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(c) 1989 The San Francisco Chronicle, NOVEMBER 5, 1989

First, of course, was the well-documented rejection by his mother, but there were other, less dramatic failings.

Capote, Moates writes, wanted the family to be proud of him and share the happiness of his literary success. But his success was met with indifference, and his lifestyle with contempt.

When Capote brought a lover to Monroeville and Jennings Carter's mother realized the nature of the relationship, she "had one of her cursing, screaming fits. She literally ran the man out of the house and chased him into the car."

Thus in "A Bridge of Childhood," the reader is able to glimpse, however briefly and superficially, the unhappy childhood of an unhappy man. The world, Capote once said, "is not a magic place and . . . we must expect no magic from it."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO (3), (1) Truman on the lap of his Aunt Lucille; Aunt Sook stands above, (2) Jennings Faulk Carter was Capote's childhood friend, (3) Truman Capote modeled many books on childhood memories

SUBJECT:  
BOOKS; REVIEW; BIOGRAPHY

LEVEL 1 - 4 OF 12 STORIES

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September 19, 1989, Tuesday, CITY EDITION

SECTION: PART II; SOCIAL STUDIES; Pg. 2

LENGTH: 865 words

HEADLINE: Haute Whining From the Bloomies Set

BYLINE: James A. Revson

KEYWORD: COLUMN

BODY:

THE RICH, the famous and the wannabes are different. And, no, it has nothing to do with those itsy-bitsy vegetables, as Truman Capote once said.

It has more to do with style - the style of complaining. And the best complaints were heard last week at Bloomingdale's Vive La France dinner to benefit the Institut Pasteur and Gay Men's Health Crisis at \$ 500 a clip.



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"I had to be successful and I had to be successful early," Capote once said. "The thing about people like me is that we always knew what we were going to do ... I was a very special person and I had to have a very special life. I was not meant to work in an office or something, though I would have been successful at whatever I did. But I always knew that I wanted to be a writer, and that I wanted to be rich and famous."

Truman Streckfus Persons, a rich and famous writer, died of natural causes on Aug. 25, 1984, in the home of a TV celebrity friend out Sunset Boulevard in sybaritic Los Angeles. He was one month shy of his 60th birthday and was, by his own accounting, an alcoholic, a drug addict, a homosexual and, of course, a genius. The Gypsies have a curse: May your dreams come true. With Capote they had, and then some.

This past fall, "the tiny terror with the invitational face," as someone once described him, was back to beguile us once more. There was a documentary on public television; there was a thick anthology of the lesser known work; there were three pathetic chapters of a shameless publishing venture called "Answered Prayers: The Unfinished Novel." But this time it all seemed to vanish overnight. And the so-called Proustian masterwork that the world had been hearing about for nearly two decades? Well, that was a little like reading air, bad air. It was just 177 pages long, and that turned out to be too much. "This shattered

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forlorn thing," critic Terrence Rafferty wrote in The New Yorker of the non-novel, of the almost non-anything, and that phrase could just about sum up the life as well.

What went wrong? There are various theories, including a bizarre one that nothing went wrong, that the missing parts of "Answered Prayers" are sitting in some as-yet-undiscovered locker in a Los Angeles bus terminal. But most of the larger explanations seem to converge at this: that the fierce need for recognition just ate Capote, devoured his life no less than it devoured his work.

This spring, a long-in-progress biography of Capote, by Gerald Clarke of Time, may tell us more. In the meantime one can't help believing that much of the answer to this sad riddle must go back to the spiritually dunned beginnings, to that once-and-ever wounded Alabama child who was all but abandoned not just by one parent but by two.

In one of the drafts of "Answered Prayers," Capote had quoted the poet Marianne Moore: "To be Captured: the price of being beautiful. Tropical fish go on long journeys only to end up in a tank." And in the preface to another book, "Music for Chameleons," he quoted Henry James: "We live in the dark, we do what we can, the rest is the madness of art."



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What follows here is not theory so much as feeling -- the feeling of three people who knew best, who loved best, this small alluring writer whose journey was long.

Truman bad when I got to the apartment. He did not seem to realize that I had just come home from Switzerland. "Do you know me, Truman?" I said to him just now. He looked at me for a long time. "Of course I do. You're Jack," he said then. He appeared here in the library trying to button on a shirt. He said Cocteau had done the pillow on the sofa. I told him that it was the embroidery work of George Platt Lyons. I think he'd picked up a biography of Cocteau in the other room. He cried softly as if over the past, past glory, telling me how he admired me and always had. He was thinking of photographs of himself. Everything he saw made him sad. When I went into the bedroom, I saw he had wet the bed. It may be that's what made him cry. He knows he's mad. He knows I know it.

-- from the diaries of Jack Dunphy

The small wooden beach cottage stands at the end of a shrub-covered dirt lane, and to be let in through the kitchen, past the rust-stained fridge and the new Osterizer on the counter, is to get the immediate eerie impression that he didn't die at all, that there's been some terrible mistake, that he's going to reappear any second now, pop out, shimmering and fine, from beneath the

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surface of all his fabrications and legends and feints and poltergeists.

Maybe he just went in to Bridgehampton to get cigarettes, or a bar of some wicked chocolate.

"Don't ask me to explain, perhaps it's my museum to Truman now," says Jack Dunphy, unlatching the latch with a big set of keys. He has just led the way over from his own yard and cottage, which are about 100 feet from here, around a thick hedge and past the garage where Capote's Buick Riviera is parked, clean and gassed up. He was a sight, people say, piloting that green monster. Dunphy's 1964 red Mustang convertible is in there too.

"Why does this place have to be for anybody?" he says. "It's for me."

Jack Dunphy is the writer whom fame didn't kiss. He is 73 years old now, with a pink pate and flared white brows and a funny way of veering off in the middle of his thoughts to something else. He talks epigrammatically, but the pain is there. He is the son of a Philadelphia linotypist. He doesn't hang around with literary people. He doesn't go to parties -- just as Capote was ever magnetized by parties. He looks a bit like some old and lecherous unredeemed Irish priest. He is a devout Catholic, it turns out, and in a funny way this may explain part of Capote's attraction to him: a yearning for the good, for the seemingly



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whole and wholesome. He is the one who endured through Capote's affairs with married bankers, the flings with prison guards turned air conditioner installers.

In the end Capote always came back. The two lived together all over the world, from Switzerland to the island of Ischia -- which is off Naples -- to the 22nd floor of the U.N. Plaza. But the place they perhaps loved best -- and where they found some of their happiest, most stable moments -- was here in Sagaponack, on the eastern tip of Long Island, in these two adjoining, weatherboard cottages at the outskirts of what was once a potato farming community.

The painters were here just this morning, redoing the floor on the screened porch. Those are Capote's books on the shelves. That is his collection of hats hanging above the fireplace. Those are his drawings and watercolors tacked randomly to the walls. Those are his gold-framed snapshots (Oona and Charlie Chaplin, a spangled bullfighter, four or five others) on that cloth-covered table over in the corner. Those are his twin mouse-gray wicker chaise longues beneath that de'classe' floor-to-ceiling paneled mirror. You could almost swear he was sitting in one of them seconds ago. The cushions are even dimpled.

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"I never come in here that I don't want to cry a little," says Dunphy, calling it in from another room. (He has invited you to wander on your own.) And then, again in a raised voice, "There's nothing as bad as love, is there?" And then, the tone shifting, his voice winding around a corner, "I asked him for the deed to my own place, you know. He ended up giving me both, this one in addition to mine. He said it was too much work to divide them." Dunphy is now the chief beneficiary of Capote's estate and receives 6 percent annually of all monies placed in a trust. This adds up to a considerable sum.

On the far side of the living room there is a garish yellow leather sofa. Perhaps it was purchased as a kind of private mock of that other sofa -- and the cream-skinned boy draped upon it like an odalisque -- portrayed on the back cover of "Other Voices, Other Rooms." That was in 1948, when Truman Capote was 23 and had just found, overnight, all the renown and filled-up feelings he craved. Those feelings weren't destined to last, of course. That same year, in the afterburn of "Voices," which is a novel about a lonely and beautiful Southern child named Joel Harrison Knox, Capote met Jack Dunphy.

He was 34 then, himself the author of a good first novel. (It was titled "John Fury" and was about a tormented Irish coal wagon driver in Philadelphia.) He was an ex-Broadway dancer -- in the original chorus line of "Oklahoma!" -- who'd recently broken up with his wife. On the night he and Capote met, Truman



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came in wearing a sheep-lined suede jacket, gray flannel slacks, rubber-soled sensible shoes. Jack was taken. So was Truman.

They wrote their separate books, they made their separate peace. Capote kept climbing toward literary myth, much of it of his own devising. Dunphy almost never talked about him with the reporters or would-be biographers who kept coming to the door; he has seldom talked with them since Capote's death. This past fall, when Capote's aborted novel and anthology and bio-documentary appeared, Dunphy published a 268-page memoir titled " 'Dear Genius ...' " It is the only piece of sustained writing he has done, or been willing to publish, that directly concerns the man he lived with for more than three decades.

" 'Dear Genius ...' " has not been well received. In many ways it is difficult to follow, which may suggest how much grieving still goes on inside its author. And yet there is an emotional power to the book. There are passages in it such as this:

Truman: "Somewhere there must be a place for me, a place that will take my problems away and leave me free to do as I please again -- and as I deserve. After all, who have I hurt? Nobody. Not really. Or anyway, not much."

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"I'm funny," Dunphy is saying, just sort of tossing it off. "When a person hurts you -- I can't seem to touch them physically." He doesn't go on.

Capote once said in a letter to him, writing it in that tiny backhanded scrawl and signing it just "T," "You are the only good thing that ever happened to me." Dunphy has reproduced this letter and put it in his memoir. It doesn't seem like self-aggrandizement. It seems like the truth.

Wrote critic Diana Trilling in The Nation in 1948, just before Dunphy and Capote found each other: "Even if Mr. Capote were 10 or 20 years older than he is, his ability to bend language to his poetic moods, his ear for dialect and for the varied rhythms of speech would be remarkable. In one so young this much writing skill represents a kind of genius."

That was then. Dunphy is gesturing now toward the hideous yellow leather sofa across the room. "He could write anywhere," he says. Suddenly he is miming a very small person, scrunched up, scribbling very close to his nose. Dunphy has the most elegant freckled fingers. "Sometimes Truman wrote under a parrot at our place in the city, sometimes he wrote out here, on that sofa or somewhere else. Anywhere. He had a piece of paper and a pencil, that's all he ever needed. He wrote all over the world with his pencils and those small little dime store notebooks of his. He wouldn't be using a computer now, if he were here, I



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guarantee you that. He was a very serious and disciplined writer, no matter what else he was, what else he turned into. He was the least bullcrappy person that way I've ever known."

It seems finished. No. "Writing was one thing we never talked about very much. He did his, I did mine. We didn't talk things out that way, you know. To shreds. He liked a good deal of mine, actually."

Upstairs, in one of the two bedrooms (you ascend by a winding iron staircase, painted a rather stagy blue, as if this were the stairway to heaven in a hokey musical), there is a faded newspaper clipping affixed to the wall. It is from the Topeka Daily Capital, issue of Oct. 25, 1965, and someone has artfully ripped it down one side, so that what can be read now of the original headline is this: SCORE WITH CAPOTE. One can imagine a small impish hand, a small impish mind, sticking this clip on the wall, giggling at the double-entendre. The story beneath the headline is not about "scoring" at all, but rather about the publicity boon the state of Kansas was expecting from the then-imminent release of a true-life crime book, the story of a multiple murder, a book that, at that particular moment was being promoted -- and not least by its creator -- as a new American art form, a "nonfiction novel," combining the "persuasiveness of fact" with the "poetic altitude that fiction is capable of reaching."

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That book, of course, was "In Cold Blood." And, of course, it needed no promoting at all. When it was published, in January of 1966, presto, there was Truman Capote, that round soft head, that curling little mouth, on the covers of national magazines.

He was easily the most famous writer in America. Later that year, in November, he gave a party at the Plaza Hotel for 540 of his closest friends. The food alone was said to cost \$ 12,000. Capote had arranged every detail, down to the placing of flowers. The event was given in honor of Katharine Graham, then president of The Washington Post, and long before the actual night arrived, columnists routinely referred to it as the Party of the Decade.

"What I could do with an ad account hasn't been dreamed of," Capote purred to Johnny Carson in his much-mimicked, best talk-show voice, his tongue loitering at the outside curl of his strange little mouth.

"Memory. This whole thing of memory," Dunphy is saying. "Tennessee [Williams] had it too. I suppose it's very Southern. Tennessee would laugh and laugh about things in his childhood and then suddenly he'd look hollow. He'd be making fun of his mother, say, maybe he and Truman would be making fun of their mothers together, and everyone is laughing, and it's all a very good time -- but don't go too far, because it'll kill them, they'll turn on you with poison in their



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eyes."

Capote's mother, a semihysterical and eccentric one-time Miss Alabama whose name was Nina Faulk, committed suicide when her only child was 29. She was a character out of Tennessee Williams, actually. Before she abandoned Capote to his elderly and distant relatives in Monroeville, she used to lock him in New Orleans hotel rooms (he had been born in New Orleans) and go out, leaving him to his pounding and screaming. "I pounded and pounded on the door to get out, pounding and yelling and screaming," Capote once said. "That did something to me. I have a terror of being locked in a room."

In the tone of a man who doesn't really wish to go into it, because you could end up talking about it for an hour -- or for days -- Dunphy says: "He so wanted to be famous, didn't he? I think it's very bad for you. It dictates to you. It makes you start to lie, deceive everyone, but most of all yourself. Of course almost everybody wants it. Success. That bitch fame. And the less that last book worked, the more he had to talk of it. Proust, Proust, what was this thing with Proust all the time? And those, those ... people whose little court jester he was -- oh, never mind, oh, Christ, the hell with it."

And then, saying just this: "He was desperate, yes."

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From Dunphy's diary:

Sagaponack, 15 May, 1981. Truman went to a hospital yesterday. He called me and said it was in upstate New York, someplace where the Hudson turns and narrows. As always he wants out, sounds withdrawn, says scarcely a word. I read where Rossini was afflicted with something doctors diagnosed as cyclothymia, highs and lows, euphoria followed by terrific depression, thoughts of death, etc. They might have said the same thing about Truman. Rossini was finally "cured." He no longer wrote opera, only light piano pieces.

"I don't think it's very interesting since he died, my diary," he says, laughing a little. "He'll have to come back, won't he? He'd come into the room where I was working and say, 'What are you writing down?' I'd say, 'Well, read it, my life is an open book, read it.' But, you know, I don't think he ever did. Funny, for such a gossip."

Softly: "It got out of control. I felt to continue like I always was was the best thing I could do for Truman. You know, something that really did stay and hold, when everything else was just slipping away. I thought if there was any chance of any cure at all, it would have to come this way. My whole feeling was: Don't interrogate him, don't threaten him. I guess it's very Irish. You know: Lower the blind, don't look at it. Too much was always happening. It was like



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you were going downhill very fast, seeing city after city on some strange tour. How could you talk about anything you saw back there? Oh, I was rough enough, don't worry. We had some scenes. I said to him once, 'Truman, you are turning me into a scold and that's something I will never forgive you for.' "

And then: "We didn't used to sleep in the same bed. But sometimes we'd lie together, he'd insist on it, and we'd then talk on into half the night. He worshiped sleep, you know. It was a way out."

You miss him pretty badly, don't you?

"Who, Truman? Oh, yeah." He is winding the sleeve of his sailor shirt. "There," he says. "There's the handle for your story. But it isn't true. It's a mixture of things, what I feel."

And then: "We had a good life. He lived pretty long. He didn't die so young, actually."

On a downstairs wall in Dunphy's gray-shingled cottage, just across the lawn, there is a picture of two young men, taken in Italy. Truman's left hand is in his pocket; Jack is holding a drink. They look very happy.

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Dunphy was in Sagaponack when Capote died. Joe Fox, Capote's editor at Random House, drove over to tell him the news. But Dunphy had already heard. Perhaps he'd heard it on the radio -- that part isn't clear now. In any event, he had gone upstairs immediately afterward and fallen into a quick deep sleep. A little while later Fox was standing outside Dunphy's screened door, beneath the grape trellis, shifting his feet. "I have some bad news for you," he said.

Jack Dunphy's face collapsed. He had remembered.

What seems so sad about Truman Capote's life in retrospect is not that a great 20th-century writer failed to produce his last great work, but that he had to keep on pretending through the better part of two decades -- to himself, to his friends, to the wider world -- that he was right on the verge of producing it. How many talk shows did Capote go on during the last dozen years of his life and intimate that? To how many reporters in the middle and late '70s did he baldfacedly announce that he was finished, or all but finished, and that the novel -- three times the size of all his other books combined -- would be appearing within six months to a year? In how many tasteful apartments did he sit on inebriated Manhattan evenings and tell longtime friends or newfound sycophants -- sometimes with a black notebook cradled at his breast -- that he'd just that very day finished such-and-such a chapter, section, passage, scene?



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Even at his death, the obituaries and appreciations routinely said things like: "He died hours after working on the final chapter of what he hoped would be his final book."

Capote had first signed a contract for "Answered Prayers" on Jan. 5, 1966. In May 1969 that contract was superseded and a new delivery date for the completed manuscript was set for January 1973. In mid-1973 the deadline was moved to January 1974; six months later it was moved again, to September 1977. In the spring of 1980 the contract was rewritten, with a delivery date now demanded of March 1, 1981. The advance was \$ 1 million, to be paid only on receipt of the work.

The work was not received.

The conventional wisdom about Capote is that he was devastated in the mid-1970s by his decision to publish in Esquire magazine several sections of what he'd thus far written of "Answered Prayers," and that it was the outrage over these, and the subsequent ostracism by the fabulously wealthy people whose company he coveted but whom he had savaged anyway -- particularly in a nasty little chapter called "La Co<sup>^</sup>te Basque, 1965," wherein he named real names and told supposedly true, defamatory stories -- that brought on his terrible block and decline, his long night's journey into Valium and Tuinal and all those

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sanitariums with the famous names: Smithers, Hazelden, Silver Hill.

There is truth in that, certainly. But what now seems the more complete truth is that there was never a book at all, not really, it was all just fiction, but the wrong kind, from nearly 1957 onward, when he'd first begun to plan and talk of it. And that the publication of those few pitiful and barely connected parts in Esquire 20 years later -- which constitute nearly all we now have or know of the novel -- was just one more index of a man's seizing panic and guilt. His inner landscape must have been a paranoid's nightmare -- for so long.

And yet this question nags: Is it possible there once was more? Could Capote have deliberately destroyed at some point most of what he'd done, knowing it was terrible? Did an enraged ex-lover make off with some of the book?

Anything is possible, of course, but all the evidence and intuition run counter. And these speculations and theories and recurrent rumors seem almost obscene, set against the quality of the desperation the man surely felt. One can almost hear, even now, the silent scream of that desperation curling from his tiny shade.

After Esquire published the first installment of "Answered Prayers" in 1975, Publisher Arnold Gingrich told friends: "We gave the impression the mountains



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were parturiating, and out came this little mouse."

Viewed in this light, "Answered Prayers" seems a gigantic parable on the simple morality of trying to tell the truth.

So consider these two voices.

The first belongs to an elderly man with a white beard and purple socks over swollen ankles. He is sitting now in a small book-lined office on the 14th floor of a Manhattan office tower. His name is Leo Lerman, and he knew Truman Capote for 40 years. They used to go to Schrafft's together, at 88th and Madison, and fish nickels from their pockets for hot tea, and sit all afternoon plotting their glory, literary and otherwise. Lerman went on to become a well-known New York magazine editor, although he never quite became famous. In the fall of 1984 he spoke movingly at a Capote memorial service in New York. Last fall, in Vogue, he wrote a beautiful piece about his old friend. It was titled "A Capote Memory."

Classical music is playing. An ivory-knobbed cane is leaning against a wall. And Lerman, who looks almost rabbinical, and talks a little that way too, and has nothing at all any longer to sell, says:

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"I think his wound was always there. His impoverished childhood. Read Dickens. In Dickens, impoverished people are just dying to be famous. It was an insatiable hunger in him ... But I want you to remember this: There was always a tremendous quality of caring in Truman. This is one of the pure ingredients about him. One of his chief expressions, you know, was 'little darling.' That tells you something. If you were really his friend, then you were his friend for life.

"What happened? I don't know what happened, exactly. He overextended himself. He forgot the proportions. He never could be Proust. Never. He possibly could be Flaubert, on a certain scale. He reached his -- I'm thinking of the word zenith, it's wrong -- with 'In Cold Blood.' Because there, you see, he could apply his real and genuine American storytelling gift. He understood the anatomy of that book. He could take it from there to there and apply his amazing gift.

"But, you see, he would have had to have been a social historian of the new money, say, from 1880 to the present, in an Edith Wharton sense, to get that other book down. Truman magpied a lot, but I'm not sure there was any real literary foundation there. He wanted badly to write a book about the world of society, which he thought was so glamorous, and there was a great book there, but in a sense he lived out that book -- on one night in 1966. I'm talking about his party for Mrs. Graham. In effect, he got everything together in that one



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room at the Plaza. He not only assembled them, he transformed all the elements. He put masks on his guests. That was his deeply creative act about overwealthy and famous people.

"Yes, I suppose that losing the intimacy with Babe Paley, say, or Lee Radziwill, helped destroy him. Really, he destroyed himself. I think these people turning from him did much. But more than this, I think it was the realization that he wasn't going to be ever again the extraordinary writer he always was. The world told him he was an extraordinary writer at the age of 23 -- and how do you quite sustain that? I suppose the pure absolute strain of it, walking on that kind of high wire. And again, I go back to the wound.

"Will Truman be around? I think he'll be around. Perhaps finally more as a symbol than as a writer, he will be around. Rather like Fitzgerald. Which is kind of sad, isn't it? He had extraordinary instincts. He had loyalty, curiosity, a sense of fun, a loving heart, a great sense of storytelling. And he also had, sadly, this thing the wicked fairy said: 'You must be self-destructive.'

"And, you know, having told you all this, some small part of me believes there must be more of his book. At least I prefer to think so."

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That is one voice. Here is the other. It belongs to Joseph Fox. In his office at Random House, which is only a few blocks from Lerman's office, there are many pictures of Capote, including one taken a few months before he died. He had got his weight back down a little by then but his eyes looked vacant.

And Fox, who worked with him from 1960 until his death, and who has written the sad, eloquent foreword to the published version of "Answered Prayers," and who has certain regrets, even guilt, that he is not shed of yet, says:

"I remember coming home once to my apartment building and there was Truman staggering into the building. He was going to dinner with some friends in another apartment in the building. And to my shame I loitered outside until he had gotten up in the elevator.

"Yes, I was very aware he was lying to me. It was very hard to look him in the eye toward the end. I never really confronted him, and I guess I wish I had. Partially, you see, it was because we'd have these drunken lunches and he'd recount for me so vividly what he said he'd been writing that very day. There was this one chapter, 'A Severe Insult to the Brain.' I heard about that chapter so much. We'd walk out into the sunshine after one of these extended drunken lunches. 'I'll send it over tomorrow, Joe,' he'd say. 'I swear.' Sometimes I'd even call him the next day. He'd promise again. 'I swear.' But he never did



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send it. I think if Truman hadn't put this noose around his neck by promising how great the book was going to be -- it was a pressure he couldn't live up to.

"I think he assumed his fame and his gift could go together -- and they did, to a certain extent. I mean, it's the chicken and the egg, isn't it: Did he start drinking and drugging because he couldn't write? Or was it the other way around? I don't know. And, my God, if he really didn't write any of it at all -- other than these few parts we now have -- well, then, no wonder he became an alcoholic.

"I went out to Kansas with him one time. The remarkable thing about Truman was that he was so utterly unself-conscious. They all knew he was a homosexual in Holcomb, Kansas. It made no difference. He had this violet scarf, as big as he was, bigger, and he'd wrap it around him two or three times and parade the sidewalks. Everyone knew him. That little town was just bursting with pride for Truman. Those were glorious moments.

"He had the constitution of an ox. I knew he couldn't go on. The tension was unbearable sometimes. The last time I spoke to him was six or seven days before he died. He said he was going to California and I could reach him at Joanne Carson's. He sounded cheerful. No, not the old Truman, but some kind of Truman. He said he was planning his 60th birthday party, and that I just had to come

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out.

"And then I heard he had died."

GRAPHIC: PHOTO, TRUMAN CAPOTE. PBS/AMERICAN MASTERS

TYPE: BIOGRAPHY

SUBJECT: WRITERS

NAMED-PERSONS: TRUMAN CAPOTE

ENHANCEMENT: AGE



The Associated Press, August 26, 1984

In one of the pieces in "Music For Chameleons," he confessed the agony he felt as a child over his secret desire "to be a girl."

At the time of his death, he was working on his long-promised novel "Answered Prayers."

Capote was reared mostly by aunts and grandmothers in Alabama, New York and New England, after his mother who was married at the age of 15 was divorced. Capote had been completely on his own since he was 17, when he landed a job sorting cartoons at The New Yorker. At 24, he skyrocketed out of nowhere with "Other Voices, Other Rooms."

He once said, "It's just impossible for me to write a sentence. I have to think about it such a long time. The thing that's most important is style; not what I'm saying but how I'm saying it; manner over matter."

According to a 1983 biography by an aunt who helped raise Capote, Marie Rudisill, his mother continually berated him for effeminacy when he was a boy. She said Capote's parents showed little sign of love for him.

In 1983, Capote put his acerbic wit to work by writing a gossip column for Esquire magazine called "Observations." In one installment, he took readers on

The Associated Press, August 26, 1984

a tour of Greta Garbo's apartment ("The walls burn with important but rakishly, wrongly hung paintings"), and wrote of his dislike for Meryl Streep's facial features: "Her nose ... reminds you of an anteater."

Capote himself was described by the clothing designer Halston as "the perfect client."

Author Gore Vidal, who who was involved in a long and sometimes lighthearted feud with Capote in the mid-1970s, once spoke of Capote's "bright wit and sweet charm."

In 1982, several manuscripts Capote had written as a child were sold from the estate of one of his teachers from the Trinity School in New York City.

One of the stories, "How I Lost My Belief in Santa Claus," was written by Capote when he was 11 years old.

"The noise became louder. Then I peeked around the corridor. There was my daddy putting the gifts under the Christmas tree," read the manuscript, containing several dropped words. "Now I knew there was no Santa Claus. The next morning I came down stairs as usual at first I said nothing, but later just for spite, I said, Daddy, look at all those presents that Santa Claus gave me. Now



The Associated Press, August 26, 1984

what are you going to give me. You should have the look on his face."

The manuscript, plus a five-chapter novellette called "Christmas Vacation" and 10 other stories and verses, were saved by his English teacher, John E. Langford.

A Florida real estate firm won a \$13,000 lawsuit against Capote in 1981 after accusing him of reneging on a contract to buy a home on fashionable Marco Island off the southwest Florida coast. Capote lost the suit by default when a judge ruled that the author failed to answer the real estate firm's inquiries.

GRAPHIC: Laserphotos NY35, Others upcoming

long ago supplanted Manhattan as the  
rite No Soul Country of myth and  
re, that's a variety of genocide; ev-  
earth has feelings, privacy, desire for  
community, mortal dreads, birth vi-  
ntasies, truth ambitions. But some  
cial burdens on the deepest human  
ifornia is one such place. Southern  
other."

Herbert Gold  
*A Walk on the West Side*  
1981

arguable that the brash and easy  
Angeles is a healthier social phenom-  
-cay that afflicts some older industrial  
the people insist on clinging to the  
ven after the old staples of employ-  
."

Robert Hargreaves  
*Superpower*  
1973

eliest and most brutal of America's  
k gets god-awful cold in the winter  
eling of wacky comradeship some-  
streets. LA is a jungle."

Jack Kerouac  
*On the Road*  
1955

gives one the feeling of the future  
an any city I know of. A bad future,  
ing out of [surrealist film director]  
agination."

Henry Miller  
*The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*  
1945

in art, Los Angeles is the do-it-  
of the world."

Neil Morgan  
*Westward Tilt*  
1963

earnestly proposed that the U.S.A.  
i better off if that big, sprawling,  
eless, slobbering civic idiot in the  
ican communities could be declared  
l placed in charge of a guardian like  
mental defective."

Westbrook Pegler, essayist  
Quoted by John Gunther  
*Inside USA*  
1947

\*\*\*

"From here [Watts neighborhood near airport],  
much of the white culture that surrounds Watts—and,  
in a curious way, besieges it—looks like those jets: a  
little unreal, a little less than substantial. For Los  
Angeles, more than any other city, belongs to the  
mass media."

Thomas Pynchon  
*New York Times Magazine*  
July 12, 1966

## HISTORY AND POLITICS

The public life of liberal Hollywood comprises a  
kind of dictatorship of good intentions, a social  
contract in which actual and irreconcilable disagree-  
ment is as taboo as failure or bad teeth, a climate  
devoid of irony."

Joan Didion  
*The White Album*  
1979

\*\*\*

Under a benign surface [in 1930s and 1940s], the  
hard hand of the [Red-hunting] businessman directed  
the elected officials and the police. . . . The 'Red  
Squad' drove dozens of teachers and clergymen from  
their jobs, forced censorship of reading in the  
schools, and led to the 'zoot suit' riots of World War  
II."

Frank McShane  
*The Life of Raymond Chandler*  
1976

## LOUISIANA



Capital: Baton Rouge  
Became a territory: March 26, 1804  
Entered the union (with rank): April 30, 1812 (18)  
State motto: Union, justice and confidence  
State flower: Magnolia  
State bird: Pelican  
State songs: "Give Me Louisiana," "You Are My  
Sunshine"

State tree: Bald cypress  
Nickname: Creole State, Pelican State, Sportsman's  
Paradise, Sugar State  
Origin of state name: In honor of Louis XIV of  
France

If the United States had developed in a Balkanized  
European fashion, Louisiana would be an independ-  
ent country. Culturally and geographically it is  
utterly distinct from the rest of the nation. Vastly  
more French in background and temperament than all  
the rest of America, Louisiana also contains several  
of the strangest water formations in the country.

The Mississippi Delta widens out here, creating an  
ever-changing maze of islands, wandering channels  
and deadly shoals. Lake Ponchartrain stretches  
across miles like some kind of netted sea. In the heel  
of the boot shape that describes Louisiana lie the  
swamps, the bayous of dark overgrowth and quaking  
ground where strangers can still disappear without a  
trace and where the locals maintain a Cajun tradition  
that is rather exotic in its intricacy and mystery.

Even in commerce Louisiana is unique, specializ-  
ing in the growing of sugarcane, a crop that is  
impossible to cultivate almost everywhere else in the  
nation.

This peculiar state was first explored by the Span-  
ish in the early 1500s. By the 1700s, though, the  
French dominated the region. With the Mississippi  
River as the main trade thoroughfare for the Ameri-  
can interior, Louisiana and New Orleans in particular  
became the crown jewels among France's American  
colonies, a wealthy cosmopolitan area in the midst of  
pioneer wilderness.

In 1803, Thomas Jefferson purchased the entire  
Louisiana Territory, which stretched all the way up  
the length of the Mississippi River, from France's  
embattled Napoleon. In 1815, Gen. Andrew Jackson  
entered legend by defeating the British troops at New  
Orleans to cap the War of 1812, a victory undimin-  
ished in glory by the fact that the peace treaty had  
already been signed when it occurred.

Modern Louisiana has become an important gas  
and oil center, both for onshore deposits and because  
of its access to the Gulf of Mexico. The swamps  
provide the largest source of domestic American  
furs. The state's annual springtime Mardi Gras pro-  
vides thousands of Americans with an opportunity to  
make public spectacles of themselves without public  
sanction. Much of what is today considered classic  
American cuisine was invented in the kitchens of  
New Orleans' unmatched restaurants. And jazz, the  
seminal American musical style, also took shape in  
Louisiana's hot nights.

THE STATE

"Louisiana is a unique state. The atmosphere is of another world, a world familiar to me and yet enchantingly strange. It has the air of old France."

Pearl S. Buck  
*America*  
1971

\* \* \*

"[Louisiana is] a Caribbean country."

Jonathan Daniels, journalist  
Quoted by Charles L. Dufour  
*Ten Flags in the Wind*  
1967

\* \* \*

"Louisiana is, without question, the most beautiful country in the world, because of the mildness of its climate and its favorable location. There one can cultivate successfully all of the plants of Europe, without exception, and nearly all those of America."

A French traveler  
Quoted by Samuel H. Locket  
*Louisiana As It Is*  
1891

THE LANDSCAPE

"Toward the coast, between the Mississippi and the sea, the soil forms a tongue which was, and still is, nothing but a mass of wood and mud accumulated probably as a result of the battle between the ocean and the river, as they invade and repel each other by turns."

Frederic Gallaudet  
(Trans. by James L. Sheperd)  
*Sketches of Early Texas and Louisiana*  
1966

\* \* \*

"People have heard about south Louisiana. It's different. Its food is spicy and rich; the descendants of Evangeline—the Cajuns—live there; and lazy bayous wind along levees where sagging old live oaks grow next to antebellum mansions. Life is slow. But this is only the surface of south Louisiana, one that doesn't show anything about the length and complexity of human history in this part of the state. Roots here go down deeper than in most regions of the country. The sprawling marsh, built by the Mississippi River, is even less well known. Yet it makes up much of south Louisiana. Only trappers and those others who actually live in it can appreciate its attraction. Visitors—hunters, sportsfishermen, and oil-drilling work crews—go into it to take from it. Trappers do this

too, but they also like just to be there, in the lonely heart of the region."

Christopher Hallowell  
*People of the Bayou*  
1979

\* \* \*

"In this peaceful country, huge live oak trees are draped with Spanish moss, and the bayous are covered with purple water hyacinths that in some areas impede navigation. Magnolia trees flaunt their large white flowers, and the cypress grows in water surrounded by its upturned roots or 'knees.'"

Harry Hansen  
*Louisiana: A Guide to the State*  
1971

\* \* \*

"In the swamps the bullfrogs bellow all night, and the trilling of the tree frogs sounds like thousands of tiny shrill bells all ringing together."

Harry Hansen  
*Louisiana: A Guide to the State*  
1971

\* \* \*

"If you will look at a map you will see that Louisiana resembles a boot with its frayed toe dipping into the Gulf of Mexico."

Harry Hansen  
*Louisiana: A Guide to the State*  
1971

\* \* \*

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,  
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,  
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,  
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
"Evangeline"  
1847

\* \* \*

"The Louisiana earth seems more than ever restless, agitated, pregnant with life that must flourish and rot."

Henry Miller  
*The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*  
1945

\* \* \*

"In Louisiana there are stretches of bayou country whose beauty is of a nature such as only the Chinese poets have captured."

Henry Miller  
*The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*  
1945

"Comparati  
moss has be  
merce, for,  
it is easily se  
threshed of  
leaves, it is  
delicate fibe  
horsehair,  
stuffing of r  
the increasi  
new field c  
swamp."

"The first g  
the tall an  
semiotropic  
by warmth  
Louisiana  
both place  
growth, of  
base of the  
mud, conc  
'knees,' w  
excrecenc  
weapons,  
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"I saw in  
All alone  
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"Comparatively within a few years, the Spanish moss has become important as an article of commerce, for, when plucked from the trees, from which it is easily separated, and then thoroughly 'cured' and threshed of its delicate integuments of bark and leaves, it is found that the long, thready moss is a delicate fiber as black as jet, and almost as thick as horsehair, which it strikingly resembles. For the stuffing of mattresses and cushions it is valuable, and the increasing demand for it has already opened a new field of enterprise among the denizens of the swamp."

T.B. Thorpe  
*Picturesque America*  
1872

\* \* \*

"The first grand tree development of the 'swamps' is the tall and ghostly cypress. It flourishes in our semitropical climate of the South, being nourished by warmth, water, and the richest possible soil. The Louisiana product finds a rival in Florida; and in both places this remarkable tree is perfected in growth, often reaching the height of 130 feet. The base of the trunk, generally covered with ooze and mud, conceals the formidable 'spikes,' called 'knees,' which spring up from the roots. These excrescences, when young, are sharp and formidable weapons, and, young or old, are nearly as hard as steel."

T.B. Thorpe  
*Picturesque America*  
1872

\* \* \*

"I saw in Louisiana a live-oak growing,  
All alone stood it and the moss hung down from  
the branches,  
Without any companion it grew there uttering joy-  
ous leaves of dark green. . . ."

Walt Whitman  
"I Saw in Louisiana a Live-oak Growing"  
1867

## PEOPLE

"I believe the citizens of Louisiana are, generally speaking, honest, and that a decided majority of them are attached to the American government. But they are uninformed, indolent, luxurious—in a word, illy fitted to be useful citizens of a republic. Under the Spanish government education was discouraged, and little respectability attached to science. Wealth alone gave respect and influence, and hence it has happened that ignorance and wealth so generally pervade this part of Louisiana. I have seen, Sir, in

this City, many youths to whom nature has been apparently liberal, but from the injustice and inattention of their parents, have no other accomplishments to recommend them but dancing with elegance and ease. The same observation will apply to the young females, with this additional remark, that they are among the most handsome women in America."

William C. Clairborne, governor  
Letter to Thomas Jefferson  
Quoted by Charles L. Dufour  
*Ten Flags in the Wind*  
1967

\* \* \*

"Among themselves Creoles divided into various castes or strata, both socially and financially, though no one seems ever to have agreed as to the category in which his family belonged. There were Creoles, Chacks, Chacas, Catchoupines, Chacalatas, Bambaras and Bitacaux. The 'Chacalata,' for instance, indicated much the same as does 'Hoosier' or 'countryified'; 'Bambaras' (untidiness) perhaps hinted at uncleanness. 'Chachumas' were those whose ancestors had acquired a strain of *café noir*. . . ."

The Federal Writers Project of the WPA  
*Gumbo Ya-Ya*  
1945

\* \* \*

"Among themselves, Creoles were warm, affectionate, extremely loyal. *La famille* was the very core of their life, and, like the humbler Cajuns, this extended to the utmost limits of relationship. Cable wrote, 'One thing I never knew a Creole to do; he will not utterly go back on the ties of blood, no matter what sort of knots those ties may be. For one reason he is ashamed of his or his father's sins; for another he will tell you he is *all heart*.' "

The Federal Writers Project of the WPA  
*Gumbo Ya-Ya*  
1945

\* \* \*

"Over one-quarter of the population of Louisiana still speaks some French, but not with much pride."

Christopher Hollowell  
*People of the Bayou*  
1979

\* \* \*

## WAY OF LIFE

"Each spring, thoughts of crawfish fill the heads of most people in south Louisiana. As the leaves burst out and the warm breezes fan the countryside, speculation grows about how these small crustaceans have fared during the winter. Groups of bayou dwellers huddle about the water's edge in ever more earnest

LOUISIANA

conversation about the extent of the spring runoff, the prices of previous seasons, and the quality of the meat."

Christopher Hallowell  
*People of the Bayou*  
1979

\* \* \*

"The Creoles, proud of their French and Spanish heritage, clung to their ancestral homes in the Quarter as a bastion of French-speaking warmth and chivalry threatened by the ambitious, aggressive new-comers."

Bern Keating  
*The Mighty Mississippi*  
1971

\* \* \*

"They say Louisiana is somewhat like a banana republic, say Guatemala. That's not true. They speak better English in Guatemala."

Jack Kneece  
*New Orleans Magazine*  
May, 1975

\* \* \*

"Cafe noir is their [Southern Louisianan's] nectar and Perique tobacco their ambrosia."

Samuel H. Lockett  
*Louisiana As It Is*  
1891

\* \* \*

"This state's full of sapsucker, hillbilly, and Cajun relatives of mine, and there ain't enough dignity in the bunch of 'em to keep a chigger still long enough to brush his hair."

Huey Long, politician  
Quoted by Marshall Frady  
*Southerners*  
1980

HISTORY AND POLITICS

"Professor T. Harry Williams [Huey Long's biographer] says that Louisiana was one of only two southern states in which there was a great deal of corruption during Reconstruction: 'I always suspected the carpetbaggers were learners down here. They didn't bring it with them; they were taking lessons.'"

Jack Bass and Walter De Vries  
*The Transformation of Southern Politics*  
1974

\* \* \*

"In the name of the most high, mighty, invincible and victorious Prince, Louis the Great, by the Grace of God King of France and Navarre, Fourteenth of that name . . . I, in virtue of the commission of His Majesty which I hold in my hand . . . have taken, and

do now take, in the name of His Majesty and his successors to the crown, possession of this country of Louisiana, the seas, harbors, ports, bays, adjacent straits, and all the nations, people, provinces, cities, towns, villages, mines, minerals, fisheries, streams, and rivers comprised in the extent of said Louisiana. . . . Upon the assurances which we have received from all these nations . . . we are the first Europeans who have descended or ascended the said River. . . . I hereby take to witness those who hear me and demand an act of the Notary, as required by law."

Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle,  
Inscription on cross erected  
at site of his entry into the area  
1682

\* \* \*

"From the beginning of the coming of the Americans the Creoles were doomed. These Anglo-Saxons were too aggressive, too practical. Everywhere they rose to ascendancy, in politics, in business and in trade. Every year the leading places in commerce, banking, planting and the professions were taken over by the newcomers. Unlike the Creoles, they were not ashamed to soil their hands. They did not have the Creole's secret contempt for hard work."

The Federal Writers Project of the WPA  
*Gumbo Ya-Ya*  
1945

\* \* \*

" . . . a state [Louisiana] with a gusto for politics comparable to the indefatigable scrimmaging of the old Chinese warlords."

Marshall Frady  
*Southerners*  
1980

\* \* \*

"The explanation of why Louisiana—rather than some other southern state—provided the most fertile soil for a Huey Long, requires demonstration that the ruling oligarchy of Louisiana really pressed down harder than did the governing groups of other states. . . . Universal education—with its promise of individual betterment—is the open sesame of American utopianism. And universal education, with its impact on the tax structure, invariably comes into conflict with the oligarchical elements in American society for fiscal if not ideological reasons. If the status of the people's education is an index to the strength of an economic elite, the Louisiana governing class excelled in exploiting its position. In Louisiana, as late as 1940, 14.8 percent of the rural, native white males over 25 years of age had not completed a single year's schooling. About one out of seven rural white men probably had never been to school a day.

. . . In Louis  
men had not

"Few would  
professional  
siana has ha  
who should  
state."

"Sure I w  
person in m  
of this state  
And every  
somebody's  
basket of s

"And it is  
her lover.  
immortal :  
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have, that  
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Wooden  
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cheese. I  
and flax.  
Nick Na  
at too h  
soldiers  
brogans

... In Louisiana in 1940 about four out of 10 farm men had not gone beyond the fourth grade."

V.O. Key, Jr.  
*Southern Politics*  
1949

\* \* \*

"Few would contest the proposition that among its professional politicians of the past two decades Louisiana has had more men who have been in jail, or who should have been, than any other American state."

V.O. Key, Jr.  
*Southern Politics*  
1949

\* \* \*

"Sure I want to be governor," he said. "Only one person in more'n two million people can be governor of this state. Think about that. Ain't that an honor? And every time you go to the door of the Mansion somebody's bringing you a turkey or a ham or a basket of something. I like that free stuff."

Earl Long, politician  
Quoted by Charles L. Dufour  
*Ten Flags in the Wind*  
1967

\* \* \*

"And it is here under this oak Evangeline waited for her lover, Gabriel, who never came. This oak is an immortal spot, made so by Longfellow's poem, but Evangeline is not the only one who has waited here in disappointment. Where are the schools that you [poor Louisianans] have waited for your children to have, that have never come? Where are the roads and highways that you have sent your money to build, that are no nearer now than ever before? Where are the institutions to care for the sick and disabled? Evangeline wept bitter tears in her disappointment, but it lasted through only one lifetime. Your tears in this country, around this oak, have lasted for generations. Give me the chance to dry the eyes of those who still weep here!"

Huey P. Long, politician  
Campaign speech  
1928

\* \* \*

[Description of contents of a Louisiana dock]: "... Whale oil and whiskey & rats bane and onions, Rye coffee, sperm candles, soil leather & spun yarns, Wooden bowls, patent bridles, gigs, harness and teas. And a splendid assortment of good white oak cheese. Boston rum, bricks, potatoes, tar mustard and flax, Clyster, pipes, Dandy cravats and other Nick Nacks, Gilt watch chains and seals, not charged, at too high rates, Swords, pistols, and dirks, for soldiers or pirates, Smoked herring and lumber, brogans and goose quills, Blank books of all sorts,

mackerel cotton cords and corn shellac, Domestic straw bonnets and yankee made bellows, Brads, bibles, hay, playing cards, ready made clothes, Drays, ready made clerks, whips and plantation hoes, Shirts, feathers, ploughs & warm woolen caps. Oak staves and oak oars, bristles, tripes, and rat traps, Coffins, hoop-poles and house frames, boots, stockings and shoes, Paving stones, nests of boxes, small spars, iron screws, Shot, bale-rope and vinegar, brooms, brushes and hats, Knives and forks, plug tobacco, fresh butter and mats, Mineral water and muskets, gun powder, white beans... Tin ware & loaf sugar, shooks, codfish & saddles, Peas, penknives, oats, hemlock, joist, bed-ticking, cotton bagging, Linseed oil, plaids and stripes, seersuckers, pants and chairs, Tubs, fish hooks and pickles, apples, grindstones and pears. Prussic acid, bran chocolate, cranberries, flour, Wooden clocks that kept time by the minute or hour, Lee's pills, cargo beef, nails, molasses and mess-pork... And many more notions too numerous to detail..."

*Louisiana Gazette*  
1821

\* \* \*

"People in Louisiana have an ambivalent attitude about corruption. On the one hand, we [Louisianans] deplore it. On the other hand, we brag about it."

T. Harry Williams  
Quoted by Jack Bass and Walter DeVries  
*The Transformation of Southern Politics*  
1963

## CITIES, TOWNS AND REGIONS

### New Orleans

"New Orleans is stirring, rattling and sliding faintly in its fragrance and the enormous richness of its lust."

James Agee  
*Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*  
1941

\* \* \*

"The liveliness of the Italians, the proud air of the Spaniards, the elasticity of the French, the composure of the English, the stern countenances of the Indians, the slavish conduct of the Negroes, formed altogether such a striking contrast, that it was not a little extraordinary to find them united in one single point. If there is a place where it is possible to form anything like a correct idea of the confusion of

LOUISIANA

tongues at the Tower of Babel, it certainly is New Orleans."

Carl David Arfweson  
*The United States and Canada  
in 1832, 1833, and 1834*  
1834

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"To this day [because of sermons heard in childhood], whenever I think of New Orleans, I also helplessly think of Sodom and Gomorrah."

James Baldwin  
*Notes of a Native Son*  
1955

\*\*\*

"Down south in New Orleans,  
The prettiest girls I've ever seen,  
Sparkling eyes, lips so sweet, we make love to the  
rumba beat,  
Ships in anchor, my suitcases packed,  
I got a one way ticket, ain't comin' back,  
Life's a pleasure, love's a dream,  
Down south in New Orleans"

The Band  
"Down South In New Orleans"  
1978

\*\*\*

"You were not wise with the ladies, Benjamin  
Butler,  
It has been disproved that you stole New Orleans  
spoons  
But the story will chime at the ribs of your name  
and stain it,  
Ghost-silver, clinking against the ribs of a ghost,  
As long as the ladies have tongues."

Stephen Vincent Benet  
*John Brown's Body*  
1928

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"I fell in love with Louisiana generally and New Orleans in particular."

Pearl S. Buck  
*America*  
1971

\*\*\*

"And [in 1900] far down on the Gulf the ancient  
beldam, New Orleans, was rubbing the dream of her  
old-time glory from out of her eyes and turning  
proudly to her new role as mistress to a swelling host  
of stout, black rusty, prosaic ships panting upon the  
Spanish Main or breasting the Atlantic."

W.J. Cash  
*The Mind of the South*  
1941

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"In 1790, New Orleans, a city of 8,000, had 1500

unmarried women of color. The fairest of these were trained and educated by their mothers and presented each year at the quadrone balls. These balls were always conducted with great dignity and elegance. . . . When a young Creole took a fancy to a particular girl, he approached her mother, gave satisfactory proof of his ability to support her, and a small home was established in the quadrone section of the Vieux Carre."

The Federal Writers Project of the WPA  
*Gumbo Ya-Ya*  
1945

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"The French Quarter furnished the kind of sensually pleasant and socially tolerant atmosphere which artists have sought and found in the Paris of Montparnasse and New York of Greenwich Village. The climate was mild, the heat comforting, and the pervasive smells were good; in particular the odor of roasting coffee drifting over the wholesale district across Canal Street early in the morning. There were few night clubs in the Quarter in those days, but mostly it was given over to an assortment of people moving quietly, rich people and poor, happy to be left alone just to be by themselves."

James Feibleman, philosopher  
Quoted by Charles L. Dufour  
*Ten Flags in the Wind*  
1967

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"But in New Orleans proper, that marvelous confection of sleaziness and peeling paint that only an 88 percent humidity (the annual average) can produce, the primary industry is now tourism."

Joel Garreau  
*The Nine Nations of North America*  
1981

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"New Orleans can never forget . . . that it ridiculed the idea that any man could bridle the current of the Mississippi."

Anonymous  
Quoted by Joseph Gies  
"Mr. Eads Spans the Mississippi"  
*American Heritage*  
August, 1969

\*\*\*

"It is appalling to believe this country would let a city like New Orleans go down the pipe, but if you're going to save it, you'd better save it now, because two or three years from now may be too late."

Moon Landrieu, mayor  
Quoted by Robert Hargreaves  
*Superpower*  
1973

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"We are a city of 600,000. In the last 20 years we've lost 125,000 people—mostly moving out to the suburbs, 90,000, mostly poor and black. We've provided the transportation facilities, the airport, the cultural facilities, an area of 1.1 million. And we've built the suburbs. . . . We don't have to put a coat of paint on or clean up everything that moves, and it stays still, and if it moves, we tax it."

Quoted

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"One of those lovely mist mornings when every flower in New Orleans mixes with the air."

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"Like thousands of fellow citizens in Mississippi's southern reaches, I come to the capital of my region. I go there to work to refresh my senses. I come to be compounded of the fragrance of fermenting beer, and bubbled with seasoned with peppercorns."

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"Across the way New Orleans sits with a few dark ships at her feet. Cereno ships with Spanish barrels of poops, till you got up close to the old freighters from Sweden . . ."

\*\*\*

"The air was so sweet in New Orleans. It came in soft bandannas; an old river and really smell the molasses, and every kind of your nose suddenly removed another winter."

\*\*

"New Orleans is a very du"

LOUISIANA

\* \* \*

"We are a city of 600,000. In the last decade we have lost 125,000 people—mostly white and affluent—moving out to the suburbs, and in their place, 90,000, mostly poor and black, moved in. We provide the transportation facilities, the parks, the zoo, the airport, the cultural facilities for metropolitan area of 1.1 million. And we get nothing back from the suburbs. . . . We don't have enough money even to put a coat of paint on our problems. We tax everything that moves, and everything that stands still, and if it moves, we tax it again."

Moon Landrieu, mayor  
Quoted by Robert Hargreaves  
*Superpower*  
1973

\* \* \*

"One of those lovely mist mornings of late spring when every flower in New Orleans seems to melt and mix with the air."

Lillian Hellman  
*An Unfinished Woman*  
1969

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"Like thousands of fellow citizens along the Mississippi's southern reaches, I consider New Orleans the capital of my region. I go there after a long stretch of work to refresh my senses. Its heady perfume is compounded of the fragrances of flowering plants, fermenting beer, and bubbling caldrons of crabs seasoned with peppercorns."

Bern Keating  
*The Mighty Mississippi*  
1971

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"Across the way New Orleans glowed orange-bright, with a few dark ships at her hem, ghostly fogbound Cereno ships with Spanish balconies and ornamental poops, till you got up close and saw they were just old freighters from Sweden and Panama."

Jack Kerouac  
*On the Road*  
1955

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"The air was so sweet in New Orleans it seemed to come in soft bandannas; and you could smell the river and really smell the people, and mud, and molasses, and every kind of tropical exhalation with your nose suddenly removed from the dry ices of another winter."

Jack Kerouac  
*On the Road*  
1955

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"New Orleans is a very dull town. It's against the

law to go to the colored section. The bars are insufferably dreary."

Jack Kerouac  
*On the Road*  
1955

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"What is the state of society in New Orleans? The Americans, coming hither to make money and considering their residence as temporary, are doubly active in availing themselves of the enlarged opportunities of becoming wealthy which the place offers. . . . Their business is to make money. They are in an eternal bustle."

Benjamin Latrobe  
Quoted by Alan Landsburg  
*Sweet Land, Sweet Liberty*  
1974

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"Except for the mixture of languages and the ample provisions of ices, fans and ventilators, the drawing room assemblages of New Orleans bear a strong resemblance to the routs and dinner parties of a country town of England."

Harriet Martineau, English novelist  
Quoted by Charles L. Dufour  
*Ten Flags in the Wind*  
1967

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"This is a fantastically strange town . . . I love it: all the things that make it difficult to live in also make it easy to live in. There's a kind of ambivalence one has about it, because there is a great tolerance for everything, including corruption. . . . And never forget that New Orleans is a Carnival City—everything revolves around Carnival."

Helen Mervis, civic leader  
Quoted by Neal R. Peirce  
*The Deep South States of America*  
1974

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"Less than 100 years has elapsed since this jewel of America [New Orleans] faded out [with decline of Creoles]. It seems more like 1,000."

Henry Miller  
*The Air-Conditioned Nightmare*  
1945

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"The very amiable, pious-hearted Mr. Theophilus Freeman, partner or consignee of James H. Burch, and keeper of the slave pen in New Orleans, was out among his animals early in the morning. With an occasional kick of the older men and women, and many a sharp crack of the whip about the ears of the

LOUISIANA

younger slaves, it was not long before they were all astir, and wide awake."

Solomon Northrup, former slave  
*Twelve Years a Slave*  
1853

\* \* \*

"New Orleans is both intimately related to the South and yet in a real sense cut adrift not only from the South but from the rest of Louisiana. . . . One comes upon it, moreover, in the unlikeliest of places, by penetrating the depths of the Bible Belt, running the gauntlet of Klan territory, the pine barrens of south Mississippi, Bogalusa and the Florida parishes of Louisiana. Out and over a watery waste and there it is, a proper enough American city and yet within the next few hours the tourist is apt to see more nuns and naked women than he ever saw before."

Walker Percy  
"New Orleans Mon Amour"  
*Harper's Magazine*  
September, 1968

\* \* \*

"For an hour, I went along with the city's overpracticed charm. There was more obvious promise in New Orleans than in any other town at which I'd stopped. It was impossible not to be won over for a little while by its gentle heat, its intricacy and fuss, its dappled colors."

Jonathan Raban  
*Old Glory*  
1981

\* \* \*

"Every tourist brochure talked about the 'magic' of the city [New Orleans], and there was a kind of magic there: a dim and degenerate irrationalism which kept on coming up through the cracks in the talk like a tropical weed."

Jonathan Raban  
*Old Glory*  
1981

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"A woman resident (of the French Quarter of New Orleans) was heard to say that she cherishes the smells of the Quarter, not just those of the jasmine and the roasting coffee beans carried on the lazy summer wind, but also those of the decaying fish and rotting fruit from the French market and the fermenting [beer] from the Jax Brewery settling like slow rain in the humid streets."

Roy Reed  
*New York Times*  
July 10, 1972

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"Hurry take me to the Mardi Gras,

In the city of my dreams, you can legalize your lows,

You can wear your summer clothes,  
In the New Orleans"

Paul Simon  
"Take Me to the Mardi Gras"  
1973

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"It was always the custom for the boats to leave New Orleans between four and five o'clock in the afternoon. From three o'clock onward they would be burning rosin and pitch-pine (the sign of preparation), and so one had the picturesque spectacle of a rank, some two or three miles long, of tall, ascending columns of coal-black smoke; a colonnade which supported a gable roof of the same smoke blended together and spreading abroad over the city. Every outward-bound boat had its flag flying at the jack-staff, and sometimes a duplicate on the verge staff astern. Two or three miles of mates were commanding and swearing with more than usual emphasis: countless processions of freight barrels and boxes were spinning, athwart the levee and flying abroad the stage-planks; belated passengers were dodging and skipping among these frantic things, hoping to reach the forecandle companionway alive, but having their doubts about it."

Mark Twain  
*The Gilded Age*  
1873

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"There is no architecture in New Orleans, except in the cemeteries."

Mark Twain  
*Life on the Mississippi*  
1874

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"The glimpses of street life [in New Orleans] are always entertaining, because unconscious, while full of character. It may be a Creole courtyard, the walls draped with vines, flowers blooming in haphazard disarray, and a group of pretty girls sewing and chatting, and stabbing the passerby with a charmed glance. It may be a cotton team in the street, the mules, the rollicking driver, the creaking cart. It may be a single figure, or a group in the market or on the levee—a slender yellow girl sweeping up the grains of rice, a colored gleaner recalling Ruth. . . ."

Charles Dudley Warner  
*Studies in the South and West*  
1889

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"The Creole civilization differed totally from that in any northern city; it looked at life, literature, wit, manners, from altogether another plane; in order to

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Paul Simon  
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1973

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Charles Dudley Warner  
*Studies in the South and West*  
1889

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"New Orleans is the most cosmopolitan of provincial cities. Its comparative isolation has secured the development of provincial traits and manners, has preserved the individuality of the many races that give it color, morals, and character, while its close relations with France—an affiliation and sympathy which the late war has not altogether broken—and the constant influx of northern men of business and affairs have given it the air of a metropolis."

Charles Dudley Warner  
*Studies in the South and West*  
1889

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"What a jolly place New Orleans is, where the police reassure the whores!"

Tourist  
Quoted by Edmund Wilson  
"The old Conviviality and the New"  
1926

## Other Cities and Places

### Baton Rouge:

"Baton Rouge, capital and third largest city of Louisiana, overlooks the Mississippi River from Istrouma Bluff. It is a modern city bordered by great industrial plants and by tree-shaded reaches of the Capitol grounds. Residential streets are lined with oaks, elms and magnolias. Here in 1719 the French built a fort to subdue the Indian tribes and gave it the name ('Istrouma' meaning 'red stick' or in French, 'baton rouge') derived from the reddened post that stood here to indicate the boundary between lands of two different tribes."

The Federal Writers Project of the WPA  
*The American Guide*  
1949

\* \* \*

"Baton Rouge was clothed in flowers, like a bride—no, much more so; like a greenhouse. For we were in the absolute South now—no modifications, no compromises, no half-way measures."

Mark Twain  
*Life on the Mississippi*  
1874

### Lake Charles:

"What makes our sunsets [in Lake Charles] different from other sunsets is that Old Sol doesn't just go down—he goes down behind spurts of orange flame from the tops of the oil refineries across the lake."

Resident  
Quoted by Philip Hamburger  
*An American Notebook*  
1965

### Port Allen:

"Port Allen—where the river's all rain and roses in a misty pinpoint darkness and where we swung around a circular drive in yellow foglight and suddenly saw the great black body below a bridge and crossed eternity again."

Jack Kerouac  
*On the Road*  
1955

### Southwestern Louisiana:

[How locals react to the idea of progress]: "Let me see if I've got this straight. You think there's a serious threat that [once backward] southwestern Louisiana might be joining civilization?"

Joel Garreau  
*The Nine Nations of North America*  
1981

## MAINE



Capital: Augusta  
Entered the union (with rank): March 15, 1820 (23)  
State motto: Dirigo (I direct)  
State flower: White pine cone  
State bird: Chickadee  
State song: "State of Maine Song"  
State tree: White pine tree  
Nickname: Pine Tree State  
Origin of state name: Either a compliment to Henrietta Maria, Queen of England (married to Charles I), who was said to own the province of Mayne in France, or from sailors' reference to it as the mainland they first sighted

**National Journal Ratings**

	1988 LIB — 1988 CONS		1987 LIB — 1987 CONS	
Economic	87%	8%	73%	0%
Social	64%	34%	56%	43%
Foreign	79%	16%	76%	19%

**Key Votes**

1) Homeless \$	AGN	5) Ban Drug Test	AGN	9) SDI Research	AGN
2) Gephardt Amdt	FOR	6) Drug Death Pen	FOR	10) Ban Chem Weaps	FOR
3) Deficit Reduc	FOR	7) Handgun Sales	FOR	11) Aid to Contras	AGN
4) Kill Plnt Clsng Notice	AGN	8) Ban D.C. Abort \$	FOR	12) Nuclear Testing	FOR

**Election Results**

1988 general	Carl C. (Chris) Perkins (D) .....	96,946	(59%)	(\$411,699)
	William T. Scott (R) .....	68,165	(41%)	(\$432,403)
1988 primary	Carl C. (Chris) Perkins (D), unopposed			
1986 general	Carl C. (Chris) Perkins (D) .....	90,619	(80%)	(\$240,757)
	James T. (Jim) Polley (R) .....	23,209	(20%)	(\$57,712)

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## LOUISIANA

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More than 50 years ago, on September 8, 1935, in the halls of the 34-story state Capitol he built in Baton Rouge, Huey P. Long was shot down; two days later, after malpractice by his doctors, he died. No other American politician has cast a longer shadow over his state's politics after such a short career. Long had been elected governor only in 1928, he had been nearly impeached early in his term, he recovered and was elected Senator in 1932, but remained in Baton Rouge, in iron control by then of the legislature, wandering to the podium with drafts of bills he insisted be passed without changing a comma. By 1935, he had a following all over the country and was considering running for President. Long came from no political background, he had no money or connections, yet he moved up so quickly that he was only 42 when he died; nor was his platform—"Share the wealth, Every man a king"—so very unusual in an American politics that saw periodically local demagogues demand a redistribution of wealth.

What was extraordinary about Long was that he was so talented and competent that he actually did what he promised. He took over a Louisiana that had the economy and labor force and public services of an underdeveloped country—a thin layer of rich people and some big oil company operations layered over a mass of barely literate poor people of both races, Baptist and Cajun—and within a few years he built the Capitol and Louisiana State University and the biggest bridge over the Mississippi River and the second-highest number of paved roads in the entire country. He also built a political machine so effective it reminded many Americans of contemporary dictatorships in Europe. What scared people about Huey Long was not what he promised but what they feared he could deliver.

For America, as it turned out, what he delivered was little more than entertainment; for Louisiana, he delivered a political structure that revolved around him long after he was dead—and a class of political leaders who, lacking his talents, treated the state as his doctors treated his wound, leaving Louisiana without either a fully developed economy or a fully competent public sector. For the next half-century, until Senator Russell Long's retirement in 1986, protégés of Huey and members of the Long family held high political office in Louisiana; elections up

1987 LIB — 1987 CONS

73%	—	0%
56%	—	43%
76%	—	19%

en	AGN	9) SDI Research	AGN
s	FOR	10) Ban Chem Weaps	FOR
rt \$	FOR	11) Aid to Contras	AGN
	FOR	12) Nuclear Testing	FOR

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through the 1956 gubernatorial primary won by Earl Long split on pro- and anti-Long lines. Huey Long built a coalition of the poor, including some blacks, against the rich and better off; he never did well in New Orleans, where even the poor had paved streets, electricity, and public schools—unlike the rural parishes when the Kingfish came along.

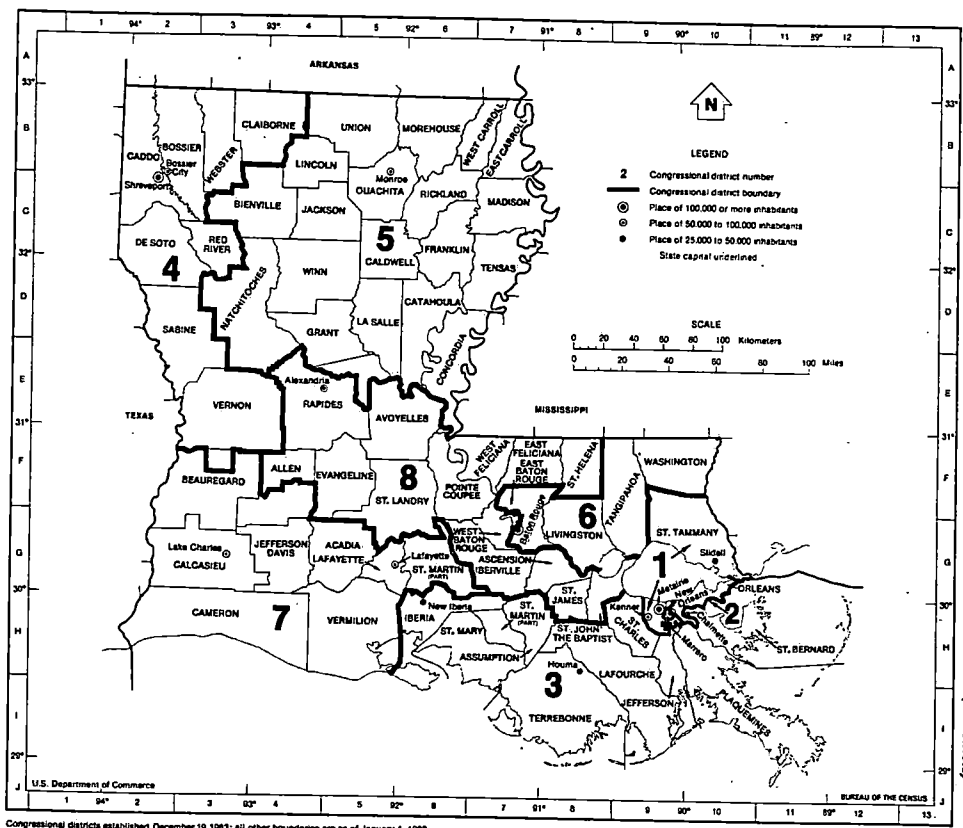
But in time other divisions in Louisiana reasserted themselves. A state that in many ways seemed nonchalant about race got caught up in the 1950s with violent opposition to school desegregation, and in the 1960, 1964 and 1968 state campaigns voted for the candidates who seemed most anti-desegregation and anti-New Orleans. Then, around 1970, as racial animosity cooled and as the price of oil—Louisiana was then the nation's number two producer, and a big refiner—shot up, state politics seemed redolent of Louisiana's peculiar historic and cultural heritage. For Louisiana, as A. J. Liebling described it 25 years ago, is an outpost of the Levant along the Gulf of Mexico. While most of the United States faces east toward the Atlantic Ocean or west toward the Pacific, Louisiana faces resolutely south, to the Gulf of Mexico and the steamy heat and volatile societies of Latin America beyond; New Orleans is our one major city that preserves the look and feel it had as a French and Spanish outpost in the New World; Louisiana is the only state whose legal system comes not from British common law but from the Napoleonic Code of continental Europe.

Traditions of centralized control and lazy corruption are part of this heritage. Control was necessary, because the delta land that makes up half of the state—soggy, swampy, below sea level, laced with tributaries and offshoots of the Mississippi, bayous and major rivers like the Atchafalaya—can only be cultivated with vast capital expenditures for levees and drainage. Even today, houses here don't have basements, people are buried in above-ground cemeteries (with grandiose headstones), and at the outskirts of metro New Orleans, the swamp abruptly begins at the edges of subdivisions and people find alligators in their back yards. New Orleans, the nation's fifth largest city when the Civil War broke out, and the grand plantations along the Mississippi housed some of the nation's richest plutocrats and vast numbers of its poorest people; in the years after, some of the rich held onto their wealth (and are notoriously unventuresome and tight-knit) and New Orleans remained a great port—its position at the mouth of the Mississippi and as the terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad guaranteed that.

But Louisiana became one of the poorest of states, its large black population still working on what had been sugar, rice, and cotton plantations, its large Cajun population—descended from French settlers forced out of Nova Scotia by the British in 1755—spread out among the bayous in the swampy southern part of the state. But that is also where most of Louisiana's oil is, and the towns that service its offshore rigs; and in the 1960s, as the rural South sent migrants northward, the Cajun country was generating more than enough jobs for its numerous sons and daughters. Coinciding with this development was the emergence in 1972 of Edwin Edwards—very much a Cajun, despite the name—a young congressman running for governor. Although one-third of Louisianans are Catholic—not just Cajuns, but most New Orleans area whites as well—no Catholic had been elected governor for years; but Edwards joyously proclaimed his heritage. He won only narrowly that year, beating Bennett Johnston in the runoff 50.2%–49.8% and David Treen in the general election 57%–43%.

For the next dozen years Edwards set the tone of government and public life in Louisiana. "Laissez les bons temps rouler!" Edwards proclaimed, savoring life with the zest of spicy, crawfish-laden, heavy-on-the-roux Cajun cuisine. As oil prices soared, Louisiana enjoyed a prosperity it had never dreamed of. This was one state which did not see itself as a victim of economic trends and in which big economic institutions were regarded with respect rather than mistrust. In Latin fashion politicians and businessmen were judged by results, not procedure. Under Edwards, Louisiana politics combined a Levantine tolerance of the means by which the world's business must be done with a Latin American gaudiness and fondness for display.

But the times that rolled ahead were not good. Edwards could easily have won a third term in



1979 had he been eligible. Instead, Republican David Treen won after a multi-candidate campaign of expenditures so lavish as to rival those in the contemporaneous contest in that other oil republic of Venezuela on the other side of the Caribbean. (The campaign was run under a system Edwards invented, after having to contest three elections in 1972 when Treen had to fight only one. All candidates run in a first primary, and anyone who wins 50% is elected; if no one does, the top two finishers, regardless of party, run off several weeks later.) Edwards came back and beat Treen handily in 1983, but the *bons temps* were not *roulezing* any more: oil prices had collapsed, and so had Louisiana's economy.

Forty years ago, the state's income level was about 60% of the national average, and in 1970 it had reached only about 75%; by 1982 it reached 90%, within striking distance, given the local low cost of living. But in 1985 it was back down to 81% and falling, and in 1986 Louisiana lost population for the first time in history, and by March 1989 the state's unemployment rate was estimated and 9.6%, down from 13% in 1986, but still the highest in the nation. The state government that had a \$700 million surplus in 1982 faced a \$400 million deficit in 1986, and was forced to sell its own bonds to recoup its losses. Even as the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles were a symbol of the nation's mood of optimism and pride, the financial fiasco of New Orleans's 1984 World's Fair became a metaphor for Louisiana's troubles.

Louisiana was further humiliated by the trials of Edwin Edwards, in 1985 on bribery charges,



American states have been moving away from an economics-based politics toward one in which voters are divided more along cultural lines. Louisiana provides another model, and a picture—not an altogether pretty one—of where American politics, if the whole country goes through the boom-bust cycle that Louisiana did, might go.

**Governor.** Buddy Roemer came to office proclaiming a “Roemer revolution” and portraying himself as an anti-political reformer—an interesting feat since his father, Charles Roemer, was one of Edwards’s top staffers and went to jail on bribery charges. Impatient, impulsive, given to inspiring oratory, he rubs many politicians the wrong way. But he should not be mistaken for an Edwards or Long style populist. In Congress, he voted more often with Republicans on economic issues than just about any other Democrat, and his fiscal reform plan—to shift taxes from businesses to the property tax which is often a dead letter now because of a generous homestead exemption—was largely drawn up by Jim Bob Moffett, head of New Orleans’s biggest company, Freeport-McMoRan. What he is selling is uplift and reform, not spending and sharing the wealth.

When he came to office, Louisiana had the nation’s highest unemployment, illiteracy, and school dropout rate. It was facing a \$750 million deficit on a \$5 billion budget and had \$1.37 billion in outstanding debt. Roemer got emergency budget powers, cut payrolls and \$500 million in spending (mostly on social services), and maintained a \$700 million “temporary” sales tax. He raised teachers’ salaries but took away tenure. He pushed through a campaign finance bill limiting contributions, raised fines for industrial pollution, and cut unemployment benefits and workmen’s compensation. He even modified Louisiana’s Napoleonic Code to get it in line with the English common law tradition. How this agenda of conservative reform works will be tested when Roemer comes up for reelection in fall 1991.

**Presidential politics.** With its economics-based politics, Louisiana has the potential to become a competitive state in presidential elections; it certainly was when southerner Jimmy Carter was running, and it almost was in 1988. There is a large black vote here, and the Cajun vote has gone Democratic in national contests.

**Senators.** Bennett Johnston, Louisiana’s senior Senator, is one of Capitol Hill’s smarter political operators—but also one of its more disappointed ones. At home he seems strong, and he chairs one of the Senate’s major committees. But he failed in late 1988 to achieve his ambition of becoming Senate Majority Leader. He remains an important Senator as chairman of the Energy and Natural Resources Committee. In the 1970s, this committee was drafting complex energy price legislation, and Johnston was in the thick of the details. In the late 1980s, as energy prices were decontrolled, difficulties with nuclear weapons facilities and possible shortfalls in electricity production emerged as problems; but oil and natural gas still present plenty of issues. Naturally, Johnston is sympathetic to producers’ interests, but he emphasizes that he is not a creature of Big Oil; he is much more responsive to the more numerous small producers (who tend to be very rich individuals and able political fundraisers). On the Appropriations Committee, Johnston is chairman of the Energy and Water Development Subcommittee, which together with the Energy chair gives him as much to say on a wide range of environmental issues as any Senator. Like most Louisianans, he is alert to the need for economic growth and not interested in curtailing development, but is also aware that some development really can ruin things worth keeping.

Johnston spent much of the second Reagan term running for Majority Leader. Discontented with Robert Byrd, he backed Lawton Chiles against Byrd in 1984, and in 1986 was himself a declared candidate for the Democratic leadership; he took himself out of the race before the election, when it became clear that Byrd had the votes. For 1988, he ran early and hard against Daniel Inouye and George Mitchell. In 1987, with superb timing, he became the first conservative southern Democrat to announce he would vote against the confirmation of Robert Bork—a move that made the Bork nomination a partisan issue and, in a Democratic Senate,

defeated it. Yet, in the contest for Majority Leader, Johnston was unable to win many northerners' votes and did not hold the South. In the end, when Mitchell led 27-14-14, Johnston and Inouye sensibly decided to dispense with a second ballot. Will Johnston rebound from this setback? He has high committee positions on Budget as well as Energy and Appropriations (though not a warm relationship with the new Appropriations chairman, Robert Byrd), he has a natural dealmaking ability and he is capable of mastering details well enough to make him one of the Senate's toughest negotiators in conference. He can also be a key fundraiser for other Senate Democrats.

At least once earlier in his career, Johnston ended up winning big by losing. In 1972, he lost the gubernatorial primary to Edwin Edwards by 4,488 votes out of 1.1 million cast. Months later, he was the only major politician to file against Senator Allen Ellender, a Huey Long protege who had held the seat since 1936; Ellender died between the filing date and the primary, and Johnston won the seat easily. In 1978, he was held to 59% by conservative legislator Woody Jenkins, who was not taken too seriously; in 1984, he drew only nuisance opposition (one candidate appeared on the ballot as Larry Napoleon "Boo-Ga-Loo" Cooper) and won the seat with 86% in the September primary. For 1990, Johnston seems well positioned in Louisiana's increasingly economic-based politics. No serious Democrat is likely to challenge such a senior Senator, and Johnston has some claim on the same geographic and economic base—northern Louisiana and affluent voters—that elected Buddy Roemer governor.

John Breaux has emerged in his first term as an active and effective Senator: after only two years in the Senate he was named to head the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee during the 1989-90 election cycle. This is quite a turnaround considering he entered the 1986 Senate race under a cloud named Edwin Edwards. Breaux is from the same small Cajun town as Edwards, served four years on his staff, and won Edwards's House seat when Edwards became governor in 1972. He was known for an Edwards-like response he gave when asked after voting for the 1981 Reagan budget cuts after getting an agreement to reinstate sugar price supports, "Does that mean your vote is for sale?" "No," he replied, "but it is available for rent." Actually, Breaux had shown some creativity in the House as a legislator, using his seat on the Public Works and Commerce committees not only to get projects for his coastal district but also for such larger causes as torpedoing the Law of the Sea treaty and getting the state a \$605 million windfall in offshore oil payments.

Breaux's 1986 Senate Republican opponent, Baton Rouge Congressman Henson Moore, who had an overwhelming money advantage and was attacking the unpopular Edwards, made some bad mistakes—notably letting national Republicans stage a "ballot security" drive aimed supposedly at stopping vote fraud but in fact at intimidating blacks. This succeeded in infuriating blacks and increasing their turnout while—no one would have believed this two decades ago—doing nothing for Moore among whites. Moore failed to get 50% in the first primary and Breaux, emphasizing economic issues, overtook him by November. Black voters gave Breaux margins as large as anyone has ever won in Louisiana; the Cajun parishes came in for him at better than 2 to 1; he carried or ran about even in white Baptist parishes and blue-collar neighborhoods. Moore carried all affluent suburbs, the growing cities of Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Monroe and Alexandria, his own congressional district (though only barely) and not much else.

In the Senate, Breaux got seats on the Environment and Public Works and the Commerce Committees—expanded versions of his House assignments—and showed the sureness of foot he had at his best in the House. With Johnston, he plays a key role on nuclear issues. Politically, his 1986 experience persuaded him to be "a Democrat trying to be a power in the party." As Republicans become more competitive in state races, Democrats increasingly find themselves identified with the national party they used to pretty much ignore; Breaux's conclusion is that they—he—had better determine what that national party stands for. Hence his active work for

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natural gas still present plenty of issues.  
nterests, but he emphasizes that he is not a  
ie more numerous small producers (who tend  
raisers). On the Appropriations Committee,  
evelopment Subcommittee, which together  
a wide range of environmental issues as any  
ed for economic growth and not interested in  
ie development really can ruin things worth

running for Majority Leader. Discontented  
st Byrd in 1984, and in 1986 was himself a  
; he took himself out of the race before the  
tes. For 1988, he ran early and hard against  
with superb timing, he became the first  
ould vote against the confirmation of Robert  
partisan issue and, in a Democratic Senate,

Michael Dukakis in 1988; hence his successful campaign to head the Senate campaign committee and his less successful efforts to get former Congressman Jim Jones elected Democratic national chairman.

**Congressional districting.** Louisiana's congressional redistricting eventually went to court in the 1980s, where the New Orleans 2d District was redrawn to produce a black majority. It continued to reelect Lindy Boggs. Redistricting is not likely to make major changes in the delegation for 1992, except to expand the population-losing 2d's boundaries outward. Louisiana's unique all-party primary means that the critical congressional election here for incumbents is in September, for if they win 50% then they are reelected; in the 1980s, only one incumbent has failed to win in September—Republican Clyde Holloway in the Democratic 8th in 1988—and he won in November.

**The People:** Est. Pop. 1988: 4,420,000; Pop. 1980: 4,205,900, up 5.1% 1980-88 and 15.4% 1970-80: 1.87% of U.S. total, 18th largest. 13% with 1-3 yrs. col., 13% with 4+ yrs. col.; 18.6% below poverty level. Single ancestry: 11% French, 10% English, 3% Irish, German, 2% Italian. Households (1980): 76% family, 45% with children, 60% married couples; 34.5% housing units rented; median monthly rent: \$156; median house value: \$43,000. Voting age pop. (1980): 2,875,432; 27% Black, 2% Spanish origin. 1% Asian origin. Registered voters (1988): 2,161,395; 1,628,405 D (75%); 355,964 R (16%); 177,026 unaffiliated and minor parties (8%).

**1988 Share of Federal Tax Burden:** \$11,240,000,000; 1.27% of U.S. total, 23d largest.

**1988 Share of Federal Expenditures**

	Total		Non-Defense		Defense	
Total Expend	\$12,682m	(1.43%)	\$8,713m	(1.33%)	\$3,098m	(1.36%)
St/Lcl Grants	2,135m	(1.86%)	663m	(0.58%)	2m	(1.51%)
Salary/Wages	1,585m	(1.18%)	809m	(1.21%)	776m	(1.21%)
Pymnts to Indiv	6,479m	(1.58%)	6,196m	(1.59%)	283m	(1.52%)
Procurement	2,036m	(1.08%)	599m	(1.29%)	2,036m	(1.08%)
Research/Other	448m	(1.20%)	446m	(1.20%)	1m	(1.20%)

**Political Lineup:** Governor, Buddy Roemer (D); Lt. Gov., Paul Hardy (R); Secy. of State, Wallace Fox McKeithen (D); Atty. Gen., William J. Guste, Jr. (D); Treasurer, Mary Landrieu (D). State Senate. 39 (34 D and 5 R); State House of Representatives, 105 (87 D and 18 R). Senators, J. Bennett Johnston, Jr. (D) and John B. Breaux (D). Representatives, 8 (4 D and 4 R).

**1988 Presidential Vote**

Bush (R)	883,702	(54%)
Dukakis (D)	717,460	(44%)

**1988 Democratic Presidential Primary**

Jackson	221,532	(35%)
Gore	174,976	(28%)
Dukakis	95,667	(15%)
Gephardt	66,434	(11%)
Hart	26,442	(4%)
Duke	23,390	(4%)
Simon	5,155	(1%)

**1984 Presidential Vote**

Reagan (R)	1,037,299	(61%)
Mondale (D)	651,586	(38%)

**1988 Republican Presidential Primary**

Bush	83,687	(58%)
Robertson	26,295	(18%)
Dole	25,626	(18%)
Kemp	7,722	(5%)

**GOVERNOR**

**Gov. Buddy Roemer (D)**



Elected 1987, term expires Mar. 1992; b. Oct. 4, 1943, Shreveport; home, Bossier City; Harvard U., B.A. 1964, M.B.A. 1967; United Methodist; married (Patti).

**Career:** Businessman, farmer, banker, 1967-80; Delegate, LA Constitutional Convention, 1972; U.S. House of Reps., 1980-88.

**Offices:** State Capitol, Baton Rouge 70804, 504-342-7015.

**Election Results**

1987 gen.	Buddy Roemer (D), unopposed		
1987 prim.	Buddy Roemer (D).....	516,078	(33%)
	Edwin Edwards (D).....	437,801	(28%)
	Bob Livingston (R).....	287,780	(18%)
	Billy Tauzin (D).....	154,079	(10%)
	Four others.....	162,992	(10%)
1983 prim.	Edwin W. Edwards (D).....	1,006,561	(62%)
	David C. Treen (R).....	588,508	(36%)

**SENATORS**

**Sen. J. Bennett Johnston, Jr. (D)**



Elected 1972, seat up 1990; b. June 10, 1932, Shreveport; home, Shreveport; Wash. & Lee U., 1950-51, 1952-53, U.S. Military Academy, 1951-52, LA St. U., LL.B. 1956; Baptist; married (Mary).

**Career:** Army, 1956-59; Practicing atty., 1959-72; LA House of Reps., 1964-68; LA Senate, 1968-72.

**Offices:** 136 HSOB 20510, 202-224-5824. Also Hale Boggs Fed. Bldg., 500 Camp St., Rm. 1010, New Orleans 70130, 504-589-2427; Joe D. Waggoner Jr. Fed. Bldg., 500 Fannin St., Ste. 7A12, Shreveport 71161, 318-226-5085; and 1 American Pl., Ste. 1510, Baton Rouge 70825, 504-389-0395.

**Committees:** *Appropriations* (4th of 16 D). Subcommittees: Defense; Energy and Water Development (Chairman); Foreign Operations; HUD-Independent Agencies; Interior. *Budget* (3d of 13 D). *Energy and Natural Resources* (Chairman of 10 D). *Special Committee on Aging* (5th of 10 D).

**Group Ratings**

	ADA	ACLU	COPE	CFA	LCV	ACU	NTLC	NSI	COC	CEI
1988	55	38	51	92	20	36	11	60	50	13
1987	70	—	49	67	—	20	—	—	33	19



City/State: NEW Orleans, LA  
 Event: Roemer for Governor  
 Date: 9/17/91

**OFFICE OF PRESIDENTIAL ADVANCE**  
**CONTACT SHEET**

Name	Office	Phone Number
Presidential Advance Office		202/456-7565
Presidential Advance Fax Number		202/456-2820
Kris Goodwin	WH Advance	202/456-7565
Dan Petrale	USSS	202/395-4011
Leo Tomeu	WH Advance	202/456-7565
John Herrick	WH Press	202-456-7565
ANDY FOSTER	WH POLITICAL AFFAIRS	202 456 6510
Bob Sawyer	WH Advance	456-7565
Christie Astle	PNC - Roemer Campaign	928-1991
Bob Foster	SHERATON N.O. - 61M.	525-2500
FRANK McHEE	Roemer Committee, TREASURER	(504) 928-1991
MIKE JOHNSTON	USSS - NCO	504 589-4041
Ronald Hicks	U.S. Secret Service NCO	504 589-4041
MARK BARNWELL	WH COMMUNICATIONS	202-395-4440
FFC TROY CLARK	WH COMMUNICATIONS - LEAD FOR N.O. TRU	202-395-2000
MAJ. Lee Viverette	MARINE ONE	703-640-2364
MAJOR STEVE RIENWETS	PRESIDENTIAL FLIGHT SUPPORT	(202) 395-4825
ALAN RICHARD D'ZURILLA	SHERATON	504 595-5034
ROBERT DAMICANI	SHERATON	(504) 595-5549
GILBERT BUCHSBAUM	SHERATON	(504) 595-5544
Libby Bault	Sheraton	504-595-2500-5245
PAT DWALLE	SHERATON COMMUNICATIONS	504-595-3606
TINA ROEMER	SHERATON	504-595-5543
BETH LANDRY	SHERATON, P.R.	504 595-5533
MARCUS CARTER	SHERATON	504 532 5604
LEE SMITH	SHERATON ENGR	504 592-5616
MARK P. NOYES	SHERATON N.O.	504 861-0671
SCOTT F. FORD	LAND COORDINATOR	504 595-2000

Tony Denny	<del>Roemer Campaign</del> / Rep Nat Comm	504-928-1991
JENNIFER GROSSMAN	WH PRESIDENTIAL SPEECH WRITING	(202) 456-7750
Jake Ross	NAVY AIDE	(202) 395-1747
Cynthia Molyneux	Freeport - Metro Ran	(504) 582-1618
GAVIN SUSMAN	Roemer Campaign	(504) 928-1991
Karin Di Benedetto	Generation	504-595-5586
NEIL GERPELT	CONVENTION SERVICE MGR	(504) 595-5511

17 September 1991

MEMORANDUM FOR CS

FROM: JAG

SUBJECT: POSSIBILITIES FOR ROEMER HUMOUR

- o touchy situation: administration is backing Roemer, the incumbent, but the state GOP is backing another candidate. Maybe a light way to approach this would be to use Claude Pepper's line: "One has the right to be wrong in a democracy."
- o Roemer's a party switcher; joined GOP earlier this year.
- o football team: New Orleans Saints, doing well. Maybe, four years ago when Buddy took office, Louisiana had more than its share of problems --now, (list what has improved) and the Saints are X to nothing.
- o There has only been one other Republican governor in Louisiana history: Dave Trane 79-83.
- o Roemer's campaign slogan: DON'T TURN BACK THE CLOCK
- o Buddy has a reputation for stubbornly sticking to his beliefs, regardless of the consequences, pugnacious integrity.
- o Roemer's a Harvard grad. Maybe there's a joke about Harvard-Yale rivalry. POTUS: he's my candidate -- even if he is a Harvard man.
- o Cajun's love for music, food...Laissez les bon temps rouler!
- o Pat O'Brian's is a famous New Orleans hot spot, de rigeur: a Hurricane, a punch drink with a wallop.
- o Republican convention held in New Orleans.
- o the illicit enticements of Bourbon Street.
- o popular movies that center on Louisiana: "The Big Easy," "Steel Magnolias."
- o Louisiana: crawfish, alligators, bayous, moss strewn oaks, cajun country.

h the erroneous understanding while Montana, another name an nothing.<sup>26</sup> In spite of the the name Idaho, the state of n State and the Gem of the

in 1679, he named it after banks. Illinois is a French "ilini," the plural of which and also possibly a member of

and of Lincoln" as its slogan Abraham Lincoln began his cially as the Prairie State, a third full week of September strate the value of preserving he Corn State is another fitting ce of that crop to the state's

ne Indiana, meaning "Land of ertory out of the Northwest

by the Indiana legislature as is popularly known, however, Hoosier is unclear. It may be Who's here?" Another expla- an Indiana contractor, Sam other explanation is that the erm applied to early riverboat force.<sup>32</sup>

tory of Wisconsin west of the ry and then, in 1846, a state. ians who inhabited the area, n the river. The tribal name

"'Ayuxwa" means "one who puts to sleep." The French spelled Iowa as Ayoua and the English, as Ioway.<sup>33</sup>

Iowa's most enduring but unofficial nickname, the Hawkeye State, was first suggested in an 1838 newspaper article by James G. Edwards as a tribute to Chief Black Hawk. Black Hawk had come back to Iowa to die after his release from prison, where he had served a sentence for fighting the encroachment of white settlers on Indian land.<sup>34</sup>

### Kansas

Kansas is the French spelling of the Kansas, Omaha, Kaw, Osage, and Dakota Sioux Indian word "KaNze." In the language of the Kansas, the word Kansas means the "south wind." The tribal name was applied to the Kansas River and also to the territory occupied by the tribe.<sup>35</sup>

Kansas has several nicknames that describe its history, resources, and weather. Kansas was known at one time as "Bleeding Kansas," an apt appellation for pre-Civil War Kansas and the carnage that occurred there at the time. In a sense, Kansas was a precursor of things to come as the United States was about to embark on civil war. Kansas is also called the Squatter State for the squatters who settled the new territory. The Cyclone State is a nickname that calls to mind the worst of Kansas weather; the Sunflower State calls to mind the wild sunflowers of the plains, the official flower of the state. Finally, Kansas is called the Jayhawk State for the unruly irregulars and pillagers who first occupied the Kansas borders. Kansas soldiers came to be known as a result as Jayhawkers.<sup>36</sup>

### Kentucky

The name Kentucky, the Wyandot word for "plain," referring to the central plains of the state, was first recorded in 1753. Kentucky, which had been a province of Virginia, became a territory in 1790, a state in 1792.<sup>37</sup>

Kentucky is commonly nicknamed the Bluegrass State, in spite of the fact that it is officially a commonwealth. Bluegrass is actually green, but its bluish-purple buds, when seen from afar, give a field of bluegrass a bluish tint.<sup>38</sup> Kentucky is also nicknamed for two crops that have figured in its economic history—the Hemp State and the Tobacco State. Finally, Kentucky has been called the Dark and Bloody Ground, a nickname passed down by Daniel Boone from an Indian chief to describe the battles Indians and whites fought in Kentucky.<sup>39</sup>

### Louisiana

*history p. 1*

In 1682, explorer Sieur de La Salle was the first European to descend the Mississippi River all the way to its delta. He named the area he discovered

8 history can't  
La Louisianne after Louis XIV of France. The state of Louisiana was carved out of the New Orleans Territory, which was only a portion of the Louisiana Purchase.<sup>40</sup>

Nicknames for Louisiana are plentiful and descriptive. Louisiana is known as the Bayou State for its numerous bayous and the Fisherman's Paradise for the variety of excellent fishing available in the state. The Child of the Mississippi is a nickname that describes the state's geological origin. The Sugar State is a tribute to Louisiana's sugar industry, and the Pelican State is a tribute to the state bird, the brown pelican, which is native to Louisiana.<sup>41</sup>

### Maine

The origin of the name Maine is uncertain. French colonists may have named the area after the French province of Mayne. "Main" was also a common term among early explorers to describe a mainland.<sup>42</sup>

The state of Maine recognizes the nickname the Pine Tree State. The white pine is the state tree and Maine possesses 17 million acres of forest.<sup>43</sup> Maine is also known as the Lumber State for its lumber industry and as the Border State for its geographical position below Canada. The Old Dirigo State refers to the state's motto "Dirigo," which means "I lead" or "I direct."<sup>44</sup>

### Maryland

When Lord Baltimore received the charter for the colony from Charles I of England, it contained the proviso that the colony be named Maryland in honor of Charles I's wife, Queen Henrietta Maria, who was popularly known as Queen Mary.<sup>45</sup>

Maryland is known as the Free State and the Old Line State. The first of these nicknames originated in 1923. Hamilton Owens, editor of the *Baltimore Star*, coined the term after Maryland refused to pass an enforcement act for Prohibition. He continued to use the nickname in his editorials. The second nickname, by some accounts, was created by George Washington in praise of Maryland's regular line troops who served well in many Revolutionary War skirmishes.<sup>46</sup>

### Massachusetts

Massachusetts was named after the Massachusetts Indian tribe, which populated the Massachusetts Bay region before Columbus first arrived in the New World. Massachusetts means "large hill place." The tribe was named after Great Blue Hill, which lies south of Milton.<sup>47</sup>

Massachusetts Bay lends the state two common nicknames—the Bay State

ono<sup>17</sup>

perpetuated in Righteousness”

Hawaii’s official motto, these words were on the Kingdom of Hawaii and the Territory. King Kamehameha incorporated the Hawaiian flag to

18

theologian and mathematician in 1623, applied it to the Republic by the Grange in 1867 and by

on”

the original state seal adopted in 1868, contrary to an amendment and placed “National Union” nonetheless, the official motto places

crossroads of America” as Indiana’s when this motto was chosen, the routes was in Indiana; furthermore, the west routes intersect in Indiana.

“Rights We will Maintain”<sup>23</sup>

sentiment of Iowans as they entered the state seal by the first General

### Kansas

*Motto: Ad Astra per Aspera*<sup>24</sup>

*Translation: “To the Stars Through Difficulties”*

*Origin: John J. Ingalls was responsible for including this motto in the design of the great seal in 1861. He was at the time secretary of the Senate. Ingalls claimed the phrase was “as old as Josephus,” quite common in heraldry, and the most melodious of various phrases that express similar sentiments. He had first noticed it in the office of the gentleman under whom he had read law.*<sup>25</sup>

### Kentucky

*Motto: “United We Stand, Divided We Fall”*<sup>26</sup>

*Origin: This familiar motto paraphrases a line from John Dickinson’s “Liberty Song of 1768,” which says “By uniting we stand; by dividing we fall.” George Pope Morris, who wrote the poem “The Flag of Our Union,” probably got the phrase from the original song.*<sup>27</sup>

### Louisiana

*Motto: “Union, Justice and Confidence”*

*Origin: An exact explanation for the choice of this motto has been lost in time. Clearly, however, it represents the sentiments present at Louisiana’s joining the Union. Until 1864, the motto had been “Justice, Union, and Confidence.”*<sup>28</sup>

### Maine

*Motto: Dirigo*<sup>29</sup>

*Translation: “I Direct” or “I Guide”*

*Origin: In the design of the seal, the star above the motto is intended to symbolize the state. The motto continues a navigational metaphor to the effect that the state should be a guiding light to its citizens just as the citizens should direct their efforts to the well-being of the state.*<sup>30</sup>

### Maryland

*Mottoes: Fatti Maschii Parole Femine*

*Scuto Bonae Voluntatis Tuae Coronasti Nos*<sup>31</sup>

ana shall be described as follows:  
 2 5/8 inches in diameter, inclosed  
 n the first, two and three eighths  
 y a beaded line, leaving a margin  
 e top half of this margin are the

either side by a diamond, with  
 ee (*lirodendron tulupifera*), at  
 circle has two (2) trees in the  
 center background with nearly  
 the first and second hill from

an, starting with two (2) short  
 and then alternating, short and  
 es on the right, the larger one  
 tch cut nearly half way through,  
 ove the ground. The woodsman  
 nearly perpendicular on his right.  
 im and is even with his hat.

cing to the left of front. His tail  
 back feet in the air—as he jumps

s, in the area of the buffalo and

of Iowa adopted the following act

hereby authorized to procure a  
 the state of Iowa, two inches in  
 aved the following device, sur-  
 al of the State of Iowa—a sheaf  
 ickle and other farming utensils,  
 ead furnace and pile of pig lead  
 ith a plow in his rear, supporting  
 ith his right hand, and his gun  
 he bottom; the Mississippi river  
 amer Iowa under way; an eagle  
 eak a scroll, with the following  
 e prize, and our rights we will

### Kansas

The 1861 resolution creating the great seal of Kansas describes the seal as follows:

The east is represented by a rising sun, in the right-hand corner of the seal; to the left of it, commerce is represented by a river and a steamboat; in the foreground, agriculture is represented as the basis of the future prosperity of the state, by a settler's cabin and a man plowing with a pair of horses; beyond this is a train of ox-wagons, going west; in the background is seen a herd of buffalo, retreating, pursued by two Indians, on horseback; around the top is the motto, 'Ad astra per aspera,' and beneath a cluster of thirty-four stars. The circle is surrounded by the words, 'Great seal of the state of Kansas. January 29, 1861.'<sup>23</sup>

### Kentucky

Kentucky's seal has remained essentially unchanged since 1792. It combines friendship with a slogan of revolutionary fervor.

The seal of the Commonwealth shall have upon it the device, two (2) friends embracing each other, with the words 'Commonwealth of Kentucky' over their heads and around them the words, 'United We Stand, Divided We Fall.'<sup>24</sup>

### Louisiana

The code of Louisiana empowers the governor of the state to devise a public seal to authenticate official governmental acts.<sup>25</sup> In 1902, Governor William Wright Heard prescribed this description of the seal:

A Pelican, with its head turned to the left, in a nest with three young; the Pelican, following the tradition in act of tearing its breast to feed its young; around the edge of the seal to be inscribed 'State of Louisiana.' Over the head of the Pelican to be inscribed 'Union, Justice,' and under the Pelican to be inscribed 'Confidence.'<sup>26</sup>

The motto and the pelican have been employed in Louisiana seals since at least 1804.

### Maine

In 1820, when Maine became a state, a law was passed describing the state seal. The current law provides a bit more detail and retains all the features of the original seal.

## Louisiana

Louisiana's flag was adopted officially in 1912 by the legislature.

The official flag of Louisiana shall be that flag now in general use, consisting of a solid blue field with the coat-of-arms of the state, the pelican feeding its young, in white in the center, with a ribbon beneath, also in white, containing in blue the motto of the state, "Union, Justice and Confidence."<sup>26</sup>

In 1981, the legislature adopted a state pledge of allegiance.

I pledge allegiance to the flag of the state of Louisiana and to the motto for which it stands: A state, under God, united in purpose and ideals, confident that justice shall prevail for all of those abiding here.<sup>27</sup>

## Maine

The Maine legislature adopted the state flag in 1909. This flag uses the coat of arms in a field of blue.

The flag to be known as the official flag of the State shall be of blue, of the same color as the blue field in the flag of the United States, and of the following dimensions and designs; to wit, the length or height of the staff to be 9 feet, including brass spearhead and ferrule; the fly of said flag to be 5 feet 6 inches, and to be 4 feet 4 inches on the staff; in the center of the flag there shall be embroidered in silk on both sides of the flag the coat of arms of the State, in proportionate size; the edges to be trimmed with knotted fringe of yellow silk, 2 1/2 inches wide; a cord, with tassels, to be attached to the staff at the spearhead, to be 8 feet 6 inches long and composed of white and blue silk strands.<sup>28</sup>

Maine law also prescribes a merchant and marine flag.

The flag to be known as the merchant and marine flag of the State shall be of white, at the top of which in blue letters shall be the motto "Dirigo"; beneath the motto shall be the representation of a pine tree in green color, the trunk of which shall be entwined with the representation of an anchor in blue color; beneath the tree and anchor shall be the name "Maine" in blue color.<sup>29</sup>

## Maryland

Maryland's flag was officially adopted in 1904, although the flag was first flown in 1888 at Gettysburg Battlefield. The flag described below employs the arms of the Calvert and Crossland families.<sup>30</sup>



Indiana



Kentucky



Maryland



Minnesota



Iowa



Louisiana



Massachusetts



Mississippi



Montana



Kansas



Maine



Michigan



Missouri

### Kentucky

In 1904 the legislature of Kentucky passed a bill providing for the construction of a capitol in Frankfort, thus ending a long debate as to where the permanent capital should be located. Collection of \$1 million of debt left from the Civil and Spanish-American wars owed Kentucky by the United States War Department provided the funding. F. M. Andrews and Company had been retained as architects and work commenced in 1905, with the cornerstone having been laid in 1906. The building was dedicated in 1910.

Kentucky's capitol combines French Renaissance and neoclassical designs in a building that measures 402 feet, 10 inches east to west, 180 feet north to south, and 212 feet from the top of the lantern to the terrace floor, on a thirty-four-acre site. The base of the exterior is Vermont granite, and the face-work on the three-story building is Bedford limestone. The exterior walls are adorned with seventy Ionic columns of limestone. The rotunda, 57 feet in diameter, the dome, and the lantern were copied from the Hôtel des Invalides of Napoléon's tomb in Paris. The State Reception Room is a copy of Marie Antoinette's drawing room in the Grand Trianon Palace. Total construction and furnishing costs totaled \$1,820,000.<sup>17</sup>

### Louisiana

When Huey Long became governor of Louisiana in 1928, one of his top priorities was to centralize the state's government under one roof. The 100-year-old neo-Gothic capitol in downtown Baton Rouge had grown inadequate. In 1930, the legislature granted Long's wish and appropriated \$5 million for a new capitol building. Work commenced in December 1930 and was completed only fourteen months later.

The New Orleans architectural firm of Weiss, Dreyfous, and Seiferth designed a statehouse that replaced the traditional dome and rotunda with a thirty-four-story, 450-foot tower, and a public hall in accordance with the governor's wishes. The capitol became, at the time, the tallest building in the South, and it remains a fine example of the Art Moderne school of American architecture. The 10 percent savings in building costs were used to embellish the capitol with art deco ornamentation.

The capitol is surrounded by twenty-seven acres of formal gardens, which were once occupied by Louisiana State University. In 1935, Huey Long was assassinated in the very building he had envisioned to be a monument to the people of Louisiana. His grave is located at the center of the formal gardens.<sup>18</sup>

### Maine

Augusta was selected as Maine's capital in 1827, seven years after Maine became a state. Charles Bulfinch was chosen to design the building for a

It is hard to imagine that the sunflower will ever be dethroned as the state flower.<sup>32</sup>

### Kentucky

The goldenrod became the official state flower of Kentucky in 1926 by legislative act.<sup>33</sup> Most of the 125 species of goldenrod have yellow flowers, though a few species sport white flowers instead. This perennial herb is also called the yellow-top or flower-of-gold.<sup>34</sup>

### Louisiana

The magnolia was designated the state flower of Louisiana by act of the legislature in 1900.<sup>35</sup> The magnolia family, which includes about ten genera and seventy-five species, is most commonly found throughout eastern North America. The flower from the magnolia tree or shrub is large and extremely fragrant.<sup>36</sup>

### Maine

The pine cone and tassel, *Pinus strobus Linnaeus*, was named the floral emblem of the state of Maine by legislative act in 1895.<sup>37</sup> It is obvious from the state seal, the nickname of the state, and the state tree that Maine is proud of its 17 million acres of forestland. It is no surprise that the pine cone and tassel was designated the official state flower of the Pine Tree State.

### Maryland

The black-eyed susan, *Rudbeckia hirta*, was proclaimed to be the floral emblem of Maryland by legislative act in 1918.<sup>38</sup> Also called the yellow daisy, this herb is a member of the thistle family, with orange or orange-yellow petals and a purplish brown center.<sup>39</sup>

### Massachusetts

The mayflower, *Epigea repens*, was named the flower or floral emblem of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by legislative act in 1918. A provision was added in 1925 to protect the mayflower, making it unlawful to dig up or injure a mayflower plant, other than to pick the flower, if growing on public lands. A fine of not more than \$50 may be levied upon conviction, unless a person violates this law while in disguise or in the secrecy of night, in which case the punishment is increased to a fine of not more than \$100.<sup>40</sup>

Large patches of the mayflower, or ground laurel, may be found growing



Syringa  
Idaho



Violet  
Illinois, New Jersey, Wisconsin



Peony  
Indiana



Wild Rose  
Iowa



Wild Native Sunflower  
Kansas

*Illustration*



Goldenrod  
Kentucky, Nebraska



Magnolia  
Louisiana, Mississippi



Pine Cone and Tassel  
Maine



Black-Eyed Susan  
Maryland



Mayflower  
Massachusetts



Pink and White Lady Slipper  
Minnesota

The cottonwood has been termed the pioneer tree of Kansas because many homesteaders planted cottonwood. The cottonwood flourished giving the settlers the courage to continue and to lay claim to the land.<sup>25</sup>

### Kentucky

The coffee tree was named the Kentucky state tree in 1976.<sup>26</sup>

*Scientific name:* *Gymnocladus dioicus* (Linn.) Koch.

*Synonyms:* Kentucky coffee tree, coffeebean tree, coffeenut, mahogany, nickertree, stumptree, virgilia.

*Native to:* Northeastern United States and southern Ontario; west through Minnesota, Nebraska, and Kansas; southward mainly between the Mississippi River and the Allegheny Mountains to Tennessee.

*Physical description:* A popular shade tree, the coffee tree grows from 40 to 60 feet in height and lives from 40 to 50 years. Shiny and pale green leaflets turn clear yellow in early autumn. The large seed pods are brown and hang from the tree throughout the winter.

### Louisiana *tall*

The bald cypress, *Taxodium distichum*, commonly called the cypress tree, was designated the official state tree of Louisiana in 1963.<sup>27</sup>

*Scientific name:* *Taxodium distichum* (L.) Rich.

*Synonyms:* Southern cypress, red cypress, yellow cypress, white cypress, black cypress, gulf cypress, swamp cypress, deciduous cypress, tide-water red cypress.

*Native to:* Swamps and riverbanks of the South Atlantic and Gulf coastal plains and the Mississippi valley.

*Physical description:* The bald cypress is a large tree with a swollen base and "knees." The bark is reddish brown or gray with long fibrous or scaly ridges. The leaves are light yellow green, whitish beneath, and are crowded featherlike in two rows on slender horizontal twigs. They are flat, from  $\frac{3}{8}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch long, and are shed in the fall. The cones are from  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 inch in diameter with hard scales.

### Maine

The white pine was named the official tree of Maine in 1959.<sup>28</sup>

*Scientific name:* *Pinus strobus* Linn.

*Synonyms:* Eastern white pine, northern white pine, soft pine, Weymouth pine, spruce pine.

cts. As the young mature, s, though insect pests still e beautiful birds, popular o for their pleasant songs, last approximately three

*Cardinalis cardinalis*, was des- are in 1933.<sup>28</sup> See the

*Cardinalis*, was designated the bly.<sup>29</sup>

to 2 inches. f the Rocky Mountains;

r is generally pure lemon own, wings, and tail are e of the wings and along le and the adult male in ove; the wings and tail e upper tail feathers are lerparts are dull grayish

often seen in undulating he birds usually sing in l tunes which last from the season (from July to ant companions as they sets average five in num- . Seeds are the mainstay nths by a delicacy, plant

*Cardinalis dubon*), was designated of Kansas, as preferred

*Size:* Total length – 8 to 9 inches; tail length – 2½ to 3 inches.

*Range:* Western United States, southwestern Canada, northwestern Mexico; east to the prairie areas of the Mississippi valley, in Minnesota, Iowa, Missouri, and Texas.

*Physical description:* The head and back of the neck are a pale dull buffy or white with broad lateral crown stripes of pale grayish brown; the lower sides of the head are largely yellow, topped by a dull grayish white area streaked with gray; mostly buffy or grayish brown above streaked with black; the outermost tail feathers are mostly white; the throat, breast, and abdomen are a deep yellow sometimes with an orangish hue. The yellow area is relieved by a black horseshoe-shaped patch on the chest.

*Behavior:* An oriole, the western meadowlark feeds mostly on insects with perhaps one third of its diet consisting of grain. Its loud, distinctive song is considered one of its most appealing qualities; the bird sometimes hammers out as many as 200 notes per minute. The young leave their nests early, unable to fly but still under the protection of their parents until they are able to care for themselves. Fledglings are easy prey for weasels, skunks, snakes, owls, and hawks.

### Kentucky

The native red bird commonly known as the Kentucky cardinal (*Cardinalis cardinalis*) was designated the official state bird by the legislature in 1926.<sup>31</sup> See the Illinois entry for a description.

### Louisiana

*-bird*

The brown pelican, as it appears on the seal of the state, was designated as the official state bird of Louisiana by the legislature in 1966.<sup>32</sup> This amended a 1958 act naming the pelican, with no further designation, as the official state bird.

*Physical description:* Mostly grayish brown streaked with brown, the pelican feathers are white tipped, and he has a long brown neck (white in the winter), a white head and white stripe that extends under the bill in a straplike fashion, a yellow forehead that turns to white at the crown followed by a rust-colored tuft at the back of the head, a long bill, and a throat pouch.

*Behavior:* The *Pelecanus occidentalis occidentalis*, or brown pelican, usually lays three dull white eggs after a solemn courtship culminating on the water's surface. As is the case with many newly hatched birds, the young pelican is fed regurgitated food of a parent. However, it

has the unique experience as it grows older of selecting meals smorgasbord-style from the parent's pouch, until it is old enough to capture its own meal from the sea. A hunting expedition is carried out when the pelican dives head first into the water at a downwind angle, making a somersault beneath the surface and emerging against the wind. This remarkable spectacle usually results in catching a supply of fresh fish that is stashed in the pouch for digestion later.

### Maine

The chickadee, *Penthestes atricapillus*, was adopted as official state bird of Maine in 1927.<sup>33</sup>

**Size:** Total length – 4½ to 5 inches; tail length – 2 to 2½ inches.

**Range:** Northern United States and Canada.

**Physical description:** The entire top and back of the head is black; most of the upper back is plain olive gray, passing into buffy gray on the rump and upper tail feathers; the wings and tail are a dusky or blackish slate color; the chin and throat are black; the sides of the head and most of the underparts are white, the sides tinged with buffy. In autumn and winter, this long-tailed small bird is much more deeply colored, contrasting even more strongly with the white abdomen and white wing edgings.

**Behavior:** The black-capped chickadee is a member of the titmouse family. Beloved by early colonial settlers, the chickadee is friendly and somewhat tame. It has been known to perch fearlessly on fingers and to feed from the hand. One of its songs is calling its own name—“chicka” followed by “dee dee dee.”

### Maryland

The Baltimore oriole, *Icterus galbula*, was designated the official state bird of Maryland by the General Assembly in 1947. The assembly has also made special provision for its protection.<sup>34</sup> The first Lord Baltimore chose orange and black as the colors for his coat of arms because of his fondness for the bird, which he saw often on his estate, that was later named the Baltimore Oriole.<sup>35</sup>

**Size:** Total length – 6½ to 7 inches; tail length – 2½ to 3 inches.

**Range:** Eastern United States, west to the Rocky Mountains; winters in Mexico and Central America to Colombia and Venezuela.

**Physical description:** The male's head, back, and upper chest area are black; the rump, upper tail feathers, and underparts range from cadmium

land," for the song. He thus put "loyal words" to the confederate song "My Maryland," which he had heard in prison.<sup>19</sup>

Although it is not officially designated, the "Iowa Corn Song" is recognized by popular approval as another Iowa song. This marching tune was written by George Hamilton and popularized as early as 1912.<sup>20</sup>

### Kansas

The Kansas legislature designated "Home on the Range," words by Dr. Brewster Higley and music by Dan Kelly, as the official state song in 1947.<sup>21</sup> This was originally titled "My Western Home" when it was penned by Dr. Higley, a pioneer physician in Kansas, in 1871 or 1872.<sup>22</sup>

Kansas also has designated an official state march. In 1935 the legislature named "The Kansas March" by Duff E. Middleton the state's official march.<sup>23</sup>

### Kentucky

"My Old Kentucky Home" by Stephen Collins Foster was designated the official state song of Kentucky in 1928.<sup>24</sup>

### Louisiana *song*

Louisiana has two officially designated songs. The first song, "Give Me Louisiana," was written and composed by Doralice Fontane and arranged by John W. Schaum. In 1977 the legislature also designated "You Are My Sunshine" as an official state song. The words and music are by Jimmy H. Davis and Charles Mitchell.<sup>25</sup>

### Maine

"State of Maine Song" is the title of the state's official song. The music and lyrics were written by Roger Vinton Snow.<sup>26</sup>

### Maryland

"Maryland! My Maryland!" was designated the official state song in 1939. The song, a poem written in 1861 by James Ryder Randall, is sung to the tune of "Lauriger Horatius."<sup>27</sup> Randall, a Marylander who lived in the Confederacy during the Civil War, wrote the poem after Union troops went through Baltimore in 1861.<sup>28</sup>

Tug-of-war championship (1984)	Nelson County Fair Tug-of-War Championship Contest
Wild animal game species (1968)	Gray squirrel <sup>23</sup>

### Louisiana - *state designation*

Crustacean (1983)	Crawfish
Dog (1979)	Louisiana Catahoula leopard dog
Drink (1983)	Milk
Fossil (1976)	Petrified palmwood
Fruit (1980)	The 1980 act designating a state fruit made a different fruit the official fruit for each of the years 1980 through 1987: peach, 1980; watermelon, 1981; fig, 1982; strawberry, 1983; peach, 1984; orange, 1985; tomato, 1986; cantaloupe, 1987
Gem (1976)	Agate
Insect (1977)	Honeybee
Reptile (1983)	Alligator <sup>24</sup>

### Maine

Animal (1979)	Moose
Cat (1985)	Maine coon cat
Fish (1969)	Landlocked salmon, <i>Salmo salar sebago</i>
Fossil (1985)	<i>Pertica quadrifaria</i>
Insect (1975)	Honeybee
Mineral (1971)	Tourmaline <sup>25</sup>

### Maryland

Dog (1964)	Chesapeake Bay retriever
Fish (1965)	Striped bass
Fossil shell (1984)	<i>Ecphora quadricostata</i>
Insect (1973)	Baltimore checkerspot butterfly, <i>Euphydryas phaeton</i>
Sport (1962)	Jousting