

Southern

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PARTISAN

Gods and Generals vs. Political Correctness



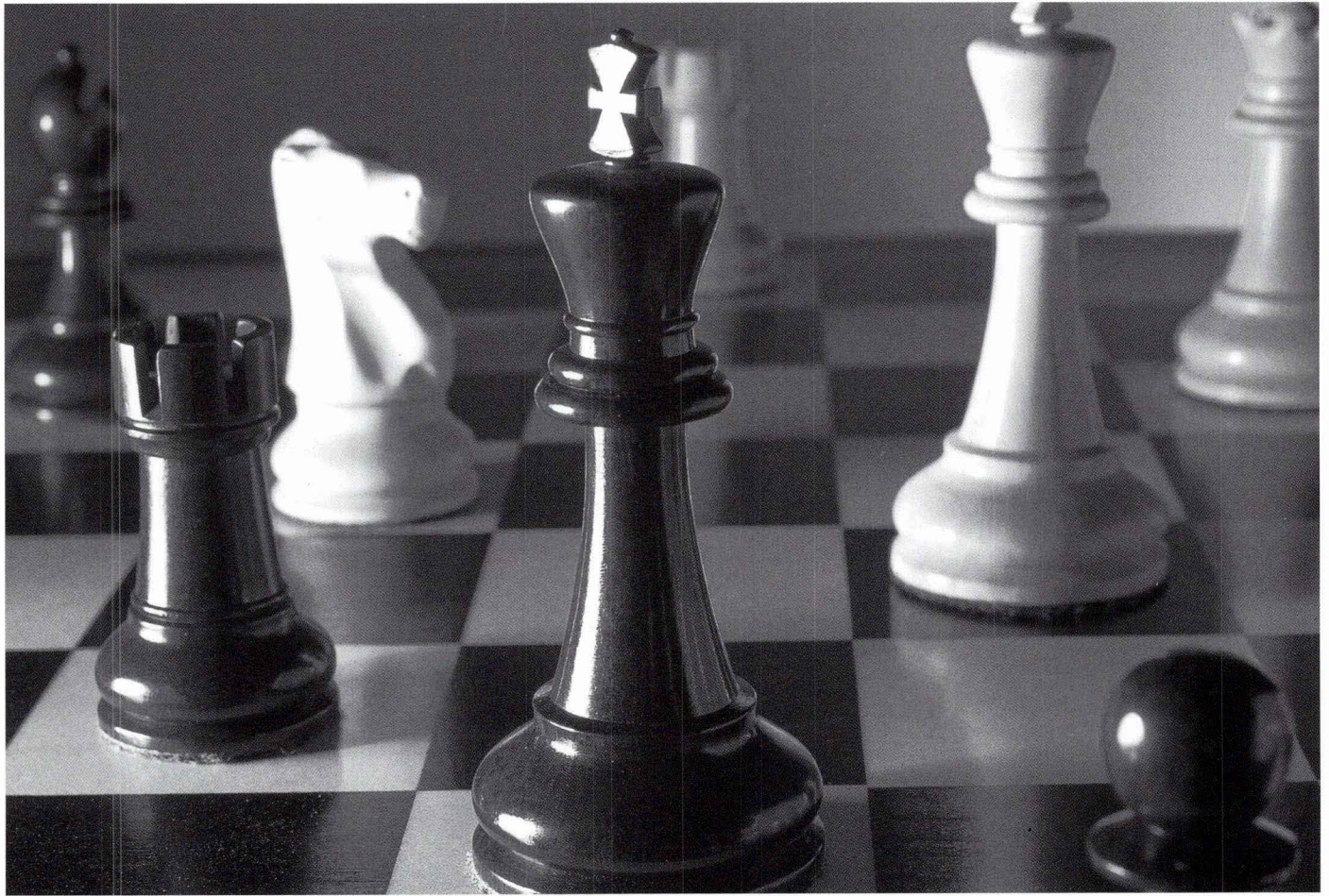
*Conversations with
Ron Maxwell,
Steve Lang,
and Kali Rocha*

*Trent Lott vs.
Political Sanity
Lott Looks Back*

*Clyde Wilson vs.
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Southern
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Dear Reader,

These are certainly interesting times to be a Southerner. In the last hundred years, there has not been a period when the South was so reviled and yet so respected.

It is a strange scenario. On the one hand, Confederate symbols have suffered some setbacks, being removed, relocated, altered, or banned. On the other hand, Southerners who love the region and respect their heritage seem to be coming out of the woods in droves.

Here in South Carolina I have witnessed two interesting phenomena. The first is the rise of the Palmetto Flag. In the last half-dozen years, the Palmetto State has been the focus of some nasty national attention over the Confederate flag that used to fly over the Statehouse dome and now flies at the Confederate Soldier's Monument out front.

It was an issue in the Republican presidential race last time and is already an issue in the Democratic presidential race this time. As New Hampshire governor Howard Dean said of a recent trip South, "I made a speech on health care and all they wanted to talk about was the Confederate flag."

While the Confederate flag has come in for an official demotion, it has a renewed and bewildering popularity. The more officialdom tries to eradicate the flag, the more the locals celebrate it. It is as if one flag on the dome was enough, but now it takes a thousand small ones to replace it. The same doubtless holds true in Georgia, Mississippi and elsewhere.

In addition to the Confederate flag, the state flag has gained a new prominence. South Carolina now enjoys a Texas-style chauvinism with the Palmetto Flag showing up as car decals, hats, belts, and just about every other form imaginable. Several different shops make a steady living off of Palmetto tree logo merchandise. I can't help but believe that this reinvigorated patriotism is a direct result of the national assaults on the state's character.

The other phenomenon is what you might call "monumental contemplation." Ever since the General Assembly voted to move the flag three years ago, the citizenry have suddenly discovered the Confederate monument.

I drive by the Statehouse complex several times a day at various times and I have rarely (if ever) passed the monument when there wasn't someone staring at it, reading the inscription, and making a photograph.

How often in life do we discover something only after it's (almost) gone?

Speaking of seeing something before it's gone, be sure and take in the new movie *Gods and Generals*. This film by the makers of *Gettysburg* is the best movie treatment of the War you'll ever see. No, it's not perfect in every detail and it is quite long, but just reading the beating it's taking from the critics is enough to warm the heart.

The movie is not a romantic comedy, does not appeal to the average teenager, and has a decidedly Christian and pro-Southern bent. Better see it quick.

The people who run the movie business won't let it out for long.

No One Left Behind

In the last issue I published a picture of some of our staff. Since George Bush says no child should be left behind, we didn't want to leave anyone out either. So, here's a picture of me with our wonderful and amazingly talented graphic artist.

Christopher M. Sullivan

Southern PARTISAN

"If there were a Southern magazine, intelligently conducted and aimed specifically, under the doctrine of provincialism, at renewing a certain sort of sectional consciousness and drawing separate groups of Southern thought together, something might be done to save the South..."

—Donald Davidson to Allen Tate
May 1927

"No periodical can well succeed in the South, which does not include the *political* constituent...The mind of the South is active chiefly in the direction of politics...The only reading people in the South are those to whom politics is the bread of life."

—William Gilmore Simms
Southern Quarterly Review, April 1853

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Un-Faircloth

Gentlemen:

Joseph Sobran has observed that the trouble with conservatism is that all the things that should have been conserved have already been destroyed. Foremost among these is the recognition of what the federal government legitimately may do.

I thought of this when reading, in the July/August issue, the salute to Lauch Faircloth as a “principled conservative” whose legacy includes “Title V, which provides substantial annual funding for abstinence education.” I don’t know which is more mind-boggling: the idea that the federal government should fund “abstinence education,” or that the promoter of such a thing should be described as a “principled conservative.”

If “conservative” has become a term so elastic as to include such as Title V, it has lost all meaning.

*Abbey Lawrence
Tuftonboro, New Hampshire*

Philosophically, you’re right, but the legislation was designed to counteract the disastrous effects of “safe sex” education. Virtually all conservative organizations backed this law.

— Ed.

The Rev. is Wrong

Gentlemen:

I found the letter from the Rev. Christopher Cole (Sept./Oct. 2002) criticizing Pat Buchanan’s protectionist views to be ludicrous. To compare the abusive tariffs of 1860 with modern day tariffs, or actually lack thereof, shows his lack of understanding of market realities. American textile workers most certainly have been hurt by foreign competition. For him to state that it is the “federal minimum wage and ban on piecework that pushed textile worker wages beyond what the market will bear,” shows ignorance of the industry. How are American workers supposed to compete when foreign labor works in sweatshop-like conditions earning a quarter an hour and no benefits?

Rev. Cole, of course, does not have to worry about competition from foreign labor. In a manner of speaking, his is a “closed shop” protected occupation with highly restrictive entry requirements. Although I normally detest government interference,

Pat Buchanan is absolutely right in claiming that American workers deserve protection from foreign interference and disruption in our industries.

*Gene Wade
Snellville, Georgia*

A Deep Subject

Gentlemen:

I was the subject of the interview in your last issue entitled “The Sage [!?] of Williamsburg.” I was very tired during the interview and so made a point of asking to see a draft before it was published. I was told that “of course” that would be done. It was not done, however, and the result was embarrassing to me. While I would not have wanted to change the substance of what I said, I would have suggested a different title, and would have, without doing violence to candor or journalistic principles, eliminated such things as the deadly repetition of “Well,” some disconnected statements which I hope may have been partly lapses of transcription, the momentary forgetfulness when I could not bring up Shelby Foote’s name, and so forth. But what is done is done, and I realize that the presentation of the interview was well-intentioned and complimentary.

*Ludwell Johnson
Williamsburg, Virginia*

Well, what can we say except that we’re sorry, and we like Conversations that are, well, conversational.

— Ed.

The Great Wal

Gentlemen:

As a former Wal-Mart employee, I would like to give you my thoughts on the piece that appeared in the *Obiter Dicta* section of the July/August 2002 issue.

You conclude the piece with the criticism that, “Wal-Mart has bankrupted a lot of Mom-and-Pop businesses by underselling them.” This argument has some merit and as long as a copy of *I’ll Take My Stand* remains on my bookshelf, I have to admit that I feel a bit of sympathy for it. However, there is another side of the argument that deserves a hearing.

Wal-Mart started out as and remains a Southern-based company. Sam Walton managed to take on the national department store chain behemoths with a strategy of focusing on markets that the chains were ignoring—

namely, small Southern towns. By doing so, he brought to the people of those towns the benefits that now persuade millions of customers to shop at Wal-Mart every day: more choices, convenient shopping hours, and much lower prices. In most instances, he also brought a net increase in jobs. Taken together, this “underselling” of competitors has meant an increase in the standard of living for millions of Southrons.

It should also be pointed out that many of the Mom-and-Pop businesses that have gone under contributed to their own demise by failing to respond to the needs of their customers. These small merchants expected suburbanites to drive downtown to shop and then park on the street and feed the parking meter. It has also amazed me that so many downtown businesses close at five o’clock on weekdays and remain closed on weekends and then wonder why working people—the people with money to spend—don’t shop in their stores anymore.

I offer this defense of Wal-Mart not because Wal-Mart is undeserving of criticism, but because the one sentence I cited—and others like it that I have seen in *Southern Partisan* in the past when discussing Wal-Mart—is the wrong criticism to make. I recognize the fact that as Wal-Mart has become a global corporation, it has lost its Southern character and I fear that it might soon lose its American character.

With that in mind, you might like to hear about my experience working as an attorney at the Wal-Mart home office in Bentonville, Arkansas for four years. There was a large portrait of Robert E. Lee hanging in the courthouse, and in the center of the town square was a Confederate monument that included a sculpture of a mounted Confederate soldier.

But Wal-Mart seems to have little tolerance for reminders of our history. One of my co-workers had a Battle flag emblem on his truck. Someone complained, and his boss told him to remove the offending item or find another job. I don’t recall how the situation eventually played out, but he managed to keep his job. I had the Confederate seal on the front of my car, but either no one noticed or no one could figure out whether it should offend them.

I enjoy your magazine. Keep it coming.

*Rick Tucker
Bartlesville, Oklahoma*

Marked Down But Not Out

Gentlemen:

For a long time I thought Wal-Mart was pretty evil, ruining small towns, etc. And their approach to Maurice Bessinger was incredulous. However, once I began thinking about the small town where I grew up, my mind began changing.

I think there is convincing evidence, empirical and otherwise, that shows most Southern small towns were already in a state of decline if not eradication before Wal-Mart came in. It was not until Wal-Mart came in that people began realizing the little town had a future.

Finally, one thing that I've learned, since living in Arkansas, is how politically impotent Wal-Mart is. In fact, the Waltons decided late in life that they wanted some clout in Little Rock. Then they created a think-tank run by a pro-South economist! My point is, until very recently, Wal-Mart executives spent their time improving their company—not trying to boss people around through politics.

*John Pendegrass
Morrilton, Arkansas*

Boycott Gettysburg

Gentlemen:

In the May/June 2002 *Southern Partisan*, there is a letter from Hanover, Pennsylvania, stating that at Gettysburg “small Confederate flags are removed from Confederate monuments while the Old Glories are allowed to stay.” I participated in the 125th re-enactment of the battle, but I came home very angry. Tiny Confederate flags placed at the various state monuments (all impromptu) would last about an hour before being removed by rangers. U.S. flags all remained—what very few there were.

Southern ladies brought various flowers and decorated these Confederate monuments too. It was very touching and dignified. Park staff got these too—immediately. When I enquired I was told “Flowers stain the monuments.” But, I noticed that those flowers on the ground were also removed.

Thus, the same sort of policy is still in force. Point is—it *has* been for at least 20 years now. In the 1980s, I encountered a self-guided battlefield tour that stated that we are all brothers now and that even the South joined the North in WWII, this time to fight

the evil of Germany, strongly implying that in 1861, it was the South that was evil.

Such stuff goaded me enough to write the Georgia representatives in Congress. They forwarded my three or four page complaints to the park service and I got a personal reply that was primarily the usual evasive, word twisting Big Lie, saying that none of this happens. So indeed all of this has been building.

The lesson for me is that there will be no respect for the South and anything Southern, from history, to language, etc., until we mount a real movement for Southern nationhood. In the meantime, I agree with Rev. Tim Manning, Sr.'s suggestion that re-enactors should boycott all events. The thing that will hurt the enemy most is to spend no money at Gettysburg town—we should not stay there or even go there.

*James Kibler
Athens, Georgia*

Lamar!?

Gentlemen:

I have enjoyed sending copies of your article, “Good News, Bad News,” to the Republican National Committee and the Tennessee Republican Party concerning their outward endorsement of former Tennessee Governor Lamar Alexander over Republican Congressman Ed Bryant (7th district Tennessee) in the GOP primary last August 1st. It will be interesting to many Republican voters how Alexander votes this coming 108th Congress.

The GOP establishment blatantly pushed Alexander over Bryant who did well on election day, considering the huge amounts of campaign dollars given Alexander's campaign.

I might add that Elizabeth Dole, who won the U.S. Senate race in North Carolina on November 5th, will be replacing Senator Jesse Helms, one of the true statesman in the upper chamber of Congress. We need more Senator No's who will oppose runaway federal spending and more federal bureaucracy.

*Charles S. Peete
Memphis, Tennessee*

Savage Criticism

Gentlemen:

In his review of *The Savage Wars of Peace*, by Max Boot, H.W. Crocker III states that imperialism is a Southern tradi-

tion. His evidence for this claim is superficial and unconvincing to say the least.

The term “imperialism,” as referring to a state policy, is normally applied to the late 19th century struggle among the European powers for overseas colonies. Mr. Crocker's argument, insofar as he applies it to Southerners, is a restatement of the Northern fiction of the so-called belligerent South. It has been used for years as a “moral” justification for the North's attack on the South.

Apparently, Mr. Crocker wishes his Southern readers to confuse the natural settlement of our frontier wilderness with the European policy of militarism and expansionism that led to World War I.

Certainly it is true that some of the great figures in our Southern history were aggressive soldiers. Andrew Jackson, the greatest American figure of his day and for some time afterward, is only one example. But as a rule too evident to be disputed, these Southerners worked within a rough territorial boundary that eventually came to include only the 12 to 15 states of the Southern homeland. The whole, justifiable argument of the pre-War Southerners was that the South, while it meant to defend its rights, intended no offensive harm to other nations, including the North.

While a few Southerners, under pressure from the North, dreamed of an expanded “Cotton Kingdom” in Cuba or elsewhere, their views can hardly be construed as a Southern tradition of imperialism.

*Tom Ponder
Pineville, Louisiana*

For more, see the Criticus Books section.

— Ed. ✪

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Revolt of the Plebs

BY CHRISTOPHER M. SULLIVAN

Over in Atlanta the Chief Evasion Officers are once again wringing their hands and fulminating with rage at the idea of a referendum over Georgia's flag. As you can imagine, in their view almost all of the possible outcomes are bad.

You see, if ordinary Georgians are allowed to visit their local precincts and express an opinion on the issue, legislators might just be persuaded to go along with what they say. And, as we all know, the voters cannot be trusted to make wise decisions. Just look at Mississippi.

For that matter you can look at just about anywhere in the South. The University of North Carolina's web site (www.irss.unc.edu) has the results of just about every public opinion poll ever done in the South. All the way back to the 1960s.

Surprisingly (surprising only if you're the kind of person who is easily persuaded by newspaper editorials), the Confederate flag always wins. No matter how they phrase the question or how many alternatives are offered, Southerners have continuously held a high opinion of the battle ensign of the Confederacy in every survey done.

Lest ye think the expression "Southerners" means whites, I will, once again, refer you to Mississippi where majority black precincts returned substantial margins in favor of preserving the state flag.

Back in Georgia, the CEOs are coming out of their leather chairs with a bolt. If the liberals can't stop it, the plebiscite will be on the same ballot as George Bush in 2004. Not good news for the anti-flag folks.

They are so worried, they are joining with leftist organizations to form a sort of Axis of Grovel, whose purpose is simultaneously to beg the likes of Jesse Jackson not to say anything bad about them and to intimidate Gov. Perdue.

Atlanta's Mayoress Shirley Franklin and Home Depot founder Arthur Blank are leading the charge, and the Atlanta Convention and Visitors Bureau and the Georgia Chamber of Commerce are all grumbling about the dire economic consequences should the voters go back to the old flag.

Meanwhile, the regulars of the radical left, the NAACP, Rainbow/PUSH Coalition, and the NCAA are all agitating about the dire consequences if the people vote contrary to instructions.

The American Civil Liberties Union (defenders of civil liberties, right?) is so certain the vote will go the wrong way, they've filed suit against the state, trying to have the referendum declared illegal. They'll do anything to prevent the vote from going through. And remember, these are the same people who only two years ago were chanting about letting every vote count down in Florida.

When former governor (has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?) Roy Barnes railroaded the flag change through two years ago, he consulted closely with the CEOs and the likes of Jesse Jackson, but not the voters or even their representatives in the legislature.

Now that Barnes has been driven from office by the relentless protests of flag supporters and the tidal wave of pro-flag voters, the business-types realize that they may not have the monopoly on political power they thought they did.

Atlantic Seaboard states that were originally British colonies, or came along closely thereafter, tend to have political power vested strongly in the legislature. Governors are relegated almost to the role of a constitutional monarch (few powers beyond the bully pulpit), and the legislature is nearly a parliament (even though all of them are bicameral). In Texas, the lieutenant governor is more powerful than the governor.

In Western states, a group of concerned citizens can get enough petition signatures and have just about anything put on the ballot as a binding referendum.

In Southern states, referenda tend to be advisory and the legislature must then decide to agree or face the voters in the next election. Traditionally, such a vote has been known as a plebiscite, because it is a chance for the plebs (the common folk in Roman times) to be heard on a matter.

Well, to find out what's really on the minds of the Ivory Tower Denizens of Atlanta, we need to take a little trip down to the Savannah River Valley, to Richmond County. There, nestled along the banks of Rae's Creek, sits the most prestigious sport-

ing venue west of Wimbledon: The Augusta National Golf Club, home of the Masters Tournament.

A gaggle of women's rights organizations are demanding that the CEOs who are a goodly portion of the club's membership unbar the doors and admit women.

The club has so far resisted this idea. Led by South Carolinian Hootie Johnson, the older regular members have said that they will not admit women, at least not until they decide to. This has made the CEOs among the membership very nervous. You see, they get sued regularly for race and sex discrimination. So, they bend over backwards every chance they get to prove they aren't racist or sexist by supporting every left-wing idea that comes down the pike.

They reverently bankroll organizations like the NAACP, and they oppose any and all Confederate symbols.

When President Bush opposed the race-based admissions policies at the University of Michigan, numerous corporations filed *amicus curiae* briefs because they are required to hire a certain number of minorities and they want the colleges to churn out graduates to be hired.

It is no small amount of irony that these events come so close together. For two decades now, the corporate elites have been throwing the heritage of our country and the South overboard in exchange for a few more minutes' peace. Now, there is precious little ballast left and they can't seem to figure why these groups are still coming.

The membership roster of Augusta National is running over with the names of the wealthiest and most highly placed members of American society. The business elites put club membership on their résumés the way regular folks wear a gimme-cap.

For generations they have escaped scrutiny, but now they must answer to the mob.

Now, don't get me wrong. Here at *SP* we fully support the right of the membership of the Augusta National to pick their own members; if this were a local hunt club we would offer our support unreservedly.

But in this case, considering the position in which most of the members have placed themselves, we can't help but think that it couldn't have happened to a nicer group of folks. ★

Obiter Dicta



Our Women Outlast Theirs

In late January, Gertrude Janeway, 93, the last recognized widow of a Union soldier, died in the Tennessee cabin where she had been living since time immemorial.

She was married to John Janeway in 1927. She was 18. He was 81. He died over 60 years ago. In its infinite wisdom and generosity, the U.S. Veteran's Administration has been sending her a check for \$70 every month.

But one of ours is still alive.

The last known Confederate widow, Alberta Martin, is living in Elba, Alabama. She's 95 and as indestructible as the Energizer bunny.

One Up for Dubya

Time magazine broke the scandal, which may eventually loom larger than Watergate: President Bush actually sent a wreath to place on the Confederate Memorial at Arlington National Cemetery. Had he engaged in sex with an intern or committed perjury, the Washington establishment would have dismissed his behavior as trivial and irrelevant to the presidency. But wreath-sending is an impeachable offense.

Sure enough, Sen. Harry Reid (D-Nevada) was up on his feet, waving his arms to fan the flames of bigotry, calling the Dubya's actions "racially motivated."

"The president reinstated something that his father stopped because it was wrong, laying a wreath at the Confederate memorial. It's wrong, and we need to speak out against it because it is wrong."

Bigotry is always potentially dangerous. However, it

does not become actually dangerous until it first becomes respectable. When it's acceptable to spit on the graves of the dead for the political gain of the living, we are in deep trouble. This kind of raw prejudice would not be tolerated if directed against any other group, with the possible exception of Catholics. It must be challenged and stamped out.

So why didn't our Southern senators rise to defend the region and its past?

Meanwhile, one up for Dubya!

A Sea Change?

This year marks the 30th anniversary of *Roe v. Wade*. Over the past three decades, Americans have killed over 40 million unborn children. Now they may be having second thoughts.

On January 16, Cheryl Wetzstein, writing in the *Washington Times*, reported the results of a new poll:

Some 1,000 adults were asked whether, in the light of medical advances that reveal the unborn child's body and facial features in detail, "are you in favor of restoring legal protection for unborn children?" Sixty-eight percent of the randomly surveyed adults said they were in favor of legal protection, with 44 percent in strong agreement of such action. Almost the same number—66 percent—said they favored nominees to the Supreme Court who would uphold laws that restore legal protection to unborn children.

These results must come as a shock to NOW, NARAL, and the Democratic ideologues in the Senate, who announced that no pro-life nominee to the federal bench will be allowed to come before the full Senate for confirmation.

We hope that these Democrats, as well as the Republican president, will take note of this poll and act according to the will of the people.

The Shoe Is on the Other Foot of the Chickens Coming Home to Roost

Don't miss it: Martin Scorsese's new film, *Gangs of New York*. No, it's not another Mafia movie starring Al Pacino. It's about the 1863 draft riots, during which whites lynched so many blacks that, to this day, no one can provide an accurate count of the dead.

Of course, you can't really call what happened there a "lynching," because it didn't

take place in the South. But, by George, if it had happened down here, it would have been the granddaddy of all lynchings—bigger by far than any lynching that ever took place in Mississippi or Alabama or South Carolina.

And big surprise.

New Yorkers don't like the movie one bit.

Frederick U. Dicker of the *New York Post* speaks for the home folks when he writes: "Let's see, Martin Scorsese's new movie demeans Lincoln's efforts to save the nation, mocks the Union Army, sneers at volunteer soldiers, derides native-born New Yorkers, pours scorn on firefighters and police officers and fails to find a single person of quality among all of New York City's leaders, circa 1863."

Welcome to the club, Fred. We know just how you feel. For generations, moviemakers have demeaned our leaders, mocked our army, sneered at our soldiers, poured scorn on our policemen, and failed to find a single person of quality among our citizens.

And having seen this movie, we've also learned something else: We now know just how you feel when moviemakers depict *us* that way. First, we believe that every scene in Scorsese's film is right on target. You did murder all those black people.

Second, we concluded that in order to commit such despicable acts, New Yorkers must have been mean-spirited, racist monsters—not a bit like us Southerners.

We never killed blacks in

such numbers.

Confederate troops never fired on black civilians.

Jefferson Davis never issued such orders.

And third, we came out of that movie cleansed, absolved of all our sins, as pure as the snow now covering the mass grave of those innocents you folks murdered.

Having watched *Gangs of New York*, we've learned that we're better than you are, Mr. Dicker.

Southerners are morally superior to New Yorkers.

Henceforth, when people mention your city, your state, we'll curl our lips and shake our heads in righteous condemnation.

Isn't that the way you people have always felt coming out of *Mississippi Burning* and *Rosewood* and the scores of other movies

that trash the South?

Sure it is.

How to Handle the KKK

In Biloxi, Mississippi, local heritage groups disagree on what to do about the Ku Klux Klan. Michael D. Kelley, colonel of the 37th Texas Cavalry re-enactors, believes in taking a public stand against the KKK and other racist groups that flaunt Confederate symbols. He opts for a demonstration on the streets of Biloxi, with his group carrying battle flags and anti-Klan signs.

"When the Klan comes around," he says, "we will turn our backs and [furl] our flags to show our disapproval."

John French, spokesman for the local regiment of the SCV, rejects any such action.

"Regardless of what your signs say, you're part of the problem. You lend credence to those things. The best way to keep people like [the Klan] away is to ignore them."

We tend to agree with Kelley. The media will always give the Klan all the attention it desires. Denunciations by heritage groups tend to make distinctions that newspapers and television try to blur. We need to clarify and emphasize these distinctions at every opportunity.

Out of the Gun Closet

The newest homosexual organization in town is the Pink Pistols—i.e., gays who own guns.

Lisa Miner, who lives with her lesbian lover, is one of the most enthusiastic members.

Not too long ago, a strange man entered her house; and she ordered him out.

"I'm not afraid of you," he allegedly said. "I'm going to hurt you."

Whereupon Miner grabbed a pistol, loaded it, and shot the intruder in the neck. He lived to face charges of breaking and entering.

"My gun rights are more important to me than my gay rights," Miner said.

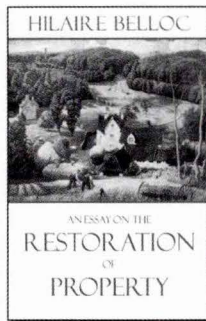
The Massachusetts group to which she belongs is one of 35 chapters nationwide. Members there have lobbied against gun-control laws and even denounced a homosexual legislator.

One member admitted that gay rights groups tend to favor gun control—and that this tendency poses problems.

"It's kind of funny," he

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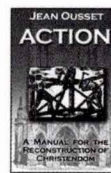
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Floridians and the Flag

The Jackson County Chamber of Commerce is indignant. One Sunday morning, folks awoke in Marianna to find the Russ House—which, according to the *Jackson County Floridian*, the Chamber “controls”—was draped with a huge Confederate flag. The local establishment reacted as if they had found a steaming pile of dead dogs on the square.

Blacks started calling Elmore Bryant, the president of the local NAACP. He in turn called the Jackson County Chamber of Commerce. Chamber President Bill McQuagge swung into action, and soon came up with an explanation. As the *Floridian* put it, “The flag was put up by someone connected with the wedding party of a non-Jackson county bride and groom who held their wedding and reception at the Russ House.”

McQuagge expressed his anger and called for an apology from the wedding party, who were, after all, “outsiders”—not to be confused with the good, decent, politically correct folks of Jackson County.

The father of the bride, who lives in nearby Panama City, responded with a letter that bore little resemblance to

the apology McQuagge had demanded.

He began by saying:

Let me be clear. We rented the Russ House at the standard rate for a private wedding. We were not required to submit our decorating plans for review. The Chamber of Commerce offices were closed and no one affiliated with the Chamber or with the local government knew anything about the flag.

Let me also be very clear that this letter is in no way an apology to anyone. The most casual reading of real history, as opposed to the Yankee drivel taught in the public schools, reveals that in 1860, racial prejudice was more intense in the north and west, and opposition to slavery there derived from a desire to preserve those regions for whites only.

He went on to give the city and the Chamber a short lesson in history. Then he said:

As for the unfortunate Chamber folks trying to handle the phone calls, I can only say that they are reaping forty years of political pandering to ignorance, prejudice, and victimology. It was wrong and useless when George Wallace did it, and when Jackson county officials decide to outlaw Confederate symbols

said. “We have one or two gay members who haven’t come out to their gay friends that they are gun owners yet.”

Cluttering Up the Courts

In Texas, two black women, descendants of slaves, have filed a lawsuit demanding money from more than 100 U.S. corporations that allegedly profited from the slave trade.

Of the companies mentioned in the suit, J.P. Morgan Chase supposedly profited

from slavery by selling insurance policies on slaves; West Point Stevens manufactured slave clothing; and the Union Pacific Railroad transported the cotton used for the manufacture of slave clothing. (A politically correct company, one presumes, would have withheld the clothing and forced the slaves to go naked.)

Gary Bledsoe, Austin lawyer and head of the Texas NAACP, says the two women want nothing for themselves: “We are not seeking payments in this case but instead are look-



The Happy Couple, Jeremy and Sara Andress

they will be doing more of the same. It will work in the short run, but sleeping dogs always wake up and then the people answering phone calls get

caught in the middle. It goes with the territory.

We have absolutely nothing to add.

ing for restitution that can be placed in a trust fund and a panel put in place.”

Among other things, the panel would establish a program to promote racial reconciliation and “to investigate the truth about slavery and the wounds that continue to exist.”

That’s just the kind of racial reconciliation we need—a program that makes certain 130-year-old wounds are fingered and probed and lanced. The NAACP wants racial reconciliation the way a roach wants Raid. Reconciliation

would put the NAACP out of business, since its only current activity seems to be the nurturing of racism among blacks.

Of course, the federal courts will have to process this lawsuit with a straight face, as if it had genuine merit. It will probably bounce around for years, since no judge will want to tell Bledsoe and his clients just how dumb their suit really is. Meanwhile, Kweisi Mfume, Jesse Jackson, and the Rev. Al will swell up like toads and start croaking ostentatiously all over the country.

The Wrong Place

A couple of years ago, Mayor Joe Riley of Charleston led a march on the South Carolina State House to protest the flying of the Confederate flag on the dome. Now he's in the forefront of another politically correct initiative: the construction of a Museum of African American History, which is slated to open in 2007.

The museum will be located near Charleston's South Carolina Aquarium, another Riley-backed tourist trap that is drawing poorly. The honorary chairman of the project's international advisory board is another good Southerner, former President Bill Clinton.

Here's what he wrote on the subject:

The museum will tell an essential part of American history: the passage of Africans to the Americas. It is a story of great struggles, sacrifices, triumphs and achievements. Charleston is the logical and significant place to relate this history with respect and honesty.

If he's really interested in "the passage of Africans to the Americas," then perhaps the board should locate its museum in the West Indies or in Boston, where the slaves came first, before they were ever shipped South and sold.

With black Congressman Jim Clyburn (D-S.C.) heading the steering committee—and with Clinton, Ossie Davis, and Ruby Dee on the advisory panel—we know what is coming: a \$37-million attack on Southerners and their history, with little or no word about Yankee guilt, Yankee complicity, Yankee racism, Yankee self-righteousness. Here are just a few of the facts that will never appear in this shrine to political

correctness:

- Massachusetts sea captains brought the first slaves to these shores.

- In colonial days, Virginia petitioned the king many times to end the slave trade. Massachusetts, however, successfully lobbied to keep it open.

- When South Carolinians fired on Ft. Sumter, there were more slaves in the North than in the South.

- Lincoln said that he had no desire or intention to free the slaves.

- Five Union states maintained legalized slavery during the War.

- The Emancipation Proclamation freed only the slaves in the South, not those in the North or those in Union-occupied Southern territory. And the Proclamation freed Southern slaves only if the Confederate states did not return to the Union by a specific date.

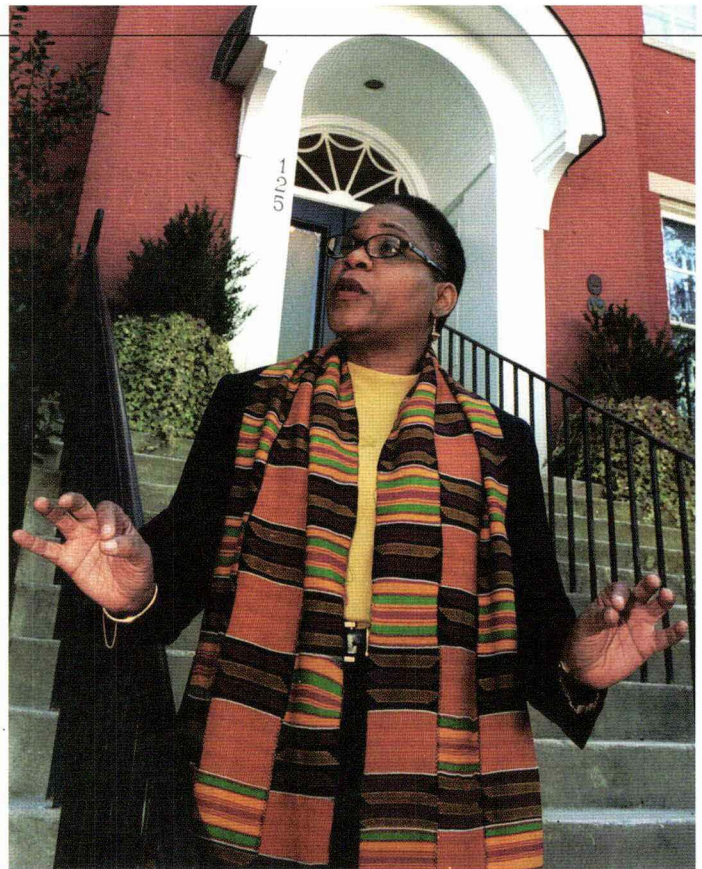
- Southern slaves were freed at the War's end as the result of the Emancipation Proclamation, but Union slaves had to wait until the passage of the 14th Amendment.

- Slaves were paid wages.

- Free blacks owned slaves.

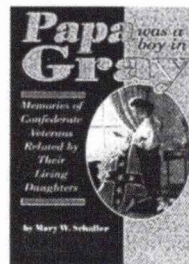
- During much of the period prior to the War, several Midwestern states, including Lincoln's Illinois, outlawed blacks.

We can be certain that with Joe Riley, Bill Clinton, and Jim Clyburn running the show, none of the above facts will be featured. This museum will be little more than an attempt to smear Southerners with politically correct half-truths and outright lies. We should resist any attempt to use tax dollars to fund this project, unless the Museum presents a fair and balanced picture of slavery. ★



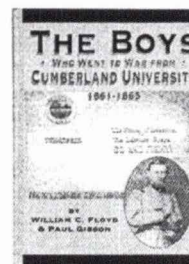
Karen Chandler of the Avery Institute in Charleston, S.C.

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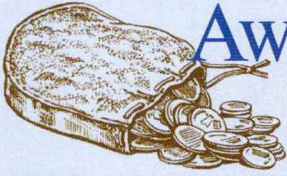


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THE Scalawag Award



Billy Yanked

Intelligent Southerners have always recognized the very real distinction between condoning slavery and admiring the spectacular achievement of the Confederate Army on the field of battle. For the most part, soldiers are apolitical, whether fighting in Northern Virginia in the 1860s or Vietnam in the 1960s. In time of war, they suffer hardships and indignities; and when they are ordered into battle, most do their duty, some more bravely than others.

If they ponder at all the reasons for fighting, they usually think in terms of their people, their town, their family. Robert E. Lee—who freed his slaves long before the War—believed he was fighting for “my country”—which in 1861 meant Virginia, since the original meaning of “United States” was still understood by Northerners and

Southerners alike.

Today, we live in a highly politicized society, where humanity is subordinated to ideology. Many Americans hate other Americans they’ve never met, merely because of political differences. The propagandists have even made our people hate their long-dead ancestors, who didn’t have the benefit of listening to Peter Jennings on weeknights or reading the *New York Times* every morning.

Recently, we came across a syndicated column by Bill Cornwell, a Georgian who has been brainwashed to hate his great-grandfather and is proud of the fact. You see, the great-grandfather—Captain William Cornwell—fought for the Confederacy; and as a consequence, his namesake—21st century Bill Cornwell—has conjured up a mental picture of a 19th century George Lincoln Rockwell.

Thus the living Cornwell writes:

As recently as three years ago, Billy’s portrait hung on

the wall in my living room. Now, it is permanently packed away. A friend who had admired the quality of its picture and frame asked why I no longer have it on display.

I didn’t have a ready answer then, but I do now. When I look at Billy’s image, I see what potentially stirs in the darkest reaches of my soul, and it frightens me.

Stripped of his battle ribbons and mythology, the real Billy emerges as the quintessential Southern zealot—someone who didn’t know when to quit or how to open his mind.

The irony of this passage is exquisite—reminiscent of a short story by Andrew Lytle. The contemporary Cornwell stares at the portrait of the 19th century Cornwell and sees a bigot, a zealot, an ideologue. The image disturbs him, so he packs it away, then writes a self-serving and politically correct article to tell the world (and himself) how virtuous he is. However, in so doing, he reveals his own bigoted and ideological contempt—of his great-grandfather, his region, his own family.

This recent Cornwell exemplifies what’s wrong with the modern world—its surrender to abstractions that bear only a fleeting resemblance to reality: Nazism, Marxism, and all the other isms that made the 20th century the most horrifying 100 years in the history of the world.

Cornwell has reduced his great-grandfather to an abstraction, a two-dimensional character so simplistic that he can hate the portrait completely, wholeheartedly, without ever seriously attempting to imagine what the flesh-and-blood man might really have been like—what, besides racism and slavery, could have motivated his reputed courage in battle—what genuine virtues, being fully human, he surely possessed.

No need to feel sorry for the great-grandfather, who is long since removed from this world of contention. We grieve for the great-grandson and all like him, who are disengaged from their own people and their own past. But we can hardly admire him. He’s bright enough to know better.

Which is why he gets our Scalawag Award this issue. ☛

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON GOVERNMENTAL POWER

The history of liberty is a history of limitations of governmental power, not the increase of it.

—Woodrow Wilson

... the history of the world has been written in vain if it does not teach us that unrestrained authority can never be safely trusted in human hands.

—Andrew Johnson

ON JUDICIAL RESTRAINT

Judicial activism includes doing something that is not the judge’s right to do. So when courts actually make the laws, make the rules that govern society, they become judicial activists.

—Hon. Roy Moore, Chief Justice of Alabama

ON LEE THE SOLDIER

He was the very best soldier I ever saw in the field.

—Gen. Winfield Scott, U.S. Army

ON LEE THE FATHER

Every member of the household respected, revered, and loved him....

—Robert E. Lee, II

ON LEE AND JACKSON

I am of Virginia and all my professional life I have studied Lee and Jackson.

—Douglas MacArthur, General of the Army

CSA TODAY



Alabama

In Mobile, the management of the Colonial Bel-Air Mall ordered a kiosk on the mall's walkway to pack up and get out. Why? Because somebody complained that the Confederate flags and T-shirts the kiosk featured were racist.

Apparently most of the mall customers didn't agree. The kiosk was doing a brisk business—up to \$3,000 a day. When asked about sales, clerk Audrey Davidson said: "Hectic, very busy, very busy. A very good business. We want to stay."

But they were told to leave on the day after Thanksgiving—the beginning of the heaviest period of Christmas shopping.

Tim Nolan, the mall's general manager, said that several people threatened a boycott.

One activist, Lettie Malone, made the threat explicit: "May I remind you that blacks and other minorities constitute a major portion of consumers who patronize Colonial Bel Air Mall," she wrote. "They should not be embarrassed or made to feel uncomfortable by those who are still fighting and trying to revive a war that never should have been a part of our civilized society."

Doug Anderson, the mall's attorney, explained the management's position. "We're not saying either side is right or wrong but we didn't want the mall being used as a battlefield."

Actually the mall *did* say which side was right—by honoring the opinion of Lettie Malone and the very few who complained.

Not all mall shoppers approved of the decision. Brenda Cole, a mall shopper, rejected the charge of racism.

"It's just all history. It's not anything about racism. It's just the flag."

It's also about the slandering of people running a small business. Both those who charged racism and the

mall officials who genuflected to pressure groups have deprived honest merchants of access to the market place.

There ought to be a law.

There probably is.

Arkansas

Daniel Sutherland, a history professor at the University of Arkansas, has co-authored a new text on the War; and, from what he has said in press interviews, this may be one of the better books in the field.

Consider some of his statements, as reported by the Associated Press.

- "It's a terrible war in a sense that it wasn't necessary to address these issues on the battlefield. Even with the war and the terrible cost in human life, the possible advance insofar as the equal treatment and equal justice for former slaves was not realized."

- "There's a tendency to think [abolition of slavery] was the purpose all along, and that was a great fallacy."

- "Equality and justice for former slaves was never realized. Most northerners were as racist . . . as most southerners."

- "Abraham Lincoln disapproved of slavery, he thought it repulsive. But not even Lincoln was talking about abolishing slavery. It was not politically wise, not to say politically impossible."

- "The traditional view of the war is that the war did provide a great emancipation, not only literal but in citizenship and in rights. That simply was not an outcome, not an immediate outcome."

When you start obsessing about Bill Clinton, give Arkansas a break and remember Daniel Sutherland.

Florida

If you have an old SAVE THE MANATEES bumper sticker on your car, maybe it's time to take it off. This year's tabulation by the Florida Fish

and Wildlife Conservation Commission confirmed the good news: Manatees are increasing. In 2003, researchers reported the second highest count in history: 2,861. In 1991, the figure was under 1,500.

As a result of the increase, the Commission may take the big ugly-but-cute creatures off the "endangered species" list, reclassifying them as "threatened."

So does this mean that sooner or later Floridians will be up to their necks in manatees? "Absolutely not," say marine biologists.

Boat-related deaths are still on the rise.

A cold winter or a "red tide" can devastate the herd.

And the female manatee—or "sea cow"—produces one calf every three years under the best of conditions.

On second thought, better leave the bumper sticker on your car for a few more years.

Georgia

You may remember that a long, long time ago—way back in the summer of 2002—Sonny Perdue was stumping the state, denouncing incumbent Roy Barnes for slyly engineering the alteration of the Georgia flag by shrinking its Confederate image to the size of a postage stamp. In fact, if memory serves us, Perdue even promised a referendum on restoring the old state flag to its former glory, since the new one is ugly and unpopular.

Georgia's first GOP governor since Reconstruction, Perdue was elected in an upset that stunned Georgians and Yankees alike. Barnes even admitted that the flag issue had played a role in his defeat by activating the white rural vote.

But, as we've already noted, that was a long time ago; and times have

changed. For some reason, Perdue hasn't talked much about the flag since his election. In fact, he told folks he'd prefer they not bring flags to his inauguration. It's almost as if he'd never made that promise.

Or so flag people have alleged.

Some 300 of them marched on the state capitol after his inauguration, while three planes circled above, dragging signs that read LET US VOTE, YOU PROMISED and BARNES WAS JUST A WARMUP. Sonny still says he supports a non-binding referendum but will allow lawmakers to sort out the details. Sounds as if he's forgotten the old days, when Roy Barnes couldn't attend the opening of a pizza parlor without being accosted by angry, flag-waving citizens.

If he can't remember Barnes, he certainly can't remember what happened right next door, when South Carolina governor David Beasley reneged on his promise to keep the Confederate flag flying over the State House dome in Columbia. Well, Beasley got his rear end whipped next time around. And when Beasley's successor, Democrat Jim Hodges, broke his promise not to stir up the controversy, he got *his* rear end whipped.

We know the scenario that leads to such broken promises. The governor-elect is visited by a bunch of dark-suited, pig-eyed mayors and chamber of commerce officers, who chat about the weather for a while, then get down to business.

"We understand why you made that promise. You can't accomplish anything until you get elected. Shucks, we'd have probably done the same thing. But now that you're governor, you got to stop being a politician and start being a statesman. We need to import new industry. We need to attract tourists. And we can't do that if our African-American friends are breaking windows, looting stores, and burning buildings over this flag business. You don't want the whole establishment down on you, do you? If you play ball with us and keep that bleeping flag off

state flagpoles, we'll help you get reelected. If you don't..."

Sly smiles all around, a wink or two, followed by the shaking of fat little hands and a hearty farewell.

The new governor stares out the window for a long time. It might be easier, he reasons, not to fight the establishment on this issue. After all, the business community is stronger and more affluent than the Sons of Confederate Veterans. Besides, politicians aren't supposed to keep promises. By next Tuesday, the flag supporters will have forgotten he ever said he'd support the flag.

And as a matter of fact, he's not sure he ever did. And if *he* can't remember, who else will?

The political highways in the South are strewn with the wreckage of careers built on such reasoning.

Kentucky

Some Kentuckians are beginning to have second thoughts about legalized gambling. While the state has collected over a billion dollars from such activities as horse racing, the lottery, and bingo, gambling has destroyed the lives of numerous people, devastated entire families, and crippled businesses. The *Courier-Journal*, after investigating the phenomenon for six months, published a series of articles that helped to define the true cost of what proponents call "the gaming industry."

The newspaper reported a rising number of gambling-related thefts, embezzlements, and bankruptcies. Calls to gambling "help lines" are up. So are prosecutions for gambling-related crimes. So is membership in Gamblers Anonymous.

The newspaper also offered specific examples of ordinary people who lost everything as the result of an addiction, as well as cases of criminal activity to cover losses. The crimes included robbery, theft, embezzlement, and forgery.

The *Courier-Journal* pointed out that Kentucky doesn't even set aside funds to treat problem gamblers.

Low-key gambling activities such as lotteries spawn foolish dreams in the hearts of the poor, who are the chief victims of state-approved get-rich-quick schemes. You can be certain that a lot of welfare money intended to feed children is dumped into the lottery and squandered at the bingo table. Meanwhile, the politicians are rubbing their hands and gloating over the increased revenues they can use to buy the votes of the poor.

Louisiana

Apparently the siege of the Confederate Museum in New Orleans is over—for now. The president of the University of New Orleans Foundation, which claims it now owns the property on which the Museum stands, said, "We have no intention of evicting them.... We never said we wanted them out. We just want to build a tunnel in the most communal way possible."

Not so, say museum leaders, who claim that the Foundation folks told a somewhat different story in private: Throw out most of the relics, flags, documents, portraits, and other memorabilia and incorporate what's left of the Confederate Museum into the Ogden Museum of Southern Art, which flanks the Confederate Museum on both sides.

Now the U. of N.O. crowd says all they want is an eeny weeny tunnel to join the wings of the Ogden Museum. Thus, for right now, the Confederate Museum has been granted a stay of execution, in large part because Gov. Mike Foster intervened in its behalf. Good for him.

But don't count on the Foundation people to remember their assurances, say, ten years from now. And don't hang around the Confederate Museum when Ms. Williams is drilling that communal tunnel. The whole building may drop out of sight in a cloud of dust.

Maryland

William Chaney of Lothian operates the Newcomer House Civil War



Museum, which is located on land he owns. He is a descendant of Robert E. Lee and wants to erect a 24-foot bronze statue of the Confederate leader on his own property. The statue is in the works.

The trouble is, his land is located on the Antietam battlefield; so he had to seek permission from the Washington County Historic District Commission to erect the Lee monument.

The Commission turned down his appeal, saying the statue of Lee would be “inappropriate,” because it didn’t conform to the aesthetics of the property, which was a farm during the war.

“A statue doesn’t have anything to do with a farmstead,” said commission member Merry Stinson.

That may be so, Merry, but a man riding a horse certainly has everything to do with a farmstead. Could the identity of the bronze man riding the bronze horse have anything to do with your decision?

Chaney is appealing his case to the Board of Zoning Appeals.

We hope it isn’t as politically correct as the Historic Commission.

Mississippi

In McComb, three Camps of the Sons of Confederate Veterans joined together to rebury two soldiers who fought and died in the War. The graves were located on the edge of a ravine in Grand Gulf Military Monument Park—one grave just two feet away from collapsing into the valley as the result of erosion.

In late December, SCV members exhumed the remains of the two soldiers, placed them in body bags, and stored them at a McComb funeral home. They made plans to rebury them on February 22 with full military honors in new caskets beneath cleaned and repaired tombstones.

“There will be a full color guard deal,” said Park manager Bud Ross. “We’re going to try to do it up right.”

So why wait until February?

Because that’s Black History Month.

The two soldiers—Jackson Ross and Wesley Gilbert—were black.

They served in the 52nd Colored Regiment of the Union Army. When asked why the SCV was performing this service, member Ed Funchess replied, “We want to see to the fallen. It doesn’t matter to us which side they were on.... They were soldiers in the Civil War and they need to be taken care of.”

Missouri

In Washington, D.C.—Missouri Congressman Dick Gephardt’s true home town—all sorts of flags are flapping these days, mostly held aloft by protesters. FreeRepublic.com has put out a guide to help citizens sort out the various banners that are permitted to fly in our nation’s capital.

These include:

- the yellow and green Hezbollah flag, flown by an Iranian terrorist group holed up in Lebanon (the Hezbollah claimed credit in 1983 for killing 253 Americans with an explosive-loaded truck);

- the red, white and black flag of Iraq, which the U.S. government has designated as the chief exporter of terrorism in the Middle East;

- the red, white, and black flag of the Palestinian Authority (Palestinians celebrated 9-11 by dancing in the streets);

- the yellow and orange flag of the International Socialist Organization;

- the red, white, and black Nazi flag (Nazism is fashionable in Muslim countries like Iran);

- the black and white A.N.S.W.E.R. flag (Act Now to Stop War and End Racism);

- and the red flag of the Revolutionary Communist Party, U.S.A.

As far as we know, Dick Gephardt has not protested the flying of any of these flags. However, launching his presidential campaign, he said in Columbia, South Carolina: “...my own personal feeling is that the Confederate flag no longer has a place flying anytime, anywhere in our great nation.”

North Carolina

Sen. John Edwards is running a strong fourth in the Democratic presidential sweepstakes, and history is on his side. Over the past 40 years, the only Democratic nominees to win the presidency have been Southern—Lyndon Johnson, Jimmy Carter, and Bill Clinton. (Some diehards would include Al Gore in this category.) The Democrats desperately need to win a few Southern states next time, and for that reason, they may just turn to Edwards in 2004.

He is young, good-looking (if you’re not partial to strong chins), and has the gift of gab.

In fact, he has made his millions sweet-talking North Carolina juries—and therein may lie a problem.

Edwards is that most despised of all mammals, a personal injury lawyer. According to *Lawyers Weekly*, he was involved in some 63 cases during the 1990s and won at least \$152.4 million for his clients. If he received the usual one-third in contingency fees, he made over \$50 million—which means he had a pretty good decade.

More than half of his cases were malpractice suits against hospitals and doctors, especially obstetricians, pediatricians, and anesthesiologists. So he has contributed more than his share to the high cost of malpractice insurance and medical care in North Carolina and elsewhere. (He blames the insurance companies for all these problems.)

A career of personal injury suits has provided him with a personal fortune sufficient to buy a Senate seat. And it will give him a head start on most other candidates for the presidency. The question is: Can Americans in general, and Southerners in particular, stomach a personal injury lawyer as their president?

Oklahoma

State lawmakers passed legislation mandating that 14 poles rise in the south plaza of the State Capitol. They



were supposed to fly the flags of nations or states who once held sovereignty over Oklahoma.

In 1989, then-Governor Henry Bellmon, with a wink and a smirk, decided to leave the third pole from the end empty because, he said, the legislature didn't say which of seven possible Confederate flags should be used.

Governor Frank Keating, as he was preparing to leave office, decreed, with a wink and a smirk, that the Oklahoma flag be flown from all 14 poles. And of the people and their elected representatives, they knew what they could do with those 14 flagpoles.

In January the legislature announced, with a wink and a smirk, that a compromise had been reached. A Confederate flag would fly—the flag of a Cherokee Confederate regiment.

The compromise also requires that only two flags remain on the Capitol grounds—the U.S. and state flags. The Cherokee Confederate flag will be flown with the others, across the street at the Oklahoma History Center.

Good thing we have our trusty lawmakers to tell us it's a compromise. Otherwise, we might think it's a retreat.

South Carolina

Mark Sanford—who defeated Democratic incumbent Jim Hodges in the November election—held a barbecue instead of a ball to celebrate his inauguration. The price of admission was \$50, and 6,000 people attended.

The meal was prepared by a consortium consisting of every barbecue restaurant Sanford's people could round up—with one notable exception.

Maurice Bessinger, the state's largest and most famous barbecueist, was deliberately excluded.

Bessinger flies the Confederate flag over his barbecue pits, sells pro-Southern literature, and has been boycotted the politically correct.

Flag supporters are now wondering if Sanford falls into the latter category.

Tennessee

The Tennessee Division of the Sons of Confederate Veterans recently announced that they would build three memorials to Tennesseans who fought for the Confederacy. Division Commander Skip Earle said that the memorial would honor all who served, men and women, black and white. The SCV plans to engrave the names of approximately 420,000 military personnel on the walls of the memorials.

The exact sites of the memorials have not been announced, but the SCV hopes to complete construction of the first by the end of 2003 and the other two by the end of 2004.

Though plans were begun before the controversy erupted over Vanderbilt's Confederate Memorial Hall, the construction of these monuments is a fitting response to the Nashville university's parading of its political correctness.

Three memorials built for every one eliminated—a good ratio.

Texas

In July of 2002, the post office in Montgomery hung up a framed copy of the national motto in its lobby: "In

GOD We Trust." A couple of months later, the U.S. Postal Service ordered the motto removed.

Some citizens of Montgomery County have asked President George W. Bush, Postmaster General John Potter, and just about every other federal official why this was done; but the last time we heard, nobody had replied.

Even Texans—the most independent people in the nation—have learned to accept government-initiated indignities too readily, whether they be illegal immigrants streaming across their borders or the removal of the national motto from a Texas post office.

Sure, we've heard that the U.S. Postal Service has been privatized and has no connection with the federal government. We've also heard that blue jays go to hell on Friday.

Virginia

In Caroline County, the NAACP is jumping around, shouting, and waving its arms. The Caroline County Board of Supervisors rejected a proposal for a black monument on the courthouse square. The reason for the rejection—it might be racially divisive. That's the same objection the NAACP has made to other kinds of monuments all over the South.

The first proposal for the monument: The story of Mildred and Richard Loving, the Caroline County couple whose interracial marriage led to the 1967 Supreme Court decision that overturned miscegenation laws.

The second proposal: a memorial to a failed slave revolt.

Instead, the Board agreed on a multicultural monument celebrating the achievements of blacks, Quakers, and other immigrant groups. The triumph of diversity over ethnocentrism.

But the NAACP didn't see it that way.

They have filed suit against the county.

So what's the matter with multiculturalism and diversity? Why can't we all just get along? ☼





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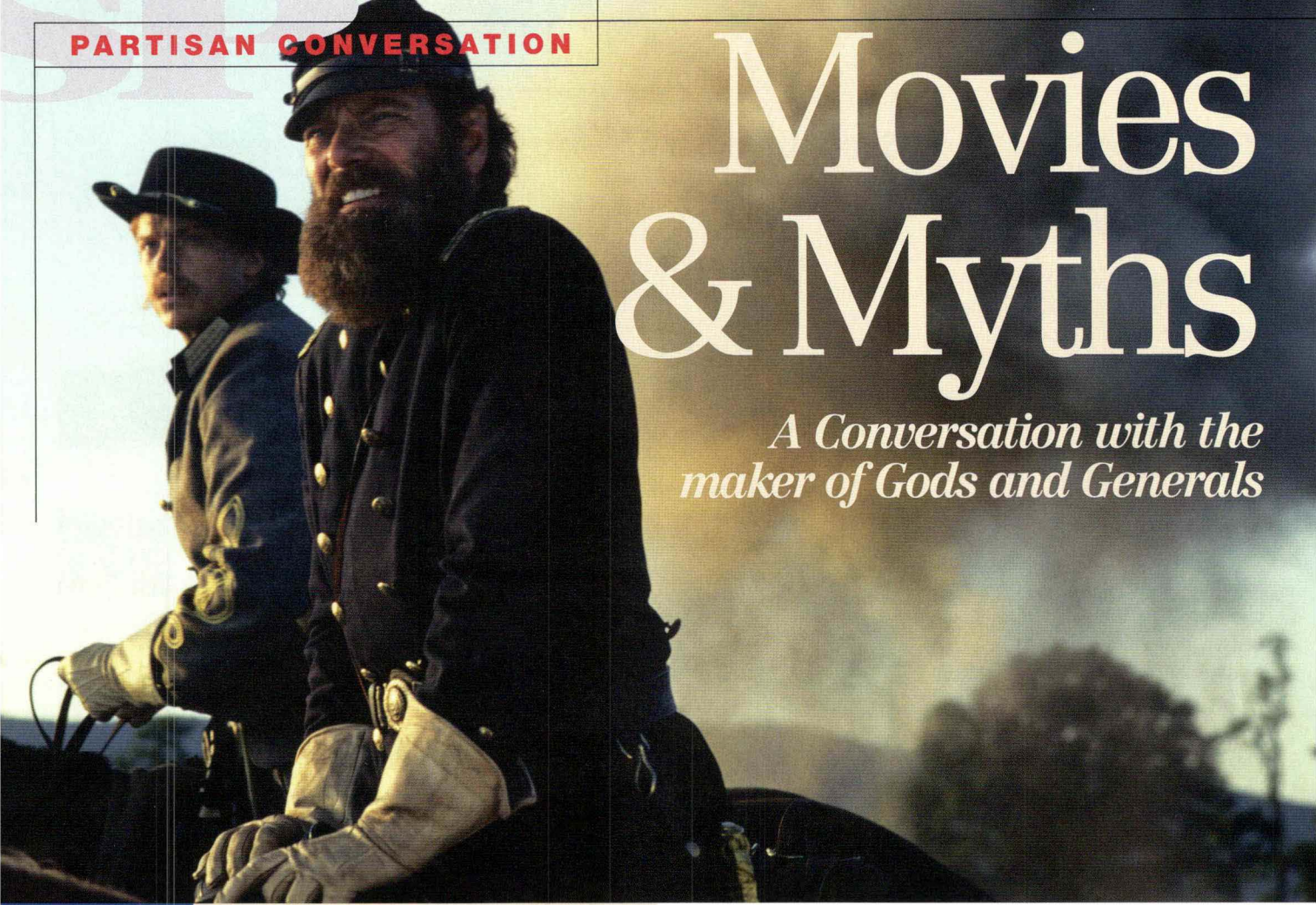
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Movies & Myths

*A Conversation with the
maker of Gods and Generals*

The new movie *Gods and Generals* holds great promise for Southern partisans. The movie is a lengthy, but insightful, look at the participants in America's epic struggle.

Ronald F. Maxwell grew up in rural southern New Jersey. He has been an independent filmmaker since 1978, working mostly from California and France. As film writer, director, and producer, he is best known for his landmark film *Gettysburg*.

What is most remarkable about the film is the way it treats two of the most controversial subjects in modern America: the Confederacy and Christianity. The film takes care to seriously portray the Christian character of Lee and Jackson in a way that is stunning to behold in a mass-market movie. And to think, Ted Turner paid for it.

Director Ron Maxwell has gone out of his way to make a film that is cinematically beautiful and sweeping in scope and grandeur. That alone is remarkable in this age of nickel-thin characters and re-treaded plots. But *G&G* goes yet another step down the path to being a classic. It employs a narrative that is entertaining all the while being faithful (overall) to the historical record. A remarkable achievement indeed.

As we go to press we cannot say how the market will react, accustomed as we have become to Hollywood flicks that seem to have a designed obsolescence of about four-weeks. But if our hopes have anything to do with it, *Gods and Generals* will go on to greatness.

PARTISAN: What moved you to make *Gods and Generals*?

MAXWELL: Just before *Gettysburg* opened in the theatres in 1993, the Turner organization asked me to do a film on Andersonville. I respectfully declined because I felt that, as a filmmaker, I had said all that I needed to say about the War. Also, I was already focused on *Joan of Arc*.

What shifted your thinking?

None of us had anticipated the strong emotional reaction *Gettysburg* provoked. Nine or ten months after *Gettysburg* opened, its unique impact became clear. Economic indicators like box office results, video sales, and ratings showed that. Eventually it became the highest rated, most watched movie on cable TV, and besides that we were receiving thousands of letters. People I met would tell me how deeply the movie had affected them. I started meeting people who told me they had seen the film four, five, ten times and the video sales remained strong.

Another thing happened to me personally. Almost a year had passed before I realized that I had *not* exhausted my interest in the subject. In fact it had only deepened. So I met with Jeff Shaara who had inherited the rights to his father's literary estate, and I suggested that we consider a War trilogy: a novel preceding *Killer Angels* (from which *Gettysburg* had been made) and a novel following it. Eventually we would make films based on those other two novels, for a trilogy in print and a trilogy on film.

When it was published in 1995, *Gods and Generals* became an instant best seller. Subsequently we made a deal with Ted Turner for pre-production in January 2001 and filming by summer 2001.

When you set out did you realize the War would occupy so much of your life?

It has been nine years since *Gettysburg* came out, and twenty-five years since reading the novel *The Killer Angels* in 1978—altogether I've been immersed in the War for twenty-five years. I've learned that it is a starting place for at least two great stories.

One is the *American* story and all the questions that arise from that: who we are as a people, how we have become who we are, the character of our people, the sense of place, the sense of history.

The other great story is the more universal one of brotherly love and brotherly hate. You have to explore that universal story simultaneously with the particular American story.

What do you mean?

Well, in *Gods and Generals*, for example, I have [Union Colonel Joshua] Chamberlain, who was a professor of rhetoric and religion and had studied the classics, look across the Rappahannock from Stafford Heights during the Battle of Fredericksburg while quoting from Lucanus' epic poem about the Roman civil war. As Hancock's division crosses the Rappahannock, Chamberlain talks about Caesar's cohorts crossing the Rubicon. Because this conflict is as old as Cain and Abel these images resonate through history. Sadly, it belongs to the human condition, and whether at the Rubicon or the Rappahannock, it will always be with us.

At the same time the War shows us incredible acts of selflessness and sacrifice from Confederates, Federals, civilians, blacks, and whites. This paradox, this nest of contradictions, continues to fascinate me. The more time I spend with it, the more an immense sadness and an immense compassion cling to me, and the less willing I am to indulge in facile judgment on that generation. That's not to say that I can't discern the evil from the good, the selfish from the selfless, the thoughtless from the thoughtful, but when I look at the immense tragedy that was the War, pity and compassion for that entire generation overwhelm me.

If the War is the starting place for the American story, isn't it also the starting place for the American myth? Specifically, the myth that anything to do with Southerners deserves only America's contempt?

All sorts of myths originate from that period. Even though there are many documents, getting at the truth of the War is a challenge. The best historians do not follow some ideological agenda or some idea they brought with them ahead of time. Rather, they follow the truth.

Something in human nature loves the truth, and in my work that's what I strive for. Will I achieve it completely? The

answer is simple: No. But am I trying to my utmost power? Yes.

Do you try to debunk these myths?

A filmmaker who makes historical films has a *duty* to cut through mythology. Mythology abounds about the antebellum South, the War, Reconstruction, the South as a region, and Southerners as a people. That mythology may interest me as a citizen, but not as a filmmaker. I have to cut through it to the truth of the events and the people. Some of those myths have exalted the Southern hero and Southern society beyond the reality. Some have denigrated and insulted the Southern people and their culture and region. Serious-minded people ought to discard both extremes.

Whether they come from alien cultures or our own, one thing that appeals to those who visit this story is the "lost cause." Human beings are endlessly fascinated when they see a dream or ideal—in this case a proto-nation—that lived briefly and was crushed. *After the fact* they tend to pile on all sorts of values and notions, which may or may not be authentic.

Which is certainly the case with the South?

The Confederacy offers a prime example. Because it lies at the heart of our national experience, it is the most prone to exaggeration from all sorts of directions. In my study I have read lots of history, spent time with the story, travelled the South, and read the source material written at the time—letters, journals, diaries, newspaper accounts. The more time you spend with the sources, the closer you get to the truth and the further from mythology. The more I study, the more I see the *entire* country from Maine to Florida and Georgia to Texas sharing common attitudes, prejudices, aspirations, and dreams. Then I see other ideas clashing, but always I see one humanity. I see two races side by side also subject to prejudices, misunderstandings, and exploitation throughout the entire country and on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line. I see a great deal of passion and love, a great deal of anger ... again from Maine to Florida.

You mean, like the slavery issue?

Slavery is a concrete example. There was a debate in the whole country, even in the states that would become the Confederacy, over the morality of slavery. That debate continued throughout the War, culminating in 1863 in the North with the Emancipation Proclamation and in the early months of 1865 in the Confederate States with a bill passed to allow enlisting blacks. So the war violently accelerated a liberation that was (I think most historians would agree) coming anyway. In all the countries of South America and the West Indies, that was accomplished without a war. The more time I spend with it, the more I see only one enormous tragedy, one enormous affliction of suffering, and one enormous loss of life. More and more I find myself concluding that because of the impoverished ability to look down the road (especially among politicians), young men and civilians by the hundreds of thousands had to lose their lives.

Was that inability to look down the road or refusal?

A little of both, certainly. We Americans still suffer from that today. Our political class and the chattering class are so short sighted that they are always looking for immediate solutions, instead of looking down the road ten or twenty years. Of course, none of us are seers, but we have to think more prudently about our actions' consequences. Otherwise you can end up in the bloodbath and carnage of the War.



Ron Maxwell,
Director of *Gods and Generals*

That's why I always approach the War from two sides. I see the irresponsibility of political leaders—radical Republicans and radical Secessionists—and the incredible courage, selflessness and bravery of the people who were left to pick up the pieces. I am dealing, in my films, with the War and the people who dealt with the War. They were given the immense dilemma of solving militarily what the previous generations could not solve through debate.

One ongoing problem that arose out of the War, circles around the role of black people—their attitudes toward slavery and their owners...

We know from our own experience and from the study of history that fashions of ideology and politics shift and vary like hemlines and hairstyles. What does not and must not shift are the facts. Filmmakers and artists and novelists and playwrights should not be concerned with

political correctness. Otherwise, we ought to stay home and not pollute the cultural landscape; we become nothing more than propagandists, and there is plenty of propaganda already. The truth seekers give us the only art we can respect, whether it was done yesterday or 500 years ago or in ancient Greece. It's tough to reach the truth, because so much noise and static, propaganda and folklore and mythology stand in the way.

How are African-Americans portrayed in the film? Again, I am not interested in what I am supposed to say according to the politically correct moment or mythology. I am interested in portraying real people in real circumstances—people who like us today, had to make real life choices for themselves and their loved ones in hard times.

It's a well worn but true cliché that the war pitted "brother against brother." That happened in thousands of cases and it wasn't only brother against brother, it was father against son, cousin against

Lang's Stonewall

A Conversation with Stephen Lang

SOUTHERN PARTISAN: *Where are you from?*

LANG: New York City, born and raised.

Did you know anything about Jackson before you undertook this part?

A little. Before, I would have said that Jackson was a fanatical, fierce, and eccentric zealot. Now that I've had the privilege and responsibility of trying to become him, I've come to appreciate many of the finer qualities that his intimates spoke about.

Did you read James Robertson's book?

Robertson's book was kind of holy writ to me in playing this part. Robertson really opened up Jackson's character. Dabney's biography, for example, is something of an idolization.

If you had to describe Jackson with one word, what would that word be?

The word that strikes me now—and I don't want to be held to it because it doesn't describe everything—is "modesty." There was a modesty to everything Jackson did, except when suddenly the fire would light in his eyes. Think of Second Manassas, where he raised his sabre and said, "Jackson is with you!" There he realized his own importance to his men, but still modesty ran very deeply in his character. Another word that would be equally accurate to define Jackson is "discipline."

What made Jackson a great soldier?

Most important, Jackson had a "calling" to be

a soldier, although that's hard to define. For example, I've always felt that I had a calling to be an actor, but that doesn't mean that I am going to be a great actor, only that I felt called to do this job. Then it's up to me to understand and develop the skills and techniques needed to be good at it. Jackson had the calling and he went far beyond that in *mastering* the art. His mastery of artillery is legendary and nothing instills confidence in your people like artillery.

How much do you think Jackson was influenced by his particular brand of Christianity—Presbyterianism?

He lived by it—not only daily, but also moment to moment. He was famous for greeting good news or bad news on the battlefield with the same equanimity. As Jackson understood predestination, a defeat was every bit as much a part of God's plan as a victory.

Are you a Christian man?

No, I'm not. I'm Jewish, but I'm intrigued by the mystery of other faiths. I find the tenets of Presbyterianism and Christianity very interesting. The theatre, liturgy, and ritual of it have always interested me, as well as the higher concepts. Jackson articulated them very clearly and simply. It was not difficult to cloak myself in them.

Your portrayal of Jackson praying seemed to make the heavens open up, in that you understood what Jackson truly was.

The path lies in the words of the prayers themselves. There is much evidence from Jackson's letters that prove the words accu-

rate. They embody a tremendous simplicity and a tremendous grandeur at the same time. That is one of the wonderful things about Jackson, this strange juxtaposition between grandeur and simplicity. That goes a long way towards describing his prayers and his relationship to God.

Another strange Jackson juxtaposition that your portrayal highlighted was his fierceness and his tenderness.

What the general public knows about Jackson concerns his military exploits. The sweetness and the tenderness in his nature, however, emerges in all of the biographies and especially in Anna Jackson's memoirs. Besides Anna's testimony to Jackson's sweetness, there are also numerous examples of his tenderness to his soldiers.

Was Jackson a greater general than Lee?

No, I don't think so, but where Jackson excelled, there were none better. Their combination is a terrific example of "synergy"—the sum was greater than the parts. Another question: How would the Army of Northern Virginia have fared with Jackson commanding instead of Lee? It's impossible to know. Jackson drove himself relentlessly and that resulted at certain times, notably in the Seven Days, in something like catatonia.

Did you accept this role gladly?

I accepted it wholeheartedly. I was overwhelmed to be asked to play this part.

Considering the complexity of Jackson's character, his quirkiness, greatness, nobility, tenderness—what were you trying to accomplish

cousin. It happened all across the country, even in the Deep South. Divided families mirrored a nation divided. People refused to speak to each other until the day they died. Jackson and his beloved sister are one such example. This is one of the true tragedies of the War.

It shouldn't surprise anyone that blacks found themselves in a similar nest of conflicts. It is no more true to say that the blacks felt one simple way about the War than it would be to say that the whites did. Just like whites, blacks were complex human beings, living in complex circumstances. To insinuate otherwise is to diminish the full humanity of blacks and to indulge in caricature.

Martha is a real character that I discovered in the diary of Jane Beal, the lady that lived through the Battle of Fredericksburg. Martha, her domestic slave, is another conflicted person. She doesn't have to love slavery to love the family that she has grown up with. She can look upon the Federal Army



Kali Rocha and Stephen Lang as Mr. and Mrs. T.J. Jackson.

in playing him?

I didn't want to accentuate the myth or debunk it. I just wanted the viewer to understand why the myth arose in the first place. The truth of Jackson is multifaceted.

Jackson is not any of the things that he has been consigned to be—religious fanatic or bloodthirsty warrior. In many ways he embodies Americanism. He had no business being at West Point. He bootstrapped himself up and recognized his own shortcomings. He was a C student who turned himself into an A student through sheer hard work. His extraordinary deeds and virtue represent the best that human beings can achieve. He wasn't some kind of god, but he had all the virtues of a good man.

Won't his critics say that Jackson was a great man using his great skills in an evil cause?

I am sure they will. The truth is, Jackson was one of the protagonists in a national tragedy, but Jackson did not make the tragedy.

I was interested in the way you played Jackson's relation with Jim, his manservant. Was Jim a slave or free?

Jim Lewis was in fact owned by another man, but was free to go to Jackson and Jackson paid him a wage.

Jackson owned other slaves?

Jackson owned six slaves. If you examine the thinking on slavery during that period, it's difficult to get behind. But in order to understand, it's very helpful at least to try and to perceive the context.

Jackson viewed the entire black race as his brothers in Christ—as much as anyone else

might be. Was that hypocrisy?

No, not at all. He didn't say one thing and do another. In fact Jackson started a black Sunday school class and he was intimately connected with it until his death. He started it over tremendous opposition in Lexington, but to the credit of the town, as it gained steam, people grew proud of it. Jackson just saw black people as God's creatures, and as such they had a right to be able to read God's written word.

Your great accomplishment was that Jackson did not appear as a cardboard character.

If that's the case, then I am very pleased. Looking for a word to describe Jackson, it's not a bad idea to go back to his most famous maxim, "You may be whatever you will resolve to be." He resolved to be the man he became. Some things are his by nature; some things became his through his resolve. In the preface to *Lee's Lieutenants*, Freeman talks about the palette that is necessary to paint Jackson, one of subtle and deep hues. It's a very, very wide palette.

How did you prepare for this part?

Every part requires a different approach and a different angle. There's always the physical stuff that I love, for instance, a lot of documentation about Jackson's riding style.

Is it harder to ride as clumsily as Jackson or to ride well?

Jackson was a good horseman, a jockey in his youth, but he looked awkward. That fact is one window, one avenue for me to approach the character. In this film, too, it was absolutely necessary to learn the entire script before

shooting began. Many, many times on films you don't do that and for good reasons, but this one had something Shakespearean in the language and I felt I needed to master all of it. Also I wanted to get that western Virginia dialect right. Constantly bathing both in Robertson and the Bible was helpful.

Did you actually soak your feet in a pan of cold water when you got up?

Actually, once or twice I probably did. The one thing I couldn't do, even though I tried and tried to work it out with the costume people, was grow feet the size of Jackson's. I did it in the walk. I gave him a long stride in the hope that it would make my feet *look* bigger.

Did you take to sucking lemons, too?

In the film we did a tip of the hat to the lemons. The truth is that Jackson's favorite fruit was peaches. He liked fruit, but he didn't constantly suck on lemons. That's just part of the myth.

Were you surprised in what you found in Jackson?

Yes, it surprised and delighted me also. Milton said that childhood shows the man as morning shows the day. Looking for words to describe Jackson we always come back to his last words, "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." That beautifully calls us back to his boyhood, back to the West Fork River, back to a lonely orphan boy sitting solitary under the tree, thinking about his mother and father. That is probably one reason that religion came to play such a great in his life—he found a heavenly father.

Thank you very much for your time. ☪

in that sense as liberators, but at the same time not want them to forcibly enter and trash the home of a family that she loves. This is the real story about a conflict that took place everywhere during the War.

We have a poignant scene between Jackson and Jim Lewis, a free black Jackson hires. The scene exemplifies “poetic license” but is still (I hope) a truthful scene. Jim asks Jackson how good Christian people can fail to speak up against slavery. This man is very clear about slavery, but at the same time has a great affection and immense loyalty to Stonewall Jackson and stays with him until he is shot. After Jackson dies Jim even leads his horse in the funeral both in Richmond and Lexington. Until the day he died he was welcome and attended meetings of the Confederate Veterans. This is the true story and it must be told out of respect to the blacks and whites who lived through the caldron of the War.

Why did you focus on Jackson?

In my 1994 sessions with Jeff Shaara we decided we would pick up the story with the main *Gettysburg* characters, Chamberlain, Lee, and Hancock. Then we asked ourselves the next question, where do those characters criss-cross? They criss-crossed at Antietam, Fredericksburg,

and Chancellorsville.

You can't do the beginning of the War without bringing in Jackson because he is so much in the first half of the War. We decided to make him the new additional character and with him, of course, came Anna Jackson since she is one of the great sources of information about his life.

So, you wanted it to be more than a War epic?

Since we were doing the entire War now and not just the three and a half days of Gettysburg, we decided early on that we had to include women and African-Americans in this saga, because they are integrated into it completely. We didn't just want to tell the story of soldiers on the battlefield. As the story progressed, Fannie Chamberlain came in. When I got to the screenplay, I added more characters who didn't appear in the novel. For instance, I added the Jane Beal story and the folks in Fredericksburg to connect their travails with the War as the front lines passed through their back yards. Neither Anna Jackson nor Fannie Chamberlain was involved in the front lines, although how they influenced and supported their spouses is very important.

Jackson became the main story of *God and Generals*, just as Grant

Stonewall's Wife

A Conversation with Kali Rocha

SOUTHERN PARTISAN: *How did you prepare for this part?*

LANG: I did a lot of research about Anna Jackson. I went to their house in Lexington, Virginia and read the letters that her husband wrote to her. Chiefly, I prepared simply by reading the words. I read them over and over again for months. It is some of the most extraordinary poetry that I've ever read. That made it easy for me to drop into Anna Jackson emotionally, into her heart and soul and her love for this man.

I knew Jackson enjoyed an intimate relation with his wife. Still, when I saw the intensity of their love before my eyes, it startled me.

For me as an actress, it is always important to go for the heart, even in a context of formality. In any age, people in love are somewhat the same, though there is the perception that in the 1800s people were more formal and polite and mannered. I believe

love is more universal than that.

How was working with Stephen Lang?

His work is very personal and intimate. He is also a very faithful artist. He approaches his work by respecting the facts, first of all. He keeps returning to them and doing historical research. What I love about the screenplay and Stephen's portrayal of Jackson is its well-roundedness. You see the lover, the authoritarian, the eccentric, the dedicated patriot, and the vulnerable widower—all of that appears in Stephen's performance.

It is one thing to portray a man as a soldier, it is quite another to bring a tenderness and personal complexity to that same part.

When Ron Maxwell makes a movie, he only thinks about the truth. He made this movie, I think, not only because it's a story he wants to tell, but also because he knows that Stonewall Jackson has to be portrayed fully

to be portrayed at all. It was important to Ron in making the movie and to Jeff Shaara in writing the book to show Stonewall's heart. Without it, you can't get next to him.

Does Anna Jackson mean anything today?

We filmed this during September 11th. For the first time in my life, when I thought about the women who lost their husbands, who were in a sort of war zone, I realized what it means to lose your husband in war. In the 1860s, every day there was a new list of women who had lost their husbands or been driven from their homes. I got a new sense of marriage, dedication between a husband and wife, and the importance of family. I wouldn't have ordinarily thought so before *Gods and Generals* or before September 11th.

Are you from the South?

I was born in Memphis, Tennessee. My father was a professor at the Memphis Academy of Arts and I lived there for a very short time and then we moved on to France. So I do have a little bit of a connection with the South.

Were you surprised at the way the film portrayed the South?

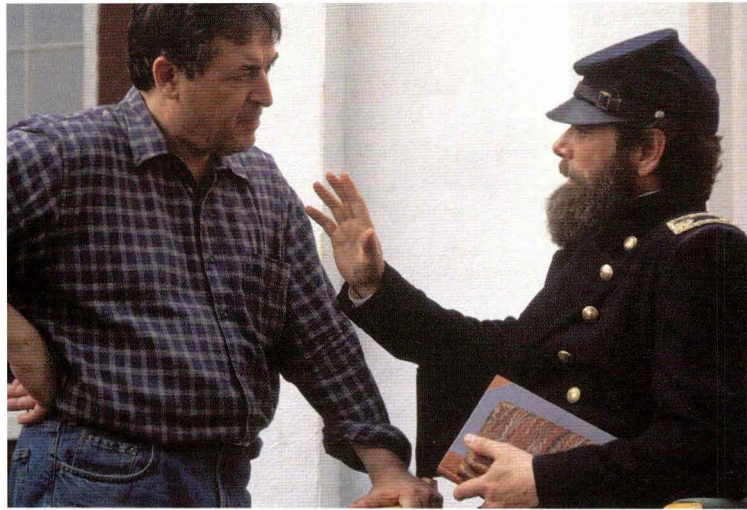
It was not so surprising to me. I assumed Ron Maxwell had chosen a script that would apply universally, and he is deeply interested in the War from both sides. Ron doesn't portray anyone as a demon in this movie.

He seems to be constantly searching out the truth...

You remember the scene where the two Irish brigades are fighting against each other? That crystallizes Ron's understanding of the War and its absurdity. The pain comes from brothers fighting brothers. If they were only “the enemy,” there would be no heart-break or madness.

Has this made a big change in your life?

Unquestionably. The night before shooting began we just stood there looking at their house. We seemed to transcend that moment, and felt that we had met them, that we knew them, we felt that we were stepping into their lives for that moment. I will never forget that moment. ✪



will become the main story in *The Last Full Measure*. Through Jackson we are able to understand the patriotism of Southerners. Jackson was not a rabble-rouser or a firebrand secessionist. Rather, his deep patriotism led him to defend his native state, Virginia. Through him, even more than Lee, we can understand the complexity and paradox and contradiction. Just as it was difficult for Martha and Jim Lewis to reconcile personal with group loyalties, it was also difficult, challenging, and painful for Lee and Jackson to make the decision they made—and for countless thousands of Southerners. None of this is simple, but it testifies to the morality and ethics of these particular people that they all had to work things out individually before they committed themselves. Once committed, they were steadfast, loyal, dutiful, and willing to pay the ultimate price, as Stonewall Jackson finally did.

Because ours is a cynical age, when we see anyone who is outwardly religious, we immediately assume he must be either a hypocrite or a fanatic. Was Jackson either of those?

No, not from my study. Through the writing, the casting, the filming, and working with Stephen Lang who portrayed him, I have pictured Jackson as a man of conviction, an ethical man, a thinking man, who had to reach down into the foundations of his being to find out where his ultimate loyalties lay, as many Southerners had to do. That is something that we try to bring forward to some degree, but probably not as much as I would want because that's almost a film in itself.

Still, I never thought I would live to see a movie come out of Hollywood in which a Christian man would be so honestly and faithfully portrayed, let alone a Southern Christian man.

My research turned up a fascinating fact, no doubt well known to students of the War. Wherever the Confederate army stayed more than a few days, before they put their tents up they built a little chapel. And they had prayer meeting every night—not just once a week, every night. And of course, there was a huge revival on both sides of the Mason-Dixon Line in 1862-63, but especially in the Confederacy.

I was sorely tempted to show more of that, but really that needs its own film, just like the 18th Century's Great Awakening. But you cannot make a movie about Jackson and the War without any Christianity in it. That would be the biggest lie of all.

You can't understand Jackson unless you understand him as a Christian man.

Yes, and he applied that same discipline to his soldiers. He was very, very strict with his men and had the highest expectations and drove them harder than any other commander on either side of the Mason-

Dixon Line. At the same time no officer showed greater love and affection for his men, and no soldier received from his men more loyalty and more devotion.

On the one hand he is fierce as a soldier, yet on the other hand he's almost unbelievably tender as a husband.

Yes, and that is based on the testimony of those who knew him and also on the later historical work of Bud Robertson and others.

Will Gods and Generals do for the South what Braveheart did for Scotland?

Well, I leave all judgment, first and foremost, to the audience and then to the critics. Jackson was a great role model because he was a disciplined man. Part of my self-discipline is not to comment too cheerfully or self-approvingly on my own work.

Where do you go from here?

We hope and expect to go right into *The Last Full Measure* depending on how things work at the box office in February. If the audience comes and embraces the movie, then we'll go forward with the War Trilogy. Following that, of course, is my great desire to do *Joan of Arc*.

You said that you had been reading about the War since 1978...

I have been reading about the War my whole life. I just read *Killer Angels* in 1978.

How much research was necessary for Gods and Generals?

After 30 years in the motion picture business I still belong to the group of writers and directors that thinks you ought to spend some time doing serious research before you shoot a historical film. There are three schools of thought on research: those who think you must research deeply, those who think you don't need to research much, and finally, those to whom it has never occurred to do any research.

Certainly Jeff did a lot of research before he wrote his novel. When I sat down to write the screenplay it took six months after a year's worth of research and having spent a lifetime of reading. I also consulted historians. When I had the screenplay done, I sent it to them.

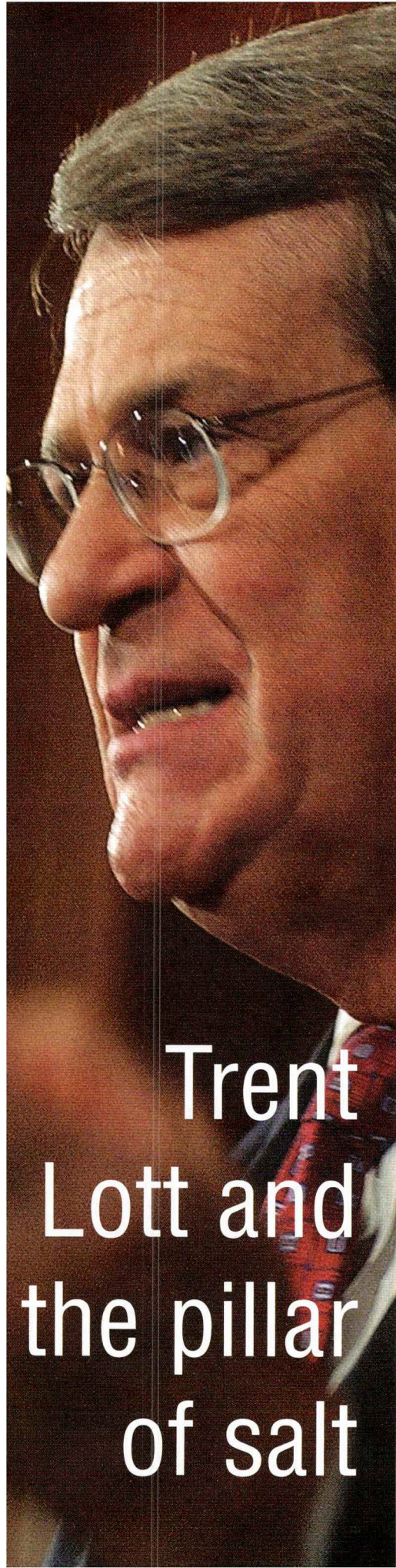
How did they react?

Sometimes the notes were longer than the screenplay. Some historians even visited the set, and now as we are finishing it, I show it to historians and they still catch little things.

We have to be very careful that while we make little points that are true we do not imply larger points that are false, and *vice versa*. As filmmakers we have to be very vigilant to tell the truth at all levels all the time. I don't pretend it's easy. Every minute you must keep yourself aware of the large statements and the little statements so that you are furthering truth and not some mythology or somebody's politically correct idea. If you don't do the research you are at the mercy of these politically correct purveyors and pressure groups. Then they will bully you until you don't even know where you stand.

Future generations that see these films will not thank us for buckling to this. They will thank us for trying our very best to tell the truth—to reunite us, through the alchemy of the cinema, with the forebears of our American family.

Precisely. Thank you very much for your time. ☆



Trent Lott and the pillar of salt

Trent Lott generously agreed to a “Partisan Conversation” interview a few years ago, for which he has been criticized in recent weeks. We like him personally and believe that he is no more a racist than Teddy Kennedy or Joe Lieberman. However, over the years, we have expressed our disappointment over his leadership in the Senate, which we believe has been weak and compromising. The following article is hard on him. In the final analysis, however, we say what must be said, what we have said all along.

First the suicidal statement itself, delivered at Strom Thurmond’s birthday, while the retiring Senator sat in a chair, half-listening. Only when Lott said his 87-year-old mother had a crush on Strom did the 100-year-old Thurmond turn his head and grin. Unfortunately Lott also said this:

I want to say this about my state: When Strom Thurmond ran for president, we voted for him. We’re proud of it. And if the rest of the country had followed our lead, we wouldn’t have had all these problems over all these years, either.

We all agree that this comment was incredibly dumb, particularly for a man so experienced in the use of weasel words. Then again, perhaps the remark was arrogant—the statement of a public figure who believed he was too powerful to be brought down and therefore felt no compunction to watch what he said.

At the very least, the words were singularly inappropriate, and for several reasons, not all of which have been noted by the Democrats and the *New York Times*.

In the second place, assuming Thurmond was conscious of what was being said, how would he have felt about a discussion of the 1948 campaign in the year 2002? For the past several decades, he had been trying to live down that part of his past. Now, all of a sudden, this young whippersnapper was reminding the world of a disreputable past.

Senator Lott should have realized how outrageous such a comment would seem to an establishment glutted on racially sensitive rhetoric. After all, in the interest of a politically correct America, history must be made as simple as a hen’s egg. If the egg comes out of the chicken all bumpy and striped like a zebra, you avert your eyes and toss it away. Thus only one version of this particular past is acceptable: Strom Thurmond ran as the candidate of the Dixiecrat Party in order to perpetuate segregation in the wicked South. You can’t get any simpler than that.

In fact, Thurmond was the candidate of the States Rights Party (“Dixiecrat” was a journalistic invention). His basic argument was grounded in the 10th Amendment. As Professor Glenn Feldman of the University of Alabama at Birmingham wrote: “Dixiecrats portrayed their movement in the best possible light, as one designed to guarantee state sovereignty and constitutionally guaranteed states’ rights and reestablish Southern preeminence in the Democratic Party.” Maybe that was the campaign Senator Lott had in mind.

But what could he have been thinking when he referred to “all these problems over all these years”? He might have meant the EPA’s meddling with the rights of private property owners—or the federal government’s withholding of highway funds to coerce the states into passing unwanted legislation—or HHS funding of abortions and gay rights.

Most people, however, believed he was referring to the civil rights movement and the continuing agitation of militant black leaders such as Kweisi Mfume, Jesse Jackson, and the Rev. Al. “Wouldn’t it be better,” they heard him say, “if we still had legalized segregation in the South? That’s how things would have gone had Thurmond won.”

Such a sentiment is unacceptable—indeed more so to Southerners than to Northerners, as at least one poll has suggested. Yet there Trent Lott was, grinning like a horse collar, saying the unsayable—or so it appeared to millions of people. (And the news media produced statements by Thurmond in 1948 that support the idea that his campaign was in defense of segregation.) As for what was in Lott’s heart, we don’t believe his remarks were intended to be racist. They were no more than an extravagant compliment on a sentimental occasion. Everybody knows—including Strom Thurmond—that Lott doesn’t wish the States Rights Party had won the 1948 presidential election. It was a throw-away line—one he had used once before in complimenting Thurmond.

Lott Looks Back

This time he was on C-Span, watched by sullen Democrats, curled in their dank lairs, their wounds barely scabbed over.

They were so whipped that, for a while, they didn't even growl. Tom Daschle, perhaps the most partisan majority leader in memory, said he accepted Lott's explanation, given to him over the phone: "There are a lot of times when he and I go to the microphone and would like to say things we meant to say differently, and I'm sure this was one of those cases for him, as well." (*sic*)

However, liberal columnists, black leaders, and a growing number of Democrats saw an opportunity Daschle, in a rare moment of equity, brushed aside. (Or else, unlike the rest, a Machiavellian Daschle knew the Democrats could not find a more weak-spined, accommodating Majority Leader for the new Senate.)

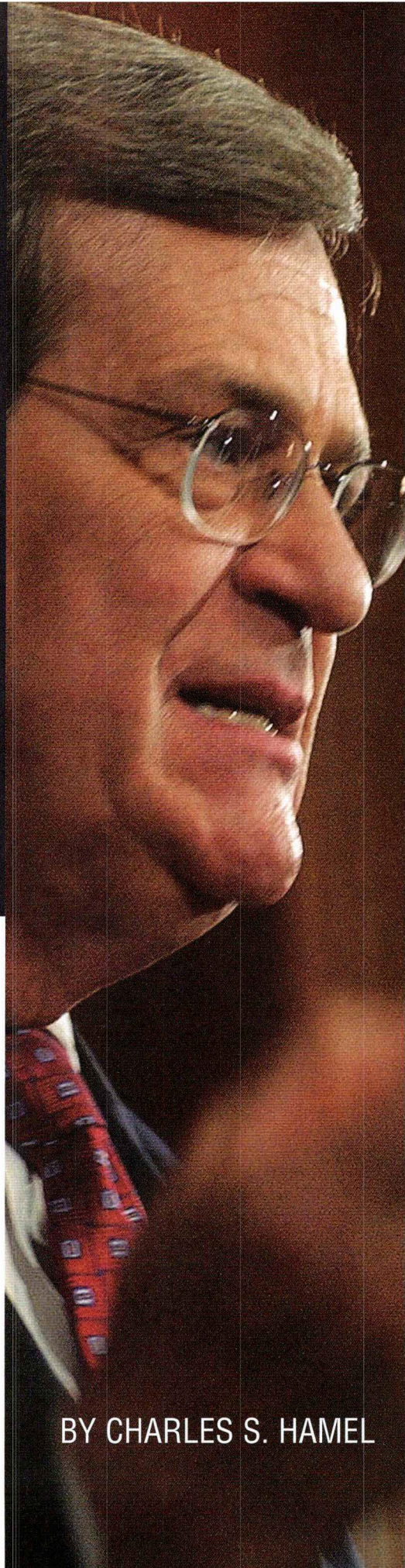
Suddenly, three days after this foolish statement, Lott was a bigot, a racist, a segregationist—in short, the Beast of the Apocalypse.

He responded to these accusations in typ-

ical Republican fashion: He made four major apologies and promised to support "community renewal" (minority set-asides) and to "put more money into education so no child is left behind." In other words, in order to atone for his remarks, he said he would become a liberal Democrat.

(Congressman Bennie Thompson, a fellow Mississippian, suggested that Lott could be even more accommodating by "pushing for a minimum wage increase, expanded affordable housing and a prescription drug benefit." That, Thompson said, is how Lott can make up for his catastrophic statement—by giving away the store.)

The fact that he would find himself suddenly on the firing line—a target for all those Yankees he had been trying to appease over many decades—sent him to his knees, tearfully begging for his life in the very shadow of the gallows. At least he knew better than to point to Democrats who had said worse with impunity. The double standard was a fact of life in



BY CHARLES S. HAMEL

Washington. The same media that gave Democratic leader Robert Byrd a pass, would never consider letting Lott off the hook.

At the time of Byrd's transgression, the Washington press corps tended to dismiss the incident as "a senior moment." But at least they understood what was going on. Black columnist Michelle Malkin wrote the following:

Ex-Klansman Robert Byrd, the senior senator from West Virginia, casually used the phrase "white nigger" twice on national TV this weekend. Enraged civil rights groups organized a protest campaign against Sen. Byrd and demanded that he undergo sensitivity training ... not. The ex-Klansman, you see, is a Democrat. Democrats can join hate groups and utter the ugliest racial slurs and get away with it because they are Democrats. They belong to the party of racial tolerance and understanding. They're paragons of virtue, and the rest of us are bigoted rubes. (March 7, 2001)

In case you have forgotten precisely what Byrd said, here is a direct quote, taken from a Fox News show when he talked with Tony Snow about race relations in the U.S.:

There are white niggers. I've seen a lot of white niggers in my time. I'm going to use that word. We just need to work together to make our country a better country, and I'd just as soon quit talking about it so much.

In her complaint, Malkin points out a number of interesting facts about Byrd's illustrious career.

- Byrd wasn't merely a member of the KKK. He was a "Kleagle"—i.e., head of the membership drive. He got \$10 a head for every warm body he could recruit.

- Byrd supposedly quit the Klan in 1943. However, three years later, he wrote a letter to the Imperial Wizard in which he said the following: "The Klan is needed today as never before and I am anxious to see its rebirth here in West Virginia" and "in every state in the Union."

- Byrd was among those who, for 14 hours, filibustered the 1964 Civil Rights Act.

- Byrd also opposed the nominations of both Thurgood Marshall and Clarence Thomas—the only two blacks to sit on the U.S. Supreme Court.

- In a letter attacking the integration of U.S. Armed Forces, Byrd wrote that he would never fight "with a Negro by my side. Rather I would

die a thousand times and see Old Glory trampled in the dust never to rise again than to see this beloved land of ours become degraded by race mongrels, a throwback to the blackest specimens from the wilds."

An attempt to divert attention from the Trent Lott story? Not at all. Malkin wrote the column in March of 2001, more than a year and a half before Trent Lott's mistake. And here's how she ended her commentary:

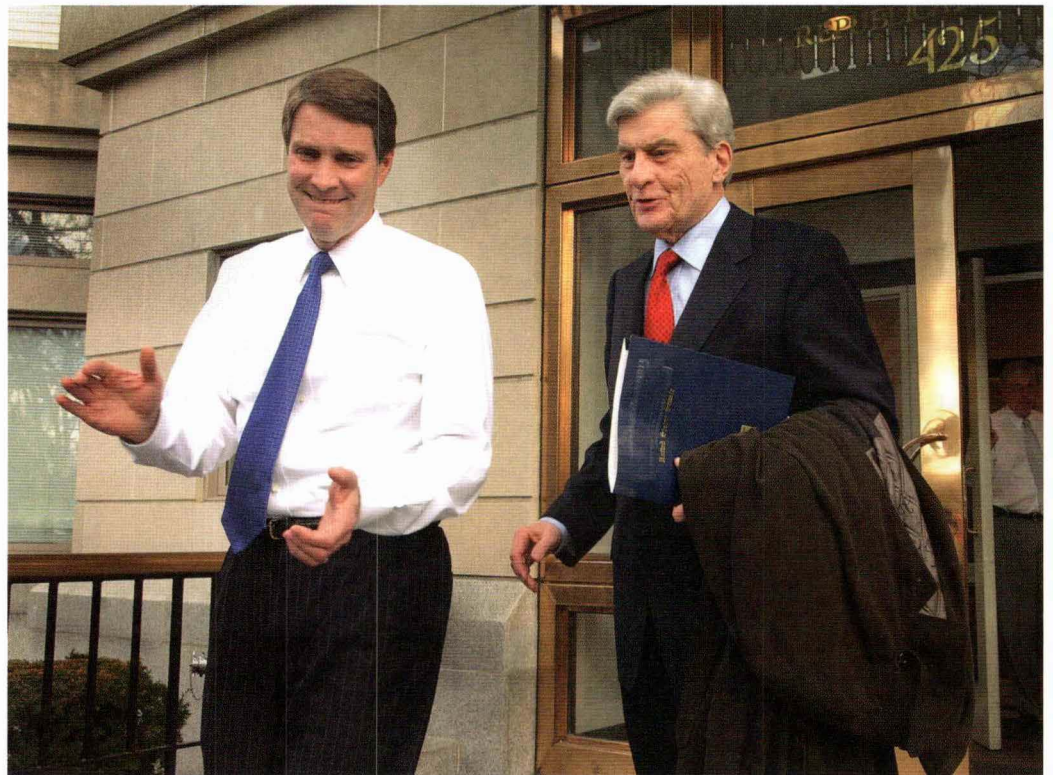
If this ex-Klansman were a conservative Republican, he would never hear the end of his sordid past. "Ex-Klansman who opposed civil rights and black justices" would appear in every reference to Senator Byrd. And even the "ex-" would be in doubt. Maxine Waters and Ralph Neas and Julianne Malveaux and Al Sharpton and all the other left-wing bloodhounds who sniff racism in every crevice of

And he did just that. He jumped at the opportunity to vindicate himself on Black Entertainment Television. In the BET interview, what we witnessed was a strip tease: Trent Lott divesting himself of every principle, one by one, until he stood nekkid before the entire nation.

Interviewer Gordon knew Lott was a desperate man, a petty criminal ready to confess to a thousand murders in order to cut a deal. As a consequence, the black host was merciless in his exploration of Lott's past, recent and distant. First, however, he reminded Lott of his plight.

GORDON: Let me ask you, first, before we get into the comments and the like, do you see, as many have characterized it over the course of the last couple of days, as you being in a fight for your political future?

LOTT: Ed, I don't think that's really relevant.



Senators Bill Frist and John Warner celebrate Frist's accession to the post of Senate Majority Leader.

American life would be barking up a storm over Sen. Byrd's latest fulminations.

How prophetic she was. As for Lott, with her infallible instinct for outing racial hypocrisy, she had him pegged as well:

There is only one cause, one animating spirit that Trent Lott is committed to: not the South, not the segregationist past, but his future in high office. And now, to save his hide, Lott will shake his pom-poms and turn somersaults to please whoever (Maxine Waters, Al Sharpton) can help him stay in power.

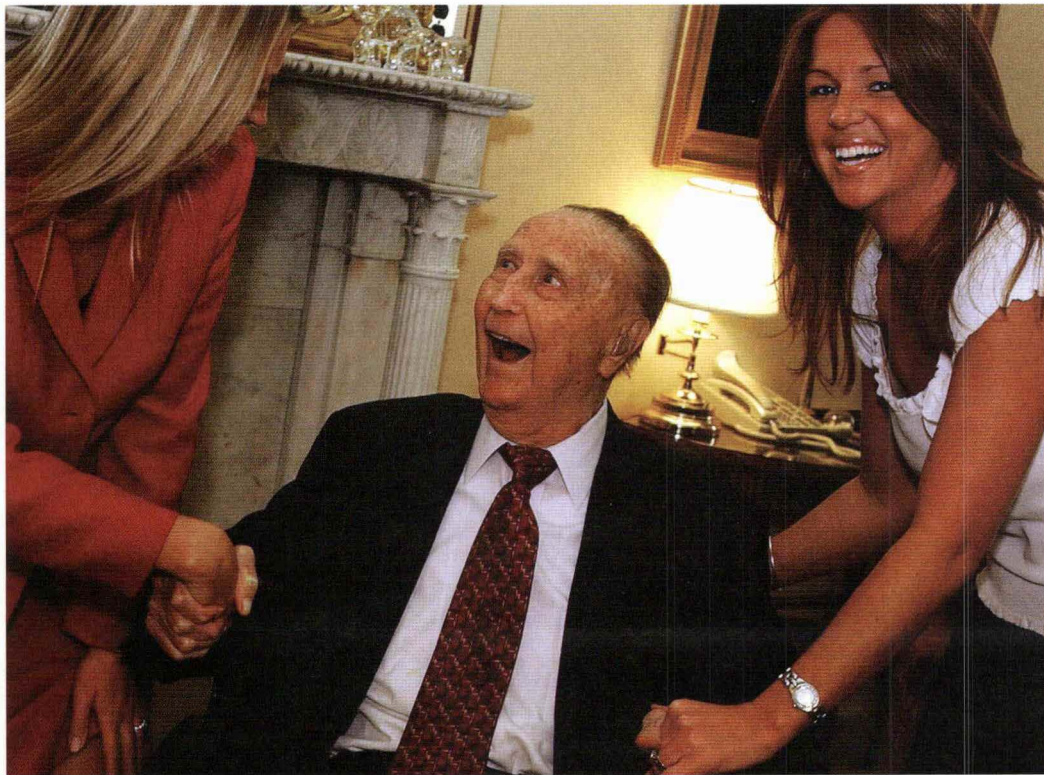
Of course, it was relevant; and what followed demonstrated the extent to which Lott—palms sweating, heart racing like a NASCAR motor—was absolutely terrified of Gordon and the constituency he represented. Consider the following exchange.

GORDON: And you know better than I the concern is that, perhaps, you've not [made amends]; that perhaps much of what we see today is style over substance. Let's be honest: You would not be sitting here today had it not been for this.

LOTT: That's true, except that, you know, years ago, I've done interviews before with Black Entertainment Television reporters.

But, look, I don't want to get this into a position of making excuses. I accept the fact that I made a terrible mistake, used horrible words, caused hurt. I'm sorry about that. I've apologized for it. I've asked for forgiveness. And I'm going to continue to do that.

But in answer to your question a moment ago, it is about actions rather than words. As majority leader I can move an agenda that would have things that would be helpful to African-Americans and minorities of all kinds and all Americans, but specifically aimed at showing African-Americans that they have particular concerns and needs that we have to advance an agenda that will help rural and...



Senator Strom Thurmond enjoys the company of a two young ladies in Senator Lott's office.

GORDON: Sure.

LOTT: ...urban areas, education, so that every child really does have an education.

Lott is stumbling over himself, ready, eager to repudiate everything he has ever said and done. Conservatives have always argued that economic prosperity rather than bribes for special interest groups will provide the best hope for blacks and other minorities—and that such prosperity is produced by conservative fiscal policy. But Lott is putting all that behind him

as he begins to grovel—indeed, his mea culpa deserves a Guinness record. In this passage, he tacitly admits that his party has ignored minorities; that it has wrong-headed priorities; that what the country really needs is precisely the agenda advocated by Teddy Kennedy and Hillary Clinton and the rest of the liberal Democrats.

Lott continues to implore Gordon to spare his political life, to allow him to return to the Senate as majority leader. As the old Scottish ballad puts it, "Never seek grace from a graceless face." Gordon keeps coming back to the Thurmond birthday party—and to the South of 1948. What he clearly wants from Lott is an attack on his own people.

Sure enough, he gets it, along with a gratuitous and irrelevant bid for pity.

LOTT: My dad was a sharecropper. He

raised cotton on somebody else's land. My mother did teach school in a three-room schoolhouse. When they came to Pascagoula, my dad worked in a shipyard.

And so, you know, there was a society then that was wrong and wicked. I didn't create it and I didn't even really understand it for many, many years.

You see, it wasn't his fault. It was Mississippi's fault, the South's fault, the fault of other Southern people. Not poor little Trent, who wore patched jeans and shirts made out of

flower sacks, and walked barefoot through the snow to that three-room schoolhouse.

When he tries to tell Gordon that, because he is a Christian, he has never felt superior to anyone, Gordon reminds Lott of his fight to keep the Sigma Nu fraternity all-white, his vote against the Civil Rights Act of 1990, and extension of the Voting Rights Act in 1992. Lott says he was "evolving" at the time. But Gordon is a pit bull. He latches on and won't let go.

GORDON: Let's talk about the King holiday.

LOTT: I want to talk about the King holiday. Let's go back to that.

I'm not sure we in America, certainly not White America and the people in the South, fully understood who this man was; the impact he was having on the fabric of this country.

A shamefully inaccurate statement. The people in the South understood better than anyone else in the nation what impact King was making. After all, the impact he was making was chiefly on them.

GORDON: What about affirmative action?

LOTT: I'm for that.

GORDON: Across the board?

LOTT: Absolutely across the board. That's why I'm so proud of my own alma mater now, the University of Mississippi, that obviously had a difficult time in the '60s and '70s, now led by an outstanding chancellor, Robert Khayat, that has gotten rid of the Confederate flag, that now has an institute of reconciliation, that has leadership...

With groveling time about to expire, Gordon turns away from the Ghost of Christmas Past and focuses on the Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come. Having presided over Whitey's self-flagellation, Gordon is ready to exact payment for old sins.

GORDON: Will you take a closer look at the people you align yourself with?

LOTT: Absolutely, I will. And I will listen to and talk to African-American leaders and African-American men and women across—and other minorities.

Then Gordon twists the knife. One more promise, one more tribute. This time, Gordon asks Lott to betray a friend.

GORDON: What about Charles

Pickering, who you backed very strongly, quite frankly...

LOTT: Absolutely, yes.

GORDON: Absolutely...

LOTT: *I did back him, because he is a fine man with an outstanding record who actually took risks with his own life to—in actions against the Klan.*

GORDON: *But you know where I'm going with that question.*

LOTT: *I do. Sure.*

GORDON: *You would take another look at him now?*

LOTT: *I know his heart. He is a good man and not a racist or a segregationist in any way. The things—many of the things said against him he was not guilty of. But having said that, you know, I'll have to weigh all of my actions differently and more carefully.*

So he even weaseled on Pickering. Just a little—but a weasel nonetheless. At that point, everyone knew Trent Lott for what he was: a man so unprincipled that he would betray his party, his friends, and his own people in order to maintain his purchase on power.

But he had made yet another stupid mistake. He had assumed that blacks and liberals and Kennebunkport Republicans would forgive his indiscretions and rally to his support, whereas his conservative base would remain loyal, despite his betrayal.

He was wrong on at least one count.

The current black leadership in this country never forgives the South or Southerners for racial transgressions, real or imaginary. There is no statute of limitations for Southern sins, as there obviously is for Massachusetts sea captains and New York draft rioters. South-bashing is too profitable for black extortionists—and too self-serving and self-satisfying for liberal Democrats and Kennebunkport Republicans. Trent Lott will go to his grave a convicted racist.

As for his base—Mississippians and conservatives—Lott could have held them had he replied to Ed Gordon:

Look, blacks know that Southerners—the folks I grew up with and represent—are friendlier and fairer toward blacks than the people of any other section in the country. Don't take my word for it. The Gallup poll on race relations reported that the South is the only region where a majority of blacks believe they are treated equally. And a recent Harvard poll showed that the South was the only region where a majority of children went to integrated schools. Quit trying to divert attention from racial tensions up North—and quit slandering the good people of Mississippi.

But to say such things—to tell the compli-

cated truth—would have taken more courage than Trent Lott has ever shown in public life. So he became the turncoat and lost his leadership position anyway.

Bill Frist of Tennessee will be the new majority leader. In the last session of Congress, Frist earned 100 on the American Conservative Union score card, while Lott earned a 96. One vote made the difference. Frist voted to accelerate the elimination of the “marriage penalty” in the tax code. Lott voted against it. Conservative pro-family groups placed a high priority on the passage of this bill. So Frist looks like he might do as well or better than Lott. Certainly he is a more credible human being.

Now Lott has to go home and face the people he betrayed.

When he went to Ole Miss, he was a cheerleader; and he has a habit of showing up at homecoming games, being introduced, and hearing a roar of approval from the crowd.

Will he dare show his face next fall?

And will the audience applaud or boo?

Conservative Mississippians have ten months now to prepare a reception for him—one he'll never forget.

As for 2006, don't be surprised if Lott faces opposition in the GOP primary. Now let's see: He says he will support an agenda that favors African-Americans and other minorities; he says that in the past, Mississippi society has been “wrong and wicked”; he says he'll start hanging out with the African-American leadership; he says he supports affirmative action “across the boards”; and he is proud that Ole Miss got rid of that Confederate flag. That's going to be a tough sell for a fellow who went to Washington as a conservative Mississippian proud of his heritage and his people. Fellow Mississippian William Faulkner once said, “It doesn't matter who you are or where you come from, as long as you don't forget it and you ain't ashamed of it.”

Trent Lott has done both.

Now that the dust is settled, he emerges as the nation's number one pariah. When fellow politicians see him on the streets of Washington, they duck into the first doorway, hoping it isn't a massage parlor. Back in Pascagoula, when he crosses the town square, old men sitting on benches test the blades of their knives with their thumbs. He has compromised everybody, betrayed everybody.

So what conclusions can we draw from his downfall that haven't already been published by the mainstream media? Here are at least five, all skirting the boundaries of heresy.

1. In his years in Washington, Trent Lott has learned almost nothing about

how the political world operates—its shibboleths, its taboos, its ugly little prejudices.

Tom Daschle's reassurance that he had made little slips in his off-the-cuff remarks had no relevance to Lott's case. Daschle is a liberal Democrat. That means he can say anything about anybody at any time and still receive a hearty welcome at party headquarters, Kweisi Mfume's office, and the National Press Club. The reaction to Robert Byrd's use of “n” is sufficient evidence to prove that point.

When Lott agreed to speak at Strom Thurmond's birthday party, he made his first mistake. He should have stayed home. Mere attendance at such an event posed a danger to his career.

He made his second mistake when he agreed to say a few words. At that point, the Word Twisters pricked up their ears. They are always lurking behind curtains, hiding under podiums, waiting for people like Lott to say something twistable. As a Southerner and Republican Majority Leader he was doubly vulnerable. Indeed, a Mississippi Republican should never say anything in public. Much too risky.

Lott made his third mistake *when* he said what he said. It was a thick-headed statement. He didn't believe it. It was one of those extravagant compliments that Southerners don't intend to be taken too seriously.

“Sally Sue, that's the best biscuit I ever put in my mouth.”

Of course, the politically correct crowd in the North pick and paw at such statements to see if they can find something, anything they can elevate to the level of a major offense.

In the case of the *Southern Partisan*, the *New Republic's* Benjamin Soskis had to alter or surgically remove quotations in order to make something racist out of something un-racist or anti-racist. In the case of Lott's extravagant compliment to Thurmond, it didn't require such a dishonest effort. The logical leap was quite credible. In 1948, Thurmond had indeed run a campaign whose ostensible goal was to defend segregation; and he made statements during that campaign that, in retrospect, are embarrassing to him and to the region.

2. The GOP in general—and Kennebunkport Republicans in particular—lack the courage to defend their own people when attacked by the Left.

James Watts, Earl Butts, and now Trent Lott have been thrown to the howling wolves because of some indiscreet remark or indelicate joke. And there have been scores of similar

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GANGS OF NEW YORK



**“The war isn’t down in Dixie,
it’s right here in these streets!”**

—Monk McGinn

“These are the stories of our roots.”

—Martin Scorsese

BY R. MICHAEL GIVENS

The villains are 19th century Republicans; Lincoln is pummeled with rotten tomatoes and cabbages; and Union troops have invaded New York. Is this a sweet dream or has Hollywood gone hay-wire?

In the foreword to John Graham’s book *A Constitutional History of Secession*, Donald Livingston points out the fact that many of the more recent studies of 19th century American history are siding with the vanquished South. Besides the aforementioned book, there is Thomas DiLorenzo’s *The Real Lincoln*, Jeffery Hummel’s *Emancipating Slaves and Enslaving Freeman*, and Charles Adams’s *When in the Course of Human Events*. Southerners have been screaming these stories to the rafters, but Northerners penned all these books. The North is reacting in shock and dismay. Shock, that this may in fact be the truth, and dismay in the fact that they had been hood-

winked for all these years. Perhaps now there will be some preaching to the congregation.

Is the same sort of epiphany happening in Hollywood?

Last summer we witnessed the release of Andy Tennant’s *Sweet Home Alabama*, a story of a Southern girl who realizes that the South she tried to escape from was infinitely more fulfilling than the North she tried to escape to. Martin Scorsese has now given us *Gangs of New York*. Ron Maxwell’s *Gods and Generals* is the closest Southerners have come yet to vindication on screen. Northerners directed all of these films.

But, don’t be fooled, there is no epiphany just yet. *Sweet Home Alabama* is the only true Hollywood film of the lot and making the South

palatable was just as likely a marketing plan aimed at the hordes of South-dwelling Yankees. Ron Maxwell learned a lot about Southern history while making *Gettysburg*, but still can’t resist making the odd but still painful jab at us with the slavery sword. And for Martin Scorsese’s recent film, he created the streets of 1863 New York on the backlot of the Cinecittá Studios in Rome, Italy, far from the prying eyes of Hollywood. Furthermore, *Gangs of New York* is not a Southern film but something altogether new. It is a film that depicts events in the history of New York that Northerners have ignored and even denied: the racism of the Draft Riots and the wholesale-slaughter of civilians by the U.S. military.

Gangs of New York was a book written by Herbert Asbury, no stranger to the darker, seamier side of American life. He also wrote *Gem Of The Prairie*, *The French Quarter* and *The Barbary Coast*, all of which portray cities controlled by gangsters during most of the 1800s and early 1900s.

The film begins in 1846 in the Five Points—a dark, teeming corner of the city known to New Yorkers of long ago as the center of vice and chaos. Here, each day, scores of new Irish immigrants, escaping the famine and the repressive government of Great Britain, flood the nearby docks. Hoping to find a better life, they are greeted not by the promise of the American melting pot, but by the boiling cauldron of the anti-immigrant “Nativists.”

In a bloody battle to define who will control the Five Points, the Irish-born Amsterdam Vallon (Leonardo DiCaprio), witnesses the death of his father (Liam Neeson), at the hands of the Nativists.

After sixteen years in a “House of refuge,” Amsterdam sets out to avenge his father’s death. His target is William Cutting, AKA “Bill the Butcher” (Daniel Day-Lewis), who has since become the merciless leader of the neighborhood, a Nativist who despises the newly arriving immigrants and is backed by the most powerful political machine in New York, Tammany Hall.

Amsterdam works his way deep into the Butcher’s inner circle. The closer he gets the more he becomes the Butcher’s surrogate son. He plays a deadly game of loyalty while planning his eventual revenge.

But just when things are beginning to get a little too cozy, Amsterdam’s friend Johnny (Henry Thomas), in true Judas fashion, reveals Amsterdam’s true identity and motives. Amsterdam’s destiny changes as he finds that he could lead an organized Irish army against that of the Nativists.

Amsterdam’s fight for family honor and vindication ultimately collide with a pivotal moment in New York and American history: the 1863 Draft Riots. A morass of destruction ensues.

The story ends on a slightly happier note, but it will never be confused with a “feel-good” movie of the sort you might take the kids to. Definitely leave the kids at home for this one, as it is a veritable blood bath.

Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull*, *Goodfellas*), a master at telling stories from the dark side of life, was the perfect director to bring one of Herbert Asbury’s books to the screen. This native New Yorker has done what Southerners have not been able to do, even if they were so inclined. He has shown the underbelly of New York in all

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Lott Looks Back

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examples at the national, state, and local levels. However, Democrats don't sacrifice their people to prove their egalitarian impulses. They accept apologies, thumb their nose at the public, and move on to new issues.

From the very beginning, it never occurred to anyone—Democrat, Republican, media commentator—that the Democratic leadership would discipline Robert Byrd.

In 1973, Republicans joined with Democrats in hounding Nixon out of office for lying to save his loyal lieutenants. Not a single Democrat broke ranks when Clinton was tried before the Senate for lying to cover his own sorry rear.

What would happen if someday a Republican president or senator or governor—when faced with a subordinate who blurted out one of these infelicitous phrases—would tell the press: "He says he's sorry, and I take him at his word. He stays. And I'll answer no more questions on the subject"? If Dubya said that,

we couldn't be certain the sun would rise the next day.

3. Lott's groveling probably hurt his cause rather than helped it.

His whining, his sacrifice of principle, his abandonment of his own people didn't endear him to black leaders and white liberals. Who needs such a man as a friend or ally? Who wants someone who, to further his own cause, will abandon you at the first opportunity? Democrats welcomed Jim Jeffords with open arms because he didn't change his political opinions when he crossed the aisle. Lott shed his principles like dirty clothes while the entire nation watched. Now no one wants him around.

4. The Senate will be better off with Trent Lott on the sidelines and not quarterbacking the team.

In the past few years, Lott has become legendary for his waffling. He has privately told conservative Southerners that he is one of them, only to betray them in the corridors of the Senate or in conference committee meetings behind closed doors.

For that reason alone, Lott deserved to be

removed. However, the White House was obviously reluctant to condemn him openly. After all, he had been the kind of colleague the Kennebunkport Republicans love—one who helps on the economic issues and is wishy-washy on the social issues.

It will be interesting to see how Lott fares when reelection time rolls around. On the one hand, the folks of Mississippi hate to see Yankees get away with lynching one of their own. On the other hand, they also hate scalawags.

5. Lott is now a declared enemy of the battle flag and, by implication, his own heritage.

He said he was proud of the University of Mississippi for getting rid of the battle flag.

He said Mississippi society was "wicked."

He dissociated himself from his own past.

If asked, he would probably have expressed his shame over granting an interview to the *Southern Partisan*, which celebrates those things and tries to emphasize the enduring values of our heritage. To tell you the truth, we're a little ashamed of that interview ourselves. ✪

Gangs of New York

Continued from page 27

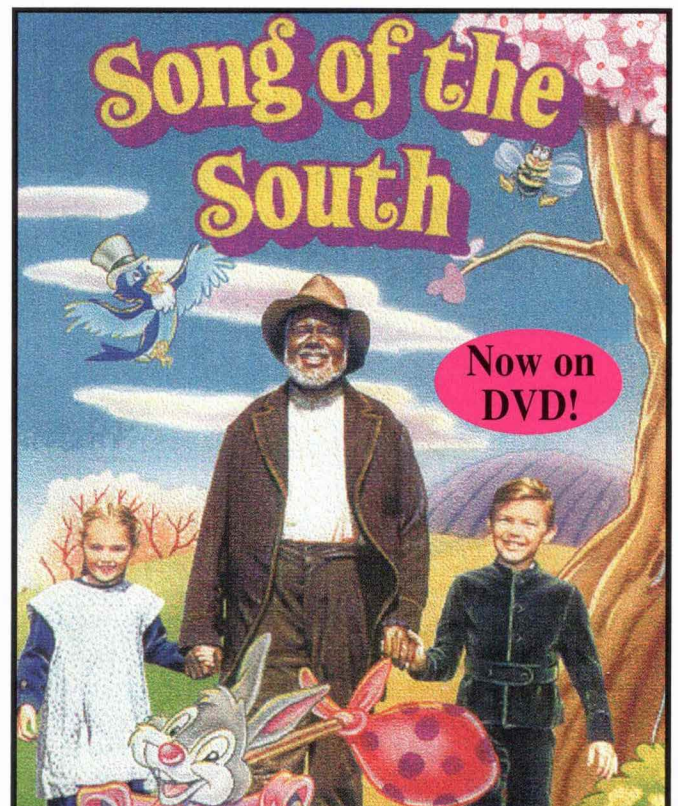
its seething glory. He has not held back on revealing the city's racist sentiment concerning the Irish immigrants and blacks, the depths of municipal corruption at the hands of Boss Tweed and Tammany Hall and the Federal government's callous disregard for the common citizen when they stormed the streets with rifle-firing troops and battered their homes with naval artillery.

Upon Amsterdam's initial return to Five Points, the streets are alive with revelers celebrating Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. It is not long before the people are seeing something less noble in the war's efforts. The streets fill with protesters carrying signs that read "Jefferson Davis is Our Friend" and "Disunion Now." During a stage version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the actor portraying Lincoln receives verbal and physical abuse from

the audience, again demanding disunion. And not long after this, Lincoln is sending in the Army to battle the rioting citizens of New York.

This was indeed a defining moment in the history of America. The Draft Riots spilled over into other cities like Boston, Toledo, Cincinnati, Harrisburg, and Detroit. Had Lincoln not been able to bring troops from the field of Gettysburg to end the rioting in New York, it may well have crippled the government and brought an early end to the war, thus saving many lives.

Perhaps we are seeing a change in the way the rest of the country views us. If this is so, perhaps we will soon enjoy factual pieces on Nathan Bedford Forrest, John C. Calhoun and other Southern heroes. Perhaps the next wave of accepted filmmakers and writers will all be



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High in the Saddle

BY RALPH GREEN

There were two main classifications of artillery in the War Between the States, heavy and light. Heavy artillery, sometimes called foot artillery, included mountain artillery and rocket batteries and was used in sieges, coastal artillery, and garrison batteries. Light or field artillery maneuvered with the troops in the field, and included mounted artillery and horse artillery.

The mounted artillery fought with the infantry, with the cannoneers walking beside the pieces, mounting the ammunition chests and riding from one position to another when required. Although the horse artillery could fight with the infantry when needed, it was designed to accompany the cavalry and had to be more maneuverable. In the horse artillery, all the cannoneers rode, either their own horses, on the limbers, caissons, or horses pulling the guns, maneuvering and fighting as required by cavalry action. The practice of confusing the enemy by rapidly changing the position of the batteries led to the term "flying artillery," although no Confederate or Union unit was ever officially designated as such.

This is the story of the men of the artillery battalion that provided Jeb Stuart's cavalry with its offensive punch in battle. These men recorded their lives and thoughts in letters, diaries, and personal reminiscences. Thankfully, for many men letter writing was at the top of the list of what to do with their spare time. Their accounts are entertaining, informative, and often emotional. The author has drawn these together to present all phases of their experiences,

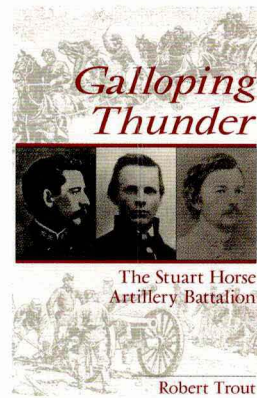
from battlefield to routine, from excitement to mundane thoughts of obtaining new underwear. Good history, good reading!

Many of the racial problems of the U.S. have arisen because of misunderstandings regarding slavery and its history. Now John Perry has cast a bright light on the darkness of popular misconceptions. Drawing on many sources he has provided an unbiased discussion that is very readable as well as informative.

This is no defense of slavery, but it does point out that slavery was certainly not a Southern development. He goes far back in time to discuss slavery through the ages and around the world. One interesting point made in passing is that slavery can be considered a step in the development of civilization; prior to the advent of slavery, enemies captured in battle were killed.

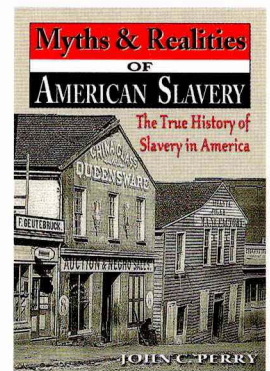
The trade in African slaves was ages old before it expanded to the Americas, with Africans enslaving and selling other Africans throughout Africa and Asia. African slavery in America was a late step in the history of slavery. As a matter of fact, North America received only a fraction of the Africans sold into slavery.

The first "slaves" imported to America



Galloping Thunder: The Story of the Stuart Horse Artillery Battalion

by Robert J. Trout;
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania:
Stackpole Books, 2002,
832 pages, 52 b/w photos,
17 maps, \$44.95.



Myths & Realities of American Slavery: The True History of Slavery in America

by John C. Perry;
Shippensburg, Pennsylvania:
Burd Street Press, 2002,
304 pages, \$39.95.

were actually indentured servants whose periods of servitude were for stated lengths. One of the first twenty such servants brought to Virginia was a black man who later was responsible for "servants for life" when he won the right in court to own another man.

Although slavery was a fact throughout the American colonies, it became more prevalent throughout the South due to reasons of climate and economy. However, the common concept of throngs of slaves laboring on vast plantations was never a true picture. Over 75 percent of Southern households owned no slaves. Only a very small fraction of people actually owned slaves and those who did usually owned one or two.

The day-to-day world of the slave is described in much detail. In contrast to the storied mistreatment of slaves, the average slave in the South was usually better off in health, home, and general living conditions than the average Northern factory worker. When freedom for Southern slaves came, it was a by-product of war rather than through financial reimbursement of their owners, the method used elsewhere in the world. That warfare left a residual of antipathy that remains today.

The author has performed a great service by analyzing and presenting this information. We can only hope that it becomes widely read and understood. ☺

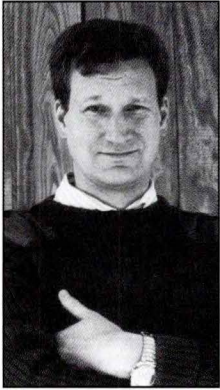
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Southern Conservatives Debate Empire



Harry Crocker

In the September/October 2002 issue of *Southern Partisan*, Associate Editor H.W. Crocker III argued for an American empire in a review of Max Boot's *The Savage Wars of Peace: Small Wars and the Rise of American Power*. To debate this subject with Mr. Crocker is *Partisan*

Advisor and Contributor Clyde Wilson.

You write, "If Pat Buchanan's predicted 'Death of the West' is to be avoided, it will not be by further Western imperial retreat, but by enforcing and enlarging an American empire." Yet Buchanan preceded *The Death of the West with A Republic, Not an Empire: Reclaiming America's Destiny*. Why do you believe Western survival depends upon American imperial growth?

H.W. Crocker III: Pat Buchanan's *A Republic, Not an Empire* is a good book. But I think Buchanan draws an arbitrary distinction between "manifest destiny"—of which he is a red-blooded yahooer—and imperialism. Rome's expansion was along geographically contiguous lines, like America's, roughly speaking, and yet we call it the Roman Empire, not Rome's manifest destiny. The real villain of Buchanan's book is the British Empire. Perhaps that's his German-Irish background showing through. But I don't agree with that at all. Nor do I agree that World Wars I and II were wars in which American involvement was unnecessary and unwise. (Buchanan sees them as bailing out the British Empire rather than serving our own national interest.)

I also doubt that strain in the contemporary Buchanan vision which says, more or less, that if we would ignore the world—if we were autarkic economically and a fortress militarily—the world would ignore us. We could thus, in essence, enjoy a sort of Francis Fukuyama "end of history." Personally, I

think that's utopian; I think that history shows that autarkic economies are stagnant; that such societies lack vitality, creativity, and sustainability. And my reading of military history is that no fortress is impregnable. The best defense really is a good offense. As Robert E. Lee used to say, "Richmond is never so safe as when its defenders are absent."

The fact is, healthy societies expand—that's an inevitable product of their confidence and their success. The West's historical retreat from empire, as James Burnham pointed out, is "The Suicide of the West"; or rather, the liberalism that justifies such retreat—on grounds that it's really a good thing—is the ideology of Western suicide. That's also why the retreat from empire is linked to the rise of "multiculturalism." It happens when a society no longer has confidence in itself, in its values, or in the rightness of its culture.

I don't think we can or should retreat from the world. Some idealistic libertarians cleave to Norman Angell's famous idea that commercial interdependence means an end to war. Unfortunately for his theory, he promulgated it shortly before the First World War. I fear that's not the way of the world. The Virginian Thomas Jefferson was more realistic when he said that "Our commerce on the ocean ... must be paid for by frequent war"—whether we like it or not.

Nor do I think that empire means big government. Historically it's meant the reverse. It's meant government spread thin, and government focused on national interests rather than the welfare state. In fact, the welfare state rose in Europe in proportion to the retreat from empire. I think most libertarian folk are familiar with Hans-Hermann Hoppe's thesis that monarchy is more libertarian than democracy. I agree with that; I just take it a step further and think the same applies to an imperial polity as opposed to a democratic-welfare state.

But we don't even need to deal with theory. We can stick to the facts. My argument is that America, through manifest destiny; through its period of overt imperial expansion in the Caribbean, Latin America, and the Pacific; through 180 congressionally unauthorized foreign landings by the Marine

Corps between 1800 and 1934 alone; through its rise as a global power in the twentieth century, has always been an imperial power though it disdains the name. So this is nothing new.

It is true that there is an anti-imperial streak in American politics, but when it has come to the fore, it has been a disaster. It is Woodrow Wilson's nation-state liberalism versus imperial realpolitik in World War I and at Versailles. It is Franklin Roosevelt's being more concerned with getting Britain out of India than keeping Communist Russia out of Eastern Europe. And it is Jimmy Carter's letting the Shah fall in the name of Iranian national self-determination—a foreign policy catastrophe from which there is no quick or easy recovery.

Imperialism is not the irresponsible rashness of some of the neo-cons who are, in theory at least, willing to intervene everywhere in the world to export the American revolution. Nor is it Clinton's foreign-intervention-as-photo-op and as a means to export the welfare state. Imperialism is prudent; it operates often through native clients; it encourages spheres of interest to keep the balance of power and the peace; it is conducted in the national interest; and it is conservative realpolitik. It is Disraeli and Salisbury and, I would argue, Theodore Roosevelt.

It doesn't mean that we need to intervene everywhere. In fact, if we think in terms of "the West," as we should, there was every reason for any military interventions in the Balkans to be handled by the Europeans rather than ourselves. What's going on in Zimbabwe is a shame on Great Britain—it would be a much better thing if Britain acted within its former African colonies the way France does in West Africa or as the British themselves did in Sierra Leone. There's a good case to be made for pulling our ground troops out of South Korea and letting Japan, Russia, China, and South Korea itself tame their crazy neighbor. I think there's a good case to be made for not guaranteeing the security of Taiwan.

But on the other hand, I think it would be foolish to deny that the oil supply of the Middle East is a vital interest of the West and the United States; that radical Islam and its

THE SAVAGE WARS OF PEACE

Small Wars and the Rise of American Power



MAX BOOT

terrorist branches are threats to the West and the United States. It would be foolish to think that in the bad neighborhood that is the world, we can save ourselves by locking all our doors, stocking up on ammunition, and vowing never to leave the house. No, that's neither wise nor honorable. The answer is to act ourselves, and in concert with our allies when we can, to clean up the streets so that they can be walked, to keep the peace, and to advance the civilization of the West.

Paul Johnson put our situation today exactly right in a recent essay in the *Spectator* of London when he said that the threat of global terrorism and the spread of weapons of mass destruction mean that for the sake of the West and for civilization against barbarism, the United States must be a military leviathan to keep, in the Hobbesian formulation, the savages in awe and to prevent life from becoming nasty, brutish, and short.

In warning against imperialism, paleoconservatives and libertarians often cite Randolph Bourne's "War is the health of the State" and Garet Garrett's statement that "Between government in the republican meaning, that is, Constitutional, representative, limited government, on the one hand, and Empire on the other hand, there is mortal enmity. Either one must forbid the other or one will destroy the other." It would seem you don't share this view.

Crocker: Well, Randolph Bourne is definitely wrong. War, far from being the health of the State, has almost always been regarded—

rightly—as the bankrupter of the State. That's why most wars in Western history have had to justify themselves in terms of the material benefits to be gained by conquest.

Even in modern times, in post-1945 Europe, military budgets have continually fallen and the welfare state has continually risen. We can see it in America, too, in the Clinton administration, which looked to increase the power of the state through nationalizing health care, not through war. In fact, the Clinton administration slashed the defense budget (while it increased military deployments) and kept enlisted pay so low that enlisted men's families qualified for food stamps. Military budgets are actually easy targets; they lack the electoral power of benefits programs (like social security or nationalized health care) or of something-must-be-done mindless, but demotic government expansion (like the Department of Education). And there are other examples.

Franklin Roosevelt didn't need a war to justify the New Deal. And military spending was picayune in the interwar years despite all the unpublicized deployments of the Marines. Lyndon Johnson didn't need a war to justify the Great Society. And I don't know that the war against the Barbary pirates, or of 1812, or against Mexico, or the Indian wars were thought of by the various administrations in Washington as being for "the health of the State" in the way that Bourne means it. It is also true that though Bismarck and Hitler and Soviet Russia waged war, they were perfectly capable of increasing—and did increase—the power of the State without it. In fact, Communist Russia began its consolidation of state power by retiring from World War I.

It is true, of course, that the power of the American federal government increased during and after the War Between the States, the First World War, and World War II, but there were many other factors in play.

To put this in an imperial context, let's remember that at the height of the British Empire, when it ruled a quarter of the world's population, its army amounted to fewer than 190,000 officers and men. Most of those officers bought their commissions and purchased their own equipment, their own horses, and so on. The government pinched its pennies in matters imperial and military. The British imperial government of India governed 300 million Indians, and another 130,000 Britons

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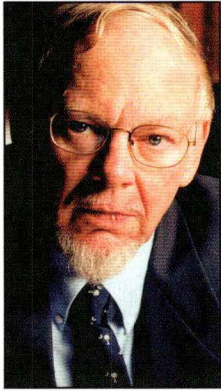
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Clyde Wilson

with a grand total of 1,000 colonial officials. That's one government official for every 300,130 people. Would that we were so lightly governed by the state.

And I fear Gareth Garrett is wrong, too. If we look around the world to find constitutional, representa-

tive, limited government, we will find it most often and most effectively planted and established in former colonies of the British Empire. There was and is no mortal enmity between empire and limited government. The governments of pre-Reformation Christendom, which were imperial in varying degrees, were more limited and less centralized in power than the governments of the nation-states that came after the Reformation.

And when we talk about constitutional, representative, limited government, let us remember that it was the British Empire that spread these ideas, and spread them to places where they had not been heard before. Perhaps we should also remember that when the new American republic was launched after the War for Independence, it taxed itself more heavily than King George ever taxed the colonies.

Bottom line: the European empires, like the Roman Empire, spread the ideas of law, honest administration, and the free citizen.

And though we're couching all this in terms of limited government and national interest, we shouldn't ignore the moral aspect, either. It was Spanish colonialism in the New World that abolished the blood-thirsty religion of the Aztecs in favor of Christianity, that preached the idea of the equality of all men before God, and that established schools and universities in Mexico that were superior to those to be found in North America—until, that is, 1821 when Mexico gained its independence from Imperial Spain, and Mexico began its decline as a “republic.”

The British in India abolished widow-burning. In Africa, they abolished the slave trade. All Western countries sent clergymen and established Christian schools as part of

their imperial mission. Almost all the ports, infrastructure, and marketable commodities of the countries of the Third World are the gifts of their former colonial masters. And certainly in Africa the economic standard of living of the people has fallen—and fallen precipitately—since the retreat of the European empires. And so, by the way, has limited, constitutional (in any real sense) government.

The mortal enemy of limited, constitutional government in Africa and much of the Third World was not European imperialism—which taught and practiced limited, constitutional government—but post-imperial nationalism. And as Tony Blair's Britain shows, the limited, constitutional government of British tradition was more respected when the British Empire was run out of Whitehall than it is now when the Empire is gone and the limits of constitutional government are abolished at the whim of demagogic, democratic expropriation, as gun-owners, fox-hunters, hereditary members of the House of Lords, and other unpopular minorities have found out.

Professor Wilson, your thoughts?

Clyde Wilson: This discussion began with Mr. Crocker's column in the *Southern Partisan* which disparaged my disparagement of “the Cowboy in the White House,” Teddy Roosevelt. Mr. Crocker argues that imperialism is well within the Southern tradition, citing the Louisiana Purchase, and many other examples of expansionism under Southern leaders in early national history. I do not consider the expansion of American settlers into nearly unoccupied lands adjacent to the existing States to be imperialism. When Jefferson thought of those vast lands to the west, he thought of future generations of free men in free states and free confederacies, not of an empire like the British. All Americans regarded the British Empire with hostility until the late 19th century when the British and American plutocratic classes merged.

Remember that the territories acquired in the 19th century were for the most part peopled thinly by nomadic Indian tribes. At the acquisition of Texas and California, Americans already outnumbered Mexicans in those areas. Usually, the U.S. government got involved only after private enterprise Americans had already occupied an area. And

the U.S. government was mostly motivated by the desire to prevent British imperialism occupying the power vacuum on our borders.

Surely there is a qualitative difference between the kind of migration and colonization that I am describing and the kind of imperialism advocated by Teddy Roosevelt, Lodge, Hay, or Wilson. Sending fleets around the world and trying to dominate ancient, heavily-populated lands like China and India; or bringing the supposed benefits of the American Way to the Philippines by fire and sword in the interest of bullying nationalism and Big Business; or getting involved in the insane mayhem of The Great War, is not the same thing as American pioneering. Teddy Roosevelt wrote silly books picturing great pioneers like Boone as precursors of his own brand of imperialism (which, incidentally, rested on racist assumptions). Qualitatively, the two things are the opposite poles of American tradition—Southern frontiersmen and Northeastern elites.

I cannot agree that imperialism is a good and seemly thing, nor a necessary thing, nor that it is a Southern thing. No Southerner should equate Teddy Roosevelt with Confederate heroes or the present crop of federal “leaders” with the great Southern statesmen of earlier times. The South and everything it embodies and represents is incompatible with empire. The South is and will continue to be the first victim of the U.S. government's substitution of empire for constitutional republicanism. If the last century is any guide, in the future wars of empire Southerners will shed more blood proportionally and receive less reward than any other group.

One needs to keep always in mind the ancient distinction between nationalism and patriotism. Patriotism, love of one's land and people, does not require aggression against other peoples. In fact, nationalism expresses the love of power, not of the land and people. What better examples of this do we need than the neoconservative chickenhawks who fill the media these days? Mr. Crocker and I both want an America that stands tall, is respected, and not afraid to assert its just rights. Our difference is over what is more likely to achieve this. In my book, restraint from imperialist adventure does not necessarily mean that a people lack dynamism, nor does it require economic autarky.

Mr. Crocker admires the British Empire

and its spreading of civilization around the world. So do I. It is one of the most striking phenomena in history. However, civilization and democratic forms took root mostly in the lands that were colonized by British people, the Commonwealths, rather than among the foreign peoples that were dominated. There is rather a considerable difference between a colony of the home country and an imperial possession.

Heaven knows the world is dangerous, always has been, and always will be. But is

exercising imperial power really the best way to preserve America? Insular Sparta lasted longer than imperial Athens. Doesn't empirical history suggest pretty strongly that empire leads to over-extension, exhaustion, and decay? All the greatest Americans have emphatically warned against going abroad in search of demons to slay.

And I might say that carefully limited punitive strikes against real threats need not require the creation of empire. Effective response to 9/11 doesn't necessarily mean

occupying Afghanistan and Iraq. The latter is supported mainly by imperial cant. How can we take seriously a world power that imports and nurtures enemy terrorists and defends foreign borders with more effort than it does its own? Chesterton, a writer I am sure we both admire, in a brilliant essay, "The Empire of the Ignorant," described this sort of thing as the "fairy tales" that were used to justify the imperialism of his own time.

That Mr. Crocker's style of imperialism is different from and better motivated than

Vexing Vexillary

Q Isn't the Rectangular "battle flag" really the "Navy Jack"? Isn't a battle flag supposed to be square?

A The short answer to this question is that: 1) The jack adopted by C.S. Navy regulations on 26 May 1863 was a rectangular version of the canton of the new national flag, which was based on the battle flag of the Army of Northern Virginia; 2) All battle flags made by the Richmond Clothing Depot for the Army of Northern Virginia were essentially square, as were those made by the Charleston Clothing Depot; *but* 3) Some "Southern Cross" battle flags with designs based on that of the Army of Northern Virginia, including those made by the Atlanta Clothing Depot in late 1863 and 1864, were not square.

The best illustration of the fact is the battle flag issued to regiments of the Army of Tennessee beginning in December 1863. These battle flags were manufactured by the Augusta Clothing Depot on orders from General Joseph E. Johnston. In style and proportions they conform almost exactly to the Navy regulations for jacks, but these are battle flags issued to the regiments of the Army which were then under Johnston's command in northern Georgia. Before that, several different patterns were used in the Army of Tennessee, including a "Southern Cross" battle flag (this one with 12 six-pointed stars and a yellow or pink border) that was seen in both square and rectangular shapes.

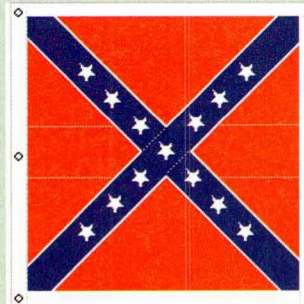
The issue of Augusta Depot battle flags was generally limited to those regi-

ments in winter quarters at Dalton, Georgia, in early 1864, excluding the regiments of General Cleburne's Division, which received new versions of their old blue Hardee-style flags.

Another rectangular battle flag, similar in appearance to those made in Atlanta, though often closer to a square shape, and omitting the center star, was made in Mobile and issued to regiments in Alabama and Mississippi in 1863 and 1864.

It can generally be said that Eastern Theater battle flags (Virginia and the Carolinas) were square, while Western Theater and Trans-Mississippi battle flags were sometimes square and sometimes rectangular.

The mistaken notion that there was a common pattern of battle flag, and that all battle flags were square, arises in part from the United Confederate Veterans publication in 1907 of a four page report, with an attached color plate, entitled *The Flags of the Confederate States of America*, also known as General Order No. 56. This short report on the flags sets out the official national flags of the Confederate States, as adopted by Congress, and the official naval flags promulgated by the regulations of 26 May 1863. As for the battle flags, it only describes the battle flag as envisioned by Generals Johnston and Beauregard at their meeting in Centreville, Virginia, in September 1861, and gives the impression



that this was the only battle flag used by the army.

There has been much confusion among scholars about General Order No. 56. The members of the UCV committee who prepared the report were not ignorant, nor were they trying to rewrite history.

The five members of the committee who drafted the report were all veterans of the Eastern Theater, and their wartime experience was limited to the square flags, which were nearly universal in that part of the Confederacy. But General Order No. 56 seems to have been generally accepted by the Western Theater veterans who served under different flags.

Some believe that General Order No. 56 was not intended to be a definitive historical statement about the flags, but a guide—given to those who wanted to remember their Confederate ancestors—for use in the 20th and 21st centuries; that it basically specifies the veterans' choice of flags to simplify general memorial displays concerning the Confederacy, and her veterans. It is a useful tool for such purposes, but should not be relied upon as a statement of what flags were actually used during the war. ☛

that of the Carter and Clinton administrations and the neoconservatives I readily grant. But what reason do we have to think that the U.S. will be governed in the future by the “right kind” of imperialists? It is more likely that the policies of our empire would be set by the Bushes and Liebermans who never saw a shot fired in anger and who are devoted, not to a realistic exercise of national interest, but to the childish vision of America as moral policeman of the world.

The Romans and the British had for a time a real aristocracy to run their empires—a leadership class that was smart and tough and was sometimes even seen leading the charge from the front. Americans haven’t elected aristocrats to power since 1865. The top military brass look more like agile bureaucrats than heroic leaders in war. The debacle of the Iran rescue mission, the Beirut Marine massacre, the Moscow Embassy betrayal, the tragic quagmire of Vietnam, the Somalian disaster—none of this gives us much faith in the leadership of the U.S. military. Winning wars against third-rate powers by the overwhelming expenditure of advanced hardware does not prove military prowess.

Mr. Crocker also doubts the conventional wisdom that imperialism means the end of republican freedom. I wonder why empires are ruled by emperors and why our presidents seem more and more like emperors? The last election was not much more dignified or expressive of democratic rule than the Praetorian Guard changing emperors in Rome. In both cases the candidates have little qualification to rule except that they came from ruling families, like Bush and Gore. It may be true that in an empire power is spread thin and is sometimes less onerously centralized than in insular governments. This seems to have been the case at some times in some parts of the Roman Empire, but the long-term trend goes the other way. The point is that imperial rulers are not responsible; they do whatever they want, including denying the rights of and murdering their own citizens.

The reason empire is incompatible with republican self-government, a truism to our Founding Fathers, is that empires don’t have citizens—they have subjects. Subjects are expected not to have much self-motivation but to take their cues from the center. More importantly, subjects are interchangeable serfs and cannon fodder for an empire. What do we mean when we say we are going to save the

United States? As Paul Craig Roberts has been demonstrating in a series of columns recently, American citizenship has all but disappeared. Anyone is an American, which tells us that American is now a meaningless concept. At this very moment, by the design of our aspiring imperial ruling class, historic America is being transformed into something else by Third World immigrants who have more legal privileges than I do, and my family on both sides has been here since the early 1600s and played a real if humble role in making “America.” I suspect that Mr. Crocker intends to belong to the future ruling class. I don’t expect that I or my descendants will.

Who will make the sturdy legionnaires of the future who will police and expand the empire? As in Rome, the core nation is dissolving into wastrels and proletarians. Where is the sturdy yeomanry that poured from the fields and factories to meet the challenge in World War II? Will the legionnaires come from the affluent Hindus who are right now colonizing my neighborhood or from the Mexican and Vietnamese gangs who are fighting a turf battle in a town just down the road? From the devotees of heavy metal and promiscuity? From sheltered sensitivity-trained suburbanites?

Mr. Crocker seems to think that multiculturalism is something that happens to countries that fail to exercise their imperial muscle. I draw an opposite conclusion: multiculturalism is obviously a by-product of empire. I take the present sad state of Britain as evidence. Isn’t it more reasonable to assume that Britain has been exhausted by the inevitable effects of imperialism, rather than that it fell into a sorry state by giving up imperialism?

Men may sometimes be willing to die in defense of their land and people. Nobody dies for an empire unless he is paid to do so. Sacrifices are sometimes required to preserve civilization, but the value of civilization is, as C.S. Lewis pointed out, exactly in the degree which it allows us to quietly enjoy our own family and friends and pursuits, undisturbed by the phony dreams and real dangers of imperial power and glory.

Mr. Crocker, final thoughts?

Crocker: I think, actually, that Dr. Wilson and I agree more than we disagree. And

where we disagree, as Dr. Wilson notes, it’s more “over what is most likely to achieve this.” And we differ a little bit on historical interpretation.

Take, for instance, American attitudes to the British Empire. Reading the accounts of the Southern travels of British army officers Garnet Wolseley and Arthur Fremantle during the War (or the historical account of British and Southern attitudes as described in Sheldon Vanauken’s classic book *The Glittering Illusion: English Sympathy for the Southern Confederacy*) would lead one to believe that there was a great deal of fellow-feeling between British imperialists and Southern Confederates. They were also allies (against the North) on the issue of free trade. And while it is true that the heavily Irish and German populations of the North and Midwest felt no great desire to fight against the Kaiser or alongside the British Empire in World War I, an interesting (if little noted) fact is that insofar as these ethnic populations were Catholic, not a single Catholic priest or bishop opposed American entry into the war; of the roughly 4,000 American conscientious objectors in World War I, precisely four were Catholic; and Catholics served in the American armed forces in higher percentages than their percentage of the general population. So any ethnic hostility they felt to the British Empire was outweighed by what they thought about the rightness of America joining the Allied cause.

On the question of which lasts longer, republics or empires, the longest lasting society in recorded history was the Chinese Empire, which lasted from something like 2,000 B.C. to the Twentieth Century. And if Sparta can be said to have outlasted Athens, it was not by much, both societies coming to be dominated by Macedonian imperialism and then Roman imperialism. In history, neither republics nor empires last forever. And, to my mind, empires decline not because of any sort of chronological fatalism or inevitability or imperial overstretch but only when the imperial center becomes dominated by insular selfishness and greed (Rome); or by a gradual sense that the imperial power has no real right to rule over the constituent parts of the empire (Britain, which now finds itself having an equally hard time justifying the unity of the United Kingdom, its unity as a Christian state; or really its unity as anything other than, in the view of Britons

themselves, a not very pleasant place to live and work) or even just plain old superannuation and military defeat.

It is true that empire requires a people who believe that their civilization is superior and who produce classes of men—both upper, lower, and commercial—who accept the rigors and rewards of empire and can perpetuate it. At their best, these are very civic-minded, honest, and adventurous men, as were the best men of imperial Rome and imperial Britain. Men most willingly *did* die for these empires. In fact, it is one of the most underappreciated facts of the British empire that not only did Australians, New Zealanders, Canadians, South Africans, Rhodesians, and other white emigrants of the British empire flock to Britain's colors in both world wars, but so did Indians (especially Muslims), Gurkhas, and black Africans who were not called up by conscription but took the Queen's shilling out of loyalty or, yes, because it was a shilling—but a paid Gurkha is no bad thing. (And India, by the way, given its British tutelage, is, like its white dominion cousins, a democracy, the largest in the world.)

Nor, I think, can we put too much faith that our being citizens rather than subjects can save us from the perils of "the State." To move from subject to citizen in France in the late 18th century was a very bad thing indeed. On the other hand, to be a subject of the British crown during the days of Empire was a very good thing indeed. And a twentieth century British politician who died not so very long ago, and who was a classical paleolibertarian if ever there were one, Enoch

Powell, took great pride and honor in the very fact that he *was* a *subject* of the crown. Ideally, empire has the constraints of feudalism—of an armed nobility of diffused power, and obligations of honor and *noblesse oblige* between classes—or of federalism. Dr. Wilson and I agree that nationalism, by contrast, is a scourge and a horror.

Citizens or subjects, where will we find the men to defend an American empire, if such is necessary, as I wager it is? Well, granted, there is much to be unimpressed about in the MTV generation. But so too—ask the Duke of Wellington—was there much to be unimpressed about in the refugees from gin alley who filled out the ranks of the thin red line. I wish that American culture were better. We should work to make it so. But we should not let its shortcomings blind us to, frankly, the even worse shortcomings of most everywhere else (one says this not out of pride but out of realism), or to whatever lessons we can draw from history.

When Victorian England set about remoralizing itself (halving its own inherited rates of crime, illegitimacy, and so forth, which were only a bare fraction of ours), they did so most effectively with three "M's": Methodism, Manning (as in the Catholic cardinal), and Mission (as in the imperial mission). For the training of imperialists required—and in part came through—a Christian revival for the moral purpose of the effort, a classical education as befit the new Romans, and a routine of long runs and cold baths to inculcate in public school boys the new Spartan qualities the outposts of empire required. Perhaps long

runs, cold baths, and schoolmasters' canings are exactly what the Vietnamese and Mexican gangs of Dr. Wilson's vicinity require.

Like Dr. Wilson, my own people have been here for a long while, from before the Revolution, and played a real if humble role in settling California prior to the Gold Rush and establishing the city of San Diego (which is, perhaps, why I have an affection for cowboys in the White House). Contrary to his assumption, I have no intention of belonging to any ruling class, though if I were sent as the American Governor-General to the Sudan, I would put Dr. Wilson's *Carolina Cavalier* on the colonial school reading list along with Shakespeare and Dickens and Macaulay. Like Dr. Wilson, I value a civilization that allows us "to quietly enjoy our own family and friends and pursuits" in freedom. I just believe that that freedom requires that a civilized and civilizing power—and I believe that America, for all her faults, is that, just as Rome and Britain were before her—rules the waves.

For Kipling, empire was a duty to fight "The savage wars of peace / Fill full the mouth of Famine / And bid the sickness cease"—a sentiment that no Christian can shrug off easily. For others, the flag followed trade, commercial interests becoming national interests. In our case, both these apply, but more than that we need active, aggressive sentinels of empire to defeat our enemies over there before they come over here. That's the price the world exacts for peace at home, free commerce on the seas, and liberty for civilians to enjoy their own pleasures. Or so

SIDELIGHTS & LIGHTERSIDES

Compiled by Ralph Green

THE CAUSE

From a speech of Col. Robert Aldrich at an annual reunion of Hart's Battery, as reported in the *Confederate Veteran* of October 1894:

It was then called the War for Southern rights, and it was right then and is right now, and as long as I can say anything, I will always say that my countrymen fought and bled and died for their rights. There was nothing wrong about it except the result.

UNCHANGING

An excerpt from pages 750-752 of *The Lost Cause*, by E.A. Pollard, 1866:

The people of the South have surrendered in the war what the war has conquered; it has not conquered "ideas." ... The South must submit fairly and truthfully to what the war has properly decided. But the war properly decided only what was put in issue; the restoration of the Union and the excision of slavery; and to

those two conditions the South submits. But the ... things which the war did not decide, the Southern people will still cling to, still claim, and still assert in them their rights and views.

TRADITIONS

When we talk of Southern traditions and heritage, we do not mean just the way we stand proudly when the Confederate flag is displayed nor to our happily joining in to sing "Dixie" as often as possible.

We are referring to such ideals as sacredness of duty, honesty, patriotism, independence, courtesy, self-reliance, and self-respect. Tradition holds society together; it was defined by Edmund Burke as a partnership between the living, the dead, and those not yet born. Our ancestors honored their obligations to the partnership when they passed on these ideals to us. We must defend our traditions so that those not yet born may have an opportunity to join in and enjoy the partnership. ☆

THE SOBRAN VIEW



BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

Seeing Both Sides

Before I discovered Shakespeare, the writer I most admired was St. Thomas Aquinas. Dazzling as Shakespeare is, I think I was right the first time. Apples and oranges, of course; but in this case I think

the apple diet would have been better for me.

Many, not all of them Catholics, regard Aquinas as the most profound thinker of whom we have record. I'm not qualified to judge that; I'd be like Mr. Magoo judging a beauty contest.

I can't even call myself a Thomist. I dabbled in his writings in my teens, when I converted to Catholicism. But it was enough to give me a taste of his austere joy in contemplation.

I've just been reading some recent theological controversies, and how I wished St. Thomas could have stepped in to settle them. The disputes were full of vigorous, thought-provoking arguments; but the arguments were also adulterated by overstatements, imprecision, and even personal accusations. The phrase "odium theologicum" sprang to mind. And in some cases the disputants hadn't taken the preliminary step of defining their terms.

In other words, if you're not careful, theological debates can become alarmingly similar to political journalism, where truth-seeking easily turns into mere partisan polemics, or just bickering with annoying people. The goal is victory over a humiliated opponent. This spirit is not necessarily charitable.

The spirit of Aquinas is very different. He isn't merely charitable to his opponents; he is always on his opponent's side. That is, he wants to confront opposing arguments at their best,

even if he has to reformulate them himself and make them purer, stronger, and more precise than their advocates have done.

Aquinas has the rare quality of wanting to know all that can possibly be said for the other side. He understands that you can't find good answers without good questions. The human mind needs both.

There are no cheap shots or straw men in the *Summa Theologica*. Aquinas has no need of them; they would only corrupt what he is trying to do. When he debates the existence of God, he doesn't cast aspersions on wicked atheists; he simply tries to make the strongest case for atheism before he gives his reasons for rejecting them and for affirming God's existence. Thinking is complicated enough, without being further complicated by personalities—even one's own personality.

Given the immense, impersonal calm of his writings, it's hard to recall that Thomas Aquinas himself was once a figure

of controversy. In modern times his sanctity has been turned against him, and he has often been caricatured and dismissed as slavishly orthodox—the modern stereotype of medieval man. But there is a startling boldness in his orthodoxy. Time and again the reader finds him seeming to contradict the obvious meaning of Scripture, Aristotle, or St. Augustine; only to find him patiently explaining that the passage in question must be understood in a certain sense.

Aquinas was born in Italy around 1225 to a noble family (his second cousin was the Emperor Francis II) who were shocked by his decision to become a Dominican friar. Nicknamed "the Dumb Ox" for his bulk and quiet manner, he taught at the University of Paris. He died in 1275. That is pretty much all we know of his life, except for a few anecdotes.

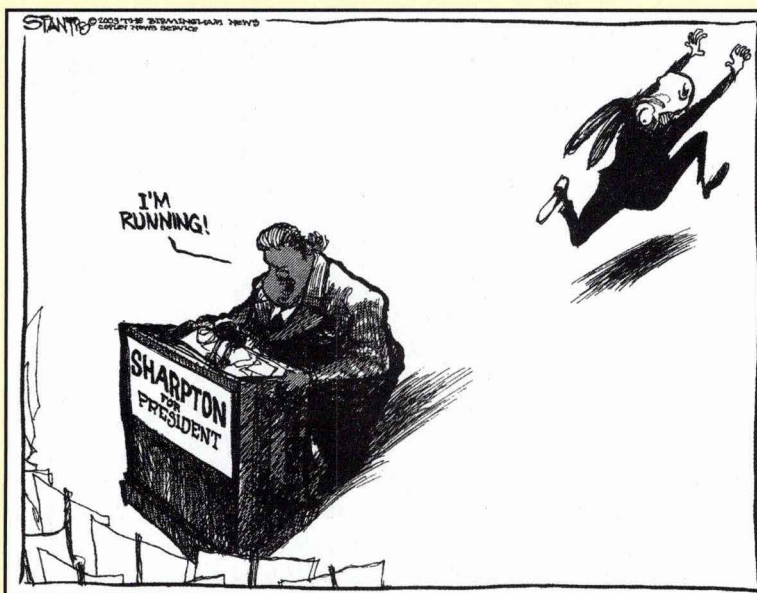
One of these is the famous story of a banquet with the king of France, Louis IX, at which Aquinas sat brooding absent-mindedly on a theological dispute. In the middle of dinner, an idea occurred to him, and he burst out, "That will answer the Manichaeans!" Far from taking offense, the king ordered pen and paper brought immediately so that his guest might scribble down his brainstorm.

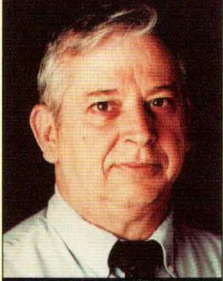
Aquinas left a huge body of work (all of it in Latin), which is still being edited. Though he won renown in his own day, he was also controversial. A few years after his death, the Archbishop of Paris ordered his works burned, thinking their deep debt to the pagan Aristotle heretical. Yet he was

canonized a saint only a short time later, and his influence spread; he had become the preeminent Catholic theologian and philosopher long before Pope Leo XIII declared him a Doctor of the Church late in the nineteenth century.

G.K. Chesterton said that Aquinas had made Christendom more Christian by making it more Aristotelian. I think I know what he means; but I'm content to admire St. Thomas Aquinas as a writer of the most exquisite Christian manners.

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BY CHARLEY REESE

Origin of Liberalism

What we today call “liberalism” was born in New England. In 1864, Orestes Brownson, a New Englander himself, wrote an essay contrasting Southern and Northern societies. His description of the

New Englander describes exactly the modern liberal.

“The New Englander,” Brownson wrote, “has excellent points, but is restless in body and mind, always scheming, always in motion, never satisfied with what he has, and always seeking to make all the world like himself, or as uneasy as himself.”

This desire to make everyone like himself is a major characteristic of the modern liberal. This is what paradoxically leads him to be anti-democratic, for the desire to make others conform to his opinion causes him to cast dissidents into the outer darkness. He is so self-righteous that he honestly believes that anyone with a different set of opinions must be either stupid or evil.

Brownson continues his description of

the New Englander: “He is smart, seldom great; educated, but seldom learned; active in mind, but rarely a profound thinker; religious, but thoroughly materialistic: His worship is rendered in a temple founded on Mammon ... he is philanthropic but makes his philanthropy his excuse for meddling with everybody’s business as if it were his own, and under pretense of promoting religion and morality, he wars against every generous and natural instinct and aggravates the very evils he seeks to cure.”

We can certainly agree with that. Five trillion dollars spent to eliminate poverty has, of course, not eliminated it, and if you look at the great liberal cities of the North, where every conceivable liberal social scheme has been enacted and funded, what

do you find? Slums, crime, high taxes, less freedom. Alas, the liberal nirvana continues to elude its busybody seekers.

Some old-time Southern preachers say the New Englander became a busybody meddler after he lost his faith in God. No longer believing in a heaven after death, he was compelled to create a heaven on earth. As Brother Dave Gardner used to put it, a Northern Baptist says there ain’t no hell, and a Southern Baptist says, “The hell there ain’t!” I have read learned papers from high-toned academics making this same point, so if you want to investigate the proposition, the information is out there.

Liberalism, new or old, fails for the same reason that its logical conclusion, socialism, fails. It flies in the face of human nature, and human nature can’t be changed. Some years ago, when I was visiting a kibbutz in Israel, Yitzhak Rabin’s sister told me that the kibbutz—theoretically a perfect communist society—hadn’t changed anything. There were natural leaders and natural followers and a certain percentage of folks who were just parasites. A few people did most of the work. They were equal according to the rules, but in little else. And so it is in every society and country. Even socialist countries develop a rich elite.

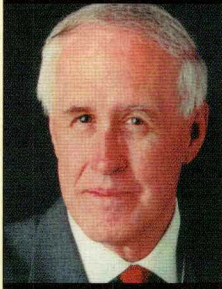
Coming from a conservative Southern family, there were three phrases I heard extremely often—phrases one almost never hears today in our liberal society. They were: “Mind your own business”; “It’s none of your business”; and “Don’t stick your nose in other people’s business.” The chief characteristic of the true conservative is a willingness to let other people be what they are, for good or ill, just as the chief characteristic of the modern liberal is the compulsion to make others conform to his ideas of what’s good for them.

It should be obvious which of the two is the friend of liberty. We are enormously less free today than when I was a boy, and in every instance, the loss of freedom has been justified as “good for us.” It’s too bad more people aren’t concerned about that loss of freedom. They will find that security will prove to be illusory, but the loss of freedom will be quite real.

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MAIN STREET USA



BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

A Skeptic Worth Remembering

Taking Old Man Mencken's measure is an ongoing job, so varied was his career, so many were its dimensions, both intellectual and personal. The critic Terry Teachout, in the newly published *The*

Skeptic, certainly won't have the last word; nevertheless, his contribution is worth close perusal. It reminds us that, 75 years after his heyday, H.L. Mencken remains (among other things) a valuable case study in what passionate journalism can occasionally achieve.

Yes, passionate. I didn't say judicious. I didn't say morally upstanding. I said passionate. As smasher-upper of post-Victorian assumptions, as professional bad boy, Mencken wrote from the heart.

He could be cruel, as in the contemptuous obituary he tossed off concerning William Jennings Bryan. Teachout explores, disappointedly, the *Skeptic's* more-than-skeptical attitude concerning Jews. Mencken was America's most influential atheist. His opposition to Franklin Roosevelt was tinged with real hatred.

The Menckonian scorn for "Wesleyans," Rotarians and rural Southerners was, well, nutty. It was just conceivable that various Southern-born Methodist Rotarians made honorable, yea, praiseworthy contributions to the life going on around them. Not such as Henry Mencken would have acknowledged. Acknowledgment would have meant laying aside momentarily the sledgehammer he so enjoyed wielding in the American parlor. Guerre a outrance—war to the utmost—was what he normally practiced.

There was another side to all this. The privilege that he asserted—that of speaking his mind frankly—was anything but a private possession. It pertained to others as well: indeed, to all others. The First Amendment to the Constitution said so. The objects of Menckonian wrath—Rotarians and so on—were free to give as good as they got. Many tried. Generally,

they failed or fell short.

Not that their ideas were defective. "Wesleyanism"—even the sort that deprived my mother of movies and soft drinks during her early upbringing in small-town Texas—was exhaustively more convincing than the abrasive call to lay aside all that God-stuff. The Wesleyans/Methodists needed to make this case. That they didn't was hardly Henry Mencken's fault.

Mencken's influence depended less on his ideas—as comfortably as they cohabited with the zeitgeist—than on the most forcefully exuberant prose style ever concocted. You could love his ideas; you could hate them. Either way, he was a great (hence too-often-imitated) writer.

Here he is on Calvin Coolidge: "We suffer most, not when the White House is a peaceful dormitory, but when it is a jitney Mars Hill, with a tin-pot Paul bawling from the roof. Counting out Harding as a cipher only, Dr. Coolidge was preceded by one

World Saver and followed by two more. What enlightened American, having to choose between any of them and another Coolidge, would hesitate for an instant?"

No batteries are needed to keep 70-year-old passages like this one alight. Words—rightly chosen, skillfully arranged—provide their own, perpetually renewable charge. Mencken wrote an estimated five million words. The product remains warm, collectively, to the touch.

I have been teaching Mencken (along with William Allen White, John Graves, James Jackson Kilpatrick, etc.) in my college writing class. So that my students might go forth and bust the Rotarians? Well—no. So that they might come to understand better the connection between forceful thought and forceful expression, the way passion builds rhythm and shapes sentences that make you want to get up and march. Or anyway, pump your fist in the air.

Modern corporate journalism—I beg leave to generalize Menckenesquely—dis-trusts ideas. The one idea it trusts devoutly is that of profit, coupled with the ideal of customer retention. No intellectual bloodlettings, please! Someone might take offense. Oh, boo hoo.

Still, today's journalism would be much worse without the Mencken legacy, a legacy of engagement, fueled by that passion which alone produces writing worth reading. Pick up a copy of *The Skeptic* if you doubt me. Better yet, pick up something—anything—by Mencken.

A DREAM

I HAVE A DREAM THAT MY FOUR CHILDREN WILL ONE DAY LIVE IN A NATION WHERE THEY WILL BE ADMITTED INTO UNIVERSITIES BASED ON RACIAL QUOTAS AND NOT BY THE CONTENT OF THEIR CHARACTER?

ALL RIGHT. WHO'S BEEN MESSING WITH MY STUFF AGAIN?



SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION

MINORITY VIEW



BY WALTER WILLIAMS

Non-Politically Correct Thinking

There're lots of terms used in ways that have great emotional worth but little analytical value. Take the term discrimination. When I was selecting a wife, some 43 years ago, not every women was given

an equal opportunity. I discriminated against white, Chinese and Japanese women, not to mention criminal women.

You say, "Williams, that kind of discrimination is OK because it's harmless!" That's untrue. When I married, other women were harmed. The only way that I couldn't have harmed other women was to be a man that only one woman would want. Sometimes, I'm tempted by the ideals of equal opportunity and non-discrimination, but Mrs. Williams insists otherwise. Discrimination simply means the act of choice.

Speaking of Mrs. Williams, early in our marriage she used to angrily charge, "You're using me, Walter!" I'd tell her that of course I was using her. After all, who in their right mind would marry a person for

whom they had no use? In fact, another way of looking at the problem of people who can't find marriage partners is that they can't find somebody to use them. One never wants to be useless.

How about the expression, "It's not right to profit from the misfortune of others." That's utter nonsense that's easily revealed if we ask: Should there be a law against profiting from the misfortune of others? I'm guessing that auto collision shop owners are not saddened by predictions of ice storms. Neither are orthopedic physicians when people break limbs in skiing accidents. I profit from the fact that students are ignorant of economics. So should we have a law banning profiting from the misfortune of others?

What about prejudice and stereotyp-

ing? Going to the word's Latin root, to pre-judge simply means: making decisions on the basis of incomplete information.

Here's an example: Suppose while leaving your workplace you see a full-grown tiger standing outside the door. Most people would endeavor to leave the area with great dispatch. That prediction isn't all that interesting, but the question why? is. Is your decision to run based on any detailed information about that particular tiger, or is it based on tiger folklore and how you've seen other tigers behaving? It's probably the latter.

You simply pre-judge that tiger; you stereotype him. If you didn't pre-judge and stereotype that tiger, you'd endeavor to obtain more information, like petting him on the head and doing other friendly things to determine whether he's dangerous. Most people would quickly calculate that the likely cost of an additional unit of information about the tiger exceeds any benefit and wouldn't bother to seek additional information. In other words, all they need to know is he's a tiger.

Similarly, sometimes it makes sense to use sex and race stereotypes. If I'm faced with choosing among people who could become soldiers and succeed in a 20-mile forced march carrying 60 pounds of equipment, I'd assign a higher likelihood that men would succeed more so than women. Or, choosing among the general population who is more likely to be able to slam-dunk a basketball, I'd choose a black over a white and surely men over women. If I were guessing the race of an American most likely to win a Nobel Prize in science, I'd select a Jew over any other ethnic group. In none of these cases is there necessarily a causal relationship, but there's surely an associative one. Moreover, pre-judging and stereotyping doesn't necessarily make one a sexist or racist.

You say, "Williams, how can you get away with such political incorrectness?" It's easy. I'm a tenured professor, and I have diversified sources of income—plus, I don't have much longer in this world.

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Jihad for Fun and Prophet

BY P.J. BYRNES

The Bush Administration has used a rhetorical trick to keep the American people from understanding the Middle Eastern conflict and what happened on September 11. They have called it “a war against terror.”

Terror is an abstraction. You can't kill it with guns or missiles or nuclear bombs. It is an internal rather than an external threat. Thus, according to the Administration, we are not fighting people but the terror they provoke within us. Such deliberately misleading rhetoric obscures the fact that the enemy is actually a group of militant Muslims bent on killing Christians and Jews all over the world. The struggle is not only taking place in the Middle East but also in the Sudan, in Nigeria, and in Indonesia. These Islamic fanatics are mostly killing Jews in the Middle East. However, in these other countries, they are killing or deliberately starving to death literally hundreds of thousands of Christians.

To be sure, the vast majority of Muslims worldwide are not involved in this genocide; but the militants believe that Christians and Jews worship multiple gods—the Trinity, the prophets—and that Muhammad himself has ordered Muslims to wage *jihad* (holy war) against the infidels.

If you have read that *jihad* doesn't really mean “holy war” to Muslims—that it means some kind of internal struggle—I can assure you that it means “holy war” to the Muslims who are dynamiting themselves on Israeli buses and crashing airplanes into U.S. buildings.

You may also have heard that Islam forbids suicide; but these guys can cite the Koran, chapter and verse, to prove that deliberate martyrdom will admit you to heaven immediately, where you will be accommodated by 72 black-eyed virgins.

To give you some idea of just how strong their convictions are, consider the following interview on Palestinian television

with the mother of a suicide bomber. If this reminds you of your own Mom, then you are probably reading this magazine on death row. When she was asked to explain her son's actions—he took 10 Israelis with him—this Muslim mother answered as follows:

Jihad is a [religious] commandment imposed upon us. We must instill this idea in our sons' souls, all the time... What we see every day—massacres, destruction, bombing [of] homes—strengthened, in the souls of my sons, especially Muhammad, the love of *jihad* and martyrdom.

She went on to explain how she taught her own son to kill himself. “Allah be praised,” she said.

I am a Muslim and I believe in *jihad*. *Jihad* is one of the elements of the faith, and this is what encouraged me to sacrifice Muhammad [the son] in *jihad* for the sake of Allah. My son was not destroyed, he is not dead; he is living in a happier life than I. Had my thoughts been limited to this world, I would not sacrifice Muhammad.

I am a compassionate mother to my children, and they are compassionate towards me and take care of me. Because I love my son, I encouraged him to die a martyr's death for the sake of Allah. *Jihad* is a religious obligation incumbent upon us, and we must carry it out. I sacrificed Muhammad as part of my obligation.

She was downright euphoric as she spoke of the last day she saw him alive.

On the day of the operation, he came to me and told me: “Now, mother, I am setting out for my operation.” He prepared for the operation two days in advance, when the video was filmed.

He asked me to be photographed with him, and during the filming he brandished his gun. I personally asked to make the film so as to remember.

He set out to carry out the operation, and when he got to the area he spent the night with his friends there. I was in contact with him and asked him about his morale.

He told me he was very happy. Indeed, I saw his face happier than I had ever seen it.

He set out for his operation with cold nerves, completely calm and confident, as if convinced that the operation would succeed.


But I worried and feared greatly that the operation would not succeed, and that he would be arrested. I prayed for him when he left the house and asked Allah to make his operation a success and give him martyrdom. When he entered the settlement, his brothers in the military wing [of *Hamas*] informed me that he had managed to infiltrate it. Then I began to pray to Allah for him.

I prayed from the depths of my heart that Allah would cause the success of his operation. I asked Allah to give me 10 [Israelis] for Muhammad, and Allah granted my request and Muhammad made his dream come true, killing 10 Israeli settlers and soldiers. Our God honored him even more, in that there were many Israelis wounded.

When the operation was over, the media broadcast the news. Then Muhammad's brother came to me and informed me of his martyrdom. I began to cry, “Allah is the greatest,” and prayed and thanked Allah for the success of the operation. I began to utter cries of joy and we declared that we were happy. The young people began to fire into the air out of joy over the success of the operation, as this is what we had hoped for him.


After this martyrdom [operation], my heart was peaceful about Muhammad. I encouraged all my sons to die a martyr's death, and I wish this even for myself. After all this, I prepared myself to receive the body of my son, the pure *shahid* [martyr], in order to look upon him one last time and accept the well-wishers who [came] to us in large numbers and participated in our joy over Muhammad's martyrdom....

The Muslim preachers are even shriller and more bloodthirsty. If you want to take some measure of this real enemy, you might spend an hour or two scanning a website—memri.com—which posts transcriptions of Muslim sermons, newspaper columns, and academic lectures—most of them calling for *jihad* against Jews and Christians. After you've finished reading this extensive body of screeching hate literature, you will understand who our enemy really is and why he wants to destroy us. It's for Allah, folks—for Allah and the Prophet. ☸

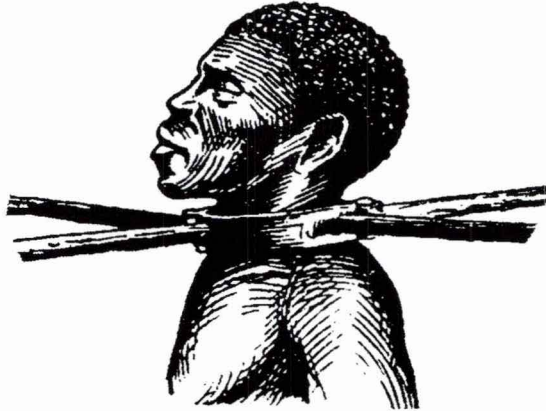


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SLAVERY



MYTHS OF AMERICAN SLAVERY

by

Walter D. Kennedy, co-author: *The South Was Right!*

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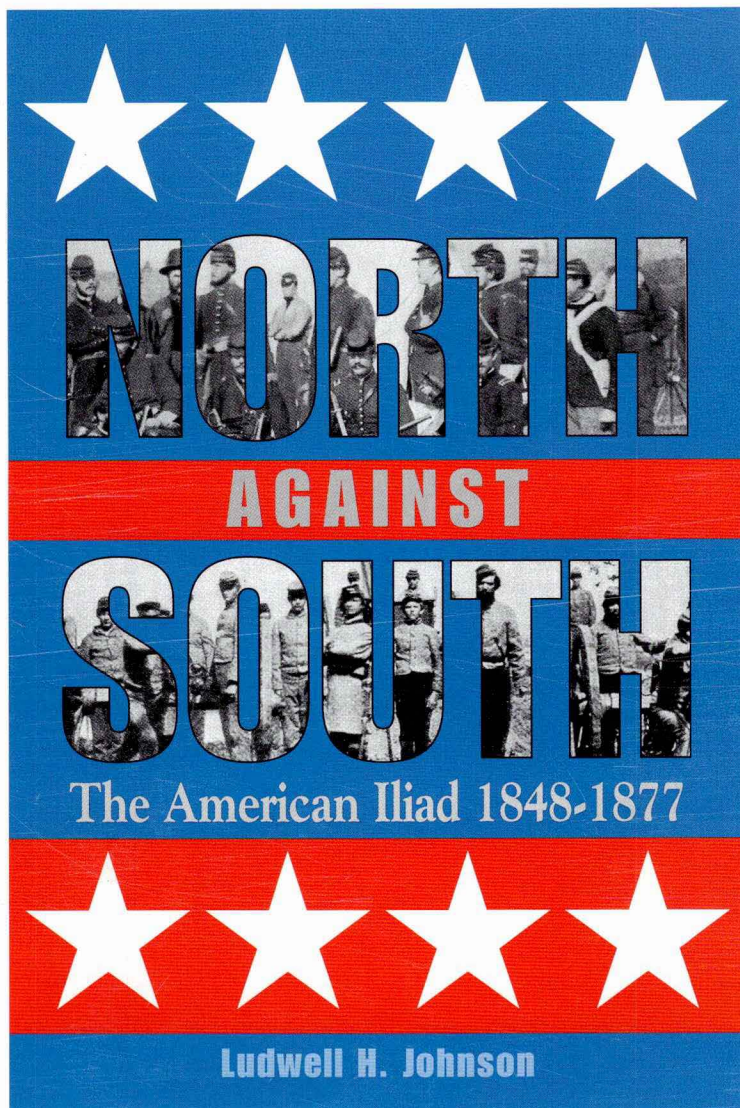
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