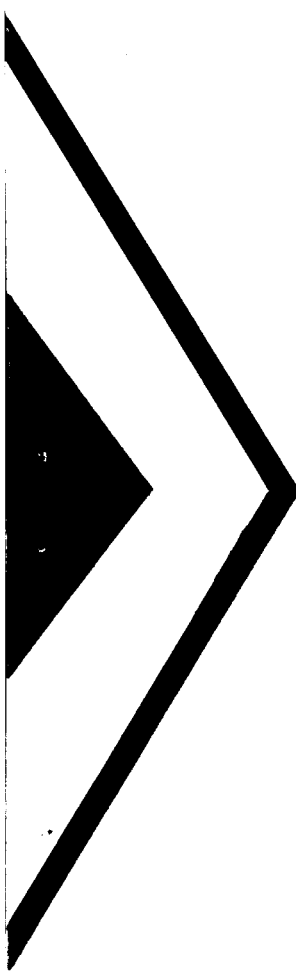


ROADS INTO FOLKLORE:  
Festschrift in Honor of  
Richard M. Dorson

FOLKLORE FORUM  
A Communication for Students of Folklore  
Bibliographic and Special Series, No. 14  
1975



Folklore Forum

### Staff

Betsy Adler  
Annellen Archbold, General Editor  
Michael E. Bell  
Nikolai Burlakoff  
Jacky Day, Book Reviews  
Joseph Goodwin  
Jean Kaplan, Business Manager  
Jens Lund, Records Reviews  
Steve Mannenbach  
Peggy Martin

John Moe  
Nancy Moore  
Steven Ohrn  
Merle Schlesinger  
Margie Steiner  
Greta Swenson, Copy Editor  
Paula Tadlock  
Elizabeth Tucker, General Editor  
John Tuma  
Eleanor Wachs, Book Reviews

### Corresponding Editors

Barbara Caro  
Mary Helen Weldy  
Tom Ireland  
John Scott  
Reiner Wehse

U.C.L.A.  
Western Kentucky University  
University of Texas  
Memorial University of Newfoundland  
University of Freiburg

Folklore Forum is published quarterly by the Folklore Forum Society, in January, April, July, and October, and is accompanied by a Bibliographic and Special Series of one or two numbers per year. Volume VIII (1975) subscription rates are \$5.00 for individuals and \$6.00 for institutions. Single numbers of regular issues are \$1.50; back issues in the Bibliographic and Special Series are available for \$3.00 each. No sample or complimentary copies of Folklore Forum will be distributed. All checks should be made payable to Folklore Forum.

The Editors of Folklore Forum welcome manuscripts, comments, and other communications from its readers. All papers must be accompanied by a 100-150 word abstract and a short vita. Abstracts of Folklore Forum articles appear in Abstracts of Folklore Studies. The preferred style for submissions is that set forth in A Manual of Style published by the University of Chicago Press (the "Chicago Style"). Allow six to eight weeks for manuscript consideration. The Editors do not accept responsibility for the personal opinions of contributors.

Address all correspondence to: The Editors, Folklore Forum,  
504 North Fess Street, Bloomington, Indiana 47401.



ROADS INTO FOLKLORE:  
Festschrift in Honor of  
Richard M. Dorson

Edited  
By  
Richard A. Reuss and Jens Lund

FOLKLORE FORUM  
A Communication for Students of Folklore  
Bibliographic and Special Series, No. 14  
1975



Following a session on folklore historiography at the 1972 American Folklore Society meeting in Austin, Texas, Dick Dorson remarked to me, "If I ever get my Festschrift, do you know what I would like? I would like each of my students to write something on how they got into folklore." In this special supplement to the Folklore Forum, forty-one of Dorson's former students have set down in one fashion or another something of the events and processes by which they became folklorists.

Assembling these autobiographical statements was undertaken for a number of reasons. Many of us, of course, are strongly appreciative of Dorson's many contributions to the field, and of his help to graduate students and folklore programs at Indiana University and elsewhere. Dorson's own academic interests have always been most acute in the areas of history and biography, hence the publication of this work in his honor is especially appropriate. Even more important, however, is the fact that American folklorists as yet have failed to document sufficiently who we that study folklore are, and why we collectively and individually do so. In recent years, notwithstanding the new "scientific" approaches to folkloristics, our discipline happily has become increasingly humanistic as "the folk" have been put back into folklore studies. But unfortunately, as academics we persistently continue to reserve consideration of our own motivations, roles, and behavior vis a vis our work for last. Judging by the very few autobiographical memoirs left behind by our predecessors,<sup>1</sup> hardly any of us ever get to the point of explaining in print to our colleagues who we are nor the rationales for our careers.

Why, then, do we pursue folklore studies professionally? Certainly, we have no shortage of valid academic and philosophical credos concerning what we do = convincing to ourselves if not to much of the public. But each of us also has our roots in formative experiences which opened new doors for us, accentuated certain paths, and cumulatively contributed to a growing awareness of how we could creatively express interests, drives, and needs. (Whether we really were predetermined to be folklorists according to "a superorganic governing principle which we were virtually born into," as Frank DeCaro asserts, I leave for the reader to decide.)

The reminiscences in this volume, brief and necessarily incomplete as they are, offer some insight into the disparate backgrounds and sometimes roundabout routes by which the current generation of younger folklorists entered the field. Some were influenced to a large degree by their avid contacts with popular folklore materials, either through the folksong revival or printed collections. Some took up folkloristics as a career as an outgrowth of a search for ethnic identity, or because they found friendship and social acceptance in folklore that they did not find elsewhere. Some gravitated toward our discipline as a substitute for other subject areas that for one reason or another were unsatisfying. Perhaps, as again suggested by DeCaro, a number of people simply opted for folklore studies as one way of coping with the chaos of the universe and gratifying their obsessive-compulsive instincts. A number of writers state or imply here that they became folklorists ultimately because in our field of endeavor it seemed possible to be both scholarly and genuinely involved with people. Whatever the reasons--social, psychological, historical--we are here, and in fairness to both ourselves and those whose traditions we study, it behooves us to understand why.

The essays which follow are written in a wide variety of styles, range in length from a brief paragraph or two to a couple of thousands words (three double-spaced pages were the suggested maximum limit), and vary substantially in the relative detail and explanations offered for one's actions. As editor, I thought it unwise under the circumstances either to impose rigid restraints on what must or must not go into these autobiographical narratives, or to define the particular style one ought to use. Jocular or prosaic, anecdotal or philosophical, I personally feel that each of us reveals something about our inner selves as well as some degree of our factual pasts in the manner by which we choose to express our thoughts as well as with the specific content! Consequently, except to clarify an obscure phrase or untangle a wordy sentence, I refrained from exercising a heavy editorial hand in the interests of stylistic uniformity.

As for Dick Dorson, the high points of his professional career in folklore are well known and need no summary here; future historians of folklore studies certainly will in due course discuss his work in considerable detail. When asking his former students to contribute to this volume, therefore, it was stressed that while anecdotes concerning Dorson were welcome, they were secondary to the more immediate task of portraying the series of events by which one became a folklorist. Some, accordingly, incorporated memories of Dorson into their accounts, others (for whatever reasons) chose not to do so.

Happily, what emerges from the miscellany of Dorsonian scattered throughout the following essays is not a biography, but a composite sketch of Dorson the man in a great variety of settings. It suggests, among other things, that whether at work or play, Dorson is always in motion. Here is Dorson helping new graduate students to find housing in Bloomington, battling fakelorists and popularizers, needling students to produce their best efforts, entertaining celebrities of the folklore world and the non-famous, too. He is shown obsessively correcting typographical errors in ancient carbons; chasing off into the bush worldwide after new folklore discoveries; or sharing a laugh and food and drink with friends, students, and colleagues. He also appears as an awesome, sometimes terrifying figure, a demon publisher who seemingly writes three books each day before lunch; an inveterate crusader for folklore causes and scholars he believes in; a man of large ego, sometimes casual humility, and of apparently boundless energies. In short, these vignettes accurately represent him as a whirlwind and a moving force in folklore studies on the American scene.

Whirlwinds, of course, habitually stir things up, and none of us who know Dorson well have ever associated his career with the placidity and outward serenity seemingly characteristic of Stith Thompson and other academic peers. Nor have we ourselves always agreed with what he was saying or doing--although in our student days we didn't always tell him so. But even Dorson's most hostile critics (some of them) on occasion will admit to his many, often remarkable, accomplishments, both in his own work and in building folklore studies as an academic pursuit. As is suggested in some of the succeeding reminiscences, the fact that there is today a vigorous, independent, and substantially unified folklore discipline in the United States is largely the result of his labors.

So, Dick, here is the Festschrift you requested, unencumbered, it might be added, by any special appeal to birthdates, retirement, or other rites of passage. (They never appeared to have much relevance to your personal work; no doubt you'll be carried out with your boots on, anyway.) For the best of your ideas and yourself, which you have given so unstintingly to the entire field for so many years, we are most grateful.

Richard A. Reuss  
Special Editor



1. The first part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to Congress for the first time since the beginning of the Civil War. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it is a very good example of the President's power and authority. The letter is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to Congress for the first time since the beginning of the Civil War. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it is a very good example of the President's power and authority.

2. The second part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to Congress for the first time since the beginning of the Civil War. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it is a very good example of the President's power and authority.

3. The third part of the document is a letter from the President of the United States to the Congress, dated January 3, 1862. It is a very important document, as it contains the President's message to Congress for the first time since the beginning of the Civil War. The letter is written in a very formal and dignified style, and it is a very good example of the President's power and authority.

Ronald L. Baker, "Motifs of Lucky and Unlucky Accidents"

"Why did you study something that everyone else already knows?" "How did you ever decide to go into a weird field like folklore?" Like most folklorists, I have been asked questions like these hundreds of times, and I suppose I have improvised nearly as many answers. At first when I was asked such questions I said I got interested in folklore through the influence of the romantics in literature and philosophy who, at least in the abstract, held the common man and his creations in high esteem. To me this seemed like a perfectly good reason for studying folklore, for even as an undergraduate student I had done similar things. For instance, I elected an astronomy course simply because somewhere in the Republic Plato suggests that knowledge of astronomy is a necessary part of one's education. But apparently my reason for studying folklore did not satisfy most people, because invariably they asked, "Is that the only reason?" Since I nearly always had to come up with other answers, obviously my reason for studying folklore wasn't valid.

I needed a convenient explanation for becoming a folklorist, so I thought I might investigate how others became folklorists and pattern my narrative after theirs. I discovered that many folklorists got into the discipline merely through lucky accidents (Motif N400). J. Frank Dobie shared an office with Stith Thompson at the University of Texas, and when Thompson needed members for the newly formed Texas Folklore Society, Dobie joined the Society for a dollar and became a folklorist. When Dick Dorson was a student at Harvard, he bumped into his American realism professor in the library one semester. The professor asked young Dorson what he was writing his term paper about, and Dorson, who hadn't given the paper any thought and was on the spot, answered, "Davy Crockett" (or some other folkloristic topic), and that lucky accident whet Dorson's appetite for the discipline he has done so much to develop. Those were the kind of anecdotes I needed to explain how I got into folklore, but nothing like that happened to me. I never shared an office with Stith Thompson, and I never saw my professors in the library.

For a short time I used another explanation. I said that I had always been interested in folklore. As a child my grandmother's legends and home cures and my grandfather's tall tales and bawdy rhymes fascinated me. In high school I became interested in traditional woodworking. In college freshman English I wrote a term paper on comparative mythology. Consequently, folklore was a natural subject for me to pursue. This explanation seemed to satisfy most people, but it failed to satisfy me, especially when I recalled that as a graduate student I had majored in four different subjects.

What I needed was a lucky accident story. This motif had served the superstars so well that it should work for me, too. What's more, I discovered I really got into folklore through a lucky accident. When I decided to go for a Ph.D. I wanted to major in interdisciplinary studies but found that even in 1961 most universities in the United States offered doctoral work only in the traditional subjects. I was seriously considering going to the University of Minnesota to major in American Studies when, while thumbing through the Indiana University

Graduate School Bulletin, I found there actually was such a discipline as folklore. I read the titles of the courses offered in the program--Primitive Arts and Industries, American Dialects, Philosophy of Myth, Folklore in its Literary Relations, North American Indian Folklore, Epic Folk Poetry--and decided that was the kind of interdisciplinary program I wanted. I might add, though, that at I.U. I wasn't able to take any of these courses (Motif N300, "Unlucky accidents"). To learn more about folklore I read Dorson's American Folklore and the then current issue of the Journal of American Folklore, a symposium devoted to obscene folklore. That converted me! I wrote to Professor Dorson, became a doctoral student in folklore, and completed my dissertation in 1968.

While writing my dissertation I conferred only once with Professor Dorson, as he was away at Berkeley and various other places while I was working on it. When I enrolled for dissertation credit during the fall semester, 1968-69, he asked as he signed my program, "How's the dissertation coming?" When I handed him 422 pages, he said, "You mean this is it? It's finished? That's not the way it's done. You're supposed to hand in a chapter at a time. You're taking a big risk." I explained that I divided it into some of the chapters as I typed it, and besides he was at Berkeley. "Here's a typo," he said as he read through about half of it while talking to me and to someone else from the University of Chicago Press on the phone. A couple of weeks later after Professor Dorson had read the dissertation and approved it, he told me, "Committees can't tell much about a dissertation by reading a chapter at a time. It's better to write the whole thing and hand it in. That's what I did at Harvard" (cf. Motif J1433, "Do as I say and not as I do").

Indiana State University  
Terre Haute, Indiana

#### RICHARD BAUMAN

I grew up in a household in which folklore was both a natural part of the environment and an intellectually and ideologically valued mode of expression. My maternal grandmother, who lived with my family from the time I was two, was a fine singer with an extensive repertoire of Yiddish folksongs which she sang to herself around the house, or to my brother and me, or to the broader circle of relatives assembled for holiday meals. I have always valued this part of my early years, and while making a collection of my grandmother's lore during my first year at Indiana, I was especially excited to discover that she had been an informant for Y. L. Cahan, the great pioneering Yiddish folklorist. My parents, both participants in the same Yiddish tradition, were also active in the labor movement, and from them I gained both an ideological and esthetic appreciation for a broader range of folk expression.

For five summers beginning in 1951, I attended Camp Woodland at Phoenicia, New York, later returning for two years as part of the staff. A significant part of the camp program was aimed at bringing the city kids and the whole camp community into dialogue with the people and traditional culture of the part of the Catskills in which the camp was located. Through fieldtrips and

visits to the camp by traditional performers and craftsmen we were introduced to the lore of the lumbermen, raftsmen, teamsters, quarrymen, cannallers, farmers, and bear hunters who participated in and remembered earlier periods in the history of the region. We heard Child ballads, danced to traditional square dance callers and musicians, relished Boney Quillen stories, and tried our hands at shaving spokes or trapping bees. This experience gave me an early and basic sense of what a regional folk culture is about, how it is rooted in community, and what it means to the performers and carftsman whose lives are shaped by it. At the same time, I got some inkling from Norman Studer, director of the camp and amateur folklorist, and Norman Cazden, a professional musicologist and folksong scholar who served as music director, that there was a scholarly discipline devoted to the study of such things. My years at Camp Woodland also made something of a performer of me--it was then that I started playing guitar and singing.

I went to the University of Michigan with plans to go on to dental school, but along with my pre-dental courses I pursued a major in English, having arrived at Michigan with advanced placement in English which qualified me for the Honors Program. Somehow, I completed the pre-dental requirements, but one ferocious semester during my sophomore year, in which I took organic chemistry and physics back-to-back, shifted my sights from dentistry to teaching English. I took a folklore course during my last semester at Michigan, but by then my decision to go to graduate school at Indiana was strong enough that even that awful course was not sufficient to deter me.

The decision to go to IU was the result of a realization that studying literature as I was being trained to do was taking me into esoteric and elitist domains that were not really congenial to me, either intellectually or ideologically. I thought that approaching literature through folklore might provide the necessary antidote. The plan was to attend IU because of the folklore program there, but to enroll in English--this on the basis of advice from my mentors at Michigan to "get the degree in English--you can always pick up the folklore on the side."

I arrived in Bloomington at mid-year, but since the Michigan and IU calendars were one week out of phase, I barely made the last day of registration for the spring semester. The adviser assigned to me had no objection to my signing up for three folklore courses, but insisted on a graduate seminar in English as well, and the only one still open was "The Age of Queen Anne." I gritted my teeth and hung on in that seminar for two weeks, but ended up fleeing to the Folklore Office, where Dick Dorson kindly took me in. There have been a few shifts of focus since then, and some graduate degrees in Anthropology and American Civilization to go with the M.A. in Folklore, but that's how I got into folklore in the first place.

There's one memorat I'd like to share. One of the courses I took during that first semester at IU was "American Folklore" with Richard Dorson; the term project was a folklore collection. Part of my collection was made up of children's folklore from my own memory. At the end of the semester, I was taking the final exam in another of Dick's courses, the Wednesday evening seminar, when he summoned me over to the side of the room where he was grading

papers. These turned out to be the field projects from "American Folklore," and Dick was excitedly brandishing my data sheet, identifying the source of the folklore I had recorded--West 141st Street, Manhattan, between Broadway and Riverside Drive,--the street I grew up on. It turned out that he was born on the very same block, right across the street from where I had lived. Maybe there was something in the environment of West 141st Street that brought both Dick Dorson and me into folklore.

University of Texas  
Austin, Texas

S. J. BRITO-HUNTING BEAR, "An American Indian in the Folklore Institute"

When I was a little boy I spent a great deal of time with my grandmother, for my mother and father worked in the fields and could not take care of me. To help me learn and understand the values in life, as well as to pass the time and keep me out of mischief, my grandmother would tell me countless stories about old Indian gods, rulers, and the various spirits and powers which resided in certain sacred and profane places. She was a great storyteller, in fact she was so good at her art that the tone of her voice and the emphasis which she put upon different characters and events in the tales made these beings and places come alive. Her spirit people were very real grown-up beings in nature, and did not exist for me just in stories; often I would go out and talk or play with them. Like my grandmother, they would teach me about those things which were important for an Indian child to know, like respect for different gods, spirits, places, and the necessary elements for human survival. I was taught to respect food, salt, water, air, and the earth. For example, in very hot weather my grandmother would instruct me about how to call the wind. She would teach me the special chant which is used to supplicate its presence. I learned how to address and call the wind by his Indian name. And as unreal as it may seem, whenever he was called upon the wind never failed to send a light breeze to help us cool our heated bodies. I lived in this world of tricksters, heroes, and spirits until I was five and a half years old. At that time some white person convinced my parents that I should be placed in school.

When I was dropped into the public school system of the white man's world I became very disillusioned. I found I was expected to function in a structured world of time clocks and printed pages. I could not understand, nor did the first grade teacher attempt to explain, why it was important to learn to read--that it was a different medium of education or a different form of entertainment. It seemed so senseless to me, for the words on the printed page just did not measure up to the living sounds which my grandmother so vividly created when imitating the voice of an angry god, or describing the presence of an ominous spirit or being. Those make-believe characters of Anglo-Saxon descent like Dick and Jane in the white man's story books seemed so redundant to my cognitive world; I could not relate to them for they lived in a different type of house, played with different toys, and participated in different children's games.

When the other kids went out to play at recess, I would huddle close to the door of the school house and remain there throughout the recess period. I did not want to go out on the school grounds, not because I didn't like my schoolmates, but because I did not understand their games. These children liked to play harsh, competitive games. In their type of sportsmanship it wasn't enough for a person or a group to win. Each individual would try either to be the best or most outstanding player in the game, or else make another child look bad in order to release his aggressive frustrations or tendencies. Many times they would ridicule the child who was less athletically inclined. In fact, there were instances when some male teacher in charge of the playgrounds would do his best to taunt me into playing some of those super-competitive games which I did not care for. He would say "What's the matter, brownie? Do you want the other kids to think you're a sissy? Get out there and play." I did not understand this way of life.

It is not that some of the teachers did not care about me as a student, i.e., within the categories of expected child behavior and educational attitudes in a white man's school. I can recall that my grade school teachers would send notes home to my parents to the following effect: that even though I was a good boy because I was quiet and passive in the classroom, I just had not learned the proper respect for the teacher because I would fall asleep in the classroom. Or else they would write, "It seems to us that you are going to have problems with your child for he just won't or cannot learn how to read." I cannot remember a teacher ever coming up to me at school to ask about those things which I was interested in and were important to me in my life.

There were times when I just could not take the "heartbeat" of public school existence and I would run away and go to my grandmother's house. There I would take refuge from the constant attempts at soul- and mind-changing carried on at the white man's schools. But whenever my father found me at her house during school hours, he would take me back to the classroom.

In his own way my dad wanted me to become an educated man and thus be able to stand up for my own rights in the white man's world. He did not want me to spend the rest of my life on my hands and knees working for men to whom one did not dare complain about the job conditions for fear of being fired:

One time I can remember--I must have been about six years old, just turning seven--that my father cut his finger so bad that he could not use his hand to perform his assigned duties. He didn't complain about his injury to the farmer, but in a few days the farmer found out about it. He came to the house one day and told my father that he could not afford to have a crippled and useless hand on his farm. He said that it was not his responsibility to take care of useless Indians. Thus he made us move out of that shack of a house in the middle of a rain storm. And the same day, he moved another farm laborer and his family into that god-forsaken house.

There were many times when my father would get into some very heated arguments with my grandmother and mother. He objected to my grandmother telling me stories of an ancient past, of beings and an Indian world so unlike that of the white man's society and culture which he operated in and I also in the near future. He would tell my grandmother that it was a waste of time, "like words with no wind," to try and teach me about a Indian world which the white man neither understood nor respected. He also would get angry at my mother for permitting my grandmother to tell me stories and teach me things about her people and their way of life. He thought I should take up the white man's way and forget my Indian way of living with its beliefs and values; after all they were not acknowledged in the dominant Anglo-American society. Thus all through my grade-school years I was torn between my grandmother's world which I enjoyed and liked, and what the schools with my father's aid wanted me to be and do in accordance with the white man's life.

Finally, when I entered high school I realized that if I was ever to survive and be treated as an equal human being in the white man's world I had to learn how to operate in it by learning its rules, beliefs, and values. I became an outstanding musician, sang in the high school choir and played in the band. I became a respected athlete, a number one competitor in sports, and after school learned how to fight those fellows who gave me a hard time. I studied like hell to make up for the time lost and things which I refused to learn in the lower grades. I proved to my peers and my teachers that I was intelligent and could function amid the white man's way of life.

But sometimes when the burden would get so heavy, I would go to my grandmother's home on weekends. There I would tell her how I vehemently disliked what I was doing; but "come hell or high water" I was going to continue to fight, for I wanted to be treated like a human being. I told her I would learn to function like a white man and play his games of life, but in the back of my mind I would not forget about the old gods, the old spirit beings, and the old teachings with their respect for the elements in life. Someday, somehow, with her blessings, the encouragement of other people, my own experiences in two cultural worlds, and through sheer will power, I would find a way which would permit me to recreate the old Indian way of life.

Thus in 1970 I went to Indiana University where I enrolled in the Folklore Institute, for I found that folklore was (and is) a discipline which addresses itself to the recognition and study of traditional life in societies and cultures such as that of the American Indians, among others. After several hard years as a graduate student, I finally completed the "rites of passage" and entered the world of professional folklore. Today I am an assistant professor in the university system where I can do research on and teach both Indian and white students about the things which I believe in and care about: the folklore of the American Indian with its myths, legends, and tales; and also the current plight of the American Indian for survival in Euro-American society and culture.

University of Wisconsin  
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

DAN BEN-AMOS

How Did I Begin to Study Folklore? I wish that I had a different answer to this question! I would have liked to recount a profound intellectual crisis, a mystical revelation, or at least an ideological motive that guided me into the green pastures of folklore--but alas, none of these. The beginnings of my folklore studies are mundanely entangled in the long lists of courses every student faces with frustration at the start of each semester. Yet, in spite of the pure accident by which I stumbled into folklore, in retrospect it appears that I could not have studied anything else.

I began my studies at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem with a major in English Literature and Biblical Studies. Soon I realized that Biblical Studies was not the subject I thought it should be, yet by that time it was too late for me to change majors and I had to wait till the end of the year before switching to Hebrew Literature, which I thought would be more to my liking. Thus, at the beginning of my sophomore year I again faced the eternal dilemma of students, that is, how to fit twenty courses you want to take into a schedule of four courses you are allowed to attend. Albeit this time the difficulty of combining courses multiplied, I did not want my first year to be wasted as far as the degree is concerned, and wished to cram a three year program into two. Of the teachers in the Hebrew Literature department whose courses I wanted to take, Dov Noy was the only one who allowed me to take his advanced seminar simultaneously with his introductory course, thus enabling me to meet the requirements of the department without losing a year. The seminar lasted two semesters, in the course of which I wrote two papers. The first was a comparative study of the Hebrew versions of Tale Type 510 "The Grateful Deadman,"--my interpretation was so psychoanalytical that Freud himself would have blushed. The second paper was on "Color Symbolism in Jewish Folk-Literature." By the end of this year I began to realize how little I knew about folklore studies and was sure that somewhere there must be a place where I could study about the significance of symbols, the structure of narratives, the ethnographic context of folklore performance. These seemed to me obvious subjects for inquiry and I was sure that some venerable professor was teaching them at some renowned university. "Go to Indiana, young man," Dov Noy said to me after I expressed my interest in pursuing graduate work in folklore in the United States. I looked it up on the map. So did Paula. She mentioned the Indianapolis Five Hundred and I did not know who they were. We got married, nevertheless, and after I received my B.A., I applied to and was accepted by Indiana University.

One hot August day I came to Bloomington alone. After I got off the bus I was sure that I had wandered into the wrong movie set. This could not be a university. People were sitting on the porches rocking or swinging in their chairs, chewing and spitting tobacco. I wanted to drop the whole idea of folklore and go back immediately, but I could not. The next bus to Indianapolis was leaving only in the early evening. I had five hours to kill and nothing to do. Well, I thought to myself, I might as well go around, see the campus and find a place to stay in case I could not get out of this strange place.



My first stops were the foreign student and housing offices at the University where I picked up a list of available apartments, just in case. Then I headed to the Folklore Department. It was empty. Somebody suggested I check with the History Department in Ballantine Hall. Ten flights up, and I was there.

"Professor Richard Dorson's office?"

"Down the hall."

I approached it cautiously. The door was slightly open and through it I saw a voluptuous blonde secretary.

"Aha! American professors," I thought to myself, and knocked on the door.

"Come in," and then another voice from another room. "Can you imagine, they spelled 'Child' with an 'e'." And a man dressed in a faded Hawaiian shirt and shorts named after another island entered the room holding papers in his hands and a tennis racket under his arm.

"Yes, can I help you," the blonde secretary turned to me.

"I am looking for Professor Richard Dorson," I enunciated with the best English I could master at the time.

"Yes, this is me," the tennis player said. I did not believe him. A more unprofessional type I had never seen. Nevertheless, I introduced myself.

"Oh, welcome! You arrived rather early. School does not start until mid-September."

"Well, I thought I would look for a place to rent, I got this list." The tennis player, or Professor Dorson, took the list and examined it.

"How long are you going to stay here."

"Just a few hours. I have to catch a bus to Indianapolis and then a plane to Chicago where I'll meet my wife." I did not tell him at that time that I did not plan to come back to Bloomington.

"Well in that case we do not have much time, let's go," and Professor Dorson directed me out of Ballantine Hall, to the parking lot and to his VW. We got into the car, he checked the list once more, crossed out a few addresses. "They are on the wrong side of the track," he said laughingly, and then the car jerked forward and we were on our way, driving in circles around the streets of Bloomington. Dorson knocked on doors, explained to old ladies what I wished, and evidently understood what they replied. Embarrassingly none of the apartments appealed to me. "Is this the luxury of America?" I thought to myself, "in Israel we lived in a better apartment than those."

## RICHARD BLAUSTEIN

Like a lot of other people, my interest in folklore was first awakened by Pete Seeger. After hearing Pete play his long-necked five-string banjo at a concert in Lenox, Massachusetts, I decided on the spot that I absolutely had to learn to play the banjo myself, and a few months later I had saved up twenty dollars and bought a used Kay banjo. That was in 1959. I was sixteen years old.

That's how it started. I played in Washington Square on Sundays and haunted Izzy Young's Folklore Center in Greenwich Village; I bought all the records of old time music I could get my hands on; I faithfully attended the concerts of traditional Southern music sponsored by the Friends of Old Time Music in New York. I also began to read books and articles on folk music and folklore. Two classes I took as an undergraduate at Brooklyn College, Alta Jablow's African and North American Indian folklore course and Lee Haring's Anglo-American folksong course, whetted my appetite for the subject.

In the summer of 1965 I went to the University of Vermont, supposedly to make up a chemistry course I had failed, but I wound up spending most of my time hunting for fiddlers. I met a few at the Craftsbury Common Old Time Fiddlers' Contest, and I returned to the contest the following summer and ran across Clem Myers of Barre, Vermont, who was recruiting members for an association he had set up to preserve and perpetuate old time fiddling. By that time I had switched from East Asian Studies to anthropology and was becoming interested in problems of acculturation and revitalization. My encounter with Clem caused me to do some heavy thinking about the connections between revitalization movement theory and the problem of the viability of folk arts in modern societies. I guess it was the realization that I could combine my intellectual concern with social and cultural dynamics with my hobby, old time fiddle music, that finally made me give up the idea of doing graduate work in East Asian Studies and decide to apply to the Folklore Institute. That was in 1967.

I've seen most of the people who went through the Folklore Institute when I did at AFS meetings and all of us have found jobs, but I can remember a meeting of the folklore club at Elliot Oring's house in 1970, the last year I was in Bloomington, at which Professor Richard M. Dorson was cornered by an anxious group of graduate students who were wondering what they could do with their degrees in folklore once they got out into the academic job market. As my wife Rosemary recalls the situation, all of us were seated in a circle on Elliot's living room floor surrounding Professor Dorson, who was seated on a little wooden bench. If my memory serves me correctly, it was Elliot who raised the fateful question, "Why study folklore?". At first Professor Dorson looked stunned, then he furrowed his brow and pursed his lips, and it was plain to see that he was giving this question serious thought. Finally he looked up and said, "I study it because . . . I love it!".

That's my fondest memory of Richard M. Dorson. I enjoyed the courses that I took under him, and I know that I gained a lot from his rigorous approach to scholarly research and writing, but nothing about him impressed me so much as

But more than apartments, I was concerned about Professor Dorson. Two hours passed and we were still looking for a place. Every address that I rejected meant another half hour that Professor Dorson would drive me around. I felt very uncomfortable. I was taking him from his work, from his family, from his tennis game, and I had an internationally famous scholar driving me around. I began to urge him to let me go hunting for an apartment by myself.

"Well," he sensed my feelings, "we'll check this next address, and then I'll go home." He repeated this ploy several times. I could not believe what was happening. No faculty members at the Hebrew University would have chauffeured me around the city hunting for an apartment. This tennis player surely behaved strangely for a professor. He was too friendly, too informal, and too helpful. Well maybe . . . may be . . . and then and there I decided to come back in the fall and begin my folklore studies.

University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### DONALD ALLPORT BIRD

During the winter of 1967 while a senior English major at Rutgers-The State University, my graduate school opportunities narrowed to Columbia U. in Medieval Studies, U. of Arizona in English, and Indiana U. in Folklore. (Some English professors had remarked that Indiana was "the place to go" to study folklore.) While shoveling snow in front of my rented home, I was greeted by a mailman with a special delivery letter from a man named Richard M. Dorson of the Folklore Institute. He promised a partial fellowship and something called "work-study." I phoned him about an error in addition in the letter. His warmth attracted me. "Go where you're wanted," I decided.

That spring I avidly consumed Dorson's Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers, and, yes, even Graham Greene's The Wind in the Willows. I still thought the Child Ballads were written for kids. But romantic images of fieldwork captured my desire as "senioritis" set in and my honor's thesis teetered on the edge of disaster.

The atmosphere was turbulent. Historian Eugene Genovese had proclaimed during a teach-in that a Viet-Cong victory would be welcomed. Summer was hell, working in a food processing factory in Newark watching (and hearing) the riots. Filling up police motorcycle sidecars with baked goods was "protection insurance." But I saved \$500--and my life.

Squeezing all my belongings into a 1955 Packard (whose rear bumper included the necessary "Protect Your Local Police" sticker), I was headed toward Indiana when the muffler fell off in Zanesville, Ohio. I arrived in Bloomington at 5 a.m., found the Folklore Institute, but ended up on the roof of Ballantine Hall. The next day a tall handsome blond-haired man strolled out of the Institute. "That's Dorson," I decided, recalling a reference to blond hair in Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers. It was Max Gimblett.

Central Michigan University  
Mount Pleasant, Michigan

the fact, when it came down to the gut level, he simply and honestly loved his subject. And I think that explains why Richard M. Dorson has never stopped growing as a folklorist.

East Tennessee State University  
Johnson City, Tennessee

JAN HAROLD BRUNVAND, "Dorson Draws the Longbow"

My most vivid impression of the first folklore course I took is of the marvelous stories the instructor told his completely enthralled class. The time was just twenty years ago, the place "History 230--American Folklore" at Michigan State College [sic], and the instructor, of course, was Richard M. Dorson. As an undergraduate journalism major at MSC I had a history requirement to fulfill; I forget just how many credits were involved, but up to Fall quarter, 1954, things had been very ho-hum in that department for me. (I remember one history professor who always started each class exactly on the sentence he had been on the day before, sometimes even in the middle of a sentence. Another guy gave tests in which we marked general statements about American History according to whether they agreed with his own theories or those of his arch rival.)

"Take Folklore; get Dorson," I was advised by a friend, and so I did. The textbook was Jonathan Draws the Longbow, and I seem to recall an open-book midterm for which we had to leaf madly through the book pinpointing where certain themes and motifs appeared. (Well, no teacher is perfect!) The real guts of the course however, was the storytelling: encounters with the legendary Suggs, adventures in the Upper Peninsula, first-person reports about the exploits of Davy Crockett in the Heroic Age, duels fought with concoctors and collectors of fakelore. All these were performed with appropriate gestures and accents. I'm quite sure that the first Jewish-dialect story I heard told in a classroom was told in that class.

Naturally, we all became Dorson fans--instant converts to folklore--and we were eager to go forth and do likewise. Our term projects were huge grab bags of lore wrested from roommates, friends, and relatives; we tried to embellish them with as many comparative notes and Dorson-type field anecdotes as possible. Each project from the large class got a pointed witty commentary from the instructor and then went into the archives; that is to say, it was dumped into overflowing filing cabinets in the narrow hall leading to Dorson's overstuffed office on the top floor of creaky old Morrill Hall. The major essay question for the final went something like "If your parents ask you what folklore is and why you were studying it, how would you answer them?"

Next, Dorson offered the only two graduate folklore courses he ever had at Michigan State. He invited me in, even though I wasn't getting my B.A. (from then "Michigan State University") until June 1955. In one of these courses I reclassified and evaluated the folders of Norwegian folklore in the archive, which included material from my parents and their friends out of my own collection. The next school year I began graduate work in English. There being no more folklore to take at MSU, I filled in by applying for a Fulbright to Norway (with Dorson's help), working for pay in Dorson's archive, and getting married (Dorson had nothing to do with that, as far as I know).

In 1956-57 I still didn't know that I wanted to become a folklorist; in fact, I didn't know what I wanted. My wife and I were in Norway studying, skiing, and reading aloud to each other from the MSU English M.A. Reading List. Dorson was in Japan, and Reidar Christiansen was in Bloomington. I was to get my M.A. in English at Michigan State in the summer of 1957, and I thought about maybe going into Scandinavian Studies, so I applied to places like Wisconsin and Minnesota. But I also applied to Indiana University, and I finally accepted an assistantship there as a Freshman Composition instructor. Amazingly, the first person I ran into when I arrived that fall was none other than Richard Dorson, brimming over with new stories about Japan. He invited Judy and me to stay with him and Gloria (whom I knew slightly as a fellow student at MSU) while we were apartment hunting, then asked me what the hell I was doing as an English major anyway. I suppose his most convincing logical argument was that English majors were a dime a dozen, but that in a few years every university in the country would be clamoring for folklorists. But I think what really convinced me to switch was some wild stories he soon began telling about a meeting he had recently attended in Chicago where he did battle again with the demons of fake-lore and cultists of the folksy. I was quickly reconverted, and I started sitting in on his undergraduate courses just to keep up on the adventures of RMD, tall tale hero.

Right after I got my degree at IU, Dorson wrote in my old battered copy of Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers, "For Jan H. Brunvand, who must be pretty tired of these stories by now." Never! Nothing makes me happier than to find that a few of the best ones are now preserved in that masterful essay (prime Dorsonia) the preface on field collecting in Buying the Wind.

University of Utah  
Salt Lake City, Utah

GEORGE CAREY

In June 1958, I was aboard the 45-foot yacht Souvenir two hundred miles out of Bermuda bound north for Newport. A heavy sea was running, wind gusted to 45 knots, and a dark gray scud was flying by overhead. Horace Beck and I had the early morning watch, 0400 to 0800. I felt wretched. I'd consumed an awful lot of rum while the fleet lay in Hamilton Harbor at the end of the Bermuda race, and now the effects of this overindulgence were beginning to make themselves known in the pit of my stomach.

Beck had the helm. The vessel sliced along through the tumultuous seas rolling heavily from one side to another. Our conversation in that gray dawn stumbled over things academic. I'd just graduated that spring from Middlebury College where Beck was teaching, and though I'd never taken a course with him, I was vaguely aware that he taught a class in old music, songs and ballads or something like that. Having heard him try to sing, I didn't really see how that could be. But that morning in those tropical seas Beck explained a bit to me what folklore was, and what folklorists did. And then as our talk drifted onto my plans for the future, Beck turned to me and said, "George, you know, you ought to give some thought to going into folklore. You'd be good at it." The vessel suddenly pitched heavily to port; I stuck my head through the leeward lifelines and puked into the Gulf Stream.

But less than two years later, Beck was on the phone to me asking if I would be interested in applying for an NDEA grant to study folklore at Indiana University. I was. I applied and was accepted; in the fall of 1960 I drove to Bloomington and began. It was as simple as that.

University of Massachusetts  
Amherst, Massachusetts

#### WILLIAM M. CLEMENTS

In 1944 my parents, living in Beeville, Texas, and members of the Literary Guild, chose as one of their monthly selections a volume entitled A Treasury of American Folklore by B. A. Botkin. I arrived in Beeville about a year afterwards, and the first two decades of my life in Beeville and later in Big Spring Texas, were spent in close proximity to Botkin's compendium. The book is the kind of volume that one can glance through when not feeling ambitious enough to start reading a new book from cover to cover. Much of the material had a southwestern flavor, and some of the folksongs were copies of ones I had heard on the family's set of Carl Sandburg records or when we sometimes listened to Red River Dave McEnery's radio program broadcast over a San Antonio station. Coupled with an inborn grudge against J. Frank Dobie--my maternal grandfather having suffered a fatal heart attack while reading Coronado's Children--my exposure to folklore through Botkin, Sandburg, and McEnery provided enough interest for me to enroll in Roger Abrahams' folklore course during my senior year at the University of Texas.

During the summer before that senior year, I had expended some effort in locating a university outside my native state where I could do graduate work in English. One of the institutions to which I wrote was the University of North Carolina. A perusal of their catalog revealed that one could major in English while concentrating on folklore--that is, there was a way to train oneself for producing works like that of Botkin. I immediately wrote to Chapel Hill expressing my interest. A representative of the English Department there replied to my inquiry about the folklore curriculum by suggesting that I write Indiana University or the University of Pennsylvania, the academic centers for anyone seriously interested in the field of folklore. Indiana answered my letter more promptly than Pennsylvania, I applied for acceptance into the graduate program at the Folklore Institute, and I began studies there after completing my undergraduate work at Texas in January of 1968.

My first contact with Richard Dorson was during the orientation period for the spring semester. He was busily preparing for a semester's stint as visiting professor at Berkeley, but found time to welcome a new folklore student. When I told him I was from Big Spring, Texas, he launched into a narration of his adventures during a visit to that community. Shutting his eyes and chuckling, Professor Dorson recalled entering a Big Spring eating establishment and asking for a glass of beer (remember, this was in the pre-Berkeley days). He was told that beer could not be sold to him since the community was dry. Three church-supported colleges wielded their power to keep beer away from their students.

Breaking into his immensely imitable chuckle, Professor Dorson told me how he then asked the waitress, "If I can't have a glass of beer, would you bring me a glass of whiskey?" I have not found this anecdote in the Motif-Index, but its traditionality is indicated by the fact that throughout my graduate school career Professor Dorson told it to me at least once a semester. I have never told him that Big Spring, Texas, has no church-supported colleges and has a reputation as an oasis among the liquorless communities of West Texas. However, Abilene, Texas, does meet the criteria required to Professor Dorson's anecdote. Consciously or unconsciously, he has changed the town's name. This is known as localization.

Arkansas State University  
State University, Arkansas

#### LARRY DANIELSON

One of the first questions I am asked as a folklorist is whether or not I play a guitar. The second question is usually, "However did you get into folklore?" (the last word pronounced in such a way that it becomes italicized in sound). Over the past decade I have often considered that question, and by now the answer involves a capsulized psychological and intellectual life history. Reviewing my early interests I'm almost led to believe that my experiences at Indiana University's Folklore Institute and with Richard Mercer Dorson were inevitable.

I have vivid memories of third and fourth grade classroom libraries in central Kansas and their occasional books on "myths and heroes from ancient times." My name was usually one of the few on the library cards of those brittle-paged volumes. In high school I was attracted to Beowulf and the obligatory Child ballads introducing us to English lit., and the magnum opus of my high school literary career, the senior research paper, was, of course, on witchcraft. Memorable excursions from the world of a rural Kansas high school in the 1950's (Peyton Place in paperback, Elvis Presley on the Ed Sullivan show) into more distant places involved furtive re-readings of the Grimm Brothers and Hans Christian Andersen; a 45 RPM of John Jacob Niles singing "The Cherry Tree Carol"; a collection of ghost narratives entitled Unbidden Guests; and peculiar rumors about Spanish Fly and gearshifts, and escaped lunatics in lovers' lanes.

My undergraduate college involvements were as normal as those of my high school years; I worked hard at an English major and socializing. Nevertheless, vaguely defined interests persisted, expressing themselves in Romantic Age essays on "Edward" and in a new curiosity about my own Swedish-American ethnic background, and its traditions that I had so long taken for granted. From 1962 to 1965 I taught English and German in a Kansas high school and began to worry about what kind of graduate study I would eventually pursue. In between the grading of German exams and preparation to teach Thoreau, I came across Bowra's Primitive Song, E.O.G. Turville-Petre's complicated studies of Nordic myth, and the inevitable Golden Bough. Graduate study in literature grew less and less attractive but where could one study the strange things that interested me? Somewhat hopelessly I began to write for graduate school catalogues; Bob Dylan and Peter, Paul, and Mary were singing from the phonograph. Catalogs from the University

of Pennsylvania and Indiana University eventually arrived and I realized that, indeed, there existed a graduate program that might meet my dubious interests. Providence intervened via the U.S. postal system. A number of letters to the folklorists whose names I had come across followed, and their kind, detailed replies to my bothersome questions encouraged me to leave the high school classroom and head for Bloomington, Indiana. My wife, Kjerstin, who had received her pre-university education in Sweden where folklorists called themselves academics without a word of apology, was not as puzzled by the possibility of scholarly folklore studies as most of our Kansas colleagues and friends. Her interest and enthusiasm significantly influenced my decision.

On a gray, humid Sunday in September 1965, Kjerstin and I walked down Eighth Street in Bloomington, Indiana, for the first time and passed the red-brick ex-fraternity house that was the Folklore Institute. A few days later I found myself in a second-floor office of that building. The southern Indiana heat was stifling, the phone rang constantly, crammed bookcases filled the room, and behind the littered desk sat the Director of the graduate program, Richard M. Dorson. Our first meeting was cordial, but a little disconcerting; the office air was charged with his energy. Some people give off the sense of constant movement, whether in actual motion or not, and that impression marked the interview. A month or two later, we attended our first "Dorson party." The memory of that evening is strong: diverse languages in the noisy conversations, a table loaded with food, a cake decorated with a frosting motif number (J2425, The bungling host?) and Dr. Dorson jovially introducing Mary Travers of Peter, Paul, and Mary to a circle of surprised graduate students who quickly forgot careful distinctions between folklore and fakelore. That image is one, among others, that characterizes for me my rich and rewarding five years at the Folklore Institute, and Dick Dorson at its very center. Without his creative energy, spirit, and concern I would not be doing what I want to be doing today.

University of Illinois  
Urbana-Champaign, Illinois

ROSAN JORDAN DE CARO

I arrived at Indiana University in 1963 to study for a Ph.D. in Curriculum X (a branch of literary study). Once there, however, the first person I met after moving into a residence hall for graduate students was a young lady who had come all the way from Hong Kong to study folklore at Indiana University and who could sing all fifteen verses of "Barbara Allen." I had not known that such a curriculum as folklore existed, but having downed my share of pizza and beer during the folk song revival (I was a passive bearer of revival folk songs; actually, I didn't even know the first verse of "Barbara Allen") and before that having loved to read fairy tales and having listened every Saturday of my pre-TV youth to "Let's Pretend" on the radio, I decided to join my friend (who was, alas, to depart before the end of the first semester) and minor in folklore. After all, I told myself, there was bound to be some relationship between folklore and literature, and a folklore minor would no doubt be a valuable asset in the study of literature. And throughout my first folklore seminar (held in the old Folklore Library) I was sure that Professor Dorson would, of course, expound at



length on so central and vital a relationship. And, in fact, I badgered him about the subject so long that he finally actually began a very promising lecture on the subject. (I can prove this because I still have my notes.) Unfortunately, however, the period ended about midway into the lecture, the next week was for some reason a class holiday, and he never returned to the subject. Subsequently, the discipline as a whole seems to have followed his example and folklorists seem to have turned away from the subject altogether.

Anyway, by the end of my first year at Indiana University, I took stock and found I had not shared a pizza with a single curriculum X student and had not been to one curriculum X party, while I felt very much at home drinking beer with my folklore colleagues and had been included in several Folklore Institute social events. (I might add that I still feel drawn to the company of folklorists and folklore parties.) Professor Dorson's personal interest and encouragement in the classroom, moreover, went a long way in reassuring me that I would not be totally lost in the huge and impersonal machinery of such a large university. I decided to change my major to folklore and minor in curriculum X.

Louisiana State University  
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

CARLOS C. DRAKE

When he was first staffing the University of Chicago, William Rainey Harper chose professors on the assumption that students want to study under the best people in each field. For this reason he probably had more former college presidents on his faculty than any other university has had before or since; the day its doors opened, Chicago was a first-rate school. It was for the same reason that I chose to go to Indiana to study under Richard Dorson, but in my case there was an element of risk: I had read his American Folklore before applying and knew that when he spoke of "special pleaders" he was talking about me. I had gotten bored stiff with literary criticism at Columbia a few years before, had gone to Zurich to study mythology and Jungian psychology, and on returning had decided on folklore as a compromise field between the two, American psychology being largely behavioristic or experimental, in either instance inimical to Jungian thought. What came through to me very clearly about Dorson and what I subsequently confirmed for myself was that he was a just and honest scholar, not above making mistakes, but honest enough to learn from them. My risk was not merely that of espousing a suspect philosophy; there was also the possibility of being disillusioned by a field whose philosophical base was different from my own. This would not necessarily be bad; the process itself is the troublesome part. In my case the new base did not tip or replace the old one; it simply struck me for a while as profoundly unimportant given the nature of our time problems, and it was Dorson who eventually made me see that I was mistaken; in other words, he convinced me of the value of folklore as a field.

Graduate students, especially older ones such as I was, never quite see their professors whole, and I have no illusion that I ever really knew Dorson. I knew something of his charm (and he does tell a vastly entertaining story), but I suppose my strongest impression is of a prodigious worker--I have really never

known anyone in academic life who worked so hard--of tremendous energy and purpose. Without his energy and will, I seriously doubt that folklore would have so soon achieved its present status as a respected scholarly discipline.

Bowling Green State University  
Bowling Green, Ohio

#### ALAN DUNDES, From Folk to Folklorist

When I was a young boy growing up in rural New York State, I remember going through the Book of Knowledge looking for fairy tales and legends. In those days my favorite pastime was reading collections of folktales. I had no idea that a formal field of folklore studies even existed.

Later, as an undergraduate at Yale, I shifted from a music major to a major in English in a vain effort to find a direction in life. I recall following up an obscure footnote in a required reading assignment in an elementary psychology course taken in my sophomore year. The footnote recommended consulting Otto Rank's The Myth of the Birth of the Hero. I thoroughly enjoyed this classic psychoanalytic treatise, but I saw no connection between it and a possible vocation. It was not until after serving two years in the United States Naval Reserve and returning to Yale for graduate school in the Master of Arts in Teaching Program that I was fortunate enough to learn about folklore. It came about this way.

I had enrolled in a course in art history, Introduction to Symbolism in Art, taught by Professor A. Elizabeth Chase, then Docent of the Yale Art Gallery. I became utterly fascinated with the various saint's legends and the intricacies of Christian symbolism. In retrospect, I can see that the course was in effect an introductory to hagiology. At the same time, in a seminar with Cleanth Brooks I was reading Joyce and Yeats among other modern authors. Invariably, I chose paper topics dealing with myth and symbol. Finally, one day I asked a number of my professors if it was possible to study myth and symbol per se, rather than purely in a literary context. No, I was told. The only value in studying such materials was for the purpose of illuminating literature. But one of my professors, Paul Pickrel, then Editor of the Yale Review, recalled that there was a place where one could study such things. It was in the Midwest somewhere, he suggested vaguely. Illinois perhaps, or maybe Indiana. (One must remember that for a Yale man there was really nothing west of the Alleghenies!) On the strength of that, I rushed off to the library to look at college course catalogs. I remember the disappointment after looking through the entire University of Illinois catalog and finding nothing which looked anything like folklore, but I also remember the joy of next picking up the Indiana catalog and stumbling upon the folklore section: Introduction to Folklore, American Folklore, Russian Folklore, The Folktale, the English and Scottish Popular Ballad, North American Indian Folklore, South American Indian Folklore. On and on the list went. I felt like the proverbial kid in a candy shop. At last I knew there was a name for what I had been interested in all my life. The name was "Folklore."

Since I was committed to spending the next year in Colmar, France, teaching conversational English in a boys' lycée, I could not start graduate work in folklore immediately. So I applied to Indiana for the following year. However, in the summer of 1958 I attended the Linguistic Institute held at the University of Michigan (to learn how to teach English as a foreign language). One of the courses I took there was an introduction to Linguistics; the instructor was Professor Tom Sebeok. When he learned of my interest in folklore, he urged me to visit Bloomington to see his good friend Richard Dorson who, he said, would set me on the right path. Fortunately, with the help of a ride direct to Bloomington, I was able to visit the Folklore Institute while it was in full swing and to meet the great man himself. I liked everything I saw and became impatient to begin my graduate studies in folklore.

After an enjoyable year in France (which would have been far more enjoyable if I had had proper folklore training), I went to Bloomington and remained there (1959-62) until I completed the doctorate. My professors included Dean Ashton, David Bidney, Richard Dorson, George Herzog, Felix Oinas, Edson Richmond, Warren Roberts, and Erminie Wheeler-Voegelin. I learned a great deal from all of them.

I have many happy memories of those days and many fond recollections of Professor Dorson. For example, I can recall the repeated ritual slayings of the Botkin. (Structurally speaking, the ritual continues but with updated combatants!) Slowly but surely I learned the evils of fakelore and of sloppy scholarship. Inspired by 19th century theories, I thought of writing a monograph based on a possible etymological interpretation of "Dorson". First I could use solar mythology: the "son" could easily be "sun" via a disease of typographical language (pace Max Müller!). A "door" placed in front of the sun would obviously keep any light from reaching the man behind the "sun-door"! Then again, it was equally possible that "Dor" was a corruption of "D'ours" (French, "of the bear"). It was either bear ceremonialism or a clear cut reference to "D'ours son" or "the son of the bear" which would be Motif F 611.1.1, Strong man, son of bear who has stolen his mother (Oedipus wrecks?). I even thought of this grim tale (AT 650A, Strong John) as a possible dissertation topic, but I was frankly afraid to put myself at the "mercer" /sic/ of such a son of a b---. To RMD the situation, I elected to study "more folly (gee!)" of American Indian tales instead, a wise decision, I think. Not only have I lived happily ever after, but I have taken great pleasure in "enDorson" Indiana's program to all my students!

University of California  
Berkeley, California

LYDIA FISH

"All of us who participate in the folk-music revival are, in varying degrees of kinship, Pete's children." Jon Pankake wrote this in The Little Sandy Review in 1964 about the current crop of young folksingers, but it could be said with equal truth of many of the folklorists who entered graduate school in the 1960's. Most of us came to folklore by way of the folksong revival and probably were first introduced to this music by the concerts or recordings of Pete Seeger. Certainly I was no exception.

I was exposed to folksongs in my childhood--Burl Ives records and The Fireside Book of Folksongs come immediately to mind--but I did not really become addicted until 1960, when I shared a dormitory room with a girl who possessed a large collection of records by Pete Seeger and the Weavers. I soon discovered fellow folkmusic devotees; I can't remember a party during my graduate years at the University of North Carolina which didn't end with singing. One simply brought a musical instrument to any social gathering as a matter of course. I soon acquired a guitar, learned how to play three chords and four songs and began to appear at local concerts.

In 1962 I moved to London, where I quickly discovered the English folk revival scene. I learned a few more songs, polished up my North Carolina accent and partially supported myself by singing at folk clubs; by the time I returned to the United States in 1964 I was singing professionally. For the next eighteen months I sang at coffee houses, night clubs, army post officers' clubs, concerts, political rallies, conventions and picnics. I also taught guitar classes in three cities and had a weekly television spot. It was all quite educational and I had a perfectly lovely time.

In the spring of 1964 Bert Lloyd, who was in North Carolina speaking to a spring meeting of the American Folklore Society, spent a weekend at my parent's home in Raleigh. One night when we were sipping bourbon on the patio he asked what I intended to do with my future--he felt I hadn't the talent to make a living this way forever. Why, he asked, didn't I get a degree in folklore and teach folk-music? It was a great surprise to me that one could get a degree in folklore, but I expressed interest and he very kindly offered to write letters to MacEdward Leach, Richard Dorson and Wayland Hand. Indiana awarded me a Ford Foundation grant and I arrived in Bloomington in September 1965.

State University College of New York  
Buffalo, New York

ABU SAEED ZUHURUL HAQUE

I became interested in folklore in 1956 when I was a graduate student at Dacca University, Bangladesh. In 1961 I joined the Bangla Academy, Dacca as the Incharge of Folklore collection and study. In that capacity I met many distinguished Bangali literary writers and folklorists. One of them was Ashraf Siddiqui, a Professor of Dacca Government College, who did his M.A. in Folklore at Indiana (he also got his Ph.D. from Indiana in 1966, returned home, and is now in London doing special research in Bengali Folklore). Siddiqui spoke very highly of Richard M. Dorson and the Indiana Folklore Institute, and lured me into folklore. I got the impression that Indiana was the Mecca of Folklore scholarship, and Dorson its High Priest. I borrowed Dorson's Jonathan Draws the Long Bow, and Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers from the local USIS library and read them during the weekend. These two books gave me new insights into folklore, and I began to make serious efforts to come to Indiana to study folklore under Dorson. I applied for a Fulbright and Hays through the Institute of International Education of the U.S. Department of State, and wrote to Dorson. IIE offered me a travel grant, and Dorson secured for me a Graduate School Fellowship at Indiana

University. I received these letters of awards in April, 1962, and I was overjoyed. Dorson invited me to join the International Folklore Institute to be held that Summer.

I reached Bloomington on Saturday, 29 June 1962, and found everyone at the Folklore Institute out of town for a picnic. I felt depressed lonely and homesick. When I finally met Dorson at the Folklore office in the old library building, I was nervous with excitement. Dorson realized my situation, and calmed me with a pat on my back. I still remember those words, "Welcome to our Folklore Family. Did you find everything all right? Where are you staying? Do you have any problem? O yes, Dr. Islam (Dr. Mazharul Islam, now Vice-Chancellor of the Rajshahi University, Bangladesh, came to Indiana in 1961, and completed his Ph.D. in Folklore in 1963) is taking good care of you. Don't feel homesick. We all here are one big family. Don't miss the picnic next week." He signed my registration card, returned it to me and said, "I congratulate you on being the newest member of the Indiana Folklore Family." I remained in Bloomington for four years, enjoyed my stay, took as many courses in folklore with Dorson as he offered, ate with him, played with him, argued (but never fought) with him, never received a bad grade from him, obtained an M.A. and a Ph.D. in Folklore under his guidance, and still feel proud of being a loyal member of the Indiana Folklore Family.

It was an evening in January 1963. Some of the Folklore Family were gathered at the hilltop residence of Bob Adams, whose charming Japanese wife, Yasko, had a reputation for preparing fine oriental food for their guests. It was snowing outside, but inside we were warmed with a wood fire and beer. We talked about witch doctors, blood stoppers, magicians, and snake charmers. I declared that in Bangladesh I had seen snake charmers catch snakes and cure snakebites with charms and incantations. Dr. Islam opposed me, and said he had heard this before, but never believed it. I defended my position vigorously, and said to him that I could not disbelieve my own eyes. Dorson took my side, "Haque, don't give up. It's all being preserved." We did not know that Dorson had already asked Bob to tape our conversation.

My first child, Ruma, was born in Bangladesh on 30 November 1962. I gave this news to Dorson, and he asked, "You mean you left your pregnant wife to join the Folklore Institute? You should bring your wife and daughter here." Monira and Ruma joined me in July 1963. I shall never forget Dorson's concern and help. My sone, Raju, was born in Bloomington 28 May 1964. Dorson saw the baby and said to Mrs. Dorson, "Gloria, this is history. He is the first baby born to a foreign couple in the Folklore Family. Should we not call him the Folklore Baby?" Gloria nodded with approval.

Dorson became very fond of Monira's cooking from the first time he and Gloria ate with us. The third time we invited them, Monira prepared a sweet dish called khir. Dorson liked it very much (by the way, Monira says, he is a good eater), and said, "Monira, if all the wives of our Folklore Family prepared dishes like this, we can offer a course, Folklore Dishes, and I am sure, all the Indiana Professors will enroll as students."

In February 1963 I went to Dorson for the renewal of my fellowship for the next academic year. He asked me whether I would be able to maintain the necessary grade point average. I said I would try. He challenged, "Don't try, do it; otherwise I will kick you out." This really frightened me. In April I received the award: a Ford Folklore Fellowship. Four years later I submitted the first chapter of the draft of my Ph.D. dissertation. Dorson read it and suggested a few changes. Accordingly I revised the draft, and he said, "Haque, I am going to kick you out, and this time I mean it." I was no longer frightened.

Alcorn State University  
Lorman, Mississippi

DONALD M. HINES, "How I Discovered Folklore, or Stars Fell on Eastmoreland"

During the summer of 1961, I enrolled again at Reed College in Portland, Oregon. I had completed a graduate degree the previous year, but further traditional advanced degree work in English or American literature left me cold. Yet, I was impelled restlessly onward. I found myself in an Introduction to Folklore class taught by the late William L. Alderson, a former student of the ballad under B.H. Bronson at Berkeley. A tall, raw-boned man with an imperious attitude for some, he encouraged my interest in folklore. Alderson directed us to long tables in the Reed College Library groaning under bound folklore serials and key works, and he bade us read. And he was demanding of our seminar presentations; we had to cover all available and relevant bibliography and write full papers in lean, prose styles. I fell in love with folklore, especially the wellerism, and submitted my first article, a note, to Oregon Folklore Bulletin 1962, followed by another note to Western Folklore. In 1963 I pondered the question, "Can a lad from the West find happiness and success by enrolling in the Big Ten?" In order to find out, in 1963 my wife and I enrolled in a summer session at Indiana to pursue graduate work, she in English, and I in Folklore. How sweet it was. In fact, in 1965 we quit our teaching jobs in Yakima, Washington, and enrolled full-time at IU to continue and to complete our graduate studies. But our dream had its nightmarish dimensions too, a horror worse than discovering too late in DA that someone else has just written your dissertation. In 1968 we moved back to the West where I took my present position as folklorist at Washington State University. Meanwhile, my researches through frontier Western weeklies uncovered not mere golden nuggets in the folkloric streambeds, but a mother-lode of folklore intermingling with the history of the Inland Pacific Northwest. At last the work was finished, and on 23 January 1969 I mailed off copies of my dissertation (my birthday present to myself). But a month passed, and no letter acknowledging its receipt came from Bloomington. Finally, in panic and oblivious of time differentials, on Pacific Standard Time I telephoned the Folklore Institute on 1 March. My call arrived at the Institute about 6 PM Central Standard time to be answered by the only person who would be there at that hour--Dr. Dorson. I asked, "Has my dissertation arrived?"

He said, "No, should it have?"

I said, "Oh, my god!" I explained that the work had been mailed on 23 January, and that it was rather lengthy.

He said, "How long?"

I said, "Six volumes, 2300 pages."

Then he said, "Oh my god! I'll have to go on sabbatical for a semester to get all that read." But my lost-in-the-mails waif arrived at the Folklore Institute on the next day or so. And as he somehow always does, Dr. Dorson found the time to give it a critical reading without going on sabbatical. The dissertation was defended the following September with no further mishaps.

Washing State University  
Pullman, Washington

#### FRANK A. HOFFMANN, Join the Navy and Become a Folklorist

The U.S. Navy may seem to be an unlikely recruiting ground for folklore, but that's where it happened to me. New York City born and bred, and trained in mechanical engineering, I'd have been hard put during my early years even to define the term "folklore."

In 1944, not long after I graduated from Brooklyn Technical High School, Uncle Sam called, and I, like so many others, went! Basic training at Sampson Naval Base in New York; electrical technician's school at Purdue University, Lafayette, Indiana (little did I dream of the next schooling I would have in Indiana); some temporary duty at various bases in California; and I found myself sailing across the Pacific. After a very unheroic tour of duty during the final months of the war--a few hours behind the cruiser Indianapolis when it was sunk, arrival at both Leyte and Palau just after they were secured, etc.--I found myself in military government on the island of Yap. In line with what seemed to be standard Navy procedure, after months of technical training and achieving the rank of electrician's mate, I found myself running the base movie theatre and the armed forces radio station.

We still had Japanese prisoners on Yap, and one day a lieutenant from the Marine contingent guarding them stopped in at the radio station to ask if I had any recordings by Burl Ives. Ives--Schmives! The name meant nothing to me, but I searched through the several hundred albums in the station's record library and came up with "The Wayfaring Stranger," the first album Burl Ives had recorded for Stinson Records. I had never played it on the air or even auditioned it. The lieutenant was delighted and begged permission to borrow it. He brought it back a week later, with effusive thanks and the present of a bottle of the best rice saki from the stores of the Japanese prisoners--and a fresh bottle was delivered to me every week for the remainder of the tenure of the Japanese prisoners and the Marines on the island.

Says I, "Such appreciation must have been motivated by something special," and I played the album. It occasioned a shrug and the offhand thought, "Well, it's interesting!" Whereupon I dismissed Mr. Ives from mind and turned myself to other things. However, a few weeks later, and in the several weeks that followed, a succession of transcriptions of Stateside radio programs arrived on which Burl Ives was featured as a guest, and he sang a number of songs that I found even more interesting.

Ultimately, enough discharge points were accumulated, and I found myself, after a short interlude of bumming across the country, back in little old New York, plying my engineering trade for the Mergenthaler Linotype Company and gradually adjusting to a more settled civilian life. One of my first acts was to buy that Stinson album of Burl Ives. Then I found his second album, recorded for Columbia. I discovered Richard Dyer-Bennett through his first album for Stinson, and began attending concerts by Dyer-Bennett, Ives, Susan Reed, Tom Scott, and others at Town Hall, the YMHA, and elsewhere. My wife-to-be, whom I was then dating, perceived this burgeoning interest in folk music, and presented me with albums by John Jacob Niles, Tom Glazer, and the Almanac Singers. I discovered Oscar Brand's radio program on WNYC, the New York City station, visited the studios for several broadcasts, and even took some guitar lessons from him. Through Brand I met Tony Kraber, Leadbelly, Fred Hellerman, and several others. I heard of the Sunday folk singing in Washington Square, attended, and met Pete Seeger, Tom Paley, and Izzy Young, about to open his first Folk Center, who has remained a good friend for over twenty-five years--he has recently emigrated to Sweden, and this past summer I had the opportunity to visit him at his new Folklore Centrum in Stockholm. These acquaintances led to many others: Bob Harris, proprietor of Stinson Records; Moses Asch, just founding Folkways Records; Margo Mayo, and her folk dance center; Kenneth Goldstein, a professional statistician who wrote jacket notes for folk records on the side; and a delightful young lady, a freshman at Cornell who had just released her first album on Stinson, Ellen Stekert.

During this time, I had determined that a career whose focus was matrixes for linotype machines was not for me, had enrolled in college, and after a brief flirtation with business administration, had decided on an academic career in the field of literature. In the early 1950's I attended my first Modern Language Association meeting, where I worked up the courage to introduce myself to a formidable looking man who had just retired as Dean of the Graduate School of Indiana University and had founded a graduate folklore program there--Stith Thompson. I must admit that his description of the requirements for a doctorate in folklore at Indiana scared the daylights out of me, and perhaps delayed my formal entry into the discipline for several years.

I had joined the American Folklore Society in 1951, but it was not until 1954 that I attended my first meeting in New York City where, among others, I met Richard M. Dorson. At this point, the die was cast--that was to be my field of specialization! I had completed a B.A. in English and Philosophy, an M.A. in English, and was then teaching at Bucknell University. In the spring of 1958, Dr. Dorson, who had in the meantime succeeded Stith Thompson as the head of the folklore program at Indiana University, phoned me long distance to invite me to attend that summer's Folklore Institute. I went to Indiana University for the summer and stayed for eight years, having received through the efforts of Bruce Buckley an appointment to the faculty of the Audio-Visual Center while I pursued my Ph.D. in folklore.

No, I would not push the slogan, "Join the Navy and become a folklorist," but that's how it happened to me!



GREGOR ISOMOTIF, How I Got into Folklore (and Shirley, OXbridge 6-6069 as it were)

It began in perfect innocence, as these things do. I was trapped in a men's room in Waco, Texas. I don't remember the name of the institution, but there was a sudden sound, as a gathering of clouds, and I knew I was for all practical purposes, imprisoned. After that terrifically subordinated sentence I realized that no one knew where I was and there was no way to let anyone know of my plight because--as is the case in such loci Waco, Texas--there was no telephone. There were, however, several other machines, but given the circumstances they were no help whatsoever, no matter their spectacular promises of total security.

The walls were covered with various glyphs and number series. Clearly several structures were operative. It suddenly occurred to me that this was a test. I knew that if I could read the handwriting on the wall all would be well.

It was very difficult and took considerable time and effort, for the light was not conducive to reading the handwriting on the wall and my left eye, for some mythic reason, would not focus in conjunction with my right eye (see Helen Badmouth-Mishmash, "Meta-right-left-subfractions in Waco, Texas," JAFZ 21 /1913/: 21-332).

A stranger appeared and said, "Need help, buddy?" I knew who he was (Giant becomes victor's helper, G510.3), but I didn't trust him one diddly-bit (Witch as h., G284; Devil as h., \*G303.22ff; etc.) "Up yours," I suggested, whereupon he left and I was able to resume my work. After a long time I completed my labors and was Informed. A veil fell, as it were, from my eyes, and I looked at myself with new knowledge in the glass darkly. My pockets were filled with totem names and magic numbers (e.g., "Call Shirley, OXbridge 6-6069, etc.).

The door burst open and two agents of the Waco, Texas, Tactical Patrol Squad identified themselves: "What is going on here and who the fuck are you?" they hinted in unison (see the forthcoming paper by Hester Midrash-Sipschlock, "Multiple Speech Patterns in the Metacarpal Family of Waco, Texas," American Metalinguist). I canted one of the magical incantations I'd inscribed from the wall: "Fuck you," I asked, "I've read the handwriting on the wall."

"Goddamn," the larger of the two said. "Then you must be . . ." He touched the brim of his hat with tender ritualism. "You must be . . . you must be . . ."

"Right, the Lone Folklorist! Take that!"

I flung two garlic-tipped silver metamotifs at him and hopped into my Ampex-powered Locomobile. I screamed to the applauding crowd, "Hi yo Taletype Away," and wondered if Shirley, OXbridge 6-6069 would in fact respond to the allomotifs I had only recently learned. Only time and thematic analysis would tell, but I knew, as I reached down and scratched my itchy taletype, that I was now and forever a Folklorist, and that I would pursue Shirley, OXbridge 6-6069, however busy the signal.

Purity Circle--Holograph Abbey  
Poxgate-on-Hudson, New York

EDWARD D. (SANDY) IVES

There's a story I usually tell when someone asks me how I got into folklore, and it bears enough resemblance to the facts to retell it once more here . . . or it may be that I've told it so many times now that I've almost come to believe it myself. In any case, when I went away to prep school I discovered one day that the guy who had become my best friend knew one more song than I did, and since that was not to be tolerated I thereupon learned two new songs, putting me one up on him. He grinned, said I sure did know a lot of songs, then sneaked off and learned two more himself. What else could I do but learn two more, which I did, then he did, then I did again, and so forth. It went on for two years and bored dozens of our friends into fits, but it meant that I just about memorized The American Songbag and the first Lomax anthology. Then came three years in the Marines where, not being able to kick the habit, I learned more songs. By the time I got to college after the war, I discovered that a lot of the songs I knew were in my literature books. Since I had decided to do graduate work in medieval literature at Columbia, I convinced Roger Sherman Loomis to let me do a ballad study for my master's thesis. He didn't know much about ballads, but he was a great old guy and he pretty much gave me my head. I plowed through just about all the classic collections (obvious and obscure) looking for versions of "The Two Sisters." Meantime, I kept discovering and learning other songs that I liked.

So there I was in 1949, a nice suburban young man who knew just one hell of a lot of songs but who couldn't sing them because I couldn't play the guitar! I mean, like Richard Dyer-Bennet, for example. But there was this lady in White Plains who taught guitar, so I started taking lessons from her once a week. She didn't know diddly about folk guitar, but she was a damn good classic guitar teacher, having studied for years with William Foden. It must not have made much difference, however, for the next thing I know--just like in the ads in the back of my old Doc Savage magazines--I was the life of the party. Not only that, I found as I got into teaching that I was much in demand for programs at the Lady Golfer's Circle, and I even discovered I could make a few extra dollars this way.

When I came to the University of Maine back in 1955, I found that besides teaching I was going to have to do something, not so much in order to allow me to live within my income, but to give me an income within which I could live. I set up as an entertainer, and soon I was giving small programs all over the state. Since, as I went along, I noticed that people seemed to particularly enjoy those songs that were about Maine, I made a special effort to learn such songs which I got from the books by Doerflinger, Eckstorm and Smyth and, best of all, Phillips Barry's Maine Woods Songster. Now people started coming up to me after the program and saying, "Jesus, mister, you ought to come talk to my grandfather. He knows all them songs and a lot more." And that's just what I did, which marks the beginning of whatever career I have made for myself as a folksong scholar. Then I met a man who actually knew Larry Gorman, and another who snorted that "Joe Scott was a better songmaker than Larry Gorman ever thought of being." One day I read a paper on Gorman at a Folklore Society meeting in Chicago. Dick Dorson heard it and life hasn't been the same since.

Dick convinced me to come out to Indiana and take my doctorate in folklore. I did that (1960-61), and it was a wonderful year, one of the best of my life--a year of reading, writing a few papers, attending classes, and listening to the splendid hypervastations of a synchronic back-bencher named Alan Dundes. There are many memories of Dick that crowd in as I recall that year; it is hard to imagine how he could have been kinder or more helpful, even to the point of towing me home from Brown County Park one day when my decaying Studebaker threw a rod. But somehow one incident stands out over all the others. I'm not sure why, but if we're telling stories about Dorson, I hope this will be among them.

In one seminar there was a lovely Thai lass name of Kay Attagara, and I mean she was lovely. One day--I can't remember what in hell we were talking about--she asked some sort of methodological or bibliographical question. Dick listened carefully; then he was all teacher and turned the question back on her. "All right," he said, leaning forward earnestly, brow furrowed, "what's the first thing you do when you encounter a problem of this sort?" Kay went blank for a minute; then she became one big beautiful smile (there is no other way to describe it): "I come to you, Dr. Dorson," she said. I don't know what the rest of the class did, because I was too busy laughing, nor do I remember what Dick said next. But he kept on grinning for some time after.

Like I said, it was a great year. Thanks for it, Dick.

University of Maine  
Orono, Maine

#### SAUNDRA KEYES IVEY

An American Folklore course taught by Barre Toelken was my introduction to our discipline. Toelken's skill as a teacher, since recognized with a number of awards, undoubtedly kindled part of my enthusiasm for the course. Looking back, however, I can honestly say that I would have gone on to study folklore no matter how the course had been taught--the material itself was fascinating. During my first field project, I discovered that I could theorize for myself about the collected materials (a cycle of legends and anecdotes about the "Hopping Lady" of Salt Lake City's Memory Grove), and for the first time in four years of undergraduate school, I felt that I was a scholar and not just a consumer of scholarship.

If these circumstances of my introduction to folklore--an interesting course and an enjoyable collecting experience--are typical, the circumstances of my continued work in the field are even more so. In saying that I, like others, am a folklorist mainly because of Richard Dorson, I refer not only to the intellectual guidance he has provided, but also to the very practical career assistance Dorson has given his students. In the most literal way, he has made it possible for us to be folklorists.

He has persistently sought funding for graduate students, thus enabling many of us to stay in school. (And the assistance given students from his own resources has ranged from the loan of money to the use of his personal car, which was driven from Bloomington to Los Angeles for the 1970 AFS Meetings.)

He has written countless letters of recommendation, and has lobbied energetically to create positions for folklorists where none have previously existed. (And during my own tenure at Indiana, this type of assistance to students was not diminished in the slightest by the demands of field work, publication deadlines, and visiting professorships at other universities.)

I have therefore chosen to ignore the tempting invitation to relate Dorson anecdotes, and to conclude with the sincere opinion that however we may have entered graduate school in folklore, most of us were able to remain there, and to find employment when we left there, largely through the efforts of Richard Dorson.

Fisk University

BRUCE JACKSON

Someone writes and asks for a personal memoir on how I got into folklore studies and I discover it is far easier to write biographical essays about other people, for the lives of others are always far more coherent and reasonable than is one's own. I suppose that fact that I've done some folklore books and a lot of articles and some records means I'm a folklorist, but I keep wanting to say, "It's not my fault, I never planned it that way."

I think it is all the fault of Joe Hickerson and Ellen Stekert.

The summer before I came to IU as a graduate student in 1960, I'd worked singing folksongs in a joint on Cape Cod. I had a lot of great material, most of which I'd learned from books. The problem was that I didn't sing very well, played guitar abominably, and had a lousy sense of rhythm (which meant I couldn't hide behind anyone else's axe work). None of that was a problem on Cape Cod where no one knew any better or gave a hoot, but it turned out to be a significant problem at the weekly folksings up at GRC, where Ellen and Joe knew all the songs I knew plus ten thousand more, and, worse, sang them in tune and with some metric sensibility.

I was a graduate student in Comparative Literature then, but it was clear that I had to acquire some new nifty material if I was to survive amidst all that competence. I had heard about the Lomaxes who had collected all sorts of marvelous music in southern prisons in the 1930s. I couldn't go to southern prisons because my fellowship and night bartending job at Nick's English Hut didn't leave money for such frivolity, but Judy McCulloh got George List to lend me an old Ampex and give me a great mound of tape, and off I went to Indiana State Prison and Michigan City and the Missouri Penitentiary at Jefferson City.

I was seeking folklore, but most of the music was free world (as it is, of course, in those southern penitentiaries). Since I was there, I taped talk about stealing and burgling and checkwriting and living in jail. Some people told me some poems mother and teacher had never told me about: "Titanic," "Signifying Monkey," "Stackolee." But no one at GRC was reciting poems in those days.

It was obvious that the GRC kingpins had enormous secret sources of material, and it was also obvious that those sources did not include the courses they were taking in the folklore program. They never sang about motif index numbers and there were no tunes in the Writ According to Child. A visit to Hickerson's apartment revealed what it was: forty cubic feet of LP records. There are two ways to get forty cubic feet of records: buy them or review them. Edson Richmond let me do record reviews for Midwest Folklore and then some other magazines did too, and I got a lot of nifty records in exchange for some churlish and snotty prose.

Ben Botkin and George Korson turned up at the 1962 Folklore Institute. I remember them coming to the picnic in a long black car. I didn't know who they were, but Korson wore a dark blue suit and tie and a white shirt and he reminded me of a successful gangster I'd seen in a movie some years before. We talked a while (most of the IU people ignored both of them that day for silly reasons I didn't find out about until much later) and then they got in their long black car and drove away through the trees.

That summer, Dick Dorson and George List gave me a assistantship and I got to work in the Archives of Folk and Primitive Music. George told me what he wanted done (one job was mastering the LP of Nepalese traditional music, which I had never heard before), then disappeared into his office in the back. I learned a great deal on that job.

Botkin and I corresponded and he helped me get an appointment in the Harvard Society of Fellows, which meant I didn't have to take my only job offer that year: four courses a week at the University of Cincinnati at a salary only slightly higher than I was getting on my fellowship and tips at Nick's. The Society of Fellows was like suddenly being rich. The only obligation there was to go to a posh dinner every Monday night. The dinners were small and deliberately conversational: in the spring of that year--1964--I usually sat with the late Crane Brinton who would tell me stories about railroads, and with Carl Kaysen who would talk about his work with the Kennedy administration. At one of those dinners I sat with Bob Manning, who had just become editor of Atlantic. Bob asked me what kind of work I did and I told him and he said, "How come you've never done an article for us?" All sorts of snide and vile answers flashed inside my head, but I suppressed them all and replied, just a little sarcastically, "No one ever asked me." He asked me, and I did four articles for them on crime and prison and dope and politics.

The rest of the time in the Society, one did whatever one wished. There were no reports, no accountings of time and energy, no justification of projects. The assumption was that you were supposed to do reasonable and serious work and they would back you. They were very smart: for most of us, superego demanded far more work than outside auditors would have required. Freedom requires a great deal of energy, I learned. We made our plans, did our work, and Crane Brinton (and later Harry Levin and then Wassily Leontief) paid the bills for book and travel and equipment expenses and made sure we had enough to live on. They even picked up the hospital bills not covered by Blue Cross when my daughter Jessica was born.

I told Brinton I wanted to go on a field trip to southern Virginia (Hobart Smith, the great banjo player, had invited me down to visit and tape) and to a prison in Texas (still hanging on to that notion of finding songs, only the idea now was to see what had happened since the Lomaxes had come and gone). I went to the Texas prisons several times during the next few years and did a lot of recording. The commissioner there was a former college president and he was happy to have someone from Harvard visit, so he gave me carte blanche and no guard or warden was allowed to interfere with me or even eavesdrop on the recording sessions. (After the very first session in which I taped work-songs, I stopped performing such material forever. After standing in that place and hearing those men singing those songs, my naive performances seemed simpleminded parodies. I decided it was far better to document their dignity as honestly as I could.)

Somewhere in there Kenny Goldstein asked if I'd like to edit a collection of articles of Black American folklore in the 19th century, a project Herbert Halpert had done on a smaller scale in the 1930s but which had aborted when the clerk carrying the finished stencils to the printer heard WPA had been abolished, got drunk, and lost the stencils. I said sure, figuring it would be the work of a month or so, which was extremely naive; nothing is only a month's work, I think.

I kept on visiting prison, but there was a lot happening in Cambridge in those days. The Club 47 was in its glory and wonderful people like Skip James and Son House and Bukka White were regular visitors to our apartment and the tape recorder went round and round. One day Pete Seeger asked if I'd go on the Newport Folk Festival Board of Directors. They needed a scholar to balance all the performers, he said, and he thought I'd be a good one. I told him I wasn't a folklore scholar and he said of course I was, so it was agreed. Newport was a spectacular educational opportunity if you knew how to shut up and listen. All the performers and directors lived in big mansions George Wein wheedled out of the richies for the week, so we got to talk with and sometimes even know well a lot of people who had a lot to teach.

Then the prison tapes started coalescing. I had once thought I'd do a few articles based on that stuff and that would be it. I did the articles, but it wasn't enough. There were a lot of tapes with a professional thief I'd gotten to know and those became A Thief's Primer (Macmillan, 1969); a lot of the other interviews were gorgeous--I learned long ago that just about everyone has at least one great story to tell and if you can just keep quiet he or she will tell it to you--and that became In the Life: Versions of the Criminal Experience (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971). The worksongs were special, for it was clear I'd gotten to Texas at the very end of that tradition: integration, changing political attitudes among the black inmates and changing conditions were making them obsolete. By the time the book came out (Wake Up Dead Man: Afro-American Worksongs from Texas Prisons, Harvard University Press, 1971), the tradition was defunct--one couldn't ever again go back and replicate the work. A strange and fragile sensation to know such things . . . While I was still at Indiana, John Cagion, then on the staff of the Institute for Sex Research, heard some of my tapes and put me in touch with Roger Abrahams.

Roger had just finished his thesis at Penn, and he was the only person who had paid scholarly attention to those marvelous poems. I expected someone to come out with a long collection of toasts after Roger's Deep Down in the Jungle . . . was published, but no one ever did, so I did one--Get Your Ass in the Water and Swim Like Me; Narrative Poetry from Black Oral Tradition (Harvard University Press, 1975).

After teaching several seminars in Black American folklore I became more and more annoyed that there wasn't one single basic book that documented the triumphs of the set of traditions, nothing that between one set of boards tried to assay the sources and the products, nor the genres and how they functioned in the lives of the bearers and creators and how they survived in our complex world, so I decided I would try to write that book I missed. Dick Dorson was instrumental in helping me get a Guggenheim grant for that project. It isn't done yet, and I suspect it will be a while before it is done. I learned that one reason that book doesn't exist is that it isn't an easy book to make. Black folk culture is incredibly rich, Black folk history is still confusing, and the importance of that culture to the detailed fabric of that theoretical thing we call American culture is yet to be understood.

And, willy-nilly, I guess I became a folklorist. But not only. I still do other kinds of work, though I'm not at all sure how one would box it, tag it. I just did an editorial for The Nation on the monstrosity of the first Attica convictions; my next book consists of photographs from the Arkansas penitentiary and the book after that is a long essay on deviance and homicide called Exiles and the Killable Other. I'm working on papers about cowboy movies, heroin addiction, Mandan ritual and other things that grew out of papers I've given during the past few years. I teach folklore courses in the English and Comparative Literature Departments here, but I also teach in the Law School and Art Department every once in a while. The Society of Fellows helped me set up that option. While I was at Harvard they arranged for me to teach a seminar in Black folklore in the Comparative Literature Program and another seminar about drug addiction in the Department of Social Relations one semester. It was obvious to me that that kind of flexibility was the only way I could survive in the curiously defined boxes of the academic world where people daily and seriously pretend that human experience really does occur in departmental categories. It doesn't.

State University of New York  
Buffalo, New York

AÏLA K. JOHNSON

To a child learning Finnish in infancy and English at four, translation and interpretation come early, along with a sharp awareness of differences not only in pronunciation, but in custom and belief. In kindergarten one does not talk about "Joulu Pukki" in a black coat and fur hat popping in on Christmas Eve with a basket of presents. In high school and college, English themes are not written about witnessing a "cupping" (bloodletting) in a Finnish sauna.

The differences between two cultures widened for me until my senior year at college, when Dr. Rafael Engelberg of the University of Helsinki came to Marquette, Michigan to lecture on Kalevala. In two evenings of conversation he urged me to write, to translate, and to seek the advice of Dr. James C. Bowman

of the English Department. Under Bowman's guidance I wrote down my own collected tales and translated others from printed Finnish sources, livened up with names from characters and pretty descriptions. The resulting children's Tales from a Finnish Tupa was published in 1936.

By this time I was married to Norman Johnson, mother of a baby son, and struggling through a prose translation of Kalevala in Chattanooga, where library references were useless to my need. Transferred to Cleveland, I found the John G. White collection of folklore and curator Gordon Thayer, who lent me rare Finnish items! After a move to Detroit and the birth of our daughter, in 1942 the children and I returned to the Upper Peninsula to await the return of Norman from war in the South Pacific. By June 1946 we were a reunited family in Gwinn, Michigan.

My mind explosion came as the result of a phone call from a friend (now anthropologist Dr. Robert Anderson), a summer reporter at the Mining Journal in Marquette. "There's a nice guy here from Michigan State with your book under his arm. Would you like to meet him?"

Bob and young Richard Dorson came that night for a supper of ersatz sausage and home-canned vegetables, and I became an informant. I experienced what I would see again and again in others: a burst of excitement at meeting someone who found importance in my own "bone-knowledge."

I poured forth responses to this wide-eyed collector, Dorson, as he scribbled feverishly into his notebook. "What was the name of the second-sighter your grandmother knew." "Katajamäki." (Mea culpa! My eagerness made me disremember, and Hatämaan Jussi, well-documented in Finland, lost his niche in American lore.\*)

In the weeks that followed I became an interpreter and translator. Our first field day we spent sitting in a daisy meadow as Frank Valin's shack was too small for comfort. After three hours I growled, "I'm hungry!" Dick, disgruntled at the delay, tore off in his Ford for a gas station, while Frank ambled to his hut for bread and old coffee. We all shared the Hershey bars (no Cadbury's) Dick had found and Frank went on for another two hours of storytelling. The following day we carried sandwiches and pop for three of us, and finished the sessions.

Dick suggested I go to Indiana University in July to the summer Folklore Institute. "Find out what it's all about!"

Stith Thompson! Tale Types! Motif Index! An astounding new world opened in friendship to a most ignorant newcomer. After soaking up lectures and long evening informal discussions, I returned to Gwinn laden with Thompson's tools for folklorists and a new concept of similarities in folk traditions. Even more important to me was the meeting with inspired, dedicated teachers, scholars and students.

---

\* Richard M. Dorson. Bloodstoppers and Bearwalkers (1952), p. 139.



From 1947 to 1957 Dorson fought battles against fakelore, football coaches and coy proofreaders. He inspired growing classes to seek materials from every conceivable source and frequently arrived on weekends at our home in Flint, later Utica, Michigan, laden with student collections which I began archiving under a system involving new categories of lore based on his teaching, and a use of the Motif-Index. (Dorson family visits were especially fun when a baby arrived to inspire me to sing Finnish lullabies. Later one evening we played tapes of college songs, our children leaning over a staircase, giggling without shock at this "folklore.")

In recent years I have collected a freighter captain's tale about an albatross, and a Xhosa girl's songs, but these are as far removed from scholarship as the collecting of butterflies by a child.

Richard Dorson through innumerable publications, his teaching staff and students, and an untiring genius has extended scholarship to a world recognition of folklore as an accepted discipline of understanding the present through the historical past.

Charlottesville, Virginia

#### JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSON, Eight Years With the Same Interest

I have often thought that the countries served by the United States Peace Corps have served the United States far greater than the U.S. has been able to serve them. I personally gave three years of my life to help the Somalis, but they gave me a career in the field of folklore. Planning to return to the University of Texas' Graduate School of Linguistics, I decided to join the Peace Corps in order to get field experience in a non-Indo-European language. It was not important to me where they sent me, as long as it was not South America. I was sent to Somalia, the Horn of Africa.

Along with oral language lessons from various Somalis, and studies of the grammatical structure of the Cushitic language there, I began collecting what I then termed "folktales." I later found out two things. One, they weren't just folktales, they were legends, Märchen, novellas, a special form of Somali tale ending in a proverb, and several other forms as well. Two, poetic genres in Somalia--and in Africa in general--were much more important forms of oral literature than prosaic genres. So I began collecting poetry. Indiana University will publish my book of Somali modern poetry within a couple of months.

Before I even realized what had happened to me, I had lost my interest in linguistics and was totally immersed in the folklore of Somalia. My interest in folklore did not wane. It lasted through more than three years in Somalia. It lasted through two years of graduate school at the School of Oriental and African Studies, University of London, while I worked on an M.Ph. degree in Somali Oral Literature. In a logical but unplanned manner, it led to the front door of the Folklore Institute and to Richard Dorson's office. And wonder of wonders, it survived two years of Indiana University Graduate School. Whew!

My interest in folklore is stronger than ever as I sit on my bamboo bed here in the Republic of Mali writing this essay. That comes to eight years with the same interest. That never happened to me before. I have obviously found the right vocation.

Bamako, Republic of Mali

BARBARA KIRSHENBLATT-GIMBLETT

It was thanks to the breadth requirement for the bachelor's degree at the University of California that I discovered folklore as an academic discipline in the fall of 1965. Coming from the University of Toronto and three years of intensive course work in English literature, I was informed that I needed to fulfill the social science requirement. As I scanned the anthropology offerings in the catalog, I discovered to my amazement, "The Forms of Folklore." The course description was tantalizing. Was it possible that there was a formal course which drew together so many of my "extracurricular" interests? From early childhood I'd devoured Andrew Lang's green, yellow, red, silver, and violet fairy tale books; played old-fashioned singing games in the schoolyard; participated in the folksong revival; been an avid folk dancer; collected Chinese papercuts, traditional embroideries, and folk toys; delighted in exotic cuisines; and spent months learning Bella Coola and Eskimo string figures. Never in my wildest dreams did I imagine that all these maverick interests would converge in a formal discipline. After years of Milton and Dryden and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Spencer and heroic couplets and Poulter's measure and conceits and tropes and courtly love, nothing was as refreshing as proverbs and riddles and jokes and games in Africa, India, Japan, and other far corners of the world studied from a variety of perspectives. Most refreshing of all was the instructor, Alan Dundes. With relentless excitement, he flashed insight after insight, genre by genre, week by week. I was hooked. My informal interest in folklore was rapidly transformed from a lifelong attraction to the materials to a genuine intellectual commitment to the discipline. My thinking about literature began to change too, stimulated by my discovery of Propp, Olrik, and Raglan and by a revelation into the nature of tradition. I was anxious to apply these new insights to literature, to relate my studies in classical rhetoric, literary form, Chaucer, and oral narrative, and to examine the relations between oral and literary traditions.

In the course of my two years at Berkeley (1965-67), I took folklore courses with Dundes, Bascom, Blom, and Bronson and became progressively more excited about folklore and dissatisfied with English literature as my field of study. By the time I had finished my masters in literature in 1967, my mind was made up. I wanted something which was cross-cultural and interdisciplinary, but which also involved the kinds of esthetic questions which had initially attracted me to literature. Folklore was the answer. Dundes' courses were among the most intellectually stimulating courses I had ever taken and my sense of the innovativeness of folklore as a young and developing field grew in the course of my two years' exposure to it. My intuitions about the promise the field held were in a sense confirmed by the resistance I met. One of my professors refused to write a recommendation for me because he thought

my decision to forsake literature and embrace folklore was professional suicide. After all, hadn't Kittredge and other great folklorists managed to "do it on the side." Folklore was a low prestige field. It was presumably much better to get one's credentials in something else, namely an established and highly respected field like literature.

I applied to Indiana University, as it was the leading center of folklore study in the United States; in the fall of 1967, we left San Francisco and the tumultuous days of Haight-Ashbury and Mario Saavio. After seventy-two hours in a Greyhound bus, we arrived in Bloomington. Our first six weeks were spent in the Turner Hotel with its faded red velvet drapes, spittoons, and day laborers. (The Turner was a step up from the Lincoln Hotel where the proprietress slept under the desk.)

Several things stand out from the first semester in Bloomington. The old folklore library was where we perused the many group photographs of previous summer folklore institutes and as time went on learned to identify more and more of the famous folklorists in the pictures. We discovered bluegrass music, Bill Monroe, Beanblossom and the Hoosier countryside. I took the fieldwork course first semester and came to know a fine old Hoosier woman who lived on her land out of town. With her I tasted my first wild persimmons, black walnuts, and sassafras and learned how to make an apple pie entirely from soda crackers.

Dick and Gloria invited several of us over to their house for dinner and the evening was distinguished in my memory not only by Gloria's stuffed cabbage and warm hospitality but also by the delight Dick took in a recently submitted dissertation. He regaled us with quotations from Frank Hoffmann's motif index of erotic folklore, the most remarkable one being Motif #586\* "Female steps on male members."

The three years I spent in Bloomington (1967-70) at the Folklore Institute were rich ones, both socially and professionally. My residence witnessed the birth of the Folklore Forum, which continues to be one of the most exciting folklore journals published today. We had our first dog, first garden, first home brew of legendary potency, balloon wine made from Roger Welch's infamous recipe, orgiastic ethnic dinner, and close friendships with fellow folklorists. There were fine moments: when we were introduced to Stith Thompson; heard Dr. Dorson spin hilarious tales about his personal experiences with great folklorists in Europe, the Far East, and America; or heard Dr. Degh describe her contacts with prominent figures we had only read about. There was the special feeling that the field had its own grand tradition and style; the Folklore Institute, to my mind, represented a kind of classical approach in the critical attention and respect it accorded the monumental achievements of the venerable fathers of the field.

These were also the days when my general interests in folklore in all its many facets became focused. Through the teaching of Dr. Sebeok and summer visitors like Dr. Goldstein, my analytic concerns became more clearly defined. I found my way to Yiddish Folklore in quite as fortuitous a fashion as I'd come to folklore in the first place. Dorson's seminar in American Folklore was especially important for me since it was in that context that I first dealt with his

pioneering contributions to the study of immigrant folklore, notably dialect humor. His work in this area provided the basis for my doctoral dissertation and long-range research concerns. In retrospect, I'm very grateful for the total learning environment which the Folklore Institute provided, thanks in large part to Dr. Dorson's vision, energy, and "Yankee ingenuity."

University of Pennsylvania  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

#### ROBERT B. KLYMASZ

Like so many other professional ethnics, I was, so to speak, born into the field: my mom, dad and older brother emigrated from Western Ukraine and settled in Toronto where I was born in 1936. I was, of course, exposed to a lot of Old Country lore during my childhood and this, I expect, provided the basic impulse for my interest in folklore later on. During my high school years I was sent out to attend a summer camp for Ukrainian youth north of Winnipeg--a thousand miles away in the heart of Canada's steppe land. This was my first real trip outside of Metro Toronto. Two days on the train, the rocky and wooded wilds of northern Ontario, the prairie flatscape--all this made a tremendous impact on me. I fell in love with the West, and some people still think I come from out there.

The decision to specialize in Slavic and, more specifically, Ukrainian folklore was based on various signs that pointed to a wealth of Canadian Ukrainian folklore materials waiting to be collected and investigated on the prairies. I should mention here the influence of two profs in Slavic Studies at the University of Manitoba and their pioneering research on historical and dialectological aspects of the Ukrainian experience in Western Canada, P. Yuzyk and J.B. Rudnyc'kyj; my contacts with Ken Peacock and his explorations into Canada's multi-ethnic folk music complex; and, finally, the varied organized cultural activities of Winnipeg's sizeable Ukrainian community with their fascinating mix of urban fake and country folk.

I enrolled in Harvard's graduate program in Slavic Studies and Literatures and spent two academic years (1960-62) taking all the courses in Slavic folklore and related subjects that were offered at that time by R. Jakobson (a true mesmerizer), A.B. Lord and S. Pirkova-Jakobson. Except for a couple of study trips to Czechoslovakia and other points in Eastern Europe, I began to devote my summers to field work among Ukrainians in Western Canada. At that time, Harvard did not offer advanced degrees in folklore, nor did the Slavic Department allow majors in Slavic Folklore. And so, in the fall of 1964, I arrived in Bloomington to work towards a doctorate in folklore at Indiana University's Folklore Institute.

My three years at Indiana were great and demanding in a rather special way. By now I had acquired a new source of funding--a working wife, and a prized source of inspiration--a family. I recall being somewhat annoyed with the Institute's course requirements which specified that I had to take up areas in folklore and folkloristics that, in my opinion, were only remotely connected

with my immediate interests at that time. How in the world could African folklore possibly have anything at all to do with Ukrainian immigrant folklore in Canada? The initial shock passed, and I began to appreciate the Institute's international scope and to envy my American friends in folklore their access to a program that was also richly committed to the study of their own country's folklore complex. It was an exciting time for me and, surprisingly, out of all this I emerged still very much dedicated to the study of Slavic folklore.

My sense of awe for persons in positions of authority meant that I tended to avoid confronting the Director of the Institute. As a result, for almost three years, I said very little to Professor Dorson except when I had to. On one such occasion I was called into his office to explain and justify my proposal for a dissertation. My idea lacked guts, and Dorson hesitated in giving his approval. "You should look at it in terms of process, Bob," he said. It was the one word, "process", that did the trick, crystallized my whole approach to all those Ukrainian materials I had recorded up there in Canada and became a kind of guiding formulative concept in the course of preparing the work which I finally presented in 1970.

National Museum of Man  
Ottawa, Ontario

#### BETTY RITCH LOMBARDI

Having spent the greater part of my life in northeastern Oklahoma in the foothills of the Ozarks, I have had ample opportunity to immerse myself in the native folklore of this region. My father and mother were reared in Arkansas, their parents having migrated from Kentucky. Thus, they transmitted a wealth of folklore to me. Therefore, when I first read Dr. Richard Dorson's American Folklore, I was pleased to recognize a great number of stories about the Ozark natives that my parents had told me. Dr. Dorson's American Folklore inspired me to read all of Vance Randolph's books, which resurrected many old memories that I thought I had buried in the past. Also, because of my personal interests in the Cherokee Indians who reside in northeastern Oklahoma, I had collected numerous "Little Men" and "Owl" stories from this tribe; and I hope to make this collecting project a lifelong one.

In the summer of 1966, I enrolled for the Asian Folklore Institute. This was my first introduction to Dr. Richard M. Dorson and the formal study of folklore. It was because of his zeal for the study of folklore and because of his words of encouragement that I enrolled in the doctoral program at Indiana University.

One interesting experience I recall concerning Dr. Dorson occurred one day after I had left his office and was coming down the stairs in the old Folklore Institute building. As I began my descent, Cam Collins, with whom I had had a long chat only a few minutes before, was ascending the stairs. Both of us being preoccupied with other business didn't speak. However, we didn't realize that we were being observed until we heard the voice of Dr. Dorson at the top of the stairs: "Don't you two know one another? Here, let me introduce you two." Of course, he knew that Cam and I were acquainted, but as Cam and I concluded later, Dr. Dorson was merely re-emphasizing the fact that he wanted all of the folklore students to feel that they were a part of an intimate select group.

Dr. Dorson helped to project this feeling of intimacy and oneness among the folklore students by making an effort to bring the students together in his home for informal parties and gatherings. These efforts of Dr. Dorson's may not have impressed others as much as they did me, but as a consequence of these, I always felt that I was known as an individual among the group and that there would always be someone with whom I could identify.

Northeastern State Oklahoma University  
Tahlequah, Oklahoma

JUDITH McCULLOH

The single experience that turned me seriously to folklore was studying with Archer Taylor at the 1958 Folklore Institute. For anyone fortunate enough to have heard him lecture and to have followed his reasoned and sensitive research through multiple traditions, further explication of the model is hardly necessary. My response: "If that's what folklore is about, that's where I want to be."

The story of how I came to be at Indiana University in the summer of 1958 is less direct. Tracing it backwards, the preceding episode was the April 1958 meeting of the Ohio Folklore Society in Columbus. (At the time I was a student of Morton Bloomfield and Francis Lee Utley in the English Department at Ohio State, interested mainly in language and early English literature.) On the program from Indiana University were Richard M. Dorson and a singing group called the Settlers, comprised of Bruce Buckley, Joe Hickerson, and Ellen Stekert. Professor Dorson told about the developing folklore program at Bloomington and issued a general invitation to the Institute, which was coming up in a couple of months. I applied and was accepted. Added impetus was a small unsolicited scholarship offered by Dorson, at the urging, I suspect, of Fran Utley (though I never asked him about this, and he, characteristically, would not have said).

How was I readied to respond to Dorson's invitation? Claude Simpson's folklore course at Ohio State had provided a formal introduction to narrative and musical genres; when Fran Utley taught the course the next year, I got to hear a variant exposition as his assistant. Fran's long medieval seminar led me, among other places, to Wayland Hand's provocative Dictionary of Words and Idioms Associated with Judas Iscariot. In off hours, I had been going to meetings of the Ohio Folklore Society and to whatever folk music concerts were in the area: Bascom Lamar Lunsford, Harry Oster, Anne Grimes, Pete Seeger, Martha Schlamme.

Before Ohio, the narrative is a pastiche of acceptance, rejection, and gradual appreciation of various traditions, mostly musical. When I was still at home, for instance, I considered the most satisfying part of our church services to be the hymns, sung in stately ("white-note") unaccompanied four-part harmony, then still in simultaneous German and English, depending on the first language of the singer. On the other hand, I shuddered at the "religious hillbilly music" of the Chuck Wagon Gang, which my grandfather, a retired German farmer, regularly caught on early-morning radio. My ambition was higher and out.

The person who first made me conscious of folksong, with that label, was a maverick teacher of English named Joan Mueller, who had just taken a job at Cottey Junior College in Nevada, Missouri, where I had gone with the grand notion of pursuing a piano major and similar refined topics. To help relieve our "Babylonian captivity," she sang folksongs and gave informal talks about them, and she played recordings by singers like Carl Sandburg and Burl Ives. When Richard Dyer-Bennett came to town and in the course of his concert distinguished between folksingers and singers of folksongs (he identified himself as the latter), that idea of complementary categories did not seem new.

The following year brought a trip to the folk festival at Eureka Springs, Arkansas, and another to the National Folk Festival at Saint Louis, where Booth Campbell, Bob Gibson, Jenny Vincent, Pete Seeger, Will Holt, Ray Calkins and a great cast of northwoods lumberjacks, and others provided constant onstage and backstage music. Somewhere in those two years I had begun writing down tunes and texts of songs that appealed to me; a note jotted after the NFF read: "songs in a.m.--17½ in all--pretty good."

My collection of LP's by interpreters and "real" folksingers grew as steadily as the budget allowed. By the time I signed up for Claude Simpson's course I had some awareness of tradition and a sense that both the larger field and the individuals bound up in it deserved serious attention.

The threads running through this story, as I look at it, are those of humanistic inclination and training coupled with a series of unexpected encounters with particularly imaginative and exciting scholars, devotees, and performers. Archer Taylor provided the last--and first--step. I never would have anticipated the result, but neither have I regretted it.

Urbana, Illinois

YVONNE J. MILSPAW

I was introduced to the study of folklore by two of the finest teachers I have known; neither of them was particularly conversant with the field, and, perhaps sadly, neither is aware of the influence they wielded upon the career choice of a rather mediocre undergraduate. Perhaps I would have eventually chosen folklore anyway, but I like to pretend that some sort of fate led me into an introductory class in philosophy that I had no intention of taking. A few days in class with Peter Coffin, however, convinced me that the study of philosophy was not entirely worthless. I was particularly intrigued by my mentor's frequent references to the field of folklore, and when his folklorist brother, Tristram P. Coffin, presented an excellent lecture on folklore and literature at our small college, I decided that I had found my life's work.

So I began reading on folklore, but the Mary Washington College library was still rather small, and after reading a few incomprehensible articles in the Journal of American Folklore and paging through the only text I could locate (Krappe's The Science of Folklore), I decided that I'd rather be an English teacher anyway. And for two years I looked on folklore as a clever but meaningless diversion. But then another required course--medieval literature--came along; it, of course, had been put off until the final semester of my senior year. Much to my surprise, I found the course material fascinating, and my

interest in folklore was reborn. Having once again given up the idea of teaching English, I thought of graduate school. Prompted and encouraged by my teacher, Nancy Mitchell, I again began to look toward a career in folklore. It was in just that spirit of ambivalence that I submitted an application to the Folklore Institute of Indiana University.

My first impressions of Richard M. Dorson was that he was surely the busiest man in the world. I was always sure he had three times the energy of us ordinary mortals. The passing years have not changed this impression.

For much of my graduate school career I assisted Professor Dorson with the editing of manuscripts. During the publication throes of a particularly difficult book (one that led me to post notices on my office door informing the world of my degree of dedication--it had something to do with a vision of myself as a galley slave), I had amassed a typically long list of manuscript problems and complaints, and was awaiting the arrival of the man who was to put it all to rights. Now, gentle reader, you may be fortunate enough to recall the old Folklore Institute of Eighth Street, a building which, having seen its better days, spent its final decay to the glory of folklore. With its sagging floors and ill-fitting windows, it provided a sanctuary for all sorts of orphans from all sorts of storms: Bob Smith, who spent a summer in Bloomington as a visiting professor, moved a sleeping bag and ice chest into a second floor office, and (presumably) lived happily; I recall also with great affection a small bat who spent one summer living in the coolness of the sink by the back door; and then, of course, there was Murphy, the watchdog who guarded Danna, and upon occasion the entire building, from interlopers. Visitors, human or other, were hardly uncommon.

But to return to the tale at hand, Dr. Dorson arrived with the force of an Indiana thunderstorm (one was always aware of his presence), and went about the business of righting the wrongs of the manuscript. But simultaneous with his arrival through the door, an equally compelling personality arrived through the window--a large yellow Tomcat who found the second floor window convenient for bird watching and other pursuits of feline life. Acutely piqued at being ignored by the mere humans in the room, the cat stalked to the desk where Dr. Dorson and I were engrossed in the myriad problems of the manuscript, and stretched out his full length across the scattered pages of problems, pens and pencils. Aware that he had finally gotten our combined attention by this ploy, the cat blinked and purred encouragingly. I trembled, fearing for the cat's life, for like all good graduate students in those days, I lived in terror of Richard Dorson, much as I lived also in terror of tornadoes and tidal waves. On all counts, perhaps, I should have known better; on one count, at least, I learned, for Richard Dorson sighed, and addressing the cat as a venerable critic (as indeed all cats must be addressed--with proper respect and reserve), he said with equanimity, "Yes, cat, that's the way I feel about this manuscript, too." Then, following a respectful pat on the head (and, no doubt satisfied by Professor Dorson's recognition of his critical ability), the visitor gathered himself up and quietly slipped out the window. The editorial work continued as if without interruption.



In those days we all feared Richard Dorson; we feared his boundless energy and bright optimism, his charisma, and most of all, what we felt was his despotic power to change our lives at will. And in spite of our unfolding understanding of the subtle power of legend, we never hesitated to pass among ourselves the latest horror stories in which yet another career had capriciously been cut short by the omnipotent powers of Richard M. Dorson. We saw in him things we thought we ought to be and were not; our optimism had been ground out of us by Vietnam and Cambodia and Kent State: our self-confidence was broken by other students whom (we felt) were better than we were, whose careers had fallen before the executioner's axe; we were debilitated by our own paranoiac fears of the man who led us.

It was only when I myself was in such despair that I no longer cared about anything, much less folklore, that I was able to see Professor Dorson without the screen we had all so carefully constructed around him. For he spoke with me kindly, human to human, with a gentleness none of us had noticed before. And, behind the fear in my mind there must have been a great amount of respect for him, for it only took a few words of encouragement from him to convince me that giving up my career or my life or whatever was not a particularly reasonable alternative to despair. For that I thank him. I am still rather glad (I think) that I am a folklorist.

Pennsylvania State University--Capital Campus  
Middletown, Pennsylvania

YAEKO YANAGITA MINAMI

In 1956-57 Dr. Dorson spent a year in Japan as a Fulbright Visiting Professor at the University of Tokyo. He and his family happened to live in Seijo in the suburbs of Tokyo where the Japanese Folklore Institute (Nihon Minzokugaku Kenkyujo) was located. I was born in the house where the Institute was, being a grand-daughter of its founder, Kunio Yanagita. It seems that I was indifferent to what was happening in the Institute when I was twelve, for I missed the chance to see Dr. Dorson then. When I saw him for the first time in Bloomington in September 1967, he told me an amusing episode. There was and still is a small unsophisticated restaurant near the Seijo station where Dr. Dorson used to have his lunch whenever he worked at the Institute. They, of course, did not and still do not have an English menu. The first time, Dr. Dorson imitated what another person happened to say when placing his order. It was "katsudon," which is a big bowlful of rice with a fried piece of beef dripped in tasty soy juice on top. From the next time on he could order "katsudon" without hesitation, but he did not try anything else.

I was in Bloomington from September 1967 to February 1969 and barely completed an M.A. degree. Although I had a B.A. in folklore from a college in Tokyo, with a language handicap, it was quite hard work within that short period of time to read and write for the courses and to read and prepare for the M.A. examination at the same time. For the first year I held a full scholarship which Dr. Dorson obtained for me with great effort. My hope was to stay for two years if I obtain an assistantship for the second year. Therefore, I naturally became very nervous

about Dr. Dorson's "Folklore Theory" during my first semester. The term paper was an annotated bibliography of any specific item of folklore. I chose "mermaids" as female-dwellers of the sea for the theme, since I had written a graduation paper on the Japanese tales relating a man to the world in the depth of the sea where usually dwelled a female character, I was interested in knowing some of the corresponding elements in the European sources. It was not easy to summarize the number of books needed for the purpose, or even to just determine fakelore from folklore, without enough time to read them through. What was less favorable to me, Dr. Dorson seemed very strict about English and typing. Dr. Dorson often saw me worried and at a loss before the semester ended. Therefore, he was very surprised to find that I wrote an A paper. I was more surprised at his kind phone call to let me know it immediately.

Thus, or perhaps for other reasons, I secured an assistantship for the second year. Meanwhile Dr. Dorson received a letter from my home in Tokyo and told me with bewilderment that my mother seemed to expect me back before the second year was up. Her worry, I knew, was that most people in Japan would not like to have as their bride or daughter-in-law a girl over 25 with the experience of living in the U.S. alone, and what is worse, with an M.A. I had barely left home with a promise to my parents to come home safely and choose a man from among those whom they also would think all right. Dr. Dorson was so astounded at my explanation that he was struck speechless for some time. He could not believe that such an "intelligent" girl who worked for an M.A. abroad would, after all, choose that kind of traditional marriage in Japan. Our country has been a so-called developed nation for quite a while by now, but with an amazing number of tradition-bound people living on small islands, the pattern of social life has not been so rapidly Europeanized as that of material life. Our traditional way of marriage is thus still a popular option for girls who wish to live financially and culturally comfortable lives in the old familiar society. A well-known Japanese anthropologist and explorer, Sasuke Nakao, says that Japan must be the last unexplored, mysterious region of the world.

The Japanese Folklore Institute was closed in 1957 when Dr. Dorson was still in Tokyo. Yanagita's 20,000 books were deposited at Seijo College within three minutes' walk of his house, where at the same time a joint department of folklore and history was opened. My interest in folklore had been fostered very naturally and gradually. And with my grandfather's death in 1962, I finally determined to enter the college to major in folklore. It, however, was not a matter of Japanese family requirement, as even in Japan there is no such tradition of necessarily having to follow one's father or grandfather in their scholarstic interests. I already had in mind the idea of studying in Bloomington in the future, because I was aware of and regretted that Japanese folklorists lacked the knowledge of what folklorists in other countries were doing. Japanese folklore has long tended to avoid the international comparison of its results. Yanagita encouraged his disciples to concentrate first on the thorough collection and comparison of Japanese materials before any international comparisons would become useful. The idea might have been proper, but the outcome was the long indifference to the trends of foreign folklore study. My report on recent American folklore study which I sent to a Japanese folklore magazine from Bloomington and later presented address to a folklore meeting right after I returned to Tokyo called forth a great interest among younger Japanese folklorists. They have been critical of the present method of

Japanese folklore which is often called Yanagita folklore, and they are now earnestly searching for a workable theory which will enable Japanese folklore to survive as a scientific field of study for the coming generations.

I am heartily grateful to Dr. Dorson for all the conveniences and care which made it possible for me to have a precious experience to work in that friendly atmosphere of the Folklore Institute in Bloomington. I hope to introduce to Japanese folklore researchers more of the enthusiasm with which the professors and the students are actively working for the further growth of the study of folklore there.

#### BRUCE E. NICKERSON

The route I followed from English to Folklore is probably not unique. During my undergraduate work and the first part of my master's program, I had decided that my doctoral work would be in the area of Anglo-Saxon and Medieval English. Being essentially an escapist and enthralled with the "Whan that Aprill" (important editorial question: should there be an "e" at the end of Aprill?) beauties of this period of my mother tongue's literature, this is natural.

After two courses in Chaucer, two in Anglo-Saxon, two more in Beowulf, and a full year's sequence of Spenser, replete with Britomart, the "Cantos of Mutabilitie," et alii, some heretofore unexpected characteristics of this antique corner of the discipline began to emerge. First I became aware that most courses in Beowulf and other Anglo-Saxon literatures paid little or no attention to the cultures which produced them. To remedy this, I began graduate level anthropology courses in which occasional veiled references were made to something called folklore. Second, I got the admittedly subjective impression that most of the scholars in my proposed field of lifelong study were a peculiarly humorless lot of dried up pedants, and I was appalled at the possibility of having to write a dissertation on the elision of the final "e" in the dative case in the first seventeen and a half lines of Beowulf and its phonological implications for the study of the "Blickling Homilies." My remedy for this was drastic: find another field which could use my academic background thus far.

I did. During that period of time when my fellow graduate students were worriedly evaluating the presence or absence of employment and doctoral programs serendipitously found the Folklore Institute. Here was a chance to put it all together in a legitimate, unstuffy discipline, to deal with the cultural realities of Anglo-Saxon and Medieval English. My work on industrial blue collar folklore makes it obvious that I abandoned Chaucer and Beowulf as scholarly interests, but that is a longer tale (currently untyped, but containing either motif S140.1, "Abandonment of aged," or S144, "Abandonment in desert") rivaled in importance only by my discovery of the Folklore Institute.

As is typical of all students, especially graduate ones, I was soon caught up in the web of subjective stories and evaluations of my professors at the Institute, or in the Folklore of Academia. Dr. Dorson figured prominently in these, and Dorsonocentric materials ran the gamut from an unsuccessful student attempt to resurrect solar mythology with Dr. Dorson the solar hero of American Folklore, to his being the subject of Jens Lund's note "An Instance of Legitimate Folklore Among Professional Folklorists" (JAF 85: 377).

Personal anecdotes, however, help us understand the man as well as the scholar. In his courses, he was insistent on proper bibliographical notation, evidently feeling that as a professional, one should have this essentially bothersome element of scholarly impedimenta so well under control that it wouldn't distract from more important considerations of content. This was brought home to me when I was editorial assistant for the Journal of the Folklore Institute. Needing, for some reason or other, a copy of a letter from the Journal's files, I located the desired carbon, now over two years old and considerably predating my tenure as assistant. Dr. Dorson took the proffered copy, began reading it, and midway through, whisked out his ever present pen--and began correcting the spelling!

Then there was the time that (note the formulaic opening) he organized, with great enthusiasm, a spelunking expedition during the "First Annual People's Pig Roast." And the "Ethnic Dinners" hosted by Dr. and Mrs. Dorson. And his loaning his station wagon to us six "Intrepids" for an epic trip from Bloomington to the Los Angeles conference. And . . . but there are other articles here besides mine.

For helping me to understand that scholarship can be fun even while being exact, for steering me towards my niche in Folklore, and above all, for the privilege of knowing and working with you personally, Dr. Dorson, I give you my sincere thanks.

Summerville, Massachusetts

PHILIP M. PEEK, "Say, Who Was That White Man?"

Being one of the few folklorists with absolutely no musical abilities, raconteur-ship, or "folk-like" skills, I feel it may be of benefit to those still struggling through the indexes and back issues of Folk-Lore to have yet another wayward life history to reject as a model.

After haphazardly selecting and rejecting most conceivable majors, I suddenly realized that I had entered my fourth year at the University of Oregon. Thus, it seemed appropriate to regroup, count hours, declare one last major, and leave. English won out. It might be noted that this period at Oregon was "B.T.," i.e., "Before Toelken." Had it been "A.T." quite obviously many years of aimless wandering in the hostile outside work would have been curtailed, and, who knows, I might even have finished my dissertation by now.

Anyway, with diploma and English major not too firmly in hand, I applied to a heavy equipment training school, San Francisco State College (in creative writing, logically), and the Peace Corps. The latter responded first, or perhaps I simply forgot to mail the other letters, and I was off to Nigeria (having requested a French-speaking country in Southeast Asia). Actually, it was this virtually accidental move that proved to be the true turning point.

After about a year of teaching Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Hemingway to primary school teachers in the Niger Delta, I finally began to learn something and took to spending more hours in the local palm wine bar. It was during such times, as well as during visits to students' homes and those innumerable and sincerely memorable moments with the many people I came all too slowly to know, that the as yet unrecognized metamorphosis began to occur. During my second year, I often visited and lived with a truly fascinating man who was a master ivory-carver and terracotta sculptor in Benin City, Chief O. Idah. It was during one of my stays with him that I encountered my first folklorist--of course at the time I was totally unaware that certain forces had obviously planned this whole event. As I walked out of Chief Idah's house one day, I noticed a white man talking with him; but the man left before I reached them.

"Say, who was that white man?" I innocently asked. Chief Idah told me that the man was interested in Edo culture and was recording akpata players. Later, I got to know Dan Ben-Amos and was even dragged to a recording session one night. But I must admit that I lacked (as yet) the necessary self-discipline of the true folklorist, and I departed before sunrise on an extremely urgent mission somewhere.

Nevertheless, the fatal contact had been made. As I prepared to leave Nigeria, by now convinced my future was graduate study in African literatures, I visited the Ben-Amoses one "last" time. When Dan learned I was going to Berkeley, he almost absent-mindedly mentioned that a good friend of his was teaching there, and I just might stop by and say hello. Re-entering American culture via Berkeley in 1966 after two years away offered more than the usual dose of culture-shock. But, as that wore off, along with my interest in reading criticisms of criticisms and then writing criticisms of them, I began to feel that old urge to switch majors once again. Coincidentally, I discovered an old piece of paper with a name written on it, so I set out to find the Department of Anthropology. I am still tempted to believe that Alan Dundes simply felt outnumbered at the time, as the graduate program in folklore was comprised only of women; but, willing to be of what aid I could, and after an "Introduction to Folklore" (and, in all honesty, after more fully appreciating what the four foreign languages for a degree in comparative literature really entailed), I was inducted into the ranks.

Thus began two very exciting years, for in addition to Dundes, William Bascom, and Archer Tylor were the unending visits of major folklorists from other areas: Francis Lee Utley, Americo Paredes, and, finally, Richard M. Dorson. At last, I was to hear in person of the "Great Debate" of the mythical "Bearwalkers," of James Douglas Suggs, of Barney Beal, and of the virtues of Benjamin A. Botkin. After being Dorson's teaching assistant (which often consisted of warding off the Frosh football team after exams) and being promised fame and riches, I was lured away from Berkely (after, I might furtively add, actually obtained an M.A.) to Indiana, never to switch majors again.

PAUL POWLISON

As part of my linguistic research with the Yaguas of Northeastern Peru, among whom I was working as a linguist-translator with the Summer Institute of Linguistics, I collected some folktales. A year or two later (in 1957-58) I took a Master's degree in Linguistics at the University of Michigan with an Anthropology minor. My studies included a research course under the tutelage of Dr. Mischa Titiev in which I studied my collection of Yagua tales and wrote a paper about "Yagua Culture as Reflected in their Folktales." This was submitted at Dr. Titiev's suggestion to JAF. Dr. Dorson, who was at that time Associate Editor, sent it back with a letter suggesting that I provide more details of the field collecting situation, include comparative annotation to other South American Indian tribal tales, and make other miscellaneous improvements; he would be happy to see the article again after I reworked it. The demands were more than I could meet at the time, so upon returning to Peru the article was translated into Spanish and published as it was in Folklore Americano. Incidentally, it has been a help as a public relations item for the Institute here.

My interest in folklore had been heightened by my study with Dr. Titiev and he had suggested that if I wanted to study folklore, Indiana University was the place to go. The impetus to study folklore increased upon further work with the tales collected; I could see that they could be of service to me in my work of Bible translation. It would help to know more about the whys and wherefores of folklore. None of my colleagues had training in this field, so I consulted with our head linguist, Dr. Kenneth Pike who was in Peru conducting a linguistic workshop at the time, and he agreed to help me initiate a program of folklore study through a linguistic contact at Indiana University. When I initiated correspondence with I.U. about attending the Folklore Institute four years after the return of my manuscript by JAF, who but Dr. Dorson should answer my letter, and he remembered that I had submitted an article for publication--which was somewhat embarrassing since I had never answered his letter sent with the returned manuscript.

Well, I began a program in folklore at I.U. in 1963 and completed the requirements for my Ph.D. early in 1970. I did learn what I had hoped to learn through my studies under Dr. Dorson and the other faculty and students of the Folklore Institute. Among other articles, I have published two on the subject, "Use Folklore to Help You Translate," in a trade journal called Notes on Translation, and have been appointed to serve as International Consultant in Folklore to the Summer Institute of Linguistics through May 1975 with the possibility of reappointment.

Thank you, Dick, for all you taught me, for your help in securing financial assistance for your study program through a Ford Foundation Fellowship and a teaching assistantship, and for your example in scholarship and dedication to the cause of folklore study.

The Peruvian Jungle

RICHARD A. REUSS

In 1954, as part of a collection of recent popular music on 78 RPM I was accumulating, I bought a copy of "Goodnight Irene" performed by Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra and the Weavers. At the time I thought of this record, like the others, only as pop music (which it principally was), but it turned out that this purchase was the beginning of a long sequence of events which led to my taking up folklore as a career. Liking the Weavers' sound and the as-yet-undefined type of songs they sang, in the next few years I bought several more of their recordings, culminating with their historic album The Weavers at Carnegie Hall (Vanguard VRS 9010), which literally turned thousands of young people on to folk music in the late 1950's. Listening to this last, I became deeply moved by the power, beauty, and "guts" of that I by now realized were folksongs, and fascinated with this music's ability to vividly represent vital elements of a people's history and culture. As a result, when I went to college I spent most of my spare time learning folksongs from books, records, and where possible from live concerts; playing the 5-string banjo; leading folksinging Pete Seeger style; and eventually founding the campus folksong club.

Ohio Wesleyan had no course in folksong and folklore to offer students, but by my senior year my interest were so all-consuming that I persuaded my faculty adviser to let me spend a good part of one term in the library on my own, carefully making notes on whatever relevant books and periodicals I could find. At that point I began to seriously consider shifting over from history--by now rote and largely boring for me--to some sort of a career in folksong, if only I could find a career outlet since I was not a professional performer and did not know it was possible to pursue an academic career as a folklorist. I wrote to the only people I could think of for guidance: Alan Lomax, Pete Seeger, and John Greenway.

My major interest at that point was in writing a history of the folksong revival, and I had even gone so far as to outline a projected book on the subject, one which took in every possible topic of this vast and complicated subject. Pete Seeger, however, wrote back and said that before I tackled the history of the folk revival I had better get a solid background in folklore and folksong. Alan Lomax said much the same thing and recommended Indiana University as one place I might go for such training. John Greenway replied that I should never write anything without a previous commitment from someone to publish it, and suggested I contact MacEdward Leach at the University of Pennsylvania. I followed his advice. Leach responded favorably to my book outline and new academic inclinations, but could offer no money, nor, at that time, a degree program in folklore at Penn.

As I was casting about in this fashion, one of my professors at Ohio Wesleyan who was finishing his own history degree at Indiana, alluded again to the folklore program at IU. "It's run by somebody named Dorson," he said.

"Korson?" I asked, having recently discovered Pennsylvania Songs and Legends in the library.

"No, Dorson--with a D," he replied.

"never heard of him," I shrugged. "You will if you go into folklore," he shrugged back.

A few months later I went to Indiana for an interview, and my first meeting with Dorson was hardly two minutes old when I found occasion to mention the name of a well-known folklore popularizer. Dorson gave a forced laugh. "Well-1-1 we really don't consider \_\_\_\_\_'s work a very good model for folklore students here," he said. Ignoring this hint, I then mentioned a popular collection of folksongs, the notes for which I recently had read with considerable interest. Dorson frowned slightly, then leaned forward in his chair. "You know it's funny, but we don't think so and so's books are particularly good either." Oh, boy. I don't remember much else about that conversation, but I imagine that Dorson decided that this was one student who needed a lot of straightening out, for shortly afterwards I received notice that not only had I been accepted into the IU folklore program, but I was being given a generous scholarship.

I had a lot to learn indeed--and not just about folklore. Having read some highly selective critiques of Dorson's writings in academic folklore journals, all favorable, for his theory and technique course I began my own review of American Folklore with the words: "Richard Dorson is God of the folklorists. He never gets a bad review!" Back came the essay with this phrase underlined and a note in the margin which read "This book has received some atrocious reviews. I'll read some in class." True to his word, Dorson began the next class period by reading a polemical critique of American Folklore printed in the New York Times. The first few lines, containing several derogatory remarks, were tossed off rather lightly amid several chuckles. But the second and third segments of the review were read aloud interspersed with increasingly fierce scowls and dark mutterings, and the last section--an interminable long one, it seemed to a very nervous student in the back row--was delivered through a storm of smoke and fire as Galahad slew another fakelore ignoramus.

In spite of such early faux pas, I managed not only to survive and obtain a Ph.D. in folklore at Indiana but to maintain a generally excellent relationship with Dorson throughout the years. I came to know him not only as Director of the Folklore Institute, teacher, prolific publisher, and inveterate crusader for academic recognition of folklore studies, but as a human being sincerely interested in his students as people. He was one of the few faculty members to show up regularly at student parties or share a beer with neophyte folklorists down at Nick's English Hut on Fifth Street after evening seminars. He invariably wanted to know what avenues of interests those around him were developing, even if they did not coincide with his own; I remember him dropping into my office one day to inquire about my summer work for Sing Out! magazine reorganizing the old People's Songs Library. He worked tirelessly in support of the careers of students after they left Indiana, as well as during their stay of residence on campus. And he frequently chose not to take his own reputation too seriously. Which brings to mind one last tale:

During my graduate year at Indiana in the mid-1960s, a legend persisted that in an unguarded moment during the 1958 Summer Folklore Institute Dorson had been overheard singing "Barbara Allan" while walking across campus. Well aware of Dorson's distaste for folksinging and popular folksingers, we dismissed this story as one of the more improbable bits of Dorsonian folklore to circulate at IU. And yet, we mused, that if he really did . . . and so the story remained alive. A group of us discussed it one night at Nick's. Some-



one must have told Dorson, for a few days later several of these same folklore students were taking pictures at the foot of the student union steps on 8th Street when Dorson appeared at the top of the stairs. Taking in the scene at a glance, he calmly strode down the steps into our field of vision, head high in the air, looking neither to the right nor left, and singing in a loud, casual, and very off-key fashion:

In Scarlet-t Town-ne where I was bawn  
There was a fair maid-d dwellin' . . .

#### NEIL V. ROSENBERG

I came to folklore through an interest in folk music sparked by an aunt who had some old Almanac Singers recordings of sea chanties. I was twelve or thirteen at the time and my family had just moved to Berkeley, California, then a quiet suburban college town. My father played the guitar and began singing some of these chanties, getting the words and melodies out of the Kolb's paperback folksong book with the help of my mother, who played the piano and could read music. I liked the sound of these songs, and within a year I had quit my violin lessons and traded my father's guitar and my violin for a new Martin guitar. By the time I was sixteen I had begun performing on the local FM radio station, KPFA, playing with some of my high school friends--two of whom, Mayne Smith and Scott Hambly, also subsequently went into folklore studies. Folk music was quite popular at our high school; there was eventually a club and several of my friends became professional folksong revival performers. We followed Pete Seeger the way some of our peers were following Elvis Presley--whom we viewed with condescension.

This rather considerable involvement in the folksong revival influenced my choice of college, when I decided in 1957 to attend Oberlin. One of my singing partners, Mayne Smith, was planning to be there, and I had read in Sing Out! about a group of Oberlin students called the Folksmiths who were spending the summer teaching folksongs and games in children's camps. I was active in the Oberlin folksong club, and was its president in my senior year. A founder and first president of the club, Folksmith Joe Hickerson, returned several times a year to visit old friends and lead "hoots" or give concerts. From Joe, who was working on his M.A. at Indiana, I learned that it was possible to engage in the full-time academic study of folklore. I shall never forget my amazement at hearing that there was an entire course devoted to the ballad at Indiana!

The academic folklorist was still a pretty remote figure to me, but during these years (1958-61) my interest in the folksong revival changed drastically. I was bored by Pete Seeger, turned off by the Kingston Trio. The music that excited me was "authentic" STUFF, on Folkways or similar field recordings. I also discovered and took a liking to the "race" and "hillbilly" recordings of the 20s and 30s. What little writing on this music I found--mostly record notes--seemed to me shallow, overly romantic and unscholarly; I suspect this

reaction reflected the fact that I was a history major and liked to see assertions either explained or footnoted. During the last two years of undergraduate school, I became increasingly absorbed in questions of who, what, where, when and why behind the music to which I was listening.

As a senior I decided to consider attending graduate school. I sought the advice of Henry Nash Smith, father of my friend Mayne. He advised me to follow that subject which interested me the most, which we concluded was folklore, and not to worry about jobs. He recommended that I contact his friend, Richard Dorson, who was Chairman of the Folklore Program at Indiana. I hadn't heard of Dorson but I did know that Joe Hickerson was studying folklore at Indiana. I wrote to Joe; he forwarded my letter to Professor Dorson, who sent a nice personal reply describing the program and enclosing application forms.

After my application to Indiana had been accepted, I felt I should begin educating myself about folklore. Being a loyal Westerner, I subscribed to Western Folklore. When the first issue arrived, I was mystified by the boldface letters and numbers in parentheses scattered through the text. I asked Joe Hickerson during his next visit what they meant and there began my education in folk narrative. Besides telling me about the Motif-Index, he told me that some folklorists even studied jokes and that Professor Dorson had published several articles on contemporary Jewish jokes. The revelation that folklore studies could have such unexpected dimensions, dealing with the familiar as well as the exotic, excited me.

Reflecting upon my decision to become a folklorist, I am struck by how little I really knew about what I was getting into. Each year the applicants to our graduate program at Memorial amaze me with their impressive backgrounds. They have had folklore courses; many have done field research; their breadth of preparation is awesome. I'm sure that if some prankster were to send us a disguised version of my own application to Indiana it would be answered with a hasty letter of rejection! Nevertheless I find in most of these applicants the same kind of involvement with the basic materials of folklore which prompted my decision to make it a lifetime study.

Memorial University  
St. John's, Newfoundland

LOUISE RUSSELL

Like many others who are products of the "mobile" society, I grew up with smatterings of lore and didn't know it. My family had few, if any, "family" traditions unless it was my father's penchant for crumbling his cornbread into his buttermilk, Arkansas style. We might have had some German traditions if my German grandmother hadn't married a red-bearded Scot-Irishman who said vehemently, "We're in America now!" But I did have a favorite uncle who was the most "superstitious" man I ever knew. He had been an oil field rough-neck and I'm sure from what I remember of his function in the family and the way the grandchildren flocked around him, he must have been a good yarn spinner, but it was his folk beliefs that stayed with us all long after he was gone.

Even though he died when I was in junior high school, I still have a vivid recollection of an incident which happened when he was quite literally on his death bed. Perhaps I should explain that although he was in a coma for several days, he was not in a hospital; my aunt was a practical nurse and she took care of him at home. A little family background also is important. There had been four grandchildren born, two boys and two girls. Both girls were fine, but one of the boys lived only a few hours and the other died before his twelfth birthday. At this time one of my cousins was pregnant, and my aunt, whose prediction of the sex of the baby by the way the mother carried it was better than chance, said to my mother and me as we stood in my uncle's room, "Beulah is going to have a boy." My uncle who hadn't spoken or shown any signs of recognition of anyone for days began to shake his head, rolling it from side to side. My aunt merely commented, "He's afraid another boy won't live past twelve."

It wasn't until after I started teaching, however, that I began to take a real interest in lore and it still amuses or amazes me how much misinformation there was in what I thought I knew. The one thing I still know to be true, though, is that elementary and secondary students are turned on by folklore. Further, their reading of field-collected texts and sharing with each other the narratives they've heard is one of the best vehicles I've found for enhancing self-image and encouraging an atmosphere of respect for the beliefs and cultural heritage of others. At present I am teaching at a junior high in Greeley, Colorado and am in charge of "Folklore: An Interdisciplinary Approach to Curriculum and Instruction" offered by the University of Colorado--a course which I hope will help correct some of the misinformation other public school teachers still have about folklore.

#### MAURICE D. SCHMAIER

Tradition has it that many people enter into the study of psychology in order to try to solve their own mental-emotional problems. Empirical observation of Ph.D. psychologists leads me (and probably many others) to believe, however, that at least the self-analytical part of their study was a dismal failure. To try to solve my own problems, I ultimately entered the field of folklore; and now (almost three years after completing my folklore Ph.D.) I can truthfully say that through no other course of study could I have better come to understand--and accept--exactly the person I am.

In my first five years of life I increasingly rejected the Russian-Jewish culture of my mother and her immigrant parents (all of us together within one small Bronx apartment). I would have rejected the Romanian-Jewish culture of my immigrant father, too, but I saw him only on weekends when he came home from his New Jersey gas station, and he was always so fatigued that he manifested almost no cultural behavior of any kind. What I yearned for was to be like most of the other children in the building; their parents were American-born, and they understood the baseball games, movies, and other New-World pastimes their children liked.

After we joined my father in New Jersey, the next sixteen years were not much better. In fact, the cultural contrasts between home and the outside environment became even greater. True, the children were American-born as in the Bronx, but on one side of the lower-income apartment building where we lived was a slum-Italian neighborhood, and on the other the Black Ghetto where my father's gas station was located. Through sixth grade, the children of both groups comprised most of my classmates, but after that until graduation from high school I commuted to a school where till 3:00 or so each day I experienced something new: the behavior of the upper-middle-class WASP. My dorm, fraternity house, and other habitats of Colgate University were likewise upper-middle-class and predominantly WASP. But in high school and then in college, I continued to return home to a lower-class apartment whose Eastern Europe-oriented occupants (because of old age, illness, and death) finally dwindled to include only my father, whose preoccupations became a pile of medical bills and the attempt to pay them off by buying and selling stocks.

Not having ever been firmly a part of any of the ethnic, racial, and socio-economic groups I had lived among, I had always sought an escape from them all. In high school one of my main retreats (in addition to solitary fishing trips to nearby lakes and streams) was into the British-derived rural folk culture of hill-country America, via the country-western music I listened to each day on WAAT radio (Paterson, New Jersey). Then, after college, and with the ostensible purpose of studying Australian literature on a Fulbright Scholarship at two Australian universities, the escape became an actual one into the "bush" and "outback" folk culture of Australia, much of it a parallel outgrowth of the same British traditions as the American.

Probably because of my escapist interest in American country-western music, the literature I had found most appealing during my undergraduate years as an English major was not the sophisticated writing of a John Milton, Jane Austen, Henry James, or Wallace Stevens, but instead the rural or frontier-oriented works of a Willa Cather, Hamlin Garland, Bret Hare, and of course Mark Twain. In Australia I found that about ninety per cent of the writing was of the later kind. Though my own feeling of cultural rootlessness left me to avidly study the considerable number of works dealing with immigrants or Aborigines unable to adjust to Australian life (e.g., Henry Handel Richardson's The Fortunes of Richard Mahoney, Judah Waten's Alien Son, and Patrick White's magnificent Riders in the Chariot), my focus was on the majority of Australian literature, in which the main characters--roustabouts, sheep shearers, cattle drovers, timber cutters, poor farmers, etc.--manifested a striking equivalent to the hill-country and frontier vernacular and tall-tale humor of America. The ballads and songs, including the Australian hillbilly versions of them that I heard on Australian radio and in various live performances, were also a striking equivalent to the music I had regularly listened to during my high school years. Finally, during a four-month summer vacation spent mainly within Australia's "bush" and "outback" regions, I discovered that even when fixed in print and attributed by the literary historians and critics to specific authors, the stories and ballads (and even segments of novels) lived on the lips of the people and in many cases had most likely done so before their "authors" had acquired them. When I returned from Australia to begin my graduate studies at Indiana University, I resolved to try to learn more about this oral literary phenomenon I had never before really noticed.

My first year in Bloomington I was a graduate student in English, with plans to complete a doctoral dissertation comparing certain key periods in the literary histories of Australia and the United States. My comments on the Australian periods and on the oral nature of the literature soon led Dr. David H. Dickason of the English Department to suggest that I discuss these with Stith Thompson and Richard M. Dorson, which I did. Thompson and Dorson suggested that I minor in folklore, but when it soon became apparent that the course offerings in American literature would be fewer than I had hoped and that my dissertation would have to be on a single, very minor figure in American literature like Thomas Holly Chivers, my minor in folklore became my major, and American literature and Australian literature became two of my minors.

As a folklore major, I abandoned my idea of a comparative literary history of America and Australia; without knowing the main reason why, I plunged into the study of the folk cultures of especially Russia, Romania, Italy, Africa, Great Britain, and America. My focus in the study of American folklore was, of course, upon the immigrant traditions, the Afro-American lore, and the British-derived folklore of the Southern Mountains and Ozarks, plus the relatively little I could find that was specifically pertinent to the traditions of upper-middle-class WASPs. Any one of these areas, or else the striking parallels in tall-tale humor and comic anecdotes between the Australian Sydney Bulletin and the American Spirit of the Times, could have been an apt subject for my doctoral dissertation, but out of my loneliness a preference for the Australian doctrine of solidarity with one's "mates" rather than for its American counterpart of rugged individualism and self-reliance led to my membership in the structuralist group of my classmates Alan Dundes, Robert A. Georges, Elli König-Maranda, and others.

In terms of the mental-emotional reason I had for studying folklore, namely to understand and accept the various parts of my own ethnic and environmental background, my concern with Vladimir Propp, Claude Lévi-Strauss, and other structuralists was mainly a waste of time, and I completed its ultimate product--a dissertation on "The Syntagmatic-Paradigmatic Morphology of Folktales: An Integrative Study: (1972)--too late to avoid being an academic casualty of the current recession. Nevertheless, I did accompany the long pursuit of Proppian motifs, Lévi-Straussian mediators, and the like, with continuing study of the various traditions constituting my own heritage. The ultimate result is that today, though my main occupation is not as a folklorist, I am fully at ease teaching an occasional course in Afro-American folklore, am completely at home with people of all nationalities and races, and at peace with my own self. (Even fishing is no longer a solitary kind of escapism. In the Cortland Chapter of Trout Unlimited, in which I am one of the officers, I fish, tie trout flies, and do stream-improvement work with various others, including an immigrant Italian and a Cherokee Indian.) For helping to make my self-acceptance possible, I offer Richard M. Dorson my deepest thanks.

State University College  
Cortland, New York

SHERMAN SELDEN, "Dorson in Africa"

The time: Noon on a day in April, 1970

The place: A small restaurant in Kampala, Uganda, East Africa.

"Dr. Selden, I presume," said a voice, and I looked up startled to see Richard Dorson smiling at me. Dorson in Africa, and here in this restaurant! That we should meet was a fantastic coincidence; for my family and I lived 250 miles northeast of Kampala and came to the city but seldom. We had never been in this particular restaurant before, and I had no idea that Dorson was even in Africa, let alone Kampala.

Over lunch Dick explained that he had come to Africa to ascertain the condition of folklore studies in African universities. He also wanted a chance to see the country. It took less than fifteen minutes to persuade Dick that flying to the capital cities was not "seeing Africa" and that he should come with my wife and me to our home in the bush country of Uganda and see an Africa that tourists seldom get to know. I wonder now how many people would upset all their travel plans on a chance of getting to know a country and its people a bit better. Dorson did. Without hesitation he rescheduled all his flights--he was headed for Nairobi, Dar-es-Salaam and Cairo--and he sent telegrams to all sorts of people saying that he would be delayed three days. I began to appreciate how this man worked.

The next morning we left Kampala in our VW and headed eastward, past Lake Victoria, across the Nile River at Owens Falls Dam, and on to Tororo at the Kenya border. Then we turned northward around the base of towering Mount Elgon and into the Teso District of Uganda where Irene and I had lived for the past three years. We spent the night at home enjoying Dorson's talk of folklore and folklorists we knew and making plans for the future.

The next morning Dorson and I drove northward again toward the Sudan border into the Karamoja District. Dorson had the same emotional reaction that we always felt when we drove into Karamoja. One knows that this is the real Africa. Perhaps the emotion is engendered by the vastness of the semi-arid bush country with its wild animals, its dry wind and loneliness. Or perhaps it is the presence of the nomadic Karamajong that causes one to feel the primitive power of Africa. Wearing only a cloak impregnated with red dust and tossed casually over their back, they herd their goats and cattle across this desperate land. They lean lightly on their spears, motionless except for their eyes as they watch you drive by. We passed a road sign that read: "You are now in the heart of Africa." Dorson smiled and said, "I can believe it."

We stopped about three miles from Moroto, a small town in the Karamoja District, to visit one of the native compounds, and I began to see why Dorson is such a great collector of folklore. His interest in the people is genuine, and he has a way of making people feel comfortable with him. Despite the heat and the dust, Dorson sat in the dirt beside the natives and talked with them through our interpreter, asking questions about what we could do to help them; for the whole area had endured a long drought, and the Karamajong were starving. We met small

children whose stomachs were distended from lack of protein and one or two whose hair was turning red from the affects of kwashiorkor. Finally, Dorson told the people to wait, that he would be back, and he directed me to drive to the "dukas" in Moroto where the Asians and Europeans shopped. Here he bought a huge sack of flour. Then we drove back to the compound and Dorson gave the flour to an old woman telling her to take it and make bread for her people.

On the way back to Teso, Dick talked about the Africans and the many problems they faced. He discussed the nomads and their feeling of freedom in not owning material possessions or having to keep appointments. We talked about government pressure put upon nomads to settle on farms and grow food. "People all over the world will too soon face starvation," Dorson said, "and what can we do about it? A sack of flour is not enough." I knew how he felt.

Back home in Teso country, the next day we all went to the local market where I was able to photograph Dick with native women. Being more "civilized" than the Karamajong, the Teso knew they could demand money from him for the privilege of having their picture taken. That afternoon Dick left for Kampala to resume his interrupted trip. Perhaps Dorson came to know Africa and Africans a bit better in those three days spent in the back country of Uganda; I am not sure. But I am sure that I came to understand why Richard Dorson is so well liked and respected. The man who was formerly just a knowledgeable college professor had become to me a warm, sensitive, generous and concerned human being--and a friend for life.

ROBERT J. SMITH

1964. About June. I was sitting on the beach, looking out over the Mediterranean, my mind evaporating in the sun, a diminishing bottle of Fundador near my right hand and an article whose name I do not now recall by, of all people, Richard M. Dorson in the sand by my left.

I was wondering what the devil I was going to do next. My self-identification had been with literature and education, but I had become convinced that neither of them was worth doing. Literature attracted delightfully literate people whose company was pleasant but whose work was trivial. Education was composed of sincere hardworking journeymen who wreaked their invalid theories on hapless schoolchildren. I myself had written a Master's thesis full of hypotheses and laborious statistics demonstrating (with a p of .001) that something that was not the case was.

So I had decided to take a year off to unscramble my mind. And by the time of this fateful day on the beach, with my year and my money almost gone, I had narrowed the possibilities down to two.

I had had a course in folklore at the University of New Mexico with Ernest Baughman, and had collected Spanish tales from Isleta Indians in connection with it. I had enjoyed the course, but it was only in Spain that I began to see

folklore as an area of study neither trivial nor sloppy and in which one could make a significant contribution to our understanding of man.

I participated in a pilgrimage fiesta in Lower Andalusia. Thousands of people dressed themselves in regional costume and went out to a shrine in the marismas of Sevilla where they worshipped, drank, danced, and sang sevillanas to the Virgin for four full days. Not only the wine and the merriment (though this aspect surely played its part) but also the intricate complexity of understandings and behaviors that I witnessed made me feel that there was something very important about this kind of event. I did not know what it was, but I wanted to find out. I also knew that the Spanish, unlike the Americans, included fiestas in their concept of folklore.

So there on the beach, recuperating from those four days of festival fieldwork, and after reading this article of Dorson's which showed to my delight that folklorists could be coherent, concise and--by no means least--witty, I decided to write to him to see if there might be room for the likes of me in the Folklore Institute. If there was, fine, I would become a folklorist; if not, I would write novels and poems about those things that moved me, and make obscene gestures at the world.

Intercontinental applications are hard to make. The waiting is interminable, and one is never sure whether his letter has been received. Finally, however, a telegram came one day in July: "Ford Fellowship Awarded." I turned to my wife: "Yes, but to whom?" Further days of suspense passed before the confirming letter arrived. Finally it did, and that is how I got into folklore and stopped making obscene gestures.

As a final note, I should add that in 1964 the study of folklore in the United States was pretty well confined to Märchen, ballad, and the minor genres of oral literature. Dorson's admission into the fold at this time of a person who wanted to study festivals hence has some significance as one of a series of acts through which he helped to expand and refocus the definition of folkloristics so that it could become a major discipline in the study of man.

University of Kansas  
Lawrence, Kansas

KAY STONE

Many years ago I journeyed out to the big, wide world to seek my fortune writing geography articles for an encyclopedia. Right in the midst of "Amazon River" I was presented with a copy of a strange book called Buying The Wind. I put it aside and continued on through "Bulgaria." By the time I reached "Madagascar," I realized that my quest was futile, and decided to seek elsewhere. I then remembered that strange book, and thought I might try to discover its very source. Thus I went to visit the Merlin of Bloomington, Richard Dorson.



I planned a brief and amusing apprenticeship, after which I would return to my encyclopedia in time to take up "Peru." It is now ten years later and I am still in the power of the magician. No amount of shape-changing (including pregnancy) has freed me. I am attempting one last and desperate task--a dissertation. After this I hope to demonstrate that I have absorbed at least a small portion of the magician's powers. If I fail, I will pass on to "Zanzibar" and "Zurich."

#### HILDA WEBB

It is certainly not difficult to say how I came into folklore: I had the good fortune to inherit a generous share of it. Both my mother's and my father's families were rich in traditional, although different, lore. Not that there were any gatherings of the clan to tell stories or sing ballads. If my father or his father wanted to entertain or to be entertained with tales, they managed to find some free time on a Saturday to visit the blacksmith's shop. If my mother or aunt told us a story, it was as likely to be a memorat or a chapbook tale as one from a type index. Are there still uncles who know how to make willow whistles? Aunts whose medical advice is straight from the past? Mothers whose repeated proverbs finally bear fruit? Grandfathers willing to regale a five year old with "Froggie Went A-Courtin'" complete with guitar accompaniment?

Of course there are. Somewhere. But it hasn't been my pleasure to meet many of them, and for many years after leaving home I experienced the aridity of a typically modern life, one nearly bare of familiar traditions. The resulting hunger is a thing one feels deeply without being aware of its source.

At any rate, the time was override when, in 1961, a campus neighbor asked me if I knew so-and-so who was in Folklore. I didn't. But the idea that somewhere on the Bloomington campus there was Folklore that one could be in if one wanted lingered on in my mind. What was this Folklore that was actually being taught? Was it the same as my folklore? I mullied it over for the rest of the semester, and by the end of December I had decided to sacrifice my lunch hours through the week so that I could gain enough time to splurge on one Folklore course and check it out. I registered for Folklore of the South American Indians. Couldn't you find something more appropriate for your first course in Folklore, you will say? No, I couldn't--not that semester. But, luckily, folklore is folklore no matter whose it is, and if the traditions themselves seemed strange, the vibrations were right. I quit my job and signed up for as much of the Folklore Institute of Summer '62 as I could digest--and finished by auditing a little bit more.

It is one thing, however, to be part of a family where tradition is a strong current flowing into all the little byways of life, soothing with its repetitiousness, pleasant in its leisurely pace, reassuring in its durability, comforting in its essentiality--the false or extraneous bits honed away by its passage through the generations, and it is another thing to bring scholarship to bear on such a subtle and Protean phenomenon.

Elusive as it is pervasive, folklore requires a concerted single-mindedness to separate it from its matrix, which is life itself. It is Folklore which furnishes most of the tools for this. But, in order to restore it to that same matrix, and especially after the passage of many years, history must furnish the means. Those who have studied at the Folklore Institute have been particularly fortunate to have a historian and Americanist as their Director. Richard Dorson has led his Folklore students from solid fact to the next, through the morass of twice-told tales be they oral or printed. To me, his most valuable contribution was this: that the student learns to reject the beguilement of a "good story" or an apt phrase, and instead to keep alert for the remaining fragments that indicate that a true folktale has passed that way. Richard Dorson has undertaken to develop discrimination and factuality in the student, a task well worth doing and a task well done.

His studies in the historiography of Folklore have proven once and for all that traditional materials are not an attic jumble to be sorted by antiquaries or relegated to Christmas annuals as quaint and amusing curiosities. Moreover, much folklore does not lend itself to these purposes and is lost in the process. It is the historian who is in a unique position to appreciate traditional materials, and to place them where they can be seen to the best advantage: within the life of their times. It is to be hoped that the methods and attitudes toward the study of folklore inculcated by Richard Dorson at Indiana University will not only continue in use but be further developed by his students.

Cincinnati, Ohio

WILLIAM A. (BERT) WILSON

I got into folklore because I served from 1953 to 1956 as a Mormon missionary in Finland, returning to the States with an abiding interest in the Finnish people and in their literature. The interest in the people I satisfied in part by marrying a Finn; the interest in Finnish literature I put on the shelf while I completed a B.A. and M.A. in English literature and then settled down first to teach high school English and then freshman English at Brigham Young University. One day a friend, like myself an erstwhile Finnish missionary but then a graduate student in linguistics at Indiana University, said, "Say, if you're really interested in Finnish literature, you ought to think first about studying Finnish folklore. They have a good program at I.U." Then he mentioned a few names--Raun, Oinas, Dorson.

A year later, 1962, with a National Defense Language Fellowship in hand, I showed up in Bloomington and moved into Redbud Hill Apartments--next to Maurice Schmaier, who needed someone to talk to, Alan Dundes having only recently moved on. Schmaier found me somewhat wanting, but struggled manfully to instruct me in the finer points of folklore scholarship. About a week later, armed with my new knowledge, I attended my first Theory and Technique Seminar. There I met Professor Richard M. Dorson, just back from England and full of talk about a Great Team, which I thought at first must be some athletic organization. Dorson, I soon discovered, knew even more than Schmaier.

Delighted that I could read Finnish, Professor Dorson waived the annotated bibliography usually required in the seminar and set me to work copying hundreds of folk beliefs from the recently purchased microfilm copies of the Finnish Folklore Archives. (I suspected at the time that he was at least as interested in having someone use the microfilms, and thus justify their purchase, as he was in Finnish folk beliefs.) As I cranked through reel after reel, peering into the dim light of the reader, I learned a good deal about folk belief, but, more important, I learned the Finnish classification system, learned to recognize different genres, and gained a feeling for the materials of Finnish folklore that has remained with me to the present.

I soon learned that my Mormon background made me an object of curiosity, and sometimes of derision. Maurice Schmaier was amazed: "How can you be a folklorist and a Mormon? Haven't you read Saints of Sage and Saddle?" One professor seemed troubled when I did not put aside foolish things for the religion of Academe. But Dorson was neither amazed nor troubled. He simply suggested that I look to my own background for folklore. The immediate result was a collection of forty stories of the Three Nephites which I gathered from Mormon students and faculty members at Indiana University. The long range result was the discovery that my own culture, as well as that of the Finns, was worthy of study. I recently sent off an article on Finnish folklore to the Journal of the Folklore Institute. Next week I will give a lecture on Mormon folklore at the Charles Redd Center for Western Studies. My continued enthusiasm for both subjects goes back to my graduate school days and to my association with Professor Dorson.

As I think back on that association, I remember with a smile, now, how at the time it filled me with fear and trembling. Raised in rural Idaho, the only member of my family ever even to attend college, I felt completely out of my element at a major university and in a high-powered graduate program. Everyone frightened me, even Maurice Schmaier. Professor Dorson absolutely terrified me. Whenever it was necessary to discuss my plans with him, I made a list of the points I wanted to make, rehearsed them carefully, and then got in and out of his office as quickly as possible. Not until I had left I.U. and had worked with him in other contexts, was I really able to talk with Dorson without reaching in to my pocket for the card that told me what I was supposed to say.

But if my fear was born of lack of confidence, it was also born of respect. Though I do not always agree with them, Professor Dorson's ideas make their way into a great number of my lectures. Today one of the students who has sat through many of these lectures stopped after class to chat a moment and, without realizing what she had said, called me "Professor Dorson." I took it as a compliment.

Brigham Young University  
Salt Lake City, Utah

## CONTRIBUTORS

RONALD L. BAKER is an Associate Professor in the Department of English at Indiana State University at Terre Haute. He is interested in folklore and literature, and is the author of the recently published book, Folklore in the Writings of Rowland E. Robinson.

RICHARD BAUMAN teaches anthropology and folklore at the University of Texas, where he is the Director of the Center for Intercultural Studies in Folklore and Ethnomusicology. He is the Secretary-Treasurer of the American Folklore Society and has authored a number of articles on folklore and communication.

DAN BEN-AMOS, of the Department of Folklore and Folklife at the University of Pennsylvania, is the editor of several books and author of various articles on folklore and communication, Jewish folklore, and folklore and history.

DONALD ALLPORT BIRD, an Assistant Professor of Journalism at Central Michigan University, is interested in folklore and media studies and rumor transmission.

RICHARD BLAUSTEIN is a folksong and fiddle music scholar. He teaches in the Department of Sociology at East Tennessee State University.

SILVESTER JOHN BRITO-HUNTING BEAR, an Assistant Professor in the English Department at the University of Wisconsin-Milwaukee, is interested in Native American studies. His present research topics include determining the parameters for the study of ethno-poetics.

JAN HAROLD BRUNVAND is the author of The Study of American Folklore and numerous articles on folklore. He is with the Department of English at the University of Utah, and is a Fellow of the American Folklore Society.

GEORGE CAREY is in the Department of English at the University of Massachusetts. He is the author of a book of folklore texts from Maryland's Eastern Shore, and served as the first State Folklorist for Maryland.

WILLIAM M. CLEMENTS teaches in the Department of English at Arkansas State University and is the editor of Mid-South Folklore. He is interested in American folk religion.

LARRY W. DANIELSON is in the Department of English at the University of Illinois. He is interested in ethnic American folklore, festivals, and revival groups.

ROSAN JORDAN DE CARO teaches in the Department of English at Louisiana State University at Baton Rouge. She is concerned with Mexican-American folklore, women and folklore, and folklore and literature.

CARLOS C. DRAKE has taught at Bowling Green University, Ohio. He is the author of several articles on folklore and psychology (particularly Jungian psychology) and on American commune traditions.

ALAN DUNDES is Professor of Folklore at the University of California-Berkeley. He is the author/editor of numerous books and articles, among them, Urban Folklore from the Paperwork Empire (with Carl R. Pagter), Analytic Essays in



Folklore, and La Terra in Piazza: An Interpretation of the Palio in Siena.  
He is a Fellow in the American Folklore Society.

LYDIA FISH teaches folklore in the Department of English at the State University College at Buffalo. Her areas of study are British folklore, folksong, witchcraft, legends, and the folklore of religion.

ABU SAEED M. ZAHURUL HAQUE teaches at Alcorn State University, Lorman, Mississippi. He has published a number of books, articles, and poems in Bangladesh.

DONALD M. HINES is an Associate Professor in the Department of English at Washington State University, Pullman, Washington. He has published a number of articles on humor and superstition.

FRANK A. HOFFMAN, a Professor of Folklore and English at the State University College at Buffalo, has written articles on erotic folklore, folklore and popular film, and literature.

GREGOR ISOMOTIF is an itinerant graffitist, bad man, and con artist. A friend of Speedy Gonzalez, Superman, and Greta Garbo, he is a Kindergarten drop-out.

EDWARD (SANDY) D. IVES is a Professor of Folklore and Anthropology at the University of Maine. He is the author of numerous publications on songs and song-makers of the Northeast, especially Larry Gorman: the Man Who Made the Songs and Lawrence Doyle: the Farmer-Poet of Prince Edward Isle.

SAUNDRA KEYES IVEY teaches in the Department of English at First University in Nashville. She is working on her dissertation on the Melungeons in East Tennessee.

BRUCE JACKSON is on the faculty at the State University of New York at Buffalo. His interests in folklore and sociology include Afro-American traditions, folksongs, prison folklore, and folklore in the mass media, and he has published widely in these areas.

AILI K. JOHNSON is a resident of Skandia, Michigan. She is the author of several articles on Finnish-American folklore.

JOHN WILLIAM JOHNSON recently returned from Mali where he was doing research on the Sunjata Epic. He lives in Austin, Texas, and has published articles on the Somali language.

BARBARA KIRSCHENBLAT-GIMBLETT teaches in the Department of Folklore and Folklife at the University of Pennsylvania, and at Columbia University. Second Vice-President of the American Folklore Society, her interests include folklore and communication, Jewish folklore, the history of folklore studies, and folklore theory.

ROBERT KLYMASZ is the Senior Co-Ordinator for the Slavic and East European Programme at the National Museum of Man in Ottawa. He is the author of a number of articles on Ukrainian folklore in Canada.

BETTY RITCH LOMBARDI is presently teaching folklore and English at Northeastern Oklahoma State University. She is interested in folklore in literature, and recently completed her dissertation on the Folklore in Thomas Hardy's Wessex Novels.

the first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The second is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The third is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The fourth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The fifth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The sixth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The seventh is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The eighth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The ninth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The tenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The eleventh is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The twelfth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The thirteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The fourteenth is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

JUDITH MC CULLOH holds a position as associate editor at the University of Illinois Press. A folklorist and ethnomusicologist, she is the author of various articles pertaining to folksong and folk music.

YVONNE MILSPAW currently teaches in the American Studies Program at Pennsylvania State University - Capitol Campus. She has done field work among the Ute and Shoshone in Utah and Idaho, and in Pennsylvania and Appalachia.

YAEKO YANAGITA MINAMI received her M.A. in Folklore at the University of Indiana and now lives in Tokyo, Japan.

BRUCE E. NICKERSON is working on his dissertation, Industrial Folklore: an Introductory Study of Blue Collar Lore. His fieldwork was done while he was a machinist at the General Electric Plant in Lynn, Massachusetts.

PHILIP M. PEEK is an African Studies scholar teaching in the Department of Anthropology at Drew University. He has written publications on African music and oral literature.

PAUL POWLISON is an anthropologist and folklorist interested in the Indians of South America. He teaches on the faculty of the Summer Institute of Linguistics in Peru.

RICHARD A. REUSS has taught at Wayne State University and the University of Michigan. His research interests include American and urban folklore, folksong, and the history of folklore studies. He is the author of various articles on these subjects.

NEIL V. ROSENBERG is an Associate Professor at the Department of Folklore at Memorial University, Newfoundland. His special interests include folksongs, bluegrass and country music, Canadian folklore, and stereotype lore. He is currently completing a book on bluegrass for the University of Illinois Press.

LOUISE RUSSELL teaches in Greeley, Colorado. She is working on her doctoral dissertation on Chicano lore in the Greeley area.

MAURICE D. SCHMAIER is currently teaching folklore and literature courses at the State University of New York at Cortland. He is interested in ethnic folklore and folklore and literature, and has written several articles on oral humor and American and Australian literature.

SHERMAN W. SELDEN teaches English and folklore at the high school and college levels in New Hampshire. He served in the Peace Corps in Africa; his dissertation is on Degawaweda, an Iroquois culture hero.

ROBERT J. SMITH is in the Department of Anthropology at the University of Kansas. He is the author of various publications and is interested in folklore theory, Spanish and Spanish-American folklore, and folk festivals.

KAY F. STONE lectures on folklore and children's literature in the Department of English at the University of Winnipeg. She is the author of the textbook, Folklore in Winnipeg, and has contributed to the Journal of American Folklore and other publications. She is interested in women and folklore, and folklore and literature.



the first of these is the fact that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The second is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The third is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The fourth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The fifth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The sixth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The seventh is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The eighth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The ninth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The tenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The eleventh is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The twelfth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The thirteenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The fourteenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The fifteenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The sixteenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The seventeenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The eighteenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The nineteenth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The twentieth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The twenty-first is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The twenty-second is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The twenty-third is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The twenty-fourth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

The twenty-fifth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same. The twenty-sixth is that the system is not a simple one, and that the results are not always the same.

HILDA E. WEBB now lives in Cincinnati, Ohio. She examined the newspapers in Cincinnati for folklore themes as her dissertation, and is also interested in water witching.

WILLIAM A. (BERT) WILSON is an Assistant Professor of English at Brigham Young University where he teaches folklore. He is interested in Finnish and Mormon folklore, partly because of his family background. He is the author of a number of articles in folklore journals, and is currently book reviews editor for Western Folklore.

