

BRO NEVEZ

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



KUZUL ETREVROADEL EVIT KENDALC'H AR BREZHONEG

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The U.S. Branch of the International Committee for the Defense of the Breton Language (U.S. ICDBL) was incorporated as a not-for-profit corporation on October 20, 1981. Bro Nevez ("new country" in the Breton language) is the newsletter produced by the U.S. ICDBL. It is published quarterly. Contributions, letters to the editor, corrections, and ideas are welcome from all readers and will be printed at the discretion of the Editor.

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This newsletter can be sent as a PDF file attached to an e-mail instead of the print version. Just let the Editor know how you would like to receive it. The e-mail version is much more colorful than the photocopied print copy!

Back issues of Bro Nevez can be found on the U.S. ICDBL website

Ideas expressed within this newsletter are those of the individual authors, and do not necessarily represent ICDBL philosophy or policy.



Editor's Note

You will probably notice that this issue of *Bro Nevez* is a little shorter than past issues. With the Coronavirus raging throughout the United States, more and more people are counting on the postal service (and other delivery services) to deliver mail and packages during this holiday season. In the interest of getting *Bro Nevez* to those who receive it by the postal service before New Year's, I wanted to get it completed and in the mail earlier in December. This means a little less preparation time!

I hope you will find the content interesting even if there isn't quite as much of it as usual.

Lois Kuter

On the Cover

These strange objects are not so strange to any of us – face masks! But, these are designed with a Breton theme. They are available from Coop Breizh: Coop-Breizh.fr. You will also hear about face masks in Jean Pierre Le Mat's "Deep Inside a Breton Skull" article which discusses Smells.

Holiday Greetings in Breton

The following holiday greetings were posted by Ti ar Vro Treger-Goueloù in their e-mail newsletter and on their website: www.tiarvro22.bzh. See a note about this organization later in this issue of *Bro Nevez*. I have added English language versions.

Merry Christmas / Joyeux Noël / Nedeleg laouen

Happy New Year / Bonne année / Bloavezh mat

Happy New Year and good health / Bonne année et bonne santé / Bloavezh mat ha yec'hed mat

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year / Joyeux Noël et Bonne Année / Nedeleg laouen ha bloavezh mat

We wish you a Merry Christmas and an excellent year 2021 /

Nous vous souhaitons un joyeux Noël et une excellente année 2021 /

Nedeleg laouen ha bloavezh mat e 2021 a hetomp deoc'h

Best wishes / Meilleurs voeux / Gwellañ hetoù

Good health to your friends and family /

Une bonne santé à vos amis et vos familles /

Yec'hed mat d'ho mignoned ha d'ho familhoù

Bloavezh mat da beb hini

Ha yec'hed e-leizh an ti !

Une bonne année à tous

Et la santé à toute la maisonnée

A Happy New Year to all

And good health to all the household

Ur bloaz nevez a hetomp deoc'h

Korf e yec'hed, kalon e peoc'h !

Nous vous souhaitons une bonne année

Un corps en pleine santé et un cœur en paix !

We wish you a Happy New Year

A fully healthy body and a heart in peace !

Some Good News for the Breton Language on the Postal Front

Back in September 2019 we reported in *Bro Nevez* 151 on efforts by the postal service in Brittany to Frenchify street names, especially in establishing new streets. Some 100 Breton musicians, writers and others engaged on the cultural front signed a petition protesting this and a demonstration was held in Telgruc sur Mer, one of the towns where names were to be changed.

Now a year later, it is reported that the municipal council of Telgruc sur Mer has decided to go with Breton language names. * A change in mayor and council members is in part to explain, but only the support of community members can make such positive steps possible. It did not hurt that support on the part of “super stars” like Alan Stivell, Gilles Servat, Tri Yann, or Nolwenn Korbell – to name a few – was mobilized.

Common sense tells us that finding the proper Breton (or Gallo) name for streets or other public sites is the right thing to do. There is a local history and culture to be respected, and postal workers have tools to help them find their way.

So hopefully other towns will not feel pressured to Frenchify street and place names and will work with cultural organizations who have the expertise and willingness to identify names that have meaning.

* Information on this new decision was found on an October 13 webpost by Yvon Ollivier on NHU Bretagne.

A “New” Website for English Speakers to Learn about Brittany

<https://www.nhu.bzh/nhu-brittany/>

The NHU website is not new, but the aim to add English language content to the French is a new

initiative. The following description is from the nhu.bzh website and was posted there on November 30. It presents the website and puts out a call for those who are bilingual English-French or French-English speakers to assist in this new project. LK



After NHU Bretagne, here is NHU Brittany

NHU Brittany is the result of a very simple observation.

From Nantes to Brest, Brittany does not yet have a truly international media to express itself on all the subjects of its daily life and tell the English-speaking world its aspirations.

After the French-speaking NHU Bretagne, we are now launching the English-speaking NHU Brittany. NHU Brittany wants to become the benchmark English-speaking Breton media to tell the world what our Brittany is. Where she comes from (we have a History), where she is and towards what future she wishes to lead the generations to come.

What is NHU?

The acronym NHU stands for Ni Hon-Unan. These Breton words translate into English as Ourselves. NHU Brittany was imagined in 2015 by a few Britons to present their country, their region, in a different way from what is usually written in the media. Too often have the French central state and its affiliated media presented Brittany from an unusual, folkloric, caricatural angle...

Thus, for five years, the website www.nhu.bzh and all of its social networks have been almost exclusively in French.

NHU in figures.

We will soon be nearly 200 citizens to write, more or less regularly, in the columns of the most important Breton participatory internet media, citizen and independent.

Already more than 1000 articles published. The most viewed article of amongst them was read by nearly 235,000 people.

Furthermore, over 12,000 people follow the Facebook page, soon 4,400 on Twitter. Not to mention Instagram and NhuTube.

We are therefore going to set this « machine » in the service of Brittany to the rest of the world.

A call to citizens.

To anyone who loves Brittany and wishes to tell the world... in English.

We are first looking for volunteers who are perfectly bilingual French-English or English-French. We will discuss the topics that are typical in our daily life in Brittany, AND that are likely to interest the English-speaking world. In the economy, industry and agriculture. As well as maritime, culture, heritage and tourism. Or politics and digital, transport and mobility. Then History, sports, finances, start-ups and youth. Finally health and food, the environment and biodiversity, etc ...

Our ambition is initially modest: one to two articles per week. On the visibility of these first articles and their virality on social networks will depend that which follows.

New articles for example.

- What is this (dot)bzh?
- Brittany in figures: area, population, GDP, maps ...
- Brittany in the Celtic world: History, languages ...
- Why not a Celtic EU: Celtic Economic Union?
- Nos entreprises à l'export : Brittany Ferries, Olmix ...
- Produit en Bretagne : initiative unique en Europe, un exemple ... and so many others ...

In short, anyone of good will is welcome.

Should you be interested, contact us without further ado: redaction@nhu.bzh

Let us tell the rest of the world, in English, what is going on in Brittany, and often what others do not want to say.

We have so much to tell them ...

The articles will have to be written directly in English or translated into English from articles already existing in French in the French-speaking columns of NHU Bretagne... or elsewhere!

Regarding the content, the essential question is the following: can this content be of interest to an English-speaking Scottish, Canadian, Irish and Welsh,

Australian, etc ... Reader who, at worst, ignores the very existence of Brittany.

If you wish to sign your article in English, we will organize a signature for you (picture, very short biography and optionally links to your website / personal blog and social networks).

For an English translation of an article from another language, both identities will appear at the end of the article and the article will be signed by the Author of the original article.

Carn, the Newsletter of the Celtic League Celticleague.net



Started up in 1973, *Carn* is a 24-page magazine published three times a year by the Celtic League. Each issue has a section for Scotland, Brittany, Wales, Ireland, Cornwall, the Isle of Mann and "Celtica" which spans across them. Each section features an article in Scottish Gaelic, Breton, Welsh, Irish Gaelic, Cornish and Manx and

contributions touch on a range of topics – culture, language, economics, politics, environment, etc., which are contributed by members of the Celtic League in the various countries.

As stated on the Celtic League website and back page of *Carn*, action of the Celtic League goes well beyond the publication of a newsletter:

The Celtic League is an inter Celtic organization that campaigns for the political, language, cultural and social rights of the Celtic nations. It does this across a broad range of issues. It highlights human rights abuse, monitors military activity and focuses on political, socio-economic, environmental, language and cultural issues, which generally or specifically affect one or more of the Celtic countries in some way. The organization also aims to further each of the Celtic nations right to independence and to promote the benefits of inter Celtic cooperation. Additionally, the League draws attention to matters that we believe bear a wider concern for the people of the Celtic countries.

BREIZHAMERIKA

While we have noted the work of Breizh Amerika in past issues of *Bro Nevez*, it is worth reminding readers of this organization of Bretons in the United States and their website - breizh-amerika.com - which offers a wealth of news and information. Website content certainly describes the work of this organization but

also includes a section on the history of Bretons in the U.S. and relations between Brittany and the U.S. The Blog has hundreds of short articles on a wide variety of topics. The following is a recent blog post about the yet unsuccessful efforts to get a Breton flag emoji.

The Brittany Flag Emoji Not Yet Approved! 12/2/2020

Despite the resounding success of the #EmojiBZH international campaign on Twitter with over 405,000 mentions in just one month, the Brittany flag emoji was not yet approved by the Unicode Consortium. The organization www.bzh recognizes this decision, but is calling on Unicode for an explanation with the hashtag #WhatMoreDoYouNeed, as it raises questions about the attribution of emojis and cultural diversity.

In some regions in Europe such as England, Scotland, Wales, Catalonia, the Basque Country, Bavaria, and Brittany, or states in Northern America, such as California, Texas, and Quebec, people have inherited and enriched a strong culture in addition to another national identity. Regional flag emojis let residents proudly wear their identities on the web and promote their heritage and cultural diversity, and also initiate numerous online conversations.

The Unicode Consortium, which coordinates the creation of emojis with the big internet platforms (Google, Apple, Facebook, etc.) paved the way for regional emojis by creating, in 2018, the first English, Welsh and Scottish flag emojis. But does Unicode really leave room for requests from other European regions, such as Brittany?

The Brittany flag emoji dossier submitted for the latest Unicode update (14.0) was rejected, despite a successful campaign that received widespread popular support on Twitter at the beginning of 2020. This raises the obvious question of “why?” as new flag emojis are only approved for release if they meet certain conditions, one of which is an assurance upfront of their popularity and frequency of use. However, the #EmojiBZH international campaign launched on Twitter on 13 January 2020, generated 405,886 Brittany flag emoji mentions on the platform in just four weeks!

Mobilising Bretons from all over the world, the Brittany flag hashflag has received more mentions on Twitter than the average monthly mentions for other flag emojis such as the Scottish (384,156), Greek (367,257), Danish (351,966), Welsh (208,448) and Lithuanian (58,708) flags.

Over the same period, #EmojiBZH reached 6th place on Twitter’s worldwide trends and was ahead of #Netflix (347,171 mentions), #OnePiece (293,665) and #Apple (253,586). Memes have taken over social

platforms, with some brands even picking up on the subject (Interflora, Oasis, Monoprix, and Xbox) . As the Brittany flag emoji is way ahead on mentions among 5,000 potential regional flags listed by Unicode – enter the hashtag #WhatMoreDoYouNeed.

#WhatMoreDoYouNeed ?

One of Unicode’s objectives is to reflect the world’s cultural diversity, which includes flags that represent regions and their culture. The consortium actually mentions the flag emojis for Texas, Catalonia and Brittany as the most prominent examples.

What more do you need to decide to add a regional flag emoji which is guaranteed to be widely used and enjoys the support of its country’s public authorities? Is there a cultural bias which prevents Unicode from selecting submissions that come from Europe, where citizens hold their region and its culture dear? Given that emojis are a global means of communication, how can we ensure that the emojis reflect cultural diversity when most of them currently evoke American culture?

Book Festival of Brittany in Carhaix



One of the rare book festivals to occur in Brittany during this period of Covid precautions, this annual celebration was held in Carhaix on October 25. This key event for authors and publishers to present their works has been held since 1990. This year over 70 publishers and some 150 authors from all five departments of Brittany were on hand to meet readers.

While Breton language publications are always given a strong place, this year there was a particular emphasis on support for Breton. The honorary “president” for this year was singer Denez Prigent who uses the Breton language in his song performances – with solid roots in the Breton song tradition, he is known for innovative compositions incorporating tech effects. Also present to inaugurate the book fair was the President of the Region of Brittany, Loïg Chesnais-Girard.

The book festival includes not just the presence of book stands and authors, but also conference presentations and other activities. It is also the

occasion for the awarding of three book prizes. This year the prize for a novel in the Breton language was awarded to Manon Le Gourrierec for the book *Seul vuioe'h*. The annual prize for a novel (in any language) was awarded to Philippe Gerin for *Les voyages de Cosme K*. The Prix Xavier de Langlais was initiated in 1976 for a work of prose or a poetry collection in the Breton language. I could not find a notice of a winner for 2020, but this is a highly esteemed recognition for Breton language writers.



Ti ar Vro Treger-Goelou

Tiarvro22.bzh

This very active cultural center is based in Kawan (Cavan) in the Trégor-Goëlo area of north central

Brittany. It fosters music and the arts as well as Breton language activities and events, including classes, workshops and films. Its website includes news and links to all sorts of events and interesting information and also includes listings of cultural organizations, musicians, bagads, and Celtic Circles of the Treger-Goelou area. You can also locate bilingual schools and classes for adults and learn about Breton place names, among other resources.

The following notes on Bev.bzh and regional support for bookstores are drawn from information in their monthly newsletter which I receive by e-mail (also found on the website).

Bev.bzh – Encounters in the Breton Language

The association called Roued has created a website where members can get on board to find activities in the Breton language – gatherings at a restaurant, hikes, concert or any small event where the Breton language is used. These are great ways to practice speaking as well as getting together with interesting people. The site also allows one to organize an event and invite others to participate. The service is free but you need to sign up as a member. Check out the website for the details. Obviously you need to live in Brittany to take advantage of this, but it is interesting to learn of yet one more initiative to foster Breton as a language for everyday life.

Regional Support for Bookstores and Publishers

The Region of Brittany (bretagne.bzh) has put on its website maps to help readers locate bookstores and book distributors. This includes those where you can order books to be picked up as well as those where you can consult a catalogue and order that way. This is a good way to help publishers and book sellers who are struggling during this period when in-person visits

to shops are limited. And it helps readers find books for the holiday season to make staying at home a bit more enjoyable and enriching.



Keit Vimp Bev

Keit-vimp-bev.com

“Keit vimp bev” is translated from the Breton as “as long as we are alive” and that reflects the determination of this non-profit publisher to promote

the Breton language. Based in the town of Laz in Finistère, Ketivimp Bev was founded in 1982 and is known especially for the publication of books and games for children. This includes three magazines: *Toutouig* for children under 3 years old, *Rouzig* for children 3 to 6, and *Louarnig* for 7 to 12 year olds. The magazines are richly illustrated, including stories, games, and mini-lessons for children to enjoy using the Breton language. Keit Vimp Bev is also known for its publication of *Ya!*, a weekly magazine/newsletter with some 12 pages in Breton on news of all kinds – interviews, events, book and film reviews, and more. Check out the website to learn more.

Two New Breton Language Books from ABER



Goulc'han Kervella. *Karantez-digarantez* (Love-Unlove)

This is a collection of twelve short novels described by ABER as follows:

Love is changing, fragile, shaky, disappointing, but sometimes deep and lasting in faithful hearts.

In these twelve novels, all in turn cruel, moving, thrilling, tender, funny, Goulc'han Kervella analyzes the ambiguity in human relationships. About to achieve happiness one is suddenly caught in a hopeless situation. On the other hand, joy grows as a beautiful flower, unexpected reward for unwavering loyalty.

*The name of Goulc'han Kervella is linked to Strollad ar Vro Bagan, the theater's company he manages as a director, an animator, a trainer in drama schools for children or adults, and we don't forget the marvelous shows played in the rocks of Meneham. He is also a fertile writer: he created many dramas, novels - let us mention *Temptadur ar c'hloareg Frañsez* or *Distro Jarl eus ar brezel* – and also a lot of short stories and translations.*



Marsel Modir. *Gerioeug-vor teiryezhek – brezhoneg-galleg-soazneg / Trilingul maritime glossary – Breton-French-English.*

This is a book for those who love the sea, boats, sailing, or the more commercial end of shipping, written by a first-class captain of the French Merchant Marine. Marsel Modir uses his extensive first-hand knowledge of ships of many types and sizes to provide a trilingual glossary of terms which are linked to drawings to precisely identify the place they have on boats. This is especially useful for those who have very limited knowledge of marine terminology. In the realm of rigging (stramm / gréement) you may know what a “boom” (gwibl / bôme) is, but how about “turnbuckle” (renell / ridoir) or “running backstay” (kilstae / bastaque)?

A New Book to Present Essential Information about Brittany



Jean-Jacques Monnier. *Bretagne l'Essentiel*. Skol Vreizh, 2020. 192 pages.

Because so little has been taught in the schools about Breton history and culture, a need has been felt for a long time for a compact book suitable for young people and adults to present the basics. In the 1950s to 70s Charles Le Gall published *Breizh hor bro* which served as a basic introduction to some topics and reached some 25,000 readers with five reeditions. I have a copy of the 1976 fifth edition and this little 95-page booklet provides a very nice overview of history, industry, geography, language, arts, sports and culture. But, an updated book is indeed welcome.

This new book project was begun at the end of 2018 by historian Jean-Jacques Monnier and Patrick Malrieu, a scholar of traditional Breton song and music. With the unexpected death of Patrick Malrieu in January 2019 the project was continued by Monnier in collaboration with the association Histoire et Culture de Bretagne. The book gathers the contributions of some of Brittany's experts to present the basics about history, geography, language, literature, arts, music, architecture, costumes, dances, flora and fauna, and the environment.

This is not intended to be an in-depth encyclopedic coverage of all these topics, but an affordable book (14 euros) for students or adults, or even tourists. The website for the publisher Skol Vreizh (skolvreizh.com) will progressively post augmented materials for some topics for those who want to delve a little deeper. And Skol Vreizh has a large catalogue of books it has published on a variety of topics which are aimed at younger readers and non-academics.

The table of contents below from *Bretagne l'Essentiel* gives a good idea of the authors involved and how much is presented in just 192 pages.

Au delà des clichés – Jean-Jacques Monnier, Jean-René Le Quéau, Paolig Combot

La Bretagne : une péninsule aux avant-postes de l'Europe – Yves Lebahy

La Bretagne avant l'Histoire – Jean-Jacques Monnier
15,000 ans d'Histoire – Jean-Christophe Cassard

Le Gallo - Histoire et Littérature - Patrice Dréano

L'Histoire du Brezhoneg – Lukian Kergoat

La littérature en langue bretonne – Francis Favereau, Paolig Combot

La littérature bretonne en langue française – Pascal Rannou

Habiter la campagne, habiter la ville, Architecture civile et religieuse – Ifig Poho

Tradition et modernité du costume breton – Patrick Hervé

Musique et danse - Anna Quéré

Témoignages de deux chanteurs traditionnels – Annaig le Gorju et Iffig Castel

Se divertir - jeux et sports traditionnels en Bretagne – Fañch Peru, Jean-Jacques Le Monnier

Peindre et sculpter la Bretagne – Patrick Hervé

La Bretagne comme sujet photographique – Jean-René Le Quéau

La Bretagne, un décor pour le cinéma – Jean-René Le Quéau

Réunifier la Bretagne ? - une évidence constamment contrariée – Yvon Ollivier

Une presse écrite plurielle – Jean-Jacques Monnier, Jean-René Le Quéau

Géographie contemporaine de la Bretagne – Yves Lebahy

Ecologie de la Bretagne – François de Beaulieu

La Bretagne sur Internet - Alain Cedelle



Another Essential Book – This Time on the Breton Language

Maiwenn Raynaudon-Kerzerho. *Kenavo ? - Petites choses amusantes et étonnantes sur la langue bretonne et les bretons*. Éditions Blanc et

Noir, 2020. 76 pp.

This book is neither a grammar to learn Breton nor an in-depth history or analysis of the language, but a basic introduction to the unique elements of Breton as a Celtic language. The subtitle for the book perhaps best describes it – “little amusing and surprising things about the Breton language and the Bretons.”

The author is an editor for the magazine *Bretons* who graduated from Diwan schools and has a degree in journalism and political science. She has also taught Breton at middle schools and evening classes.



Deep inside a Breton skull
N° 65 - Smells

Jean Pierre Le Mat

Last year, nobody in the village of Ar Faou was wearing a mask on his nose. Now there are many people. They wear blue, white and colored masks, sometimes with the colors of Brittany. When I watch the TV, I see people wearing masks all over the world. Everyone knows the reason for this novelty in clothing. It is due to the great plague we are living with.

Yes, now everyone must wear a mask, but not everyone is affected by it in the same manner. I will not talk here about disease, viruses, protective measures. Wearing a mask over your nose affects your sense of smell. Different people around the world do not use their sense of smell in the same way.



Smells are most often a drawback for the richest dwellers of large cities. Odors must be rubbed out with sprays of all kinds. For them, being deprived of a sense of smell is not a problem. Not everyone is rich, not everyone lives in big cities. Not everyone treats odors in such a bad way. In some countries, smells are part of life. They are part of the human environment, like the vivid colors of clothes or the bursts of voices. The local population is used to strong smells. They enjoy powerful sensations while others are satisfied with whispered words, understated colors, subtle smells. In the Breton countryside, newcomers sometimes prosecute neighbors because the bells of the church ring, the roosters crow, or because pig manure stinks.

To smell... But what about our five senses? About the sense of vision and what can be seen, there are experts able to give a correct judgment. They can tell us whether a painting or a sculpture is well proportioned or not, if a woman is nice-looking or not. They know what is beautiful and what is ugly. We have been educated to believe them and to respect their judgment. On television and in the newspapers, they tell us with authority what is visually correct.

There are also experts giving advices about the sense of hearing and what can be heard. They know if a sound is too loud or too low. They know if a music is harmonious or not. They have a sensitive ear. They tell us what is acoustically acceptable.

The great cooks we see on television tell us with authority whether the fish should be cooked more or less, or how to mix the sweet and the salty. The authority of these great cooks is more questioned than that of the experts in sight or hearing. But their advices are important.

There are devices for correcting vision or hearing imperfections. Our blemishes are evaluated by an outside expert. For taste, it is possible to make corrections yourself. You can add salt in the soup or pepper with your meat, no one will come to rectify the doses you use, unless there is concern for your health.

Touch is a sense in which everyone qualifies his own sensations. Rough or smooth, hot or cold, everyone agrees that you can have your own feelings. Regarding the sense of touch, correct sensations do not exist.

For the sense of smell also, there are no standards. There is no expert. Everyone appreciates the smells, without trying to compare it to a certified calibration. It's the smell of pancakes as I am passing near the creperie in Ar Faou, or the smell of coffee when I ramble about the pub in the morning. It can be the smell of fish in the fishing port of Concarneau or the smell of seaweed on the rocks of Keremma beach.

In the cities, there are a few well dressed men and sophisticated women who hide behind an industrial perfume, with a nice name printed on the bottle. In fact, they disguise themselves. Scent tells us about what somebody feels, beyond what he tells us. We feel his anger, his stress, his benevolence or his indifference, even if he doesn't say anything. Smells tell the truth when you are able to perceive the odors.

For animals, smell is essential. The scent of a female attracts males. The scent of a predator scares away the prey. Dogs with flair know when the master is coming and they remember also the intruders.

Smell is a very primitive means of communication. It's a sense close to raw feeling. It is not completely anchored in the present. With smells, we have à look on the past and the future. The prophets must have had a very strong sense of smell.

I love the smell of a quiet night in the Breton countryside. Something, looking like the scent of deep peace, is floating in the air. The smell of a windy night is very different. There is a smell, beyond good and bad, of an unquestionable force that shakes the surrounding trees.

When I go and pick up my bread in the morning, at Ar Faou's bakery, the mask disturbs me. It disturbs the smell of the bread, the scent of the baker, my sensation of other customers. I'm losing the pleasure

of meetings. Relationships become mechanical, too much reasonable. I pay and check my change, whereas, without a mask, I felt hazely the amount was right. The bread that I put in my bag no longer gives me its nourishing olfactive message.



sad; I am waiting for the end of this strange period.

Will my mask deprive me of unconscious communication with other people, and also with animals, with the baker's bread and with the rising tide in the harbor of Ar Faou? It would be

A Few Biographical Notes – Novelists of Brittany

In the pages of *Bro Nevez* we have presented over 200 biographical notes on Bretons known for the work to support the Breton language and culture, literature, music, arts, economy, science or the environment. Sadly, many of these have been in memory of recently deceased individuals, but we have also presented Bretons who have been inducted into the Order of the Ermine or who have been awarded prizes for their achievements.

I have also pulled from "dictionaries" which present Bretons who have stood out in history with translations of entries in *Mille Bretons – dictionnaire biographique* by Jean-Loup Avril and *Explorateurs et Grand Voyageurs Bretons* by Bernard Le Nail.

For this issue of *Bro Nevez* I have drawn from Bernard and Jacqueline Le Nail's *Dictionnaire des Romanciers de Bretagne* (Keltia Graphic Éditions, 1999), a dictionary of Breton novelists. See *Bro Nevez* 75, August 2000, for a review of this book. I have chosen a few entries for lesser-known authors – at least for Americans – who have ties to the United States. For clarification I have added a few notes in brackets [].

Joseph Brélivet

(Locronan, 1849 – Paris, 1918)

Pen-name: Reder-Bro

Born on March 4, 1849 in Locronan (Finistère), Joseph Brélivet was still a seminary student when he went to the U.S. following Mgr. de Goësbriand (1816-1899) who came to Brittany to recruit priests and seminarians for his diocese of Burlington which severely lacked priests to support the Franco-Canadians who emigrated en mass to seek work in the United states, especially in New England.

Ordained a priest there, he was named in succession to three different parishes of Vermont between 1874 and 1894. Then, after publishing an illustrated catechism for children in 1893, *The Pictorial Church of Children* [which was in English], he left the diocese of Burlington (Vermont) to create and direct a Catholic magazine for children in New York, *The Child* [also an English language publication]. He devoted himself to this tirelessly for five years before serious health problems obliged him to return to France and he spent the last nineteen years of his life in Paris as the regular priest for the parish of Saint-Germain-l'Auxerrois, next to the Louvre palace.

He then renewed his ties to the Breton cultural world, collaborating with various reviews such as *Ar Bobl*, *Ar Vro*, and *La Revue de Bretagne*, using the pen-name "Reder-Bro" (runner of the country, that is, wide traveler). He wrote several short plays and even created a theater troupe in 1913 with Bretons of Paris to perform plays in the Breton language.

He published a half-dozen books, including a novel in 1901 which depicted a group of Bretons coming to visit the Universal Exposition of Paris, *Janik à l'Exposition de 1900*, and at the beginning of the First World War, a superb illustrated book for children: *Album patriotique*. The Abby Joseph Brélivet died in Paris on April 5, 1918.

Janik à l'Exposition de 1900, Aventures d'un groupe breton. (Paris, 1901, 331 p.)

Maël de Brescia

(Gardner, United States, 1923 – [Saint-Dolay?, 2014])

Born on June 11 in 1923 in Gardner (Massachusetts) in the United States of a Venetian father and Breton mother, Maël de Brescia completed all his schooling in America. After completing university studies he became a journalist and published several poems and short stories in English.

Mobilized into the American Army from 1942 to 1946 and being perfectly bilingual, he served in Europe as a liaison agent and interpreter for the 7th American Army of General Patch and the First French Army and was wounded on the German front.

Living in France since 1947 he married and was a delegate for the Liberté Surveille for the children's court from 1951 to 1963, then served as director for a medical-psychiatric institute for troubled boys. Having lost his wife, he felt drawn late in life to religious service and in 1973 became a priest for the Celtic Orthodox Church which was part of the small community of Saint-Présence in Saint-Dolay near La Roche-Bernard. Having become a boy scout in the U.S. when he was 12, from 1947 to 1951 Maël de

Brescia took part in the national team of the Scouts of France, the “Compagnons de Grand Vent” and in 1958 was one of the founders of the Scouts of Europe in France. He published a scout novel, *La Pierre de touche* with the Éditions Elor in 1995.

La Pierre de touche (Saint-Vincent-sur-Oust, Elor, 1995, 192 p.)

[In 2014, long after the *Dictionnaire des Romanciers de Bretagne* was published, Maël de Brescia (Paul-Edouard Fournier de Brescia) died at the age of 91. His funeral service was held at the Celtic Orthodox monastery of Saint-Présence.]

Geneviève Méhérenc de Saint-Pierre (Pléguien, 1892 – Saint-Brieuc, 1967)

Born on May 14, 1872, in Pléguin (Côtes-du-Nord [now Côtes d’Armor]) Geneviève Méhérenc de Saint-Pierre was a great traveller and hunter. She went to South America in 1899, then Australia, and in 1907 she went to the United States where she had the opportunity to hunt on the shores of the Colorado [River].

Very attached to the Breton language and culture, she was received into the Gorsedd with the name Brug ar Menez Du (heather of the Black Mountains) and she generously contributed money to many actions of the Breton movement. Besides various writings in the Breton language she published a novel in French in 1923 for youth written in collaboration with a friend: *Les Emeraudes de l’Inca*. Geneviève de Saint-Pierre died in Saint-Brieuc in 1967.

Les Emeraudes de l’Inca, in collaboration with G. de Boisfleury (Paris, Les Gémeaux, 1923, 167 p.)

Reference : Claire Arlaux, *L’Amazone de Menez Kamm, Vefa de Saint-Pierre* (Spézet/Gourin, Coop Breizh/Keltia Graphic Éditions, 1996 ; reprinted February/March 2000, 256 p.)

[See my review of *L’Amazone de Menez Kamm* in *Bro Nevez* 57, February 1996, which will provide a bit more information about Geneviève (Vefa) de Saint-Pierre.]

Another Biographical Note of a Different Nature: Monuments Men in Brittany

The following note was posted by Roland Laigo on Facebook, October 4, 2020. It can be found on the Breizh Amerika website in the “Breton USA History” section along with other notes presenting historical links of Brittany to the U.S. Check out the website breizh-amerika.com.

John Davis Skilton

Prior to his service in the U.S. Army, Skilton worked as a curator at the National Gallery of Art in Washington,

D.C. Along with other future Monuments Men, Craig Hugh Smyth, Charles Parkhurst, and Lamont Moore, he took part in the evacuation of seventy-five of the museum’s most important works to the Biltmore Estate in Asheville, North Carolina. From January to June of 1943, Skilton supervised maintenance and care of the artworks as a curator in residence at their temporary home. Soon after, he was called on to join the MFAA as the Allied troops prepared for their invasion of Normandy.

After D-Day in 1944, Skilton joined troops on their march across northern France, inspecting and repairing great cultural monuments along the way. On August 28, 1944, American troops entered the small town of Plougastel-Daoulas, near the city of Brest. Lt. Skilton was among them, and noticed a damaged Calvary scene near a destroyed church. The large monument was like many others built across Brittany, a four-sided sculpture representing scenes from life and death of Christ. This particular Calvary was most likely constructed in 1598 by the Sire de Kereraod to praise God for having brought an end to the plague in Plougastel. Skilton, in awe of its beauty and understanding of its cultural value, collected the numerous statues from the damaged Calvary and stored them in the attic of the presbytery. He pledged to help salvage the grand sculpture if he survived the war, and upon his return home to the States, founded the Plougastel Calvaire Restoration Fund to raise funds for the restoration. The work was completed in 1948-49 by the sculptor John Millet. For his dedication to the town, Skilton was named Honorary Citizen of Plougastel on July 16, 1959 and a town square was also named after him.

A New Book on Breton Song

Reviewed by Lois Kuter



Daniel Giraudon. *La clef des chants – histoire de gwerziou*. Yoran Embanner, 2020. 427 pages. ISBN 978-2-36785-025-2.

Upon first glance this book looked like it would be a pretty tedious read. But, while this presentation of eighteen Breton language song texts is based on in-depth research, it is in no way a boring or tedious academic study. There is definitely a lot of content in this book for serious scholars of traditional Breton song, but the book is highly readable and enjoyable for those like me who have a love for Breton music but a limited knowledge of the Breton song tradition or the Breton language. The focus here is on the *gwerz*, Breton language ballads which recount a history – dramatic events usually of a tragic nature.

Daniel Giraudon has chosen eighteen which he has collected during some forty years of work focused on oral traditions of the Trégor area especially. His presentations unlock the history of the songs and their relation to actual events of the period in which they were written through detailed research of church and civil archives as well as comparison of texts collected by others such as La Villemarqué, Luzel, or Quellien to name just a few better known 19th century collectors. This research allows him to identify specific people as well as places not always well identified in the song texts.

He also tells us a great deal about the transmission of traditional song as it is passed down from one generation to another and as it was transmitted through *feuilles volants*, printed song texts sold at markets, fairs, and other events which had their greatest period of popularity from 1820 to about 1920. Giraudon also discusses the style of song composition – the repeated use of certain types of phrases, openings and closings of a song text, and sequencing of events in the song. And he clarifies the difference in style between *feuilles volants* and strictly orally transmitted texts. Giraudon also provides interesting insight into the men and women of the 19th century (and later) who collected song texts. In comparing different texts he also tells us how some songs traveled more widely than others, or lasted in the oral tradition longer. All of this brought to me a new understanding and appreciation for the *gwerz* and those who composed and sung them.

The dramatic stories are in themselves interesting. The very brief summaries below give an idea of the range in time and nature of events depicted as well as the personalities involved.

A dispute between two noble families in Ploumilliau which leads to murder in 1659.

The assassination in 1663 at Yvias of the Lady of Kerizel by a neighbor and the revenge planned for this act.

The assassination by a jealous cousin of the priest in Pont-Melvez in 1670 as he was giving his first mass.

A murder at the Pardon of Saint-Gildas in Tonquédec in 1707 after a dispute between two gentlemen.

The drowning in 1709 in the Bizien pond at Ploëzal of a nobleman who falls through the ice when retrieving a swan he had hunted.

The sinking of a seaweed collecting boat at Pleumeur-Bodou in 1750 and drowning of the family and neighbors on board.

The sinking of a seaweed collecting boat in the Sept-Iles in 1806 where the crew of seven all drowned.

The drowning at Perros-Guirrec in 1842 of Iann Salaün who goes swimming with his pals on a hot summer day.

A shorter song about women doing the hard work of seaweed collection and what they would do with all the money they earn from this.

The death of the vicar of Locquirec in 1744 as he delivers a mass.

The death of the Rector of Trébeurden in 1730 just after starting his service there.

The death of the Rector of Trégastel in 1730.

Another death of a Rector, this time of Plounévez-Moëdec in 1754.

A lighter song composed between 1731 and 1761 about the Abbot of Plounévez who loved hunting and kisses a young lady herding cows he encounters in the woods.

The theft of a golden cross from the church of Plouaret composed sometime between the 17th and 18th centuries.

The story of how Saint Yves restored the ability to walk to a young girl, composed in the mid 19th century.

The tale of parents who arrive at the home of a long lost son and are welcomed by his wife. When the son returns he kills the parents as they sleep in his bed, thinking that it is his wife and a lover under the covers.

The story of a son and blind father who search for a place to farm. From the son's description of what is growing, the father determines to move on to better prospects.

For each song studied Giraudon notes the sources for all the texts he used. While different piece of a song (often from several different sources) are teased out during each presentation, he provides the full Breton text with a French translation for one version at the end of each chapter. A music transcription for each text drawn from a variety of sources has been prepared by Bernard Lasbleiz.

Photos, artwork, and maps are abundant throughout the book and bring to life the 19th century collectors as well as singers from whom they collected. One also meets some of the singers who served as the source of texts for the author. Postcards and photos also add to the context provided in Giraudon's description of events and activities - from seaweed collection to cattle fairs and the place of the church in village life.

A bibliography of thirty-one works includes sources from which Giraudon has drawn song texts as well as other studies of traditional Breton song. Footnotes are abundant and detail other sources of information used to unlock the history depicted in the songs.

Daniel Giraudon is an emeritus professor of Breton at the Université de Bretagne Occidentale and a researcher with the Centre de Recherche Bretonne et Celtique in Brest. He is the author of a number of studies of Breton oral tradition, a number of which focus on the natural world. See reviews in past issues of *Bro Nevez* for: *Du chêne au roseau*, 2010 (no. 116, Nov. 2010), *Le folklore des insectes*, 2010 (No. 121, Feb. 2012), *Du coq à l'âne*, 2013; *Coquillages et crustacés*, 2013; and *Poissons et oiseaux de mer*, 2013 (No. 129, Feb. 2014).

You can find lots of information (in Breton and French) about his work and publications on Daniel Giraudon's website: Danielgiraudon.weebly.com.



Heard of But not Heard – 14 New Albums from Brittany

Information for the notes which follow were drawn from *Musique Bretonne* 265 (Oct.-Nov.-Dec. 2020), *Ar Men* 238 (Sept.-Oct. 2020) and 239 (Nov.-Dec. 2020) as well as from the Coop Breizh website and sites for some of the musicians noted.



Mourad Aït Abdelmalek. *Carnet de rythmes – des tambours de la tête jusqu'aux pieds.*

Percussionist Mourad Aït Abdelmalek has both Breton and Kabyl roots and has played with a variety of Breton and other groups for decades. This is his first solo album with an international flavor presenting a variety of percussion instruments and a variety of rhythmic explorations in 13 selections.



Ame de Bretagne – Vol. 4 – La mer en héritage.

This is the fourth in a series of compilations, this one focused on maritime music. It's a two-CD set with 38 selections with a dozen different performers including Soldat Louis, Tri Yann, Clarisse Lavanant, and Babord d'Amures, to name just some.



Bertolino Le Gac. *Ubiquités.*

This is the second album by this unusual duo of Gurvan Le Gac on flute and Pierre-Laurent Bertolino on vielle à roue (hurdy-gurdy). They explore tones and harmonies that have an Oriental influence at times but are not clearly rooted in any particular tradition. With the addition of electronic effects the music is experimental and innovative.



Cabaret Rocher. *La marche des lucioles.*

Etienne Cabaret and Christopher Rocher play clarinet with a repertoire drawn from traditional themes and their own

compositions. They also draw on their experience in the Confrérie des Clars Graves led by Michel Aumont. They mix a mastery of the traditional clarinet style of treujenn goal players with jazz composition.



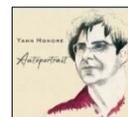
Castor et Pollux. *Contrebasses.*

This group was formed in 2015 by five musicians in Rennes. While drawing on Breton tradition, the group is influenced by a world of pop music for 11 selections. The group is made up of Aymeric Bevan on baritone sax, Gaël Chauvin on bombarde, Titouan Gautier on accordion, Jean-Félix Hautbois on drums and Tristan Jezequel on clarinet.



La Granjagoul and Dastum. *Danse terujou! – Chantous et sonnous du pays de Fougères.*

This is the 20th in Dastum's series "Tradition vivante de Bretagne" produced in collaboration with the cultural center La Granjagoul in the Fougères area of Upper Brittany. It features the rich Gallo traditions of song as well as accordion, fiddle and clarinet with singers and instrumentalists of a variety of ages. The CD includes 33 selections and is accompanied by a 36-page booklet. Transcriptions of words to the songs can be downloaded as a PDF file.



Yann Honoré. *Autoportrait.*

A bass player who has performed with a wide range of Breton (and other) musicians, this CD is presented as a sort of self-portrait by Yann Honoré. It draws on his wide travels and mastery of a number of instruments including cello, flutes and a range of percussion. The music draws from Brittany but also traditions of Ireland, Africa and Asia. The CD includes eight of his own compositions.



Yves Menez and Idéal Jazz – *accordéon gavotte.*

This is a reedition by Dastum on vinyl LP of a CD produced in 2012 which features compositions by Yves Menez, virtuoso accordion player of the Monts d'Arrée during the second half of the 20th century. He was adept at the "musette" and jazz band styles popular during those times but known for his creation of the "accordéon gavotte" style which incorporated traditional Breton dance. Here 12 selections of his repertoire are interpreted by four master accordion players of Brittany using the chromatic accordion: Régis Huiban, Jean Le Floc'h, Yann Le Corre and Patrick Lefebvre.



Istan. *Istan.*

This is a trio composed of Sylvain Barou on flutes and other wind instruments, Ronan Pellen on cittern, and Julien Stévenin on bass fiddle. They take their solid grounding in Breton music on travels to Ireland and the Middle East and India. Singer Éléonore Fourniau is a guest for two selections on this new CD of 13 selections with a world music flavor.



Les P'tits Yeux. Tour de scènes.

This is the fifth album for this group with 21 selections on two CDs recorded live in Plabennec in November 2019. This marks ten years for this group with songs in French on a variety of themes.



Didier Squiban. Ydill.

Pianist and composer Didier Squiban has produced a number of albums where he draws on traditional Breton melodies and rhythms for compositions in a jazzy style. This CD with 15 selection features him in performances he has had in duos and trios with some of Brittany's best – Kristen Nogues, Jean Chevalier, Simon Mary, Ronan Le Bars, Nicolas Quemeneur, Yann Fānch Kemener, Jacques Pellen, Jean-René Dalerci, Joël Allouche, Bernard Le Dréau, Jérôme Kerihuel, Gildas Boclé, Alain Trévarin, Pascal Van den Bulcke, Patrick Stanislawski and Manu Lann Huel.



Strollad. Fait maison

This group of eight was created in 1998 with a style described as a mix of rock, ska and Celtic musical influences. This CD includes 14 selections. I could not locate the names of the musicians but their website gives an interesting animation of them: strollad.eu. Instruments used by the group include acoustic and electric guitars, drums, accordion and electronics.



Trio Bacana. Transatlântikèr.

This trio is made up of singers Barbara Letoqueux, Enora Le Saouter and Enora Maillot, and on this CD they cross the Atlantic Ocean for inspiration from the music of Brasil. But the home base in Vannes is not forgotten in their use of dance rhythms. This is a vinyl LP with five tracks on each side.



Vindotalé. Tan.

This is a duo of singer Bleunwenn and guitarist/composer/singer Gwennolé Lahalle with 11 selections of songs – most in Breton with one in Welsh and one in French. This is their first production – pop-rock with a mix of new compositions and arrangements of traditional Breton song.

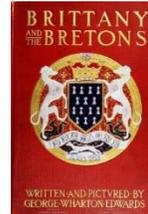
A Travel Account from Brittany – 1910

George Wharton Edwards, *Brittany and the Bretons*. New York: Moffet Yard & Co., 1910

The following is part of a chapter of this book that takes the readers through Châteaulin, Arrée Mountains, Quimper, Douarnenez and Point du Raz in the early 1900s.

George Wharton Edwards was an America born in Connecticut in 1859 (deceased in 1950) and was an award-winning artist as well as a writer. He directed Collier's Magazine from 1896 to 1902 and contributed to Harper's Magazine as an artist and writer. If you Google his name you will find access to the full version of this book as well as a sample of his artwork.

As I do with each travel account presented in Bro Nevez, I have preserved the author's spelling.



Chateaulin, Montagnes Arrée. Quimper, Douarnenez, Point du Raz

Our first view of the Montagnes Noires country was under a drenching storm of rain and hail. We descended from the halting train on the way to Quimper, not unwillingly, because for a reason best known to the guard, and which he either would not or could not disclose. He simply would not discuss the matter, but pointing out to me that my ticket had Chateaneuf-Du-Faou printed thereon, I must descend whether I wanted to or not.

So here we were. How it rained, and how it hailed! There was no omnibus or conveyance at the depot, so we made ourselves as comfortable as possible in the Salle, and studied the time tables and the lithographs on the walls, and finally discovered a chocolate machine surmounted by a finely feathered specimen of a mechanical hen under a glass case, which upon the deposit of a ten centime piece in a slot at one side, and the turn of a handle below it, laid an excellently simulated phonographic cackle, a large enameled tin egg filled with chocolate wafers. We worked this toy until it lost its novelty, to the amazement of the gate-keeper and the sergeant de ville, who retired to a corner of the waiting-room and exchanged notes with excited and indescribable gestures. The French in Brittany consider all English crazy, and they effect not to be able to discover any difference between the latter and Americans, save when they are *black*. The English they tolerate. The blacks they really like.

They say that in this part of Brittany, "the rain it raineth everyday," but this I found to be an error. However, on this occasion it made up for the long days of lovely weather which we had hitherto enjoyed. And it was over an hour before we procured a musty old ark of a carriage, which took us to the inn. (Item, they charged us five francs for our ride in it).

The train crosses two viaducts over the river Aulne and the district is mountainous and wildly picturesque as we could see from the streaming windows of the railway carriage, and as Chateaneuf is a good center from which to reach the numerous remarkable small

towns towards the sea, we decided to make it a stopping place.

This extremity of Finistère is cut and hacked by the sea into a thousand headlands and pierced by fiords often of great depth. The sea coast is jagged thus and sinister in aspect, presenting a front of high walls of dark red and gray rocks against which the sea hurls itself in a fury at all times.

Immense arms of the sea of profound depth penetrate into the very heart of the country, and into the very heart of the country, and in these vast and often unexplored caverns are supposed to lie the halls of the mysterious "Torrigans" or fairies in which all the peasants believe implicitly.

After a tolerable dinner in the evening at the uninviting inn, we made up our itinerary for the coast, and for the interior in the Montagnes Arreé by way of the river road towards Carhaix. It seemed but an hour or so – we were so weary – before we were wakened by the noise made by the stamping of the horses, and the shouts of some farmers, who pounded on the door below our window, and we found it to be after nine in the morning.

The vehicle which was to take us into the mountain district was an aged omnibus with moth eaten musty cushions which were full of knobs, and the horse may perhaps be described in like terms, but the driver, a fresh-faced young fellow, assured me that he was "un bon cheval" and could run "Grand Dieu! How he could run," and he could too.

We jolted along the road, passing here and there groups of peasants who hailed us with exclamations, I judge, but I heard no words so great was the noise of the wheels.

The district is wild and hilly, and there are spots here and there which seemed dangerous, and I am quite sure would be so in the dark. At the bottom of a hill we stopped to give the horse a rest, and from a distance came the chanting of voices.

Soon appeared banners, and a procession of peasants with two priests and a number of men bareheaded and barefooted carrying tall lighted wax candles. One of the priests bore a handsome gilded reliquary. Following the custom, we alighted and knelt by the roadside while the little procession passed – and so we remained until a bend in the road hid them from us. They had not even glanced at us, but I am convinced that the slightest infraction of what is customary would have resulted somewhat disastrously for us.

Before us the arms of a cross much mutilated stands out against the dense green. We mount upwards –

upwards – and turn away from the road into a narrow lane, over which the branches of the trees meet, and beyond we have a glimpse of the blue rampart of the hills, and in the midst a great golden shaft of sunlight falls upon the pathway; over all is light clear sky, full of the warmth of breezes from over the sea – and still we mount. Then all at once a clear space – and the sea in the distance flashing like a sheet of embossed silver. Below, a soft seductive landscape, and here and there clusters of roofs; to the right fleeting glimpses of distant hills like clouds, and then beyond the dim promontory of Crozon, piercing the sea.

It was late when we started to return. The day had been well and most enjoyably spent in the mountains.

More processions of peasants bound for some pardon shorewards were met here and there upon the road; scattered parties of penitents, each composed of the members of separate communities, and their number varying from a dozen to three score, the distance from which they came such as to make some trial of their devotedness. In traveling they march in files; sometimes there will be young children dressed in white and the others following in the order of their ages. Between the files were the priests in full regalia, a crucifix invariably borne in advance of the whole train, and a banner at the head of each file, the ropes of which are held by sturdy looking barefoot mountaineers, their long hair hanging on their shoulders.

Seen at night by the glare of torches it is a spectacle in the highest degree impressive, but the most beautiful perhaps of all the scenes is the embarkation at night of the pilgrims on one of the rivers in large boats and floating without oars or sails on the current, the sacred banners and symbols displayed, their eager earnest faces shing in the weird torch light, and the air resounding with their chants.

On the homeward trip we were stopped many times by the processions, but at length our driver gave the knobby horse a resounding whack, and thenceforward we knew no more but that the paleolithic omnibus was rocking like a boat in midocean. Thrown from side to side we careered wildly along the road, sometimes on the very edge of a ravine, while we held on and prayed for safety. We gladly got out of this ark at the hotel and paid the fellow his fee, which he threw in the air, caught dexterously, and, after putting it to his lips, deposited it in a leather sack which he produced from somewhere in his jacket.

Chateaulin is very prettily situated on the Aulne, here converted into a canal connecting Brest with Nantes. Above the town the hills or mountains rise to a great height, for it is here that the two ranges, the Montagnes Arreé and the Montagnes Noires meet.

An interesting pardon is held here on the first Sunday in September.

The great Menez-hom, rising to a height of nearly a thousand feet, is the popular point of attraction. From this spot may be seen the distant Rade de Brest and the Bay of Douarnenez.

Towards the sea there are somewhat bare plains, and here and there somber looking bristling gray pines, scattered between the rounded back of hillocks like those of the mound builders. These strange cairns have then names of saints bestowed upon them, and invariably they will each have a small chapel in a ruinous state of decay, opened only once a year upon the occasion of a religious festival, such as a pardon or a low mass.

It is said that the great Saint Gildas, the Jeremiah of the Bretons, haunts this region, and that on stormy nights his appalling shade may be met with and his deep voice heard, chanting in unison with the wind and the booming of the sea.

At the foot of Menez-hom is a small inn named The Three Ducks, and from this point towards the sea the road traverses wooded meadows and fields bordered by thick banks instead of fences, and here and there an infrequent farm with evil smelling piles of offal before the very door of the house, and wallowing fierce looking black pigs, which are really quite tame.

The proximity of the sea is evident, for a sharp cold wind beats in one's face and the screams of sea birds are heard plainly.

Visiting the Pardon of Saint Anne-de-la-Palue we are in the so-called country of Saint Anne, and the peasants will tell you that the good Saint is a cure-all – no need for the services of a doctor here. Pray to Saint Anne, the most powerful of all healers! So to this spot come the lame, the halt and the blind, such terrible looking beggars as one never saw before.

In the flaming sunset light the scene is most unique to picture. The beggars have come here in thousands for days before the ceremony; they have constructed for themselves a vast encampment of nondescript huts and tents, made of old sails, bagging and staves, and some of them live beneath the upturned bodies of decrepit carts.

Here are congregated a motley band of nomads and unspeakably horrible cripples, from which come discordant exclamations and cries as of wounded animals. Many of these cripple are heavily bearded men who propel themselves along the road in tiny four-wheeled wagons by means of their hands, in which

they hold curiously fashioned pieces of wood for that purpose.

Over all is a mighty volume of voices, clattering of tin plates, barking of dogs, whinnying of horses, and the ringing of small hand bells of different notes.

These beggars are most insistent, rushing upon one in droves, as soon as a stranger is seen, and they are sometimes extremely abusive if one fails to give them what they demand. "Payez le droit des Pauvres" they cry – Pay the right of the poor! These beggars have the title of "The Kings of the Palude," which they have borne from ancient times, and, according to the law they are only permitted to remain one day at the pardon. This law the police enforces, and at close of day this wretched horde decamps and vanishes in the darkness, whence who can say, to their noisome holes of habitation in the surrounding villages to remain until the following year.

It is a struggle to get to the church, but once inside however, it is very impressive.

The dim interior is hung with wreathes of vines and dark glossy leaves and from the roof hang models of fishing boats, brightly painted and fully rigged by master hands as exvotive for succor at sea. Clouds of pale white incense rise from before the altar, where tall candles burn dimly before the statue of the Saint. Over all is a pungent and not altogether unpleasant smell of burnt wax, and the spaces before the altar are quite filled with kneeling women, and an occasional man, whose bare feet with upturned soles gleam in the dim light.

The praying is in a half suppressed whisper, which is most penetrating to the ear.

At the edge of the sea the rocks are piled in fantastic forms, to which innumerable paths lead, and here the peasants throng for certain ceremonies connected with betrothal. These rites are sacred ones and last through the long night. No one may look upon them as they are under the sanctity of the church, or rather, the priests are unable to put an end to the custom which has been in vogue for so many years.

Hither the lovers come for what is called the sacred kiss of the vigil, and here they sit among the piled up rocks the livelong night to the music of the waves and under the quiet stars, hand in hand, rapt and silent, until in the gray of dawn, the ceremony ended, Guenn and Jules return by the fishing boat to the little town from which they came.

To be continued – onward to Quimper ...

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