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Franco-American Fiction:
Isolation versus Assimilation in New England

A Paper Delivered in the
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Until recently history has seemed to substantiate Theodore Roosevelt's declaration that there would be no hyphenated Americans--that all immigrants would blend into the melting pot of America. Renouncing the non-Anglo elements of one's background has been the traditional, if gradual process imposed upon immigrants and their descendants. The fact that one's employer spoke only English and that one was in some cases surrounded by English-speaking neighbors and in all cases by English-dominated media has provided the incessant pressure toward assimilation. Such has been the fate of those whose ancestors came from French Canada to the United States. One illustration of the Americanization of the French is the fact that my students in a class last spring at the University of Maine at Augusta told me that they or, in some cases, their parents had been punished by teachers for using their native French in the schoolyard at recess. The metamorphosis of French-Canadians into Americans would please Roosevelt for it has to a large extent been accomplished. My students in Augusta tell me that though they still speak to their children in French, their sons and daughters respond in English. When Maurice Violette spoke to our class about his history of Augusta, The Franco-Americans (Vantage, 1976), he explained that because he wanted the next generation to be able to read it, he wrote in English.

It should be noted, however, that in the 1970's there has been a resurgence of passionate dedication to La Survivance--

the maintenance of the French language, a resurgence of cultural pride parallel to the calls for separatism in Quebec. The Franco-Americans are no longer an invisible minority. Donald Dugas would not now complain, for example, that "when the University of Maine's administration compiles its statistics, they ask if the students are black or Mexican, but never do they ask if they are Franco-American."¹ If more attention is now being paid to one of the largest if hitherto unnoticed minority groups in America, if bilingual projects are now beginning to attract federal funds, and--most importantly--if the self-image of the Franco-American is rising, nevertheless assimilation is an historical fact. Personally, I am all too painfully aware of the process. I speak no French. Yet I am Franco-American. My father speaks French; my grandfather was born in Canada and spoke little English. Somewhat ironically, my cousin Julien Déziel, o.f.m., a retired Professor of Fine Arts in Montreal, is the Président of the Societe Genealogique Can. Fr. and has traced the arrival of our family in Quebec to 1665. (Most Franco-Americans find that their ancestors were emigrants from France to Canada in the seventeenth century before being immigrants to New England ~~at the turn~~ⁱⁿ of the ~~nineteenth~~.)

Preserving the French language among Franco-Americans has, perhaps, been the quintessential cultural problem since the first of those large families crossed the border on foot or by wagon or train into New England. In a sense, the conflict between isolation and assimilation is prefigured in the beautiful novel, Maria Chapdelaine. The heroine, Maria, is ultimately faced

with the choice of immigrating to New England with one suitor or of remaining "pledged to the race" by marrying her neighbor.² Romantic considerations do not influence her decision, for the one man she loves, François Paradis, has frozen to death the previous winter. The neighbor, Eutrope Gagnon, who then pays court to Maria, is a hard-working pioneer who, like her father, enjoys carving a farm from the harsh wilderness. Her other suitor is the somewhat exotic Lorenzo Surprenant. He dazzles his listeners with the saga of his life in Maine and then Massachusetts: he tells Maria "of the great American cities and their magnificence, of the life filled with ease and plenty, abounding in refinements beyond imagination, which is the portion of the well paid artisan."³ Hating the primitive conditions which for a lifetime tried her mother and which killed the young man she loved, Maria is sorely tempted to marry Lorenzo and go to the easy life in America. The "voice of Quebec" stops her. "Now the song of a woman, now the exhortation of a priest," the voice of Quebec reminds Maria of the strangers who have surrounded the French and of how their culture has survived only by resisting the temptation to betray traditional values.⁴ Marrying Eutrope she consciously dedicates herself to family and race.

Those who did immigrate to New England, did not wish to renounce their culture. They too heard the voice of Quebec. But they were forced south. Because a father might divide his farm among his sons and because of soil depletion, most farms became smaller and less productive with the passing of each

generation. Those who immigrated to New England did so not out of ambition for a higher standard of living, but to avoid one lower than that of their fathers.⁵ Once in America, they retained allegiance to the "race," and some realized a life-long dream when they were able to retire back to Quebec. Once in the midst of the melting pot, however, holding on to one's French identity became difficult. The essential conflict for Franco-Americans between La Survivance and assimilation is central in the work of four among several Franco-American novelists whose works were written in English, not translated from their mother tongue, as was the case with Maria Chapdelaine. These Franco-American folk novels reveal the essential values of the French race, the challenges faced by French immigrants to a strange and sometimes hostile Yankee setting, and Franco resistance to cultural assimilation.

Vivian La Jeunesse Parsons' Not Without Honor records in vivid, romantic, almost fairy-tale terms the tension between the pressure to embrace the new life or to pledge oneself anew to the old French spirit. The hero, Joe La Tendresse, approaches manhood in the stultifying and tyrannical atmosphere of his father's farm near Trois-Rivières. When Père asks him to go for a time to the States to earn extra income for the family, Joe has to hide his ecstasy. When Joe arrives in Danton, Michigan he rises quickly to affluence, popularity, and political importance but only by rejecting the ways of his own people. He is excited by the machinery he learns to operate in the mine; he is exalted by the freedom he has found as opposed to the

restrictions endured on the farm in Quebec. Joe is not at all typical of Franco-Americans: he refuses, for example, to speak French to his own people so that his English will improve more quickly.

The extent to which Joe La T~~X~~endresse rejects his birth-right is seen clearly if we consider his life in terms of a table of behavior traits prepared by Claire R. Bolduc of the University of Maine.⁶ All the terms in the "English-American" column apply to Joe in Not Without Honor:

CATEGORY	FRENCH-CANADIAN-AMERICAN	ENGLISH-AMERICAN
<u>Language</u>	French	English
Religion	Religious dominance - rewards are in heaven	No dominance by a Church, but Protestant Ethic
Historical Perspective	Explorers, defeated/dispersed	Pioneers, <u>founders</u> of a continent
Orientation to Tasks	The means, the process	The goal - getting it done, and moving on
<u>Personal Identity</u>	Collective/family	Individualistic
<u>Relation to Nature</u>	Accepting/harmony	Mastering nature
<u>Private</u>	Introspective/shy	Relaxed
<u>Public Self</u>	Exuberant	Restrained/cool
Traditional Political Structure	Blending of Church and State roles	Separation of Church and State
<u>Attitude to Work</u>	Work is "personalized" and a <u>duty</u>	Gain and achievement

Less influenced by his own Catholic Church, Joe embodies the Protestant work ethic at least partially as he rises through the ranks first of the mining company and then of the mill. Uninterested in the history (I am looking at Professor Bolduc's second category) of his glorious but defeated ancestors in Quebec, Joe is fascinated by the pioneers of America. Not only does he enjoy reading about Jefferson and the other founding fathers when he prepares for his citizenship hearing, but also out of enthusiastic patriotism he begins teaching other immigrants in Danton. Like the Anglo-Americans, Joe is oriented to the goal (category three), not the means. So ambitious is he to become American, he alienates himself from all the other French in Danton. He is so individualistic (category four) that his father disinherits him and the other French almost kill him. So totally assimilated into America has Joe become that each "English" trait in Professor Bolduc's list applies to him.

As Joe thrives in Danton, however, he antagonizes the leader of the other French-Canadians in the city--Mme. Desmarais, who is an evil woman and a caricature of all the French traits listed in Professor Bolduc's first column. Fighting to preserve the French way in the alien American town, Mme. Desmarais tries to injure Joe in minor ways at first (at a party she forces all the young women to refuse his invitations to dance) and is ultimately responsible for the death of his first son. She burns down his new house; furthermore, she incites the mob which almost kills him. In a sense she is a reincarnation of

Père, the force of cultural tyranny which Joe La Tendresse has first escaped by leaving Quebec. Not Without Honor is largely a novel in which good (the desire to become American) is pitted against evil (Mme. Desmarais' fierce passion for La Survivance). The book is ennobled by an element of Greek tragedy, however, Joe's flaw is his stubborn belief that his people are wrongly "fixed against change" and he admits to his wife that "if he had not deliberately estranged his people from him," Mme. Desmarais would not have refused to help his wife give birth and their boy would have lived.⁷ Joe's breaking away from the French is admirable from the author's point of view: Vivian Parsons does acknowledge, though, the terrible price Joe must pay for his eagerness to become American.

I disagree with the author's intention; I wish that Vivian Parsons had not chosen to make the spokeswoman for La Survivance an evil fanatic. The book is important because the conflict between her heeding of the voice of Quebec and Joe's urge to become American is the basic problem in Franco-American experience. Also, there are many alive today who prefer not to be called Franco-Americans; they wish to be Americans. Perhaps they would applaud Joe La Tendresse more than those of us who wish to see our ethnic identities preserved.

Two novels which glorify the Franco-American family and its values, rather than those of the Anglo-American milieu, are Jacques Ducharme's The Delusson Family and Gérard Robichaud's delightful Papa Martel. Both novels were written to celebrate the families of their authors. Both portray Franco-American

immigrants facing the problems of life with humor, devotion to family and church, and pride in their race. The mother in Papa Martel is perhaps not typical of Francos in her decision that the family will learn English even though they may continue to pray to God in their native tongue.⁸ The mother of the Delussons is perhaps more typical in her refusal to learn English though she is happy that her children are bilingual. The Delusson Family traces in chronological terms the upward mobility of the family in Holyoke, Massachusetts as the father Jean Baptiste prospers first at the mill, then as a carpenter. After his death, Cécile satisfies their life-long dream by moving to a farm outside Holyoke. Lacking formal education after the age of thirteen, most of the children work in the mill or in department stores, except for the one rebel, Etienne, who leaves home, becomes a gambler, but eventually returns and becomes the head of the family. Paramount in the novel is the fact that the marriage of Jean Baptiste and Cécile has proved fruitful: they believe that "where there are too few children, one had self-centered sons and daughters. Large families, on the other hand, bred a certain charity and cheerfulness."⁹ In Robichaud's Papa Martel, one of the chief episodes concerns significantly the seeming infertility of one of the daughters. Yes, the Franco-Americans and their ancestors have always had large families. In his autobiography, The Shadows of the Trees, novelist Ducharme tells us that the marriage bed was sometimes called the "Manufacture du monde."¹⁰ One reason for such traditional fertility may be the well-known edict of the French

monarch in 1660 that in New France fathers of sons who were not married by the age of twenty or of daughters not married by sixteen would be penalized. And there were rewards for parents of ten living, legitimate children.

Almost as important to Franco-Americans as a cheerful, big family is their faith in le bon Dieu. A touching moment in both The Delusson Family and Papa Martel occurs when one of the sons chooses to become a priest. When Emile Martel and Leopold Delusson become priests, a central quest in the lives of the parents has been fulfilled.

Perhaps the essential difference between the novels is seen in the contrast between the fathers. Both authors describe the fathers by alluding to the coureurs de bois of seventeenth-century New France--the young men who roved the forests as much at home with the wild Indians as with their own people. The allusions point to differences in personality between the two fathers and serve to remind us of an essential strain in the French blood--the adventurer. In The Delusson Family young Jean Baptiste is a sober man dedicated to the raising of his family: the author contrasts him with Nicholas Dulhut, the French Canadian who, as an agent for the mills in Holyoke, has brought the Delussons from Quebec to work in Massachusetts. Dulhot knows that "in Jean Baptiste there were profounder depths than existed in himself. He had in him too much of heredity from his colonial ancestor, who had been a coureur de bois, and a man who had accomplished little that was durable."¹¹ On the other hand, in Robichaud's novel, Papa Martel proudly iden-

tifies himself with a coureur de bois. Louis tells his father-in-law that there were "two kinds of Canayens, those who worked their farms, stayed put in their counties and were buried there, having never seen the world, and the others, the adventurers, the coureurs de bois, who must forever see what lay on the other side of the mountain."¹² He is one of the latter, he says, and immigrates with his wife to Maine.

Papa Martel is characteristic of the Franco-American joie de vivre and passionate devotion to church and family. In a fine passage from the closing pages of the novel he sums up his life:

He lit his pipe, checked the clock--it was ten to twelve--and finished his drink. Suddenly! He heard it, for the first time in years, he heard the tick-tock of the chime clock. For years he hadn't heard it, though he knew it tick-tocked away all the time, but now he heard it again with his ears. Tonight he could hear Time moving. . . .

Cécile (the daughter about to be married) is going, Time tick-tocked away, and of the first bed only Marie is left, and of the second (his first wife died and he has remarried), little Louis. . . . And the Time tick-tocked away. . . . Marry and multiply. . . . Tock-tock. . . . Work hard, drink hard, play hard, love hard, pray to the God you know is in Heaven, laugh once a day to stimulate the arteries, marry and multiply. . . . Tick-tock. . . . That's the real tempo, the true rhythm. . . . Time is what you spend, what you dispense so freely and then all you have left is Eternity. . . . Somebody is born, somebody dies, somebody marries. . . . That's immortality. . . .¹³

Although Papa Martel is virtually uneducated and achieves little success in the business world, he is an ideal husband and father, a hard-working man of great wit and intelligence, a man who enjoys his family and the pleasures of life as much as he worships his God.

Gérard Robichaud may be slightly guilty of idealizing Papa Martel--he dedicates the book to his own father. For

example, not all Franco-Americans are as tolerant as he is. In one of the best parts of the book Papa Martel agrees to take in an orphan who is partly of Polish descent. All the Martel children react with hostility at the prospect of the strange child in their home. In order to persuade his children, Papa tells them of how, when he was young, he befriended an old Indian in the lumber camps of Quebec. No one would drink with the Indian but Papa Martel. Later when the Indian invited him home, Papa discovered he had two beautiful maiden daughters and that if he, Papa Martel, had "married either one of them it is a fact that you'd be beautiful Indian children!"

'What Papa means,' said Maman quietly, 'is that Jesus stated: "Suffer little children to come unto me!" He opened His heart to everyone. He didn't particularize!'¹⁴

Unfortunately, few of any race have the tolerance and open-heartedness of Papa Martel. More typical of the Franco-Americans who were surrounded by an often hostile Yankee environment, is the observation cited in The Delusson Family: the most damning thing that could be said of someone one wanted to marry was "Il n'est pas de notre monde."¹⁵ One of my former students in Augusta responded to the entire question of Franco isolation versus assimilation in an extraordinarily sensitive and intelligent essay, two paragraphs of which deal with tolerance:

The members of the Franco-American community did not fraternize with the WASP's (outside of business). The Church banned us from the YMCA and all its activities: up to a very few years ago we were denied permission to enter any Protestant church to attend any service, be it a wedding or a funeral. Dating between Catholic and Protestant young people was strongly discouraged by our parents.... A Franco-American family which moved to

the "English" part of the city was considered a traitor to its race, unless the family moved way out to the country in order to farm, which was accepted.

Extreme? Yes. But there was discrimination against the Franco-Americans in Augusta. There were many insults and rebuffs and these, in turn, reinforced the old fears and suspicions which existed from the time of the first immigrants. The Franco-Americans withdrew too deeply into themselves, however, became too wary, did not push hard enough to better themselves and their lot. And yet it must be taken into consideration that education is the highway to advancement and, with most Franco-Americans able to find employment only as mill hands, they could not afford to put their children through high school, not to mention college, until a generation ago.¹⁶

It is undeniable that the pressures of assimilation have taken a great toll on the Franco-American culture of New England: parochial schools are closing; one hears less French spoken among the children, even in cities like Lewiston where Francos are still in the majority. Yet there is a counter spirit alive. A greater pride in being Franco is beginning to be kindled in the hearts of many. This new resistance to assimilation may be seen in the career of Jack Kerouac. His first novel shows the pressure of assimilation. The Town and the City (1950) records the story of his Franco-American growing-up in Lowell, Massachusetts, but he metamorphoses all that was French into Irish-American terms. In The Town and the City there are four references to French-Canadians in the five-hundred-page novel: two of them are quaint at best, perhaps somewhat condescending in tone. There is a French-Canadian farmer with a long line of his children at midnight mass at Christmas who strives very hard to hide the fact that he has been drinking a good bit, and there is an old, deaf French-

Canadian landlord who comes solemnly once a month to collect rent and have bread and milk at the kitchen table.¹⁷ Only after the success of On the Road (1957), in which he portrayed himself as Sal Paradise, an Italo-American, was Kerouac to publish books in which he returns to an accurate presentation of his Franco heritage.

Even in his hometown Francos are not too eager to claim Kerouac as one of their own. Many do not respect the half-wild, excited explorations of America, Mexico, and Europe by one they suspect to have been a proto-hippy. Nor do they respect his experimentation with drugs, or his renunciation of traditional morals. Kerouac coined the term "beat," but he never saw his freewheeling values apart from his ethnic roots and religion. In On the Road, speaking of his friend Dean, he writes: "He was BEAT--the root, the soul of Beatific."¹⁸ In the author's introduction to a much later novel, in which by the way he labels his nationality as "Franco-American" and traces his ancestry to the Baron de K rouac who was granted land along the Riviere du Loup in 1750, he speculates on the relation of his writings to his Catholic upbringing: "Always considered writing my duty on earth. Also the preachment of universal kindness which hysterical critics have failed to notice beneath frenetic activity of my true-story novels about the 'beat' generation.--Am actually not 'beat' but strange solitary crazy Catholic mystic."¹⁹ But the two are not wholly incompatible. To be sure, the beat Kerouac and his friends reject the age-old pattern of marriage and fatherhood. And many Francos react to the story of Kerouac's

life the way Sal's aunt does in On the Road: "She took one look at Dean and decided that he was a madman."²⁰

In many ways, however, Kerouac is decidedly part of the Franco heritage. I see On the Road as a twentieth-century version of the wanderings of a seventeenth-century coureur de bois to whom we have already seen Dulhut and Papa Martel compared by novelists Ducharme and Robichaud. Like the adolescent pioneer in New France who embraced the free and exciting life of the Indians yet retained part of his allegiance to French customs, Kerouac reveals ambivalent feelings about his cultural background. After 1610 the young French boys were delighted when Champlain began sending them to live with the Indians: in the home country only aristocrats could hunt at will. Moreover, with the Indians the coureurs de bois could indulge their sexual tastes without regard to the conventional, bourgeois moral code. Like them, Kerouac was a roamer, a lonesome traveler with a taste for the wild life. In On the Road he says: "the only people for me are the mad ones, the ones who are mad to live, mad to talk, mad to be saved, desirous of everything at the same time, the ones who never yawn or say a commonplace thing, but burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles."²¹

What strikes me as most Franco-American about Kerouac's work is his rejection of the Anglo-American, middle-class assumption that material progress is virtuous and desirable. There is something essentially Franco in Kerouac's rejection of the American Establishment. A comment on Franco-American culture in general by Yvon Labbé comes to mind:

French culture values the trip, not just the destination. 'Getting there is half the fun' is not just a travel poster slogan. Maybe it's time Americans took another look at their values in life, instead of running themselves ragged piling up material junk. If nothing else, ecology and conservation would benefit from more concern with living and less emphasis with consumption.²²

Yvon Labbé is citing the wisdom of Montaigne who says somewhere "It is not the arrival, it is the journey which matters." Perhaps a rather extreme, and rather comic example of this wisdom may be seen in the part of On the Road when the hero and his friend Dean drive a Cadillac limousine from Denver to Chicago. Nothing could be more symbolic of the power and wealth of American technology and capitalism than a Cadillac limousine. In the novel, the owner has been driving his family home from a trip to Mexico, but they become tired of driving and want to return home to Chicago by train (a more efficient way to travel). The owner leaves his Cadillac at a travel agency in Denver where Sal (Kerouac) and Dean are engaged to drive it back to Chicago. Of course, Kerouac and his friend are out for fun, have a great time, pick up hitchhikers, drive as fast as the car can go. When they arrive in Chicago they drive around the city, pick up girls, get drunk, bump into hydrants: ultimately they deliver the Cadillac in such a battered condition that the garage attendant does not recognize it. A humorous incident, the episode is a metaphor for Kerouac's wild renunciation of WASP goals. At one point he wishes he were "a Negro. . . I wished I were a Denver Mexican, or even a poor overworked Jap, anything but what I was so drearily, a 'white man' disillusioned. All my life I'd had white ambitions; that was why I'd abandoned a good

woman like Terry in the San Joaquin Valley."²³

When one again considers the values Professor Bolduc identifies as Franco-American, or thinks of the life of Ducharme's laborer-saint, Jean Baptiste Delusson or of that embodiment of joie de vivre, Papa Martel, with his occasional taste for whiskey and unbounded love for his children, one is reminded of the fundamental cultural differences between English and French in Quebec and later in Franco-American settlements such as Kerouac's Lowell, Massachusetts. To the English, the Francos have always seemed lazy or, more precisely, lacking in ambition; Francos seem, to the English, more interested in building great churches than in undertaking industrial expansion. To the French, the English have always seemed like modern Vandals threatening their sacred cultural institutions. Aware of the danger of such sweeping statements, I am reminded of William Blake's belief that "to generalize is to be an idiot." Nevertheless, it seems fair to say that what links Kerouac's vision of America to Franco-Americans like Papa Martel or his own father is the fact that neither put much stock in Cadillacs. Of ultimate importance to the traditional values of Franco-Americans is not how one makes a living, not--in Labbé's phrase--"piling up material junk," but rather how well one lives.

I do not mean to suggest that Kerouac gives us in his novels an illustration of life as it should be led. I do think Franco-Americans should be proud of his genius and his renunciation of the American dream. Doctor Sax is typical of his later works which are more faithful to his French background. It is an

important work because in it Kerouac records the French his family spoke by writing it in dialect, not using Parisian French. A novel which will exasperate some because it is half fantasy and perhaps drug-induced, it is the powerful result of a genius "wrapped deep in that dream of childhood which has no bottom and instantly soars to impossible daydreams."²⁴ From the point of view of Kerouac as a child we taste what he eats, described in French and also in English; we witness death as he and his mother see the man who died while carrying a watermelon across a bridge. The reader is exposed, in short, to the Gallic life of a child growing up in the Franco-American community. Doctor Sax also illustrates the impact of the pressures toward assimilation. Over half of the boy's imagination is filled with figures from the American media--comic books, movies, and radio programs. Yet there is a distinctly Franco flavor in the book which is, in a sense more faithful to the reality of Franco life in Lowell in the 1930's than the more idealistic novels of Ducharme and Robichaud.

To illustrate this earthy, realistic picture of Franco life I am deliberately choosing a slightly off-color part of Doctor Sax. If Maman, the proper but very human mother in Papa Martel, heard this joke from the lips of her husband, she would say "Hush, Louis!" then she would smile herself. I hope that will be the reaction of Franco-Americans hearing me read this passage today. Kerouac means no disrespect to the Church, nor do I. The passage is significant for several reasons. First, it is a more down-to-earth version of the theme we have already

observed in Papa Martel and The Delusson Family--the delight of a family able to have a son who wishes to become a priest. Kerouac's story may be seen as the ribald exception which proves the role. But let me read it:

Poor priest LaPoule DuPuis was involved with them, he was the last unmarried son of a huge Quebec family that according to tradition felt it would be damnée if someone in the house didnt belong to the priesthood so madcap sex-fiend LaPoule was retired piously behind the cloistral wall, to some extent, a woman wasnt safe in the same room with him-- One Saturday night he got dead drunk after pirouetting with all the ladies at a big roaring party and passed out before midnight (woul'da stopped drinking at midnight anyway, as he was saying Mass in the morning

--LaPoule at our wild parties loved to tell the joke (which was actually a true story) about the parish priest in Canada who wouldnt pardon some guy for a sin and in revenge the guy smeared shite on the rail of the pulpit so here it is Sunday morning the priest is about to begin: 'Today, ladies and gentlemen, I want to speak about religion, la nature de la religion--Religion,' says he, beginning, putting his hand on the rail, 'religion . . .' he brings his hand up to his nose, puts it down again . . . 'religion is--' once again he brings his hand to his nose, frowning in perplexity, 'la religion--mais c'est d'la marde!'²⁵

Because Francos revere so deeply the institution of the Church and because the parish priest was traditionally such a universally respected figure of authority in every town in Quebec, Francos may be permitted to make an occasional joke of such a saintly figure. I hope that is the spirit in which you laugh or blush at this joke. I have read it, too, because it is typical of Franco joie de vivre--that Rabelaisian capacity to enjoy life by mocking it.

In Kerouac's realistic treatment of Franco experience, in the glowing portraits of the saintly Jean Baptiste Dulusson and, especially, in the glorious portrait of saint and clown, Papa Martel, we see the Gallic élan vital which has kept Francos from

being utterly submerged in the Anglo-American milieu. The passion to live every moment for all its worth, the respect for le bon Dieu (so great that it can evoke a laugh at one of His servants without being shaken), the absolute joie de vivre, the devotion to family and tradition--these elements of the Franco identity survive in the fiction that has been written by Francos in English as it survives and flourishes still in many parts of New England. Franco-American literature, be it written in French or English, serves the cause of La Survivance and helps to slow the nearly overwhelming pressure on Franco-Americans to become simply Americans. Let us hope that Theodore Roosevelt's prophecy shall not come true.

NOTES

¹Donald Dugas, "Bilingual Education Programs," The French in New England, Acadia and Quebec, Proceedings of a Conference sponsored by the New England-Atlantic Provinces-Quebec Center at The University of Maine, Orono, May 1 and 2, 1972, p. 138.

²Louis Hémon, Maria Chapdelaine: A Tale of the Lake St. John Country, trans. W. H. Blake (1921; rpt. New York: Modern Library, 1934), p. 187.

³Ibid., p. 89.

⁴Ibid., pp. 281-84.

⁵Iris S. Podea, "Quebec to Little Canada: The Coming of the French Canadians to New England in the Nineteenth Century," New England Quarterly (September 1950), p. 367.

⁶Claire R. Bolduc, "Francos & Non-Francos: Some Tentative Comparisons," Le F. A. R. O. G. Forum: "Un Journal Bilingue" (Orono, University of Maine, avril 1977), p. 2. Professor Bolduc has told me that her table should not be seen as an attempt to stereotype either group--she is simply suggesting some tentative patterns of behavior. Extensive research into the ways French and English have traditionally viewed one another in Quebec and elsewhere would, I think, confirm Professor Bolduc's conclusions.

⁷Vivian La Jeunesse Parsons, Not Without Honor (New York: Dodd, Mead, 1941), pp. 96, 180-81.

⁸Gérard Robichaud, Papa Martel (New York: Doubleday, 1961), p. 26.

⁹Jacques Ducharme, The Delusson Family (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, 1939), p. 65.

¹⁰Ducharme, The Shadows of the Trees: The Story of the French-Canadians in New England (New York: Harper, 1943).

¹¹Ducharme, The Delusson Family, p. 21. See also, p. 4.

¹²Robichaud, p. 26.

¹³Ibid., pp. 235-36.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 76.

¹⁵Ducharme, p. 168.

¹⁶"Reflections on Not Without Honor," a student paper written for me in a course, Hu 99 Topics in the Humanities: Franco-American Culture in New England, I taught at the University of Maine at Augusta, Spring 1977. The student prefers to remain anonymous.

¹⁷Jack Kerouac, The Town and the City (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1950), pp. 177, 241.

¹⁸Kerouac, On the Road (1955; rpt. New York: Penguin, 1976), p. 195.

¹⁹Kerouac, Lonesome Traveler (1960; rpt. New York: Grove, 1970), pp. iv-vi.

²⁰Kerouac, On the Road, p. 6.

²¹Ibid., p. 8.

²²Yvon Labbé, as quoted in Don Guy, "New England's Franco-Americans: Vive La Difference?" Yankee (July 1976).

²³Kerouac, p. 180.

²⁴Kerouac, Doctor Sax: Faust Part Three (1959; rpt. New York, Grove, 1975), p. 124.

²⁵Ibid., pp. 61-63.