

Southern

JANUARY/FEBRUARY 2002

PARTISAN

The Yankee Problem

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Holding The
Line At
Petersburg

Robert Toombs:
Unreconstructed
Rebel





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Cover Illustration by Michael Bise.



Gentle Reader,

About a year ago, the editors of the magazine sat down to discuss the future of *Southern Partisan*. At about the same time, we came under the scrutiny of the national media and the attacks of the liberal intelligentsia.

Ironically, at the height of the attacks on the magazine we had a mailing in the field for new subscribers. We waited with trepidation for the results, and were amazed when the response was quadruple what we expected.

Also, as part of these discussions, we solicited comments from a wide variety of sources including contributors and readers. Based on these responses, we established a plan for making *Southern Partisan* a powerful voice for traditional Southern principles and conservative values.

A few months ago, we sent a letter to all of our subscribers, explaining the basic elements of our plans for the future of the magazine, and asking for your assistance in making these plans possible. *Southern Partisan* prospers in large part due to the assistance of a few generous patrons who have kept the magazine afloat in lean times. While they are more than willing to help us grow, they didn't want to do it alone. Again we were overwhelmed by the response.

Based on this encouragement we began the implementation of our plan. *Southern Partisan* is now a bi-monthly. In addition to increasing our frequency, we have also undertaken a major redesign of the magazine.

New Look

As you peruse this issue you will note that we have changed many of the design elements to make the pages a little friendlier. We are also reorganizing and rethinking what types of columns and articles we publish and how we present them.

One thing I can assure you, though, is that *Southern Partisan* will always be the most reliable source of news, commentary, and history about the South and Southerners.

Note to Ted Kennedy and Joe Biden: We're still here.

Return to Washington

This issue has a great article on the famous Georgian, Robert Toombs. I thought I would remind you that a few issues back (3rd Quarter 2000) Misses Sarah Ganns and Alison Schooler brought us a Criticus on Tour about the hamlet of Washington, Georgia, which was Toombs's hometown.

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 1852

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2001) was right on target. As a former supporter of Don Sundquist, I have learned that you can't trust him to keep his pledges. It will be interesting to see how the tax reform issue plays in next year's governor's race.

*Charles S. Peete, Jr.
Memphis, Tennessee*

Enemy At The Gate

Gentlemen:

This is in response to the article "Whose Fault?" by Christopher M. Sullivan (Fourth Quarter 2001). I disagree with much that he has written and here is why.

Much has been written and said about the attack on the World Trade Center and the Pentagon, but the truth has not been told. The United States government is responsible for the attacks, they caused them, because of their support for Israel. That is the real reason. As long as the United States supports the entity called "Israel," Americans will continue to be killed.

Israel is a Zionist-racist and terrorist state. They have committed genocide against the Palestinian people. They have stolen land from the Palestinian people. The Jewish settlements must be removed. There

will be no peace until all Palestine is liberated from the Jews.

Americans have been brainwashed to support Israel from kindergarten through college. Also by politicians, Hollywood, and the national media. The United States and its citizens are suffering the consequence, they are paying for the mistakes and blunders of their leaders. We have met the enemy and it is us.

*Ray F. Dively
Baden, Pennsylvania*

Plugging The Dikes

Gentlemen:

I read the many fine articles in the last issue with great interest. However, I must admit that I was disappointed that not one of the authors mentioned what, to me, is the most important reason that the tragedy of September 11th occurred—the lax immigration policy that our government has adopted.

Prior to 1965 this country had an immigration policy that had worked well for most of the century. Then, under Lyndon Johnson's liberal guidance, Congress passed the Immigration Act of 1965, which has turned the country on its head.

Article I, Sec. 8 of the U.S. Constitution enumerates 18 powers delegated to Congress, among which are those "to provide for the common defense" and "to repel Invasion." But political correctness has taken charge of the government and it has neglected these provisions. Thus the government has not protected us, allowing these terrorists to enter our borders at will. Would it not have been more prudent for the government to have kept these people out of the country in the first place?

For decades conservatives have called for the government to rectify this situation—to no avail. To those familiar with the situation, the tragedies of September 11th were shocking—but not surprising.

Even now—months after September 11th—how porous are our borders still?

*Mary Elizabeth Sanders
Baton Rouge, Louisiana* ✪

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SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON CONFEDERATE CAVALRY

They are splendid riders, first rate shots, and utterly reckless ... the most dangerous set of men which this war has turned loose upon the world.

—Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman, U.S. Army

ON OBEDIENCE

Obedience to lawful authority is the foundation of manly character.

—R.E. Lee, President of Washington College

ON SECESSION

The war proved secession to be impractical. It did not prove it to be wrong.

—Jefferson Davis

ON ROBERT E. LEE

He is slightly reserved; but he is a person that wherever seen, whether in a castle or a hovel, alone or in a crowd, must at once attract attention as a splendid specimen of English gentleman.

—Lt. Col. Garnet J. Wolseley, British Army

ON THE STARS AND STRIPES

The flag is the embodiment, not of sentiment but of history.

—President Woodrow Wilson

ON JUDICIAL POWERS

You see ... to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions, is a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy.

—Jefferson to William C. Jarvis, 1820

ON THE DEVIL'S JUSTICE

Home is home, as the Devil said, when he found himself in the Court of Session.

—Scottish proverb

A Murderous “Will”

BY CHRISTOPHER M. SULLIVAN

Plenty of political columnists practice anti-Southern bigotry. One of the most teeth-clenching, nostril-flaring examples of the syndicated South-baiters is George Will, *Washington Post* columnist and TV commentator.

In a recent *Washington Post* column, Mr. Will is riding his hateful hobby horse again. He begins by quoting a man after his own heart, William Tecumseh Sherman, who once said:

I fear the world will jump to the wrong conclusion that because I am in Atlanta the work is done. Far from it. We must kill three hundred thousand ... and the further they run the harder for us to get them.

Admirably, Mr. Will explains that Sherman was an energetic user of the Army who believed its principal use was not to occupy territory but to destroy enemy personnel. Will quotes revisionist historian Victor Davis Hanson, who called Confederate combatants “young zealots ... who were led by rabid knights like Nathan Bedford Forrest, Joseph Wheeler, and Jeb Stuart ... children of the wealthy, excellent horsemen, full of youth, vigor and insolence.”

In this assertion, of course, both Will and Hanson are simply wrong. Not one of the three men cited was the son of wealth and privilege. At age 16, Forrest lost his father and was unable to receive a formal education because he had to work as a farm hand to support his mother and siblings. Wheeler’s father lost everything he owned and, because of the family’s plight, Joe was sent to live with grandparents and aunts. Stuart’s father was a U.S. Army officer who, after the military, served in the state legislature. He did pretty well but was hardly wealthy.

Mr. Will is never one to let facts get in his way. Besides, in this column, he is not primarily focusing on the South. The point he hopes to make is about America’s current war against terrorism. His thesis? That we should kill as many of our Middle Eastern adversaries as we possibly can, especially their leaders, just as Sherman wanted to kill the entire Confederate Army.

In his own words, Mr. Will calls for a strategy designed to “maximize fatalities

among the enemy, rather than expedite the quickest possible cessation of hostilities.” It is the sort of prose George Orwell cited as typical of totalitarian bureaucrats when writing about mass murder.

And, since Mr. Will urges a model of attack based on Sherman’s paradigm, he must mean that we should also include recalcitrant civilians along with gun-toting warriors within our broad definition of the targeted “enemy.” That is exactly what Sherman did. Here are just a few examples carefully documented by historian Thomas DiLorenzo:

- In 1862, Sherman wrote to his wife that his military goal would be “extermination, not of soldiers alone, but the people [of the South].”
- Sherman’s wife wrote back, saying she wished for “a war of extermination and that all [Southerners] would be driven like swine into the sea. May we carry fire and sword in their state till not one habitation is left standing.”
- Following his wife’s orders, in 1864, Sherman ordered Gen. Louis Watkins to proceed to Fairmount, Georgia, “burn ten or twelve houses” and “kill a few at random.”
- Sherman also wrote of his razing of Meridian, Mississippi as follows: “For five days, ten thousand of our men worked hard and with a will, in that work of destruction, with axes, sledges, crowbars, clawbars, and with fire ... Meridian no longer exists.”

A war of extermination? Sound familiar? That’s what Mr. and Mrs. Sherman called for. So, who are the fanatics here? Forrest, Wheeler and Stuart ... or the Shermans?

If George Will believes in the analogy he proposes—if he thinks the U.S. should adopt Shermanesque tactics in subduing enemies in the Middle East—then he has failed to learn the hard lessons of history. Have the Jews forgotten the Holocaust? Have Southerners forgotten Sherman?

In the wake of the Union army’s unprecedented barbarism, Southerners fought on, far beyond a time when it was prudent to do so. And the extension of Shermanism into Reconstruction further



“Burning Billy” Sherman surveys some of his handiwork.

embittered the people of the region against their government.

Today, in South Carolina, a state where Sherman’s revenge was particularly brutal, the Confederate battle flag still flies on the State House grounds honoring the memory of the martyred dead; and thousands marched to keep it on the capitol dome, where it flew from 1962 to 2000.

Last year, the people of Mississippi voted overwhelmingly to retain that same flag as a prominent feature in the design of their state flag.

Membership in the Sons of the Confederate Veterans (SCV) is on the rise 137 years after Appomattox.

All this is happening despite the attempt by the nation’s media, politicians, black activists, clergy, and business community to stigmatize the Confederacy, remove its symbols from public sight, obliterate its past and brand anyone who objects as bigoted and racist. The survival of this strong regional commitment can be laid in part at the doorstep of the crimes committed by Sherman, Sheridan and others during the War Between the States.

Muslims also have long memories (They still complain about the Crusades!) If Mr. Will wants to ensure the permanent survival of Islamic animosity, with its attendant acts of terrorism, he has only to recall General Sherman to active duty and allow him to plunder and murder the civilian populations of Afghanistan and Iraq.

As for the South, Mr. Will appears to think Sherman didn’t kill enough Southerners to get the full job done. He may yet write another column advising the Bush Administration to drop a few daisy cutters on Mississippi. After all, that’s the way Sherman and the Missus wanted it. ☛

Obiter Dicta

Patriot Watch

The attacks on traditional symbols continue. Several students at Houck Middle School in East Salem, Oregon were ordered to remove a tee-shirt emblazoned with the flag, because the school administration considered the emblem a violation of the school's dress code which forbids such things.

The decision was controversial because the emblem in question was Old Glory, the Stars and Stripes.

We won't pretend to be mind-readers, but would you be willing to bet what emblem the educators thought they were prohibiting when they made the rule?

Time for a change

The Reverend Virgil Wood, and the Ministers Alliance he represents, says he finds the name "repulsive." Despite some set backs during last session, Democrat State Representative David Cicilline is leading an effort in the legislature to force the name change because the old name conjures images of slavery and cotton fields in the antebellum South.

"People accused us of trying to revise history," Cicilline said. "I think we were trying to write another chapter of Rhode Island history."

You heard right. The object of attack is Rhode Island. The complaint is that Rhode Island's official name—State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, America's smallest state and longest name—is racist merely because it contains the word "plantation." Next they'll want to ban the S-word on the compass. The correct version would then be North. East. West. And that Direction Without a Name.

MLK Day—2002

For many in the bellicose community of black activists, Martin Luther King's Birthday has been an occasion to disrupt the ordinary routine of life, posture, complain, threaten and stir up bad feelings. Others generally fall into two categories—those who are grateful for an extra holiday and those who feel compelled to make pietistic statements about the King legacy.

In the latter category falls Matthew Spalding, currently director of the B. Kenneth Simon Center for American Studies at the Heritage Foundation. On January 21, Spalding published an editorial in *National Review Online* entitled "Martin Luther King's Conservative Mind" in which he claims that, far from being a liberal, King was actually an old reactionary, just like you and me and him and all the other readers of NRO.

At the outset, he concedes that King advocated the welfare state, that he believed in the social gospel, and that he was vocal in his opposition to the Vietnam War. Spalding also

makes other admissions: "And we now know that in his scholarship and personal life King was far from perfect."

Still, he maintains, there are three ways in which "King's message is profoundly conservative, and relevant today."

The first, he says, is King's commitment to a society "based on the equality of all Americans and their sharing of equitable unalienable rights."

Spalding has a point, though a tenuous one: In his "I Have a Dream!" speech, King advocated a color-blind society. Today that statement is of some use in countering the arguments of those who advocate reverse discrimination. As Spalding puts it, "An agenda that advocates quotas, counting by race, and set-asides takes us away from King's vision." But the quotation is really of limited value, an empty and largely

irrelevant appeal to authority. (Just because Martin Luther King advocated something, doesn't mean it is right or true. Or, at least, it shouldn't.)

As for this vague egalitarian rhetoric, it is used by liberals and conservatives alike. Mr. Spalding can't claim it for the Right just because conservatives use it when arguing this one issue. Most Great Society programs were proposed in the name of equality. Besides, if Martin Luther King were alive today, do you think he would oppose affirmative action? Neither do we.

"Second, Dr. King believed in moral character. He spoke of self-improvement and self-help, in both moral and political terms, and believed in the work ethic, and thrift, and spoke against crime and disorderly conduct. He also stressed the importance of the traditional family."

Again, it would be hard to find a liberal who would disagree with these principles in the abstract. Conservatives and liberals only quarrel over how to apply them in the political realm.

As for morality and orderliness and the traditional family, these were hardly key principles to the civil rights movement. King's chief strategy was the creation of widespread disorder in society. He wanted to destabilize the social order in order to change it radically. You can argue that this is a worthy goal. You can't argue that King believed in civil order the way that Edmund Burke and Russell Kirk believed in it.

Other than that Mrs. Lincoln...

A scoop from the *Weekly World News*: Abraham Lincoln was a woman!

According to the legendary grocery store check-out-line tabloid, "Baberaham Lincoln" was America's first woman president, and John Wilkes Booth was her jilted lover.

The article explains that Lincoln wore a stovepipe hat to cover up his/her long hair and that he/she put on his/her beard with spirit gum.

The paper also included a photograph of "Baberaham," who could easily have inspired the phrase "coyote ugly."



Indeed, in his last days, King adopted a brand new goal: the elimination of poverty. King's plan for the Poor People's March (which he didn't live to implement) was typical of liberal activism, with its grandiose promise and its moony rationale—the occupation of Washington by an army of poor people who would set up a model city in the shadow of the Lincoln Memorial and show the rest of the nation how to live together in harmony. (Read Ralph Abernathy's account of how this plan actually worked.)

When King was shot in Memphis, he was supporting a strike of garbage collectors. His objective was no longer racial

equality under the law. It was economic parity; and his strategy was, in Yeats's words, to “hurl the little streets against the great”—a strategy as respectful of order as the French Revolution.

Finally, according to Spalding, King “embraced not multiculturalism but the Western tradition of knowledge, wisdom and faith, reaching back through the likes of Reinhold Niebuhr, John Locke, and Martin Luther to Thomas Aquinas, Aristotle, and Plato.”

The civil rights movement, for which King is remembered, relied principally on the teachings and actions of Mohandas K. Gandhi, who set himself against Europe and the British Empire

by fomenting violence against himself and his followers. Like King, his motives may have been worthy—the upward mobility of his own people—but hardly conservative. King read Ghandi, studied Ghandi's moves, and waited for the day when he could put non-violent civil disobedience into practice. Quite by accident, he became the leader of the Montgomery bus boycott and found himself on the stage of history prematurely. At that point, he led his historic attack on order and tradition—and in the process, unleashed a wild and iconoclastic force that has yet to run its course.

You can argue that he was a great man. If so, he was a great

man of the Left, not of the Right. And it is fatuous and unfair to call him a “conservative.” Unfair to the Left. Unfair to him. Unfair to the rest of us.

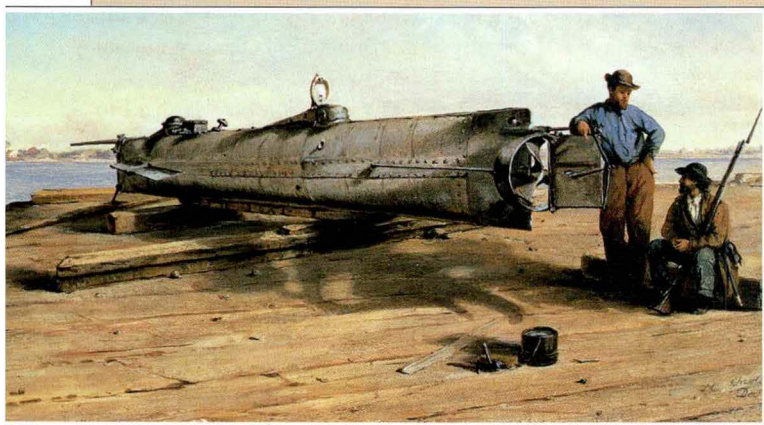
The Stanly County Taliban

Recently, the Stanly County, North Carolina Board of Commissioners—in an attempt to appease the demands of “civil rights” activists—voted unanimously to honor both Martin Luther King, Jr. and Robert E. Lee on the same day in January. (King's birthday is January 15 and Lee's is January 19.)

Instead of accepting this decision, the NAACP pranced

The High Tech Hunley

As the slow process of excavating the marvel continues, more and more revelations are coming to light about the technical sophistication of the *H.L. Hunley*, the world's first successful submarine. This prompted a U.S. government historian to declare, according to the newspapers, that the discoveries are surprising and that “we” will have to revise our ideas about Confederate technical backwardness.



For anyone who has paid close attention to the War Between the States, the discoveries are not at all surprising. Unlike the government historian, we already knew that Southerners performed miracles of invention, engineering, and production during their fight for independence. But, alas, it is also not surprising that Yankees never seem to be able to overcome their prejudices about the South and continue to think they know everything without even taking a look.

The comments reported go back to the old prewar Yankee mythology that proclaimed to the world that Northerners were inno-

vative and industrious and Southerners were backward and lazy.

It is true, Southerners did not have a lot of factories before the war. For a simple reason—they had better ways of making a living. They did not need them. Northerners had to have factories and had to have them supported by government subsidies and protective tariffs, which could work only because of Southern productivity.

This does not mean that Southerners were backward. Before the war, the South had Matthew F. Maury, who quite literally revolutionized ocean navigation for the whole world, America's greatest naturalist, John J. Audubon, and many other scientists and inventors. Though he made his career in the North, Cyrus McCormick, who invented the reaper that contributed more than any other single development to the prosperity of the Midwest, was a native of Virginia. Likewise, Richard Gatling of Gatling gun fame was North Carolina born. The Colt revolver, the sidearm that conquered the West, was manufactured in New York—on a design made by Texas Rangers.

It is a fact that during the war Southerners established factories that provided nearly everything that was needed for the armies, like the powder manufactory at Augusta, Georgia, under Col. George W. Rains. The two LeConte brothers in Columbia, South Carolina, went from Confederate service to found the sciences at the University of California. There was never any lack of materiel for the Confederate armies. Shortages arose when the railroads were torn up faster than they could be replaced, obstructing distribution. Besides the *Hunley*, Confederates pioneered in ironclad ships, torpedoes, fortifications, small arms improvement and numerous other areas.

By the way, the most important Northern war invention, the *Monitor* ironclad, was designed and built not by a Yankee but by a Swedish immigrant, John Ericsson.

Here's hoping that Yankee observers will continue to “discover” the obvious about us.

and howled and postured. It charged into a subsequent Board meeting waving 1,600 names on a petition, protesting the dual holiday. Its spokesmen compared Lee to Adolf Hitler and demanded that the Confederate hero be un-honored immediately. Faced with clenched fists and grinding teeth, the sweating, quivering commissioners rescinded their earlier decision.

They announced the following retreat from their previous retreat:

- Stanly County would observe King on his birthday with a genuine, full-blown holiday.
- Robert E. Lee would no longer be honored.
- Instead, the commissioners announced the creation of Confederate Memorial Day—an “official” day with no celebration and no holiday. School children would be reciting their lessons. Government offices would be open for business as usual. The occasion would have the same impact on the county as National Asparagus Week.

After the decision was announced, members of the NAACP hugged each other like teddy bears.

“I’m just thrilled,” said Burnetta Maske. “We had to fight, but some things are worth fighting for.”

In an attempt to explain what happened, Commissioner Michael Coble said, “We may have made some mistakes. We were trying to look out for everyone in the county, not just one group, not one race, but everyone.”

In making this decision, their legs reduced to jelly, they were looking after just one group—not everyone.

But heritage supporters weren’t finished. They made such a fuss that the Council

amended its rescinded motion and ruled that, after all, Confederate Memorial Day would be a full-blown holiday. Our people had won back some of what the Council had taken away. But Robert E. Lee was still the big loser—a man who denounced the “peculiar institution” and freed his slaves long before the War; who, though he was known as the handsomest man in the U.S. Army, never cheated on his wife; and who was never guilty of plagiarism.

But, at a later meeting, the Commissioners brought up the proposal again and rescinded it. This flip-flop-flip came during a heated discussion in which some Commissioners said they were blind-sided because the matter was not properly listed on the agenda.

The result is Confederate Memorial Day in Stanly County is no more. But stay tuned. These Commissioners are nothing if not flexible.

According to Southern heritage activist Terry Crayton, the three Commissioners who voted to betray the South are Mike Coble, Pattie Huneycutt and Gene McIntyre. If you vote in Stanly County, North Carolina keep them in mind.

The Cause in England

While in this country agitators are attempting to eradicate all vestiges of the Confederacy from any public display, in the British Isles, citizens are honoring Confederates.

A group named CSA-Europe is searching out gravesites of Confederate veterans, marking those gravesites which lack markers, and placing Confederate flags over the graves. They have secured aluminum Confederate Veteran Markers which currently cost

Lights, Camera, Secession

Two famous faces from the world of politics will make their way to the silver screen in the upcoming WBTS movie “Gods and Generals.”

At the risk of typecasting, Texas Senator Phil Gramm, who retires from the Senate after this term, will portray a delegate to the Virginia Secession Convention.

“I’m hoping to make my name as a Confederate soldier; my reputation was tarnished as a politician,” Gramm said.

Director Ron Maxwell originally cast Gramm as a Confederate officer, but Gramm chose to be a private. When the September 11 terrorist attacks prevented Gramm from being on set he was recast in the role of a politician (alas, without a speaking part).

Another famous face is a part of the cast. West Virginia Senator Robert Byrd, who turned 84 during filming, has a cameo as Confederate General Paul J. Semmes.

The movie, which is based on the novel by Jeff Shaara, has a budget of \$51 million. A Turner Pictures Production, it is set for release by Warner Brothers in late 2002 or early 2003.



Sen. Robert C. Byrd D-W.Va., left, celebrates his 84th birthday on the set of “Gods and Generals” where he made his film debut as a Confederate officer. To his right is Stephen Lang portraying Stonewall Jackson.

about \$14.50 (US). Confederate flags to place over the graves cost less than \$5.

One such grave they recently found and repaired was that of Maurice Portman, Aide-de-Camp to General Wade Hampton. Some of the gravesites are in urgent need of attention. One in Ireland needs repairs which will cost about 70 Irish punts (\$77). Serious work needs to be done on another stone cross in England.

While the members of the CSA-E are generous in donating their time and money, they need the assistance of Southerners in continuation of their good work. The names of

donors will go on the CSA-E Roll of Honor with contributors recognized at dedications and in the newsletter.

Donations may be made in US dollars or British pounds, and sent to Commander-in-Chief Anthony R. Jones, 21 Barbridge Road, Hestersway Estate, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, UK GL51-0BS. You may contact them by email at dixie_friends_csae@bushinternet.com.

Bin Laden’s Tribute to Christianity

One of the most revealing aspects of the September 11 attack is the assumption by bin

Laden and other terrorists that the United States will not reply in kind.

Consider what we might have done—and still might do.

In order to punish the terrorists—and Islam, in whose name the attacks were delivered—the U.S. could dump half its nuclear arsenal on the Middle East.

For starters, we could nuke Mecca, killing its residents and the innumerable Muslims making their once-in-a-lifetime pilgrimage to the Holy City—as required of all 1.2 billion by Islamic law. We could make certain that any pilgrim making that journey for the next 500 years would arrive back home with his hair falling out.

We could also destroy Baghdad, Tehran, and every other Muslim city in the region—one at a time, with a warning issued after each attack: “Leave us alone or we take out yet another one.”

But the terrorists know that their cities are safe from such attacks, that the United States won’t retaliate in such a way, though we all know that if bin Laden had as large a nuclear capability as we do, every city from New York to Seattle would be toast.

Bin Laden, who understands Christianity, is certain in his heart that Islam is safe from maximum U.S. retribution, that we will risk the lives of our young people in order to root out terrorism, but we won’t do the things he would do. Thus does he unintentionally pay homage to a religious heritage that has brought to the world a higher code of conduct than has the long bellicose history of Islam.

Because they are kinder than we are, he tells himself, I can commit atrocities with relative impunity.

Don’t count on it bin. We’re not quite as Christian as we used to be.

Jury Consultant

In late January, the U.S. Supreme Court halted the execution of Amos King, a Florida man, after his lawyers filed an appeal based on the fact that a judge rather than a jury assessed the death penalty.

In 2000, the same High Court ruled in an Arizona case that a jury must be consulted in any sentencing where some factor might increase a defendant’s prison term. (For example, in many states, if a crime is committed with a deadly weapon, then the sentence may be enhanced.) For some reason, the Supreme Court ruled that if such a factor exists, the maximum sentence must be proved *to a jury beyond a reasonable doubt*.

King, 47, raped, beat, and stabbed to death Natalie Brady, a 68-year-old widow from Tarpon Springs. His lawyers argue that even though the jury participated in the sentencing process, the judge made the final decision. Hence the citation of the Arizona case.

The High Court is stretching for this one, and perhaps the justices will resolve the matter in favor of the prosecution. If not, then nine states will have to revise their criminal statutes. Meanwhile, all Florida death penalty cases are on hold.

Washington Monuments

Since 1940, markers at either end of old Highway 99 in Washington State have proclaimed the road’s official, long-forgotten name: Jefferson Davis Highway No. 99.

The markers outraged a state lawmaker who learned of them recently. He’s vowing to rename the road and remove the monuments, even if he gets

arrested for it.

Highway 99, once ran the length of the state from Oregon to Canada. It was the major north-south route through Western Washington until Interstate 5 was built in the 1960s.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy established the Jefferson Davis Highway in 1913 as a chain of highways. With the blessing of state officials, they erected stone markers from Washington, D.C., across the country.

“In this state, we cannot have a monument to a guy who led the insurgency to perpetuate slavery and killed half a million Americans,” Rep. Hans Dunshee, D-Snohomish, told *The Herald* of Everett.

He introduced a bill in the Legislature on Wednesday to change the highway’s name to the “William P. Stewart Memorial Highway,” in honor of a man from one of the first black families to settle in Snohomish. Stewart fought with the Union during the Civil War.

If the bill passes, he says, the state Parks Department will remove the monument. If it fails, he says, he’s willing to drive to Blaine and rip it out himself, even if he has to go to jail.

Rep. Ruth Fisher, D-Tacoma, chairwoman of the House Transportation Committee, has agreed to give Dunshee’s measure a hearing.

“The reaction is, ‘You’re kidding. That shouldn’t be here,’” Fisher said. Whether she was referring to the Jefferson Davis Highway marker or the State of Washington’s name remained unclear.

NIV Negative

Ever hear about the old-time preacher who refused to use a public restroom because all the fixtures said American

Standard?

Generations of Southerners—in fact English-speakers worldwide—have been raised on the Authorized King James Version of the Holy Bible. In the last twenty years or so the market has been flooded with a multitude of versions, translations, and paraphrase of the Bible. The most popular of those has been the New International Version.

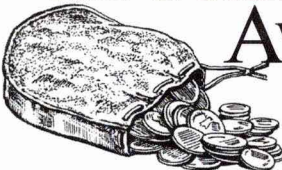
The NIV has been criticized by some conservatives because of changes in the translation: perhaps the most noticeable being the story of the three Hebrew Children cast into the fiery furnace by Nebuchadnezzar. In the KJV, Daniel 3:25 reports that the king saw four men in the furnace, and the fourth was “like the Son of God.” In the NIV, the same passage is rendered “like a son of the gods.”

Now the publishers of the NIV, the International Bible Society, have gone another step and announced the publication of a “gender-neutral” edition. The new version will be called “Today’s New International Version” and is expected to be released by 2005. The original NIV has now sold about 150 million copies.

Examples of some changes from the 1978 edition are Matthew 5:9 where “sons of God” changed to “children of God”, and “a man is justified by faith” to “a person is justified by faith” in Romans 3:28. Terms referring to God and Jesus Christ will not be altered.

Zondervan, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, is owned by Harper-Collins, and holds North American rights for both versions. A gender-neutral version of the NIV has already been published in Britain. ☪

THE Scalawag Award



Battle of New Orleans

Supporters of the beleaguered Confederate Memorial Hall Museum in New Orleans are fighting back. The Memorial Hall Museum, Inc. has filed suit in federal court against the Ogden Art Museum of the University of New Orleans Foundation. The Foundation won't say what they want to do with the property, but are working to take possession of the Museum building.

The Foundation is a major developer of the Camp Street Museum and its Art District, which includes the Ogden Art Museum. The 110-year old Confederate Museum, which has the country's second largest collection of WBTS artifacts, is located right in the middle of this development.

The Confederate Museum was created by Frank Howard in 1891 "to be set apart forever" to display "the arms, the flags, the standards, and other memorials connected with the Southern armies in the late Civil War."

At some point, almost a century after the donation of the property, the Howard Memorial Library Association transferred its remaining assets to Tulane University. In exchange Tulane



The Confederate Museum in New Orleans is open for business despite construction on all sides as well as pending litigation with the neighboring University of New Orleans Foundation.

University promised not to permit the assets to become owned or controlled by anyone other than Tulane University and also promised not to interfere with the peaceable possession and the continued occupation of the property by the Museum.

The University of New Orleans Foundation, which is the main supporter of the Ogden Art Museum, bought the property from Tulane for \$425,000. The Foundation insists that the dispute is purely legal, but supporters of the Confederate Museum argue that the Foundation views them as not a good fit for the modern thinking of the New Orleans community. Ironically, the Ogden specializes in "Southern art."

On October 15, 1996, the Louisiana Historical Association transferred its interest in the property to the Memorial

Hall Museum, Inc.

The Confederate Museum's collection includes more than 125 original battleflags, Confederate Gen. P.G.T. Beauregard's frock coat, and a crown of thorns that Pope Pius IX gave to Confederate President Jefferson Davis.

When Davis died in New Orleans in 1889, a reported 60,000 mourners flocked to the building to view the body and pay their respects. Right around the corner stands the city's towering monument to Confederate Gen. Robert E. Lee.

But modern New Orleans has toned down its connections to the Old South as it tries to attract tourists from around the world.

The Confederate Museum's neighborhood has also transformed into a strip of modern museums and upscale art galleries, the D-Day Museum (which opened last year), and the Louisiana Children's Museum.

So for their dogged determination to permanently darken the Memorial Hall Museum in order to pander to ill-informed tourists, we hereby present this issue's Scalawag Award to the University of New Orleans Foundation.

By the way, the Museum has incurred over \$75,000 in legal fees fighting their eviction. If you'd like to get more information or make a donation, contact the Memorial Hall Museum, 929 Camp St., New Orleans, Louisiana 70130. www.confederatemuseum.com. ☛

www.ConfederateShop.com

The online annex of Crossroads Country Store
4309 S. Valley Pike, Harrisonburg, VA 22801

Are you a Rebel or Rebel wan'na-be? Do you have Southern roots? Are you a Confederate sympathizer or maybe a repentant carpetbagger? Perhaps you're a yankee spy? Then it would be to your advantage to investigate our books, music, flags and accoutrements!

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CSA TODAY



Alabama

On November 12, Tim Meadows, an SCV member, was arrested and charged with “Interfering with a Parade” (later changed to Disorderly Conduct) after carrying a Confederate flag in a Mobile Veterans Day parade.



Chief J.D. Kennedy of the Mobile Police Department said he was reluctant to make the arrest but was acting “under direct orders” of Mayor Mike Dow. During the arrest, both of Meadows’s wrists were sprained.



Initially, the City had issued a permit for heritage supporters to march in the parade, though they were told they could only fly the First and Third National flags. Thus, in Mobile, flying the battle flag became an act of *lese majesty*.

The State Christmas tree in Montgomery was decorated this year with American flags—top to bottom. Indeed, the capitol itself was cloaked in a U.S. flag the size of Rhode Island.

Joseph W. Willis, a citizen of Prattville and another SCV member, had no quarrel with Old Glory. Nor did he demand that the Confederate flag fly from the tree. He did call the Governor’s office and suggested that the State Christmas tree might also be decorated with a few Alabama flags. The Governor’s Office said no, so Willis decided he would fly the Alabama flag himself.

Early the next morning he was out in front of the capitol with an Alabama state flag and a chair. That morning, the sun rose on the State flag of Alabama as well as on the many American flags displayed there.

By 9:30 Willis was in trouble.

A man named Callahan told him

to take his flag and chair and move along, that Governor Siegelman had ordered his arrest if he refused. Callahan gave him two seconds.

“Arrest me for what,” Willis asked.

“For Disorderly Conduct.”

Willis said he was not being disorderly, that he had every right to fly his State’s flag. The next thing he knew, he was in the Montgomery County jail, submitting to fingerprinting, mug shots, and the stripping off of his clothes.

Moral to Both These Stories: If you don’t want to get busted, don’t fly any flag anywhere at any time. Of course, it’s O.K. to burn a flag. The Supreme Court says that’s free speech. Flying the same flag apparently isn’t.

Arkansas

Arkansas seems poised to ban smoking in the state’s restaurants.

The move, if it occurs, would come not from the legislature but from the Arkansas Board of Health in the form of a regulation.

The Board took up the matter at the urging of Rep. Jim Wood (D-Tupelo), and a joint House-Senate subcommittee endorsed the proposal with only one dissenting vote. That would be Rep. Russ Bennett (R-Lewisville), who said he thought government had no right to interfere in this matter.

Governor Mike Huckabee—who will have to approve the ban—managed to position himself on both sides of the issue by saying, “My personal preference is clear: ban all smoking everywhere at all times for all people. But it really comes down to whether or not we have a right to tell private business owners what they

can or cannot do in their own private business.”

Here we see a basic confrontation between the Government-Can-Fix-Anything crowd and the Individual-Freedom crowd. Right now—with the issue hanging in the balance—we will bet that Huckabee won’t approve the measure. But, then, we also bet that Gov. Bill Clinton would lose every time he came up for reelection.

Florida

City Commissioners in Kissimmee plan to erect a Confederate monument in Rose Hill Cemetery, which is owned by the city. The town was founded by Confederate veterans, whose bodies lie in the graveyard.

One side of the monument will be carved with a small Confederate flag and with Stonewall Jackson’s last words: “Let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees.” The other side will contain a six-point star and Lee’s last words, “Strike the Tent.”

The Rev. Aurelius Brown objects. “Now is the time for togetherness. We don’t need more separation. We need to be united.”

One presumes he supports the observance of Martin Luther King’s birthday and Black History Month, which are already on the calendar. Suppose white folks protested these racially motivated celebrations, saying, “Now is the time for togetherness. Martin Luther King was divisive, and Black History Month is racist.”

Besides, Kissimmee is in Osceola County, named after the Seminole chief who was shamefully lied to, betrayed, and imprisoned by the United States government. Such

treatment by Washington bureaucrats and the U.S. Army led a majority of Indians who fought in the War Between the States to ally themselves with the Confederacy.

So it is singularly appropriate for a Confederate monument to be erected in Osceola County—the Rev. Mr. Brown notwithstanding.

Georgia

Following the September 11 terrorist attacks, the town council of Ringgold unanimously decided to reaffirm basic American values by putting up a special display: the Ten Commandments, the Lord's Prayer, and an empty picture frame.

Councilman Bill McMillon explained that the blank frame “is for those who believe in nothing.”

As for Muslims, McMillon is not worried. “We don't have any of them here,” he said.

The population of Ringgold is 2,000—all of whom apparently are Jewish, Christian, or atheists.

The Blank Frame Solution may solve all our problems. Hang blank frames all over the country and you won't be discriminating against anyone. No more separation of church and state controversy.

No more ACLU.

Kentucky

In Lewisport more than 50 mourners attended a Sunday memorial service for William C. Blincoe, shot to death at the age of 25. The service, held at Bates cemetery, included the placing of a white stone marker on Blincoe's grave.

The young man—a Confederate soldier in Kentucky's Second Cavalry—was executed in 1864 in retaliation for guerrilla attacks on Union soldiers. Gen. Stephen G. Burbridge of the Union Army ordered that four Confederate prisoners be executed for every Union soldier killed by the guerrillas. Blincoe was one of those so executed follow-

ing the killing of a Union mail carrier. Another, Capt. Lindsey Duke Buckner, was likewise honored recently in a similar ceremony held near Greensburg.

Rose Pell Henderson, 97, attended the Blincoe service. The dead soldier was the brother of her great-great grandfather. “I've been waiting all my life for this,” she said.

Louisiana

Responding to a citizen's report of a terrorist heading towards New Orleans, five Louisiana State Police cars surrounded the suspect on I-10 just before daylight and ordered him out of the car. The man certainly looked suspicious with long hair and a beard, wearing a military uniform, and he was obviously armed; his truck was pulling a 19th century artillery piece.

After interrogation the suspect, Mike Cherry, explained that he was headed for Jackson Barracks for a reenactment. Apparently satisfied with his answers the officers released him and apparently went back to not profiling motorists.

Maryland

Recently we reported that the battle flag would wave daily over the graves of Confederate soldiers who died at Point Lookout, a Union concentration camp known for its inhumane treatment of prisoners of war. An estimated 3,800 prisoners died from starvation, exposure, and disease. They are buried in a mass grave now marked by an obelisk. It seemed fitting that the flag they fought under should perpetually fly over them—as it did from 1994–1998.

Apparently, this is not to be.

Judge J. Michael Luttig reversed a federal district court, ruling that, even though the Confederate flag had flown for several years “apparently without incident ... certainly the VA could reasonably believe that the Confederate flag would cause contro-

versy and that such controversy could undermine the goal of keeping the cemetery free from partisan conflict.”

Judge Luttig fails to recognize the partisan conflict his ruling has unleashed. He is concerned only with conflict stirred up by black activists, who now hold our government hostage with threats of disruption, violence, and economic boycotts. Conflicts brought about by his own reversal of an established policy are beyond the purview of his imagination.

Mississippi

Flag fights still abound in Mississippi.

- In Gulfport, supervisors of Harrison County debated the fate of a display of eight flags, including the Confederate flag, which flew along the county line between Gulfport and Biloxi. First, the supervisors voted to take down the display “to diffuse tensions.” Next, they voted along racial lines (4–1) to restore the display. Then they voted to fly only American flags. John French of the SCV protested, saying: They “have changed their minds four times in less than two years. I can't believe the people leading this county don't have any more conviction than that.”

- After foot-dragging for 10 these many months, the Natchez-Adams School District finally agreed to follow state law and fly the Mississippi flag—the one an overwhelming majority of voters decided to keep. Superintendent Carl Davis admitted that “The code says you must fly the state flag and the United States flag over the school buildings ... I do realize we have to follow the law.”

- The U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear the appeal of an Ole Miss fan who sued the university because he had been asked to leave a 1999 football game after displaying the Confederate flag. Apparently the Court protects the First Amendment Rights of some folks and not of others.



Our side continues to fight in Mississippi. You can be sure that in the next issue we will have more skirmishes to report.

Missouri

In Bellevue East High School, Jason Scott held up a Confederate flag along with a sign that read, "HERITAGE NOT HATE."

On the other side of the sign he wrote that the school's assistant principal wasn't above the First Amendment.

He was suspended for eight days. Scott called the suspension "stupid" and "unjust."

Bellevue High School superintendent Leo Hefner called the student's actions an "attempt to incite and inflame the issue."

Other school administrators in the St. Louis area tended to agree with Hefner.

On the other hand, the University of Missouri is more sensitive to First Amendment Rights. Students complained about a Confederate flag in the dormitory window of freshman Matt Pitts, but University officials refused to take action.

Someone is circulating a petition and black students are comparing the flag to a burning cross—so the situation may change. But for right now, the University of Missouri still supports freedom of speech.

North Carolina

The AP reported that the "new food court at North Carolina A&T University has more than just subs, sandwiches, and Italian cuisine. It also offers a hearty helping of history. The school's food court is named 'The Aggie Sit-in' after the civil rights movement that started near the campus more than 40 years ago."

Of course, that is old history. The article doesn't mention a more recent demonstration in which A&T students demanded that all white students and teachers be removed, that

an African nationalist flag be substituted for the American flag, and that the "Star Spangled Banner" be scrapped for the so-called "Negro National Anthem." Perhaps the food court should have been named "The Whitey Go Home Hamburger Heaven."

On a more positive note, H.K. Edgerton, a supporter of the Confederate flag and a thorn in the side of the Asheville establishment, is running for mayor.

Of his candidacy, Edgerton says, "[The African Americans] know who I am and they know that I have given my life in the streets of Asheville for their social and vertical mobility." As for politically correct history of the South and the War, he says, "A great deal of history has just been lied about and misguided, and certainly all the blame has been placed on the Christian white folk in the Southland of America for the institution of slavery. That needs to change."

His attitude toward Confederate symbols is likewise unequivocal: "I always wear my Confederate tie to all my campaign forums up to and including the NAACP's most recent campaign forum."

Edgerton is a past president of the local NAACP, but he has this to say about the organization: "[T]he NAACP does not speak for all the black folks in the Southland of America or in America."

Why is he wasting his time on a city election? With his views, he ought to run for Jesse's Senate seat.

Oklahoma

The Oklahoma Board of Agriculture has unanimously approved new rules requiring farmers to do something about the odor of their hogs.

The hog industry is outraged—and so are a good many Oklahoma hogs. What right have human beings to object to the aroma of a hog? Maybe people smell just as bad to

hogs. In that case, who is to say which species is more offensive—or more offended? Surely not human beings.

Hog farmers and hogs are waiting for animal rights activists to weigh in on this issue.

Meanwhile, at least three companies are racing each other to produce a hog deodorant. The problem isn't easily solved, since you have to come up with a scent that is equally acceptable to people and to hogs.

South Carolina

Twice a week for a year, Southern heritage supporters have demonstrated against the John Deere plant in Pontiac. You may recall that the *Partisan* reported the firing of two John Deere employees, one for refusing to remove a tiny Confederate flag decal from his tool box, the other for whistling Dixie.

Commenting on the closing, Dean Weems, organizer of the boycott, said, "I thought that with a whole lot of patience and persistence and determination we could win. I feel like we have done just that. I think our Confederate ancestors would be proud of us all. David can slay Goliath. We planted a small seed every day we went over there and flew our battle flags and that seed has grown and borne fruit."

Tennessee

A church was vandalized in the Mt. Pleasant Community, near Columbia. Obviously this was a white church—but there is an additional reason why the Southern Poverty Law Center wasn't roused to action: St. John's Episcopal Church was originally a plantation church, attended in antebellum days by both white masters and slaves, including the families of President James K. Polk and Confederate hero Leonidas Polk.

Furthermore, General Patrick Cleburne, killed at the Battle of Franklin, was originally buried here,



though his remains were later removed to his native Arkansas.

Susann Kutschenreuter reports that the damage exceeded \$100,000 and included destroying the church's antique organ and the removal of several treasured antique flags. Nearly all the tombstones of Confederate soldiers were broken and scattered, except for General Polk's, which proved too formidable to be destroyed. Many tombstones not related to the Confederacy were also destroyed, including that of the grandmother of one of the perpetrators.

If you want to help restore this historic church, you may send donations to:

St. John's Church
P.M.B. 75
1111 West 7th Street
Columbia, Tennessee 38401

Texas

On October 26, 2001, several fans were barred from the Hays High School stadium because they were carrying the Confederate flag and the Texas state flag.

The offended parties have filed suit in U.S. District Court, charging the Hays Consolidated Independent School District and the University Interscholastic League (UIL) with discriminatory actions that violated their civil rights.

Since 1968, when the school first opened its doors, the Confederate flag has been waved as a symbol of "spirit," with no unrest reported. In April of 2001, a UIL executive committee banned all flags from the stands during athletic events.

Good luck on your suit, folks, but the Supreme Court has already

dodged this one—and the lower courts tend to go with the flow.

Virginia

Prince William County officials removed a photograph from a public building because members of the "Unity in Community" group objected to the fact that a Confederate flag was visible, but no Union flag. Chief spokesperson for anti-flag sentiment was the Rev. Kathleen Allan, pastor of the Bull Run Unitarian Universalist Church. After officials agreed to remove the offending photo, Allan termed the county's response "wonderful."

So far, county executives haven't found a replacement—and we bet they never will—not with the Rev. Kathleen hovering over them like an angry banshee. ☛



SIDELIGHTS & LIGHTERSIDES

Compiled by Ralph Green

CLOSE UP THOSE RANKS

A Virginia captain shouted at his straggling, worn men, "Close up, boys, hang you, close up! If the Yanks were to fire on you when you're straggling along that way, they couldn't hit one of you!" And the boys closed up.

STICK TO THE FACTS!

Early one morning in late February, 1865, Jesse McNeill and his Rangers quietly entered Cumberland, Maryland, captured Union Generals George Crook and Benjamin F. Kelley, then withdrew to Virginia with their prisoners. Two nights later Mary Clara Bruce, the future bride of General Kelley, was scheduled to sing at a local theater. As she began her first song, "He Kissed Me When He Left," an inebriated member of the audience loudly exclaimed, "No, I'll be damned if he did! McNeill didn't give him time!"

COOPERATION NEEDED

In May of 1864, U. S. Grant crossed the Rapidan and made his headquarters in a deserted farmhouse. Speaking to some reporters Grant reviewed the situation. He stated that Lee must know by then of his advance although not necessarily of the extent of the movement. A reporter asked him how long it would take him to get to Richmond. Grant promptly responded, "I will agree to be there in about four days—that is, if General Lee becomes party to the agreement. But if he objects, the trip will undoubtedly be prolonged."

CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR

On 2 August 1862, a hot fight erupted in Orange Court House, Virginia. Defenders and Yankee invaders fought hand-to-hand in the streets. Watching the combat, local residents cheered on

the Confederates. During a respite in the fighting, a fiery young lass cried out, "Oh, I wish I was a man!" A cavalryman who had been in the thick of the fighting retorted: "If you was, you would wish you was a gal again mouty soon!"

TWO BROTHERS

Charlie and Sam Futch, Alabama brothers, enlisted at the same time, but wound up in different regiments. When parting, each promised to write often. Sam wrote first. Charlie responded: "Sam, I have carried your letter through two regiments trying to find someone who can read it but there ain't a man who can even make out the day of the month."

Sam waited a while, then wrote back: "I have not heard from you in four weeks. If you are dead please write and let me know so I won't waste my time writing you anymore."

PLAYED IT CLOSE

While under the command of General Rosser in early 1864, Harry Gilmore came back from a raid on Union rail facilities with a feeling he was on borrowed time. In his left breast pocket, under two coats, he carried a deck of cards that had been almost completely penetrated by a rifle bullet. Only the card nearest his skin had escaped defacement, an ace of spades. From his return, a standing query from Rosser was, "Major, are spades trumps?"

FEDERAL AGENTS

A U.S. Secretary of the Treasury commented on Federal agents who plundered the South during Reconstruction: "I am sure that I sent some honest agents to the South, but it seems very doubtful that any of them remained honest very long." ☛

The Yankee Problem

In America

BY CLYDE WILSON

Since the 2000 presidential election, much attention has been paid to a map showing the sharp geographical division between the two candidates' support. Gore prevailed in the power- and plunder-seeking Deep North (Northeast, Upper Midwest, Pacific Coast) and Bush in the regions inhabited by productive and decent Americans. There is nothing new about this. Historically speaking, it is just one more manifestation of the Yankee problem.

As indicated by these books (listed on page 21), scholars are at last starting to pay some attention to one of the most important and most neglected subjects in United States history—the Yankee problem.

By Yankee I do not mean everybody from north of the Potomac and Ohio. Lots of them have always been good folks. The firemen who died in the World Trade Center on September 11 were Americans. The politicians and TV personalities who stood around telling us what we are to think about it are Yankees. I am using the term historically to designate that peculiar ethnic group descended from New Englanders, who can be easily recognized by their arrogance, hypocrisy, greed, lack of congeniality, and penchant for ordering other people around. Puritans long ago abandoned anything that might be good in their religion but have never given up the notion that they are the chosen saints whose mission is to make America, and the world, into the perfection of their own image.

It is true that we are completely under the saddle of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and that they ride us very hard, cruelly insulting our feelings, as well as exhausting our strength and substance.

—Thomas Jefferson, 1798

Hillary Rodham Clinton, raised a Northern Methodist in Chicago, is a museum-quality specimen of the Yankee—self-righteous, ruthless, and self-aggrandizing. Northern Methodism and Chicago were both, in their formative periods, hotbeds of abolitionist, high tariff Black Republicanism. The Yankee temperament, it should be noted, makes a neat fit with the Stalinism that was brought into the Deep North by later immigrants.

The ethnic division between Yankees and other Americans goes back to earliest colonial times. Up until the War for Southern Independence, Southerners were considered to be the American mainstream and Yankees were considered to be the “peculiar” people. Because of a long campaign of cultural imperialism and the successful military imperialism engineered by the Yankees, the South, since the war, has been considered the problem, the deviation from the true American norm. Historians have made an industry of explaining why the South is different (and evil, for that which defies the “American” as now established, is by definition evil). Is the South different because of slavery? white supremacy? the climate? pellagra? illiteracy? poverty? guilt? defeat? Celtic wildness rather than Anglo-Saxon sobriety?

Unnoticed in all this literature was a hidden assumption: the North is normal, the standard of all things American and good. Anything that does not conform is a problem to be explained and a condition to be annihilated. What about that hidden assumption? Should not historians be interested in understanding how the North got to be the way it is? Indeed, is there any question in American history more important?

According to standard accounts of American history (i.e., Northern mythology), New Englanders fought the Revolution and founded glorious American freedom as had been planned by the “Puritan Fathers.” Southerners, who had always been of questionable character, because of their fanatic devotion to slavery, wickedly rebelled against government of, by, and for the people, were put down by the armies of the Lord, and should be ever grateful for not having been exterminated. (This is clearly the view of the anonymous Union Leaguer from Portland, Maine, who recently sent me a chamber pot labeled “Robert E. Lee’s soup tureen.”) And out of their



New England had been a threat, a nuisance, and a negative force in the progress of America. Northerners, including some patriotic New Englanders, believed this as much as Southerners.

When Washington Irving, whose family were among the early Anglo-Dutch settlers of New York, wrote the story about the "Headless Horseman," he was ridiculing Yankees. The prig Ichabod Crane had come over from Connecticut and made himself a nuisance. So a young man (New York young men were then normal young men rather than Yankees) played a trick on him and sent him fleeing back to Yankeeeland where he belonged. James Fenimore Cooper, of another early New York family, felt the same way about New Englanders who appear unfavorably in his writings. Yet another New York writer, James Kirke Paulding (among many others) wrote a book defending the South and attacking abolitionists. It is not unreasonable to conclude that in *Moby Dick*, the New York Democrat Herman Melville modeled the fanatical Captain Ahab on the Yankee abolitionist. In fact, the term "Yankee" appears to originate in some mingling of Dutch and Indian

benevolence and devotion to the ideal of freedom, the North struck the chains from the suffering black people. (They should be forever grateful, also. Take a look at the Boston statue with happy blacks adoring the feet of Col. Robert Gould Shaw.)

Aside from the fact that every generalization in this standard history is false, an obvious defect in it is that, for anyone familiar with American history before the War, it is clear that "Southern" was American and Yankees were the problem. America was Washington and Jefferson, the Louisiana Purchase and the Battle of New Orleans, John Randolph and Henry Clay, Daniel Morgan, Daniel Boone, and Francis Marion. Southerners had made the Constitution, saved it under Jefferson from the Yankees, fought the wars, acquired the territory, and settled the West, including the Northwest. To most Americans, in Pennsylvania and Indiana as well as Virginia and Georgia, this was a basic view up until about 1850.

words, to designate New Englanders.

Obviously, both the Dutch New Yorkers and the Native Americans recognized them as "different."

Young Abe Lincoln amused his neighbors in southern Indiana and Illinois, nearly all of whom, like his own family, had come from the South, with "Yankee jokes," stories making fun of dishonest peddlers from New England. They were the most popular stories in his repertoire, except for the dirty ones.

Right into the war, Northerners opposed to the conquest of the South blamed the conflict on fanatical New Englanders out for power and plunder, not on the good Americans in the South who had been provoked beyond bearing.

Many people, and not only in the South, thought that Southerners, according to their nature, had been loyal to the Union, had served it,

fought and sacrificed for it as long as they could. New Englanders, according to their nature, had always been grasping for themselves while proclaiming their righteousness and superiority.

The Yankees succeeded so well, by the long cultural war described in these volumes, and by the North's military victory, that there was no longer a Yankee problem. Now the Yankee was America and the South was the problem. America, the Yankee version, was all that was normal and right and good. Southerners understood who had won the war (not Northerners, though they had shed a lot of blood, but the accursed Yankees.) With some justification they began to regard all Northerners as Yankees, even the hordes of foreigners who had been hired to wear the blue.

Here is something closer to a real history of the United States: American freedom was not a legacy of the "Puritan Fathers," but of Virginians who proclaimed and spread constitutional rights. New England gets some credit for beginning the War of Independence. After the first few years, however, Yankees played little part. The war was fought and won in the South. Besides, New Englanders had good reasons for independence—they did not fit into the British Empire economically, since one of their main industries was smuggling, and the influential Puritan clergy hated the Church of England. Southerners, in fighting for independence, were actually going against their economic interests for the sake of principle.

Once Southerners had gone into the Union (which a number of wise statesmen like Patrick Henry and George Mason warned them against), the Yankees began to show how they regarded the new federal government: as an instrument to be used for their own purposes. Southerners long continued to view the Union as a vehicle for mutual cooperation, as they often naively still do.

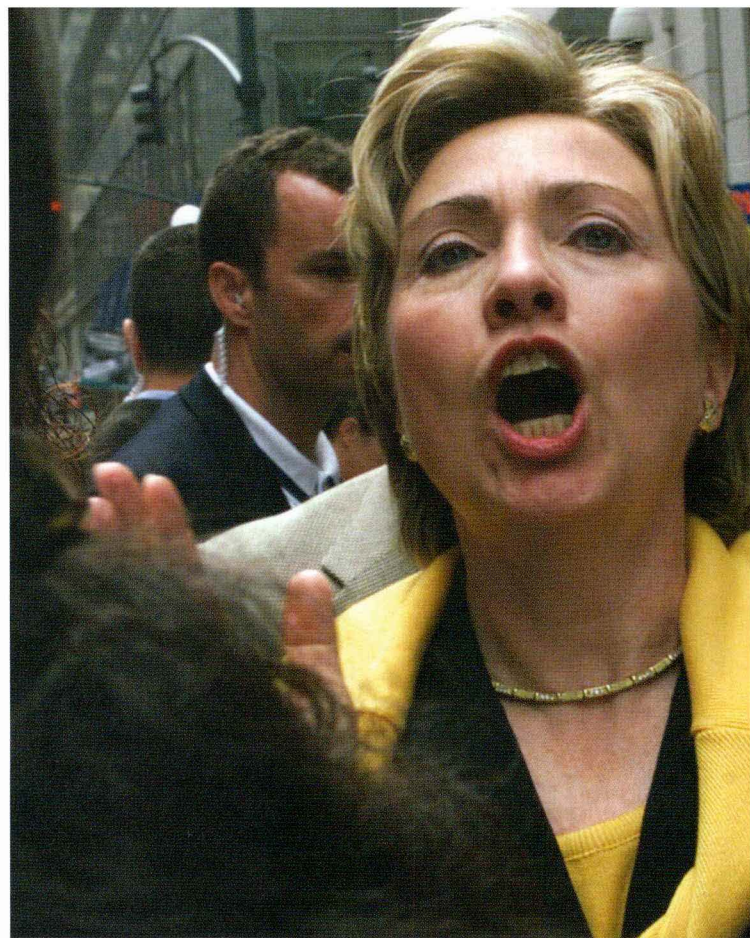
In the first Congress, Yankees demanded that the federal government continue the British subsidies to their fishing fleets. While Virginia and the other Southern states gave up their vast western lands for future new states, New Englanders demanded a special preserve for themselves (the "Western Reserve" in Ohio).

Under John Adams, the New England quest for power grew into a frenzy. They passed the Sedition Law to punish anti-government words (as long as they controlled the government) in clear violation of the Constitution. During the election of 1800 the preachers in New England told their congregations that Thomas Jefferson was a French Jacobin who would set up the guillotine in their town squares and declare women common property. (What else could be expected from a dissolute slaveholder?) In fact, Jefferson's well-known distaste for mixing of church and state rested largely on his dislike of the power of the New England self-appointed saints.

When Jeffersonians took power, the New Englanders fought them with all their diminishing strength. Their poet William Cullen Bryant regarded the Louisiana Purchase as nothing but a large swamp for Jefferson to pursue his atheistic penchant for science.

Slaveholders are the scapegoats for the failures of northern society. Slavery has served as a vent for fanaticism, communism, and morbid sentimentality, which, without this safety valve, would have long since resulted in a social explosion.

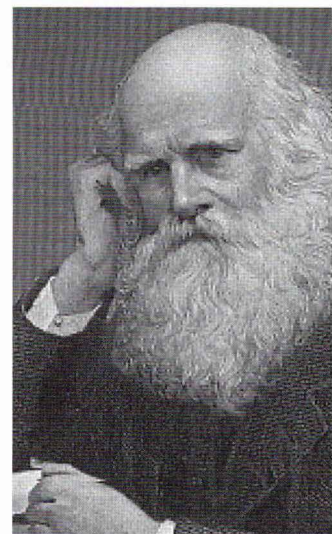
—Preston Brooks, 1854



**[Yankees] can be easily
by their arrogance, hyp
and lack of congenialit
other people around.**



John Adams



William Cullen Bryant

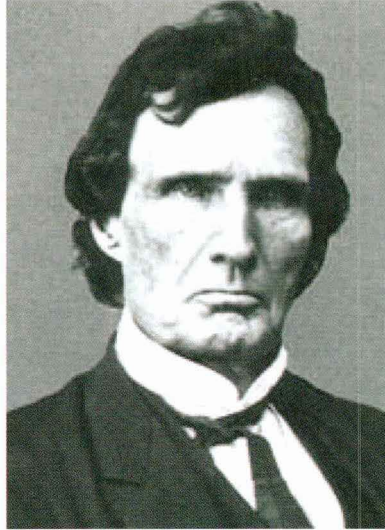


Recognized Crisis, greed for ordering

[S]eeing that we must have somebody to quarrel with, I had rather keep our New England associates for that purpose, than to see our bickerings transferred to others. They are circumscribed within such narrow limits..., their numbers will ever be the minority, and they... constitute, from that circumstance, the natural division of our parties.

—Thomas Jefferson, just before his election as President

The War of 1812, the Second War of Independence, was decisive for the seemingly permanent discrediting of New England. The Yankee ruling class opposed the war even though it was begun by Southerners on behalf of oppressed American seamen, most of whom were New Englanders. Yankees did not care about their oppressed poorer citizens because they were making big bucks smuggling into wartime Europe. One New England congressman attacked young patriot John C. Calhoun as a backwoodsman who had never seen a sail and



Thaddeus Stevens

who was unqualified to deal with foreign policy.

During the war Yankees traded with the enemy and talked openly of secession. (Southerners *never* spoke of secession in time of war.) Massachusetts refused to have its militia called into constitutional federal service even after invasion, and then, notoriously for years after, demanded that the federal government pay its militia expenses.

Historians have endlessly repeated that the “Era of Good Feelings” under President Monroe refers to the absence of party strife. Actually, the term was first used to describe the state of affairs in which New England traitorousness had declined to the point that a Virginia president could visit Boston without being mobbed.

Yankee political arrogance was soulmate to Yankee cultural arrogance. Throughout the antebellum period, New England literature was characterized and promoted as *the* American literature, and non-Yankee writers, in most cases much more talented and original, were ignored or slandered. Edgar Allan Poe had great fun ridiculing the literary pretensions of New Englanders, but they largely succeeded in dominating the idea of American literature into the 20th century. Generations of Americans have been cured of reading forever by being forced to digest dreary third-string New England poets as “American literature.”

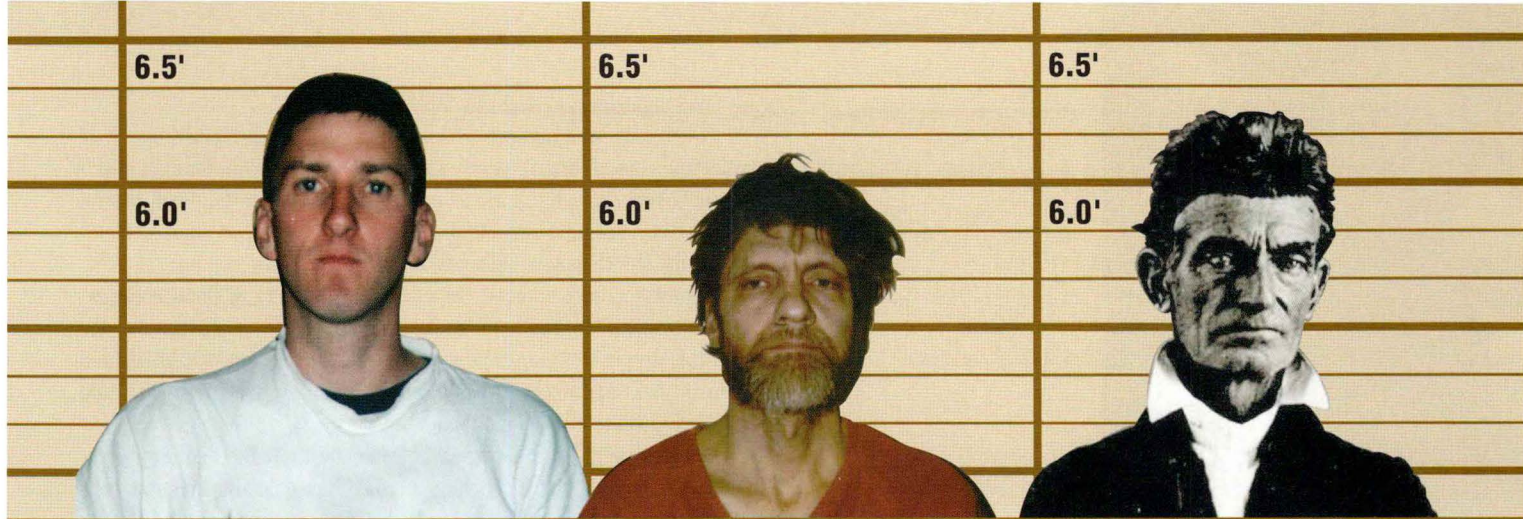
In 1789, a Connecticut Puritan preacher named Jedidiah Morse published the first book of *American Geography*. The trouble was, it was not an American geography but a Yankee geography. Most of the book was taken up with describing the virtues of New England. Once you got west of the Hudson River, as Morse saw it and conveyed to the world’s reading public, the U.S. was a benighted land inhabited by lazy, dirty Scotch-Irish and Germans in the Middle States and lazy, morally depraved Southerners, corrupted and enervated by slavery. New Englanders were pure Anglo-Saxons with all virtues. The rest of the Americans were questionable people of lower or mongrel ancestry. The theme of New Englanders as pure Anglo-Saxons continued right down through the 20th century. The alleged saints of American equality operated on a theory of their racial superiority. While Catholics and Jews were, in the South, accepted and loyal Southerners, Yankees burned down convents and banished Jews from the Union Army lines.

A few years after Morse, Noah Webster, also from Connecticut, published his *American Dictionary* and American spelling book. The trouble was, it was not an American dictionary but a New England dictionary. As Webster declared in his preface, New Englanders spoke and spelled the purest and best form of English of any people in the *world*. Southerners and others ignored Webster and spelled and pronounced real English until after the War of Southern Independence.

As the books show, Yankees after the War of 1812 were acutely aware of their minority status. And here is the important point: they launched a deliberate campaign to take over control of the idea of “America.”

The campaign was multi-faceted. Politically, they gained profits from the protective tariff and federal expenditures, both of which drained money from the South for the benefit of the North, and New England especially. Seeking economic advantage from legislation is nothing new in human history. But the New England greed was marked by its peculiar assumptions of moral superiority. New Englanders, who were selling their products in a market from which competition had been excluded by the tariff, proclaimed that the low price of cotton was due to the fact that Southerners lacked the drive and enterprise of virtuous Yankees! (When the South was actually the *productive* part of the U.S. economy.)

This transfer of wealth built the strength of the North. It was even more profitable than the slave trade (which New England shippers carried on from Africa to Brazil and Cuba right up to the War Between the States)



A rogues gallery of Yankee political activists: Tim McVeigh, Ted Kaczynsky, and John Brown.

and the Chinese opium trade (which they were also to break into).

Another phase of the Yankee campaign for what they considered their rightful dominance was the capture of the history of the American Revolution. At a time when decent Americans celebrated the Revolution as the common glory of all, New Englanders were publishing a literature claiming the whole credit for themselves. A scribbler from Maine named Lorenzo Sabine, for one example among many, published a book in which he claimed that the Revolution in the South had been won by New England soldiers because Southerners were traitorous and enervated by slavery. As William Gilmore Simms pointed out, it was all lies. When Daniel Webster was received hospitably in Charleston, he made a speech in which he commemorated the graves of the many heroic Revolutionary soldiers from New England which were to be found in the South. The trouble was, those graves did not exist. Many Southern volunteers had fought in the North, but no soldier from north of Pennsylvania (except a few generals) had ever fought in the South!

George Washington was a bit of a problem here, so the honor-driven, foxhunting Virginia gentleman was transformed by phony folklore into a prim New Englander in character, a false image that has misled and repulsed countless Americans since.

It should be clear, this was not merely misplaced pride. It was a deliberate, systematic effort by the Massachusetts elite to take control of American symbols and disparage all competing claims. Do not be put off by Professor Sheidley's use of "Conservative Leaders" in his title. He means merely the Yankee ruling elite who were never conservatives then or now. Conservatives do not work for "the transformation of America."

Another successful effort was a New England claim on the West. When New Englanders referred to "the West" in antebellum times, they meant the parts of Ohio and adjacent states settled by New Englanders. The rest of the great American West did not count. In fact, the great drama of danger and adventure and achievement that was the American West, from the Appalachians to the Pacific, was predominantly the work of Southerners and not of New Englanders at all. In the Midwest, the New Englanders came after Southerners had tamed the wilderness, and they looked down upon the early settlers. But in Western movies we still have the inevitable family from Boston moving west by covered wagon. Such a thing never existed! The people moving west in covered wagons were from the upper

There is at work in this land a Yankee spirit and an American spirit.

—James H. Thornwell, 1859

South and were despised by Boston.

So our West is reduced, in literature, to *The Oregon Trail*, a silly book written by a Boston tourist, and the phony cavortings of the Eastern sissy Teddy Roosevelt in the cattle country opened by Southerners. And the great American outdoors is now symbolized by Henry David Thoreau and a little frog pond at Walden, in sight of the Boston smokestacks. The Pennsylvanian Owen Wister knew better when he entitled his Wyoming novel, *The Virginian*.

To fully understand what the Yankee is today—builder of the all-powerful "multicultural" therapeutic state (with himself giving the orders and collecting the rewards) which is the perfection of history and which is to be exported to all peoples, by guided missiles on women and children if necessary—we need a bit more real history.

That history is philosophical, or rather theological, and demographic. New Englanders lived in a barren land. Some of their surplus sons went to sea. Many others moved west when it was safe to do so. By 1830, half the people in the state of New York were New England-born. By 1850, New Englanders had tipped the political balance in the Midwest, with the help of German revolutionaries and authoritarians who had flooded in after the 1848 revolutions.

The leading editors in New York City, Horace Greeley and William Cullen Bryant, and the big money men, were New England-born. Thaddeus Stevens, the Pennsylvania steel tycoon and Radical Republican, was from Vermont. (Thanks to the tariff, he made \$6,000 extra profit on every mile of railroad rails he sold.)

The North had been Yankeeized, for the most part quietly, by control of churches, schools, and other cultural institutions, and by whipping up a frenzy of paranoia about the alleged plot of the South to *spread slavery to the North*, which was as imaginary as Jefferson's guillotine.

The people that Cooper and Irving had despised as interlopers now controlled New York! The Yankees could now carry a majority in the North and in 1860 elect the first sectional president in U.S. history—a threat to the South to knuckle under or else. In time, even the despised Irish Catholics began to think like Yankees.

We must also take note of the intellectual revolution amongst the Yankees which created the modern version of self-righteous authoritarian "Liberalism" so well exemplified by Mrs. Clinton. In the 1830s, Ralph Waldo Emerson went to Germany to study. There he learned from philosophers that the world was advancing by dialectical process to an ever-higher state. He returned to Boston, and after marrying the dying daughter of a banker, resigned from the clergy, declared the sacraments to be a remnant of barbarism, and proclaimed The American as the "New Man" who was leaving behind the garbage of the past

and blazing the way into the future state of perfection for humanity. Emerson has ever since in many quarters been regarded as *the* American philosopher, the true interpreter of the meaning of America.

From the point of view of Christianity, this "American" doctrine is heresy. From the point of view of history it is nonsense. But it is powerful enough for Ronald Reagan, who should have known better, to proclaim America as the shining City upon a Hill that was to redeem mankind. And powerful enough that the United States has long pursued a bipartisan foreign policy, one of the guiding assumptions of which is that America is the model of perfection to which all the world should want to conform.

There is no reason for readers of *Southern Partisan* to rush out and buy these books, which are expensive and dense academic treatises. If you are really interested, get your library to acquire them. They are well-documented studies, responsibly restrained in their drawing of larger conclusions. But they indicate what is hopefully a trend of exploration of the neglected field of Yankee history.

The highflying Yankee rhetoric of Emerson and Hillary Rodham Clinton has a nether side, which has its historical origins in the "Burnt Over District." The "Burnt Over District" was well known to antebellum Americans. Emersonian notions bore strange fruit in the central regions of New York State settled by the overflow of poorer Yankees from New England. It was "Burnt Over" because it (along with a similar area in northern Ohio) was swept over time and again by post-millennial revivalism. Here preachers like Charles G. Finney began to confuse Emerson's future state of perfection with Christianity, and God's plan for humanity with American chosenness.

If this were true, then anything that stood in the way of American perfection must be eradicated. The threatening evil at various times was liquor, tobacco, the Catholic Church, the Masonic order, meat-eating, marriage. Within the small area of the Burnt Over District and within the space of a few decades was generated what historians have misnamed the "Jacksonian reform movement." Joseph Smith received the "*Book of Mormon*" from the Angel Moroni; William Miller began the Seventh Day Adventists by predicting, inaccurately, the end of the world; the free love colony of John Humphrey Noyes flourished at Oneida; the first feminist convention was held at Seneca Falls; and John Brown, who was born in Connecticut, collected accomplices and financial backers for his mass murder expeditions.

It was in this milieu that abolitionism, as opposed to the antislavery sentiment shared by many Americans, including Southerners, had its origins. Abolitionism, despite what has been said later, was *not* based on sympathy for the black people nor on an ideal of natural rights. It was based on the hysterical conviction that Southern slaveholders were evil sinners who stood in the way of fulfillment of America's divine mission to establish Heaven on Earth. It was not the Union that our Southern forefathers seceded from, but the deadly combination of Yankee greed and righteousness.

Most abolitionists had little knowledge of or interest in black people or knowledge of life in the South. Slavery promoted *sin* and thus must end. No thought was given to what would happen to the African-Americans. In fact, many abolitionists expected that evil Southern whites and blacks would disappear and the land be repopulated by virtuous Yankees.

The darker side of the Yankee mind has had its expression in American history as well as the side of high ideals. Timothy McVeigh from

The Yankees succeeded so well... that there was no longer a Yankee problem. Now the Yankee was America and the South was the problem.

New York and the Unabomber from Harvard are, like John Brown, examples of this side of the Yankee problem. (Even though distinguished Yankee intellectuals have declared that their violence was a product of the evil "Southern gun culture.")

General Richard Taylor, in one of the best Confederate memoirs, *Destruction and Reconstruction*, related what happened as he surrendered the last Confederate troops east of the Mississippi in 1865. A German, wearing the uniform of a Yankee general and speaking in heavily accented English, lectured him that now that the war was over, Southerners would be taught "the true American principles." Taylor replied, sardonically, that he regretted that his grandfather, an officer in the Revolution, and his father, President of the United States, had not passed on to him true American principles. Yankeeism was triumphant.

Since the Confederate surrender, the Yankee has always been a strong and often dominant force in American society, though occasionally tempered by Southerners and other representatives of Western civilization in America. In the 1960s the Yankee had one of his periodic eruptions of mania such as he had in the 1850s. Since then, he has managed to destroy a good part of the liberty and morals of the American peoples. It remains to be seen whether his conquest is permanent or whether in the future we may be, at least to some degree, emancipated from it. ✪

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ROBERT TOOMBS

The Unrecons

BY DON FARRANT



There is no great mystery to the life of Robert Toombs. He was simply a man dedicated to the South and convinced her cause was just. And since he was an influential figure, his voice was heard.

Toombs, before the War Between the States, was a successful lawyer and planter. He led a stormy career as Georgia state legislator, U.S. congressman and senator, later an official of Jefferson Davis's cabinet; and still later an officer in the Confederate Army. He was one of those who fled to avoid imprisonment in the aftermath of a lost struggle, but he never changed his previ-

ous convictions about the "rightness" of the cause. Although some looked at the post-war era as better days, Toombs saw the antebellum period as the "better days" which should never have been changed. He is still known as "Georgia's only unreconstructed rebel."

Toombs was born in Wilkes County, Georgia in 1810, the son of Major James Toombs of Virginia, a veteran of the Revolution. Growing to manhood, he became known for high integrity and notable pride about his beliefs. He attended the University of Georgia but was so adamant about the strict discipline of the school that he rebelled and was not allowed to graduate.

The story goes that in a streak of independence he gave an oration outlining his views of school discipline under an oak outside the college chapel. He attracted a bigger audience than the commencement exercises inside! That tree, now gone, was always called the Toombs Oak.

Later, Toombs was graduated from Union College in New York State and studied law at the University of Virginia. Many years after this, the University of Georgia offered him a degree, which he proudly and grandly refused.

In 1810 he married Martha Juliann ("Julia Ann") Dubose of Wilkes County, at the age of 20—just after being admitted to the Georgia bar.

For the next 30 years (leading up to the War Between the States), Toombs prospered in his law practice. He was happily married, and Julia bore him three children. He joined the Home Guard (militia) and in 1836 fought the Creek Indians in Western Georgia. Later that same year he campaigned for and was elected to the Georgia House of Representatives.

In 1830 he was able to buy the lovely four-columned house which even today is open to visitors, full of displays and memorabilia and known as the Toombs House in Washington, Georgia.

He gained skill as a speaker, being popular with audiences when speaking on political subjects, and in 1844 was elected to the U.S. House of Representatives (29th Congress). His leadership was recognized, and his principles were firm: He opposed the annexation of Texas, but supported the Protective Tariff. He came out in favor of War with Mexico, and he spoke resolutely on the right of Southerners to own slaves. Toombs also served a

term in the U.S. Senate after ending his second term in the House.

But war was imminent in 1860—Lincoln had been elected, and South Carolina had seceded from the Union. Promptly, Toombs became a delegate to Georgia's Secession Convention.

When the Confederate government was formed at Montgomery in 1861, Toombs helped out on the Finance Committee. Although he allied himself with the principles of the new Confederacy, he seems to have embarked on what would be a permanent disapproval of President Jefferson Davis. There was a good reason for this: Davis had the job that Toombs thought he should have. However, these were perilous times and in spite of friction between the two, Davis named him his first secretary of state. Toombs confided to associates that he took the job only "for harmony's sake."

At the start of the war, Toombs urged Davis to use the South's unlimited credit for loans for the purchase of the munitions of war. This was not done and afterwards the South's credit declined to alarming levels. He also tried to persuade Davis to ship every available bale of cotton to Europe for the procurement of arms. Instead, Davis ordered an embargo on shipments of cotton to England and France to pressure those governments into recognizing the Confederacy. This enraged Toombs.

Personally, Toombs was about as colorful a figure as the Old South ever produced. In fact, around this resolute old statesman there developed a sort of legendary atmosphere that grew as the years passed. Partly, this "aura" existed because folks saw in him as a flashback to the times when things were slow and uncomplicated in the South. He became a symbol—and so he has remained.

He was constantly sought by the press. Ever since he started his political life, reporters loved to listen to his rapid-fire dialog, for it was said his tongue "went running like a bell clapper." Reporters especially liked the fact that he seemed completely uninhibited, speaking openly and boldly of his enemies and making verbal attacks with complete disregard and disdain. Records show that he could roar with laughter and then, in the next breath, swear profusely. He took delight in shocking newspapermen (especially northern ones) with wild and imaginary tales.

Toombs had a poor opinion of the Confederate cabinet. When the war broke out he is said to have called them "a queer crowd, which had a queer history." He added: "I do not believe there is a man in it that has a thousand dollars worth of credit." Coupling this with his dislike of Davis, it's not surprising that on July 21, 1861 he placed his resignation in the president's hands.

Acting promptly, Toombs accepted a commission in the Army. He joined General Joseph Johnston at Manassas, where the first battle had just ended, leaving the CSA in control of the field. He found the soldiers grumbling about not being allowed to capture Washington and end the war. Toombs told them they were right.

Brigadier General Toombs, while perhaps not the best strategic field commander, was always a brave leader in battle. All the way through to the fall of 1862 he commanded different Confederate brigades, mostly with a good record of valor.

After the action of the Seven Days conflict, however, he was criticized by General D.H. Hill for the behavior of his brigade at Malvern Hill. His demand

Tructed Rebel

for satisfaction went unanswered. At Sharpsburg his brigade performed creditably and he suffered a hand wound. Then on or about March 4, 1863, he submitted his resignation from the service. Apparently a chief reason for this was his disappointment over being passed over for promotion.

Back in Georgia, Toombs joined forces with Alexander Stephens, an old friend who had left his post as Confederate Vice President, and these two made quite a pair as advisors to Governor Joseph Brown of Georgia. Both were unhappy with the way things were going.

Gov. Brown had also butted heads with Davis, but he was in high favor for commercial reasons. He had erected factories in Georgia that were vital to the Confederate war machine. The Union, in fact, considered Georgia the "arsenal of the Confederacy" and it was a marked state. Sherman, on his famous march, was determined to curb this potential, where he could.

In his prime, Toombs had an impressive physical appearance. Standing over six feet tall, he had broad shoulders and long, glossy black hair, which he tossed about while speaking. His voice, in the words of one admirer, was like a trumpet, although without sweetness; and his eyes, which were dark and flashing, had a habit of ranging all around the room while he spoke.

In April 1865 came word of Lee's surrender, followed by the news of Lincoln's assassination. Federal orders were issued for the arrest of General Toombs, along with Alexander Stephens, Jeff Davis and Judah P. Benjamin. During this hectic spring of '65, Davis and Stephens were captured, but Benjamin and Toombs escaped.

It seems that General Toombs was at his home in Washington, Georgia when Union troops approached. He saw them coming and went out the back door. At this point the Federal commander entered the house and confronted Mrs. Toombs, demanding to know his whereabouts. Here, Julia stalled, hoping to gain time to let her husband get away; and she and her daughter tried to engage the colonel in conversation. But alas, Southern charm did not work—and the officer stuck to his point and threatened to burn the house unless they revealed the whereabouts of the fugitive. Things were tense, but finally a neighbor appeared and persuaded the Yankee colonel to give up the chase.

General Toombs, in his flight to avoid capture, had many friends and it seems that wherever he went, through woodlands and swamps, he would hole up with one of them. Then, in a fortunate move, he joined forces with a loyal friend, a young lieutenant named Charles E. Irvin. This officer helped the general procure clothes, money and his horse, Gray Alice, which had been his mount during the war. Then he stuck with Toombs while the fugitive organized plans for leaving the country.

Working together, the general and the young lieutenant eluded the Yankees for seven months. There were some close calls, and in one instance they rode through an entire federal garrison without being recognized. Then in late 1865 the two made their way to New Orleans, where Toombs embarked on a steamer. Saying good-bye to his faithful companion, he sailed to Europe by way of Cuba.

During his get-away travels, a lot of Toombs's itinerary is unclear, but his wife, in answer to his messages, did join him in Liverpool. From there they went to other parts of Europe, finally ending up in Paris. Early in 1867 Julia returned to America, followed later that year by the general himself. He

landed in Havana, then made his way to Georgia by a roundabout trip.

The old warhorse was just as vocal in his opinions as ever, and just as popular with reporters. When one of them asked if he would ever serve in public office again, he responded: "I am out of politics; I have had my day. I am getting old and age should be respected, even in politics."

When an old colleague from the U.S. Congress asked if he had applied for a pardon, as most southern veterans had done, the general had a quick reply: "Pardon for what? I have not pardoned *you* all yet."

There are other pearls of Toombs's wit that have become legendary, such as:

Toombs disapproved of Prohibition, saying, "Prohibitionists are men of small pints."

When asked his opinion of the U.S. elections of 1880, he said he preferred Grant for the presidency because "if a crisis should come he would be more apt to destroy the Union, which I so earnestly desire."

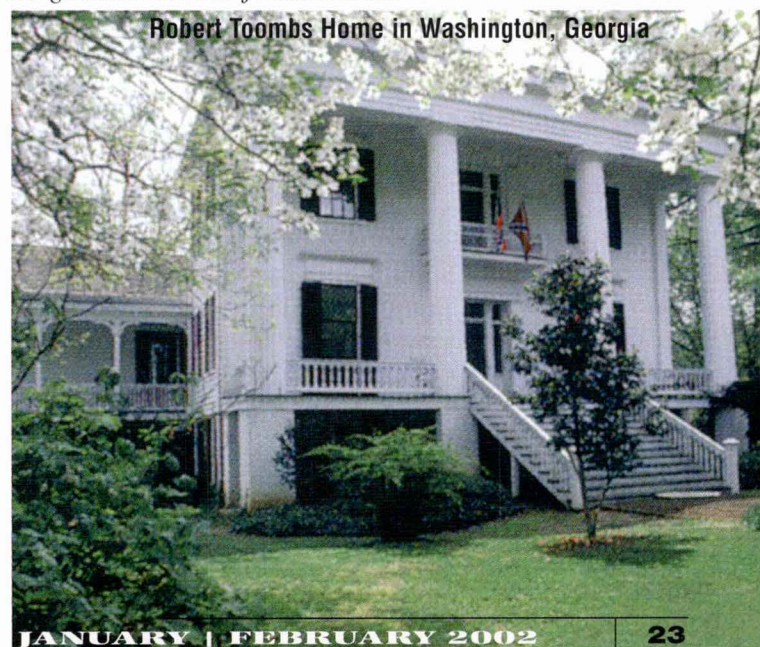
When the town of Washington, Georgia planned to build a hotel, Toombs, in disapproving, said, "If a respectable man comes to town he can stay at my house. If he is not respectable, we don't want him here at all."

Settling back into his former life, Toombs took an active interest in post-war political matters and resumed his law practice. He worked actively on the committee to draft a constitution for the "new state of Georgia." But his age began to tell on him. The hot summer of 1877 drained his strength and his hard, persistent work on the constitution weakened him.

The old statesman and soldier, who had once been labeled the grandest-looking man on the continent, was now stooped and weary. Though he rallied to enjoy a period of physical well-being, two events occurred in 1883 which threatened his hold on life. In March he wept at the funeral of Alexander Stephens, and later that same year his wife Julia died.

On December 15, 1883 Robert Toombs breathed his last. He was buried in Washington, Georgia. ☛

A native of Michigan, Mr. Farrant lives in St. Simon's Island, Georgia and is an active freelance writer.



Bravely holding the line at Petersburg

BY KIP SMITH

As *Partisan* readers are keenly aware, it's difficult to find even a magazine article or television show these days that treats the War Between the States with objectivity and balance—but in Petersburg, Virginia, you'll actually find an entire 422-acre facility which manages to do exactly that.

It's the new Pamplin Historical Park and The National Museum of the Civil War Soldier. But if you plan to visit, be prepared: every component of this new and vibrant center takes the radical stand ... of neutrality.

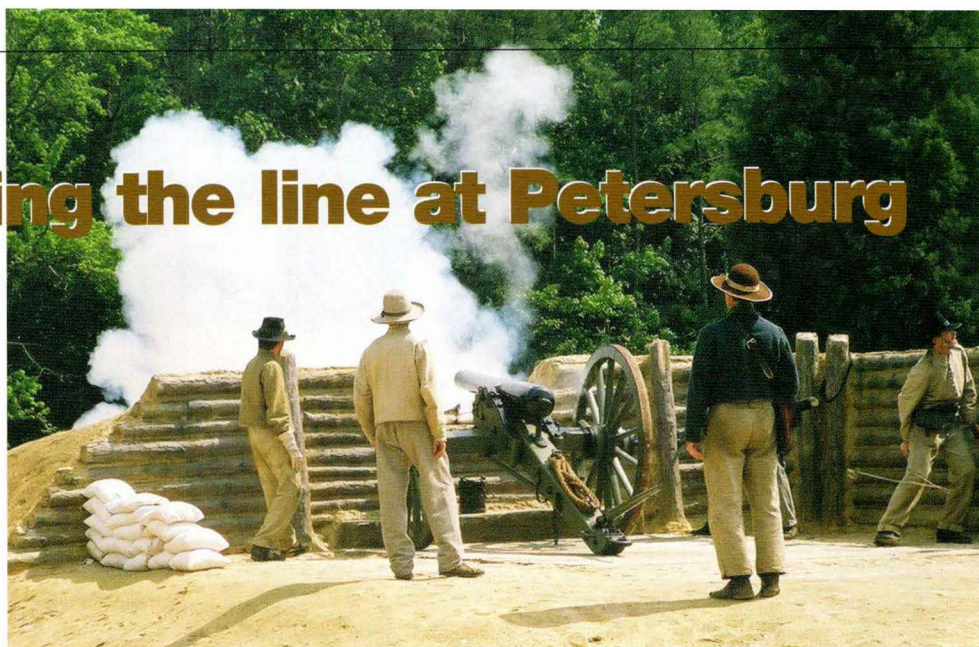
The nucleus of the large park is The National Museum of the Civil War Soldier and you'll quickly discover that it is aptly named. Because throughout its 25,000 square feet of displays and resources, all aspects of the War are depicted through the lives and experiences of the common soldier—both Blue and Gray.

The neutral tone of the museum is set right at its front entrance, where you'll be met by two silent sentries in a sculpture by Ron Tunison entitled "The Soldiers' Bivouac." In this evocative work, no details have been included on either the sculpted figures or their gear which would associate them with either North or South.

The overused term "state of the art" is the only adequate description for the interior of this museum; its striking graphics and multimedia displays could hold their own alongside those in any metropolitan science or art museum.

Before entering the exhibit areas, each visitor is equipped with a personal electronic tour guide: a portable CD-ROM player with headphones. When you are issued your player, you may select one of 14 historic "comrades"—actual soldiers whose narrative will be heard throughout your tour. (In keeping with the "bipartisan" spirit of the museum, you have your choice of soldiers in blue or gray, hailing from Massachusetts to Missouri.)

As you enter each gallery, an electronic signal activates your player, orienting you to the contents of each room with narration, dramatizations, and sound



Visitors are treated to very matter-of-fact demonstrations of rifles and artillery.

effects. (You'll also hear excerpts from your chosen soldier's wartime correspondence, chronicling his experience through the war.)

As you explore the museum, you'll pass through galleries that trace the soldier's lives from conscription through discharge (or desertion, imprisonment, or interment, as the case may be).

Along the way, virtually every aspect of the soldier's daily life—including the soldiers' faith in God—is represented through more than 1,000 artifacts. Some of the most fascinating items on display are some of the most mundane ... little ephemera such as toothbrushes and lice combs that make very palpable the experience of life in camp. (There's even an authentic carpet bag for the benefit of the Northern visitors.)

If you have easily-bored children, rest assured that this is a museum that's clearly designed for the DVD and MP3 generation. In one gallery, the floor rumbles beneath your feet with the concussion of artillery. As video-projected troops (again, both North and South) fire a volley at you, hidden jets blow bursts of air onto your face to simulate passing slugs. Interactive touch-screen kiosks abound, allowing visitors to select even more topics to learn about through sight and sound.

A Warning for the Fainthearted

Some modern museum-goers prefer their history served up pre-digested, with all the unsettling complexities and ambi-

guities safely filtered out. But those who are more comfortable with pre-interpreted history may feel at a loss here. Most of the information presented at the park requires the visitor to confront history on his own, even when the subject is as sensitive as slavery.

As it examines the socio-economic catalysts of the War, the museum rightly conveys the cruelty and indignity of slavery. However, it also affirms that most Southerners did not own slaves, and is also so bold as to point out the racial prejudice rampant among Northern troops. It even displays a copy of Lincoln's 1863 amnesty offer to Union soldiers who deserted in the wake of the Emancipation Proclamation! (Needless to say, this is a privately funded facility.)

The same quality of exhibits and scholarship found in the main museum extends to the other buildings in the park. Domestic life is given its due with Tudor Hall, a restored mansion and outbuildings where costumed reenactors demonstrate 19th century chores.

This predominantly Federal-style home was used as a headquarters by Confederate Brigadier General Samuel McGowan during the fall and winter of 1864 (as his brigade of 1,400 South Carolinians fended for themselves in the surrounding fields and woods). Most displays in the house recreate the ambiance that would have been found during its days as McGowan's HQ.

A separate museum building called The Battlefield Center commemorates the Union breakthrough of April 2, 1865, when Maj. General Horatio Wright's 6th

Army Corps broke through the lines held by Brigadier General James H. Lane's North Carolina Brigade.

In addition to maps and memorabilia, the Center also offers visitors a brief (and yes, balanced) multimedia presentation recounting pivotal events in the Spring of '65 as the 10-month siege of Petersburg thundered to a close—events such as the loss of Forts Whitworth & Gregg, the death of A.P. Hill, and Lee's evacuation of Petersburg and Richmond.

Tracing The Crumbling Gray Line

Some of the park's greatest resources are actually outdoors. At the time of the Petersburg Campaign, the park's grounds were the site of some of the most extensive earthworks in North America; today they are some of the best preserved in North America. On a trail winding through the wooded grounds, you can walk by the very trenches Confederate troops dug and defended—with informative signs interspersed to explain the stages of the Union breakthrough.

The park also recreates how the battle-ready field fortifications would have looked in 1865, with ditches and parapets bristling with menacing spiked timbers. Nearby encampments of Confederate troops, and daily demonstrations of field cannon techniques complete the picture.

It seems that in recent years many battlegrounds which once had to be defended from invading troops have now had to be defended from invading shopping malls. We can be grateful to the Pamplin Foundation for one earthworks site that is not entombed in asphalt.

It seems to me that we are becoming a nation that prefers to feel rather than think. We don't want to *learn* about historic events, we want to *relate* to them, to know how participants in those events felt.

With that in mind, I suppose it's not just technology that makes this a 21st century museum; it's the emphasis on human experience which characterizes so much of the Park's content.

The Park's experiential exhibits enable the soldiers' modern descendants (who are hooked on talk radio and "Reality TV" shows) to make a very

human connection with their 19th-century forebears. Likewise, the park's extensive use of soldiers' often-poetic letters home is probably a device that helps provide the emotional dimension some of us these days seem to need in order to "relate" to historical events.

The museum's designers have likely read today's audiences correctly, and I commend them for tailoring the medium—but not the message—to current tastes. The resultant fairness and balance permeate the park to a degree that I actually found startling.

In fact, when I was issued the museum's portable CD player, I thought, a-ha! What an ideal tool for indoctrination: a recording that tells you what you're supposed to think as you walk through the museum! As I approached the first exhibits, I braced myself for a wave of propaganda to be pumped directly into my brain.

But what sorts of things did I actually hear as I strolled? A few samples from among the earliest statements in the narration:

Civil War soldiers on both sides were driven by a belief in their cause and a sense of duty to their country and community.... Both sides believed their cause upheld the true legacy of the American Revolution.... That commitment helped

them endure the hardships of a soldier's life, and enabled them to shape the history of this nation.... It was their willingness to sacrifice that transformed their lives. It is for that sacrifice, the extraordinary efforts of ordinary American citizens in extreme circumstances, that we honor them today.

From that moment, I was sold, and I began to relish absolutely every step of my journey.

Planning A Trip

Pamplin Historical Park is ideally situated for battlefield enthusiasts who would like to plan an excursion through several historic sites. A number of major battlefields are within a two-hour drive of Petersburg, including Five Forks, Sailor's Creek, and Appomattox (not to mention Richmond and its Museum of the Confederacy).

If you have kids in tow, you should allow the better part of a day for the visit to Pamplin Historical Park, because during much of the year, you'll find activities, tours, and demonstrations taking place throughout the park all day long. (To plan a trip around special events, check the park's web site at www.pamplinpark.org.)

Kip Smith still lives in the 20th century, just outside Lynchburg, Virginia.



These grizzled old soldiers gaze homeward from the entrance to the main museum.

Dixie's Dying Days

BY RALPH GREEN

Some people consider Appomattox as the day that Dixie died. Others date the occasion as the day that John Wilkes Booth killed Abraham Lincoln. The generosity of the surrender terms at Appomattox, the kind treatment and respect accorded the Confederates, and the rations and assistance provided to the Southern troops had indicated the strong possibility that peace would bring better days. That possibility went up with the smoke of Booth's gun. As shock and sadness waned across the North, hatred and anger filled the void, and a bitter attitude toward the conquered South arose. People swore vengeance on all Southerners. Scores of people throughout the Union were mobbed, lynched, killed, jailed for making comments against Lincoln or merely indicating indifference.

Newspapers referred to Booth as a "Rebel Desperado." *The New York Herald* proclaimed, "This is the news which has swept away from the public mind every sentiment of leniency or conciliation towards the brigands of the South." Northern leaders and newspapers alleged that the awful deed involved the character and responsibility of "the whole Rebel fraternity." The lives of Southern leaders were demanded as partial payment for the death of Lincoln. *The Chicago Tribune* railed that Robert E. Lee "is one of the guiltiest of all Rebel fiends and could we do it lawfully ... we would hang him with patriotic pleasure." President Jefferson Davis was hunted down as a treasonous murderer and thief. Some consider his capture as the day the Confederacy finally died.

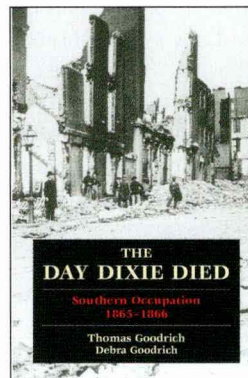
The victorious Northern armies spread across the South to those areas not already under their control. Some Northern soldiers were friendly and convivial. They showed respect and concern for the populace. Others lived up (or down) to their wartime reputation. Whether their victims were white or black mattered not to many Yankees who cared only for the spoils they could seize. Often there were multiple waves of looters in blue. When the blue tide of thieves and plunderers finally ebbed as the troops went to garrison the cities and

towns of the South, what little the South had not lost in the war had now been lost in "peace."

Blacks who thought the Northerners had come to save them were frequently treated as badly as, or even worse than, their former masters. One adorned himself with a watch and chain and ran to greet his saviors. Robbed of his watch and chain by the Yankees, he returned a sadder and wiser man, saying that it would be better to stay with the master who had given him the watch than go with them that stole it. However, many former slaves left their white families without a backward glance, some even leaving their black families. House servants tended to stay, while the ones who left were generally field hands.

Soldiers made their way home often with great difficulty, as there was little transportation available. Ships were few and operating railroads were slow and undependable. Many of the veterans basically walked all the way home. During their trips some received warm receptions, food, and shelter from the populace through which they trekked. Others faced cool or distant reception. The veterans found themselves waging internal struggles, trying to understand all they had been through, some ashamed that their efforts had not been successful, and many fearful of how they would be received at home. One veteran vowed he'd be damned if he ever loved a country again.

Southerners who wished to vote, transact business, follow any profession, get married, or even receive mail were required to take the Oath of Allegiance to the United States, an act likened to "swallowing the dog." The requirement to take the oath was like pouring salt into the wounds of the Southerners. Some took the oath with great reluctance. Others deemed the oath as non-binding since it was coerced. A Georgian said he had taken the oath three times and was still as big a Rebel as he ever was. A young girl who applied for rations was



The Day Dixie Died, Southern Occupation 1865-1866

by Tom and Debra Goodrich,
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania:
Stackpole Books, 320 pages,
35 b/w photos, \$26.95.

asked if she had sworn the oath. The naïve young girl said she had never sworn in her life. The amused agent told her that in order to obtain food she must swear the oath. Reluctantly she agreed. With her eyes downcast she finally said, "Well, sir, if you will make me do such a horrid, wicked thing—G^#%#^S the Yankees!"

War-ravaged white Southerners longed for a return to a more stable and civilized time. Freed blacks sought a new world of hope and happiness. Both were disappointed as they struggled for survival in a devastated

South without resources to support either. While it was true that the majority of freedmen were not committing crimes, it was also true that a black crime wave did take place. Former slaves, some civilians and others soldiers, raped, pillaged, and murdered, plunging the South into a maelstrom of violence. Vengeance was sometimes swift as well as unfair, as guilty and innocent received lethal retribution. Whites feared and mistrusted blacks. Blacks grew to hate all whites, not just their former masters. The South was plunged into decades of mistrust and violence between the races. Many Southerners came to the conclusion that the murder of Abraham Lincoln had been a disaster for the South because had he lived, the South would never have suffered such shame and sorrow.

The authors have performed a real service by providing a highly enlightening and thoroughly readable history of a critical period. ☼



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Two Cheers for Allen Tate

BY MARK ROYDEN WINCHELL

In his memoir of Allen Tate, Walter Sullivan describes one of Tate's oldest and dearest friends pounding his fist on his own dinner table and saying, "He's a monster! God damn it, he's a monster! But I love him."

If Tate could inspire such ambivalent feelings in those who knew him best and loved him longest, it is no wonder that he has posed a formidable challenge to would-be biographers. Throughout the 1960s and early seventies, Louis Rubin pursued the possibility of writing an account of Tate's life. This project never got off the ground because Tate feared Rubin might deal too candidly with aspects of his life that Tate preferred to keep under wraps. Although the poet Radcliffe Squires produced a book he called *Allen Tate: A Literary Biography* in 1971, that volume was essentially a critical study with a mingling of biographical information.

After Thomas Daniel Young declined to become Tate's official biographer for many of the same reasons that had driven Rubin off, Tate persuaded the critic Robert Buffington to undertake the assignment. Unfortunately, the more he got into the project, the more Buffington chafed under the restrictions placed upon him. By the time Tate died in 1979, Buffington was also out of the picture. At this point, a fourth biographer appeared on the scene. The poet Ned O'Gorman, who had no track record as either a scholar or critic, signed a contract with Simon & Schuster to write an unauthorized life of Tate on the strength of his having known the first two of Tate's three wives. Although the subject was no longer around to look over his biographer's shoulder, his widow Helen was. O'Gorman's research into the seamy side of Tate's personal life proved so thorough that Helen Tate has promised to sue him should he ever publish his findings.

Just when it appeared that a biography of

Allen Tate might never see the light of day, Thomas A. Underwood has published such a book with the Princeton University Press. Underwood's success in getting his study into print probably lies in his decision to focus only on the first half of Tate's life. By 1938,

Tate had written his one novel and most of the poetry and criticism on which his reputation rests. What is perhaps more to the point, most of the romantic dalliances that he and his widow have tried so hard to conceal were still in the future. Although Underwood's fifteen years of research have yielded enough information for a comprehensive biography, he has given no indication that a second volume will be forthcoming. Nevertheless, what he has produced forces us to reevaluate Tate as both man and artist.

Like the fist-pounding Brainard Cheney, Tate's

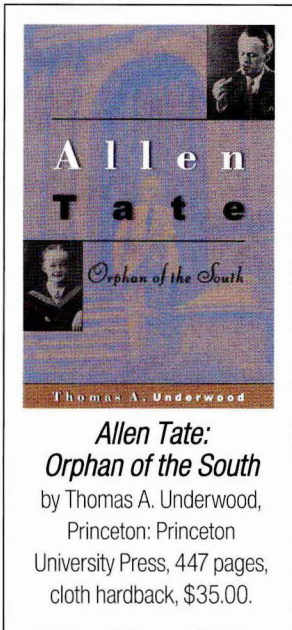
friends remember a man who produced contradictory emotions. Underwood suggests that the source of some of those contradictions may lie in Tate's childhood. Although his mother encouraged him to think of himself as part of the Virginia aristocracy, Tate was actually born of middle class stock in Kentucky. He came to value a sense of rootedness at least in part because of the peripatetic nature of his upbringing. (He rarely finished the academic year in the same school where he had started the previous fall.) His undergraduate experience at Vanderbilt provided him with the closest approximation of a home that he had ever known. His fellow Fugitive poets were not just friends but a surrogate family. If they sometimes fought like siblings, it was because they cared deeply about the same things. Initially, however, the cause of the South was not one of them. Because Tate and the other major Fugitives later launched the Agrarian movement, we tend to think of them as Southern Patriots. In fact, these young poets were reacting against the sentimental pieties of Southern literature as it

was then practiced. If conservatism means preserving the status quo, Tate was never a conservative. His loyalty was to an imagined social order, which never actually existed in the New South or the Old.

The only ideal outside of his own creature comforts to which Tate consistently devoted himself was his vocation as an artist. The integrity of his critical judgment meant more to him than social status, professional advancement, or personal friendship. Tate once boasted that, if Jesus Christ presented him with an inferior poem, he would tell him so. In an age when literary sycophants will do seemingly anything to promote their careers and reputations, Tate's example is sorely needed. The fact that he often fretted over the money and acclaim he didn't have simply proves that he was human and able to overcome at least some human temptations.

Unfortunately, when the priest of art takes the vow of poverty without also pledging himself to celibacy, he forces others to share his sacrifices. Because his first wife, Caroline Gordon, was also a writer, she knew what she was letting herself in for. Their children were not so lucky. Although some regard Tate and Gordon as Catholic moralists, their dedication to art caused them to abort at least one child and virtually abandon another as they lived a bohemian existence in New York and Paris.

In the thirty-nine years of Tate's life that Underwood covers, we see the seeds of the later man who dominates Walter Sullivan's *Allen Tate: A Recollection*. This book produced a minor scandal when it was published in 1987 because it exposed Tate as a compulsive lecher of almost Clintonian recklessness. (Apparently, the risk of getting caught only increased Tate's erotic pleasure.) The first time he met Tate, Sullivan and several other young writers (Robert Lowell, Jean Stafford, and Peter Taylor among them) were overnight guests at Tate's home in Monteagle, Tennessee. In the middle of the night Sullivan, whose room was separated by only a thin partition from the room of a female guest, "was awakened by the sound of Allen's making love." These and similar revelations caused some Fugitive chauvinists to denounce Sullivan the way that certain civil rights partisans denounced Ralph Abernathy for exposing the manifold fornications of the sainted Dr. King. Fortunately, one need not be a moral



**Allen Tate:
Orphan of the South**

by Thomas A. Underwood,
Princeton: Princeton
University Press, 447 pages,
cloth hardback, \$35.00.

paragon to accomplish great things in his professional life. It is perhaps best to admit this about those we admire—Tate included. For all his personal failings (including plagiarism—another vice he shared with King), Tate was probably the most indispensable figure in the Southern Literary Renaissance.

Prior to the Fugitives the only Southern poet of note to come along since the War Between the States was Sidney Lanier, and he had been dead since 1881. If the Fugitives brought Southern poetry into the twentieth century, it was largely through the efforts of Allen Tate. At least half the Fugitives had never progressed beyond the Victorian era, while those who had tended to be cautious in their embrace of literary modernism. It was Tate's genius to see that one could be *both* Southern and modern. If anything, romantic bombast had prevented a truly sophisticated exploration of Southern culture. Now that that culture seemed on the verge of assimilation into the mainstream of American life, it was possible for the artist to see it more clearly and love it more intensely.

In the 1920s, talented writers hailed from all parts of the country, but only in the South (and to a lesser degree the West) was regional identity an issue of central importance. By calling early and often for a profession of letters in the South, Tate forced his fellow Southern poets to come to terms with the culture outside their region. He also forced that larger culture to come to terms with the South. He was neither the best Southern poet nor the best Southern critic of his time, but no one combined both callings better than he. Moreover, in transforming the *Sewanee Review* from a respectable but obscure quarterly into one of the major literary magazines of the Western World, he left a legacy more important than any single poem or essay he ever wrote.

Because Tate wrote only one novel, *The Fathers* (1938), his influence on Southern fiction was minimal. Faulkner would have written his great novels whether or not Tate had ever existed. It is not clear, however, that we would recognize him as a distinctively Southern novelist rather than an American novelist who happened to live in the South. After a brief period of prominence in the twenties and thirties, Faulkner's stock had so plummeted that, by 1945, his

books were out of print and the plates on which they had been printed had been melted down for war material. The rehabilitation of Faulkner's reputation began with the publication of Malcolm Cowley's *The Portable Faulkner* in 1946. This was followed by Faulkner's receiving the Nobel Prize in 1950 and so much subsequent critical attention that more scholarship is now devoted to Faulkner than to any other writer in English except William Shakespeare.

Unfortunately, in making Faulkner into a literary titan, such Northeastern critics as Cowley, Irving Howe, Alfred Kazin, and Lionel Trilling emphasized those aspects of his work that were critical of the traditional South. It was not until the early 1960s that this situation changed dramatically. Almost from the time that he was laid in his grave in 1963, Faulkner's fellow Southerners (principally Cleanth Brooks and Mel Bradford) launched an effort to claim him for their own. As Tom Landess describes this effort, "Faulkner was no longer a head mounted on the wall of Malcolm Cowley. Like Hector, his body was being fought for by his own people." Although Tate was not personally a major force in this effort, it is inconceivable that it would have happened had he not laid the theoretical groundwork in such essays as "The Profession of Letters in the South," "A Southern Mode of the Imagination" and "The New Provincialism." Had Allen Tate never existed, there would have been great literature in the South but no great Southern literature.

There is much to admire in Underwood's study. (That is comforting when one considers that it is the closest thing to a Tate biography we are likely to get in the foreseeable future.) The book is exhaustively researched and written in a style accessible to the intelligent general reader. Perhaps because he is an intellectual historian rather than a literary scholar, however, Underwood gives us little sense of Tate's specific qualities as an artist. He does not attempt a close reading of any of the poetry (not even Tate's masterpiece "Ode to the Confederate Dead"), nor does he carefully distinguish Tate's poetic style from that of his fellow Fugitives, who were working under similar influences and with similar materials. Also missing is a proper sense of the degree to which Tate and company had revolutionized literary criticism in this coun-

try by the end of the 1930s. Cleanth Brooks, who was the most seminal figure in this effort, acknowledged his debt to Tate by dedicating his first critical book, *Modern Poetry and the Tradition* (1939) to his friend and mentor. Although Alphonse Vinh's edition of the Brooks-Tate correspondence has been available for several years now, Underwood makes only passing reference to Brooks and has no reference to the "New Criticism" in his index.

If he pays too little detailed attention to Tate as poet and critic, Underwood overestimates his subject's role as a political figure. It is true that *I'll Take My Stand* probably never would have been published had it not been for Tate's efforts and connections. The collaboration of the Agrarians with other economic devolutionists, which culminated with the publication of *Who Owns America?* in 1936, also would not have happened but for Tate. After the late thirties, however, Tate drifted away from both Agrarianism and the cause of the South. Underwood's subtitle and much of the argument of his book suggest that Tate's concern with the South was due largely to unresolved psychological conflicts dating back to his childhood. Those conflicts seem to have been resolved imaginatively in *The Fathers*. This might explain why that book was Tate's only novel and why he lost interest in his relationship with the South after it was published. It is both understandable and appropriate that *Allen Tate: Orphan of the South* concludes with a detailed and thoughtful discussion of *The Fathers*.

Perhaps because of Underwood's excessive emphasis on Tate's politics, one prominent reviewer (Ian Hamilton writing in the *London Review of Books*) has resurrected the tendentious charge that the Agrarians were soft on Fascism. It is true that, for several years during the 1930s, Tate and his fellow Agrarians published almost exclusively in the *American Review*, which was edited by a Fascist sympathizer named Seward Collins. A man of intense but transitory enthusiasms, Collins began the *American Review* as a forum for neo-humanism, Agrarianism, neo-scholasticism, and distributism. It was only after he had concluded that none of these philosophies (nor such native American strongmen as Franklin Roosevelt and Huey Long) could save Western Civilization that Collins

became an admirer of Mussolini. Although the Agrarians were decidedly non-Fascist (they believed in regionalism and tradition, not utopian nationalism), they tolerated Collins in much the same way that American leftists of the time tolerated devotees of Stalin. Nevertheless, after Collins publicly associated the Agrarians with some of his more lunatic views, they publicly disassociated themselves from him. "I am so deeply opposed to fascism," Tate wrote in a letter to the *New Republic*, "that I should choose communism if it were the alternative to it." While Underwood cites this letter, Hamilton does not.

No doubt, Thomas Underwood's book would have seemed more complete had his Southern "orphan" died in 1938. We could have bemoaned great promise cut short at the very dawn of middle age. If the biographer ever produces a second volume, it will almost certainly be an account of promise unfulfilled. In his late years, Tate was less a productive artist than a character in an as yet unwritten novel. To do justice to that character would require a writer as talented and complex as Allen Tate himself.

Mark Royden Winchell's most recent book is Where No Flag Flies: Donald Davidson and the Southern Resistance.

Beware Vain Repetitions

BY TOMMY M. STRINGER

After reading the *Prayer of Jabez* by Dr. Bruce H. Wilkinson of Atlanta, I came away slightly disappointed. I had looked forward to condemning Wilkinson as another false prophet of prosperity theology, but what I found was a diminutive book containing ... not much. He does such a good job disguising his prosperity approach; he leaves little theology to be examined. As a reminder to those fortunate enough to be out of mainstream Christianity, prosperity theology asserts that God materially blesses the faithful and subtly suggests that poor Christians might have fallen from God's favor—a heretical idea that contradicts Christ's Beatitudes. Wilkinson would deny that he is peddling prosperity theology, but he certainly tempts the buyer by asking on the back cover of his book, "Do you want to be extravagantly blessed by God?" and the promise to answer this question has prompt-

ed over 7 million people to buy his book.

If you are one of the other 273 million Americans who have not bought the book, you should know that Jabez is an Old Testament person named in the genealogy lists in the Book of First Chronicles. He is singled out because, unlike the others in the list, he has not forgotten to call on God. The writer of First Chronicles notes that Jabez asked for God's blessings and safety, a common supplication from those that know God. The writer goes on to note that God answered Jabez's prayer, a common response from God to those that are faithful to him. The writer does not suggest that God answered Jabez's prayer because he prayed it at some specified frequency or because he merely asked.

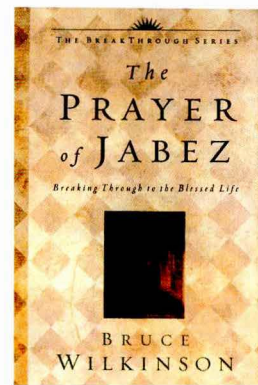
What readers find, when they open *The Prayer of Jabez*, is a gimmick, and not a very plausible one at that. According to Wilkinson, all you have to do to be "blessed" by God is to mimic the words of Jabez each day for the rest of your life, much like an incantation. Though Wilkinson says in his book that we should only want for ourselves "nothing more and nothing less than what God wants for us..." the basic problem with the book is that it centers around what we "want," which appeals perfectly to the typical contemporary Christian's insatiable consumerism. Lest we forget, Jesus commanded us in Matthew that, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." Jesus' concept of self-denial stands in complete contradiction to Wilkinson's assertion that we should get what we want. Of course, if all Wilkinson wanted to do was sell books, then it looks like God answered his prayer.

Instead of focusing on an obscure Old Testament passage, Wilkinson's readers would have benefited more from a discussion about the whole concept of prayer. He could have started with the ancient church's understanding that prayer should be central to the Christian's life. In the old days, Christians followed Paul's command to pray without ceasing by developing a regular round of daily services to be said or sung. By the sixth cen-

tury, these services had developed into eight specific times for corporate prayer: Matins, Lauds, Prime, Terce, Sext, None, Vespers, and Compline. These services followed prescribed liturgies that included prayers of adoration, thanksgiving, confession, petition, and intercession. The early Christians understood that communing with God in prayer involves much more than asking for certain things, and the liturgies were especially effective in teaching the newly converted how to pray. While

some modern Christian groups still have prayer services, most Christians now pray whenever and wherever they like (or mostly not at all). Proper daily prayer is hard work; that is why it is effective. Had Wilkinson been serious about strengthening the prayer life of Christians, he would have demanded a little more effort on the part of his readers. However, hard work is not very marketable and most contemporary Christians do not know or care what the church has developed over the past 2,000 years.

Southerners tend to know their theology, though we have tolerated our share of religious shysters in the past. Given our knowledge of scripture, how should we react to *The Prayer of Jabez*? More than any other region in the United States, we should know that there is no correlation between material blessing and spirituality. In fact, we have numerous examples that suggest the opposite to be true. The fact that Lee and Jackson, in all of their piety, could not enlarge their territory (in the words of Wilkinson) or, in the example of Jackson, save their lives, suggests that God's will cannot be divined by looking at our stuff or our personal goals. The South's current religiosity is a product of the faith of those who suffered want during the eighty years after Appomattox. Our ancestor's "want" forged a religious character that today allows us to stand against a world-system bent on destruction and stands in noble contrast to the "want" that Wilkinson discusses in his book. We should be wise enough to see *The Prayer of Jabez* for what it is: fast-food theology, perfect for the Christian with little time to commit to God and a large appetite



The Prayer of Jabez

by Dr. Bruce H. Wilkinson,
Sisters, Oregon: Multnomah
Publishers, 93 pages, \$9.99.

for the goods of this world.

Those who really want to learn about God's blessing should start with Psalm 1. Like the Beatitudes, the psalmist begins with a pronunciation of God's blessings. He says "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful." He goes on to describe the recipient of God's blessings as a person who meditates and delights in God's law day and night. In other words, this man prays without ceasing; a lot more work than just repeating the Jabez prayer.

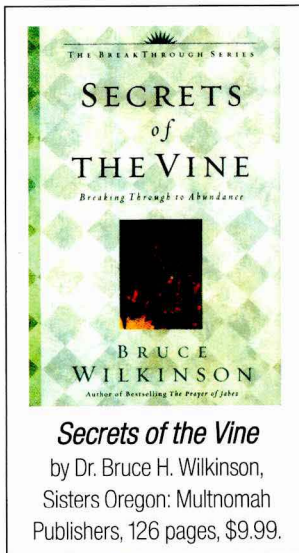
Those who buy this book to increase their worldly wealth and influence should remember Christ's admonition in Matthew. He said that we should "lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal, but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal."

Just a'swangin'

In his sequel to *Jabez*, *Secrets of the Vine*, Wilkinson promises to show Christians how to "break through to abundance." But before we learn the secrets that Wall Street does not know, maybe we should discuss the concept of prosperity theology. As Christian theology evolved in the ancient church, different doctrinal positions were posited, some sound and some not. When this happened, the Church, as a whole, would form a council and debate the issue. In fact, it was a response to theological differences that the Canon of Scripture was decided upon. At the conclusion of the debate, the council would decide what was doctrinally correct. If a Christian continued to adhere to a position that was not correct, he was condemned as a heretic and thrown out of the Church. One of the earliest heresies was Gnosticism. Generally, Gnostics believed that they had access to a secret spiritual knowledge that no one else knew, a claim of all heretics and cultists throughout church history.

Specifically, Gnostics asserted that all matter was evil and therefore Jesus could not have been incarnate as a man. By lessening the humanity of Jesus, they destroyed the atoning nature of his sacrifice.

Prosperity theologians believe that there is a direct correlation between spirituality and prosperity. Their motto could be "If you are living good, then you are doing good." In the *Secrets of the Vine*, Wilkinson follows the *modus operandi* of earlier heretics by claiming to possess a secret knowledge. In this case, it is the secret of the last words spoken by Christ to his disciples as they waited in the garden before the crucifixion. As they waited, Christ used the parable of a grapevine to show the relationship between him and his disciples. He states that he is the vine and his disciples the branches, and exhorts his disciples to abide in him. Those that abide in him will flourish and bring forth



fruit. Those that do not abide in him will be cut off. At the end of the parable, Jesus gives his disciples a direct command. He says in John 15:12, "This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you" and goes on to talk about the sacrifices required by love. The point of the parable is to show that those Christians that abide in Jesus will develop a love for one another so strong that they would be willing to die for each other as Christ died for all of us. Christian love is the fruit of the vine. Wilkinson claims that Christians have misunderstood Jesus' last parable and have not benefited from the abundant blessings that God intended them to have. Though he never directly states that material goods are the fruit of the vine, he completely ignores the sacrificial tone of the parable and talks continually about abundance.

Like the *Prayer of Jabez*, this book contains little theology. It is just another "feel-good" book aimed to relieve the guilt of rampant consumerism. The greatest shame of these two books has been Wilkinson's failure to condemn the mis-

guided efforts of Christians to have it both ways: to serve God and mammon.

Beyond Spoon River

BY CHARLES S. HAMEL

Sadly, we live at a time when most young people are generally ignorant of the most important literary monuments of our culture. Even so, *Spoon River Anthology*, a series of imaginary tombstone epitaphs by Edgar Lee Masters, is apparently still studied in high schools and colleges and remains part of our cultural shorthand. It is good, therefore, to have a new biography of the author of *SRA*. Indeed, this is the first full-length biography of Masters ever attempted. Its author, Herbert K. Russell, is director for "college relations" (whatever that is) at John A. Logan College in Carterville, Illinois and is a recognized Masters scholar.

Russell has gone through much material on Masters previously not available because, for years, the Masters family refused to release it. However, with the passing of Masters's second wife, Ellen, it became possible for a biographer to review sources to which access had previously been denied. The result is this new, full, complete, and somewhat scandalous biography.

Edgar Lee Masters (his middle name given in honor of Robert E. Lee) was born in Garnett, Kansas in 1868, then transplanted to Illinois, where his family first moved to Petersburg and later to Lewistown, near the Spoon River. It was in these small rural Illinois towns that Masters grew up and from which he would draw inspiration for the *SRA*.

Young Masters spent a year in the preparatory division of Knox College in Calesburg, Illinois but never actually enrolled in the college. Instead he read law in the office of his father, Hardin Masters. In 1891, Edgar Lee was admitted to the Illinois bar. About a year later he moved to Chicago where he would reside for the next thirty years.

In 1898 Masters married Helen Jenkins who bore him three children. From 1903 to 1911 Masters was a law partner with the famous Clarence Darrow, but broke with Darrow over splitting a fee.

In 1907 Masters met Marion Reedy, the editor of a St. Louis magazine *Reedy's Mirror*. Reedy called Masters's attention to

The Greek Anthology, a collection of Greek epigrams from the fifth century B.C. to the Byzantine Period. Masters knew Greek well. Reading the ancient epigrams and epitaphs lit his creative fires and led to the publication of *SRA* in 1915. The appearance of the volume sparked a stormy controversy but quickly established Masters's literary reputation. Notorious at the time for its free verse exposure of small town hypocrisy, the poems draw heavily from classical Greek and Latin sources.

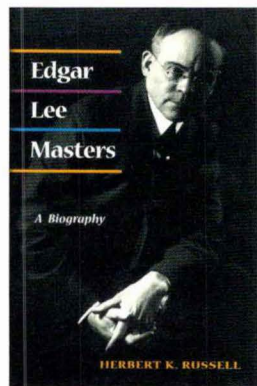
With the passing of time, *SRA* has itself become a modern classic, serving as a textbook example of how old wine can be repackaged in new bottles.

With *SRA*, Masters's reputation was instantly made. However, he never again wrote a poetic work as inspired or as valuable.

With his literary reputation established, Masters was suddenly confronted with a series of personal problems. As a result of the intensive labor and energy he had poured into *SRA*, he developed pneumonia, which put him out of work for a long period. In addition, he was having serious marital problems that sprang from what Masters called "one of those light-hearted adulteries that do no harm." The romantic partner to whom he referred was Lillian Wilson, who was not his first extra-marital liaison. A decade earlier he had fallen in love with a colorful sculptress named Tennessee Mitchell who later married novelist Sherwood Anderson. At one point, Masters hoped to marry Lillian Wilson, but his wife Helen was not cooperative. She saw to it that his finances were tied up in a receivership.

In 1922 Masters finally gained the divorce he sought. Although his literary reputation remained intact, his personal reputation had been sullied as well as his professional reputation as a lawyer. Disgusted and angered by the wagging tongues of Chicago, Masters moved to New York in 1923, where he took up residence at the Chelsea Hotel, a favorite watering hole for artists.

In 1926 Masters married a second time.



**Edgar Lee Masters:
A Biography**

by Herbert K. Russell,
Urbana: University of Illinois
Press, 462 pages, \$39.95.

His new bride was Ellen Coyne, a 26-year-old graduate of the University of Chicago. He and Ellen had a son, Hilary Masters, who is today a novelist and teacher of creative writing living in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

It was during his New York years (in 1931) that Masters wrote one of his best-known works, a biography of Abraham Lincoln entitled *Lincoln The Man*. In a number of ways Masters was an ideal person to write an informed, accurate, non-iconic portrait of Lincoln. First of all, Masters had personal connections. His

father had practiced law with Herndon, Lincoln's law partner. Secondly, Lincoln as a lawyer had tried a case before Masters's grandfather, Squire Davis Masters. And thirdly, Masters had Southern ancestors, relatives, and sympathies that enabled him to see Lincoln without the aura of myth.

In fact, while visiting relations in Tennessee in 1927, Masters met with the Southern Agrarians at Vanderbilt University and clearly sympathized with their views. In assessing Lincoln, Masters sees the sixteenth president as the man who wrecked the Jeffersonian republic, which had existed in America prior to the War Between the States.

Lincoln The Man was published by Dodd, Mead and Co. and triggered an uproar of protests from the Northern press. Because the book presented Lincoln as a flawed human being rather than as a saint, a movement was launched to ban it. As a result of the controversy, even though sales were good, *Lincoln The Man* was withdrawn by the publisher after only one printing and was not reprinted until 1997, when the Foundation for American Education (FAE) republished it for a modern audience.

It is puzzling to note that Mr. Russell does not mention the FAE edition of the Lincoln book nor the fact that Hilary Masters gave FAE permission to reprint his father's work, which had been lost for seventy years. Ironically, Russell himself wrote the preface to FAE's 1997 edition of *Lincoln The Man*, which is still available from the publisher (FAE, P.O. Box 11708,

Columbia, SC, 29210).

Masters wrote other biographies as well (notably on Vachel Lindsay and Walt Whitman). None attained the notoriety of his work on Lincoln.

Masters's second marriage worked out about as well as could be expected for one of his temperament. Because Ellen had to make a living in the Chicago area, he and his wife were often separated. The family periodically got together but, according to Russell, Masters continued his extra-marital habits, including an extended affair with Alice Davis, who typed his manuscripts.

In the 1940s, Masters's health declined. In 1948 he was moved to a nursing home in Melrose Park, Pennsylvania where he died two years later, in March 1950. He was buried in his hometown of Petersburg, Illinois among those he had made famous through his Spoon River epitaphs.

With a study that is at times fascinating and at times tedious, Herbert Russell has made a solid contribution to literary history by giving us the first complete biography of Edgar Lee Masters. He succeeds in capturing the personality of a complex and colorful man who had serious personal flaws and yet was capable of creating inspired prose as well as solid scholarship on a large variety of topics.

By and large, Masters will be remembered for his *SRA* and perhaps his myth-busting life of Lincoln. Masters was a poet, a scholar, and a Jeffersonian democrat. Though he was not a native Southerner, his literary sensibilities were rooted in the agrarian temperament of the Old South, for which we celebrate his life and career.

Revolting Developments

BY JOHN C. PENDEGRASS

Those familiar with establishment writing could explain the theme of Kari Frederickson's *The Dixiecrat Revolt* without opening the book. She predictably describes the States Rights Democrats of the 1940s as race-obsessed, white supremacists struggling to protect their local power in light of President Harry Truman's civil rights initiatives. However, there are important insights couched within Frederickson's all too common portrayal of Southern politics.

For Frederickson and most academics, all that Southern politicians must do in order to win election is to tap the inherent racism of white voters. A better understanding of Southern politics of the 1940s would be to show how a beleaguered political class resorted to race-baiting because they had nothing else to offer. Frederickson comes close to such an analysis by distinguishing between two groups trying to attract white votes. The first consisted of the Black Belt-Delta politicians hoping to maintain control over cheap labor (i.e., black workers). The other group followed a more populist path while trying to expand the role of state governments in education, labor, and agriculture. A case could be made that each group promoted their causes separate from an obsession with race. Such is not found in *The Dixiecrat Revolt*. Here the

main story is how Southern conservatives attempted to ditch the national Democratic Party because its progressive leaders threatened the racial status quo in the South. Southern Democrats who championed “states rights” only because, for them, states rights equaled the racial oppression of blacks, not limited government.

The principal problem with *The Dixiecrat Revolt*, a dilemma faced by most students of Southern history, is using the terms “states rights” and “conservative.” The problem is not so much with the scholars who write about the South as it is with Southern leaders who use these terms without really believing in them. By the 1940s, states rights had become synonymous with local control rather than limited government. Hand in hand with local control went considerable political power, which was often used to promote the interests of the minority against the (typically white) majority. One would not find such policies defended by Thomas Jefferson, John Calhoun, or Jefferson Davis. Clearly many Dixiecrats only operated within the residual rhetoric of the Jeffersonians rather than promoted limited government. Perhaps we should begin replacing the term “states rights” with “states rackets.”

Frederickson’s description of the Dixiecrats carries some important lessons. She correctly lays blame for the Dixiecrat defeat on the inability of Southern conservatives to jettison their commitment to the national Democratic Party. She also provides a welcome description of how leading Dixiecrats like Strom Thurmond quickly abandoned the movement they created. In the end, partisan affection crippled the ability of Southern conservatives to either map out a mature and successful political strategy or to attract enough supporters to their movement.

The real tragedy is that long before the Dixiecrats, even before the War Between the States, Southerners settled for a similar arrangement. Between 1800 and 1860 some Southern leaders worked to gain control over national political parties and political institutions, while others buttressed the power of state governments to serve as a bulwark against federal encroachments should the others fail. In the end, Southern conservatives were drawn deeper into the nationalistic expansion of government power. Betting on their continued control of national politics backfired for conservatives in the 1940s the same way it did in 1860. The only way in American politics to gain national power is through political parties, which inevitably force their mem-

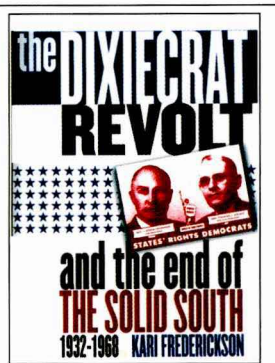
bers to compromise their interests or distract them with frivolous concerns and exciting partisan rallies—as the Dixiecrats realized too late. The capacity of political parties to neutralize principled, political movements should never be underestimated. Frederickson never addresses the phenomena specifically, but one finds examples of it throughout her work.

In terms of her insistence that the Dixiecrat movement was really all about race, it is difficult to question the ability of politicians in the South or anywhere else to play on ethnic and cultural rivalry, particularly when such differences promote real differences in political interests. One should expect such behavior when a single govern-

ment can now control hundreds of millions of people coming from diverse backgrounds. Of course a realistic solution to the problem of racism would be to reduce the size and scope of modern governments so that the variety of cultural groups under their control is reduced. The biggest problem with using racial and cultural political strategies is that they often drown out what other principles a political movement may espouse. *The Dixiecrat Revolt* is a case in point. Southerners opposed the New Deal and the Truman Administration for many different reasons, but the only one mainstream academics either care to address or understand is the South’s willingness to oppress blacks. Only passing mention is made of those like Marion Rushton, who wished to abandon the race issue altogether in favor of a clearer libertarian attack on big government policies emanating from Washington or Southern state capitals. Amazingly, one reads that those who opposed left-liberal demagogues like James K. Vardaman and Theodore Bilbo did so because the demagogues were not racist enough. Moderates, Frederickson writes, later won out over Dixiecrats in the early 1950s because they proved themselves to be the best racists. The picture is further distorted when Frederickson explains Franklin Roosevelt’s and Harry Truman’s motives in the 1940s. What was really an attack on the South’s traditional ruling elite—the American establishment’s leading opposition—is described simply as an attack on “white supremacy.” One is always frustrated when a rich, complicated story of political fighting is reduced to a mundane, singular justification for a holy (and now, failed) crusade.

To her credit, Frederickson provides one final important comment on the Dixiecrat movement and its ultimate failure. She notes how the Dixiecrats weakened the grip of the national Democratic Party in the South, opening the way for Republican inroads during the 1960s and 1970s. An important element in this shift, she claims, was the role played by World War II veterans. Returning veterans campaigned to clean up Southern politics and hoped to forever end the South’s backward place in American culture. Economic development, not racial solidarity, mattered most to these people, hence the decline in racial rhetoric.

Explaining how much the World War



The Dixiecrat Revolt and the End of the Solid South: 1932-1968
by Kari Frederickson,
Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press, 311 pages,
\$18.95.

II generation changed the South requires several books rather than a few sentences, and Frederickson really does nothing more than offer occasional comment. What affected Southerners serving in World War II was not their exposure to the outside world and gaining an “enlightened” view of what respectable Southern politics ought to be like. Instead, Southern veterans were the first to truly identify with American national identity. They were Americans, not Tennesseans, Virginians, or Floridians. Being good Americans meant having what other Americans possessed: a more prosperous middle class life than what the Depression-era South offered. Dixiecrat leaders followed directly from a long line of politicians, who had championed economic boosterism since the War but with little success. But they took advantage of the new attitude toward economic matters after their short-lived, Dixiecrat movement disappeared. Now white Southerners accepted what the New South politicians had been fighting for: state sponsored plans for economic development based on industrial recruitment, subsidies, and tax reductions. Not coincidentally, the same kind of politicians who thought local economies and communities could be artificially rearranged along racial lines using government power, used the same means to quickly expand economic development. Local control, that is, “state rackets,” continued.

This is why a Strom Thurmond could so readily abandon his racial rhetoric so quickly once the Dixiecrat movement collapsed. Protecting white supremacy was not their primary goal, but their ability to use government power to promote their economic interests was. When it became necessary to change the language of politics to achieve their objectives, they did so as quickly as possible.

Like it or not, the American march through Normandy changed the South far more than the March to Selma.

Truth in Paperback

BY ALAN CORNETT

The Intercollegiate Studies Institute has long been a source for tradition-based information aimed at the undergraduate and

graduate student. Now, ISI Books has begun a promising and needed series of “Student Guides.” The new guides are meant to be “user-friendly introductions to the most important fields of knowledge in the liberal arts.” Each slim volume (think nice “Cliff’s Notes”) gives a brief survey of and introduction to its area of study. ISI aims for them to “aid students in seeking to make better decisions about their course of study.” One can immediately see the value of such a series. Modern institutions of higher learning seem to make it their goal to cloud decision making; certainly they seek to keep students from a clear understanding of the underpinnings of our Western Civilization (not to mention an understanding of its last bastion, traditional Southern society).

Ralph M. McNery’s book marks a fine early entry to the series. McNery is director of the Jacques Maritain Center at Notre Dame and is the author of the Father Dowling mystery series. In keeping with his popular fiction writing, McNery’s overview of philosophy is far from boring; his lively writing carries us along through the great thinkers like a leaf in a creek after a heavy rain. One is left almost breathless.

McNery begins by distancing himself from the skepticism and nihilism of modern philosophy. He actually believes we can *know*—a radical concept at the dawn of the 21st century. His guide is “an effort to direct the beginner to the great sources of philosophy as to founts of truth.” There’s no echo of Pilate here: “What is truth?”

With Aristotle as his anchor, McNery moves from Plato, Augustine and Aquinas through the modern thinkers, beginning with Descartes. Our author loves to puncture the self-inflated balloon of modernity such as when he pokes at the “gall” of Descartes: “How could he induce us to doubt everything when all along we have to remember how to read French or Latin?” Throughout, McNery validates not only the legitimacy of philosophy itself, but also the solid foundation of classical Western thought that we can and ought to know truth.

Appended to the survey is a helpful bibliographical essay by Joshua P. Hochschild. And sprinkled throughout are sketches of the philosophers McNery deals with. Both serve as handy references for the student.

Equally as substantive is *A Student’s*

BOOKS OF THE SOUTH

“Truth is Error’s Best Antagonist”

- THE SOUTHERN ESSAYS OF RICHARD M. WEAVER, 288 pp.
Cloth\$20.00
- THE DEFENSE OF TRADITION: COLLECTED SHORTER WRITINGS OF RICHARD M. WEAVER: 1929-1963, by Richard M. Weaver, 861 pp. Cloth\$25.00
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- JEFFERSON DAVIS, AMERICAN Cloth, 757 pp. “Superbly researched, elegantly written”, Cooper\$35.00
- PREACHERS WITH POWER: Four Stalwarts of the South (Baker, Thornwell, Palmer, and Girardeau), Cloth, 198 pp., by Kelly\$24.00
- THE REAL LINCOLN: From the Testimony of His Contemporaries Cloth, 273 pp. Author, First president of VPI, Blacksburg, VA, by Minor\$16.00
- TWO LITTLE CONFEDERATES, Cloth, 156 pp. If you want your Boys to be Confederates, give them this book!, by Page 14.00
- THE SECRET SIX: John Brown and The Abolitionist Movement, by Otto Scott, Pb, 375 pp.19.95

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Guide to The Study of History by John Lukacs. Lukacs is retired professor of history, having taught at Chestnut Hill College. He is widely regarded as one of the 20th century's most profound and insightful historians. Certainly ISI could have found no one better for a solid, tradition-based understanding of what the study of history is. And with the barbarians at the gate (and in fact already streaming into the fortress), it is essential that we explain and defend the traditional liberal arts to the younger generations.

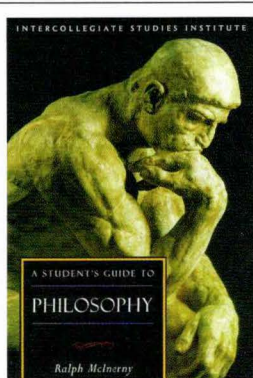
Why is the study of history important? As Lukacs points out, "The past is the only thing we know." If we are to know what we can expect in our future, or even what we ought to strive for in that future, we must understand the past. It is all we have.

And like McInery's philosophy, Lukacs's history is concerned with what is true. Thucydides wrote his *History of the Peloponnesian War*, Lukacs points out, so that readers would gain "an exact knowledge of the past as a key to the future." The Gospel writer Luke, we are reminded, is very concerned with the truth of the Man Jesus Christ.

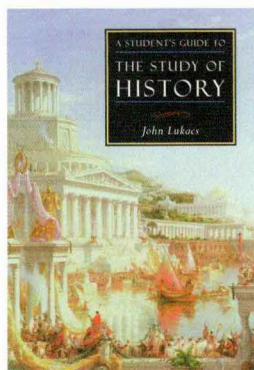
For the student, Lukacs traces the development from "historical thinking" to "historical consciousness," and explains the emergence of the professional historian. His understanding of history is a breath of fresh air. Other than—quoting Burckhardt—"You must know how to read," Lukacs tells us "Strictly speaking history has no method." Why? Lukacs explains, "History has no technical jargon, it has no language of its own: history is written, spoken, and taught in everyday languages." The distance most modern historians are from this truth confirms the trouble the current study of history is in.

Lukacs's guide, including his excellent bibliographical tour at the end, serves as an indispensable tool for the serious student in history. Its usefulness for the adult student of history is also certain.

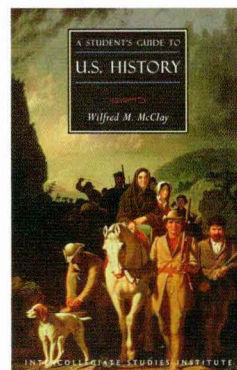
With such fine introductions to philosophy and history in general, one has high expectations for Wilfred M. McClay's *A*



A Student's Guide to Philosophy
by Ralph M. McInery,
Wilmington, Delaware: ISI
Books, 75 pages, \$5.95.



A Student's Guide to the Study of History
by John Lukacs, Wilmington,
Delaware: ISI Books,
49 pages, \$5.95.



A Student's Guide to U.S. History
by Wilfred M. McClay,
Wilmington, Delaware:
ISI Books, 96 pages, \$5.95.

Student's Guide to U.S. History. McClay teaches at the University of Tennessee at Chattanooga, serving in an endowed humanities chair there. McClay's book is twice as thick as Lukacs's (93 pp. vs. 47), but he is introducing a more specific subject. McClay cannot simply show us the broad sweep of history.

And McClay does make some needed points about the study of history. Echoing Lukacs's criticism of historical jargon, McClay bemoans the wrong direction "professional" history has taken. McClay writes, "For most of today's professional historians, the suggestion that their work might be so written as to address itself to the general public is unthinkable." Just so. But McClay proceeds to pull his punches when he assures us that today's professional historians are "hardworking, conscientious, and intelligent people." But, you see, they are victims of "their graduate training [and] their socialization into the profession of historical writing."

I suspect McClay may be speaking from experience, however. Ultimately I see little in his guide that will help free the modern undergraduate from the shackles of the "official" view of history. From a Southern perspective we can quickly judge McClay on one front—the books he recommends. That the student of history should be well-read, even (and especially) in those books that do not reflect his own view, goes without saying. But at the same time, such a guide as this ought to direct the student to the type of books that will channel his thinking to an appreciation of the Permanent

Things. McClay instead points the student to several books by Arkansas scalawag C. Vann Woodward. Nary a reference to M.E. Bradford's historical assessments could be found. At least Bradford should be offered as a conservative alternative to the fiction concocted by McClay's recommended Harry V. Jaffa.

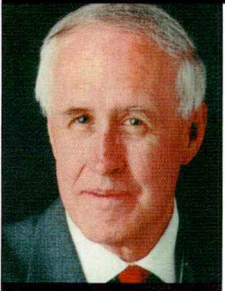
Perhaps most disappointing of all is his "American Canon,"

McClay's list of essential American books. They are books that "a serious student of American history and society ought to have read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested." Now, as McClay admits (as does this reviewer), there will always be disagreement on such lists. But one might expect a little more balance. He does include such conservative warhorses as James Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* and Whittaker Chambers's *Witness* (still a questionable inclusion on such a short list). But do we really need both John Dewey's *The Child and the Curriculum* as well as his *The School and Society*? Or *The Narrative of Frederick Douglass* and W.E.B. DuBois's *The Souls of Black Folks* along with Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* supplemented with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Booker T. Washington's *Up From Slavery* and Richard Wright's *Black Boy*? All this in a total of only 29 works. But there is no Faulkner. There is no William Gilmore Simms to balance out Harriet Beecher Stowe's fantasies. We find no Jefferson to help make the Benjamin Franklin more tolerable. Wouldn't this be a wonderful time to introduce an undergraduate to *I'll Take My Stand* as a critique of industrial, homogenized America instead of yet another tale of black angst?

ISI has hit upon a fine idea with this series and has issued some fine volumes. The production quality is high, the books attractive. But at least with their U.S. History guide, they could have done better. ❖

Alan Cornett writes from Nicholasville, Kentucky.

MAIN STREET USA



BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

Evil Makes A “Comeback”

The Fellowship of the Ring again led last weekend’s movie box office, indicating (I didn’t, of course, say proving) the growing appetite of Americans for good old-fashioned non-ambivalence.

Will wonders never cease? J.R.R. Tolkien’s tale, compressed here, elaborated there, for the cinema, is a straightforward tale of straightforward good and evil.

The Dark Lord Sauron and his slimy allies—Ringwraiths, Orcs, Balrogs and the like—threaten truth, love and all the homely verities, like good beer. Against these scuzzballs stand the Hobbits, Elves, Dwarves and plain, old ordinary men of Middle Earth, often terrified, but nearly always resolute and courageous.

There are good guys and bad guys. We know whom to cheer for, whom to boo or shrink from.

We always more or less knew in the past, of course, but over the last 40 years or so, we sort of lost the knack. Well (as we were assured by our Intellectual Betters, from TV newsroom, pulpit, academic lectern or signed column), it’s not so simple as all that. You have to consider Root Causes.

Oh? And what would some of those be, we asked.

Poverty, oppression, sexism, racism, we were informed.

This smelled funny. We know such human disasters existed; our problem (as our Intellectual Betters saw it) was our failure to understand how these disasters connected authoritatively, and often excusably, to bad behavior.

We were enjoined to quit worrying about hierarchies of thought and action. This implied discernment, differentiation; worse, judgment. Who were we, in Western civilization (so-called!), to judge? It was not for us to deride or punish others’ ways; it was for them to devise for themselves the kinds of lives they found most suitable, enjoyable or (preferably) both.

Well, excuse the rest of us for imagining

that evil ways deserved condemnation. We would try, if we could act like good, modern, ambivalent Americans. Or so our Intellectual Betters hoped.

Then came Sept. 11.

Suddenly we looked evil in its gray-bearded face.

It had a familiar look. Where had we seen it before? Hitler, Stalin, Lenin, Mao—such names came to mind, and others as well.

President Bush spoke of “the evil one”—Osama bin Laden—and Americans nodded assent.

Some of our Intellectual Betters failed to grasp the point, but probably more did than didn’t.

The United States undertook a military campaign in behalf of what might be called Good, and Bush, who ordered and directed the campaign, soared to the top of the popularity charts. The *New York Times* reports that Florida blacks, who once accused him of stealing the 2000 presidential election, stand firmly behind his Afghanistan policies.

The Fellowship of the Ring, a popular phenomenon in book form (remember “Frodo Lives” graffiti?) was in the production pipeline long before Sept. 11. It would have done well on any timetable. Yet, Osama’s varied malignancies must have helped. (Perhaps he deserves royalties?) Moral clarity, after so many years of moral ambivalence, is what many long have sought.

The enterprise of our Intellectual Betters has for some years been the pulling down of hierarchies, whether social, cultural or moral. It’s gone pretty well.

Moral hierarchies, though, are tough work. It would seem we don’t have to read somewhere, or figure it out in a movie, that moral hierarchies exist. The reason, seeming-

ly, is that such hierarchies exist in the heart.

Humans tend to know that murder is, well, evil. The boff ratings of George W. Bush and, to some probably marginal but nonetheless real extent, the box office success of the “Fellowship of the Ring” are both due to this abiding apprehension.

We yearn for a good show, and when the show shows us Evil on the run and Good triumphant, why, that’s how it should be, isn’t it?

We high-five, we cheer, we punch the air, and we recall, even if belatedly, what it means to be human.

America’s Comeback

So, by our own government’s reckoning, we’ve won in Afghanistan. But where’s Osama?

A two-part answer:

1. As with all bad pennies, this one will turn up sooner or later.

2. It doesn’t, for the short run, matter where he has gone to ground. What mattered in the encounter between America and some of the foulest forms of life ever to cock an AK47 trigger (may all 70 virgins earn their celestial keep as Sumo wrestlers!)—what mattered, I say, has been largely accomplished. Our nation has redeemed its reputation for courage.

It is a reputation that has to be redeemed at intervals. The Bearded One and his moral morons, after several tests of our mettle (bombing the *U.S.S. Cole*, etc.) concluded that the once-mighty United States had become, in Richard Nixon’s long-ago words, a pitiful, helpless giant; a Gulliver restrained by Lilliputians. He could hit us at will. We wouldn’t fight back.

Today, terrorists and their sympathizers know better. The measure of bin Laden’s essential stupidity was his failure to recognize how the Sept. 11 bombings would be regarded by Americans. He had thought to terrify. Instead he enraged.

A certain amount of sympathy might be accorded him for failure to read us rightly. In the days and hours before Sept. 11, while we obsessed on Gary Condit reports and bewailed the dot.com collapses, we hardly looked like a people capable of rising to smite homicidal aggressors. Nor, perhaps, did the genial (or, depending on your political persuasion, the dim-bulb) George Bush
(*Murchison Continued On Page 39*)

MINORITY VIEW

South Africa After Apartheid

Moral crusaders have the habit of heading off to their next crusade without bothering to see whether anything went wrong on their last one. During the '80s, TransAfrica, NAACP, Black



BY WALTER WILLIAMS

Congressional Caucus, Hollywood glitterati, college students, and other groups held massive protests on college campuses and at the South African Embassy, built shanty towns, and called for disinvestment and sanctions against South Africa for its racist apartheid system.

There's no longer apartheid and there's black rule in South Africa, but what's the story there now? Andrew Kenny writes about it in his article, "Black People Aren't Animals." The article appears in the December 15 issue of the British magazine *The Spectator*, the world's oldest continuously published English language magazine (est. 1838).

Each South African day sees an average of 59 murders, 145 rapes and 752 serious assaults out of its 42 million population. The new crime is the rape of babies; some AIDS-infected African men believe that having sex with a virgin is a cure. Twelve percent of

South Africa's population is HIV-positive, but President Mbeki says that HIV cannot cause AIDS.

In response to growing violence, South Africa's minister of safety and security, Steve Tshwete, says: "We can't police this; there's nothing more we can do. South Africa's currency, the rand, has fallen about 70 percent since the African National Congress (ANC) came to power in 1994. Emigration from South Africa (mainly of skilled people) is now at its highest level ever."

Kenny asks, "Is South Africa doomed to follow the rest of Africa into oblivion?" He says no, but I'm not as optimistic because of the pattern nearly everywhere else in sub-Saharan Africa. The tragic fact of business is that ordinary Africans were better off under colonialism. Colonial masters never committed anything near the murder and geno-

cide seen under black rule in Rwanda, Burundi, Uganda, Nigeria, Mozambique, Somalia and other countries, where millions of blacks have been slaughtered in unspeakable ways, which include: hacking to death, boiling in oil, setting on fire and dismemberment. If as many elephants, zebras and lions had been as ruthlessly slaughtered, the world's leftists would be in a tizzy.

When Zimbabwe, then Southern Rhodesia, was under white rule, the ANC demanded the ouster of Prime Minister Ian Smith and the installation of black rule. Today, Zimbabwe's Minister Robert Mugabe commits gross violations of black and white human rights. With the help of lawless thugs, Mugabe has undertaken a land-confiscation program from white farmers. Instead of condemning Zimbabwe human-rights abuses, the South African government has given Mugabe its unqualified support.

Kenny says that whites treat blacks like animals. When a dog misbehaves, we don't blame the dog—we blame the owner for improper training. In Africa, when blacks behave badly, Kenny says colonialism, imperialism, apartheid, globalization or multi-nationalism is blamed for not bringing up blacks properly. Liberals saw South Africa's apartheid and other human-rights abuses as unjust because blacks were suffering at the hands of whites. They hold whites accountable to civilized standards of behavior. Blacks are not held to civilized standards of behavior. From the liberal's point of view, it might even be racist to expect blacks to adhere to civilized standards of behavior.

During South Africa's apartheid era, I visited several times and lectured at just about every university. In a 1987 syndicated column, I wrote: "Africa's past experience should give Western anti-apartheid activists some pause for thought. Wouldn't it be the supreme tragedy if South African blacks might ponder at some future date, like the animals of Jones' Manor (George Orwell's *Animal Farm*), whether they were better off under apartheid? That's why blacks must answer what's to come after apartheid? Black rule alone is no guarantee for black freedom."

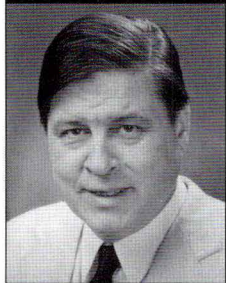
The Leftist Media

Major media people have values unlike most other Americans. Former CBS correspondent Bernard Goldberg documents that

(Continued On Page 39)



THE SOBRAN VIEW



BY JOSEPH
SOBRAN

Of Monarchy and Democracy

We are taught that the change from monarchy to democracy is progress; that is, a change from servitude to liberty. Yet no monarchy in Western history ever taxed its subjects as heavily as every

modern democracy taxes its citizens.

But we are taught that this condition is liberty, because “we” are—freely—taxing “ourselves.” The individual, as a member of a democracy, is presumed to consent to being taxed and otherwise forced to do countless things he hasn’t chosen to do (or forbidden to do things he would prefer not to do).

Whence arises the right of a ruler to compel? This is a tough one, but modern rulers have discovered that a plausible answer can be found in the idea of majority rule. If the people rule themselves by collective decision, they can’t complain that the government is oppressing them. This notion is summed up in the magic word “democracy.”

It’s nonsense. “We” are not doing it to “ourselves.” Some people are still ruling other people. “Democracy” is merely the pretext for authorizing this process and legitimizing it in the minds of the ruled. Since outright slavery has been discredited, “democracy” is the only remaining rationale for state compulsion that most people will accept.

Now comes Hans-Hermann Hoppe, of the University of Nevada Las Vegas, to explode the whole idea that there can ever be a just state. And he thinks democracy is worse than many other forms of government. He makes his case in his new book *Democracy—The God That Failed: The Economics and Politics of Monarchy, Democracy, and Natural Order*.

Hoppe is often described as a libertarian, but it might be more accurate to call him a conservative anarchist. He thinks the state—“a territorial monopoly of compulsion”—is inherently subversive of social health and order, which can thrive only when men are free.

As soon as you grant the state anything,

Hoppe argues, you have given it everything. There can be no such thing as “limited government,” because there is no way to control an entity that in principle enjoys a monopoly of power (and can simply expand its own power).

We’ve tried. We adopted a Constitution that authorized the Federal Government to exercise only a few specific powers, reserving all other powers to the states and the people. It didn’t work. Over time the government claimed the sole authority to interpret the Constitution, then proceeded to broaden its own powers ad infinitum and to strip the states of their original powers—while claiming that its self-aggrandizement was the fulfillment of the “living” Constitution. So the Constitution has become an instrument of the very power it was intended to limit!

The growth of the Federal Government might have been slowed if the states had retained the power to withdraw from the confederation. But the Civil War established the fatal principle that no state could withdraw, for any reason. So the states and the people lost their ultimate defense against Federal tyranny. (And if they hadn’t, there would still have been the problem of the tyranny of individual states.) But today Americans have learned to view the victory of the Union over the states, which meant an enormous increase in the centralization of power, as a triumph of “democracy.”

Hoppe goes so far as to say that democracy is positively “immoral,” because “it allows for A and B to band together to rip off C.” He argues that monarchy is actually preferable, because a king has a personal interest in leaving his kingdom in good condition for his heirs; whereas democratic rulers, holding power only briefly, have an

incentive to rob the public while they can, caring little for what comes afterward. (The name “Clinton” may ring a bell here.)

And historically, kings showed no desire to invade family life; but modern democracies want to “protect” children from their parents. By comparison with the rule of our alleged equals, most kings displayed remarkably little ambition for power. And compared with modern war, the wars of kings were mere scuffles.

Democracy has proved only that the best way to gain power over people is to assure the people that they are ruling themselves. Once they believe that, they make wonderfully submissive slaves.

Our State, Ourselves

The “war on terrorism” has produced a remarkable convergence. Philosophical differences between the traditional Left and Right are evaporating. It’s getting hard to tell the difference between a liberal magazine like *The New Republic* and conservative magazines like *The Weekly Standard* and *National Review*. Even the libertarian Cato Institute supports the war.

Gregg Easterbrook of *The New Republic* even defends what liberals used to deride as “military bloat” on grounds that “apparent excess is required for on-call strength.” That is, we never know where we may have to fight next, and a stripped-down military couldn’t respond quickly to a new emergency. So we need a high ratio of seemingly superfluous personnel, weaponry, and supplies in order to be ready for the next Iraq, Kosovo, or Afghanistan “on short notice.” Such emergencies, as Easterbrook says, are “unpredictable” and “unanticipated.”

If eternal vigilance is the price of liberty, eternal superfluity is the price of global empire. And that’s what Easterbrook is really talking about. Not liberty, not defense, but worldwide military hegemony. We could defend our own borders for a tiny fraction of the trillions we spend on military forces now. But if we want to be ready to intervene anywhere on earth at any moment, Easterbrook has a point: we need far more force than we will ever actually use.

But who is this “we” Easterbrook keeps referring to? The U.S. Government, the empire, the American people? Why
(Continued On Page 40)

SOUTHLINE



BY CHARLEY REESE

Faith in Big Government

Since the Sept. 11 attacks, Americans have been consenting to government gaining more power and spending more money. That just proves that Americans have a difficult time learning from experience.

The Sept. 11 attacks were a failure of government. No country in the world—probably no five countries in the world—spends as much on intelligence as the United States. But did this nearly \$40 billion string of intelligence agencies protect the people in the twin towers? No. It failed completely to detect the coming attack. Did our \$268 billion defense budget protect us? No.

Why then do people think that if you give them more money and more power, they will succeed? It's exactly the same process we see in government education. Year after year, government education fails to educate. Year after year, it is given more money. Year after year, the extra money seems to have no effect at all.

When the children of the world's "last remaining superpower" rank 14th among industrial nations in general cultural literacy, then something is obviously wrong. When increasingly you see people holding important posts in government who are obviously first generation immigrants, that should tell you that too many Americans are avoiding the tough subjects like engineering and science in college.

Toward the end of the Roman Empire, slaves were doing practically all of the important work. We are beginning to resemble them. Instead of slaves, however, it is our immigrants who are doing all the hard work, whether it's meatpacking or earning advanced degrees in computer engineering. American Muslims, by the way, on a per capita basis hold more advanced degrees than any other group.

Look again at Sept. 11. Who were the heroes? The FBI? The CIA? The Defense Department? Congress? The president? No, the heroes were city cops and city firefighters and private citizens, and the mayor and

the governor. Local folks. Local officials. That's always where America's great strength has resided—in the people, not the federal government. And America's great strength has always been located in the states and cities and communities, not in Washington.

Remember that in New York City, police officers, firefighters, the mayor and private-citizen volunteers were running toward the danger, while in Washington, the president, the vice president and Congress were running away from it.

It is not a case, as liberals often try to claim it is, of being for or against government. Government is a necessity. We cannot have a free society and orderly communities without government. It is simply a case that one must assess government realistically, recognizing its weaknesses as well as its strengths.

One of the primary duties of the federal government is to protect our borders. It failed. Not only regarding the terrorists, but also hundreds of thousands of other illegal immigrants who pour through every year. Another primary duty is conducting a foreign policy that will serve the interests of the American people. Our foreign policy got nearly 4,000 Americans killed, and unless it is changed, it will result in many more American deaths.

George Washington likened government to fire: a useful servant but a fearful master. We should support our government when it does the right thing and criticize it when it goes astray. But we should never give it

sheeplike faith.

Before you say, "Let the government do whatever it wants as long as it protects me," you'd better remember the dead at the twin towers. The government was doing whatever it wanted to do, but it was not effective in safeguarding American lives.

And now, as it always does, the government is overreacting to its own failure. It is jeopardizing our civil liberties, busting the budget and vastly expanding its ability to pry into private lives.

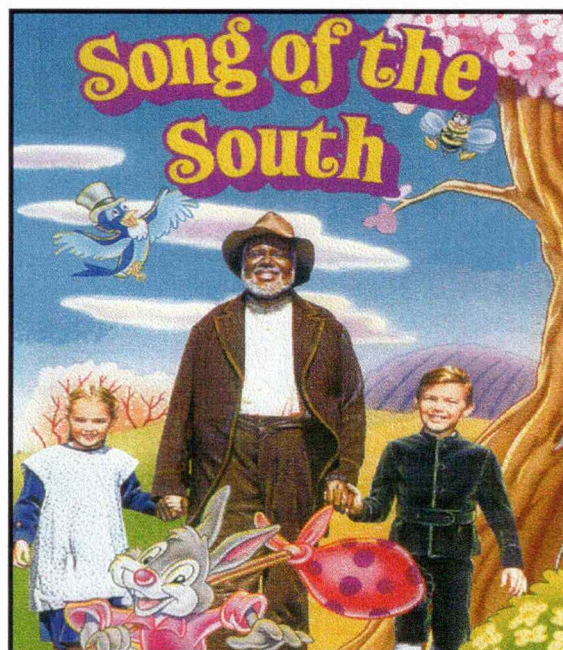
Shearing The Sheep

Congress, which is too busy to pass an economic stimulus program or other parts of the president's agenda, nevertheless found the time to vote itself a third pay raise.

Our valiant senators and congressmen now will make a minimum of \$150,000 a year plus the best set of perks in the solar system. I can't speak for other solar systems or galaxies, as Congress has been downright stingy in funding the space program.

My estimate is that there are no more than about 40 out of 535 who deserve that much. The rest of them are already overpaid. Most of them are mediocre people with mediocre records, both before and after they came to politics. Some are as dumb as a mule. A few are wealthy and were able, in a

(Continued On Page 40)



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MURCHISON

look like the kind of president capable of leading an old-time smiting. Appearances can be deceiving.

A good guess right now would be that the Afghan war has purchased us, for some little while, exemption from a major act of aggression. Some lower-level aggression, perhaps, but nothing like Sept. 11. Potential aggressors know at least the consequences of aggression—as in Israel, thanks to a non-intimidated Ariel Sharon.

This is as it has to be. Nature affords no natural protections to those wandering woozy and one-eyed through the unlighted alleys of the world. A potential victim warns off assailants by convincing them, directly or subtly, to keep their \$!#@!!@ hands to themselves if they want to walk

away with hands still attached to wrists. This is according to the law of the Medes and the Persians, which altereth not.

The threat of force isn't uniformly appealing to Americans: less so now than before the feminist culture, 30 years ago, began extolling vulnerability and conciliation as superior to male "violence." What the feminists and their media clique normally ignored, and still do, was the essential compatibility of conciliation and force—in civilized nations, that is. You need both these differing spirits available at different times for service. Mainly in the '90s we talked of just one: the dewy-eyed embrace of forgiveness and forgetfulness.

It was a great time, the '90s, for turning cheeks and "moving on." In the months before Sept. 11, public support for capital

punishment was starting to wane. The idea was, no matter how evil a crime, punishing it by death was moral idiocy. Just the slightest suspicion stirs: A vast majority of Americans believe death too mild a punishment for those who promote the flying of airplanes into buildings.

Courage, I believe Dr. Samuel Johnson said, is the most essential of the virtues, making possible the performance of all the rest. Pacifists like Gandhi are not without courage, however deplorable sometimes their politics. But too much lollygagging about "reconciliation" and "root causes" can cause others to write you off as a threat to their designs. The point we have made in Afghanistan—that we constitute a major threat to evil people's designs—is the most urgent point we could have made in this awful and bracing time. ☛

WILLIAMS

in his best-seller, *Bias*.

Eighty-nine percent of Washington journalists voted for Clinton in 1992, compared to just 43 percent of non-journalists; 23 percent of the public described themselves as liberal, compared to 55 percent of journalists; 49 percent of the public is pro-choice, whereas 82 percent of journalists are; 75 percent of the public favors the death penalty, compared to 47 percent of journalists. The differences go on and on.

While the media elite differ significantly from the average American, their level of dishonesty and leftist bias is appalling. Goldberg addressed this concern in a meeting with Andrew Heyward, president of CBS News. Since CBS does so many investigative reports, Goldberg wanted to do one on media

bias. "Look, Bernie," Heyward said, "of course there's a liberal bias in the news. All the networks tilt left." When the meeting ended, Heyward warned, "If you repeat any of this, I'll deny it."

Andy Triay, a producer at the Miami bureau of CBS News, was covering a story of two white men who abducted a black man and later doused him with gasoline and set him ablaze. Triay scripted the victim as a black man in an e-mail to his bosses at "CBS Evening News" in New York. A senior producer told him to change the description from black to African-American. Triay told the producer that the man was from Jamaica. The producer said, "Change it to African-American or the story doesn't get on the air." Triay made the change.

Then there's liberal hate-speech. In reference to Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas, Julianne Malveaux, *USA Today* columnist and Pacifica Radio talk show host, said, "You know, I hope his wife feeds him lots of eggs and butter, and he dies early like many black men do, of heart disease."

Nina Totenberg, ABC news reporter said about Sen. Jesse Helms, "I think he ought to be worried about what's going on in the Good Lord's mind, because if there's retributive justice, he'll get AIDS from a transfusion, or one of his grandchildren will get it."

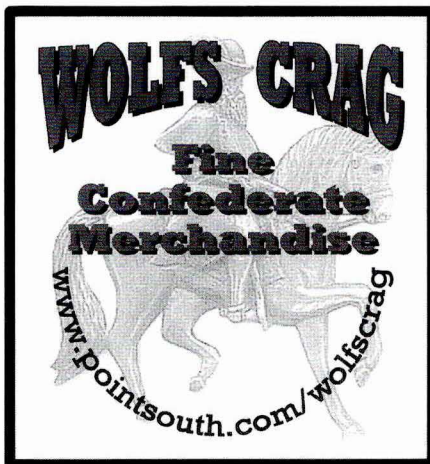
A bride who had been jilted at the altar was asked by Katie Couric on her NBC show about the appropriate remedy: "Have you

considered castration as an option?"

The numerous examples of bias and dishonesty that Goldberg cites are just too numerous to be errors and slips of the tongue. They represent a generalized arrogance and contempt for the ordinary citizen. Some of the contempt for the ordinary American is seen—not mentioned in Goldberg's book, but I've encountered it—in their reference to their viewers as "Joe & Mary Six-pack." That is, explain it so that dumb "Joe & Mary Six-pack" will understand.

What's the solution to major media bias? The free market is taking care of it. According to the Nielsen ratings, in the 1979-80 season, 75 percent of all television sets turned on in the early evening were set to ABC, NBC or CBS news. Today, their audience share has fallen to 43 percent. When Walter Cronkite turned over the CBS Evening News to Dan Rather, it was in first place. Now CBS is in last place, having lost half of its ratings. Americans are responding to major media bias and dishonesty by voting with their remote controls, and a beneficiary has been FOX News, whose motto is "fair and balanced."

Obviously, Goldberg is no longer with CBS. His career's death knell sounded when he wrote a *Wall Street Journal* editorial exposing shameless media hypocrisy, arrogance and bias back in 1996. That tells us just how appreciative the media elite are of free speech and differences of opinion. ☛



SOBRAN

should an ordinary American want to maintain (and be taxed to keep up) such colossal military power? What has it to do with the constitutional purpose of “the common defense of the United States”? How does constant intervention abroad promote our safety and liberty—or does it actually endanger them? Whose interests does it really serve?

Since the collapse of the Soviet Union, it has become absurd to equate Cold War levels of military spending with “defense.” I used to assume that if the Cold War ever ended, military spending and the taxes it entailed would shrink accordingly. And I thought conservatives, favoring minimal government, would lead in insisting on this.

How wrong I was! Conservatives spoke more truly than they knew when they warned that the voracious state had become autonomous, accumulating power without reason or limit. Then they forgot their own lesson.

REESE

manner of speaking, to buy their seats. A lot of the wealthy ones are wealthy only because they came down the right chute and landed in a nursery owned by a wealthy family.

We have traveled far, pilgrims, from our humble republican (little r) beginnings. Serving their nation used to involve a financial sacrifice on the part of the politicians. Many of our greatest leaders died poor. It was once thought an honor, and by many a duty, to serve in public office for a time and then return to private life. Today, we have professional politicians who intend to cling to the public teat as long as humanly possible.

It is the curse of a free society that we really do get the kind of government we deserve. Not one up there stole into power in the dead of night. They are all there because they keep getting re-elected. It makes you wonder, sometimes, why so many people (including me) gripe about government.

The problem is not the money. The problem is that these nabobs actually believe that by reason of having been elected by a majority of the turnout of a largely uninformed electorate, they are special people who deserve all their perks. They get downright huffy when we common folks don't show them proper respect. They

A recent issue of *National Review* included several articles on how to wage the current war, followed by an essay arguing that conservatives haven't really changed: they still favor “limited government.” The writer seemed to see no incongruity here. I guess the idea is that government should be confined to a few strictly defined duties, such as paving the streets and ruling the world.

This is fantasy. Conservatives still like to think you can have a warfare state without a welfare state, just as liberals used to want a welfare state without a warfare state. But you can't tame this elephant. When power becomes concentrated, it is impossible to control.

In truth, the welfare state and the warfare state are inseparable, because they are two aspects of the same thing, the state itself. Countless people depend on both for their income. Both expand inexorably. We always hear calls for emergency spending; there is no such thing as emergency saving. And as Easterbrook notes, emergencies— as

remind me of some NBA players who, instead of thanking God they are being paid millions to play a child's game, spend their time whining and complaining.

It's probably a sign of a decaying society when a position defines the person. People who are on television become celebrities simply because they are on television. And most of them are on television because of their looks, not their brains. A very rich guy is looked up to because he's very rich, even if he got his riches by underhanded means.

It's hard to believe that there was a time when American schoolchildren named heroes like Alexander Bell or Thomas Edison. Today, they mostly name entertainers and politicians. That's probably due to the American press, the freest from government interference, has become the most superficial and rarely covers either affairs or people of substance. A large majority of Americans today rely on television for their news, which is to say they are addicted to mind candy.

So, after all, maybe it doesn't matter if congressmen and senators pay themselves five times the median income in the United States. They do it because they know they can get away with it. Many of their constituents won't even know it. Others won't care.

This situation—the growing passivity of too many Americans—always reminds

defined by the state—just keep on coming.

In the days of monarchs, a man at least knew who the state was: the king. “L'etat, c'est moi,” and all that. When there was a war, everyone knew it was the king's war. When the king imposed taxes, everyone knew who was paying whom. It might be tyranny, but you knew what was what; there was no nonsense about self-government. Government meant some people ruling others.

But in the age of Democracy, people think, confusedly, that they themselves are the state, when they actually have no idea what the state is doing in their name—at least, not until it does it to them. An encounter with a bureaucrat may throw cold water on the notion that the government is “we.” We no longer really know who it is. But whoever it is, we no more control our rulers than our ancestors controlled their kings.

Let's stop kidding ourselves. This amorphous, global, bureaucratic empire has nothing to do with liberty, democracy, or self-government. Or the U.S. Constitution. ☼

me of a line from an old cowboy movie: “It may even be sacrilegious (not to rob the villagers),” a bandit leader says. “If God did not want them sheared, why did he make them sheep?” ☼



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Archbishop John T. Cahoon—RIP

BY TOM LANDESS

A wise old Episcopal priest once told me, “In times like these, the ideal Christian is cynical but not bitter.” Innocence is no longer an option in a world where Bishop John Shelby Spong is the most widely-known Episcopal cleric and his church proclaims that buggery is the moral equivalent of marriage. Archbishop John T. Cahoon, Metropolitan of the Anglican Catholic Church, was no holy innocent oblivious to the sins of the world. He was a highly sophisticated 21st-century man who confronted the evil of the age with irony, wit, and wry contempt. He was the quintessential Christian of his time.

In preparation for his ordination as an Episcopal priest, Cahoon studied at Berkeley, where most of his teachers were proud and militant in their unbelief. When he and his fellow seminarians had passed their final exams, their priest-teacher asked them, “O.K. You’re all going to be ordained this coming Easter Sunday, so tell me what you *really* think happened on the first Easter morning.”

One by one the students gave their answers. “The disciples stole Jesus’s body and faked the resurrection.” “He wasn’t really dead when they took him down from the cross. So they revived him.” “The dogs got into the tomb and dragged the corpse away.”

When the professor came to him, Cahoon said, “I believe he rose from the dead.”

The professor and Cahoon’s classmates laughed at such a naive statement. The following Sunday, which was Easter, the Bishop of California, who ordained the entire class, said in his sermon that the Resurrection never happened.

Small wonder that, while still a young man, Cahoon left the Episcopal Church and joined one of the several “continuing churches”—break-away denominations that affirmed Christian orthodoxy and retained the doctrinally sound *Book of Common Prayer*. With a strong personality, a formidable intellect, and a winning sense of humor, he quickly became a bishop in the Diocese of Christ the King and later transferred his allegiance to the Anglican

Catholic Church (ACC). Eventually he became the ACC’s primate (Metropolitan) and conducted its affairs from his church in Alexandria, Virginia.

His ministry was not without controversy. Among other things, he loved movies and reviewed them regularly for the ACC newspaper. His highly sophisticated tastes, however, did not always please his readership. He tended to brush aside the usual obscenities and profanities and focus instead on the intellectual and aesthetic values of a film. Thus he heartily recommended “Pulp Fiction” to his church readers, some of whom were horrified at the sex, violence, and language they encountered on the screen.

No ascetic, he was a large man, both in height and girth, a Friar Tuck in contemporary dress. He loved good food and could drink all evening with no discernible effect; but when he gave up alcohol for Lent, as he did every year, the pounds would fall away. Though rigidly orthodox in belief, he was flexible when it came to the “high-church,” “low-church” controversies that have perennially plagued the Episcopal Church. As a bishop, he also applied the canon laws of the ACC with wisdom and humanity. He was a peacemaker, a man who brought two congregations together again under the same roof with only minimal squabbling over bells, incense, and decor. Small wonder his congregation and his diocese grew.

Elected Metropolitan in his early fifties, he seemed destined to build the denomination into a powerful spiritual force. The last time I saw him, he had trimmed down for the long battle ahead. Two Metropolitans had died in a relatively short time. He wanted to be around long enough to make a difference. Then one Sunday he collapsed in the sanctuary.

An examination revealed that he had diabetes, which the doctors began to treat. Then he showed other symptoms and during a subsequent examination, instruments detected a brain tumor. For several months, friends and church members were unaware that he was seriously ill. When the end drew near, callers were told he was unable to say goodbye.

He was only 53.

In a sermon delivered on Easter

Sunday, 1998—a sermon he may well have written in response to the bishop who ordained him—Archbishop Cahoon reaffirmed his own belief in the resurrection:

I can remember a time when I hated funerals, and I realize I hated them because I did not believe in the resurrection. One of the great values of funerals is that they provide an extremely worthwhile spiritual test—a test of whether we really believe what the Bible tells us and what the creeds and the sacraments of the church affirm.

The New Testament says the strongest power the devil has is that he can make us afraid of death. We know what that power is all about—we don’t want to die, we don’t want our friends and family members to die, we don’t want to be separated from them, we don’t know what being dead is going to be like, we don’t want to be lost and forgotten and cut off forever.

In the face of the certainty of death, the church proclaims that Christ is risen. We proclaim that Christ is risen, because that idea fits perfectly into the pattern in which God acted in the Old Testament. We proclaim that Christ is risen, because over 500 people who knew he had died saw him alive again later on. We proclaim that Christ has risen, because those five hundred people were willing to be put to death themselves rather than deny what they knew was true....

In the Prayer Book’s funeral service we say to the dead Christian, “We are sorry to see you go, but we’ll see you again later on. You are dead now, but Christ is risen, and because Christ is risen, at the end you will rise too, and we’ll all go to heaven together.” I don’t hate funerals at all.

While he was still able to speak, Bishop Cahoon told his loved ones not to worry, that he would soon be with God. As his former senior warden, I can assure you he believed every word of it, as firmly as any 1st-century martyr.

Despite his words and example, his death comes hard for those of us who loved him. We will miss him in the pulpit and across the dinner table. Whether telling jokes or arguing the finer points of theology or discussing social issues, no one on earth was better company. In the wake of our loss, we can all agree that we shouldn’t hate funerals. But it’s almost impossible not to hate his. ☹



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