

Southern

SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 2002

PARTISAN

Fugitives From History

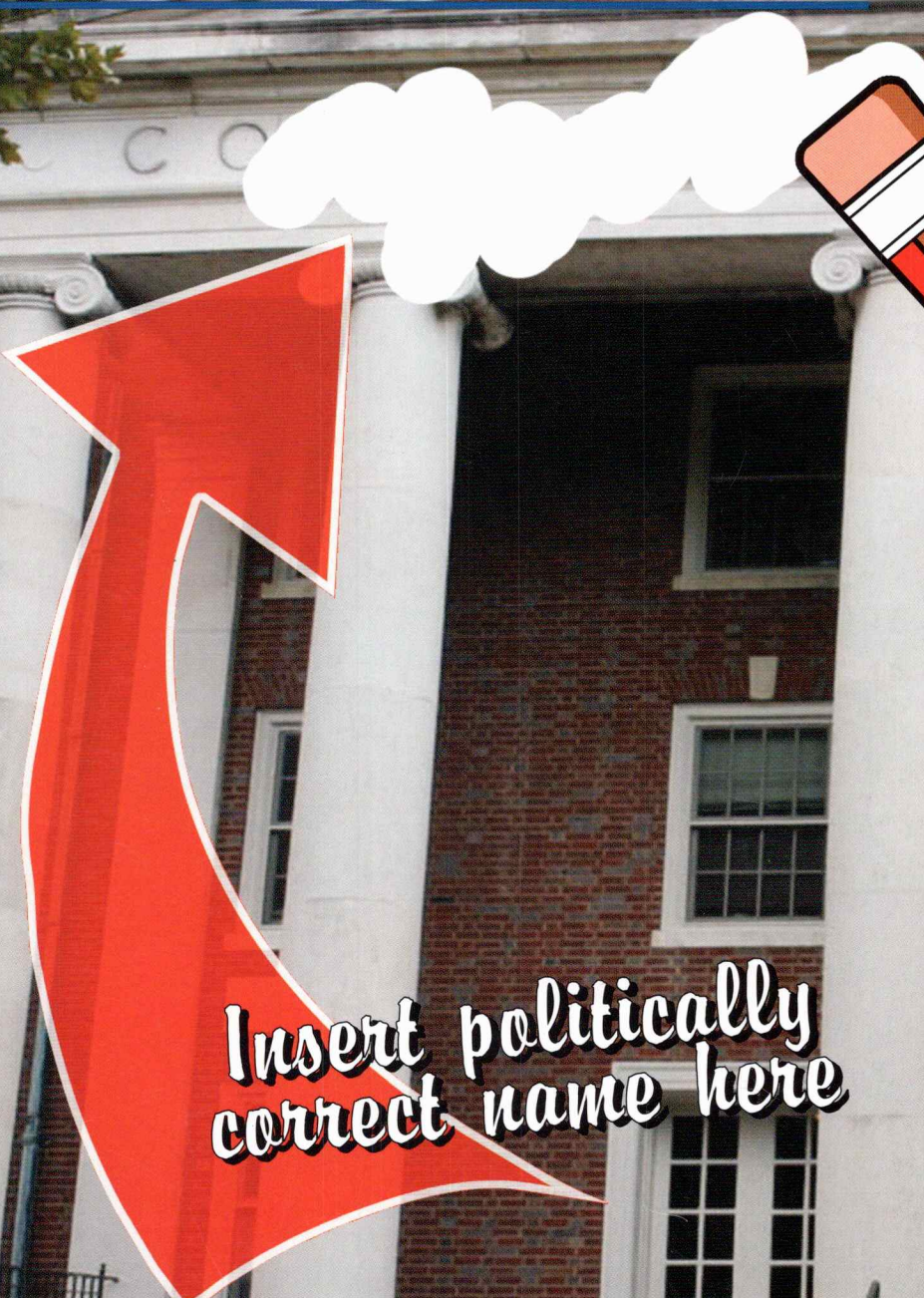
Vanderbilt University and the
rise of political correctness

Ludwell Johnson

How political correctness is
destroying the South's great
colleges of learning

Pax Americana Imperialism

Can America afford not
to be an empire?



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J. C. W. SMITH
650
FIELD DISPATCHES



Dear Reader,

It is a maxim of magazine publishing that readers like to know who's writing to them. Thus, we used to be in the habit of printing an image of the writer near the columns of our regular contributors.

Of late, this has not been a practiced thing with us, frankly, because a few of our contributors from time to

time are un-tenured college professors who would certainly be excommunicated from the ivory tower for even being associated with us, regardless of what they write. These folks, therefore, will often use a pseudonym.

Rather than draw attention to the few for whom we could not publish a visage, we opted not to publish any at all, until the designer decided we should at least publish a picture of the editor beside this column.

I resisted this idea at first, because I was afraid that I would be accused of egotism. Alas, having no expectation of ever being appointed Attorney General of the United States, I agreed. I suspect, however, from a few snide remarks, that some of you have grown tired of seeing me issue after issue. So, as a relief to you, dear reader, for this issue only, I am printing a photograph with a selection of our sometime *Partisan* staff.

And ego had nothing to do with it.

SP & PC

While we have often skewered the proponents of political correctness in these pages, in this issue we get a little more specific. The biggest incubator of this nonsense is the modern university.

Dr. Ludwell Johnson took the time to converse with some of our editors and describe the problem from his perspective, while on page 16 of this issue, our publisher has a lively look at the Confederate Memorial Hall scandal and some of the larger political correctness problems at Vanderbilt.

In that article he comes up with an interesting idea: Vanderbilt should change its name or leave Confederate Memorial Hall alone. Since "Commodore" Vanderbilt was possessed of all manner of political incorrectness, they can hardly rest at night under the banner of such a misguided figure.

Here's the idea: Why don't each of us drop a letter to the administration suggesting just that, a new name for Vanderbilt? I'm not going to insist on a particular name—you could call for a return to the original or think up one of your own—I'll leave that up to you.

Just be sure they know that since they are in the mood to rearrange old commitments, this particular Yankee's moniker should be the first to go. Here's the address:

Martha R. Ingram, Chairman of the Board
 "Commodore" Vanderbilt University
 305 Kirkland Hall
 Nashville, TN 37240
 FAX (615) 343-3930

Let us know how you come out.

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."

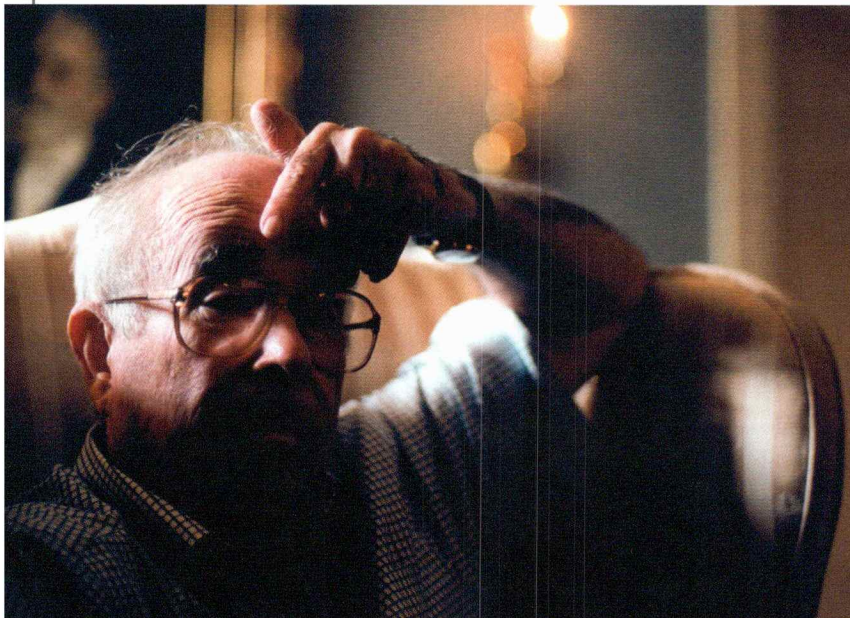
—William Gilmore Simms
 Southern Quarterly Review, April 1851

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Precisely

Gentlemen:

In recent print and broadcast references to the many dead of 9/11, I note a disturbing trend toward sanitized media euphemisms that are both squeamish and factually misleading.

The 3,000-plus who died that day—flight attendants, pilots, passengers, office workers and rescuers—did not “lose their lives,” as if they perished by miscalculation in some natural disaster, some flash flood or wildfire. Nor were they “killed,” as in some railroad accident.

The only accurate term, and the reason we are now mobilizing for war, is that these dead were “murdered.” These murdered thousands had their lives ripped violently from them; for some, struggling at knife-point in midair; for others, in a nightmare holocaust of sudden flames and smoke. They were robbed of their lives and we cannot bring them back; but we the living owe them at least the honesty of remembering always that they did not simply “die” that Tuesday morning.

They were “murdered.”

Andrew Parramore
Washington, D.C.

Pity Pat's Politics

Gentlemen:

I am saddened by your May/June 2002 article defending Pat Buchanan's protectionist views. It seems as if you have forgotten the role of tariffs in provoking South Carolina to buck federal import policies leading up to the War Between the States. While it is certainly true that George W. is a free-trade hypocrite, it doesn't thereby follow that Pat Buchanan's statist views are defensible. Bush's rhetoric was right, even if his actions didn't follow.

The advantage of living in a free country, even if imperfectly free, is that our laws incorporate the right to choose. All adult Americans are free to form voluntary contracts, to exchange products, services, and labor, at prices agreeable to the involved parties. Where no price can be agreed, no exchange occurs, and each party remains in its prior economic state. The federal minimum wage and ban on piecemeal have pushed textile wages beyond what the market will bear. That is, the value that

American consumers place in clothing and related articles is lower than the value textile workers place on their labor. Until the value of either or both parties changes, no exchange can occur. That's free enterprise.

Textile workers haven't been hurt by foreign competition. Rather, they have been hurt by American statisticians who prefer that they remain unemployed, rather than to be employed at market rates. Buchanan doesn't propose ending that idiocy. Rather, he wags his finger in the face of consumers, telling them that their values don't match his. Therefore, he proposes using government force to institutionalize his views. That's fascism, in my book.

Southerners rightly admit that slavery was always a great evil. Why do you now support Pat Buchanan's effort to impose it on our entire population?

Rev. Christopher Cole
Charlotte, North Carolina

A brief word about how magazines work: Signed articles represent the writer's views, not necessarily the views of the magazine. For example, a decision to publish your letter does not now mean we support your views. It merely represents an editorial decision that your views might interest our readers.

—Ed.

Caught Rhett-handed

Gentlemen:

Brion McClanahan's review of William C. Davis's newest work on Robert Barnwell Rhett (May/June 2002) states that “Davis ignores much of the post-bellum literature” that would refute Davis's assertion that “Rhett ‘assiduously attempts to sanitize the historical record [by] trying to diminish or eliminate slavery as a cause of secession and the war.’” In support, the reviewer continues, “Throughout his memoir, Rhett refers to the cultural and economic divide that separated North from South,” and, “Slavery permeates his work, but only as a surface issue, a position consistent with other post-bellum memoirs.”

While those statements are correct, the reviewer, and perhaps Davis, “ignore” the ante-bellum document that puts the debate to rest, i.e., *The Address to the People of South Carolina, Assembled in Convention, to the People of the Slaveholding States of the United States*, that was presented to the

Convention by a Committee of seven, chaired by Rhett, and adopted December 24, 1860.

Except as addressee (in order to distinguish the agricultural states of the South from the industrial states of the North), neither expressly nor by implication does the word “slave” appear on the first four pages of that document. Instead, the official “historical record” is set forth in the first paragraphs, such as:

The one great evil, from which all other evils have flowed, is the overthrow of the Constitution of the United States. The Government ... is no longer a free Government, but a despotism. It is, in fact, such a Government as Great Britain attempted to set over our fathers; and which was resisted and defeated by a seven years' struggle for independence.

O.G. Calhoun
Beech Mountain, North Carolina

“V” For Surrender

Gentlemen:

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

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

I have no reason not to think Mr. Faircloth is an honorable man, but if “conservative” has become a term so elastic as to include such as Title V, it has lost all meaning.

Abbey Lawrence
Tuftonboro, New Hampshire

Bush Backer

Gentlemen:

I received the July/August 2002 issue and am sorry to say I feel I must cancel my subscription. I cannot support a publication that takes such cheap shots at our

Commander-In-Chief at this time of war. The cover story "Bushwhacking the Bill of Rights" is way off base. By way of argument, what would you have recommended FDR to do if on December 8, 1941 the U.S. had captured Hirohito? I assume you and Professor Johnson would argue he should have been read his Miranda rights, given a public defender, etc. Further, the comparison of our current President to Lincoln is beyond the pale. I've come to the conclusion that the knee jerk negative reaction of your magazine to any politician with (R) after his/her name is instinctive. I reckon that the only President you have approved of is Jefferson Davis. I'll bet, like Alexander Stephens, you would have found it impossible to express public support for him, too.

Bear in mind that this letter is from a reader who has in the past called your magazine his favorite read and who has E.B.D. Julio's painting "The Last Meeting" with a Battle Flag draped on top of the frame hanging in his living room. I'm just afraid we must part ways over this matter. I'll try and keep our parting as amicable as possible. Best wishes in future. Thank you.

Tom Rinehart
Gates, North Carolina

Sorry to lose you, Tom. Over the years, we've lost subscribers who found us too Republican. We try to be provocative, but it always saddens us to lose a subscriber, particularly a long-time friend. As we explained to Reverend Cole (see above), no reader will ever agree with every article we publish.

—Ed.

Chain Gang of Events

Gentlemen:

I read with great interest Ludwell Johnson's article, "Bushwhacking the Bill of Rights," in the July/August 2002 issue of your publication. I think it is important to take a closer look at current events in relation to our liberties now under attack. The 1990s saw laws restricting the rights of convicted sex offenders in areas including (but not limited to) double jeopardy, due process, the right to remain silent, ex post facto, registration, and community notification. One overlooked effect of restricting civil rights for one specific group of citizens is to set the stage for a broader classification for future enemies of the Federal Empire. Already

King George II is restricting the rights of American citizens who are classified as enemy combatants. Hate crime laws are applied mainly against European-Americans, but not other racial groups.

Pastor Martin Niemoller wrote, "First they came for the Jews, and I did not speak out because I was not a Jew. Then they came for the Communists, and I did not speak out because I was not a Communist." Perhaps in the not so distant future a Baptist Pastor detained in a Federal Reeducation Mental Hospital for being a white nationalist racist will write, "First they came for the Sex Offenders, and I did not speak out because I was not a Sex Offender. Then they came for citizens who were Muslims, and I did not speak out because I was not a Muslim."

Patrick Buchanan, in *The Death of the West*, clearly indicated the depth, scope, and direction of the cultural war against European-Americans. Andrew MacDonald (a.k.a. William Pierce), in *The Turner Diaries*, also pointed to the final stages of this cultural war, and the violent storm required to reverse the tide. God Save The South! God save us all!

Chris Alferitz
San Francisco, California

Vouch For Independence

Gentlemen:

I am writing in response to the cartoon on page 35 of the July/August 2002 issue.

This may be true but school vouchers could enable the federal demon to get its claws into any school that accepts them. In the *Bob Jones University vs. the IRS* case, the Supremes ruled that a tax exemption is just like a federal subsidy. In another case it was ruled that which the federal government subsidizes, the federal government controls. All tax-exempt corporations—including churches—are federally controlled. From the beginning I saw that the school voucher program would turn all schools into public schools controlled by the federal government.

John Lambert
Atmore, Alabama

Barnes's Banner

Gentlemen:

Following the World Trade Center's destruction, Roy Barnes's new Georgia flag flew at half-mast. Every day as I left from work I rode past the disgraceful thing flap-

ping in the breeze. *How ironic!* Many people call the new flag "King Roy's Banner," some call it "The Scalawag Rag," or "The K.O.A. Flag" (Kingdom Of Atlanta Flag), or "the Judas flag" (the citizens of Georgia were betrayed), and many call it the "Jesse Jackson Flag." Before King Roy used bribes and threats to extort our legislature into changing our ancestors' flag, he went to the Reverend Jesse and got his approval. The Columbus liberal *Enquirer* had the *audacity* to call this a compromise flag!

Governor Barnes then asked individual legislators to come to his office where he bribed them with taxpayers' money or threatened to withhold state funds to that legislator's district. If the Representative agreed to vote for the new flag, Roy gave his district thousands of dollars. If this person said "no" to the Governor, money would be withheld from that legislator's district. One legislator said that his county lost a fire truck they desperately needed because he said no to Roy Barnes's new flag.

Against the will of the People of Georgia, our beautiful flag was changed to the ugliest flag in North America. What other treason are the despots conspiring behind closed doors?

After the Trade Centers were destroyed, the American People rallied around the flag. It is a good thing for Southerners to show our patriotism by supporting the American flag. We should also rally around the Confederate flag. The Confederates fought for sovereign States, a limited government, and the Constitution as their ancestors had written it. This is the reason the leftists are attacking Southern symbols.

Joseph L. Akin
Hamilton, Georgia



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The New Intolerance

BY CHRISTOPHER M. SULLIVAN

This age is marked by its public and political devotion to tolerance.

The demands of the tolerant are all around us. The two most obvious and devoted proponents are television and the public schools.

Of course, in the midst of all this tolerance, what cannot be allowed under any circumstance or form are the symbols of the South or the old Confederacy. These things must be banned.

Whenever anything overtly Southern or remotely Confederate comes to view it must be quickly and decisively exterminated by the most definitive means possible. After all, allowing these things even a modicum of respect in the public square will only encourage people to respect them, or, worse, to learn about them. And then all the re-education in the world will not stamp them out.

The public schools promote tolerance by never making too serious a demand on the student. Whereas, in olden times, a student might have been instructed to stand and recite a long passage of a biblical or patriotic nature, nowadays students are advanced regardless of achievement so as not to embarrass the parents or damage the child's self-esteem.

Television, or at least the industry's managers, has become a vociferous proponent of the idea that things society customarily regards as deviant, obscene, or repulsive should, nonetheless, be tolerated.

Not long ago the star of the sitcom *Ellen*, the eponymous Ellen Degeneress, revealed that she was, in practice, a homosexual. After this idea burst into the storyline, there was an outcry, and her show was eventually cancelled. How much of the decision to cancel was based on her sexual bent and how much was based on the show's no longer being funny is known only to the executives who made the decision.

Arguing for the latter case is the storyline of just about every program on television today. Just about all of them contain a homosexual (or pseudo-homosexual) character and, at the least, frequent references to or jokes about homosexuality.

As an unrestrained fan of the free market, I hesitate to criticize the television indus-

try. After all, Americans get to vote every day for what they like on television. All forms of rate-based media (i.e., supported by advertising) are in the business of delivering eyeballs to advertisers.

A television show that delivers said eyeballs makes money; those that don't, get cancelled. We may conclude then that "gay jokes" are popular because a lot of people find these things funny. One might go so far as to say that homo-humor is the new Minstrel Show, but that's for another column.

With the advent of cable television and satellite dishes, you can get just about anything you want on your screen. Faster and faster Internet may more than double the fare before the century is out, so it is difficult to draw too many conclusions from the popularity of the medium.

There is one trend I've noticed. There is a big part of television that is *intolerant*: the game show. Some of the most popular programming in prime time is the most intolerant fare you could imagine.

Consider the blockbuster success of *Who Wants to Be A Millionaire?* On this show, contestants are asked a series of questions; with each correct answer they advance to a higher level. How many questions can you get wrong and still pass? None! A single wrong answer at any stage and the player is immediately ejected from the game.

On *The Weakest Link*, it is even tougher. Not only can you get kicked off for getting the answers wrong, but also your fellow players can vote you out even if you're the smartest of them all (and therefore a threat to the slower ones in later rounds). Once out of the game, you don't just leave, you are hounded off the stage by an insult-slinging Brit who publicly declares you "The weakest link."

Speaking of voting. Americans may turn out on Election Day in minor fractions but they love television programming where the players are voted out. In the phenomenally successful *Survivor* (a show which was conceived to get around actors strike since the stars are "players" and not actors' guild members), viewers get to see the participants put through various tests which are usually humiliating. Then, periodically, they get together and vote somebody off. That's that.

This idea has spawned a legion of imita-

tors with similarly voyeuristic and intolerant attitudes. In *Fear Factor*, seemingly normal, intelligent people allow themselves to be subjected to degrading and almost inhuman acts for a chance to win a cash prize. They eat bugs and experience what appear to be life-threatening events that seem to surpass all reason. And they get huge audience shares in the process.

While I won't try to make too much sociological hay out of all this pop culture straw, it should be noted that even in these times of absolute tolerance, there is a burgeoning marketplace for good old winners and losers.

Return of the Damned

Just when you thought it was safe to respect the government again, George W. Bush up and appoints Henry Kissinger to investigate the 9/11 terror attacks. Can the presidential organization which has pulled some of the most astounding political successes in recent memory be so politically tone-deaf?

Kissinger, you may recall was one of the principal architects of some of America's worst military excess and diplomatic debacles during his reign as Secretary of State. In fact, there are several civilized countries to which Mr. Kissinger dare not travel for fear of being arraigned for war crimes.

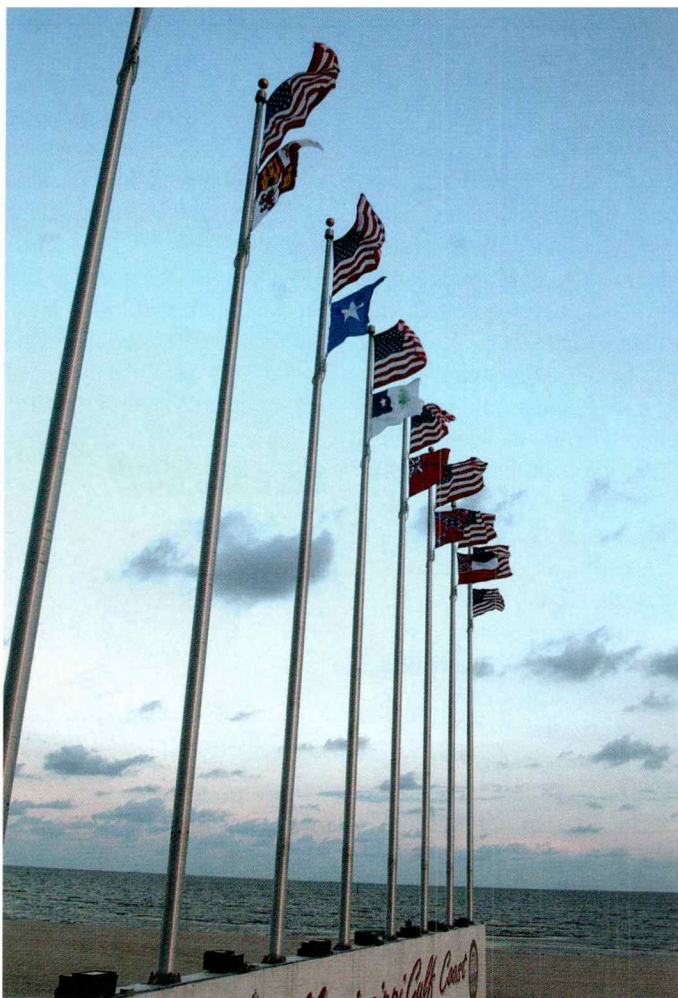
There is no living figure who deservedly engenders so much disgust for covering-up government misdeeds as Kissinger.

What makes it all the more troubling is that a far better choice was easily at hand. What this job needs is a figure who is widely respected, dedicated to exposing the truth an experienced investigator, and a hard-nosed prosecutor. The obvious choice would be Rudy Giuliani.

Giuliani, as U.S. Attorney was a dogged investigator, prosecuting major cases during his tenure. Furthermore, as NYC Mayor at the time of the attacks, Giuliani has the added bonus of being personally motivated to see to it that the case is thoroughly investigated and fully resolved. Giuliani is still under the protective service of the NYPD because he remains a personal target of the terrorists.

If anybody has a reason to want to know how our intelligence services failed on 9/11 it is Giuliani.

Makes you wonder how he could be overlooked. ❖



Mississippians Keep the Faith Again

On election night, Tom Brokaw, Dan Rather, and Peter Priss were unhappy enough without reporting what happened in Harrison County, Mississippi. So you may not have heard. By slightly more than 57%, folks voted to keep the Confederate flag flying at the Eight Flags display on the Biloxi-Gulfport borderline.

Of course, the opponents of the flag say they will continue to fight.

“Mississippi has never will-

ingly done the right thing,” said Jason Whitfield, who sat underneath the display for 78 days as a protest. “It has always taken a lot of tears and struggle.”

The next ploy the opposition may use: Let voters decide between the Battle Flag and the First National Flag.

Meanwhile, the Cross of St. Andrew is flapping in the gulf breeze above the Mississippi coastline, one of the last places where it flies over public property.

Chancellorsville II

We won the first Battle of Chancellorsville, though at a terrible cost. In December, we might just win Chancellorsville II, despite the fact that the Yankees of the Spirit won the first skirmish.

Recently, the Spotsylvania County Planning

Commission voted to recommend approval of a huge development on the Chancellorsville battlefield. The commission voted 5-2 to allow Dogwood Development to build 1,995 houses and up to 2.2 million square feet of commercial buildings on what is currently known as the Mullins Farm—the spot where

Obiter Dicta

Won't You Leave Home, Walt Bailey. Won't You Leave Home

According to Blake Fontenay, writing on goMemphis.com, Walt Bailey, chairman of the Shelby County Commission, wants to rename Confederate Park, Davis Park, and Forrest Park; and guess where he got the idea: from heavyweight champion Lennox Lewis's manager and some officials of HBO.

The visitors were there for the fight between Lennox and Mike Tyson, and when they saw a monument dedicated to the Confederate president, their delicate sensibilities were offended, the way a Mozart lover might be offended if the orchestra were to play the “1812 Overture.”

As Mr. Bailey put it, “They thought it was a bit unbecoming.”

Did they really?

Promoting that particular fight, those guys were lucky to be anywhere. Las Vegas and Washington, D.C.—top-seeded rivals for the title of

Sleaze City, USA—both refused to host the match because they thought it would be degrading. So HBO and the other promoters had to settle for poor little ol' wannabe Memphis. Instead of being grateful, the promoters drove around town, swooning like Aunt Pitty-Pat every time they encountered a Confederate monument.

Bailey called their behavior “an awakening call” and said he wanted to change the names of the parks, obviously to placate the finicky folks at HBO.

“Changes would be consistent with our efforts to become a world-class city,” he said. “These monuments are offensive to some people.”

If Bailey has his way, five years from now, Memphians will be strolling through Tony Soprano Park, looking at statues of Mike Tyson, Gallagher, and Sally Jessie Rafael.

the two armies first clashed.

Jim Campi, director of Policy and Communications for the Civil War Preservation Trust, wasn't particularly disturbed.

“We expected to lose,” he said. “We're not surprised. We almost always lose fights like this at the planning-commission level.”

Things look better among the county supervisors, who will vote the plan up or down in December. A recent election to fill a vacancy was won by an opponent of development. And the Civil War Preservation Trust was the same outfit that beat Disney at Third Manassas three years ago.

When Will They Ever Learn?

We will have an in-depth analysis of the 2002 election in the next issue of the *Partisan*, but we can't pass up the opportunity to point out that two Southern governors, Jim Hodges of South Carolina and Roy Barnes of Georgia, were kicked out of office, in part because of their stance on the flag issue.

Four years ago, Democrat Hodges defeated Republican David Beasley because Beasley reneged on his pledge to keep the flag flying over the South Carolina State House dome. During the 1998 campaign, Hodges promised flag supporters he would not push for the flag's removal. As soon as he got in, however, he too went back on his word. And the flag came down on his watch.

This year, those flag supporters who voted for Beasley in 1998 returned to the Republican Party and voted for Mark Sanford, who won by a fair margin.

In Georgia, Barnes engineered the legislature's sneak-around vote that approved a new flag design in less than a week—and with virtually no debate. In the new state flag, the Confederate battle flag was reduced to the size of a postage stamp and placed beside five other flags. On November 5, Georgians struck back. As Robert Stacy McCain of the *Washington Times* put it, "In 2001, Democratic Gov. Roy Barnes changed Georgia's flag. On Tuesday, Georgia changed governors."

Surprisingly, Barnes admitted that the flag played a role in his defeat.

"The flag did have something to do with it," he said. "I think it brought out a white rural vote."

More on this story in our next issue.

Man Bites Dog in Kentucky

Sex educators throughout the nation have conditioned high school kids—always gullible—to stand up for gay rights. That's why what happened at Boyd County High School in Kentucky was so surprising.

The school's teacher-parent council—under pressure from the ACLU—voted to allow the Gay-Straight Alliance, a pro-homosexual group, to meet on school grounds. In protest, 420 of the school's 990 students boycotted classes.

Andrea Hildebran, executive director of the Kentucky Fairness Alliance, a gay rights group, said she was "really taken aback" by the size of the protest; and James Esseks, litigation director for the ACLU's lesbian and gay-rights project, was likewise undone: "[It's] the first time I've heard of a reaction of this kind and size."

Who knows? Maybe the wind is blowing in a different direction these days. Perhaps the students at Boyd County High School could start a national student organization to combat the hundreds of homosexual groups trying to force normal healthy kids to approve of sexual perversion.

A Note on The Pendulum



In St. Louis, the 8th U.S. Circuit Court overturned the decision of U.S. District Judge Charles Shaw in dismissing the suit of a police officer who claimed he was the victim of discrimination.

The police officer is white. Judge Shaw is black.

When he was overruled, Judge Shaw played the race card, claiming that he, rather than the police officer, was the victim of judicial racism, that the Circuit Court overturned his ruling because the police officer was white and he was black.

In August, in removing himself from the case, Judge Shaw wrote of the 8th Circuit:

[I]f this court has wrongly inferred that race played a role in the majority's decision, please allow it to apologize. Yet, at the present this court remains offended, insulted, troubled and confused not only by the attack on its impartiality, but also by the disparaging tone [of the 8th Circuit ruling].... It has often been said that justice is blind but the [8th Circuit majority opinion] appears to embrace willful blindness with respect to issues of race.

Shaw also asserted that the higher court's opinion would have been different had Shaw been white or the police officer black.

In a rare move, the 8th Circuit Court issued a statement denouncing Judge Shaw's comments:

[Shaw] gratuitously describes the judges in the majority as "a majority of six white men" and the judges who dissented as "two white men, one white woman, and an African-American man." While the observations are accurate, they are wholly irrelevant and, in our view, were calculated to impugn the integrity of this court in the eyes of the public.

Black racism has become a major problem in our judicial system. Black juries have released clearly guilty murderers. Black defense attorneys routinely turn trials into referendums on race. And judges

like Charles Shaw are obsessed by the color of a litigant's skin as they fulfill their duties on the bench.

Optimists keep saying that the pendulum will swing back, but thus far it has continued to swing leftward, in defiance of the immutable laws of physics.

Save the SCV?



Charles Hawks

The Sons of Confederate Veterans is an admirable, though highly vulnerable organization. Its primary goal is to celebrate the bravery and prowess of the Confederate Army. It is also dedicated to preserving the memory of the society that produced a Robert E. Lee, a Stonewall Jackson, and a Nathan Bedford Forrest.

The politically correct crowd—against all reason and in defiance of history itself—has chosen to single out the South, past and present, for special vituperation, ignoring the comparable sins of other regions. Southern heritage groups have born the brunt of that hostility.

Thus, for many years, the SCV was ridiculed as an organization composed of Don Quixotes, its membership living in the past, full of high-blown sentiments that have no place in contemporary society. Today the group is increasingly depicted as sinister, bigoted, racist—only slightly more respectable than the Ku Klux Klan.

(Continued On Page 10)

A Word on Behalf of Jerry and Pat

Poor Jerry Falwell and Pat Robertson. Every time they open their mouths, some politically correct hot-shot jumps down their throats. Most recently, it was two hot-shots: George W. Bush and Colin Powell.

It seems that on “60 Minutes”, Falwell said he’d concluded from reading Muslim and non-Muslim writers that the Prophet Muhammad “was a violent man, a man of war.” In fact, he said, “I think Muhammad was a terrorist.”

And Pat Robertson said that the Jews in the U.S. should “wake, open their eyes, and read what is being said about them.... This is worse than the Nazis. Adolph Hitler was bad, but what the Muslims want to do to the Jews is worse.”

George W. Bush took the first opportunity to denounce Falwell and Robertson, though not by name.

“Some of the comments that have been uttered about Islam do not reflect the sentiments of my government or the sentiments of most

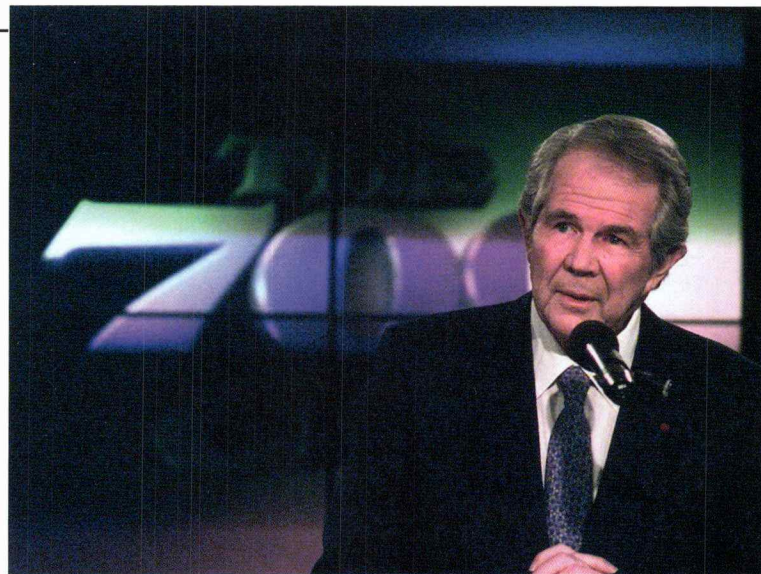
Americans. Islam, as practiced by a majority of people, is a peaceful religion, a religion that respects others.”

And Colin Powell said only a day after Bush spoke, “This kind of hatred must be rejected.”

In the first place, you can take the Bush out of Texas, but you can’t take the Bush out of the Bush. Dubya is his father’s son. Humble when down, cocky when up.

The father courted the religious right when he ran for president in 1988. Indeed, had it not been for Jerry Falwell and Robertson’s Christian Coalition, Bush *pere* would never have gotten the GOP nomination. And at his acceptance speech, he sounded like the Gipper himself—full of pro-family piety. After the Gulf War, however—when his approval rate was around 90 percent—he would no longer give the religious right the crumbs from his table. In 1992, they didn’t come out in full strength, and Bill Clinton won.

Now Bush *fils*, in the wake of his recent electoral



triumph, feels he can distance himself from his base, just like his father, and go after the politically correct vote. He has that same old Kennebunkport arrogance that seems to run in the family. And he obviously doesn’t know jack squat about the Prophet or the history of Islam.

He is surely right when he says that “Islam, as practiced by a majority of people, is a peaceful religion.” However, the minority is about as violent as any group anywhere in the world. If Dubya and Powell doubt that statement, let them log on to memri.org, which regularly publishes the diatribes of imams and sheikhs from Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Egypt, Iraq, Iran, and other “peace-loving” Islamic nations.

As for the Prophet, for a while, he made a living attacking and plundering the caravans that passed Medina, where he had become absolute ruler. He also had vocal opponents murdered.

When the Jews resisted conversion, he expelled two of the three tribes from the city. They were the lucky ones. He ordered all the men

in the third tribe to be brought to a trench in front of the city where his henchmen lopped off their heads, all 800-900 of them. As for their wives and children, the Prophet ordered them sold into slavery.

Colin Powell is worse than Bush because he attributes hatred to people with whom he disagrees. In this statement, he sounds less like a statesman and more like the Rev. Al. His statement is judgmental in the most profound sense, because it presumes to look into the hearts of other people and divine their motives. Not even a four-star general can do that. That’s God’s job.

Besides, it doesn’t hurt the American people to know just how vicious and fanatic the Muslim minority can be. The American people have benevolent feelings toward their Muslim neighbors. That’s good. But those who attack us do so out of religious fervor that cannot and should not be dismissed by our Commander in Chief and his politically correct sidekick.



(Continued From Page 8)

It is a tribute to the SCV that during this period of growing ridicule and hostility, its membership has increased dramatically. There are now over 31,000 members, an all-time high.

Why have so many people joined? The anti-Southern campaign has made people angry—in part because they know that what’s being said is untrue, in part because nobody likes his people to be vilified by outsiders. The blacks don’t like it. The Jews don’t like it. Southerners don’t like it.

Recently, however, the organization was polarized by a hard-fought election for the office of commander of the Army of Northern Virginia, the largest of the three divisions. In a close runoff election, Tarheel Charles Hawks of Raleigh defeated Tarheel Kirk Lyons of Black Mountain. The campaigning was more heated than usual, with charges that Lyons was promoting a political agenda.

After the votes were counted, most members forgot about

the bitter campaign. Then Ron Wilson of Easley, South Carolina, commander-in-chief of the entire organization, summarily relieved Hawks of his command. His stated reason: Hawks had breached the confidentiality of a closed meeting of SCV leaders.

In that meeting, those present considered disciplinary action against Greensboro restaurant owner Gilbert Jones, who had campaigned against Lyons.

Apparently Jones has organized a dissident group called Save the SCV and is sending out letters to members nationwide, warning of Lyons and his political activism. Walter Hilderman III, who has joined with Jones, was quoted by the AP as saying, “Are we going to let the racists and neo-Nazis take over the SCV, or are we going to be a Confederate history and heritage organization?”

Wilson denies that there is any such threat.

“They’re implying that the SCV has been taken over by a bunch of racists or whatever,”

he said, “which is not true.”

Clearly this public quarreling will further neither the welfare of the SCV nor the preservation of Southern history. Whatever problems may exist, they should be resolved within the organization. Putting this issue into the mainstream media has only given the South’s enemies more ammo.

Nancy Pelosi

You can well understand why the Democrats elected Nancy Pelosi as Minority Leader of the House.

She has represented San Francisco for 16 years—perhaps the craziest left-wing district in the country.

She is an aggressive feminist.

She has voted in favor of gun control legislation at every opportunity.

She opposed the welfare-reform bill that President Clinton was forced to sign into

law (and later claimed credit for).

Though ostensibly a Roman Catholic, she has consistently voted in favor of partial-birth abortion.

She opposed a constitutional amendment to allow prayer in schools.

She opposed permitting the display of the Ten Commandments on public property.

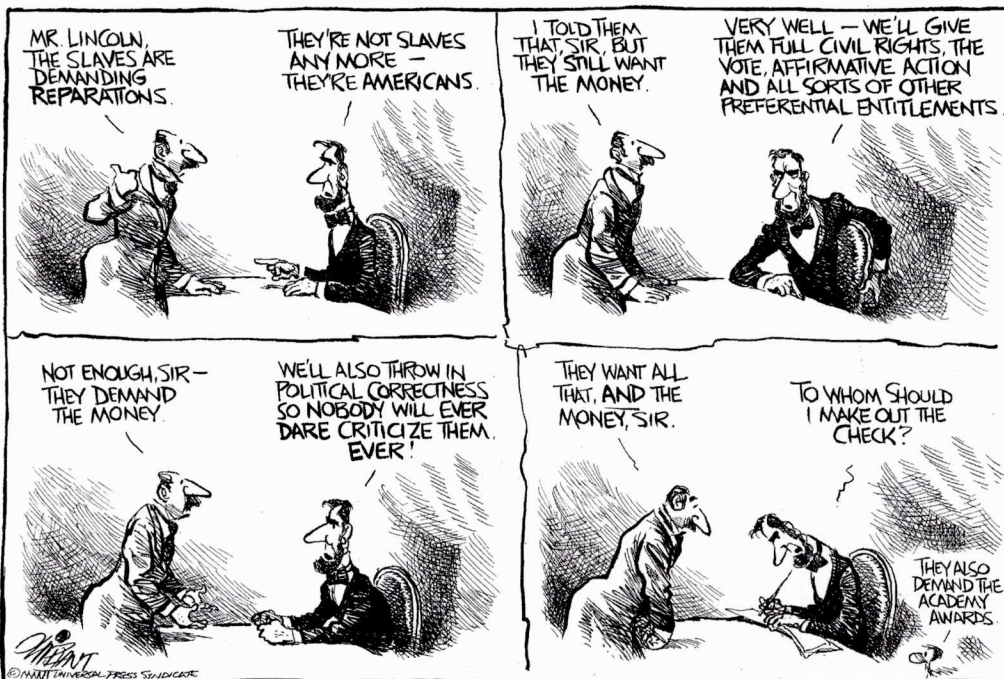
She has voted against virtually all pro-defense legislation, including ABM research and the B-2 bomber.

And more recently, she voted against the resolution authorizing the president to use force against Iraq.

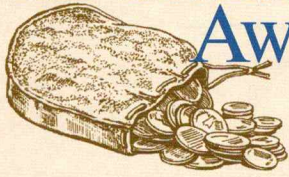
You could spend many hours poring over her record, trying to find a conservative vote—and

you might not succeed. Of course, she isn’t black or a lesbian, but, given her record, the Democrats will overlook that deficiency.

She claims she will attempt to forge a consensus of all Democrats—which, to her, probably means far-left, extremely liberal, liberal, and pretty-much liberal. Thus far she has included two Southerners on her team—Clyburn and Spratt of South Carolina, both with solid liberal voting records. As for the few conservative Democrats left in the House, insiders predict some aisle-jumping after Pelosi gets into high gear, with Texas Congressman Charlie Stenholm among the first. ⚡



THE Scalawag Award



Battle of the Tee-Shirts

In the past, we've given the Scalawag Award to groups as well as to individuals. It's like spraying a whole ant bed with Raid, as opposed to mashing one ant with your thumb.

This time we were faced with numerous reports of Southern schools banning Confederate symbols, suspending students, imposing a nationally mandated political correctness on the children of our region.

Thomas Jefferson objected to slavery because it sent the wrong message to young people growing up in a democracy. Likewise, repressing history—for whatever reason—sends the wrong message to young people growing up in a free society.

Schools in particular should be preparing students to debate political, social, and historical issues openly and without fear, even when the questions raised

are controversial. Banning the Confederate flag is an act with clear implications: The events surrounding the War Between the States are subject to one interpretation only. Society demands that

Southerners surrender their intellects and consciences—and that they do so immediately.

In Sarasota County, Florida, McIntosh Middle School banned students from wearing clothing imprinted with a Confederate flag. Sheila Weiss of the school district said, "It was starting to become a racial problem." (The principal of McIntosh had reported one "verbal altercation" in the previous two weeks.)

In Lawrence County, Alabama, 16 students were suspended from school because they wore T-shirts displaying the forbidden symbol. The Southern Legal Resource Center has hauled the superintendent and principal into court.

In Canton, Georgia, after officials banned the flag, about 150 students showed up at Cherokee High School wearing



T-shirts with the Confederate logo.

In Richmond, Kentucky, the school board—after suspending two students for wearing a Hank Williams, Jr. T-shirt with the flag in the background—were forced to settle a lawsuit filed by one of the youngsters—and to alter their policy.

In Lee County, Alabama, some 10 students were told to change their clothes or have their parents pick them up. They were wearing Confederate T-shirts.

Vanderbilt University announced it was changing the name of its Confederate Memorial Hall to just plain Memorial Hall. During the Great Depression, when a dollar would feed you for a week, the UDC gave \$50,000 to help build the structure.

The last we heard, VMI was considering a proposal that the display of the Confederate flag be listed in the cadet Blue Book as a hanging offense.

And many more Southern schools have quietly instituted similar strictures—so many we can't possibly research and chronicle them all. So this time, we are giving the Scalawag Award to all school officials in the region who attempt to silence legitimate debate and impose their narrow, ideological view of history on our children.

These policies do more than falsify the history of the region, though they certainly do that. They also tell young Southerners that they no longer live in a society where they have the right to express contrary opinions without fear of retaliation. ☘

SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM FREEHOFF

ON RESPECTING THE PAST

It is the most arrant presentism to say that a philosophy cannot be practiced because that philosophy is found in the past and the past is now gone.

—Richard M. Weaver

ON RECOGNITION

When you can do the common things of life in an uncommon way, you will command the attention of the world.

—George Washington Carver

ON THE ISSUE

The issue today is the same as it has been throughout all history, whether man shall be allowed to govern himself or be ruled by a small elite.

—Thomas Jefferson

ON LEE THE PARAGON

...the fatherlands of Sidney and Bayard never produced a nobler soldier, gentleman and Christian than General Robert E. Lee.

—The London Standard 1866

ON EMANCIPATION

If I could preserve the Union without freeing the negro, I would do so.

—Abraham Lincoln

ON HOW TO FIGHT

To move swiftly, strike vigorously, and secure all the fruits of victory is the secret of successful war.

—Lt. Gen. T.J. Jackson, C.S. Army

CSA TODAY



Alabama

A year ago, Lawrence County High School Principal Ricky Nichols suspended 16 students for violating a ban on the display of the Confederate flag.

Recently, seven Cherokee students joined with seven of the suspended students to challenge the ban in U.S. District Court. Their suit, filed against both Nichols and Superintendent Dexter Rutherford, charges that the district's policy is discriminatory toward the Cherokee-Confederate Southern Americans.

As their attorney, Kirk Lyons, put it, "Cherokees played an extensive role as Confederate-Southern Americans during the Civil War, and students at Lawrence County High School ... hold Confederate symbols in veneration."

The point is more relevant than most people think. Cherokees and members of other tribes regard the American flag, rather than the Confederate flag, as a symbol of racism and hatred. They still recall the lying, cheating, stealing, and murder that became the official policy of the U.S. government long before the War Between the States and continued long after Appomattox. This history of persecution prompted many Cherokees to fight on the side of the Confederacy.

So do we reinstate the Confederate flag, or do we eventually have to yield to activist demands to ban the American flag?

Arkansas

It's interspecific warfare in Arkansas these days—people against animals. And so far, the animals seem to be winning.

In Eureka Springs, deer are invading backyards and gobbling up shrubbery and gardens to their hearts' con-

tent. As a consequence, residents were scheduled to vote on a proposition allowing the hunting of deer with bow and arrow over a two-month period.

Of course, animal-rights supporters oppose the measure, but Police Chief Earl Hyatt favors it. His good friend was killed a few years ago when a deer jumped in front of the man's motorcycle while he was riding on a city street.

However, the folks in Eureka should consider themselves lucky. Just 45 miles north of Little Rock, local folks are having trouble with lions—not mountain lions, but the African kind. Four of the beasts have been shot and killed near Safari Unlimited—a lion and tiger farm right there in Bill Clinton's back yard. Funny thing—the owner of the farm says he's never seen the dead animals before. Not his. No sir.

And no one knows how many more unclaimed jungle kings are still on the loose.

Local residents have been urged to be cautious, and—if attacked—to cry out "Simba-a-a-a" in a firm voice.

Florida

Vincent Bonnain of St. Petersburg had just started a new job—as telemarketer for Mortgage Investors Corporation. He was calling veterans, trying to persuade them to consider refinancing their VA and FHA loans. A former construction worker, he was disabled as the result of an on-the-job injury and could no longer work. The telemarketing position paid him \$9 an hour and a \$20 bonus for every customer who signed on the dotted line.

Bonnain was a happy man on his new job. Then, on the second day, he was fired—not because he came in late or was drinking on the job or had a bad telephone voice. He was booted solely because he had a Confederate

flag tattooed on his forearm, along with the words "Born a rebel, Die a rebel."

Bonnain protested.

"I really enjoyed my job, I told them, 'I'll cover it up. I'll wear long-sleeved shirts, I'll have it removed.' They said, 'No, no way.' I'm not a racist. Years and years ago, I got a tattoo. It's part of my heritage. There's nothing derogatory about it."

Company officials would not talk about the firing, probably because they couldn't justify their actions. After all, Bonnain's tattoo couldn't have offended customers on the other end of a long-distance line.

If you don't like anti-Southern bigotry, you can tell the folks at Mortgage Investors Corporation by dialing (727) 363-0057.

Georgia

The Democratic Party in general, and the black caucus in particular, are still feeling the after-shock of Rep. Cynthia McKinney's Democratic primary loss to Denise Majette, a black woman who doesn't shoot off her mouth. McKinney's defeat came about in part because of anti-Israel remarks.

The loser's father, state Senator Billy McKinney, likewise lost after he unleashed an anti-Semitic diatribe following his daughter's defeat.

Shortly after the two McKinneys were ousted, Democratic Gov. Roy Barnes entertained the American Israel Public Affairs Committee at the governor's mansion. Purely coincidental.

A group called Concerned Black Clergy of Metro Atlanta picketed the event, and were joined by Billy McKinney. The group's leader, the Rev. Timothy McDonald, told the press that the Jewish organization had been guilty of "meddling in predomi-

nantly African-American congressional districts.”

Also demonstrating were a dozen members of the “New Black Panther Party,” led by one Malik Zulu Shabazz.

McKinney and former state Rep. John White subsequently announced that they were starting a new party—the Georgia Caucus of Independents—because they were “disgusted with the tricks and hoodwinks that have been played on Democrats for many years.”

Kentucky

The Madison County school board has settled a lawsuit filed by a student, Timothy Castorina, who, with a friend, wore a T-shirt depicting Hank Williams, Sr. one day and were suspended twice from school. Why? Because there was a you-know-what flag in the background.

In his suit, Castorina pointed out that black students wore Malcolm X T-shirts with impunity. He also denied that the school had experienced racial strife, as the board claimed in its brief. He said he suspected that such claims were “a deliberate attempt on the part of the administration to make race relations appear worse than they are.”

In an initial hearing, U.S. District Judge Henry Wilhoit, Jr. ruled that wearing T-shirts did not constitute free speech and threw out the case. However, a three-judge panel of the 6th Circuit Court of Appeals reinstated the suit, whereupon the school board took a second look.

In the settlement, the board admitted that Castorina, who has since dropped out of school, “was expressing his admiration for country musician Hank Williams, Sr.” rather than wearing clothing that contained “illegal, immoral, or racist implications.”

The board agreed to a new dress code that would consider “the student’s purpose in wearing the subject clothing.”

And precisely what does that

phrase mean? The board said no explanation is necessary, that the settlement “speaks for itself.”

Hypothetical question: If, next week, a kid wears a battle-flag T-shirt and says he is just expressing admiration for his great-great granddaddy, will the school let him remain in school? If so, then we’ve just won a big victory.

Louisiana

In September, Dr. Glen Cangelosi—president of the New Orleans-based Confederate Memorial Hall Foundation—was complaining that no one was willing to join the fight to save the museum from the clutches of Tulane University.

He had talked to some of the state’s most prominent politicians and all expressed their sympathy—but none stepped forward to join the fight.

“I’m flabbergasted,” he said, “when I go around trying to get support for the museum, what a hot potato it is.”

A New Orleans judge ruled in July that Tulane had bought the building, but museum supporters appealed the case on the grounds that the philanthropist who put up the money in the 1880s specified that it was to remain a shrine to Confederate veterans forever. In fact, until the last one died, former Confederate soldiers stood guard at the door.

Among its 5,000 artifacts, the museum contains General Beauregard’s uniforms, a crown of thorns that Pope Pius IX gave to the imprisoned Jefferson Davis, and letters and photographs of black Confederates.

Governor Mike Foster said he would fight for the museum. He said he’s assigned his staff the task of keeping the museum where it is, and if they don’t succeed, “heads will roll.”

With the Governor on board, what appeared to be a hopeless battle now seems winnable. Let’s hope his actions are as tough as his words.

Maryland

On October 15, the U.S. Supreme Court decided that the First Amendment didn’t cover the flying of the Confederate flag, though in the past it had ruled that burning the American flag was protected speech.

The High Court refused to hear former SCV commander-in-chief Patrick J. Griffin, III’s appeal of the 4th-Circuit ruling. That decision upheld the Department of Veterans Affairs prohibition of the permanent flying of the battle flag over Point Lookout Confederate Cemetery. The Point Lookout burial site contains the graves of Confederate soldiers, primarily those who were prisoners of war and died while being held at the Yankee concentration camp. The VA had ruled that the flag could only fly on Confederate Memorial Day and Memorial Day.

However, as Griffin pointed out, “Maryland does not even have Confederate Memorial Day, so, by federal regulation, the Confederate battle flag is prohibited from being displayed in a VA cemetery 364 days a year.... The rub at Point Lookout is that it’s an all-Confederate cemetery; there are no other veterans buried there and we would like to display the flag in perpetuity, 24 hours, seven days a week.”

For about four years, a cemetery employee flew the battle flag. Then political correctness, with its wild eyes and blue nose, ordered it removed. At that point, Griffin tried to set up his own flagpole, privately funded and maintained.

When the VA said no, he took the agency into federal court, charging First Amendment violations, and won. Judge William M. Nickerson wrote: “The context of the display mitigates against any potential that a prohibited message of racial intolerance could be inferred.” He approved Griffin’s request to fly a Confederate flag, separate from the U.S. flag, and on a short-er pole.

However, two appeals courts—the 4th Circuit based in Richmond and the Washington-based court—over-



ruled the district court. The 4th Circuit opinion, a veritable monument to sophistry, stated that the flying of the battle flag would confuse the government's own message that the Point Lookout dead were being honored "as Americans." As for free speech, the Washington-based Court said, "It follows that the government must have greater discretion to decide what speech is."



You would expect the ACLU to rise up in righteous indignation at the implication that the federal government had such sweeping powers. After all, not too long ago, they were prancing and prating over the First-Amendment rights of flag burners. However, after this ruling, nothing from them but the sound of silence.

Meanwhile, Griffin says he intends to initiate a new legal challenge in the near future.

Mississippi

Another flag vote in Mississippi—this one in Harrison County, located on the gulf coast. For a while, county supervisors said they intended to retain the Eight Flags on Sand Beach, a display that includes the Confederate battle flag.

The NAACP, with nothing better to do, has been prancing and pouting about the display, determined to force the supervisors to take it down. Finally, the board commissioned the Market Research Institute in Pensacola to conduct a survey to determine what the people thought.

Predictably, the Institute gave an answer reminiscent of the Delphic Oracle—one that could be interpreted both ways: "What you're going to find is that most people want to remember and honor the Confederacy," said the Institute's Verne Kennedy, "but they want to do it in a way that doesn't create problems or difficulties for a significant population."

So the question was placed on the November 5 ballot. By the time you read this issue, the results will probably be known. Let's hope the results are the same as the last Mississippi flag referendum.

Missouri

Kemper Military Academy, the oldest such school west of the Mississippi, opened its doors in 1844. In 1885, after some ups and downs, it became a military school.

On the last day of May, Kemper cadets heard taps for the last time.

With only 124 students left—and with a tuition of more than \$20,000 a year—the school simply couldn't survive. It is now owned by the Citizens Bank and Trust of Boonville.

Like so many other all-male military schools, Kemper attempted to expand its pool of potential enrollees by going coed. But nothing could save the place. Former students waxed eloquent about their experiences there, but they, too, were unable or unwilling to come to its rescue.

Maybe it was a dinosaur. Maybe all military institutions—prep school and college—are a doomed species. The attitudes and traditions that sustained them may have been snuffed out by political correctness. West Point, Annapolis, the Citadel, VMI—all have gone soft in the face of feminist attacks; and as a consequence, future officers no longer undergo the rigorous training they once did.

Some day Americans may have to suffer the consequences of allowing ideology to compromise their capacity to defend themselves. That day may be just around the corner. Meanwhile, Kemper becomes nothing more than a fading memory in the minds and hearts of its time-ridden alums.

North Carolina

Last year, a student from Aycock Middle School in Greensboro won the local and state essay contest sponsored by the United Daughters of the Confederacy. This year, Aycock history teacher Jean Botzis wrote a letter to the UDC chapter president, saying, "I have come to understand more fully the philosophy and goals of the UDC and found them to be against the basic goals of Aycock Middle School."

Botzis also sent a letter to the Greensboro *News and Record*, asking

that the student's name, "as well as those of other Aycock students, not be entered in any contests or published in affiliation with the UDC."

When the newspaper tried to interview Botzis, the call was returned by Aycock principal Melissa Harrelson. When asked what the school found offensive about the UDC, Harrelson replied, "It's a modern day version of the Ku Klux Klan."

So who appointed Jean Botzis to define "the basic goals of Aycock Middle School," or, for that matter, of the UDC?

Many people in education would disagree with this assessment of public education. They believe the purpose of the public school system is to instill in students the political and social values of the Left. They have said this time and time again in some of the most widely read books on education. We suspect this is what teacher Botzis meant by "the basic goals of Aycock Middle School" and explains why principal Harrelson said the UDC is a "modern day version of the Ku Klux Klan."

Meanwhile, a majority of our children can't add up the check at a restaurant or write a competent English sentence.

Oklahoma

Exploring the woods near Fort Cobb, George Guy was looking for old toys he had once played with—a Hot Wheels in particular. However, his metal detector started picking up horseshoes, handmade nails, metal buttons, lead balls, a pocket watch, a metal pan, and an 1856 coin in mint condition. Indeed, he finds new artifacts every day.

Ernest Topah, historian for the Kiowa tribe, believes Guy may have discovered the original Ft. Cobb, a U.S. military garrison established in 1859 to protect travelers and Choctaws and Chickasaws from raids by Plains Indians.

"This is a significant find," Topah said, "especially as far as we are concerned. Our people would have used this fort. They would have received their rations and supplies here."

In recognition of this connection, Guy—who is also a member of the Kiowa tribe—plans to donate some of his treasures to the Kiowa museum.

“I think this is all pretty exciting,” Guy said. “Every time I go down there, I come back with bags of stuff.”

South Carolina

Every two years, the Democratic Party can be counted on to interject two issues into political campaigns nationwide: Social Security and race.

As for race, perhaps the boldest exploitation of this issue was by a black state senator from Charleston named Robert Ford, whose “Open Letter to Black Voters,” warned that if the Republicans won the gubernatorial race, the Beast of the Apocalypse would be moving into the governor’s mansion.

As for blacks who might be tempted to vote Republican, Ford said, “For any Black person knowledgeable enough to envision this and still consider voting for a republican [sic] candidate for Governor, must have a terrible mental condition or want to be different so bad to take the chance of destroying all gains made by Blacks over the past 40 years in South Carolina.”

He further suggested that blacks should break off friendships with those whose brothers voted Republican. “My response to my friend was, if anybody, particularly a Black person talked about supporting someone that would be the detriment of our people, I am willing to reassess their friendship and turn them over to the wrath of God.”

Ford stated categorically that if Republicans controlled the state, Blacks would be restricted to low-paying jobs and more and more of them would be thrown in prison. He stopped just short of saying Sanford would repeal the 13th Amendment.

It is distressing enough that an elected official would say these things. It is even more distressing that huge numbers of his fellow blacks would believe these lies, year after year. The effectiveness of this kind of racist demagoguery is the biggest reason

why the GOP is wasting its time trying to capture the black vote.

Tennessee

In the waning days of the senatorial campaign, Republican Lamar Alexander was in Dickson at a GOP rally, shaking hands with everybody in sight, grinning like a horse collar. Then he confronted Democratic protester Paul Shelby Hunton, and what happened next depends on whom you decide to believe.

Alexander describes the incident as follows: “I shook hands with an officer and I shook hands with one of the protesters and he gave me a firm handshake and I gave him a firm handshake. I was trying to be polite.”

Hunton, a field representative for the Tennessee Democratic Party, had a handful of fake dollar bills with Alexander’s picture on them and the slogan “Corporate Greed of America.” Bunton claims that the dollar bills enraged Alexander and prompted the finger-twisting incident.

Hunton said his finger swoll up and hurt for an hour.

Whatever happened, the police separated the two before fists began flying. As we go to press, the District Attorney is still trying to decide whether or not to file charges.

Texas

In May, during the last week of classes, a high school student was suspended in Shepherd for wearing a T-shirt with the Forbidden Image on it—an image more sinister than the skull-and-cross-bones, more hated than the swastika. This time, however, Jeff Adams, a League of the South member, in cooperation with Bridget Olivera, the student’s mother, developed a strategy that quickly put school officials on the defensive.

During the summer, they found literally dozens of students who were willing to wear battle-flag T-shirts on the first day of the new school year. Because of their numbers, no one made a move to suspend them.

Mrs. Olivera passed along copies of Supreme Court cases that supported

the right of students to display politically controversial symbols.

Adams appeared at a school board meeting, looking extremely lawyerly; and the board figured Mrs. Olivera had hired counsel. In fact, Adams is no lawyer.

The board backed down. The principal said the suspension was a big misunderstanding; and dozens of students continue to wear Rebel T-shirts.

As Adams reported on the matter, “I wish all our battles were this easy.”

Virginia

Conway Robinson State Forest in Prince William County has gone the way of many parks and recreation areas: It has become a hotbed of homosexual activity.

Jon Ward of the *Washington Times* reports that the forest, which was once a favorite spot for families and church groups, has developed such a bad reputation that straight people shun the place.

“We used to go down there and cook hamburgers and hot dogs, having a good old time,” one Gainesville woman said. “It’s gorgeous back there. Now I don’t even want to go back there. They completely ruined it.”

How did they ruin it? By swarming all over the place—engaging in anonymous sex acts, then moving on to the next 30-second partner.

Claiborne T. Richardson II, who is prosecuting the cases, said of the sting operation, “Some officers were approached and asked to perform certain acts. If they refused, then some of the individuals tried to grab the officers, either around the face or the head. It was extremely bold and blatant.

“It all got started because of other people trying to use the park—Cub Scouts and people walking their dogs—when people were having sex in the park and not trying to hide themselves when people walked up on them. In fact, they would invite people to watch, whether they were people they knew or not.”

And the American Psychiatric Association says these folks are normal, natural, and healthy. ☼





Like kudzu, political correctness on our college campuses has spread so rapidly and sunk its roots so deeply that the nation may never recover from it. Kudzu destroys everything in its path—pastures, flowers, fruit trees, barns, houses. You see a small patch of it in the corner of a far field, and next week it's climbing up your front porch. The same with political correctness. Even in the more traditional South, the Left has captured most of the major universities and transformed them into mere opinion mills, places where young people are taught *what* to think instead of *how* to think. At such institutions, administrators purge conservative departments, professors, and ideas as routinely as a busy housekeeper sweeps away cobwebs.

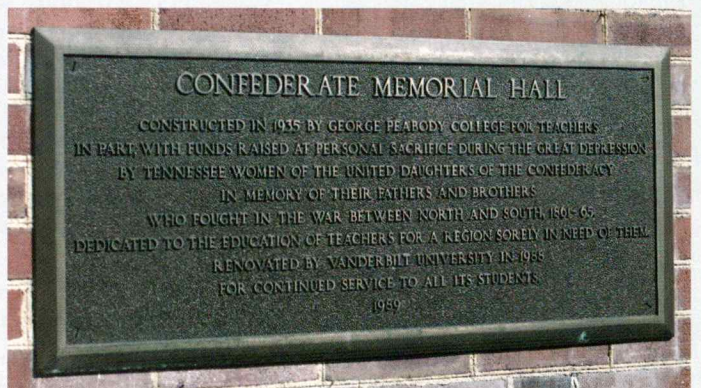
They no longer bother to pay lip service to the principles of academic freedom and the free market of ideas. They allow professors to bully dissenting students in the classroom. They use student activity fees to support Leftist groups. They permit only like-minded speakers to appear on campus. They want universities to “stay on message.”

Perhaps the most dangerous aspect of political correctness is its drive to undo the past, to make war on his-

tory itself. It's one thing to interpret the present to achieve specific political goals. It is quite another to conceal or lie about historical facts in order to indoctrinate. Napoleon once said, “History is the agreed-upon lie.” It has certainly become that in the contemporary academy.

Vanderbilt University is not the worst offender in this respect. To many, however, it is one of the most surprising. After all, Vanderbilt was home base for the Fugitive-Agrarians and the alma mater of Richard Weaver, Mel Bradford, and many other Southern conservatives.

The two articles that follow will give you some idea of what Vanderbilt is today, as well as a sobering look at what it never was in the past.



Fugitives From History

BY CHARLES HAMEL

Of Confederates and Irises

Up until recently, Vanderbilt tolerated a fair amount of conservative dissent. Certainly the University was never in the business of suppressing history.

However, this toleration has given way to a kind of nervous obedience to the norms of contemporary academia, probably out of concern for Vanderbilt's reputation as a "national university." If you aspire to run with Harvard and Stanford—two of the most politically correct institutions in the country—you had better not get caught with your past hanging out like a shirttail. You have to keep it tucked in at all times. You get 75 points for neatness.

Fortunately for Harvard and Stanford, neither has to deal with a past that includes Secession and Jim Crow.

- The Massachusetts Bay Colony maintained legalized slavery at the time of Harvard's founding in 1636, and the practice continued for almost 150 years. Two years after Harvard opened its doors, the slave trade appeared in New England—with Boston as the chief port of entry. By 1692, folks in the Bay State were burning witches.

- California systematically discriminated against minorities—particularly Orientals—at the time of Stanford's founding. The California Supreme Court had earlier held that an Oriental could not

testify against a white in court. Orientals and whites could not intermarry, and orientals were prohibited from living in white neighborhoods.

Despite such practices, Harvard and Stanford aren't required to confront their past by issuing daily *mea culpae*. Southern universities are held to different standards.

In order to get on the same page with the rest of academia, Vanderbilt recently announced that it was changing the name of Confederate Memorial Hall—located on the Peabody College campus—to "Memorial Hall." Michael Schoenfeld, the university's vice chancellor for public affairs, said that henceforth the building would honor "all of the women and men who lost their lives in the service of our country."

Schoenfeld's quote says it all. Note that he puts "women" before "men"—despite the fact that the number of women who have died "in the service of our country" is infinitesimal compared to the number of men.

By the way, this name-changing is the third mistake Vanderbilt has made relevant to Confederate Memorial Hall. The second occurred in 1988, when—under pressure from the NAACP and several black students—the University attempted to do the same thing. The result was a firestorm so great that the administration was forced to back down.

And what was the first mistake? Taking over Peabody College in 1979. Like all contemporary teachers' colleges, it was a sorry, second-rate institution that deserved to die an unmourned death. In

keeping it alive, Vanderbilt contributed to the growing mediocrity of American education and diluted its own educational mission.

In response to this latest attempt to obliterate the past, the UDC has filed a suit in Davidson County Chancery Court to stop the name change, on

grounds that (1) the UDC gave Peabody \$50,000 during the Great Depression to build the structure—one-third of the total amount needed—and that (2) the money was given on condition that the building be named Confederate Memorial Hall.

With O.J. playing golf every day in Florida, we have little confidence in the integrity of the judicial system. On the other hand, in our legal tradition, if you have a meeting of minds, you have a binding contract. Throw out that legal principle and you can never be sure you own the house you inherited from Mom and Dad. In the past—when people didn't erase the truth of history and pencil in accommodating lies—the UDC and Peabody had a meeting of minds. That fact should be acknowledged as immutable, regardless of what Vanderbilt's corporate lawyers now say.

Two earlier cases involving donations to Vanderbilt shed light on the issue of Confederate Memorial Hall.

The first of these involved James Kirkland, Vanderbilt Chancellor from 1893-1937. Kirkland, in addition to being a New South ideologue, was a prodigious grower of irises; and he planted many exotic types on the Vanderbilt campus. In fact, horticulturists from faraway places traveled to Nashville to view these magnificent blossoms, which continued to thrive after Kirkland himself was consigned to dust.

Then one day, an alumnus came to the University with the promise of a large gift. He would make the donation on one condition: that all of Chancellor Kirkland's irises be uprooted and that never again would irises be allowed to grow on the Vanderbilt campus.

When asked why he imposed this condition, the alum said he just didn't like the old SOB and wanted to get even with him.

The University took the gift and abolished the irises. At least as late as 1960, the iris patrol still inspected each new landscaping project to make certain that the forbidden flowers didn't poke their pretty little heads above ground.

You have to view this story with ambivalence.



Chancellor
James Kirkland



Kissam Hall circa 1901 (Photographic archives Vanderbilt University)

On the one hand, universities ought not to accept contributions with such mean-spirited conditions attached to them. On the other hand, Kirkland was indeed an old SOB—and at least Vanderbilt officials have so far kept their word.

Moral: If they'll uproot irises for decade after decade, they ought to honor the promise made to the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

A second case is even more to the point, though the official version of it—published on the Vanderbilt home page—is something of a misrepresentation. The account begins as follows:

Commodore Cornelius Vanderbilt was in his 79th year when he decided to make the gift that founded Vanderbilt University in the spring of 1873. The \$1 million that he gave to endow and build the University was the Commodore's only major philanthropy.

In the first place, this passage seems to take the title "commodore" seriously. It needs to be placed in quotation marks. Commodore was a rank in the U.S. Navy until 1899, when all commodores became rear admirals. Cornelius Vanderbilt was never in the Navy. He was given the tongue-in-cheek nickname because at one time he owned and operated the biggest commercial steamship on the Hudson River. As he walked along the dock in his yachting cap, blazer, and white trousers, you can imagine one grimy longshoreman saying to another, "Well, bless my soul. Here comes the ol' Commodore, himself."

In the second place, the institution Vanderbilt "founded" was already in existence. It was called Central University. Its board took the cash and agreed to change the name to that of its benefactor.

In fact, Vanderbilt's likeness was adopted as the University's official logo. It is still used.

In retrospect, the ol' Commodore was, himself, a politically incorrect figure—one of the great 19th century Robber Barons. It was he who—when asked if the railroads should be run for the public good—replied, "The public be damned." The richest man in America at the time he died, he once told the *New York Tribune*, "I have been insane on the subject of moneymaking."

Today, when industrial capitalism is held in wild-eyed contempt by the intellectual elite, you would think Vanderbilt officials would keep quiet about the Commodore. Indeed, given their decision to change the name of Confederate Memorial Hall, a striking parallel emerges.

The UDC gave money with the understanding that a building would bear a certain name.

Likewise, Cornelius Vanderbilt gave money with the understanding that the University would bear a certain name.

Both the Confederacy and 19th-century Robber Barons offend the heightened sensibilities of the politically correct.

Logically, then, Vanderbilt officials should be consistent and rename the University itself.

They could call it Multicultural U.

That way, it would be a memorial to all the women and men of the world, rather than to a capitalist pig like Cornelius Vanderbilt.

A final cautionary word: In light of this capitulation to ideological fashion, Vanderbilt alumni should beware. If you give money for a particular program, you can no longer be certain your intentions will be honored. If, in the future, a politically

correct administration disagrees with your historical or educational views, they may thumb their noses at your grave and use your gift to endow scholarships for deserving child molesters.

Vanderbilt, Past and Present

Those who think of Vanderbilt as the home base of the Agrarians—a true-blue Southern institution—don't know the university's real history. Along with its ever-fading regional charm, it has always displayed a scalawag streak.

The feature story in the last issue of *Vanderbilt Magazine* provides a case in point. The piece focuses on the Rev. James Lawson, who, in 1957, became the first black admitted to the Vanderbilt School of Religion. At the time, Harvie Branscomb was Chancellor, and the Vanderbilt website has this to say of his reign:

In the 1950s Vanderbilt began to outgrow its provincial roots and to measure its achievements by national standards under the leadership of Chancellor Harvie Branscomb. By its 90th anniversary in 1963, Vanderbilt for the first time ranked in the top 20 private universities in the United States.

The supercilious air of such rhetoric—its fine contempt for its own region—isn't the only thing wrong with this statement. Vanderbilt had been measuring its achievements by national standards long before Harvie Branscomb came on the scene, though he certainly strove to mitigate the University's reputation as a "regional" institution.

It was Branscomb who moved to raze Kissam Hall—where generations of Vanderbilt men spent their freshman year—and to replace the historic



Former Chancellor Harvie Branscomb

building with a quadrangle of dormitories. In announcing his plans to students, he reported, with the trace of a smile, that these buildings would surround a grassy area "approximately the dimensions of Harvard Yard."

Everyone got the message: Branscomb wanted Vanderbilt to be "the Harvard of the South." (Many of its students wanted it to be something better and more original.) To be sure, at the time, Kissam Hall was regarded as a massive, somewhat ornate building, hopelessly out

of style, a glum contrast to the sleek modern dorms that stood in its shadow—dorms that now seem so pedestrian and dated.

Stanford White had designed Kissam Hall. At the time, he was America's leading architect. Among his New York landmarks were the Washington Square Arch and the even-more famous Madison Square Garden, where, one night, he was murdered by Harry Thaw, Gibson Girl Evelyn Nesbit's sadistic husband.

Old buildings have a way of looking hopelessly grotesque and unstylish for a while, only to recover their power to delight in some later era—like the gingerbread houses of the Gothic Revival. Today, Kissam Hall might well be regarded as a magnificent structure—a prime example of White's genius—but Branscomb couldn't wait to tear it down so he could construct a quadrangle approximately the dimensions of Harvard Yard.

An earlier *Partisan* article recalls philosopher Richard Weaver at the Vanderbilt Literary Symposium, speaking of the Southern writer's commitment to history and tradition, while members of the audience bent forward and cupped their hands to hear what he was saying. His speech was all but drowned out by the noise of the wrecking crew dismantling Kissam Hall, where the Fugitive-Agrarians—his mentors—had all lived.

But even as Branscomb was fleeing from harsh reality toward a grinning, open-armed world, reality came galumphing up behind him and knocked him to the ground. In this case, reality was personified by the Rev. James Lawson, a black transfer student who, in 1960, was about to graduate from the Vanderbilt Divinity School.

Vanderbilt Magazine currently features Lawson on the cover—white hair, rich brown skin, and gold-rimmed glasses. The story inside is billed as: "The Lawson Affair: A divinity student's expulsion forced a turning point for Vanderbilt."

The article, written by Ray Waddle ('81), defines that turning point as follows:

It was a showdown of clashing values—Vanderbilt's reach for national status versus sectional traditionalism and fear of change. In the minds of many, it was the most critical moment in the history of Vanderbilt University.

Shorn of high-blown rhetoric, the Lawson Affair can be summarized as follows. Lawson, while a V.U. graduate student, was also a paid worker for the Fellowship of Reconciliation, an organization whose primary purpose was to disrupt Southern society in order to reform it. Lawson trained young people to stage sit-ins at local lunch counters, publicly urging them to violate the law. He was arrested; and Vanderbilt kicked him out of school—not because he was a black man in favor of desegregation—but because he got crossways with the law.

Ultimately it was Branscomb who was responsible for this disciplinary action ("the buck stops here"); and the Chancellor's erstwhile friends in the Divinity School turned on him like a starved rat pack. After weeks of posturing by his own faculty and ugly national news coverage, Branscomb, dazed by the furor, quietly backed down and allowed Lawson back in school.

It was indeed a turning point for Vanderbilt and the South, but not for the reasons cited in the alumni magazine. The case demands closer scrutiny.

In retrospect, a 70-year-old Lawson has this to say about Branscomb:

One of the things I have reflected upon is that I feel very strongly that Harvie Branscomb made a major error in his life. He obviously did not have enough people around him to help him get through in a fashion that could have reduced tension in the University. My own major reflection as I look back upon it is that we have to accept the man as he was, as we have to accept ourselves, because in the situation we get, we all make errors.

This statement contains a kernel of truth. Branscomb indeed made a major error. In his vaguely beneficent liberalism, he assumed that blacks and whites could be treated equally—in the academy as well as elsewhere. During his confrontation with Lawson, he learned a hard lesson, and learned it earlier than most Southern liberals: You can't treat blacks equally and remain politically correct. You have to give them special consideration—or else.

At that time, Vanderbilt had an ironclad policy regarding student involvement with the law: Anyone whose name ended up on a police blotter was expelled—guilty or innocent. One Vanderbilt alumnus recalls how the policy was implemented:

They couldn't get away with it today. I remember an undergraduate who had gone down to Printer's Alley one Saturday night and had been rolled. In those days, Printer's Alley wasn't the glitzy, fashionable strip it is today. It was a sleazy row of cheap bars selling cheap whiskey, but it wasn't off-limits to Vanderbilt students. A lot of us went there. This poor guy got his name on page 18 of *The Nashville Tennessean*, and by the end of the day he was packing his bags, despite the fact that he was the victim of the crime, not the perpetrator.

I remember walking one night down Hillsboro Avenue, on my way to my apartment after a dormitory poker game. It was about 3 a.m., and a police car pulled up beside me. An officer rolled down the window and said, "Come here, boy." (I was 20 or 21.)

I went to the curb and he looked me up and down.

"What are you doing out at this hour?"

I told him I had been visiting a friend on-

campus.

"Well, get home, boy," he said. "Decent people aren't out at this time of night."

I was outraged. (He had implied I wasn't decent.) However, I kept my mouth shut. I knew if this guy chose to pick me up—on whatever charge—I would never graduate from Vanderbilt.

Had the police stopped Lawson, called him "boy," and asked him what he was doing on the street at 3 a.m., the incident might have ended up on the front page of the *New York Times*—an example of the racism of Southern cops. Certainly it would have been cited by Mr. Waddle in *Vanderbilt Magazine*. But this narrative, by a white alumnus, suggests just how strict the police were in those days—and how skittish the University was about student encounters with the law.

At the suggestion of Martin Luther King himself, Lawson had come to Tennessee to break the law. When he was arrested, Chancellor Branscomb—in his naiveté, his ignorance, his wrong-headed belief in equality—gave Lawson the option of withdrawal from school or expulsion, and Lawson chose the latter.

After all, it wasn't as if he had gone down to Printer's Alley and gotten himself knocked in the head. He was a black civil rights protester, and as such was demanding a special dispensation from the University. As *Vanderbilt Magazine* put it, his lawbreaking drew "on higher laws of faith and civilization, the power of biblical righteousness...."

Despite the fact that Vanderbilt was already integrated, Waddle wants us to believe the Lawson dismissal was somehow about race and the integration of the University. He writes:

The policy could claim that Vanderbilt was quietly integrated, but it neglected to engage the whole campus in working through the moral reasons for it.

The whole campus didn't need to be engaged. The students would have accepted integration in 1960 as readily as it did just a few years later, if only because they were well-behaved Southern kids and did what they were told. Indeed, while on campus, Lawson was treated well. His own retrospective criticism of Branscomb's integration strategy inadver-



Gordon Gee is the current Chancellor of Vanderbilt who made the decision to rename the building.

tently reveals just how well:

The University had to recognize that a desegregation process on a campus had to be more than cosmetic. They were trying to maintain control without a real plan. We [African American students] were not supposed to eat at Rand. But no one told me. Two or three times a week my [white] friends in Divinity and I would eat there. So a black person was visible on campus. Did anything happen? Of course not.

Of course not. Nothing happened because, contrary to Lawson's analysis, Branscomb did have a plan—with only a slightly different timetable. As the former chancellor described it in his *Purely Academic: An Autobiography*:

The circumstances at the time must be kept in mind. In Nashville the situation was tense and inflammable. In the Southeast, Vanderbilt was carrying the risks of integration in private universities and colleges. We still had the crucial step to take in three undergraduate colleges, in the Medical School, and in campus housing. To permit one uncooperative student who was, in fact, a paid organizer, to wreck this program seemed wasteful of much effort and much good will.

A reasonable attitude to take—both at that time and in retrospect. However, when Lawson was

booted, the Divinity School faculty—with whom Branscomb was especially friendly—decided to parade the pageant of its bleeding heart across the front pages of the nation's newspapers. Refusing to acknowledge the true reason for Lawson's expulsion or the fact that numerous white students had been kicked out for lesser offenses, they began to agitate—to express their outrage to the administration, to demonstrate, and finally to resign. In fact, before the confrontation ended, over half had submitted letters of resignation.

At that point, the Chancellor had to look at the situation in a different light. He could no longer apply the policy even-handedly, not if equal treatment meant the loss of valuable faculty members. It didn't matter that race had not been a factor in his decision. He was perceived as a cultural reactionary and a crypto-segregationist, not only by his own faculty, but—thanks to the media—by liberal Americans nationwide, the very people he was so desperate to please. ("What would Harvard think?")

So he did what succeeding administrators and politicians at every level have done: He abandoned principle, made a special exception to University policy, and readmitted Lawson.

In retrospect, the problem with Vanderbilt

at the time was not racism or even racial insensitivity. It was an unreasonable demand on the part of the administration that Vanderbilt students stay out of trouble—a demand rooted in the historical tension between town and gown. Vanderbilt didn't want Nashville to think that students were bad citizens.

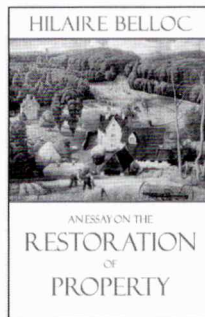
The nationwide campus riots of the late '60s and '70s shattered forever the sense of decorum that motivated Branscomb and his predecessors to boot students guilty of public misconduct. Today, convicted murderers are admitted to universities because administrators believe they have no right to judge the off-campus conduct of students. This hands-off attitude errs in the opposite direction.

Somewhere there must be a satisfactory middle ground between the unforgiving policy under which Branscomb operated and the excessive permissiveness of present-day universities.

In justifying current intellectual fashion, however, we should never misreport the past. We can learn a great deal from history, when we tell ourselves the truth. When we lie—as too often we do these days—we don't really justify the present or brighten the future. We invariably end up slandering the dead. ✪

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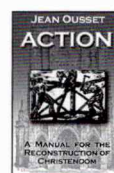
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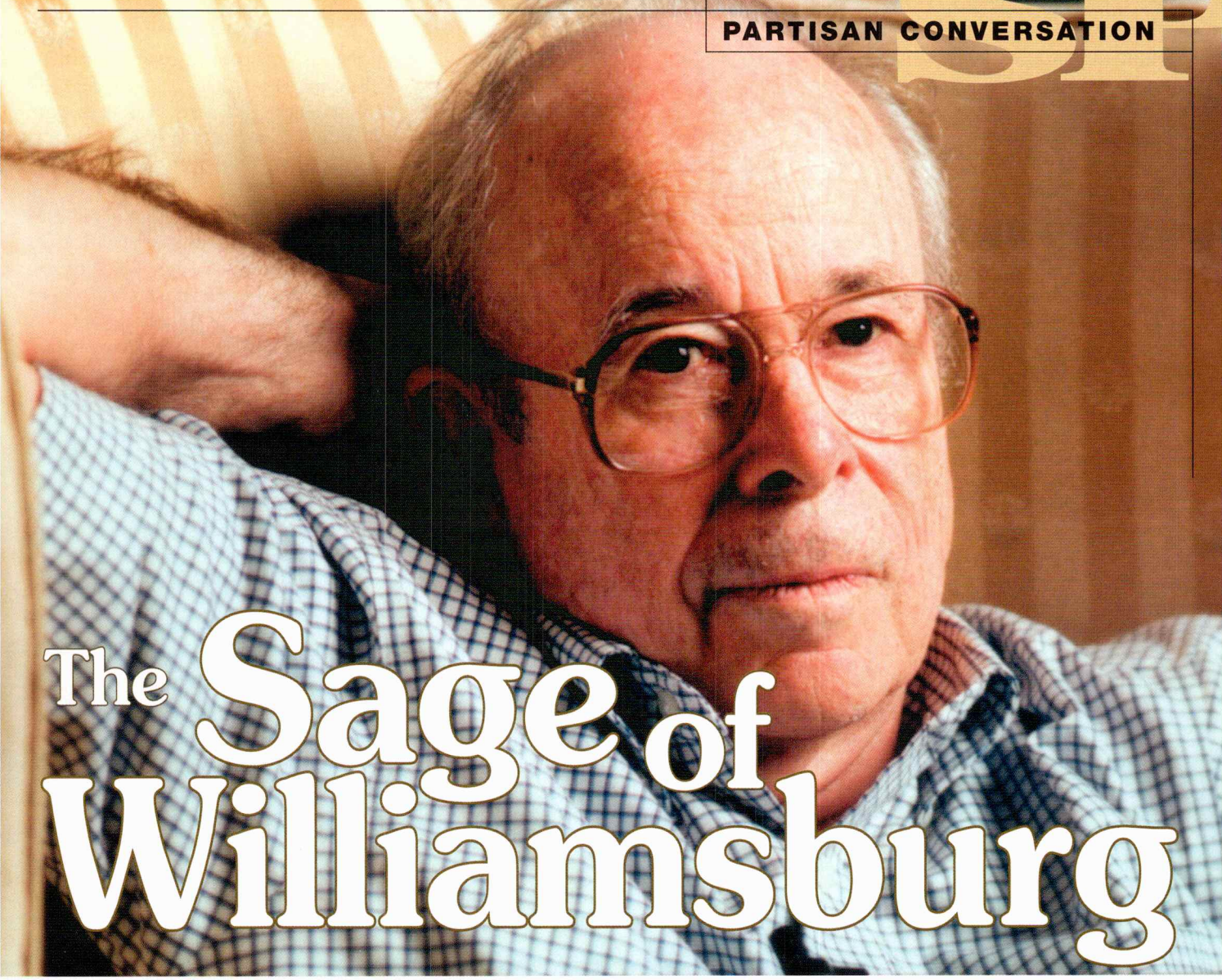
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The Sage of Williamsburg

Ludwell H. Johnson III

is Professor Emeritus of History at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia. He was born in West Virginia in 1927 and soon moved to Richmond. At the close of World War II, he served for a year and a half in the US Naval Reserve. He graduated with honors in history from Johns Hopkins University in 1952, and continued on to complete his Ph.D. in 1955 as a student of C. Vann Woodward.

Johnson served as Professor of History at William and Mary from 1955 to 1992, with a two-year stint teaching at Florida State University in the '50s. For 40 years, he has served as an officer of Alpha of Virginia, the founding chapter of Phi Beta Kappa, an advocate for liberal arts and sciences at the undergraduate level which began at William and Mary in 1776. The recipient of many awards for scholarship and teaching abilities, he was recognized with complimentary

resolutions by the General Assembly of Virginia in 1987, 1992 and 1997. Last year, he was elected to the Board of Directors for the Museum of the Confederacy in Richmond.

Professor Johnson has written three books and published over 160 scholarly and popular articles, reviews and lectures.

His textbook, *North Against South: The American Iliad, 1848-1877*, is considered by many lovers of the South as the best comprehensive text ever written about the War, its causes, and its aftermath.

Whether debunking the Lincoln myth in the '80s, when few dared utter a critical observation, or as the first person to penetrate the true history of Yankee profiteering and materialism, Professor Johnson has led the way for traditional Southern historians. And he has done it from the very core of American academe. Remembered and loved by no one more than his students, he stands before us today as a Southern professor extraordinaire.

Southern Partisan: *What first stimulated your interest in Southern history?*

Lud Johnson: Well, how I grew up. My father's parents were from Richmond, Virginia. I spent a lot of time with them, lived with them for a while, in Richmond. My grandfather's father was wounded at the Battle of New Market. He was a VMI cadet. His name is on the monument up there at VMI. I gave some of his letters to VMI a few years ago. In one of them he said, "One thing we would never ever do..." writing his mother or his sister, I forget which, "was to marry a Yankee."

Looking back to when you first wrote North Against South, was the environment in the academic community more or less hostile to the South than it is today?

I think it's more hostile today. It's a self-reinforcing thing because you recruit faculty who match the political correctness standard, and they train students—graduate students—who go on to be faculty members and this spreads out. So they multiply their effect. When I came here, of course, it was totally different. That was nearly fifty years ago. We used to play "Dixie" at football games.

At William and Mary?

Oh yes. They didn't stop that until the 1960s, I guess it was.

Most Southern schools used to have fairly conservative faculties. Is that an accurate statement?

Well, the big increase in the size of colleges and universities started really in the sixties. So you had this big influx of new people. When I came here in 1955, there were five people in the History department. Now there are about 22 or 23, something like that. The whole tenor changed greatly in the 1960s. That was really before the political correctness movement. It was more the youth-must-be-served kind of thing; youth as a pure and clear-eyed vision of the good and true. Us old fogies didn't know what we were talking about. And so I fought through that, although I wasn't that much older than they were.

And today, just about all the faculties of all departments are overrun with liberals. Is that fair to say?

Oh, I would assume so...

Is there a sense at all that students today may

be more conservative than the faculty?

I don't know. They've always been pretty conservative here. But I must say I don't like "liberal" being used as a sort of dirty word. It depends on what you mean by "liberal." The meaning, of course, has changed over the years. If you mean a self-righteous, holier-than-thou, super-moralistic person, if that's what you mean by "liberal," then I would agree that there's a lot more of them around today than there used to be. But I think I'm a liberal in the Jeffersonian sense of the term. I hope I am.

How so?

Well, I believe in free inquiry, free speech, free expression, which of course, is the very thing that political correctness doesn't allow. The politically correct crowd is very selective about who they allow to speak freely. And I don't think that's right.

How do you think the teaching of history has changed in your career?

Well, in my classes, my approach has never changed. If you're talking about political correctness, I think that is something that has hit the history business hard within the last, say, fifteen years. Before then, I don't think it was that much of an issue. But it's hard to say because you don't know what goes on in somebody else's classes. I know I never had any difficulty saying what I wanted to say. Nobody ever penalized me or questioned me

or anything like that. I have to say that for William and Mary. Although, if you want to get ahead among your peers, then you've got to fit in. You know what I mean?

Yes.

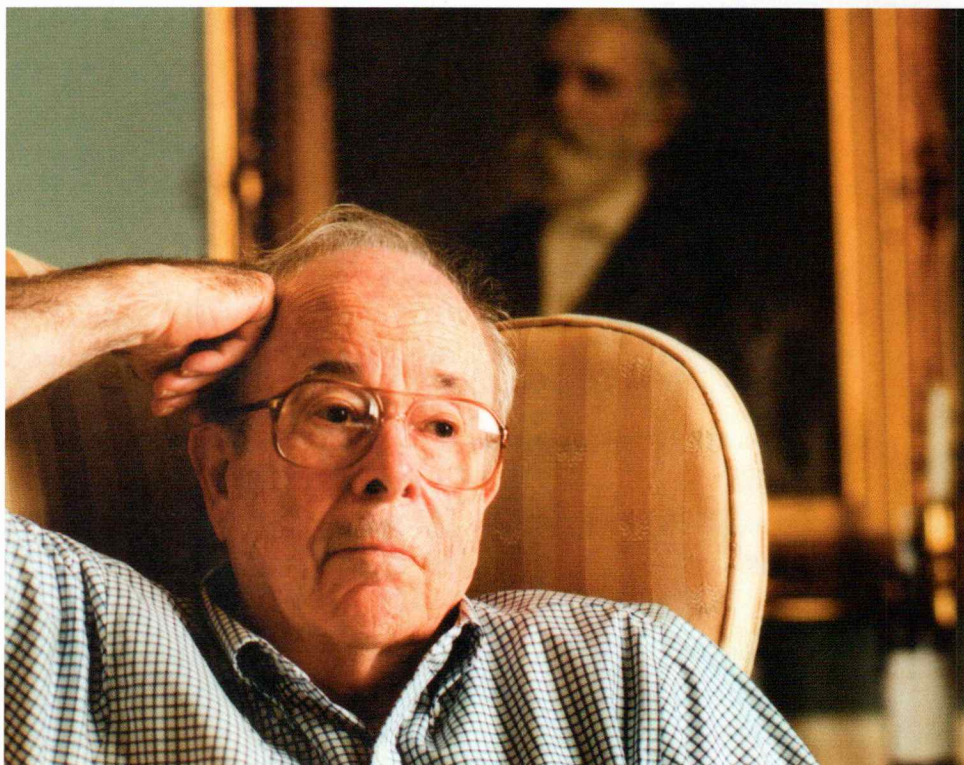
And a lot of professional advancement comes from peer evaluations now, and I don't know what my chances would be of getting ahead if I came into the faculty for the first time today. Not too bright, perhaps. Not because people are going to say outright, "You know, this guy's a bigoted conservative," or something like that. They kill you by the things they don't do or don't say.

You might not get the same opportunities others are given.

Right. You don't get the promotions. The merit evaluation—that's a big thing now. It never occurred to me that anybody could tell me how to teach.

One sometimes gets the impression that Marxism is dead everywhere in the world except for Cuba and the American college campus.

I've seen that said or written, but I don't know a Marxist anywhere. I think the vast majority are Democrats. When I came in, the Democrats were Roosevelt New Deal Democrats. We had one Social Democrat student who was one of the founders of the New Left, but today he lives in a big house



in a posh part of town, so he must have converted. I think this Marxist business is an urban myth. Marx is sort of out-of-date anyway. I don't worry as much about Marx as I do about political correctness and its impact on the First Amendment.

Do you see any hope of reversing the trend toward political correctness?

I don't know how long it would take or

know that there is one. So I don't see the end to it, which is too bad.

Why do you think bashing the South is so important to the Left?

Well, who else are they going to beat up on? What a target! It's difficult to find a target since every conceivable kind of Civil Rights legislation has been passed. I don't know what else the Left has except possibly repa-

recently criticizing Ben Jones, who was running for Congress. He's the fellow who used to be on the Dukes of Hazard.

Yeah, he snuck in the Battle Flag by putting it on the roof of the car. [laughing] That's pretty cute. I never thought I'd live to see the day when you had to sneak in the flag. You know, the Battle Flag is out in front of the museum in Richmond.

You're on the Board of Directors for the Museum of the Confederacy aren't you?

I just started.

How's that coming along?

I've only been to one meeting, but I found it was an impressive group of people. It was their annual meeting, so there were a lot of reports, and I could tell the kind of hard work, earnest and sincere work these people do. This is all volunteer work. These people have careers outside of this, of course, but they do a lot, and they do it extremely well. And there are differences of opinion within the museum about things, as there has to be, but they accommodate it very well.

Now your book North Against South was first published in '78?

Yeah, I think so, '78.

Who do you see as the audience for that book?

Well, anybody that wants to read the book. If people who know nothing about the period want to read it, that's fine. If people who sense a certain point of view would like to read it, that's fine.

Is it more of a primer, more of a starting point for understanding the War?

Oh, I think it's too short a book to be anything but an introduction. Over the years, for example, I wrote a lot of articles about trade between the North and South which I thought was an illustration of the combination between profits and politics in the Republican Party, selling supplies to the Confederacy with Lincoln's permission a lot of times. This is the kind of history in depth that you can only just hint at in even bigger books than this book. So, of course, nobody's going to read that stuff except people that read journals and things like that. I think we need to have something on the scale of Shelby Foote, which I think is a marvelous work, but less military, and more analytical.



what it would take to eliminate this PCism. I just don't know. It really is distressing to see it. As I say, it's been a self-perpetuating, a self-magnifying kind of thing because the people have taken undergraduate programs by people who are part of this PC culture. It just goes on and on. I don't know how to reverse it.

What we have to do is bring sanity back to the academic culture. The average person outside the academy may not believe that intelligent people can be part of this cognitive suicide, but they've got to come inside the academy. They've got to quit looking through the window of the asylum and come in and see what it's really like on the inside. Unfortunately, people are afraid to address the issue. I mean, the people outside the academy are afraid to address it. And I don't know how much opposition there is to political correctness. Is there a silent anti-PC majority? I don't

rations. And who's going to fix that? Where else do they go for a target? It's much easier to attack the Confederacy than it is to do something about all this ghastly stuff that goes on in Africa now. And it doesn't cost a dime to posture and be self-righteous. So, it's a cheap cause.

You remember L. Douglas Wilder, Virginia's first black governor? He has been very big on denouncing all remnants of the Confederacy. But I remember a picture in the paper when he was running for lieutenant governor, standing on the courthouse steps of one of those Virginia counties out there, with the local politicians under a Confederate flag saying, "It's all part of our heritage."

Is that right?

Yes. I remember that.

I noticed that former Governor Wilder was

What was the point you were trying to make with that?

Well, I wasn't really trying to make a point except I just wanted to tell, as best I could, in that short space how something's happening. I realize that this is not how the majority of people in the profession of history then saw it, but I wasn't trying to be confrontational. Just by telling the way you see something and knowing that it's not the way other people see it, you end up being confrontational, I suppose, but I wasn't being propagandistic. I just thought this was the way things were. I didn't think it was going to be reviewed, for one thing, because textbooks usually are not. But I wasn't surprised at the hostile reviews. I didn't expect it to sell like *Gone With the Wind* anyway, so...

It's kind of an unusual book, I think, in the breadth of its coverage.

Well, I didn't have any choice. This was what the publisher called for because it was one of a series of books, and somebody else's book would run it up to 1848, somebody else's would pick up at 1877, so I was given the space in between, and it was very tough to cover that kind of ground. Although in a way, it forces you to be more interpretive. If you don't have much space, you can't tell everything. God knows. But that's how it happened to have that span of years which I could very easily have spent three times that

many pages just on the War without any trouble at all.

How important do you think it is to look at more of the contextual setting of it being in between Reconstruction and Antebellum years?

Well, I'm not too sure of what you mean. The real turning point was the Industrial Revolution in this country, and War was a symptom of that. The unification of Germany was going on about the same time, but they didn't have any internal war; although they had other wars, Denmark, France, Austria. The political unification was a reflection of economic unification, and I think the ultimate outcome of the War of that period would have been the same without the War, so it's a shame there had to be all that death and suffering.

When you say the ultimate outcome would have been the same...

Well, it's often called the very beginning of modern America—the period after the War. It was the urbanization, industrialization, the mass internal market, and everything that leads to the kind of system we have today got underway then. And I think it would have done so anyway.

One argument is that had the Southern Congressional delegations stayed in Congress, Lincoln would never have had the opportunity to do some of the things...

I know that's been said for quite a while, but I think of Lincoln himself. Of course, Lincoln was (as I say in my little book), as Stephen A. Douglas said, very much a man of the atmosphere that surrounds him. Southerners did not think Lincoln was a free agent. They thought that the political dynamics of the Republican Party were going to push him to do things that he might not do of his own free will. I think they were probably right, because Lincoln moved with the political time, and his principles were enclosed within the political universe, and he would move with the universe, just like he did on slavery. So, I mean, it certainly would've been better if we hadn't seceded because we lost the damn war. We wouldn't have had all those people killed, for Pete's sake.

What about slavery?

Slavery would have disappeared. I don't think slavery could have survived the collapsing commodity markets that took place

in the late 19th century. There was not an economical system, and it was of course dying out everywhere else: Cuba, Brazil. Lincoln himself said that he thought it'd be gone by about 1900 if it didn't expand. He had to say that even though there was not a particle of chance it was going to expand into the territories. It would've gotten started first with hiring out of tenant farmers sharecropping. It's that kind of thing that happened in the South, and I think the South would have become, although less suddenly, a colonial economy as it did after the War. C. Vann Woodward in his *Origins of the New South* has a great chapter on the colonial economy, that the South was exploited and drained of wealth by Northern capital, which of course had been going on for a while, but not to that extent.

People are starting to discover that there are flaws in the character of Lincoln.

A little bit.

Do you see that growing?

I don't think it's going anywhere. Nothing new has come out about Lincoln. But Lincoln on the race question in the debates with Douglas in his senatorial election—he was a segregationist, you know. He was all—well, he had to be. Well, that was probably true if he had any chance of being elected, but what does that tell you about Lincoln? But then they say, among other things, "Lincoln grew." He was always changing as the political climate changed, so I don't really see anything new.

What about this idea that there was a campaign to subjugate the South, and the War proved a convenient way to do that?

I think that the Millennialist impulse in the North was very strong, born in New England.

Millennialist?

That means you're looking towards the thousand years of the Kingdom of God on earth, and you've got to prepare the way for the Second Coming and the Kingdom by making over the earth in the image of a godly society, and where do you go for a model for that? Well, naturally to New England, and other parts of the North as New England spread out. And so, yeah, this has been one of the main themes in American history and still is: Everybody else has got to be like us. But it's mainly economic, that you can't



have free society and democracy unless you have a capitalist economy. Whether that's true or not, nobody can really tell, I suppose. But we're never satisfied.

With societies that are very different from us, we feel like they're wrong somehow, and I think that's the way the North felt about the South. They were just as afraid of Southern *differentness* as they were of the Roman Catholic Church. They sort of bracketed the two together, actually: the "slavocracy" and I suppose what you'd call the "papocracy." So in that sense, I think there was a desire to occupy the South culturally and religiously and also economically goes along with it because when the Millennium comes, it would be very prosperous. Anything in the way of prosperity is evil. And you couldn't have something like the tariff as evil. So I think the South was a victim of economic imperialism that was not necessarily overt but as Calhoun saw all this, you know. He wouldn't have been surprised. I think it happened later.

So I think also there was this movement that began with the annexation of Texas. I talk about this very briefly in the book, that to save Texas it had to be occupied by Northern migration. Edward Everett Hale wrote a pamphlet called "How to Conquer Texas before Texas Conquers Us," and he wanted to get up a migration of New Englanders to settle in Texas. And the same thing was going on, of course, in Kansas, with the Immigrant Aid Society, which was actually a real estate operation, but he wanted to get settlers to move to Kansas to save it from the slave owners, who weren't going there anyway. And then when Kansas sort of became a non-issue, he started doing this in Virginia, buying up real estate, encouraging settlers to come down, going to reform, to save—literally *save* the South by settling it with Yankees. And then during the War, [Gen. Nathaniel P.] Banks got up an expedition of New England and New York volunteers to settle Texas. And they all loaded them on boats and enlisted, you know, to go to good farms in Texas, and make a lot of money growing cotton.

Wow.

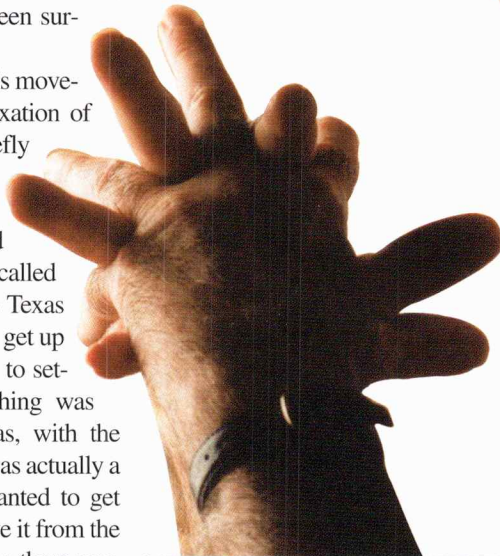
But then the Republicans suffered a setback in the 1862 off-year elections, and one of the big complaints in the old Northwest was that the blocking of the Mississippi was hurting

them. It was making them slaves to railroads owned in New York and New England. They couldn't get the crops out any other way. So as a result of that, Lincoln changed the destination of the Banks Expeditions from Texas to New Orleans and sent Banks to clear the Mississippi from the South and sent McClellan to clear it in the North. This was a cultural, economic and religious kind of imperialism. And then Stanton turned over Southern churches to Northern ministers as they occupied parts of the South because the Southern ministers couldn't be loyal.

What do you see for the future?

You mean for the human race? We're all going to perish. Who could answer such a question?

What do you see for the future of America?

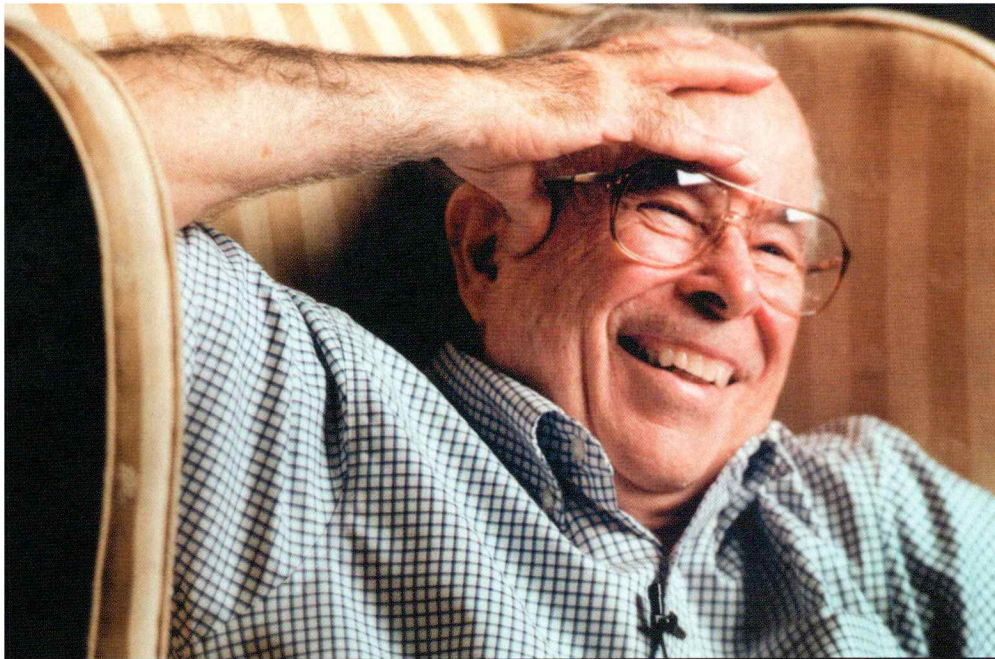


What we have to do is bring sanity back to the academic culture. The average person outside the academy may not believe that intelligent people can be part of this cognitive suicide, but they've got to come inside the academy.

If you mean for the kind of America that traditionalists love, it doesn't look too bright, does it? But I keep thinking I've got to make up my obituary, because I'm not going to be around that much longer. And I was thinking of getting my wife to put in the paper, "On so-and-so day, Ludwell Johnson at last went to join General Lee's great army." And I

thought, "If I'd only been there on May 2, 1863, and with Jackson when they rode up Hooker's right flank, it would be worth dying for that." So, I mean, how can I look forward to anything when I'm looking back to those days? Growing up in Richmond in the 1930s and '40s, the lost cause all around, and you breathed it in. Over there where the Museum of Fine Arts now is on the

Boulevard, there were these old wooden barracks with all these Confederate veterans sitting around when I was a kid. There were *loads* of them—yes—sitting out on the porch. By the way, who was the fellow who wrote a big three-volume history of the War—you know he was with Ken Burns, you know...



With societies that are very different from us, we feel like they're wrong somehow, and I think that's the way the North felt about the South.

—Shelby Foote.

That's right. On the last page of the third volume he quotes from an old soldier's reminiscences about how it was then. "Wouldn't it be great," he says, "when we die, if we could go back then, and go through it all again and, all the camaraderie, the camp, and listen for the long role, 'Fall in line of battle. Go at 'em,' and then when it's all over, we'll all get up, all hale and hearty, nobody hurt—sit around and say, 'Wasn't that great? Wasn't it like the old days?'" So I feel like I'm in a sort of a time warp. I really do belong back then.

What's your opinion of the Ken Burns series?

Well, that little piece I wrote for the *Partisan* after it came out, the factual errors were—it was a multitude of factual errors and also the bias was so apparent.

We just published your article, "Bushwhacking the Bill of Rights."
And you're already sorry.

We've caught a little grief about the title.
What do they object to?

They're scared we're criticizing President Bush at a time when that could be considered seditious.
That's the point.

Are you surprised at how fast things changed after 9/11?

Oh, no. But what does it mean? We don't know what a war's like in this country, what it can cost. We haven't known since the 1860s. The South knew. We have no conception of what real suffering and widespread death and destruction are like. We haven't had this European experience since the 1860s. That was the only war on a European scale—Old World scale—we've ever had. Of course, we lost a lot of people in the world wars, but nothing compared to other countries.

And all that took place far over the ocean.
Somewhere else, exactly. But, flying a flag doesn't mean a damned thing. Anybody can fly a flag. Except a Confederate flag, of course. You're not allowed to do that. What does it mean? It means you are a loyal American. I dropped out of high school to become a gunner on a carrier plane. Never got there 'cause they quit before I could get to 'em—they heard I was coming. So I don't feel I've got to prove anything. I'm not surprised, *cheap* sentimentality is never in short supply.

Do you see anything sinister in it? I mean, do you see any sort of foreboding of a loss of civil liberties?

Well, I think as I said in that "Bushwhacking" article, Bush taking in Ashcroft is taking a leaf out of Lincoln's book. Civil liberties suffered some very serious damage in Lincoln's administration. And Lincoln of course had a Confederate Army looking at him eyeball to eyeball, so there's a little more excuse for Abe, I suppose. But, I mean, establishing military conditions, even if they never use them; it's never to say they won't. And nobody's saying they can't, and this is really scary, the fact that people, if they're aware, don't object. Of course, you get these polls recently saying that the majority of the people think that freedom of the press and free speech have gone too far and ought to be limited. People like us, of all people, ought to be worried about this kind of stuff. God knows, they've tried to suppress the kind of things that we cherish and believe in and suppress the truth about Southern history and the Confederacy because they've divided us so far.

Since you brought it up: your obituary. How would you like to be remembered?

I think I would like to be remembered by my students. I think a good many of them remember me now, whether really being dead makes any difference or not, I don't know. But they were a good crowd, by and large. And a lot of them are shocked by my approach to things. Including my wife. She couldn't believe what she was hearing.

Are you planning anything next? Because you did talk to us about how you always thought about doing a bigger book.

I haven't got it in me. I just haven't got the energy. I'm too old, and I've got this lymphoma that makes you tired. So I would like to do small things, like articles, you know, but big books are a pain in the neck, I'll tell you. Articles can be fun. I've enjoyed writing a lot of articles over the years.

Well, we appreciate you taking your time to talk to us.

Well, goodness sakes, I'm astonished you came all the way up here.

And gave us a great tour of the campus...

I wish you had time to see more of the place. It's interesting, although overrun. You'll have to come back. ✪

Movie Time Down South

Like it or not, cinema is the art form of our age. Why is easy to explain. Man is a creature who grasps the world primarily through stories. Life is not a logical proposition—it is a drama. Stories have always taught us more effectively than arguments, which is why the Son made parables.

BY CLYDE WILSON

Worst “Southern” Movies of All Time

The competition here is fierce. There are literally hundreds of contenders and nobody could possibly investigate them all. Here are a dozen of my picks. You may know some even better candidates. As we all know, the folks who dominate Hollywood regard the South as the most dangerous and weirdest part of that strange territory between the JFK runways and LA International. Besides, Yankees have always projected their nightmares and forbidden fantasies onto the South.

All this despite the fact that Southerners provide more than our fair share of the best actors and actresses (as opposed to stars) in film today. (Just like we are over-represented in the combat arms of the U.S. armed forces.) And Southern writers produce more than a fair share of good stories for movies, not counting what Hollywood steals from Europe.

1) *Roots* (1977). Apparently accepted by a large part of the American public as historical, *Roots* is actually a complete fiction—a plagiarized fantasy that manages to distort the history of two continents.

2) *Mandingo* (1975). Porn version of *Roots*. Like *Roots* it spawned (the right word) sequels.

3) *Shy People* (1987). This monstrosity purports to be about

Louisiana bayou people and actually won a prize in Europe. Its utter ludicrousness is interrupted by a disgusting misuse of the Confederate battle flag (something that is so common in Hollywood productions these days that it can be called a motif). *Shy People* put me off Barbara Hershey (formerly Barbara Seagull) forever, though I must admit she does an acceptable Southern accent in *Return to Lonesome Dove*.

This brings me to a film that I am very “conflicted” over, as they say these days: *Shag—The Movie* (1989). In many ways it is an appealing and true film about young people coming of age in a Myrtle Beach summer (especially the first romance of Annabeth Gish). I had to think hard about putting it on the worst list. There are several false notes and a truly obscene scene of Bridget Fonda dancing with our Battle Flag.

4) *Convicts* (1991). Robert Duvall is usually fine. Nothing could be better than the Southern persona he presents in *Lonesome Dove* and other films. But in *Convicts*, a heavy-handed story about an ex-Confederate plantation owner working convict labor, Duvall is guilty of egregious, absurd, carpet-chewing over-acting. Too bad, because he ruins the movie in spite of good and realistic performances by James Earl Jones and Luke Haas.

5) *Cross Creek* (1983). The Southern writer Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of *The Yearling*, left a beautiful memoir of her life among Florida backwoods people during the Depression titled *Cross Creek*. With a ridiculously miscast Mary Steenburgen, Hollywood turned this story into something that should have been called “Yankee Feminist Meets Tobacco Road.”

6) *Crimes of the Heart* (1986). This absurdity, about three crazy, allegedly Southern, sisters, should have stayed on the New York stage where it started.

7) *Spencer’s Mountain* (1963). In a typical burst of artistic genius, Hollywood took Earl Hamner’s story of his Walton family, which later became a popular not-too-bad TV series, changed the name, moved it from Virginia to Wyoming, stuck in Henry Fonda, and totally lost the point.

8) *Baby Doll* (1956). This can stand as the best (or worst) example of a whole genre of backwoods child bride films.

9) *Fled* (1996). I’ll let this foolishness represent the film version of the chain-gang, corrupt Southern sheriff story that has been around since Harriet Beecher Stowe. Two more terrible specimens which fortunately have never made it to video: *Hurry, Sundown*, and *I Walk the*

Line.

10) *Scorchers* (1991). Southern-born Faye Dunaway ought to pay the *Partisan* reparations for coming within ten miles of this ridiculous “Southern” sex farce.

11) *No Mercy* (1986). There is something about the let-the-good-times-roll atmosphere of South Louisiana that causes Yankee imaginations to really weird out. This one represents the generic depraved New Orleans, swamp country fantasy that has been a standard since the 1930s, though originally it was just a mysterious background and not a smear of a whole region. A more recent example is *Angel Heart* (1987).

12) *The Southerner* (1945). Generally speaking, the French are the best filmmakers in the world, if good film-making means telling meaningful grownup stories about real people. (The Germans are the worst—inhuman nihilists.) Every other decent movie coming out of Hollywood these days (not counting the ones that are actually British) is an inferior rip-off of a French film. There is a whole genre of French “Southern Agrarian” movies going back many decades and continuing to the present: that is, movies that portray rural people realistically and sympathetically within a Christian and Western civilizational context. Perhaps we can go into that some time.

However, the talent does not travel well. French (and other Europeans) who approach the South seem to have absorbed credulously all the standard Yankee misrepresentations and added some misconceptions of their own. An example is *Alamo Bay* (1985), a Ku Klux melodrama directed by Louis Malle.

The Southerner was directed by Jean Renoir during World War II when, like so many other artistic Europeans, he was spending World War II in Hollywood

rather than doing something to help his occupied country. Renoir was not, in my opinion, a great director but an avant-garde faddist who would never have been heard of if he had not been the son of the famous painter.

The Oxford American recently published an article in which a passel of Scalawag eggheads and artistes commented on movies about the South. They had a number of good criticisms to make, but, interestingly, many of them picked *The Southerner* as one of their choices for the best. Allegedly about a young tenant farmer, the film resembles "Soviet realism" more than Southern Agrarianism in its picture of poor rural Southerners. The characters are cartoons and the situations contrived.

I would love to give you several dozen more examples of Hollywood atrocities against us that I have waiting in the wings, but to end on a positive note, let me mention a few films, some of them surprisingly recent, that portray poor rural Southerners truthfully and sympathetically:

The Dollmaker (1986). While nothing can match the heartbreaking power of the Harriett Arnow novel about Kentucky folk caught in the horrors of World War II Detroit, this film does it as well as a movie can. And I have to admit Jane Fonda does a good job. I wonder if that had anything to do with her being between marriages at the time—after the Marxist and before the flake?

The River Rat (1984), with Tommy Lee Jones as a paroled offender trying to make good and rebuild a family.

Songcatcher (2000). Except for a gratuitous lesbian scene, this captures the good qualities of mountain folk well.

Finally, and this will surprise you, *The Height of the Sky* (1999) directed by Lyn Clinton, who is said to be a cousin of the notorious political con man from Arkansas. This story of a sharecropping family is, for the most part, worth watching. Hey, would you want to take responsibility for all your relatives?



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Now available on VHS and DVD!
Now offering the reprint of a rare diary of a Jewish Confederate private!

SIDELIGHTS & LIGHTERSIDES

Compiled by Ralph Green

INSPIRED RESPONSES

In 1862 when he took command of the Union Army of Virginia, Union General John Pope boasted to the troops, "I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemy." When he heard the statement, Richard Ewell joked, "Pope would not want to see the backs of my men. Their pantaloons are out at the rear!" Stonewall Jackson was more grim, "They say this new general claims my attention. Well, please God, he shall have it!" (And he did!)

AS SEEN BY OUR ENEMIES

A Yankee soldier's critique of Confederate troops: "In man-

ners, in the conduct of soldiers and the discipline, these bundles of rags, these cough-racked, diseased, and starved men excel our well-fed, well-clothed, our best soldiers."

QUICK HEAT

It was a bitterly cold night, but the 13th Virginia had been ordered to light no fires so as to avoid drawing enemy cannon fire. Billy Smith reached his limit of endurance and said he would have a fire if all the shells in the Yankee army were fired at him. Suiting action to words, he piled up logs and built a fire. Promptly a 20-pound shell passed over him. "Let 'em come, I'm going to get

warm, damn the Yankees!" Hardly had he spoken when a shell struck the fire in the center. With a quick decision that he had warmed himself sufficiently, Smith covered the scattered embers and spent the balance of the night behind a nearby tree.

A QUESTION OF LEGALITY

The requirement of the Yankee government for "re-admission" of Southern states is a rebuttal of any claim that secession was illegal, that the South was in rebellion against the legal government. Unless such states had left the Union "re-admission" could not occur. The requirement was a tacit admis-

sion that the Yankees waged a war of conquest against a foreign country.

A DIFFERENCE

In late April, 1862, enraged by a terse reply by which Stonewall Jackson dismissed an elaborate scheme of Ewell's, General Richard Ewell exploded to a fellow officer, "Did it ever occur to you that General Jackson is crazy? He is as crazy as a March hare!" About six weeks later he told the officer, "I take it all back.... Old Jackson's no fool. He keeps his own counsel, and does curious things, but he has method in his madness." Grinning, he added, "He's disappointed me entirely!"

A Good Smooth Stone

BY RALPH GREEN

This is the story of the campaign that made Thomas Jonathan Jackson a household name and a hero to the South. It could be subtitled, "How David Defeated Goliath." To the dismay of the Federals, Jackson was anything but a stationary stone wall. In fact he was in the way no matter where they went. And, as the author summarizes, "The Union had its opportunities to destroy the Valley Army; it simply missed them."

The Shenandoah Valley was not only a major source of food for the Army of Northern Virginia. It was a natural passageway into the heart of the South. In February of 1862, Major General Nathaniel Banks and a Federal army of 38,000 moved into the valley. There the Federals went up against a small Confederate army numbering less than 10 percent of their own army's size. However the size of the Confederate force was less important than its commander. That commander was Stonewall Jackson, comparatively unknown at the time. Jackson had been charged with guarding the Valley against any invaders, with no expectation of reinforcements. He took his responsibilities seriously, as he did everything, and was determined to do his duty.

With the Federals moving to surround him, Jackson recognized the seriousness of his situation and decided it was time to move from his headquarters in Winchester. As his troops moved slowly along the Valley they were followed by Federal troops of General James Shields. When the Federals stopped and turned back toward Winchester, Jackson analyzed the probable steps his foes would take. He reasoned that Banks's army would try to consolidate with that of General George McClellan for a grand drive on Richmond. Jackson would not allow that to happen.

His first step was to hit Shields. Jackson marched his men forty-one miles in two days to arrive at Kernstown, two miles from Winchester. Only two-thirds of his men completed the arduous trek. Although his troops were exhausted, Jackson threw them into an attack on what he thought was a portion of Shields's army. Instead he found himself battling a full Federal division. After three hours of bitter fighting, Jackson withdrew up the valley. With Jackson's advance halted, Nathaniel Banks considered him a hindrance rather than a real problem. However, Jackson had achieved a strategic victory. Banks was ordered to remain in the Valley. In keeping with his plans for Banks, Jackson moved his men to Conrad's Store. There he enjoyed a defensible base from which he could attack if Banks tried to move up the Valley, while a mountain pass offered a safe escape route for the Confederates if needed. Banks chose to backtrack to Strasburg.

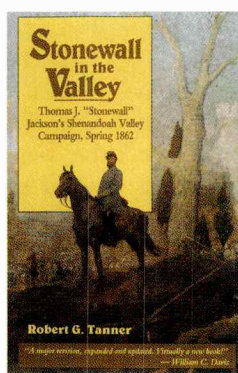
Jackson expanded his goals. John C. Fremont had an army of 15,000 Federals a short distance away in the Alleghenies. Irvin McDowell had another 40,000 at Fredericksburg ready to move into the valley or move on Richmond. Jackson's ambitious goals would be to keep Fremont and Banks from consolidating and to keep McDowell in Fredericksburg. Against all odds, Jackson felt he could prevail, with the good Lord's help. General Robert E. Lee supported Jackson's plans and sent him badly needed reinforcements, including those of Richard Ewell and Edward Johnson. Leaving Ewell and his troops at Conrad's Store to watch Banks,

Jackson marched 6,000 men for three days through rain and mud, then put them on trains to Staunton which he sealed to prevent knowledge of his location. That worked. Misled by Jackson's actions, Banks told his superiors that Jackson and his men were broken and fleeing to Richmond.

Next, that "broken" army took aim, literally, at advancing troops of McDowell's army. Jackson had led his forces over the mountains to lie in wait for the unsuspecting Northerners. Late in the afternoon of 8 May, the Union columns marched into point-blank volleys. After a battle of several hours the Federals retreated, unable to break through Jackson's lines. Jackson then brought his divided forces together forming an army of 17,000. He moved down the valley, appearing "out of nowhere" to strike and smash the unsuspecting Federals at Front Royal. The Confederates pressed hard as the Federals fled toward Winchester, littering the road for miles with abandoned goods and arms. In three days, Jackson had lost only 400 men, but had taken 3,000 prisoners and such a wealth of arms and supplies that his Federal adversary was thereafter known as "Commissary Banks."

The Federals reacted angrily to Jackson's victories, blundering as they did so. These blunders included inept civilian control of the Northern armies and failure to synchronize movements. Instead of joining McClellan, McDowell's army was kept at Fredericksburg to guard Washington. The armies of James Shields and John C. Fremont were sent to close in on Jackson from two sides in a pincer movement that would squeeze and crush him. Jackson did not wait for the trap to be sprung. He marched his troops to a point south of Harrisonburg and waited. After Ewell easily defeated Fremont, Jackson hit and beat back Shields. The Federals retreated. The campaign was over. The Confederacy still held the valley. Jackson had "dreamed big" and seen his dreams come true.

The 1976 version of this book was great. With all of the new information that has been incorporated into it, this one is superb! ☺



*Stonewall in the Valley:
Thomas J. "Stonewall"
Jackson's Shenandoah
Valley Campaign,
Spring 1862*

by Robert G. Tanner;
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania:
Stackpole Books, 1996, 624
pages, 29 b/w photos,
1 drawing, 14 maps,
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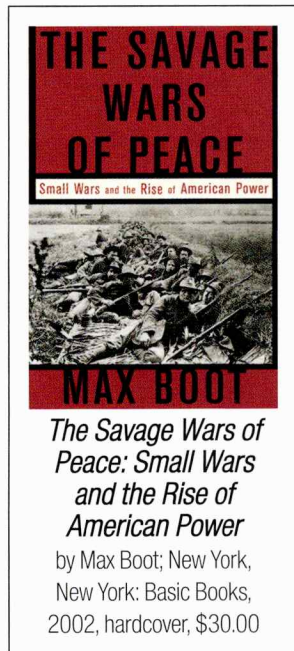


Imperium et libertas (or Pax Americana)

BY H.W. CROCKER, III

In a recent issue of the *Southern Partisan* (May/June 2002), Professor Clyde Wilson sarcastically apologized “to all admirers of a rich Republican imperialist [Teddy Roosevelt] who slandered Jefferson Davis.” Now, no *Partisan* reader would defend slander, but what exactly is wrong with being rich, Republican, or an imperialist? The rich man—say, like that eminent South Carolinian Governor (and Confederate cavalry officer) Wade Hampton—has his place as much as the poor man. And surely, the plantation system of the antebellum South wasn’t based on aspirations to poverty. Republicans? Well it’s been a very long time now since Yellow Dog Democrats could legitimately pose as the voice of Southern conservatism. And what about imperialists? Well, as I’ve written often in these pages, imperialism is a Southern tradition.

It was Southerners Thomas Jefferson and James Monroe who threatened war with France to achieve the Louisiana Purchase. It was Jefferson who dismissed complaints that the Purchase was unconstitutional as “metaphysical subtleties.” It was Jefferson, too, who found himself compelled to fight the Barbary pirates and who conceded that “Our commerce on the ocean . . . must be paid for by frequent war.” It was the Virginian James Madison—and Tennessean Andy Jackson—who forcibly wrenched Florida from Spain. When President Madison began the War of 1812, it was Southerners Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay, and John C. Calhoun who cheered him on as “War Hawks” who wanted to annex Canada. It was the Virginian John Tyler who annexed Texas and who claimed Hawaii as an American interest. And let us not forget that Jefferson Davis, Thomas J. Jackson, and Robert E. Lee had no moral doubts about the war with Mexico. But men like Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant did. And remember, too, that Southerners had



dreams of empire that incorporated Cuba and points farther south as part of the Cotton Kingdom.

The fact is, healthy societies expand. They are confident. They exert their values and principles. Multiculturalism is a *post-imperial* phenomenon, which is possible only when the Western imperial mission, the tradition of Christendom (where the faith followed the Roman eagle, the Crusader’s cross, and the imperial flags of Europe), the belief in the superiority of Western culture, is

no longer held. Southerners, as a rule, have not had these doubts about their own civilization. They saw the southwest as destined for Southern expansion—and when the continent was filled, they were happy to fight in the Spanish American War, and in all of America’s wars overseas. There weren’t many protests on Southern campuses over the war in Vietnam or in the Gulf.

But there are voices these days trying to make imperialism a dirty word. That’s long been the rhetoric of the Left—of socialists, communists, and of course “the liberals” who James Burnham memorably dissected as apologists for Western retreat in his classic book *Suicide of the West*. But we’ve heard it now for a long while from neo-isolationist conservatives who claim it as an American tradition, oft-citing George Washington—who, however, while opposing permanent foreign alliances, was thoroughly in favor of *American expansion*. Even the Monroe Doctrine—enforced, ironically, by the British Navy—was imperial in intent, extending a *de facto* American *imperium* over Latin America against Europeans who might think of claiming parts of it for their own empires.

In any event, the isolationist strain in American foreign policy is one that has been more honored in the breach than the observance, more in rhetoric than in reality.

And statesmen and people who concern themselves with politics should follow reality, should learn from history—including history such as delivered by Max Boot’s well received new book *The Savage Wars of Peace: Small Wars and the Rise of American Power*.

As the son of a Marine, I quickly turned to see how Boot’s military history treats the Corps. The answer is, very well, as he praises the Leathernecks for their skill in small unit combat—and even as military thinkers.

A hero of the book is Marine Major General Victor “Brute” Krulak, commander of the Fleet Marine Force, Pacific, during the Vietnam War. Krulak had served in World War II with veterans of the old breed who had *lived* the lessons taught in the Corps’ classic *Small Wars Manual*—tough old salts who did constabulary duty in Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Nicaragua, and Shanghai in the interwar years.

Remembering their experience in small wars, Krulak recognized from the start that the way to win the war in Vietnam was to “out-G the G” (to out-guerrilla the guerrilla), in Army Colonel David Hackworth’s famous phrase (Hackworth is surprisingly missing from Boot’s book). Krulak, unfortunately, was overruled by the “best and brightest” who thought they knew better.

But out-G-ing the G is something the Marines know how to do particularly well—and *The Savage Wars of Peace* shows, small war by small war, the long practice America’s armed forces have had in it, including, in the Marine Corps’ case, staging 180 foreign landings between 1800 and 1934. How’s that for a supposed American foreign policy tradition of “isolationism” and “non-interventionism”?

Boot puts to rest numerous myths. Perhaps the most pernicious is that America is not, has never been, and shouldn’t be an imperial power. On the contrary, as Boot shows, America has, by reason of trade and inevitable intercourse with the world, always been, and must be—in its own defense—an imperial power, though it disdains the name.

America has executed its imperial duties well. During the Marine occupation

of Haiti in the 1920s and 1930s, for instance, the “proud American administrators ... could tick off a list of achievements: 1,000 miles of roads constructed, 210 major bridges, 9 major airfields, 1,250 miles of telephone lines, 82 miles of irrigation canals, 11 modern hospitals, 147 rural clinics.... All built by the occupiers, and at little cost to U.S. taxpayers.”

“Nation-building” (or state-building) is nothing new to America’s armed forces. Indeed, if there is any criticism to lay at the American occupation of Haiti, it is only that it didn’t go on long enough: “After the Marines left, the roads decayed, the telephones stopped functioning, and thugs once again took control of the machinery of government.”

Staying in Haiti would have violated the rule that wars need “exit strategies.” But, says Boot, that “rule” is another myth. Small wars—even large wars—without exit strategies are not necessarily bad things. “After all, the U.S. still has not found an ‘exit strategy’ from World War II or the Korean War; American troops remain stationed in Germany, Japan, Italy, and South Korea....” And American troops stationed abroad consider that a benefit rather than a burden. Because it has kept the peace and given us forward bases, so should we.

If American military intervention in China (for a century), Korea (in 1871), Sumatra, Samoa, and on and on, is unfamiliar to many readers it might be because of another widely held myth: that undeclared wars originated with President Truman’s “police action” in Korea. In fact, all the wars in Boot’s book “were undeclared, starting with the Tripolitan War, when Thomas Jefferson initially sent a naval squadron to the Mediterranean without bothering to ask for congressional approval.”

It is not even a new development for American military forces to serve under foreign command—for they served under British command in both Samoa and in Northern Russia at the end of World War I. And, of course,

the American and British navies frequently cooperated in policing the seas.

As a rule, America’s small wars of empire—“the savage wars of peace,” as Kipling called them—have achieved reasonable foreign policy aims at relatively low military cost. When they have failed to do so it has been the fault of political mismanagement—especially during the Clinton years.

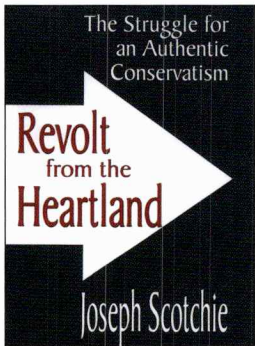
Boot’s military analysis is balanced, sensible, and properly aggressive. It opens with a quote from T.R. Fehrenbach, praising the “man who will go where his colors go, without asking....” If his book inspires the enlistment of more such young men—of whom we need many more, for such professionals will win these wars—he will have achieved a very good thing for our country, and for the West. If Pat Buchanan’s predicted “Death of the West” is to be avoided, it will not be by further Western imperial retreat, but by enforcing and enlarging an American empire.

H.W. Crocker, III is the author most recently of Triumph: The Power and the Glory of the Catholic Church, A 2,000-Year History. His prize-winning novel The Old Limey has just been released in paperback. He writes frequently on military history, and is the author of Robert E. Lee on Leadership.

Quo Vadis, Conservatism?

BY THOMAS E. WOODS, JR.

In the nineteenth century, Southern theologian Robert Lewis Dabney chided northern conservatives for not actually having conserved anything. The same criticism can be heard today from traditional conservatives (or paleoconservatives, to use the rather inelegant neologism) with regard to their neoconservative adversaries. What, exactly, are they conserving? Not the historic American nation, to be sure, since in their ideological commitment to unrestricted immigration they appear to believe that philosophical abstractions can substitute for the shared culture, history, behavioral



The Struggle for an Authentic Conservatism

Revolt from the Heartland

Joseph Scotchie

Revolt from the Heartland: The Struggle for an Authentic Conservatism

by Joseph Scotchie; New Brunswick, New Jersey: Transaction Publishers, 2002, 135 pages, hardcover, \$29.95

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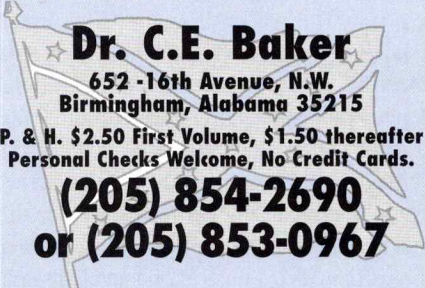
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norms, and unstated assumptions that have traditionally been considered indispensable to genuine nationhood.

Such alleged “conservatives” happily dispense with (rather than *conserve*) the wisdom of the founders, who were in fact very skeptical even of European immigration—to say nothing of the horrified disbelief with which they would have viewed the veritable Third World invasion that has taken place since 1965. In *Federalist 2*, John Jay celebrated the fact that America had been populated by “a people descended from the same ancestors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government, very similar in their manners and customs.” (Good thing we have Dinesh D’Souza to straighten out this poor xenophobe.)

It would be a very strained definition of conservatism that could make room for the Enlightenment universalism at the root of the neoconservative vision of America. Five years ago, Newt Gingrich remarked, apparently in all seriousness, “Do you realize that there are two hundred languages spoken in the Chicago school system? That’s an asset, not a liability.” It doesn’t get much more Orwellian than that.

Half a century ago, no self-described conservative would have treated the sloganeering and superficiality of the open borders crowd with anything but the contempt they deserve, but these very people have now arrogated to themselves the right to pronounce judgment as to who constitutes a true—or “responsible”—conservative.

Foreign policy is the area in which the neoconservative outlook is perhaps most clearly at variance with that of traditional conservatism. Every conservative instinct recoils from the reckless aggression and empire-building being called for by the likes of Daniel Pipes and William Kristol, who look forward to a series of Middle Eastern wars against a laundry list of unfriendly regimes. The present foreign-policy establishment, along with its neoconservative cheering section, reflects none of the prudence, statesmanship, and restraint that characterize mature conservative thought; neither is there any of the conservative’s skepticism regarding what is possible in this fallen world. They happily recommend that the U.S., in its exercise of “benevolent glob-

al hegemony,” subdue hundreds of millions of Muslims—although how such a strategy could possibly be expected to reduce terrorism, or what, exactly, is supposed to be “conservative” about any of this, is never quite explained.

In *Revolt from the Heartland*, Joseph Scotchie sketches a concise intellectual portrait of the conservative tradition that since the late 1960s has been gradually pushed aside by a school of thought known as neo-conservatism. The neoconservatives often came from leftist backgrounds, and never entirely shed the language and outlook of the Left. Their anticommunist credentials tended to conceal or at least obscure their differences with traditional conservatives, with whom they were joined for years in the struggle against the Soviet Union.

Scotchie’s book is not intended to provide the kind of nuts-and-bolts accounting of precisely *how* conservatism reached its present condition—readers can find the details of that story in Paul Gottfried’s important book, *The Conservative Movement*. What he does do, however, is provide a basic outline of the intellectual origins of traditional American conservatism, and then (if at times only implicitly) compare this body of thought to what passes for conservatism today.

Scotchie, the author of an intellectual biography of Richard Weaver, here tells the story of a right wing that opposed the New Deal, favored an America First posture until December 1941, and fought to defend the federal structure of the United States. Some of the names he mentions will be familiar to most readers, including such figures as Albert Jay Nock and H.L. Mencken, though he also makes references to a great many writers whose work deserves to be better known today, like John T. Flynn and Garet Garrett. He likewise pays tribute to such present-day organizations as the Rockford Institute and the Ludwig von Mises Institute, which have remained immune to the neoconservative contagion.

Scotchie’s discussion of the Old Right’s position on foreign policy and specifically on recent American military operations (from Iraq to Kosovo) is quite useful, particularly for those who are unfamiliar with these debates. Strangely absent, however, is any treatment of Israel or the Israeli lobby, criticism of which has consti-

tuted one of the deepest fault lines of the neo/paleo split. (Joe Sobran was fired from *National Review* in the early 1990s for criticisms of Israel that to an unbiased observer seem quite rational and tame.)

In addition to exploring the larger philosophical questions that separate the two sides, Scotchie also chronicles some of the most critical and telling events in this long-running feud. Thus he discusses the failed nomination of University of Dallas professor M.E. Bradford in the early 1980s to head the National Endowment for the Humanities. A neoconservative smear campaign doomed this gentleman scholar (a hatchet job in the *New York Times* by Marxist historian Eric Foner didn’t hurt, either) and led to his replacement by William Bennett—who was, to put it politely, rather less academically distinguished than Bradford.

Bradford, you see, held politically incorrect views of Abraham Lincoln—though so had H.L. Mencken, Edgar Lee Masters, and countless other figures of

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stature. No criticism of Lincoln could be allowed, however, in the neoconservative dispensation; nor could any virtue be found on the side of the Southern Confederacy. For the neoconservative, the War Between the States marks a glorious ideological transformation of the United States from a federation of self-governing states into an undifferentiated aggregate of individuals, presided over by an imperial central government anxious to protect their “human rights.”

Although not everyone among the paleo crowd is necessarily a Lincoln skeptic, the sixteenth president is emblematic of a profound ideological divide on the right. The paleoconservative looks upon the Constitution as fundamentally nomocratic rather than teleocratic; that is, the Constitution is merely a procedural document establishing a legal order within which the states, the constituent parts of the Union, may pursue their own conceptions of the good.

The neoconservative, on the other hand, inspired by Lincoln, conceives of the United States as much more than this; it is, rather, “dedicated to a proposition.” The federal government is therefore thought of as having been endowed with an ideological mission to uproot “inequality” wherever it is to be found, even if that means running roughshod over the rights and traditions of states, localities, and private associations. In the name of this ideological commitment to “equality,” the federal government has ordered the busing of students to achieve racial “balance,” has struck down popular referenda involving homosexual “rights” (in Colorado) and illegal immigration (in California), and has targeted such non-egalitarian institutions as South Carolina’s Citadel, an all-male military academy whose exclusion of women, we suddenly learned, amounted to “discrimination.” (Scotchie tellingly observes that neoconservative opposition to busing, such as it was, tended to be based less on constitutionalism than on the purely consequentialist argument that busing was not effective in improving black achievement.) Intelligent conservatives had warned that this teleocratic interpretation of the American constitutional order was a recipe for permanent revolution, and it is difficult to deny that they have been vindicated.

Q *I’ve noticed a lot more of the yellow rattle snake flags since 9/11. What is the significance of this flag?*

A In 1775 Commodore Esek Hopkins was commissioned commander-in-chief of the Continental Navy. When he sailed his embryonic fleets down the Delaware River, at the masthead flew his command flag, a yellow standard with a rattlesnake and the motto, don’t tread on me. As a signal to attack, his command ship hoisted red and white striped jack and ensign, both also charged with the snake and motto. Thus were born two of the most famous flags of the American Revolution.

A copy of Hopkins’s command flag was presented to the South Carolina Provisional Congress on February 9, 1776 by Col. Christopher Gadsden, who had served as chairman of the naval committee of the Continental Congress. Described in the Journal of the South Carolina Congress as “an elegant standard ... being a yellow field, with a lively representation of a rattlesnake in the middle, in the attitude of going to strike, and these words underneath, DON’T TREAD ON ME!” The flag was displayed in the room where the provincial congress met in Charleston, “in the southwest corner of that room, at the left hand of the President’s chair.”

South Carolina also adopted a striped flag with the rattlesnake as the ensign of her revolutionary navy. Benjamin Franklin described the South Carolina navy ensign as “a rattlesnake in the middle of the 13 stripes.”

It is said that the use of a rattlesnake to represent the American colonies was originated by Benjamin Franklin in 1754. In his *Pennsylvania Gazette* of May 9, in that year appeared an illustration of a rattlesnake cut into parts, each part representing a colony, with the legend “JOIN, or DIE.”

When the Southern States resumed their independence in 1861, the rattlesnake was again taken up. Georgia militia units marched beneath its folds, and for a time it floated over the capitol of Alabama.

The Alabama Convention adopted the Ordinance of Secession on January 11,



1861, and on that day a flag was presented to the Convention, which resolved that it would “be raised upon the Capitol, as indicative whenever the Convention shall be in open session.” Following the acceptance of the flag, it was raised above the Capitol. It continued to fly there until February 10, 1861, when it was severely damaged in a storm. The flag was a two-sided affair, the reverse of which featured a cotton plant, with a rattlesnake coiled at its roots. Immediately below the snake was the motto “NOLI ME TANGERE.” This phrase, taken from the Latin Vulgate version of the Gospel of John 20:17, translates as “Don’t Touch Me,” a classical play on the Revolutionary motto of 1775-76.

The yellow Gadsden flag has been the most enduring of the rattlesnake banners. Its popularity revived with the bicentenary of the Revolution in 1976. Since then it has often been displayed at political rallies, such as the Tennessee Tax Rebellion of 2000-2002. Now rattlesnake flags are making a new appearance in the War on Terrorism.

For some years the U.S. Navy has designated the red and white striped rattlesnake flag as the “First Navy Jack.” In 1977, the Secretary of the Navy directed the ship with the longest total period of active service to display the “First Navy Jack” at its jack staff. On May 31, 2002, the Secretary of the Navy ordered that the “First Navy Jack” be displayed on board all U.S. Navy ships during the Global War on Terrorism.

On July 1, 2002, the Volunteer Port Security Force was organized in Charleston, South Carolina. Described as “a kind of maritime terrorist watch,” participants include harbor pilots, tug boat operators and other local mariners. Vessels in the program fly the Gadsden flag.

—Devereaux Cannon

Scotchie's book is a little sloppy here and there. Quite a few people's names are misspelled: poor Hans-Hermann Hoppe becomes "Hans-Herbert Hoppe" in the text and "Hans-Herman Hoppe" in the index. In a discussion of the Great Depression, Scotchie says that economist Murray Rothbard thought many of Herbert Hoover's policies were "reasonable." He must have meant to say that Rothbard considered Hoover's policies to be *responsible* (for the Depression), since this was the thesis of the eminent economist's *America's Great Depression* (1963).

Nit-picking aside, Scotchie has performed quite a valuable service in this précis of American conservative thought. The venerable tradition he chronicles has largely been overthrown, displaced by a movement whose mentality is that of a recently graduated class of political science majors eager to try out their degrees in public policy and international relations. But readers who haven't already done so should consider picking up such conservative classics as Richard Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences* and *The Southern Tradition at Bay*, Russell Kirk's *John Randolph of Roanoke*, and Robert Nisbet's *Quest for Community*. Then compare these, or indeed scores of other books by this older conservatism, to the level of argument emanating from neoconservative magazines of opinion. Or, for that matter, pit them against the utterly forgettable yet apparently limitless neoconservative bestsellers of recent years, whose arguments amount to tracing all the woes of American civilization to Bill Clinton—thereby mistaking a mere symptom for the disease.

It is not Scotchie's task to speculate on how the American conservative tradition might yet rise again to challenge and ultimately displace the neoconservative substitute. He does, however, suggest certain difficulties that stand in the way. So accustomed have the vast majority of Americans become to the institutions of the welfare state, that they can scarcely imagine seriously downsizing it. Preserving the welfare state appears to possess a greater urgency for many people than the cultural issues that are so central to what Scotchie calls the Old Right. Scotchie observes that "when it comes time to vote, the public cares more about keeping Social Security and Medicare

intact than abolishing affirmative action or reducing immigration. Perhaps it is the economy that only matters. Such is the dilemma faced by the Old Right."

Accordingly, the new conservative establishment has essentially given up on dismantling Leviathan; that alleged conservatives would actually use such terms as "big government conservatism" or—more disturbing still—"national greatness conservatism" is not an encouraging sign. Federal agencies that had been anathema to conservatives and whose repeal they had once actively sought, Scotchie writes, have all too often turned into neo-conservative fiefdoms, anxious to increase their budgets.

But the problem, in Scotchie's words, is "not just a supine GOP, but the public itself." And indeed it is increasingly difficult to speak of a great silent majority when Americans by and large do nothing as their country is swamped with vulgarity, pornography, and regular assaults on their religious faith. On a more positive note, the home schooling movement, whose scope could scarcely have been predicted even twenty years ago, is a sign that at least some Americans are actively resisting their own cultural dispossession. It is this

spirit of resistance on which a restored conservatism might someday build. ☛

Thomas E. Woods, Jr. holds a bachelor's degree in history from Harvard and a Ph.D. from Columbia University. He is associate editor of The Latin Mass magazine and assistant professor of history at Suffolk Community College (SUNY) in Brentwood, New York.

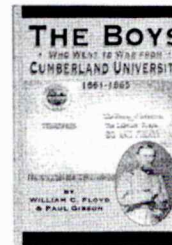
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Bluegrass Belligerents

BY CLYDE WILSON

The Civil War in Kentucky: Battle for the Bluegrass State

edited by Kent Masterson Brown; Mason City, Iowa: Savas Publishing Company, 2000, 320 pages, \$29.95

The Atonement of John Brooks: The Story of the True Johnny "Reb" Who Did Not Come Marching Home

by James Louis Head; Geneva, Florida: Heritage Press, 2001, 288 pages, \$29.95

One of the most common putdowns of Southerners is that everything good they believe about their history is "myth." That is to say, we are suffering from self-flattering delusions that we ought to get rid of. True, there is always room in any matter for criticizing false beliefs and replacing them with facts. But, of course, what the enemies of Southerners are really saying is not that we should face facts but that we should throw away our history and accept *their* myths.

For that matter, myths are not necessarily bad things, but are natural human contrivances. A myth can be a poetic truth

that is not counter-factual but supra-factual. The trouble with the Civil War myth of the righteous North, the accepted American "truth," is that it is counter-factual at every point (unlike the "myth" of Confederate heroism). Unionist mythology has to deny plain facts such as: secession was a constitutional right and the federal attack on the South was actually against government of the people; Northerners did not fight in the interest of the slaves; Abraham Lincoln was not a saint but a ruthless politician; U.S. government war-making was unprecedented in its brutality and illegitimacy.

I have always thought that a subordinate Unionist myth is that the Border States—Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, and Missouri—were Northern in sympathy. These two books on Kentucky substantiate my suspicions. True, the Border States furnished more Northern than Southern troops, but many of the Northern troops were conscripts who could only be used in safe tasks, and all of the Confederates were volunteers who underwent great sacrifices for the South. And even those Border State citizens who were not active Confederates did not usually support Abe Lincoln's war on the Southern people.

The fact is that "Unionist" areas were so because of military occupation: arrests and sometimes execution of citizens, newspaper editors, and elected state officials, and fraudulent elections held at bayonet point. This is even true of "Unionist" areas like East Tennessee and West Virginia, which were held by a pro-Northern *minority* with military force. Many of the counties in East Tennessee voted for secession and "Unionists" were never a real majority in West Virginia, as evidenced by the fact that West Virginia after the war regularly elected prominent Confederates to high office, as did all the Border States.

The Civil War in Kentucky contains a variety of essays by different writers, mostly about military campaigns, and emphasizes the pivotal strategic importance of Kentucky to both sides. Some of the writers accept without notice the Northern myths about Kentucky, though the thrust of the evidence they ably present is against it. There are a number of fine essays, the best being Kent Masterson Brown on the Munfordville campaign and on the Orphan

Brigade, Wiley Sword on General Pat Cleburne's formative experiences in Kentucky early in the war, and James A. Ramage on John Hunt Morgan's raids.

The Atonement of John Brooks came about from the author's persistent investigation into his family history, which turned up the story of John Willet Brooks, his great-great-grandfather, one of Morgan's men executed by the Union Army in Kentucky.

What unfolds is the story of the ruthless occupation of the Bluegrass State, a story that has never been fully told, as far as I am aware. It is important to know this story today, because the enemies of Southern heritage are persistently asserting the mildness and benevolence of the federal army's treatment of Southern civilians.

The story centers on the federal prison at Louisville, commanded by the ruthless General Stephen Burbridge. Interestingly, Burbridge was a Kentuckian and a slaveholder. Apparently he delighted in the opportunity to punish his fellow Kentuckians for their refusal to give him political preferment before the war. So much for the war being only about slavery. The prison housed civilians, including African-Americans, who had aroused the hatred of the occupiers, sometimes for the most trivial "disloyal" offense; and sometimes simply because they had been seized as hostages.

The Louisville Military Prison was known as "the Killing Pen," because of the continual executions carried out there. John Brooks, a heroic and regularly enrolled Confederate soldier, captured while a part of Adam Johnson's small partisan force in Western Kentucky, was one of those executed as "guerrillas" along with three of his comrades. That execution was only one of many. It is obvious that the U.S. Army resorted to extreme measures because it could not completely suppress the resistance of a hostile population that was used to freedom and self-government. The story resembles nothing so much as the Nazi occupation of European countries in World War II.

The Atonement of John Brooks brings to light these events in abundant detail. It is worth a look by anyone interested in demolishing the real myths about that part of American history. ☪

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THE SOBRAN VIEW



BY JOSEPH SOBRAN

Conservatism, Old and New

I used to be what is called a “movement” conservative—a participant in the American conservative movement that emerged after World War II. It was opposed to both Communism and New Deal liberalism. Its

first political leader was Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, and its journalistic voice was William F. Buckley Jr., editor of *National Review*.

Goldwater is long gone—he turned out to be a lot less conservative than his admirers had believed—and Buckley is semi-retired. I wrote for *National Review* from 1972 to 1993 and, though Bill Buckley is as charming as they come, I watched with dismay as his magazine became more and more remote from the principles I understood to be central to American conservatism. Today, under a new generation of conservatives, if you can call them that, I can hardly bear to read it.

Just what are today’s conservatives trying to conserve? The older conservatives had thoughtful conceptions of the nature of politics, constitutional order, Western civilization. They included original thinkers and deeply cultured men like James Burnham, Whitaker Chambers, Richard Weaver, Russell Kirk, Frank Meyer, Thomas Molnar, and many others who are now largely forgotten, especially by those who have replaced them. It’s hard to imagine them fitting into today’s conservative movement or writing for today’s *National Review*.

These older conservatives didn’t always agree with each other; far from it. They had fiery debates over first principles. The trouble with the new conservatives is that they always agree with each other. They equate conser-

vatism with militarism. They are apologists for American military power and the Bush administration. They’ve made their peace with the New Deal and the welfare-warfare state, and they’ve become hard to distinguish from neoconservatives, who have pretty much become the bellwethers of the movement.

First principles? Constitutional law? Limited government? Christian civilization? Forget it. The causes that animated the old conservatives have faded into the distant past. At least the Cold War had a purpose; the wars favored by the young conservatives are aimed only at American empire, no matter what the cost. They’ve never seen a war they didn’t like—not that any of them have any experience of war, unlike their distinguished forebears.

The tone of the new conservatism is facile and crass, because it’s concerned only with power for its own sake. Absent is the note of reflection that led men like Burnham,

Kendall, and Kirk to write books about the political thought of Machiavelli, Locke, and Burke—books that are still worth reading, and which made their reputations before there was a conservative movement to join. It was Buckley’s achievement to gather so many fascinating individualists under his banner, some of whom disputed each other’s right to be there. Sometimes he had to be a referee as well as an editor. It took all his considerable tact.

Buckley founded his magazine in 1955 out of dissatisfaction with the Republican Party, which, in the Eisenhower years, had become fatally compromised. In its quest for political victory, the party had chosen the popular but vacuous World War II hero over the conservative hero, Senator Robert Taft. In 1952 Buckley had realized that if Eisenhower defeated Taft for the GOP presidential nomination, conservative principles would be all but banished from American politics.

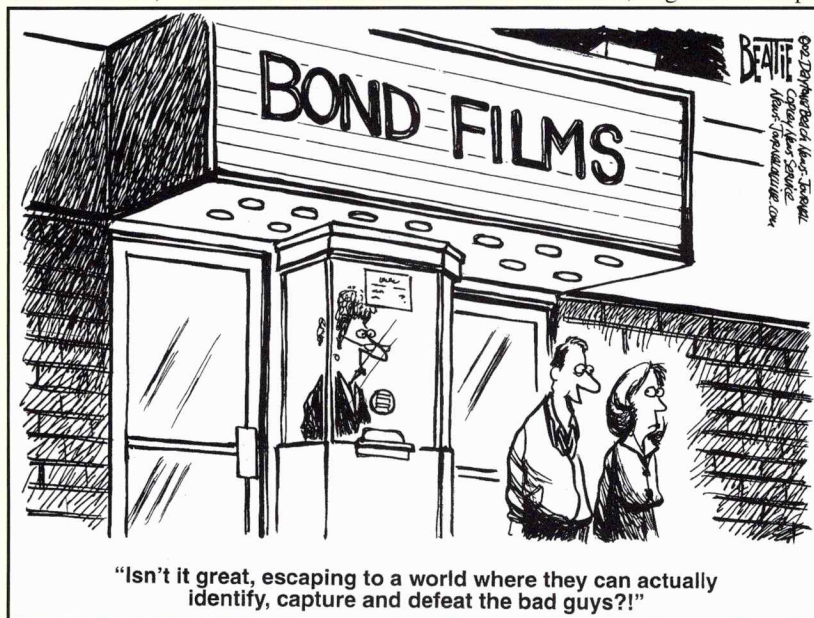
But today the magazine is even less conservative than Eisenhower was. It has forgotten its own origins, what someone has called the “divine discontent” of its early years. And the entire conservative movement has followed suit. The few remaining strict conservatives have been driven to the margins.

Yet the older conservatism isn’t quite a lost cause. It may be about to raise its voice again in Patrick Buchanan’s new magazine *The American Conservative*. Buchanan is one of the few conservatives who have refused to surrender their heritage to the neo-conservatives, for which they have tried (with generous help from Buckley and *National*

Review) to purge him from the movement.

It tells you a lot about America today that Buchanan has made enemies in the movement by reviving the slogan “America first.” He’s against war with Iraq not because he isn’t patriotic, but because he is—far too patriotic, in fact, to be a “movement” conservative. He’s fighting for the America he still remembers, and loves. ★

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BY CHARLEY REESE

Happy Birthday, Harry!

Happy birthday, Harry Potter. The fictional hero just turned 15. And though he is fictional, I'll bet you a gallon of pumpkin juice that he is better known globally than a majority of the heads of states.

Perhaps he is even better known than some rock stars.

When I first heard about the Harry Potter phenomenon, I knew that the book was a great story. Some books these days become best sellers because publishers devote big promotion budgets to them; others become best sellers because they are written by celebrities.

Potter's first book became a best seller by word of mouth, the best testimony a book can get. It also caused any number of British publishers to take yoga classes so they could learn to kick themselves in the rear end for having turned it down.

I wouldn't want to be one of the editors who turned down a book that spawned a series that has sold nearly 70 million copies in the United States alone. The

movie version of that first book has grossed \$966 million worldwide as of June, and the DVD and video set a first week's rental record of \$19 million.

Not bad for a tale that was written in longhand by a single mom who worked mostly at the table of a tea shop. As if using his own magic, Harry Potter has moved his creator from poor, unknown author to multimillionaire quicker than you can say a spell.

Recently, I read the first four books (the fifth is due out in the spring) in sequence and found them entirely satisfying. Hey, but they're kids books. So what. A good story well told is a good story well told, no matter what the genre, and the Harry Potter books are a darn good story told darn well.

Imagine a 10-year-old boy who is an

orphan, his parents having been murdered. He has been consigned since he was a baby to a selfish and cruel aunt and uncle who force him to live in a cupboard beneath the stairwell. Then he is rescued by a giant, who brings the astounding news that he is not an ordinary boy at all, but a wizard. He then goes to Hogwarts, the boarding school for wizards, and the story becomes one not only of a boy coming of age, but one of a battle between good and evil. The villainous wizard who murdered his parents and tried to murder him is seeking a renewal of his powers and an opportunity for vengeance.

I have the greatest admiration for imaginative writers, and J.K. Rowling ranks right up with the best of them. She has filled her books with interesting characters, good plots and just the right touch of humor to offset the scary parts. According to British officials, she has single-handedly doubled the number of young readers in Great Britain.

Authors like Rowling deserve to be honored and respected by people who love children. She has created a work of art that will give pleasure to generation after generation of young readers.

These books will live because Rowling, though writing in the young-readers genre, has remembered the advice of William Faulkner, who, in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech, spoke of the "old verities and truths of the heart, the old universal truths lacking which any story is ephemeral and doomed—love and honor and pity and pride and compassion and sacrifice."

That's what Harry Potter is all about, and that is why the stories appeal to grown-ups and children alike. If you haven't already, introduce your children to Harry. You'll find that he is a worthy companion.



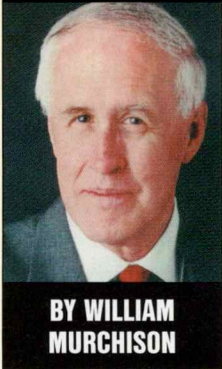
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MAINSTREET USA

Dis-Esteeming Self-Esteem

In the Book of Common Prayer—that timeless religious treasure—Anglican worshippers are bidden to “acknowledge and bewail our manifold sins and wickedness, which we from time to time most



BY WILLIAM MURCHISON

grievously have committed, by thought, word and deed....”

“Bewail ... wickedness ... grievously!”—wow! Don’t nobody talk like that no more (without prompting, at least). Try it, and prove how little you esteem yourself. And that’s what we’re after: esteem. We’re great! We’re super! And those who aren’t ... well, maybe some back pats, some pep talks, some high fives would turn the trick.

Modern Americans, as is widely acknowledged but hardly bewailed, esteem themselves. Anyway, the culture, from kindergarten to Capitol Hill, wants them to do so. Just one question arises: If we’re really that estimable, why is it now that psychologists (as a *New York Times* story puts it) discover that “‘D’ students ... think as highly of themselves as valedictorians, and serial rapists are no more likely to ooze with insecurities than doctors or bank managers”?

“At the same time,” the *Times* continues, “high self-esteem, studies show, offers no immunity against bad behavior.... [S]ome people with high self-regard are actually more likely to lash out aggressively when criticized than those with low self-esteem.”

The evidence grows and grows that self-esteem is grossly over-esteemed. The psychologists assert approximately what academic types have been whispering

among themselves concerning the drop-off in standard test scores and the softening of curricula.

That news would come as no shock to our ancestors, for whom realism was a bigger deal than the most gently intended therapy. Christianity talked eloquently about sin. It was a property held in common: “There is none that doeth good, no, not one.” The objective, under the circumstances, was getting right with God, rather than getting a facelift.

The note sounded was one of weary practicality. High fives had not been invented, but if they had been, the general sense would have been to discourage their use as a remedy for dissatisfaction. Dissatisfaction was a necessary precondition for improvement. How were you going to improve unless you recognized in yourself something that needed improvement?

The sensitivity culture of the past 30

years—I’m OK, you’re OK, let’s party—has had some positive effects, it seems fair to acknowledge and not bewail. There is a certain kindness and generosity to the enterprise: the spirit of the helping hand; the desire—again the prayer book—“to strengthen such as do stand, and to comfort and help the weak-hearted, and to raise up them that fall....”

Minorities and women were herded with special insistence into the enterprise, under the assumption that evil old Western civilization had been beating them to a moral pulp. Whites and men, and especially white men, had intimidated them with their own assumptions of inherent superiority. Success and jobs would fix things. Higher grades could be had through lowered standards. It was all a matter of affirming and praising rather than questioning and challenging.

In due course, other victim classes were added to the mix. The nation became a therapy center. Everyone was shown to deserve esteem. Superficialities—bank accounts, tans, scholarships, meticulous praise for little or nothing—conferred long-overdue validation.

Like the stock market, the self-esteem movement seems to have over-promised. The air leaks out with a loud hiss. High esteem levels, it turns out, are common among jerks and dolts and clods, drunk drivers, druggies and wife-beaters. In a study of college freshmen, one study points to virtue and religious faith as more important even

than abs and sexual renown in protecting the young from aggressiveness, drug use and eating disorders. Reports the *Times*: “[T]hose who based their views of themselves on things like academic competence, out-doing others in competition, physical appearance or other people’s approval were more likely to have difficulties several months later.”

What do you know about that? The next thing they’ll tell us is, cigarettes cause cancer. ☘

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MINORITY VIEW



BY WALTER WILLIAMS

Phony Diversity

You've written a tuition check, carted your son or daughter off to college, given those last minute admonitions and made those tearful good byes. For those thousands of dollars, the anguish of seeing your

17- or 18-year-old pack up and leave home for the first time, and entrusting him to some strangers, what are some of the things you might expect? One thing for sure is that your youngster will encounter and be bombarded with diversity newspeak.

Diversity is a big buzzword on college and university campuses. Diversity has fogged and claimed the minds of campus administrators so much so that they've created diversity fiefdoms. Harvard University Medical School has an Office for Diversity and Community Partnership. Brown University has a Diversity Institute. UC Berkeley has a Diversity Committee and a Diversity Officer. At George Mason University, where I teach, there's a Diversity Advisory Board and an Office for Diversity Programs and Services. At most colleges and universities, there's a diversi-

ty or multiculturalism agenda to propagandize students.

According to Merriam-Webster's dictionary, diversity means: diverseness, multifariousness, multiformity, multiplicity and variousness. The opposite of diversity is uniformity or identity. For the bulk of universities and colleges, diversity means race quotas, sex quotas and programs to insure that representative forms of sexual deviancy become an accepted norm. To insure this politically correct vision of campus life, there's one form of diversity that can't be tolerated. That's ideological and political diversity; there must be uniformity and identity.

According to Karl Zinsmeister's article "The Shame of America's One-Party Campuses" in *The American Enterprise* (September 2002), campus political, and

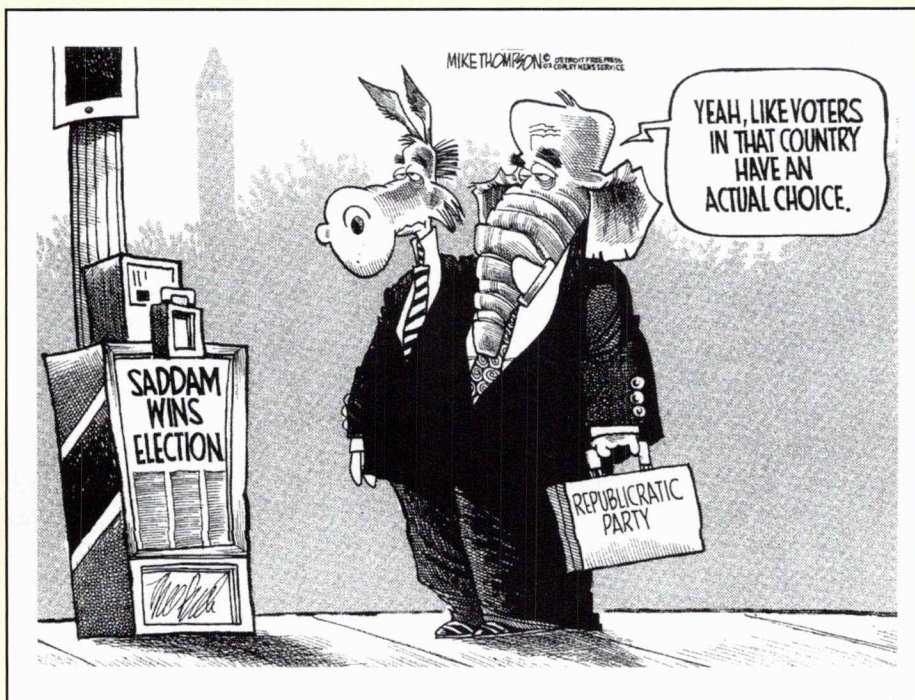
hence ideological, diversity is all but absent. Mr. Zinsmeister sampled faculty political affiliation obtained from local voter registration records at several universities. He classified faculty who registered as Democratic, Green or Working Families Party as members of the party of the Left and those registered as Republicans or Libertarians as members of the party of the Right.

The results were: Brown University, 5 percent of faculty were members of the party of the Right; at Cornell it was 3 percent; Harvard, 4 percent; Penn State, 17 percent; Stanford University, 11 percent; UCLA, 6 percent; and at UC Santa Barbara, 1 percent. There are other universities in the survey; however, the pattern is the same—a faculty dominated by leftist ideology. In some departments, such as Women's Studies, African-American Studies, Political Science, Sociology, History and English, the entire faculty is leftist. When it came to the 2000 election, 84 percent of Ivy League faculty voted for Al Gore, 6 percent for Ralph Nader and 9 percent for George Bush. In the general electorate, the vote was split at 48 percent for Gore and Bush, and 3 percent for Nader. Zinsmeister concludes that one would find much greater political diversity at a grocery store or on a city bus.

So what does all this mean? It means your son or daughter will be taught that the Founders of United States were racists and sexists; capitalism is a tool used to oppress women and minorities; literature and philosophy written by "dead white men" is a tool of exploitation, one person's vision of reality is just as valid as another's, one set of cultural values (maybe the Taliban's) is just as good as another, poverty is caused by rich people, and America is destroying the planet.

Americans as taxpayers and donors have been far too generous, and carelessly so, with colleges and universities. It's high time we began to demand accountability, not only in the area of ideological diversity, but in academic honesty and excellence as well. In my opinion, there is nothing that opens the closed minds of academic administrators better than sounds of pocketbooks snapping shut. ☛

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Good News, Bad News

BY P.J. BYRNES

First, the good news.

Conservative Southerners, watching election returns on TV, were surely pleased by what they saw on the screen: liberal Democrats falling like dead leaves; three scalawag governors on the ropes; Paul Begala, James Carville, Terry McAuliffe, Bill Schneider, Al Hunt, Tom Brokaw, Dan Rather, and Ted Koppel blinking back tears.

The GOP victory was particularly satisfying because of the nasty behavior of the Democratic leadership over the past two years—their scorn of debate, their *ad hominem* attacks on GOP colleagues, their sabotage of the legislative process. Tom Daschle of South Dakota epitomized the Democratic attitude. Whenever he stood before the camera his face twisted into a snarl. To Sen. Daschle, the President and fellow Republicans were greedy, heartless, conniving, deceitful, treacherous, power-mad. Never has a congressional leader of either party engaged in such prolonged partisan abuse.

Daschle set the tone for the 2002 election, and its results can be dumped on his doorstep. If the Democrats are smart, they will elect new leadership and tell Daschle to stay out of sight until people forget who he is.

The orgy of partisan malice at Paul Wellstone's funeral (if you can call it that) was the last straw. Ironically, the Democrats could have used the occasion to further their cause. Had the memorial service avoided partisanship and instead reminded people of the life and character of the universally admired Wellstone, the tragedy could have actually helped the Democratic cause, as did Carnahan's similar death in Missouri two years earlier. Instead, the spectacle reminded voters of Tom Daschle.

Jesse Ventura reacted by appointing an Independent rather than a Democrat to serve out Wellstone's term. And when the Democrats chose iconic Walter Mondale to replace Wellstone on the ballot, the former vice president was soundly thrashed. Minnesotans elected a GOP governor. And no one knows how many races nationwide were affected by the spillover.

In fact, this high-handed, mean-spirited behavior was characteristic of Democratic campaigns nationwide. In many states, the very first Democratic ads were personal attacks, full of teeth-gnashing, nostril-flaring rhetoric and flagrant half-truths. The word had gone out nationwide: Get down and dirty. Question their motives. Call them names. Make it personal. This ill-advised strategy was led by Terry McAuliffe, chairman of the Democratic National Committee and sycophant of Bill and Hillary Clinton. Like Tom Daschle, McAuliffe had been traveling around the country for two years, making defamatory speeches and sowing malice like a twisted Johnny Appleseed. This was his show, his strategy, his victory or defeat. And, by extension, the Clintons'. McAuliffe should be gone by first snowfall—and a kinder, gentler chairman in place.

Now the bad news.

Revenge is sometimes more pleasurable than sex, but let's not lose sight of what really happened on November 5. Consider the following grim facts:

- Jesse Helms was replaced by Elizabeth Dole. Helms was the most dependable Southern conservative in Washington. Dole will be among the worst Republicans in the Senate. She is dead wrong on many key conservative issues; and, if that isn't bad enough, she is married to Bob Dole. Giving her Jesse's seat is like exchanging champagne for dishwasher.
- Bob Smith of New Hampshire was replaced by John E. Sununu—again, a poor trade. Smith was too conservative for the Bush crowd, and they arranged to have him knocked off in the primary. Sununu, like his father, comes from the opportunistic wing of the GOP. Remember, it was Sununu *pere* who persuaded Bush *pere* to nominate David Souter for the Supreme Court. Sununu *filis* talks conservative, but let's see how he votes on pro-family issues.
- Phil Gramm was replaced by John Cornyn, who has neither the background nor the zeal that Gramm displayed in leading the opposition to Big

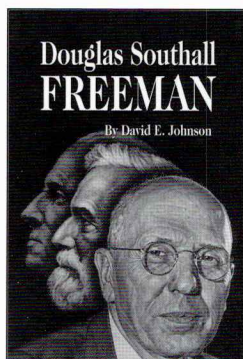
Government. An economics professor, Gramm often lectured the Senate on the virtues of a market economy, a balanced budget, and reduced taxes. Cornyn, like Texas colleague Kay Bailey Hucheson, will probably end up an obedient back-bencher with a "moderate" voting record.

- A very, very liberal Republican has been elected governor of Massachusetts, and you can be certain that he will be the media's candidate for national office in the near future. Mitt Romney, son of George Romney, is a pretty boy—the kind that women vote for regardless of his politics. With the media's help, he could be the GOP vice presidential nominee in 2004 and the presidential nominee in 2008. If so, he would offer little contrast to Hillary Clinton.
- Lamar Alexander has replaced Fred Thompson. Alexander will be a little more tentative than Thompson, a little more slippery, a little less likely to support conservative positions.
- George W. Bush was the big winner. On election night, commentators on all networks gave him credit for the victory and admitted that, unless he made some horrendous mistake, he would be all but unbeatable in 2004. That in itself isn't particularly ominous, given the likely Democratic opposition. However, the 2002 election lent substantial credibility to the moderate (i.e., liberal) wing of the GOP. With the victories of candidates like Sununu and Dole, Republican strategists will conclude that the day of the conservative is over, that Bushism will rule from now on, that folks like us will get little more than scraps of rhetoric from the presidential table. After all, we voted for Liddy Dole and Lamar Alexander. We're in the GOP's hip pocket, just as the blacks are in the Democrats' hip pocket.

So, as we feel the pain of the liberal Democrats—and revel in it—we must not forget the pleasure of the liberal Republicans.

They have not only defeated Tom Daschle and Terry McAuliffe. They have defeated us as well. ★

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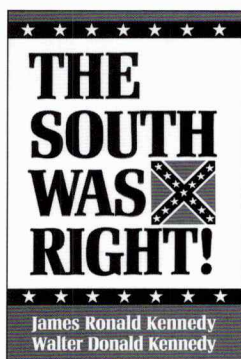
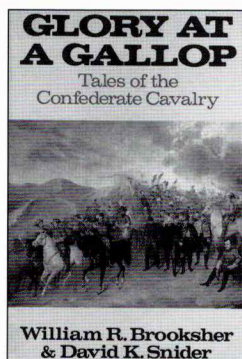
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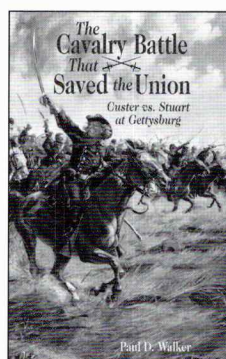
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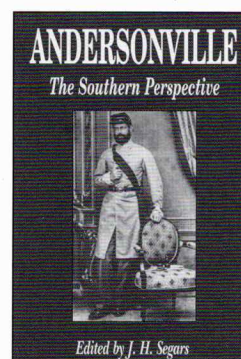
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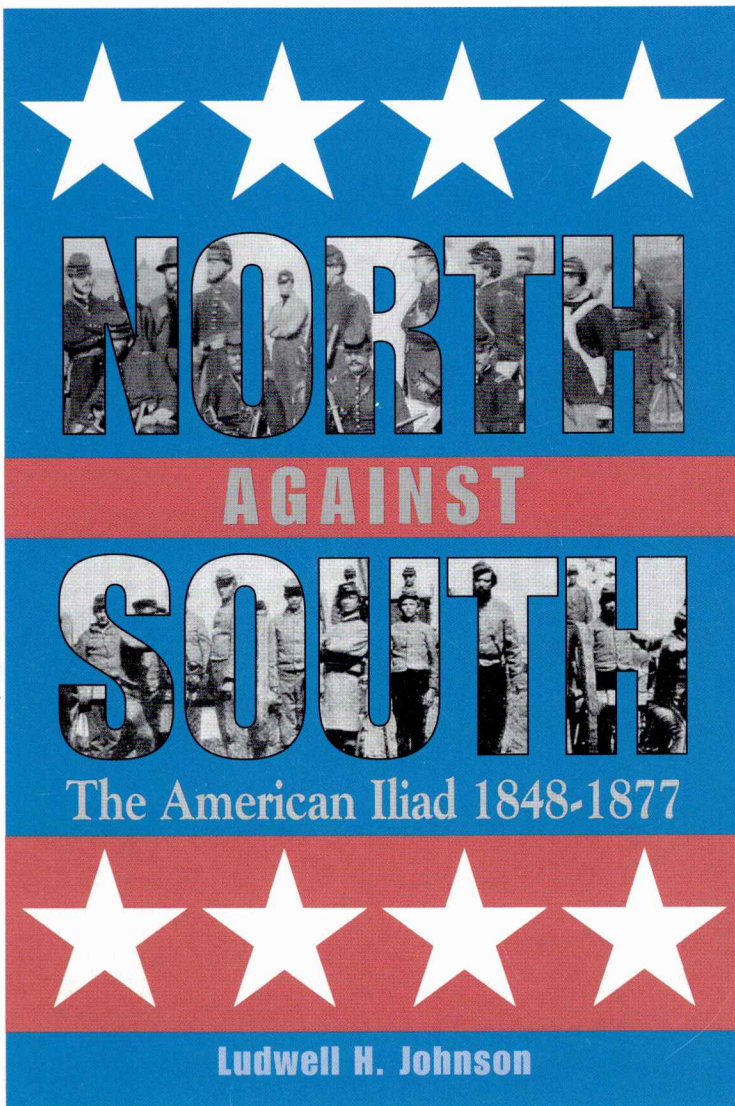
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