.
8. The muddy lake on camp grounds that was given its name by campers.

9. Boney Quillen: Catskill lumberman, hired hand, and prankster.
10. Sojourner Truth: Former slave, a leader for black freedom and civil rights.
11. Herbert Haufrecht: Composer of "We've Come From the City" and "Boney Quillen."
12. Robert DeCormier: Music counselor and composer of "Sojourner Truth."
13. George Van Kleeck: Farmer, blacksmith, and square dance caller from Samsonville, NY.
14. Pete Seeger's father-in-law who directed campers in the building of a stone amphitheater at the camp.

Song: Woodland Memories
Homage to Norman Studer

Mickey Vandow Mickey Vandow

Andante

Baritone *1* On the way to wood-land vall - ey Cross the creek and round the ben'

Bar. *3* Up the road on Gar-field Mountain to the place where we have been

Bar. *5* **Chorus** Norman's child ren come ro geth er To sing and dance, to work and play

Bar. *7* It may be gone and lost for - eve r but in our mem'ries it' ll stay

Enikő Farkas Remembers

2016 is the 60th year since the 1956 Revolution. My life was profoundly influenced and shaped by those events. I was born in Hungary in 1941, and grew up in the small city of Vác during the Communist era. Vác is located on the banks of the Danube, 33 kilometers north of Budapest. After completing elementary school, I was not accepted into high school because of my middle class background. My father had Alzheimer's by 1954 and couldn't work, so my mother got a job as a cleaning lady in a restaurant, then in a canning factory. There was no welfare. I was dying to go to high school, but under the circumstances I decided to work. As a 14-year-old, I first worked in a canning factory, then in a sewing co-operative in Budapest. I got a special permit to work underage. I had to take the train to go to Budapest to work. My aunt invited me to live with her and family in Budapest. In October 1956, when the revolution against communism and the Soviet Union broke out, I had no future ahead of me. The area we lived in, the 8th district was a hotbed of the Revolution. There were intense periods of fighting when the tanks were shooting at the tenement houses. We couldn't leave the apartment for days and could have died in any minute. In order to relieve boredom and hunger, my aunt gave me an embroidery book to look at. I drew one of the small designs on a piece of cloth and using old thread, followed written instructions and stitched it. My aunt and her family, bombed out of their apartment, fled to the West after the Communists took over again.

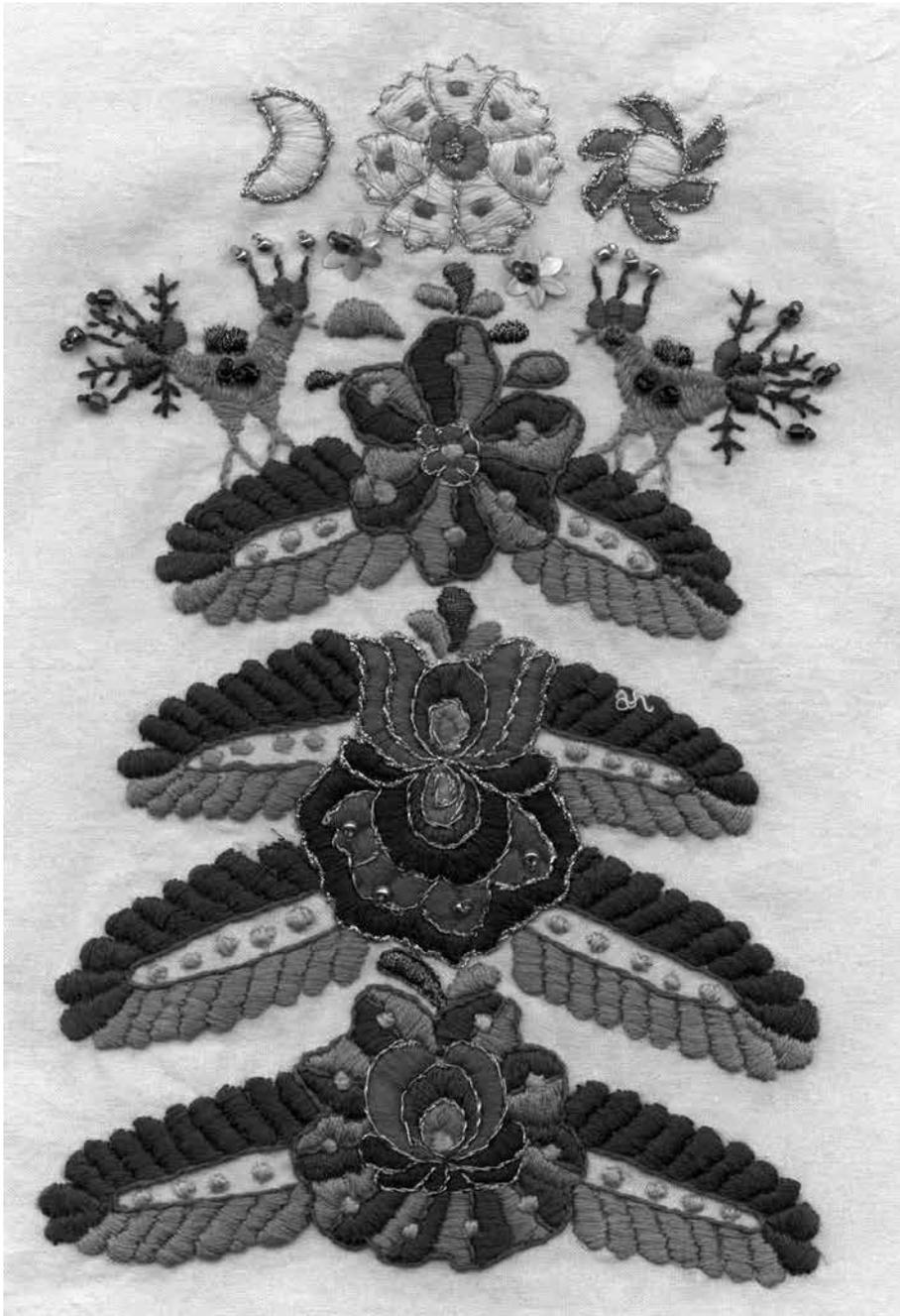
Even though the Revolution was crushed, life eased. When I applied for admission again to the Geologist Technician High School, which had rejected me before, I was then accepted. I continued to embroider in my free time, picking up information on embroidery from other people. Embroidery was considered to be a "petite bourgeois" activity, not looked upon favorably by the Party. I graduated from the Geologist Technician School in 1961, and worked as



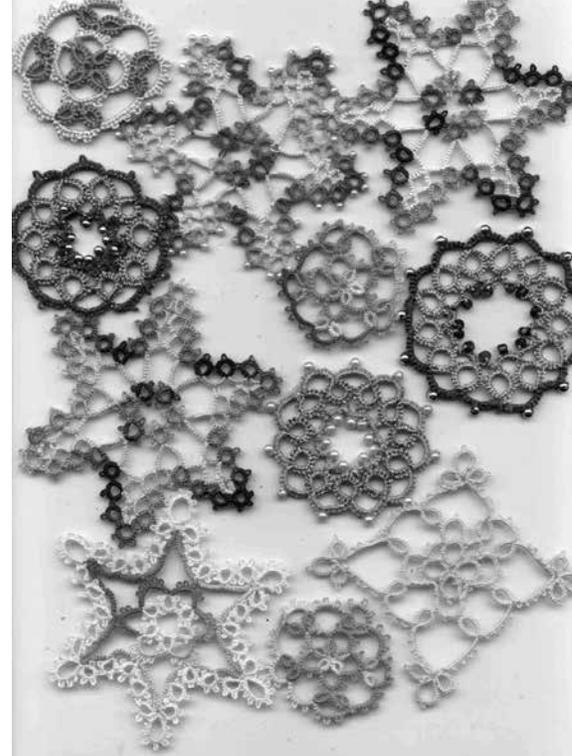
Enikő at the Lowell, Massachusetts Folk Art Fair, July 2012. Photo by folklorist Zsuzsanna Cselényi.



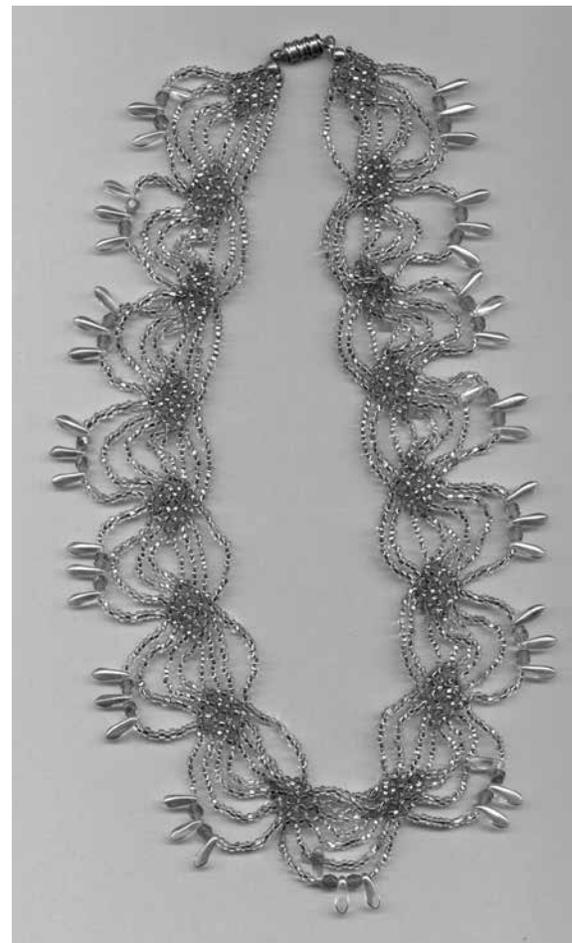
Matyo pillow case. Photo by Enikő Farkas



Matyo Style Tree of Life, embroidery designed by Enikő Farkas. Photo courtesy of the author.



Tatted snowflakes. Design enhanced by Enikő Farkas. Photo courtesy of the author.



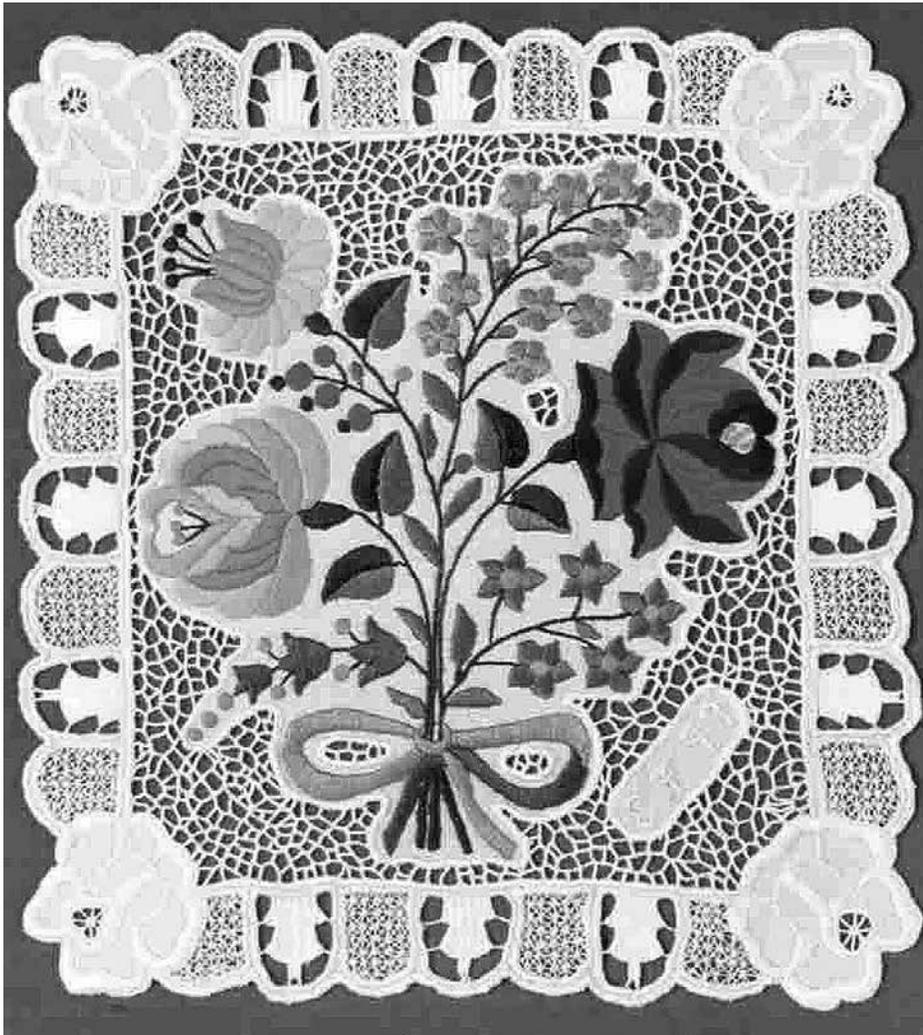
Hungarian folk art seed bead necklace created by Enikő Farkas. Photo courtesy of the author.

a geologist technician until I got an invitation from my aunt to come to visit in the US. It was a welcome opportunity to learn to speak English and to strengthen my work situation. We had visiting businessmen who didn't speak Russian or Hungarian and wanted the company to drill for them, and getting a translator was a major problem.

My interest in embroidery turned to passion after I got married and made my home in the US. For lack of language skills, I couldn't get a job when I arrived, and

embroidery became my creative outlet. Relatives and friends kept me supplied with printed patterns from Hungary. I continued to gather information about embroidering from other Hungarians and enlarge my knowledge. Getting a job as a scientific illustrator enhanced my drawing skills, and I also became interested in folk art painting. I started painting wooden objects in the Hungarian Székely style.

In the 1980s, the Hungarian American Club of Syracuse asked me to exhibit my



Hungarian Kalocsa Needle Lace. Designed and worked by Enikő Farkas. Made for the EGA (Embroidery Guild of America) Individual Correspondence Course. Photo by Gary Hodges, Jon Reis Studio, courtesy of the author.

embroideries at the Festival of Nations in Syracuse. There I met an embroiderer, Connie Root, who invited me to join the local chapter of the American Guild of Embroideries. That led to many invitations to teach at chapter events. I became an Individual Correspondence Course teacher for Embroidery Guild of America from 1993 to 2012, teaching a course in Kalocsa embroidery and another one on how to make handmade Kalocsa lace. I took folk art tours of Hungary to study with master folk artists.

I was asked to participate in numerous museum exhibits, giving talks and teaching needlework and decorating arts workshops. My invitations ranged throughout upstate New York (Roberson Center for the Arts, DeWitt Museum, Chemung County Historical Society, Schweinfurth Memorial Art

Center, Castellani Art Museum of Niagara University). One of my embroideries is in the permanent collection of the Roberson Center for the Arts and Sciences in Binghamton. I was one of the “Master Embroiderers” featured in the video *Threads*, made by WSKG Public TV. I published several articles on the history and technique of Hungarian embroideries and laces, as well as a Hungarian cookbook, *Hungarian Cuisine and Personal Memories*, (available at www.nyfolklore.org/gallery/store/books.htm#hungarian).

My special interest is the coded communication by which Hungarian women expressed political sentiment in textile decorations and clothing. I gave a presentation on this subject for the American Folklore Society’s Annual meeting in 2002 and published an article on it in *Voices*. I received several

awards for my embroidery teaching and the Árpád Award in 2003 from the Árpád Academy of Cleveland, OH.

I was able to get my much coveted higher education here in the US. I have an Associate Degree from Tompkins Cortland Community College (TC3). While working at Cornell University’s Mann Library in book conservation, I earned a BA in History of Arts through the employee degree program in 1997. One of my TC3 professors, Carol Kamen connected me to the New York Folklore Society. This connection gave me many opportunities and expanded my areas of interest. I served on the NYFS Board of Directors from 2002–2006.

I still teach workshops as a volunteer. I taught one in April on beaded necklaces, and taught another one recently on Easter egg painting here, locally, in my adopted hometown of Ithaca, NY. ▼

Read more about and by Enikő:

“Enikő Farkas: Community Scholar,” by Karen Taussig-Lux and Deborah Clover. NYFS Newsletter, Summer 1998 <www.nyfolklore.org/pubs/news/nlsu98/farkas.html>

“Crossing the Border: Stories of the 56ers,” by Enikő Farkas. NYFS Newsletter, Summer 1998 <www.nyfolklore.org/pubs/news/nlsu98/border.html>

“Hungarian Goulash,” by Enikő Farkas. NYFS Newsletter, Summer 1998 <www.nyfolklore.org/pubs/news/nlsu98/goulash.html>

“Political Resistance in Hungarian Dress,” by Enikő Farkas. *VOICES* Spring-Summer 2004 (30:1–2). <www.nyfolklore.org/pubs/voic30-1-2/resist.html>

Critical Thinking, Wisdom, and Paying Homage to the Human Experience

BY AMY ST. CLAIR

[*Editor's Note:* This excerpt is from a longer essay prepared by Amy St. Clair for her Honors Philosophy class, "Ideas Past and Present," taught by Prof. Daniel Polak, at Hudson Valley Community College in Troy, NY, in Fall 2015. Prof. Polak asked his class to use critical thinking to discuss Stephen Alcorn's article, "Drawing the Line: Reflections on the Importance of Drawing by Hand in an Increasingly Digital Age," (*Voices*, Spring-Summer 2015). The assignment required the students to apply to what they had learned—the concepts, themes, and terms from the philosophers they had studied—to this discussion.]

Throughout human evolution, we have been constantly striving toward making the use of technology in our lives greater and more complex. Beginning with the use of rocks as tools to the invention of the wheel, which revolutionized agriculture, technology has expanded to present-day attempts to create artificial intelligence (AI) that can learn, think, and feel. As modern technologies develop, and we become more and more dependent upon them, what must we sacrifice when we adopt them into all parts of our lives? Stephen Alcorn's article "Drawing the Line" discusses technology and its role in creation. Alcorn informs us throughout his essay that something important is lost when we forget the "essential role that tactile values have played in the practice of drawing since time immemorial" (Alcorn 2015, 16). His article is prognostic for a greater pattern happening all over the world, one that has been developing for hundreds of years.

Could the people who began the Industrial Revolution foresee the ecological

effects and loss of life caused by the rise of factory systems, chemical manufacturing, machine tools, coal burning, and mining? We now know that the practices that began during that time have had widespread and detrimental long-term effects on the planet. It is essential for humans at this time in our evolution to begin to identify what is being lost through our utter dependence on technology and to determine how it may affect humanity long term. Furthermore, we must not think only of the long-term effects: we must also ask ourselves about the intentions of our actions. If we look to some of the great thinkers of antiquity who sought to educate others about the importance of fostering critical societies, they can help us see the flaws and fissures in our modern thinking, because they were able to ask important questions, foresee consequences, analyze outcomes, and pierce through clever manipulations.

William Graham Sumner, in his *Folkways* (1906), illustrates one way that our societies would be affected if critical thinking was included in general education: "The critical habit of thought, if usual in society, will pervade all its mores, because it is a way of taking up the problems of life. Men educated in it cannot be stampeded by stump orators ... They are slow to believe...." (Elder and Cosgrove 2013).

Alcorn suggests that the use of technology allows us to be more human, because we can rely on these labor-saving tools to be more productive and because his art can live on indefinitely through the digital world (Alcorn 2015). Clearly, there are many ways that technology enhances our lives, and like mediums in art, provide us with tools that

help us do our work. But at what point is it too much, and where do we *draw the line* with the use of technology, in order to preserve our important human faculties? Although Socrates believed that the written word would make us less wise (Plato, *Phaedrus*, 274c–279d) and would cause us to develop poor memory, it is now a widely promoted activity, with claims that it enhances brain function (see, for example, Klemm 2013). I would question, though: has it made us wiser?

As with anything in life, we must recognize the wisdom of balance—just as in nature, there must be accord for all things to function. True critical thinking must be informed by more than just the intellect, by also what Einstein skillfully pointed out in book, *Ideas and Opinions* (1954):

It is essential that the student acquire an understanding of and a lively feeling for values. He must acquire a vivid sense of the beautiful and the morally good.... He must learn to understand the motives of human beings, their illusions, and their sufferings in order to acquire a proper relationship to the individual fellow-men and to the community.... (Elder and Cosgrove 2013)

People are most effective when we are attuned to intellect, heart, and experience. We must not let go of all of the things that make us human. Einstein's words point to a lost art: the appreciation of morals, harmony, and the human experience. We all sense and experience the world differently, each of us shaped by our history, our location, our beliefs, and so much more. Our individuality is what makes our craft, our

art, and our personal vision unique. Is it not paradoxical then, that humans seem to wish to homogenize this very sensual human artistic process by making it digital?

The very definition of “craft” is to make something by hand. Alcorn explains: “The art instruction establishment has turned its back on the established curriculum, which gave beauty and craft top priority” (Alcorn 2015, 20). If I am going to craft a piece of wood by hand, the wood itself will inform me, and it will become a process of cooperation between myself and the medium. This is the balance of where the use of tools meets human skill, and this balance is vital to preserve. If we begin to depend solely on the click of a mouse, we will lose the tactile wisdom of our bodies. Alcorn warns us of the dangers of depending too heavily upon the digital medium for this very reason: “The computer is an extremely powerful instrument, and like all tools, it alters our perception of reality. Because of this, one’s consciousness of form, color, shape, and meaning can risk the danger of being eclipsed by increasingly technological extensions of our faculties” (Alcorn 2015, 19). Alcorn suggests painting is like having a conversation. I would go even further and say painting is a performance art. When performing live with your instrument, mistakes become part of what gives the music beauty and life. Hitting that wrong chord can often lead you to new discoveries. Improvising makes you a better musician. When you are making digital music, there is no sense of urgency, no natural mistakes, because you can just go back and touch it up.

Universities and colleges everywhere are pushing career-based curriculums that are based solely on the needs of the economy. This is why it is so alluring for our culture to move towards digital, because we can do more, produce more, and keep it longer. Why have we not used the creative power we so plainly possess to invent things that benefit the whole of humanity and improve our world? We need to educate students in critical thinking so the future inventors, engineers, artists, and politicians can understand that motivations that serve the whole,

that consider future consequences, and that establish a balanced and harmonious way of doing business are the only ones that will allow us to continue as a species.

If we seek guidance from the critical thinkers of history, we can see that humanity does not often invent processes for the benefit of the whole, but instead for the benefit of one’s self or group. According to Elder and Cosgrove (2013), people have a natural tendency toward service-to-self behavior: “...what comes first in terms of human tendencies, and often takes precedence, is an orientation focused on self-gratification, self-interest, self-protection.”

Erich Fromm’s thinking mirrors my own in that I believe that we seek meaning in our lives by grasping for more possessions. He goes on to explain in his book *To Have or To Be* (1976) that, ‘...With industrial progress... we could feel that we are on our way to unlimited production, and hence, unlimited consumption...that science made us omniscient...’ (Elder and Cosgrove 2013). If universities continue to standardize education and push for career-based models, this only serves to support the service-to-self economy, which will ultimately and unquestionably fail.

Could we say intellect is propelled by the desire to feel secure by understanding our world? Or is our intellect propelled by fear and this is why we reject people who question conventional thinking? Fear plays a primary role in anti-intellectualism in the world. The philosopher Jiddu Krishnamurti says, “...because we are afraid, anxious about life, we come to some form of conclusion to which we are committed. From one commitment we proceed to another, and I say that such a mind, such an intellect, being slave to a conclusion, has ceased to think, to inquire” (Krishnamurti 1991, 217). When Alcorn quoted the Lucas Museum of Narrative Art as saying, “Time-consuming traditional techniques, such as the creation of multiple layers of transparent glazes, can now be accomplished in minutes with no anxiety, no mess and no harmful solvent fumes,” he recognized that, “It is, in effect, a thinly veiled advertisement, at the

expense of students, from an industry intent on dominating a field in order to exploit a gullible, unwitting audience” (Alcorn, 2015, 20). If our education systems were to employ critical thinking, we would not fall prey to the folly of clever manipulations, but instead seek to be unconditionally who we are as individuals and to make our unique mark on the world.

Alcorn elucidates a struggle within the education system that does not seem to be new, but has only changed over time as the tools of the trade has changed. His contention with digital art is: “Pedagogically, students have little to gain by mimicking the effects of any given medium, if first they don’t experience the real thing. Equally problematic are the suggestions that the creative process should somehow be ‘anxiety free,’... (Alcorn 2015, 20).

In 1851, in his lectures *Discourses on the Scope and Nature of University Education*, John Henry Newman criticized some of these same issues, with respect to education, that Alcorn developed: ‘...Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age...’ (Elder and Cosgrove 2013). Without the ability to integrate critical thinking into education systems, we will soon realize that it is too late to take back some of the damage that has been done. How will we feel in 200 years when we have forgotten what the word “craft” once meant, just as the word “artificial,” which once meant artfully and skillfully constructed, now means a copy of something natural?

Invested individuals or corporations have always had their methods of marketing to what people think they need (iPhones, for example), what kind of music we should like (pop), and to our tendency to blindly follow the rules, not questioning “why” or “why not?” The article, “A Brief History of Critical Thinking” summarizes these ‘Idols of the tribe,’ which is what Frances Bacon, in his book *The Advancement of Learning*, called the aforementioned ideas (Paul, Elder, and

Bartell 1997). The very first line of the quote that Alcorn shared from the Lucas Museum of Narrative Art is: ‘Current software gives artists the tools capable of mimicking almost any medium.’ (Alcorn 2015, 20). This sentence alone certainly illuminates that one of the primary ‘idols of our tribe’ is digital technology. Furthermore, I would query how much money the Lucas Museum has invested in this technology, representing another ‘idol.’ This is what Bacon calls ‘idols of the market-place,’ in which we use our power and clever words to tell our tribe what to want and what is better for them (Paul, Elder, and Bartell 1997).

It seems that instead of learning to embrace our humanity, we seek to become less human. Our dehumanization efforts are visible across the full spectrum of our culture and are revealed by the values of our time. Alcorn emphasizes this point when he talks about his experience as a teacher: “... with each passing year the amount of hand-made imagery presented diminishes, while the amount of digitally manipulated photographs culled from the Internet increases, resulting in a marked depersonalization of the portfolios” (Alcorn 2015, 20). He juxtaposes his complaint about dehumanization in art schools with an example of three artist colonies that celebrate and embrace the “by-hand” approach to art, which is quickly diminishing:

What is striking about all three “schools” is the organic warmth of the products they spawned, and their commitment to celebrating the ties that bind people to the very environments in which they live and work. All are expressions of the way in which artists, through an assertion of the basic human instinct to create things by hand, have been driven to rebel against the depersonalizing and dehumanizing effects of the machine on the arts, and by extension, on the quality of life.” (Alcorn 2015, 21)

Which is more alluring: sitting in a chair, in front of a screen, tapping or clicking away or standing in front of an easel with paint on your hands, the scent of your medium mingling in the air, and the colors

moving across a page? Alcorn calls the former a “shortcut to the demise of the senses” (Alcorn 2015, 20). This movement towards dehumanization calls for an examination of a specific idea put forth by Karl Mannheim. Mannheim’s proposal that we can separate ourselves from the very experiences, views, preferences, and thoughts that are our biases and that make us utterly human seems to be an omen of the technological age. (Coser 1987). Are people striving to be more like machines?

In any given moment, we are feeling many things, thinking, processing; our bodies are monitoring the environment; our memories are alive in us; and even in our least active moments, we are extremely animated. It is so easy for us to forget the mystery of life, and therefore, focus on only a very narrow sense of our existence. When we ask Google a question, it can only compute and output an answer based on the information it has compiled. Alcorn says that, “...even the most sophisticated machine is only as sophisticated as the mind that conceived it” (Alcorn 2015, 27). A human, on the other hand, has access to creativity, invention, playfulness, existential ideas, a sense of humor, and the power of the mind. But we turn away from all of this and seek to be more symmetrical, more plastic, and more perfect.

With all of our creative power, have we actually become happier and healthier as individuals and as a species? As Alcorn eloquently expresses, “And because I believe in cultivating a plurality of skills, I also encourage students to cultivate their mark-making abilities both on analog surfaces and drawing tablets in the hope that the physical and the digital may stand side by side in their lives” (Alcorn 2015, 27). It is important to embrace our technology, but these tools are only useful if tempered by wisdom, critical thinking, the value of human qualities, and the memory of the tactile knowledge of the thousands of years of humans who have come before us. We must think about the possible consequences, positive and negative, of how our actions today will affect our bodies, minds, hearts, and the future of humanity. ▼

References

- Alcorn, Stephen. 2015. “Drawing the Line: Reflections on the Importance of Drawing by Hand in an Increasingly Digital Age.” *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore* 41(1–2): 16–27.
- Coser, L. A. 1987. Reviewed Work: *Conservatism: A Contribution to the Sociology of Knowledge* by Karl Mannheim, David Kettler, Volker Meja, and Nico Stehr. *Canadian Journal of Sociology / Cahiers Canadiens de Sociologie* 12(1/2): 157–158.
- Elder, Linda, and Rush Cosgrove. 2013. Critical Societies: Thoughts from the Past. The Critical Thinking Community. <http://www.criticalthinking.org/pages/critical-societies-thoughts-from-the-past/762>
- Klemm, W. R. 2013. Why Writing by Hand Could Make You Smarter. *Psychology Today*. Posted March 14. <https://www.psychologytoday.com/blog/memory-medic/201303/why-writing-hand-could-make-you-smarter>
- Krishnamurti, J. 1991. “First Talk, November 22 1959.” In *The Collected Works of J. Krishnamurti: 1958-1960*, Vol. 11. Dubuque, IA: Kendall/Hunt.
- Plato. *Phaedrus*. In *Plato in Twelve Volumes*, Vol. 9. Translated by Harold N. Fowler. Cambridge, MA: Harvard University Press; London: William Heinemann Ltd., 1925. <http://www.perseus.tufts.edu/hopper/text?doc=Perseus%3Atext%3A1999.01.0174%3Atext%3DPhaedrus%3Apage%3D275>

Amy is working toward her bachelor’s degree in Anthropology with a focus on environmental sustainability and food culture. Her accolades include the Who’s Who of American Student’s award, and she has been nominated for the Dr. Joseph J.

Bulmer Award for Excellence in Library Research. When she is not doing homework, she enjoys spending time with her husband Christopher, her two cats Panther and Hunter, and practicing various folk arts such as knitting and playing the traditional Native American courting flute. Photo by Jennifer Summer, www.jennifersummer.com.



Seasons in Schuylerville, New York

BY JEROMY McFARREN

Winter

As the trees bare their skins to embrace the cold, and the skies grow silvered when the daylight deserts them, I feel a sense of finality. All of the year comes into focus, as stock is taken of all that has transpired. We put away what little we've chosen to keep to get us through the long, frozen months, while making lists of the provisions that will nourish us in the new year.

Extra layers are piled onto beds and bodies. Festivities are planned, allowing us something warm and wholesome to look forward to. The fires we have kindled outdoors in the summer are brought inside. Steaming soups and mugs of cocoa comfort our bellies and warm our hands, turned stiff from the work of removing snow from walkways.

Children spend afternoons on snow days and weekends building men out of powder and secret hideaways to secure their stashes of ammunition, awaiting worthy opponents. Dogs bound through drifts with their tails wagging, gathering white specks along their lashes, as their tongues loll with happiness in the brisk morning light. Fathers and mothers leave in the dark of the morning, only to return in the dark of the evening.

Still, one after another, the holidays march across the face of winter, providing stuffing for cold stomachs, colored lights for white lawns, and warm embraces for empty and loving arms. We make due with what we have gathered during the year and transform a barren landscape into a fruitful and abundant home. The light returns, and the pale sun though missed, offers no greater warmth than the love we make during the winter.

Spring

A crocus blooms around the base of the birch trees in my front yard. Its purple petals labor through the fresh thaw with striped leaves unfolding. A robin's red-gold breast bounces contentedly along the mossy stubble, as it pecks greedily into the earth for its breakfast. An awakening of hunger alights across the landscape.

The maples sprout green and maroon buds, bound tightly, as if they are afraid that the frozen tongue of winter still thirsts to cover branches with its icy kiss. But they will open. Blue jays and cardinals splash their patriotic bodies across the branches, and pileated woodpeckers drum their accompaniment into those trunks that are withering. Soon the chirps of new life will provide the melody.

After the crocuses have blazed low to the earth, the tulips and daffodils will overtake them in both height and longevity. As the sun grows warmer and the days lengthen, a new energy emerges. A long slumber is replaced by the vivid awakening of seed and bulb. Insects and reptiles, too, discover the warmth as they stir in the grasses and amidst the rocks. It is time to feed and to nourish instincts, as delicate webs lace through the bushes, nets cast awaiting the catch.

Children rush outside to enjoy the splendor between the rain showers. The cracking of bats against baseballs fills the air. Lawnmowers grumble as they are revved for the long season ahead. Dogs luxuriate on fresh grass, while cats prowl the fencerows for midday snacks.

Rain takes center stage in the arena of new life, washing away the dirty snow of winter, saturating the seedlings, and feeding the rivers. Our time in the sun is treasured, yet we are thankful for the beauty the waters provide, giving us the promise of rejuvenation and new beginnings.

Summer

Shade trees are a godsend during the thick days of summer, when a breeze is as revered as a divine breath. Our brows glisten and our bodies grow heavy with the weight of an endless humidity. Our beds become rivers, as we splay ourselves for the sleepless night ahead. Even breathing is a chore.

The dogs lay heavily along the wooden floors, their stomachs lifting in rapid succession, and they look to us to end the madness, which we cannot control, from being inflicted upon them. Children alone seem unaffected by the oppression, as they squeal with delight under the tickling showers sprouting from dried lawns.

Roses and peonies, which first delighted at the hot, dry days of July, burn and wither, their petals offered once again to the soil that nurtured them. Violent thunderstorms take their toll, battering and flattening their sinuous stems and denuding them of their beauty.

We seek solace in activities that require little movement. Or else we take refuge in environments fed by artificial air, closing ourselves away from Mother Nature's sauna. Swimming pools and lakefronts, rivers and beaches become meccas for the devout who insist on honoring the time-honored traditions of suntans and swimsuits.

Bright spots pepper the stew we must endure. Cookouts and parades relieve the monotony of the endless days of glare and haze. The scent of wood and coals wafts through neighborhoods, mixing with the smell of hay and livestock from surrounding farms. Pipes and drums mingle with the popping of fireworks, as we celebrate the founding of our village and the independence of our country.

Amidst these celebrations, I long for the relief that is to come, when the kids go back to school and a simple walk through the cemetery with the dogs is more of a struggle than a fight.

Autumn

The leaves are falling. Their decaying scent sweetens the air. Foggy mornings give way to clear afternoons, as the sun begins to lie lower along the horizon. The colors we miss during the dead of summer are rekindled in the trees and the fruits of the season. Chrysanthemums decorate porches, while pumpkins rest along the roadside, in fields, and on farm stands, awaiting their days for carving and display.

Autumn reminds us that there is beauty in every ending, a final fire that blazes against the coming darkness. It is a time of bounty, when the harvest yields its plenty for roasting and canning. We rush around in preparation for what is to come and what we can still cram in. One more bonfire and one more swim. One more hike in the Adirondacks before we trade our hiking boots for snowshoes.

The nights grow colder and we must cover the bushes to protect them from frost. The houseplants that we've treated as if they needed to be let out like pets must be brought indoors. Drafts can be felt along the floorboards, and we know the energy bill will be going up. The dogs must be taken for walks, and they wait impatiently as we don extra layers. Soon we will be walking in the dark with only the streetlights for company.

Children get excited as they plan their costumes at kitchen tables and are warmed with the scent of baking seeds. Pumpkins are carved and lit. The children don't want to wear their coats on Halloween, and we cross our fingers for an Indian summer. The swish of leaves kicked underfoot marries their greedy cries of, "Trick or treat!"

As November sneaks its way through the door, we break out the sweaters and the extra blankets. The salads of summer become soups and stews, and we are thankful for all that we've received, sad to see it give way to the emptiness of winter, but assured of spring's return.



Jeromy McFarren lives in Schuylerville, NY. He is a public historian and a program coordinator in the Office of the Dean of Special Programs at Skidmore College. He is also the owner of 4 Grove Candles in Schuylerville.

Chris Linendoll, contributor of "Good Read" in *VOICES*, was awarded an American Booksellers Association/James Patterson's Bookseller Bonus. In 2015, author James Patterson provided \$250,000 for holiday bonuses for independent booksellers, and also personally chose the winners, who each received a bonus of between \$1,000 and \$5,000.

In a statement, Patterson said the program is a "humble acknowledgment of some of the terrific work taking place in libraries and bookstores. Here's to the communities supporting their bookstore and libraries. Here's to a country that makes reading a priority."

Of receiving the award, Chris Linendoll says: "I am incredibly excited about winning, and it still hasn't really sunk in yet. I am so humbled that someone recognized me for being deserving of such a generous award. I love bookstores and have worked at one or another for most of my adult life. Finding unique titles to recommend to customers, setting up displays, and just generally keeping the store looking good genuinely makes me happy. As for my plans for the bonus, my daughter was diagnosed with celiac disease earlier this month, so I need to go through and completely overhaul the grocery situation in my house. That poor girl has been through so many tests and doctor visits lately; I'm glad I'll be able to get her exactly the toys she wants for Christmas! Also, I'll be buying myself a lot of cheese."

Rebuilding after Sandy

BY NANCY SOLOMON

During the past three years, Long Island Traditions has been documenting the changes to the bay house community after Superstorm Sandy, when over 30 bay houses were destroyed. We're glad to tell you that several have been rebuilt or are being rebuilt. Yet the journey has not been an easy one. As some of you know, bay house owners generally live on or near the bay and suffered damage to their primary homes. Between waiting for insurance adjusters, submitting claims to FEMA, and trying to work with private contractors, most bay house owners had their hands full trying to negotiate the maze of agencies out there. As for the bay houses, the Town of Hempstead and the NY State Department of Environmental Conservation must approve the plans submitted by the bay house owners. The process can be very challenging. It is thus gratifying to see that progress is being made. Here is one example of a success story: the Muller Family.

Larry Muller was born in Freeport, and his family has owned a bay house on the nearby marshlands since the 1950s. Larry went killeying as a boy, using horseshoe crabs as bait to catch the killeys. They had a horseshoe pen where they could store the crabs until they used them, and returned the leftovers to the bay at the end of the season. "You only needed 10 traps to get 60 quarts of killeys, if the tide was running right back then." Like most baymen, Larry and his family made their own traps. They also went clamming, something Larry did until he and Mary were married; he continued to harvest mussels, which had more monetary value than clams, using tongs. Unlike clams, baymen could harvest mussels during high and low tides because mussels were found in deeper water than clams. Today Larry works with his daughters, Alison and Laura, running Island Seafood, which buys fish from fishermen, primarily in New

England and Eastern Long Island, and ships the fish worldwide. Alison started working in the business when she was young, writing up bills for her father's customers, as they journeyed to New Bedford, MA, and other ports of call. "They used to go with me for 18 hours to all these places."

In 2011, just before Superstorm Sandy struck, Alison returned to Long Island and began working for Island Seafood alongside her father. Her sister Laura also works for the company. When Sandy struck Long Island, Larry's home was severely damaged, and eventually he had to replace it with a new home. Fortunately, they moved their company facilities before Sandy to an industrial park in Farmingdale and were safe. They were, therefore, able to assist their customers who suffered damages. A year later they moved into their daughter Laura's home in Freeport while their own home was replaced.

Prior to Sandy, the Mullers had invested more time and money in restoring their bay house, originally built in 1910 by

George Arata. Just days after Sandy, the Mullers remember that the bay "looked like a war zone—there were boats, propellers, junk, and crap all over the place. You couldn't go fast because you would hit something." The first reports were that the bay house wasn't there. Larry went out and not seeing his or any other bay houses, said, "That's it, we're done." However, as he was returning home, he made a turn—and lo and behold, "There's my house, right up against the causeway. It was fully intact, all four walls, all the windows and all the doors, but the whole inside was ripped clean. So right away, we knew we were going to save it." A year later they found someone, Chris Stebner, who also owned a bay house, who could lift the house and return it to a safer spot. "He picked it up, put it on a barge, brought it over and put it in its place."

Traditionally, the bay houses were built on mudsills, which rested on the marshland and allowed owners to move their bay houses when the marshland eroded. However, in recent years the marshlands have



The Muller Bay House c. 1942. Photo courtesy of the Muller Family.



The Muller bay house survived Sandy but had to be returned to its original location. Photo by Nancy Solomon.

Work remains for the Mullers. Although they put on a new roof and deck, they need to install a water tank for washing dishes and rinsing off after clamming or swimming. In addition, the interior of the house needs walls, a bathroom, and other essentials. They'll be at the house because "that's where we always are." They still go clamming and fishing for their personal use, rather than as commercial fishermen. Larry says, "Everybody likes to put their feet in the mud once in a while." ▼



Nancy Solomon is executive director of Long Island Traditions, located in Port Washington, New York. She can be reached at 516/767-8803 or info@longislandtraditions.org.

eroded rapidly. As a result, some bay house owners like the Mullers have decided to use pilings for their platforms. As Alison explains, "With the poles, the house is sturdy, and we won't have to move it. We can't

make a boat slow down, and the boats are getting bigger and bigger. I don't think everyone knows the water and respects how it should be. We lost over 50 feet of marshland since the 1970s."



Moving the Muller bay house. Photo by Chris Stebner.

Are you New to the
New York Folklore Society?
Missing back copies
of the journal?

You can fill in the gaps in your collection. Selected back issues of *Voices*, *New York Folklore* (1975–1999), and the *New York Folklore Quarterly* (1946–1974) are still available. You can check availability of a specific issue by calling our office at 518/346-7008, or checking online at www.nyfolklore.org/pubs/bkissue.html

Voices and *New York Folklore*
Single Issues \$10 each
(\$8 member price)

New York Folklore Quarterly
Single issue \$5 each
(\$4.50 member price)

Special offer for the *Quarterly*
5 issues for \$15

If you want to order just a single article from any journal, you'll find order blanks in our publications section of the website. A PDF can be emailed to you for \$3.

TO ORDER

Tell us what you which issue(s) you want:
 Voices NYFolklore NYFQ

Vol. & Issue No(s) _____ or
Date _____

Publication Subtotal \$ _____
Shipping & Handling \$ _____

(add \$5.95 for orders under \$25; \$6.95 for \$25–\$50;
\$8.95 for orders over \$50. Email nyfs@nyfolklore.org
about foreign postal rates)

Total enclosed \$ _____

Enclose check payable to New York Folklore Society
and mail to New York Folklore Society, 129 Jay Street,
Schenectady, NY 12305.

Name _____

Shipping Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Or order online at:
www.nyfolklore.org/gallery/store/books.htm#back

Submission Guidelines for *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore*

Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore is a membership magazine of the New York Folklore Society (www.nyfolklore.org).

The New York Folklore Society is a nonprofit, statewide organization dedicated to furthering cultural equity and cross-cultural understanding through programs that nurture folk cultural expressions within communities where they originate, share these traditions across cultural boundaries, and enhance the understanding and appreciation of folk culture. Through *Voices* the society communicates with professional folklorists and members of related fields, traditional artists, and a general public interested in folklore.

Voices is dedicated to publishing the content of folklore in the words and images of its creators and practitioners. The journal publishes research-based articles, written in an accessible style, on topics related to traditional art and life. It also features stories, interviews, reminiscences, essays, folk poetry and music, photographs, and artwork drawn from people in all parts of New York State. Columns on subjects such as photography, sound and video recording, legal and ethical issues, and the nature of traditional art and life appear in each issue.

Editorial Policy

Feature articles. Articles published in *Voices* represent original contributions to folklore studies. Although *Voices* emphasizes the folklore of New York State, the editor welcomes articles based on the folklore of any area of the world. Articles on the theory, methodology, and geography of folklore are also welcome, as are purely descriptive articles in the ethnography of folklore. In addition, *Voices* provides a home for “orphan” tales, narratives, and songs, whose contributors are urged to provide contextual information.

Authors are encouraged to include short personal reminiscences, anecdotes, isolated tales, narratives, songs, and other material that relates to and enhances their main article.

Typically feature articles range from 1,000 to 4,000 words and up to 6,000 words at the editor's discretion.

Reviews and review essays. Books, recordings, films, videos, exhibitions, concerts, and the like are selected for review in *Voices* for their relevance to folklore studies or the folklore of New York State and their potential interest to a wide audience. Persons wishing to review recently published material should contact the editor. Unsolicited reviews and proposals for reviews will be evaluated by the editor and by outside referees where appropriate. Follow the bibliographic style in a current issue of *Voices*.

Reviews should not exceed 750 words.

Correspondence and commentary. Short but substantive reactions to or elaborations upon material appearing in *Voices* within the previous year are welcomed. The editor may invite the author of the materials being addressed to respond; both pieces may be published together. Any subject may be addressed or rebutted once by any correspondent. The principal criteria for publication are whether, in the opinion of the editor or the editorial board, the comment constitutes a substantive contribution to folklore studies, and whether it will interest our general readers.

Letters should not exceed 500 words.

Style

The journal follows *The Chicago Manual of Style*. Consult *Webster's Third International Dictionary* for questions of spelling, meaning, and usage, and avoid gender-specific terminology.

Footnotes. Endnotes and footnotes should be avoided; incorporate such information into the text. Ancillary information may be submitted as a sidebar.

Bibliographic citations. For citations of text from outside sources, use the author-date style described in *The Chicago Manual of Style*.

Language. All material must be submitted in English. Foreign-language terms (transliterated, where appropriate, into the Roman alphabet) should be italicized and followed by a concise parenthetical English gloss; the author bears responsibility for the correct spelling and orthographics of non-English words. British spellings should be Americanized.

Publication Process

Unless indicated, the New York Folklore Society holds copyright to all material published in *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore*. With the submission of material to the editor, the author acknowledges that he or she gives *Voices* sole rights to its publication, and that permission to publish it elsewhere must be secured in writing from the editor.

For the initial submission, send an e-mail attachment or CD (preferably prepared in Microsoft Word).

Copy must be double spaced, with all pages numbered consecutively. To facilitate anonymous review of feature articles, the author's name and biography should appear only on a separate title page.

Tables, charts, maps, illustrations, photographs, captions, and credits should follow the main text and be numbered consecutively. All illustrations should be clean, sharp, and camera-ready. Photographs should be prints or duplicate slides (not originals) or scanned at high resolution (300+ dpi) and e-mailed to the editor as jpeg or tiff files. Captions and credits must be included. Written permission to publish each image must be obtained by authors from the copyright holders prior to submission of manuscripts, and the written permissions must accompany the manuscript (authors should keep copies).

Materials are acknowledged upon receipt. The editor and two anonymous readers review manuscripts submitted as articles. The review process takes several weeks.

Authors receive two complimentary copies of the issue in which their contribution appears and may purchase additional copies at a discount. Authors of feature articles may purchase offprints; price information is available upon publication.

Submission Deadlines

Spring–Summer issue	November 1
Fall–Winter issue	May 1

Send submissions as Word files to
Todd DeGarmo, *Voices* Editor
(e-mail preferred): degarmo@crandalllibrary.org
or
New York Folklore Society
129 Jay Street
Schenectady, NY 12305

Join the New York Folklore Society today and become a subscriber to *Voices*

Join the New York Folklore Society and become part of a community that will deepen your involvement with folklore, folklife, the traditional arts, and contemporary culture. As a member, you'll have early notice of key events.

Annual Conference. People travel from all over to meet in a different part of the state each year for the NYFS Conference and Annual Meeting. Professionals in folklore and related fields join with educators and practitioners to explore the culture and traditions of the area. Lectures and discussions are balanced with concerts, dancing, and tours of cultural sites.

New York State Folk Arts Forums. Folk arts professionals, colleagues in related disciplines, and lay people come together each year to address a topic of special interest—whether it be folklore and the Internet, heritage tourism, cultural conservation, or intellectual property law.

Help When You Need It

Become a member and learn about technical assistance programs that will get you the help you need in your work.

Mentoring and Professional Development Program for Folklife and the Traditional Arts. Receive technical assistance from a mentor of your choosing. You can study with a master traditional artist, learn new strategies for marketing, master concert and exhibition production, organize an archive, or improve your organizational management.

Folk Artists Self-Management Project. If you're a traditional artist, you know the importance of business, management, and marketing skills to your success in the marketplace. NYFS can help you with workshops, mentoring, and publications.

Folk Archives Project. What could be more critical than finding a repository for an important collection? The NYFS is a leader in the preservation of our cultural heritage. Attend our workshops and order copies of NYFS books at a discount.

Consulting and Referral. The NYFS offers informal counseling and referral services to the members in the field. Contact us by telephone, e-mail, or letter.

Publications. Members receive discounts on all NYFS publications. Visit www.nyfolklore.org for current titles.

A Public Voice

The NYFS raises awareness of folklore among the general public through three important channels.

Print. *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore*, published twice a year, brings you folklore in the words and images of its creators and practitioners. The journal's new look distinguishes it from other publications in the field. Read *Voices* for news you can use about our field and legal issues, photography, sound and video recording, and archiving.

Radio. *Voices of New York Traditions* is a series of radio documentaries that spotlight the folklife of the state, aired on public radio. Stay tuned!

Internet. Visit www.nyfolklore.org for the latest news on events in folklore. Updated weekly, the NYFS web site is designed to appeal to the public as well as keep specialists informed.

Advocacy

The NYFS is your advocate for sympathetic and informed attention to folk arts.

- We represent you on issues before the state legislature and the federal government when public policy affects the field. Visit the advocacy pages at www.nyfolklore.org to learn what we're doing and how you can help.
- The society partners with statewide, regional, and national organizations, from the New York State Arts and Cultural Coalition to the American Folklore Society, and frequently presents its projects and issues at meetings of professional organizations in the allied fields of archives, history, and libraries.

So Join!

Become part of a community that explores and nurtures the traditional cultures of New York State and beyond. Membership in the NYFS entitles you to the following benefits:

- A subscription to *Voices: The Journal of New York Folklore*
 - Invitations to conferences, workshops, and meetings
 - Updates on technical assistance programs
 - Opportunities to meet others who share your interests
 - Discounts on NYFS books
- Plus the satisfaction of knowing that you support the only organization devoted to folklore across New York State.

Yes, I want to join the New York Folklore Society.

Name _____

Organization _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Country _____

Telephone _____

E-mail _____

- \$50 Basic member
- \$20 Artist (does not include *Voices*)
- \$30 Full-time student
- \$30 Senior (65+)
- \$55 Joint (two or more at the same address)
- \$75 Organizations and institutions
- \$100 Harold W. Thompson Circle

Please add \$10 for additional postage for foreign memberships.

- New member.
- Gift membership. Introduce a friend or relative to the world of folklore!

Make a tax-deductible donation and help support the organization that supports folklore.

	2016	2017
Membership dues	\$ _____	\$ _____
Tax-deductible donation	\$ _____	\$ _____
Total enclosed	\$ _____	\$ _____

The amount of memberships greater than \$20 and all donations are tax-deductible to the extent allowed by law.

Make your check payable to New York Folklore Society and send it with this form to:

New York Folklore Society
129 Jay Street
Schenectady, NY 12305

Voices

129 Jay Street, Schenectady, NY 12305
(518) 346-7008 • www.nyfolklore.org

Nonprofit Org.

US Postage

PAID

Albany, NY

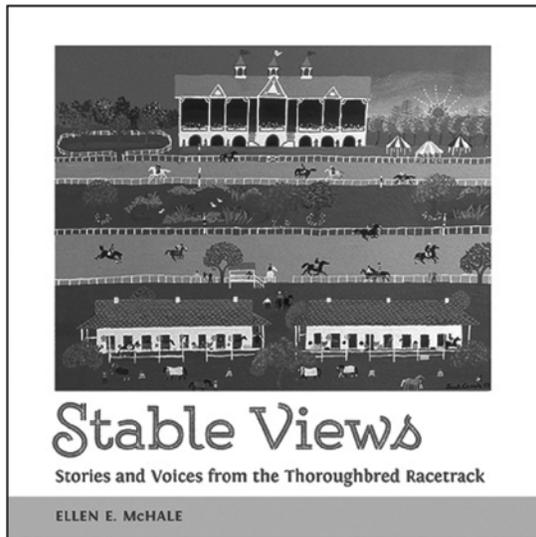
Permit #751

ISSN 0361-204X



9 770361 204003

UNIVERSITY PRESS OF MISSISSIPPI



An inside look at the thoroughbred racing industry through the words and perspectives of those who labor within its stables.

“Stable Views offers a rare opportunity to examine the occupational folklore of stable workers and others behind the scenes at thoroughbred racetracks. McHale’s insightful examination constitutes essential reading for scholars and racing fans alike.”

— Debra Lattanzi Shutika, George Mason University

Order online: www.nyfolklore.org/gallery/store/books.html#stableviews



www.upress.state.ms.us
800.737.7788



FOLKLORE STUDIES
IN A MULTICULTURAL
WORLD

*Publication is supported by a grant from
the Andrew W. Mellon Foundation*