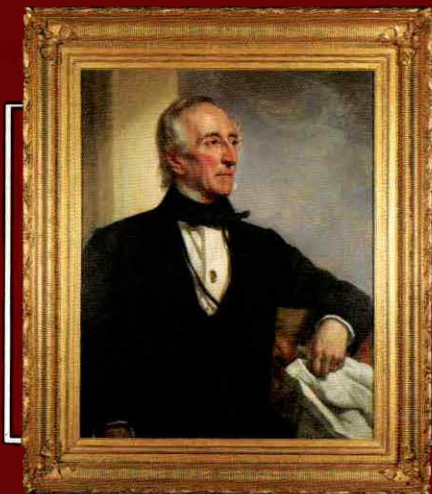


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# PARTISAN

Anniversary  
**600**

**I'LL  
TAKE MY STAND**



**President John Tyler's  
Grandson Talks About  
the Family Tradition**

# Singin' Billy

by Donald Davidson

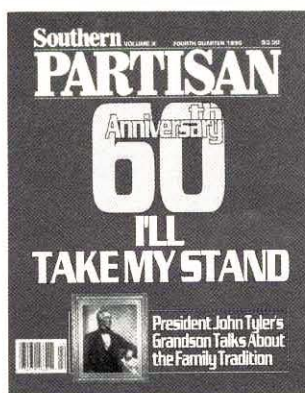
A few copies remain of **Singin' Billy**, the lost masterpiece by Southern scholar Donald Davidson which was rediscovered and published by the Foundation for American Education.



**Singin' Billy** is a folk play which was once set to music by composer Charles Bryan and performed in Nashville. It depicts Southern mountain life in the early 1800s, when the historical figure William Walker was traveling through the region, teaching a new way of singing that still survives in rural communities today. In Davidson's highly original script, Walker encounters opposition among the hard-drinking, hard-fighting mountain men and finally fights them with an extraordinary weapon they hardly know how to combat. The ensuing conflict is a profound parable of the way the American frontier was civilized and defines anew the values that have always undergirded the South.

The first edition, with introductions by T. D. Young and Herschel Gower, is limited to 1,000 copies and can be obtained by a gift of \$25 or more to the Foundation for American Education, which in the past has engaged in such educational projects as the full funding of the *Southern Partisan*. All gifts to the Foundation are deductible to the full extent of the law. Checks should be made out to THE FOUNDATION FOR AMERICAN EDUCATION. The address is Post Office Box 11708, Columbia, South Carolina 29211. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

## Singin' Billy Still Available



**OUR COVER**

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**COVER DESIGN BY RICK DALTON**

Cover Portrait, *John Tyler*, by George Alexander Healy (1813-1894), used by permission of the National Portrait Gallery, Smithsonian Institution.

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# PARTISAN LETTERS

## BRAVE OLD WORLD

Gentlemen:

JUST WHEN I THINK THE WORLD HAS GONE CRAZY, *Southern Partisan* arrives. Just when I have begun to believe that no one has values like mine, *Southern Partisan* arrives. Just when I have begun to question my heritage, *Southern Partisan* arrives. Just when I need some encouragement, *Southern Partisan* arrives.

My world would not be the same without *Southern Partisan*. Whatever it takes, please keep it going. There is no publication which can replace *Southern Partisan*.

Jack C. Kean  
Marietta, Georgia

## APPARITION APPREHENSION

Gentlemen:

MINE WAS A DIVIDED FAMILY, but the Duvalls of Maryland contributed many members to the Cause. Two great-uncles (who received mention from General Lee) came over from England to fight for the Confederacy.

One of my great-uncles, I must confess, was a Yankee, General John Sedgewick. He's the one whose famous last words were "They couldn't hit an elephant at this distance." He was referring to Confederate snipers at the Battle of Spotsylvania.

My grandfather had family in Washington, D.C., who

were sympathetic to the South. When the unfortunate Mary Surratt was hung, her priest declared "They have hung an innocent woman." Although faced with reprisal, Grandfather's family took her body and gave it a Christian burial in their family plot.

I don't have room to tell you all about the somewhat ungentlemanly, red-shirted, and sometimes headless Confederate officer who haunts my daughter's farm in Adairsville, Georgia. A gentleman shouldn't frighten ladies, but both my daughter and granddaughter are used to him by now.

Margaret Heilman  
Merritt Island, Florida

## THE WAY HOME

Gentlemen:

AS A SOUTHERNER WHO IS FAR FROM HOME here in northern New England, I find the *Southern Partisan* a great comfort. Whether it is the newest issue or one from a while ago, I always enjoy the articles, reviews, and humor that is within. I especially enjoy the CSA Today section, with its calendar of upcoming events for each state. For with that I am able to keep in touch with my native state of Louisiana and am able to plan my trips through the South.

Lesley Duncan, Jr.  
Manchester, New Hampshire

## **The GIPPER VS. the LIPPER**

Gentlemen:

I BELIEVE THAT PART OF THE REASON our country is in the mess it is in today is that we have abandoned our standards as exemplified by such Southern leaders in the past as Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, Calhoun, Lee and Davis. Our modern politicians are afraid to take stands, state what they believe in and are reluctant to lead but are supersonic quick to pass the buck or grab as much as they can.

After Gettysburg, Gen. Robert E. Lee stated, "This is all my fault." Can you imagine any of our current "leaders" in the Capitol saying that today? Part of President Bush's problem is that no one knows what he stands for – what are his principles? You may love or hate President Reagan but you knew what he stood for. He was conservative and proud of it.

*Michael S. Kalichak  
Brookhaven, Pennsylvania*

## **ANOTHER WIDOW LIVES**

Gentlemen:

LAST YEAR THERE WAS an article and picture in our local newspaper, *The Arkansas Gazette*, regarding a claim Sumter, South Carolina was making in regard to the distinction of having the "last living Confederate widow," Mrs. Daisy Wilson Cave. That is not true as another Confederate widow lives in Alabama, my mother-in-law, 83-year-old Mrs. Alberta Martin, of Route 4, Box 536, Elba, Alabama.

Last fall (October 13) Mrs.

Daisy Wilson Cave died. *The Arkansas Democrat* stated "Rebel Widow Buried; chapter closed in Civil War History". I called them immediately and disclosed that with another Confederate widow still living – the chapter of Civil War history was not closed, yet.

*Mrs. Marilyn A. Farrow  
North Little Rock, Arkansas*

## **PBS' TRAGIC EPIC**

Gentlemen:

WHEN I READ THE PREVIEWS and heard the announcements about "The Civil War," an eleven-hour presentation which aired recently on the Public TV Channel, I expected a fairly accurate and unbiased handling of this great tragedy in American history, because it was billed as a "documentary."

This "epic documentary" should not be taken seriously; it does not qualify as Civil War history. This visual presentation will do more to perpetuate the biased history of the war than the total of all the printed material of the past 125 years.

*J. Marshall Burrows  
Winston-Salem,  
North Carolina*

## **A CHARGE TO KEEP**

Gentlemen:

LAST AUGUST, MY WIFE and I took our two children, ages 9 and 11, on their first tour of the field at Gettysburg.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon, a park ranger met with all comers in front of the Virginia Monument, along Seminary Ridge, and began to "re-form" the 58th Virginia Infantry by handing each participant a de-

scription of who they would become for this day. The narrator briefly discussed the battle to this point, and explained the strategy upon which this assault was based. In setting the stage for what is to come, the ranger states that everyone in this company is fighting for states' rights, and that the issue of slavery is one of the peripheral issues of the war. Comments are clear that we are fighting for our freedom, just as our forefathers fought under General Washington for theirs.

As we move, narration is furnished along the way in the form of quotes from letters written by our group.

My son marches beside me, frightened that he doesn't know what may happen to him, or me or his mother or sister, experiencing the dreadful uncertainty that enveloped our men so long ago. Then I am hit, and must fall back, and my daughter loses a leg! Accurate to those whom we portray. The children want to fire their weapons, but are ordered to be steady, for one round will be all and it must count. Quiet reflection has come over our group, replacing the frivolity we saw before this began. Our ranks are continuously thinned, but we "tip our hats" to the rush of lead and move on. Up the hill, into the fire, over the wall. We engage in death struggles, hand to hand, we break the line, but we are spent, and with no reserve to counter the Yankees coming up over that hill, we must fall back.

We then find out our fate, as each person's final outcome is described from historical records. My "son" escaped back down the hill, and fought later, standing with Lee at Appomattox. My "wife" was killed outright and my "daughter"

died several days later in a field hospital from an infection in her leg. "I" lie on the field for a day and a half, and then rise to escape back to Virginia, and also stand with Lee at the end.

My entire family had an experience that day which helps us to understand our heritage. My children will be challenged for their stand on principle, and maybe someday, remembering the heat on that field in Pennsylvania, they may understand a little better that it was real, it was frightening, it was deadly, but it was the right thing to do.

*Ben Hinson  
Macon, Georgia*

## HUSSEIN-LINCOLN KINSHIP

Gentlemen:

ON MONDAY EVENING, January 21st, the local newsman on Spokane, Washington's local CBS affiliate, KREM, posed the question, "Do you know of any other time when a nation used prisoners of war as human shields?" He asked this of a former Vietnam POW and asked in a most scandalized tone, as if this was so barbaric a practice he couldn't imagine it being done in a "civilized" society.

Immediately after the broadcast I called and talked to this gentleman and informed him that in June of 1864, Federal authorities placed 600 captive Confederate officers in an open stockade on Morris Island offshore Charleston, South Carolina, so they would be under the fire of their own army's artillery. They were kept there for 45 days and often went days in summer's heat with no water.

Mr. Rowe's response? Simply, "Well that was a long time ago wasn't it?" I think finding that his own government had done what Hussein is now doing came as a bit of a shock. It was Stonewall Jackson's birthday and I had the pleasure of telling Mr. Rowe the *truth!*

*Terry Bungard  
Ione, Washington*

## HOWE TRAGIC

Gentlemen:

EUREKA! I FOUND IT, the lost third stanza of the "Battle Song of the Union," misnamed the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." I didn't read very far before I saw why those who want us to believe that this is a Christian song do not publish the third stanza in the hymnbooks.

The verse goes like this: "I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel; 'As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal; Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel, Since God is marching on.'"

The second line is in quotes, indicating that the Unitarian author is telling us what God wrote as the Gospel with burnished rows of steel. The "fiery gospel" is not that "Christ died for our sins, according to the Scripture," but that the Union soldier (the Hero, born of woman) experiences the Grace of God by crushing Southern soldiers ("serpent") with his heel. Death to the Southerner means heaven for the Northerner.

This is one of the reasons why I cannot accept the song as a Christian or, for that matter, a patriotic song.

*Morris F. Hallford  
Taylors, South Carolina*

## NO EXCUSE

Gentlemen:

LAURIE HIBBETT WAS too much on the defensive. It does no good to tell people that the South had nothing for its own men, they have heard all that before. What they haven't heard is that Andersonville was *not* the worst prison of the war. There were *three* prisons worse, all in the North, where there was no excuse except vindictiveness—Point Lookout, Md., Rock Island, Ill., and the worst, Elmira, N.Y.

And the figures released by Secretary of War Stanton in 1866 show an overall death rate in Northern prisons almost 50 percent higher than in the South,— 26,436 deaths out of 220,000 prisoners against deaths in the South of 22,556 out of 270,000 prisoners.

Andersonville got a bad name because Robert Oulds, Confederate prisoner exchange officer, gave it one in his attempt to persuade the North to resume prisoner exchanges, but many Northern wise guys had been getting captured so as to enjoy a paid vacation at home, awaiting exchange. Then too, ex-POWs in the North were given a bonus if they could prove cruelty in prison and there was a lot of perjury. Who was to deny cruelty?

Many popular accounts of the war had their origin in a mass mania of un-Christian hatred, but the truth *is* on record and can be dug out.

*Francis W. Springer  
Charlottesville, Virginia*

# PARTISAN VIEW

## The Last Agrarian

Andrew Lytle now lives on his farm in Tennessee. He is the last of the twelve agrarian poets and philosophers who, just over sixty years ago, wrote *I'll Take My Stand*, the essential defense of Southern values.

Mr. Lytle describes himself as a writer and reader of fiction, which is a high calling. But he is even more than that. He is also a living prophet, a man who, before this Century was even half done, warned us that the forces of materialism and industrialism were uprooting families, perverting spiritual values and would ultimately destroy the inheritance of the Southern people—and indeed would destroy the inherited way of life for all people who lived "by or close to the land." We now know he was right. When the hour arrives, the prophet's vision is always suddenly obvious.

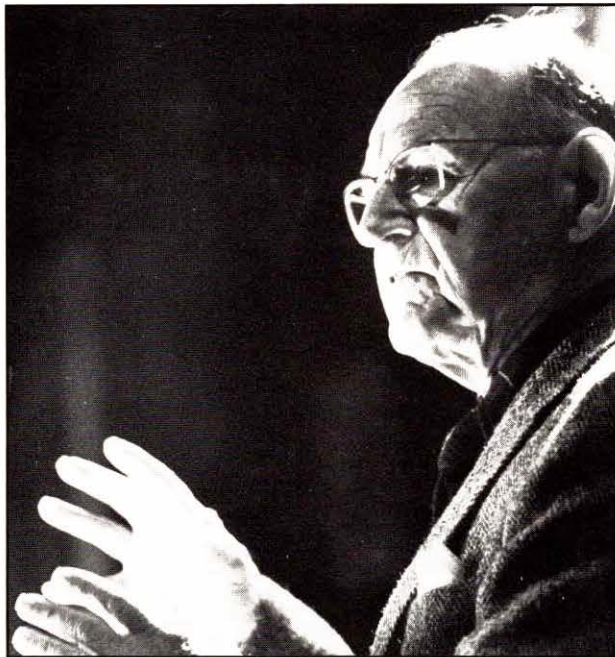
This issue of *The Southern Partisan* is dedicated to the sixtieth anniversary of *I'll Take My Stand*. We hope it will stimulate our readers to take a fresh look at what Mr. Lytle and his colleagues have to say about the proper purposes of life. Later this year we also hope to publish an extensive interview with Andrew Lytle, to collect his reflections on the second half of the Century and on the continuing struggle between the flesh and the spirit, the forced and the free, the secular and the divine—the North and the South.

And what is the present status of that struggle? We know that Mr. Lytle in 1980, was not pessimistic about the chances of victory. In a short essay previously published on these pages (entitled "Reflections of a Ghost") he reminded us that "no

idea, principle or belief is ever defeated. Men are. Except those men who continue to believe and take proper risks."

In taking their stand sixty years ago, the twelve agrarians did indeed take certain proper risks. Among other things, they took the risk of being misunderstood, of being regarded as apologists for lost causes, of setting their path against a powerful orthodoxy that even then held a firm grip on the American mind.

And they were widely misunderstood. Some regarded the agrarians as neo-luddites or, worse, as sentimental fools, extolling the



Andrew Lytle, the last agrarian, continues to raise a powerful voice for the survival of Southern values.

virtues of a time that never was. Most of the people who held these notions never read the book. They merely read articles written about the book by writers who probably based their articles on other secondary sources. Tom Landess has said that *I'll Take My Stand* is one of America's most misunderstood books because everybody talks about it and nobody bothers to read it.

Contrary to popular myth, the agrarians never intended to do bat-

tle with commerce or industry, even mechanized industry. They never suggested that all men should be farmers or that the manufacture and sales of widgets was an evil enterprise. Here is how Mr. Lytle explained it:

*"...at the time we wrote there were enough families living on the land and enough small town and city privately owned businesses to counterbalance the great industrial might, which was a fact and had to be reckoned with. If our proposal had been listened to, this necessary industry might have been contained, might not have grown into the only idea of the kind of life everybody must be forced to accept. A family, and I mean its kin and connections, too, thrives best on some fixed location, which holds the memories of past generations...not only sentimental memories but skills passed down and a knowledge of the earth tended. And a knowledge particularly of the blood-streams, so as to be warned and prepared for what to expect in behavior. Industry today uproots. It's like the army without a raison d'etre. Promotion, except among the basic workers, means pulling up roots and being sent elsewhere, with the promise of a better car and another room to the house. The children just as they are making friends and getting used to the school must begin all over again. This is a modification of the Spartan state, which reduced the family to a minimal role."*

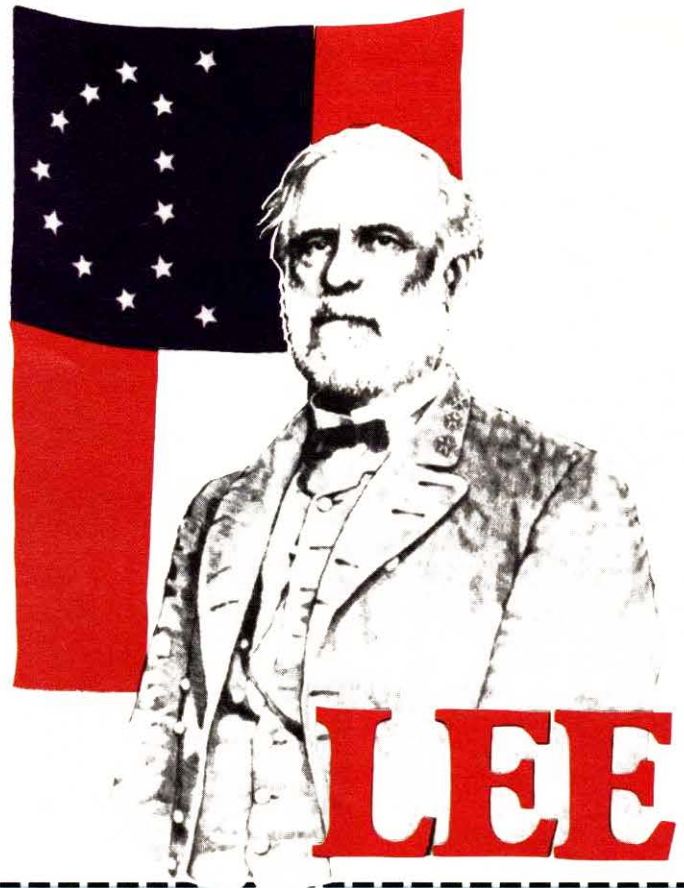
We must believe that it is still not too late to listen to the wisdom of the agrarians. After all, even though we are in what Andrew Lytle has called "the advanced stages of Reconstruction," beliefs are never defeated. Hope can never be entirely lost. Our task is to continue to believe and to take proper risks. That is why *The Southern Partisan* is in business. ♣

by Richard Quinn



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# T · R · I · V · I · U · M ·

by Matthew Sandel

## On Being Good to Jesse

People who have seen loved ones recover from a near-fatal illness suddenly appreciate someone they took too much for granted. If it's a child who has had the close call, you give him vitamins, make sure he bundles up when he goes outside, and take his temperature at the slightest provocation. If it's an old person, you keep the windows shut and help him up and down the stairs.

I felt the same way this winter as I watched the new session of Congress, knowing that Jesse Helms survived a close call and is safely back in the Senate again. We've got to watch his political health for the next few years. We can't let him go out into the dark, cold night any more—not without his overcoat and earmuffs. We can't have a recurrence of what happened this past fall.

Of course, some of us never really believed that Helms was in trouble. We were convinced that Harvey Gantt's lead was just one more fabrication of a press corps sick with hatred. We figured it was like the other lies they had told about him: that he was an old fogey, a sourpuss, a glum puritan who reflected the worst of the past and spoke only for a diminishing number of bigots, red-necks, and fundamentalists.

Those of us who had seen the Senator meeting his constituency or speaking before a conservative crowd knew that he was none of the above. Helms is not grim-lipped and dull. The media have been very careful to nurture this illusion by airing clips of him only in those moments when he is grave and sermonical. Thus it was only by accident that we saw the witty and charismatic speaker who walked into the spotlight on election night, turned to his waiting supporters, and said: "I'm sorry I'm late. I was at home watching the grieving face of Dan Rather."

I remember the first time I heard him speak—at a banquet which came at the end of a long and exhausting convention. The service had been slow, and the food was no more than edible. I was ready to leave long before Senator Helms came to the podium. The people with whom I'd come wouldn't budge. They'd heard him before. So I sat and fidgeted.

Five minutes after he'd begun his speech everyone was laughing. In another five minutes they were on their feet cheering. They interrupted him

three more times with standing ovations. He had it all: the humor, the down-to-earth authority, the hard facts, the soaring eloquence. I'd thought the last great Southern orator had gone under when they'd buried Earl Long—but I was wrong. The tradition was very much alive in Jesse Helms that night. And it was very much alive in The Tarheel State in 1990. I wasn't there, but a friend of mine—worried by the polls—got in his car, drove to North Carolina and joined the campaign during the last week. A New Yorker, he liked Helms's politics but had never seen the man or heard him speak. He came back star-struck.

"He was great. He was marvelous. I'll never forget it as long as I live. He's the ultimate political hero of our time."

The United States Senate is a place where one man can make a difference. Unlike the House, where the leadership can stifle a single dissenter or even a dozen, the Senate rules permit a statesman to make his presence known and to hold the entire body accountable to the people, even when its leadership would like to do otherwise. But that kind of role requires courage and a certain magnanimity of soul. You have to be immune to threats and willing to accept the vilification of some of the most powerful people in the nation. Most senators choose to mute their trumpets and, when the fighting becomes dangerous, to sound retreat. But Helms is the exception. There's nobody there quite like him, no one as tough and canny and immune to the malevolence of the Washington press corps.

Take, for example, the repeated bills introduced by liberals to appease the homosexual activists, who currently constitute one of the best financed and most successful lobby groups on the hill. Last year, the Human Rights Campaign Fund—the largest and most active of the homosexual groups—maintained a staff of 26 and played with a budget of more than \$4.5 million. The Democratic Congress gave them what they wanted, including unrestricted funding for the National Endowment for the Arts, and a huge AIDS budget that surpassed research appropriations for cancer and heart ailments (diseases which kill many hundreds of thousands more than AIDS every year).

But there are restrictions on both the activities of the N.E.A. and on the use of AIDS educational funds: neither can support obscenity, and both had previously supported some of the vilest and most perverse graphic materials in the

Tom Landess is on leave from the Partisan while occupying a post with the government in Washington. Matthew Sandel will be standing in for our Associate Editor during his absence.

past. Ask anybody in the Senate, or, for that matter, any of the homosexual activists who opposed the strictures. They will tell you that only one person stood in the way of complete victory: the senior Senator from North Carolina. That is why "gay rights" activists nationwide held fundraisers for Harvey Gantt, why they printed scatological posters attacking Helms, why they laughed and screeched when they saw him losing in the polls, and why they wept epicene tears when he was reelected.

Watch what happens this year. They will be back, with more money than before, more wild and abusive antics, more violent crowds, more phony studies and rigged statistics, more threats and whinings and obscene gestures. They are the shock troops of the new uprising, the revolution that proposes to do away with morality and ethics and religion as we have known them. Skeptical? Here is what one of their prophets has written in a "gay rights" magazine:

*"...The family unit—spawning ground of lies, betrayals, mediocrity, hypocrisy and violence will be abolished. The family unit, which only dampens imagination and curbs free will, must be eliminated..."*

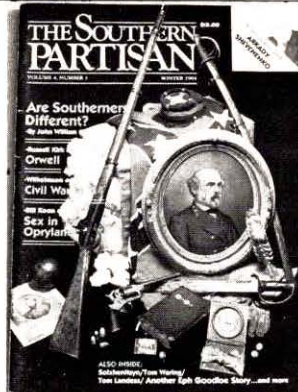
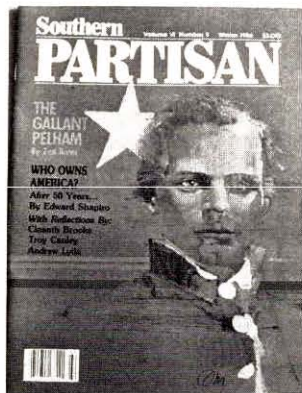
*All churches who condemn us will be closed. Our only gods are handsome young men...*

*We shall rewrite history, history filled and debased with your heterosexual lies and distortions. We shall portray the homosexuality of the great leaders and thinkers who have shaped the world. We will demonstrate that homosexuality and intelligence and imagination are inextricably linked, and that homosexuality is a requirement for true nobility, true beauty in a man." ([Boston] Gay Community News February 15-21, 1987, p. 5.)*

As incredible as these ravings seem, they are merely an extreme statement of an agenda that is currently being considered by Congress—that of the "gay rights" movement. And there are other agendas almost as disturbing, almost as dangerous. Against these well financed and enormously chic political forces, we can send only one champion who won't compromise or turn and run, one person who represents what our region and nation once believed and have now begun to doubt.

For him we owe the people of North Carolina a debt we can never fully repay; so over the next six years, let's take especially good care of Jesse. ☺

# TIMELESS.

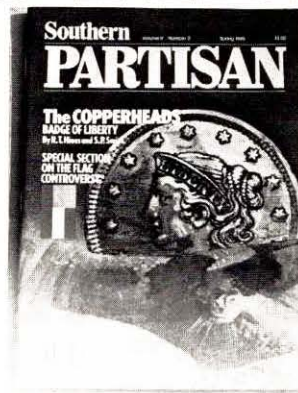


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# FROM BEHIND ENEMY LINES

## Winners and Losers in the Gulf

by Gordon Jackson

Among the apparent casualties of the Desert Storm operation was the recently emerging neo-isolationist wing of the Republican Party. Commander-in-chief Bush continues to pummel into non-existence that part of conservatism that attempts to define itself through ideas. His Washington has been made extraordinarily safe for paeans to flag, family and deity, and this can certainly be seen as an advance of sorts over 20 years ago. But arguments of substance and subtlety will get you relegated to the ash heap of history; triumphant Virtue is now in the saddle and tolerates no ambiguity.

Most notable of the conservative isolationists (a term they would probably prefer not to use) are Patrick Buchanan, Russell Kirk and Joseph Sobran. While all three have staunchly opposed international communism at every front, they are generally skeptical about U.S. military intervention abroad and believe that such intervention must meet a strict test of national interest. They're as suspicious of government's attempts to expand into the war-making business as they are of expanding entitlements.

Iraqi aggression seemed not to be sufficient provocation for bringing in U.S. troops to these conservatives, who trace their lineage back through Senator Taft. Buchanan was the most notorious of the war critics on the right prior to the outbreak of hostilities, when he fell in behind Bush and the troops. Sobran was an unrepentant critic of the war to the last. Dr. Kirk, not precisely your scheming careerist, spoke at the Heritage Foundation on the day of the cease-fire,

cautioning against American imperialism and big-government Republicanism.

Well, everybody loves a winner, and by the same token there is a price to be paid for being perceived as having been wrong. Buchanan's column, for the first time in memory, was relegated to the back pages of *The Washington Times* commentary section, replaced by Cal Thomas, who had beat the war drums loud and long. The paper also ran an article making great sport of Buchanan's contrasting views before and after the firing started. Sobran, a week and a half after having his views branded as seditious by *Times* managing editor Wesley Pruden, had not appeared in the paper. Dr. Kirk remains unassailable on Olympus, breathing only the rarefied air of history and theory, but if he were jockeying for influence in Washington he no doubt would meet a fate similar to Sobran's.

This is contemptible, especially Pruden's smear of Sobran. Our politics becomes progressively mindless. Thirty years ago, even ten years ago, conservatism provided a supportive environment for challenges to the established orthodoxy. Now that a few half-baked pieties borrowed from the right have become establishment cliches, independent thinking at odds with these regnant cliches puts one at risk of attack from the right as well as the left. As I've suggested before, sometime in the Reagan years conservatism became a vehicle for Washington careers. Like the established left, it came to be about staking out rigidly defined ideological turf and defending that turf at any cost. Anyone, like Sobran, who attempts to range across the various terrains, gets shot at from all sides. If conservatism has become so demarcated, so unreceptive to independent thought as the leftism it is trying to replace, then it is impotent and has no legitimate claim to the attention of a George Bush.

Now, to say that Buchanan, Sobran, Kirk *et al* are being unfairly vilified for using their minds and speaking them,

is not to say that they were right about the Persian Gulf. I found their views persuasive. but I'm about ready to admit I was wrong. We're talking about one of the most successful military operations in history here. If the United States can send half a million troops to the world's most volatile region for seven months, annihilate the world's fourth largest army and sustain only a few dozen casualties, for God's sake maybe, with smart weapons and smart generals, we can police a new world order. We'll see, though how things play out over there in the aftermath. The direction of American foreign policy into the 21st century is still far from clear, and the neo-isolationists may yet prove to be the most influential thinkers of this period.

But in waging and winning the military campaign Bush perhaps intuited, as his critics did not, the need of this country to exorcise the Vietnam and Iran hostage demons. Americans were falling all over themselves to support the troops; there was clearly a pent-up desire to make amends for the shameless way Vietnam vets were treated. Also long overdue is the increased respect the military now enjoys. It was a rare pleasure to see my father, who retired from the Air Force in 1971 at the nadir of the military's prestige, beaming with pride after each report from the Gulf. The military types I know in this area contrast quite favorably with their yuppie brethren as to sense of purpose, duty and fulfillment. They deserve the recognition that's coming along now.

We must hope that the enduring image of the war will be the professional soldier performing a most unpleasant duty, personified so well by General Schwarzkopf. The "we're number one," "we really kicked butt" mentality is far too much in evidence. The United States demonstrated military and technological superiority, perhaps to salutary effect, but the war whoops need to stop. We should count ourselves lucky and blessed. ☺

# OBITER DICTA

## Gulf Notes

Yes, the performance of the American military was a brilliant display of power, technology, courage and old-fashioned patriotism. Yes, it was good to see some of the old allies get back together. And it was thrilling to see Saddam get his comeuppance. But most of all, it was well that America exorcized the demon of Vietnam.

Over half of the politicians and most of the columnists, editors and feature writers for the national press are still walking around in a daze. They have lost what has been the focus of their politics for 25 years. The post-Vietnam world view is dead, blown to bits by the Tomahawk Cruise and the Patriot missiles and the Apache helicopters of Desert Storm.

And once again, the young men and women from the South have led the nation in volunteering for service. We have learned that a disproportionate number of the American fighting force in the Persian Gulf come from the states of the Old Confederacy. The people who honor the Confederate Battle Flag have always been the first to rally round Old Glory.

The recent campaign in the Gulf spoke well indeed of the men and women who served there, from all the regions of the country.

We do, however, find fault with one of the judgements pronounced by four star General Norman Schwartzkopf. Wasn't it odd to hear him explain his solemn commitment to preventing civilian casualties and to avoiding non-military targets, and then, almost in the same breath, for him to tell us that his two greatest military heroes were Generals Grant and Sherman?

Stormin' Norman is clearly a better soldier than he is historian. It

was Saddam's march through Kuwait and his deliberate devastation of their civilian culture that brings Grant and Sherman to mind.

Next we heard from Dan Quayle, who continues to look like a sophomore playing vice-president on Student Government Day. Mr. Quayle, not satisfied with the Bush comparison of Saddam Hussein to Hitler, decided to develop his own historical vision. In seeking to free Kuwait, Quayle said that President Bush was like Lincoln, who fought to free the slaves. We understand that Mr. Quayle is very good at golf. If only he would leave rhetoric to the grown-ups. ☺

## The Roots of Curiosity

Alex Haley of *Roots* fame has been on a lecture tour across the country. Students at Southern universities, he says, are less intellectually curious than their Northern counterparts. And how does the creator of Kunta Kinte measure intellectual curiosity? After his lectures are over, he says, Southern kids don't ask him any questions, while hands shoot up all over the place at Harvard and other Northern schools.

We have an alternate explanation.

Does Alex Haley have anything useful, or even interesting, to say about Southern history? Maybe Southern students already know the answer. ☺

## Are Those Bugle Boy Genes?

This is no joke, folks. They have tissue from the body of Abraham Lincoln incubating in a test tube somewhere, and scientists are talking about analyzing the stuff, so they can recreate Lincoln's precise genetic pattern. By so doing, the experts tell us, they can discover what maladies Lincoln might have suffered, perhaps give us new insights into his personality.

Theoretically, Lincoln's genetic structure could even be cloned and then...well, we shudder to take this any further. That would be one ugly baby. ☺

## At The Helm

We are delighted to announce that Dr. M.E. Bradford has finally agreed, after years of persuasion, to serve *officially* as a Senior Editor of *The Southern Partisan*. We emphasize the word *officially* because Mel Bradford has been *de facto* Senior Editor (and more) all along. He has always been our guardian of the tablets.

For those who may have just landed, M.E. Bradford is a widely published political philosopher and literary scholar. Professor of English at the University of Dallas, Dr. Bradford edited *The Southern Tradition at Bay*. All of us carry around quotations from Chairman Mel taken from his numerous articles and books, including *Remembering Who We Are: The Observations of a Southern Conservative*. We are delighted to have Mel Bradford officially installed at the helm of this journal.

As of this issue, we are also pleased to announce that Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr. has agreed to serve on *The Southern Partisan* Board of Advisors and Contributors. Mr. Cannon serves as Chairman of the Confederate Heritage Committee, Sons of Confederate Veterans, and he is actively engaged in the continuing campaign to defend Southern history. ☺

## W.D. Workman, Jr., Rest in Peace

Bill Workman has been ill for some time. Until near the end we didn't know how ill because he was a very strong man.

Always youthful with his trademark flat-top haircut, he took the agony of Parkinsonism in stride, and he even recovered physically from a horrible automobile accident that left his beloved wife Tommie critically injured. But Bill never really recovered from the loss of Tommie.

The Workmans were the American dream personified, Southern-style—both successful, gracious, literate; accomplished parents as well as professionals—and absolutely devoted to each other, with a relationship that was permanently

joined at the mind and the heart. Once Tommie was gone, Bill never had a chance. Only her loss could extinguish the fire in his eye.

And not only in his eye. For several decades, W.D. Workman, Jr. ate fire for breakfast. His book *A Case For The South* remains a classic, an unReconstructed defense of Southern tradition so intelligent and well-reasoned that its neglect by the opinion brokers of the Yankee Establishment was inevitable.

Bill was a Southern renaissance man. Author and journalist, he edited *The State* newspaper of Columbia, South Carolina for many years and he also ran for the United States Senate in 1962, as a conservative Republican, two years before the ascendancy of Barry Goldwater. Bill's campaign in 1962 invented the Republican Party in South Carolina, and his articulate advocacy for States' Rights, for fiscal responsibility and individual liberty set the tone for Southern politics for years to come.

Bill Workman was a scholar, a rhetorician, a gentleman and—consummately—a Southerner. He embodied the finest traits of our region. His passing leaves us with a sense of irreplaceable loss but grateful still that he was one of the founding Senior Editors of *The Southern Partisan*. For so long as we publish, Bill Workman's spirit will continue to influence these pages. ☪

## Battle Notes

(1) Good news: A British unit in Operation Desert Storm adopted the Confederate Battle Flag as its symbol. They even attached Battle Flag stickers to their complete stock of mortar bombs. This report comes to us from General Donald Jordan of the U.K. Division of the Confederate High Command.

(2) Now for the bad news: The Georgia Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy is asking the Georgia legislature to remove the Confederate Battle Flag symbol from the Georgia Flag and restore the pre-1956 design. The ladies say they want this to be done because the Battle Flag symbol is "misused," which is a lot like asking the church to take the cross down from the steeple because Madonna wears a crucifix in her latest video. Ladies, the UDC is a wonderful organization. But please remember: we dishonor the memory of the Confederacy if we allow ruffraff to make us ashamed of our symbols.

(3) And more bad news: The band didn't play "Dixie" at the official Inauguration of the Governor in South Carolina this year because a black legislator threatened to stage a walk out if the old song was played. Republican Governor Carroll Campbell decided to dodge the controversy and thereby gave aid and comfort to those absurd people who suggest that the playing of "Dixie" is somehow offensive to blacks.

Meanwhile, during "Black History Month" all the public school children of South Carolina were encouraged to sing the Black National Anthem at school ceremonies as a tribute to "the Afro-American heritage." So, one song with no racial message is vilified while another, which is dedicated to race, is eagerly promoted. Such is the madness of our time.

(4) The Battle Flag and "Dixie" are more welcome in Europe these days than here in the States. *Fortune* magazine reports a popular new spot in Berlin: the Alabama Country Music Club and Western Restaurant. We understand that Hank Williams, Jr. is a favorite. One of Hank's latest hits, of course, maintains that "If the South Wouda won, we'da had it made." ☪

## Oops

The cover story in our last issue, "Shoeless Joe Jackson: From the Rural South to the Field of Dreams" was reprinted by permission from the *South Carolina Review*, edited by Mark Winchell. Unfortunately we failed to give proper credit. Described as "a major journal at a minor price" by *Library Journal*, the *South Carolina Review* is available for \$7.00 per year (two issues) from the Department of English, Clemson University, Clemson, South Carolina 29634-1503. We recommend it highly. ☪



## Scalawag Award

The hysteria against the Confederate Battle Flag is mounting all across the region. The leadership of the NAACP has latched on to Ban-The-Flagism as an issue to arouse the passions of their constituency. They seek to define the Battle Flag as a symbol of slavery and segregation, as if those two words alone constitute the summation of Southern history.

Predictably, the fashionable response to this movement among the people in power around the South seems to be a kind of zealous retreat. "My goodness," they say, "if a silly little piece of cloth offends any one at all, why, let's get rid of it. We don't want any trouble around here." Such so-called leaders are the most foolish of

all, more foolish even than the agitators who seek deliberately to malign the history of a region, for at least the Ban-The-Flaggers understand that symbols are important. And because they understand the power of symbols, they are winning:

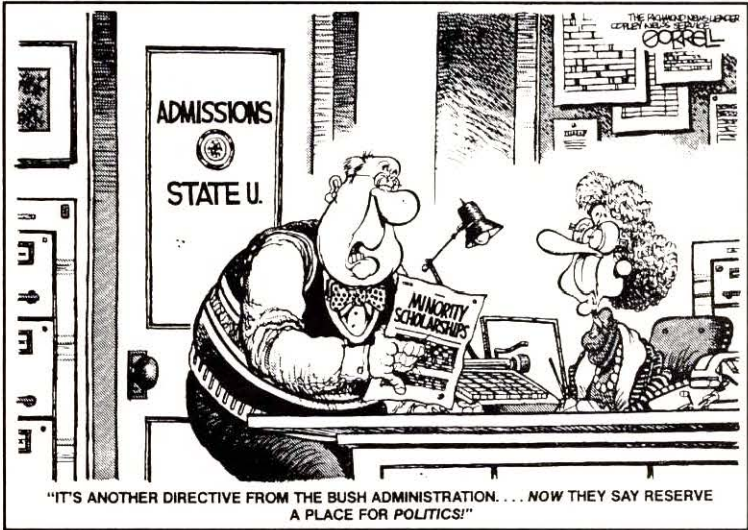
In Forth Worth, Texas, back in 1986, the School Board ruled that the Southwest High School "Rebels" could keep their Rebel symbol but would not be allowed to use the Confederate Battle Flag. Hence Southwest became the Rebels Without A Flag. Now, this year, because the students persisted in displaying the Flag spontaneously, Southwest principal Quince Fulton has banned both the Rebel and the flag. They were, he said, "spending too much

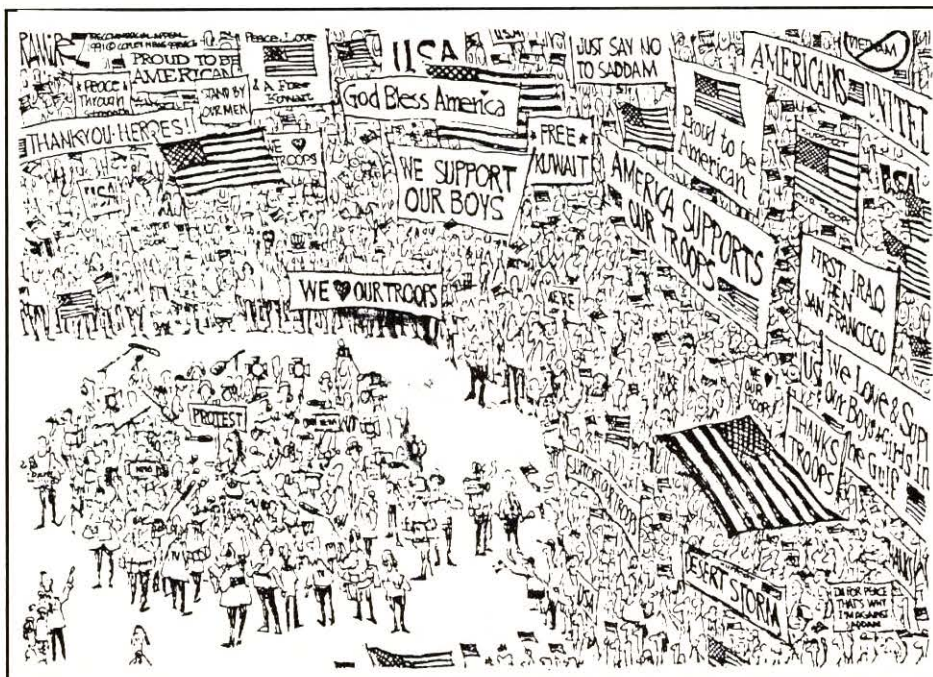
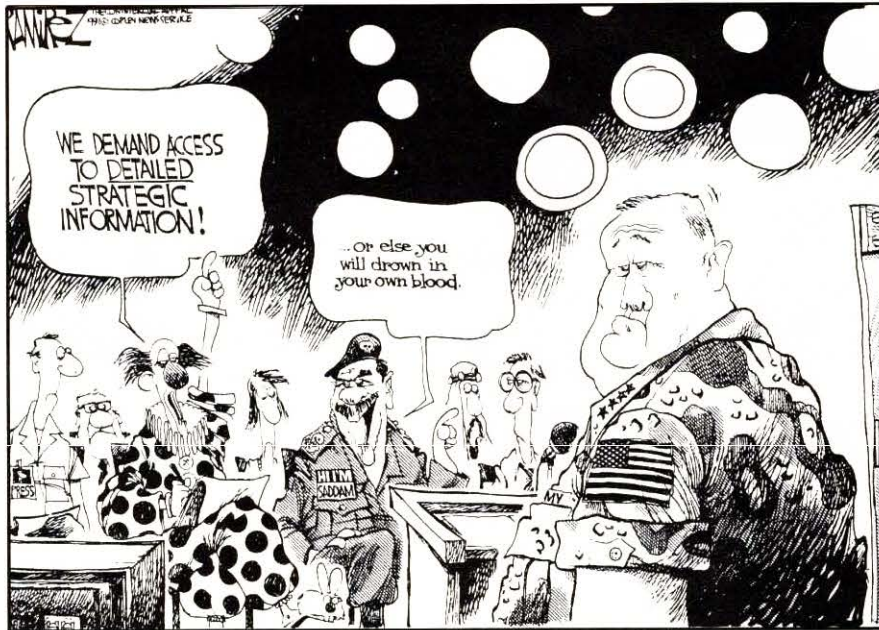
time on something so insignificant—the Confederate Battle Flag."

Insignificant? By banning the symbolism of both the Rebel and the Flag, Principal Fulton has redefined Southern history for the students of Fort Worth. He has, if effect, taught what he calls "the kiddos" that their ancestors were engaged in an evil campaign and that they should be ashamed of their past. It is, in other words, an effort to break their spirit, to erase the old program entirely, so that they can be reprogrammed by the engineers of the New Age. Insignificant? Not at all. It is significantly wicked.

So, our Scalawag this time is Principal Quince Fulton of Fort Worth, Texas with dishonorable mention given to the swarm of wimps on his school board who supported the decision. Meanwhile, we await a ruling from the real people of Texas. If you fail to define who you are, Quince Fulton will do it for you. ☪

# PARTISAN 'TOONS







# CSA

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# TODAY

## ALABAMA

The First Amendment guarantees freedom of speech to everybody in the country except Democrats in Greene County, Alabama. County Tax Assessor John Kennard found that out when he publicly admitted he was more in agreement with the Republican Party on some issues than with the Democratic Party.

The county Democrats immediately announced they were fining him \$5,000. We understand the penalty for Democrats who switch parties is death by hanging.

## APRIL

### Heritage Week

April 7-14  
Tuscaloosa, Alabama  
(205) 758-2238

### Southern Exposure Exhibit

April 14-28  
Huntsville, Alabama  
(205) 852-7971

## MAY

### Dixie Auto Show

May 3-5  
Oxford, Alabama  
(205) 831-4180

### Southern Style Taster's Luncheon

May 8  
Montgomery, Alabama  
(205) 285-5136

### Pork Festival

May 11  
Guntersville, Alabama  
(205) 582-2009

## JUNE

### Battle of Mobile Bay

June 8-9  
Dauphin Island, Alabama  
(205) 861-6992

### June Jam

June 8-11  
Fort Payne, Alabama  
(205) 845-9300

### Living History Weekend

June 15-16  
Wetumpka, Alabama  
(205) 567-3002

## ARKANSAS

Tommy Robinson, the hard-nosed sheriff who switched from the Democratic to the Republican Party and lost a tough race for governor, has renounced partisan politics.

"I'm an independent," he said in an *Arkansas Gazette* interview, "and I'll probably stay that way until I die."

He plans to go duck hunting a lot and also devote himself to farming. But he hasn't really changed much. He turned down an offer to sit on a Federal Home Loan Bank Board because one of the members was "a nerd."

We predict that with those good-old-boy sensibilities, he won't be able to stay out of Arkansas politics for long.

## APRIL

### Quapaw Quartet Recital

April 18  
Little Rock, Arkansas  
(501) 666-1761

### Alligator Days

April 19-21  
Ashdown, Arkansas  
(501) 898-2800

### Dogwood Festival

April 27-28  
Lakeview, Arkansas  
(501) 431-5356

## MAY

### Toad Suck Days

May 3-5  
Conway, Arkansas  
(501) 329-2924

### Catfish Festival

May 10-11  
Eudora, Arkansas  
(501) 355-4493

## JUNE

### Bluegrass Festival

June 6-8  
Sherwood, Arkansas  
(501) 834-0477

### Hawgfest

June 8  
Huntsville, Arkansas  
(501) 738-6000

### Pink Tomato Festival

June 13-15  
Warren, Arkansas  
(501) 226-6528



## FLORIDA

As we go to press, someone is quietly and perhaps systematically burning churches in Florida, most of them conservative and evangelical. Thus far the national press is taking little or no interest. Had someone burned at least a dozen synagogues or black churches over a six month's period, you can imagine the coverage the story would have received on CBS News and in national news magazines. In fact, several years ago when a synagogue was torched in Hartford, Connecticut, the outcry could be heard to the farthest reaches of the nation. The press widely reported teach-ins, *mea culpa* statements from the Christian clergy, and drew comparisons to Nazi Germany. Indeed, they kept the story alive until authorities discovered the blaze had been set by the son of the congregation's president.

If the national press is bored with the story, the Anti Defamation League of B'nai B'rith has recognized the importance of these recent incidents. Michael Winogra, associate director of the League's Miami office, has called the arsons "clearly an act of religious bigotry" and has offered legal help. "Whether they're related or not," he said, "this is terrible vandalism."

Lest you think these are minor incidents, be aware that several of these churches have burned to the ground. The damage is estimated in the millions of dollars. And firefighters have been injured in combatting the flames.

Also, churches have been burned in other parts of the country (e.g. Montgomery County, Maryland) -- again without much attention from the national press corps. This is a big story that has not received the coverage it deserves, and Southern Christians -- who appear to be the chief victims -- are beginning to question the silence of the television networks.

Meanwhile, a state task force has been appointed in Florida to investigate what authorities now admit is "an alarming pattern." Let's hope by the time you read this article that other people are alarmed as well, including folks in the Northern capitals of Tolerance and Sensitivity.

## GEORGIA

In order to boost morale for the troops in Saudi Arabia, children throughout the country have written letters "to any soldier" and enclosed them in packets containing brownies. Sergeant Rory Lomas, serving in Operation Desert Storm, received a packet chosen at random from many that were sent from all over the United States. When he opened the "any soldier" letter, he found that it had been written by his own daughter.

Anybody who doesn't believe there's Something Out There should take note of the odds against such a coincidence. As Sergeant Lomas's wife Barbara said: "My family couldn't believe it. They say it was a blessing and was truly meant to be."

### APRIL

**Peanut Plantin' & Pickin' Festival**  
April 5-6  
Dawson, Georgia  
(912) 995-2011

**Antebellum Jubilee**  
April 5-7, 12-14  
Stone Mountain, Georgia  
(404) 498-5702

**Confederate Memorial Services:**  
April 27  
Macon, Georgia  
(912) 474-2660  
April 28  
Kingston, Georgia  
(404) 336-5385

### MAY

**Jenkins County Agri Festival**  
May 4  
Millen, Georgia  
(912) 982-5595

**Glennville Sweet Onion Festival**  
May 11  
Glennville, Georgia  
(912) 654-2130

**Dixie Regional Wheelchair Games**  
May 3-5  
Marietta, Georgia  
(404) 373-4510

### JUNE

**Tar Baby 10K Road Race**  
June 1  
Eatonton, Georgia  
(912) 485-9941

**Gnat Days Summer Celebration**  
June 8  
Camilla, Georgia  
(912) 336-5255

**Bluegrass Festival**  
June 19-22  
Dahlonega, Georgia  
(404) 864-7203

## KENTUCKY

Most people know that Fort Knox is in Kentucky, but very few are aware that there are two Fort Knoxes in the state, one a place, the other a person. The person recently celebrated his 78th birthday in Louisville, but refused to be interviewed by the *Southern Partisan*. We were able to talk to his wife, Velma.

"Fort's a little hard of hearing, so he doesn't talk much on the telephone, particularly if it's long distance. If it's somebody he knows, then that's one thing."

"How does he feel about being named after a city?" we asked.

"He wasn't named after the city," she said. "He was named after the fort."

"Well, how does he feel about that?"

"At first he was pretty mad about it," Velma said, "but then he took Latin in high school and found out that 'fort' meant 'strong.' After that, he was real proud of his name."

"Has he ever run into another person named 'Fort'?"

"As a matter of fact, he met a Fort Sumter once at an American Legion convention. They had a good time together, introducing each other around. We used to get a Christmas card every year from Fort Sumter, but they stopped coming, so I guess he died."

We couldn't think of anything else to ask, so we told Velma to wish Fort Knox a happy birthday and said goodbye.

### APRIL

**Storytelling Weekend**  
April 19-20  
Pennyrile Forest State Park  
Dawson Springs, Kentucky  
(502) 797-3421

**Civil War Weekend**  
April 20-21  
Waveland State Historic Site  
Lexington, Kentucky  
(606) 272-3611

**Photography Weekend**  
April 26-28  
Cumberland Falls Park  
Corbin, Kentucky  
(606) 528-4121

## MAY

### Mint Julep Pattern Meet

May 10-12  
Rough River Dam State Park  
Falls of Rough, Kentucky  
(502) 257-2311

### Kentucky Scottish Weekend

May 11-12  
Butler State Resort Park  
Carrollton, Kentucky  
(502) 732-4384

### Shindig in the Mountains

May 25-26  
Natural Bridge State Resort Park  
Slade, Kentucky  
(606) 663-2214

## JUNE

### Stephen Foster Story

June 8-September 1  
Old Kentucky Home State Park  
Bardstown, Kentucky  
(800) 626-1563

### Legend of Daniel Boone

June 14-August 31  
Old Fort Harrod State Park  
Harrodsburg, Kentucky  
(606) 734-3314

### 50's-60's Night

June 29  
Barren River Lake State Park  
Lucas, Kentucky  
(502) 646-2151

## LOUISIANA

In Bossier City some folks take insults real hard, even if they were unintended. Leon Strange learned that lesson the hard way.

After finishing an apple, he decided to throw the core in a nearby trash bin. Unfortunately his timing was off, and the core bounced off a passing car driven by Lawrence Hallman. Hallman, apparently not a man to suffer a slight, stopped, pulled out a gun, and shot Strange. The last time we heard, Strange was "in good condition;" but it makes you wonder if Louisianans didn't do something contrary to the nature of their character when they outlawed dueling.

## APRIL

### West Carroll Poke Salot Festival

April 19-20  
Oak Grove, Louisiana  
(318) 428-2161

### Holiday in Dixie

April 19-28  
Shreveport, Louisiana  
(318) 227-1515

### Cajun Joke Telling Contest

April 20, 1991  
Opelousas, Louisiana  
(318) 948-2562

### Jeanerette Creole Festival

April 27-29  
Jeanerette, Louisiana  
(318) 276-4681

## MAY

### Gusher Days Festival

May 1-4  
Oil City, Louisiana  
(318) 995-6845

### Civil War Reenactment

May 18-19  
Covington, Louisiana  
(504) 892-1873

### Mudbug Madness

May 23-26  
Shreveport, Louisiana  
(318) 222-7403

## JUNE

### Homeplace Acres Bluegrass Festival

June 1-2  
Athens, Louisiana  
(318) 258-4456

### Jambalaya Festival

June 7-9  
Sorrento, Louisiana  
(504) 644-0584

### Poosum Festival

June 28-30  
Arcadia, Louisiana  
(318) 263-9897

## MARYLAND

Governor William D. Schaefer had better watch his step next time he goes salt-water fishing. The folks in the Eastern part of the state are especially unfriendly these days—and for fairly understandable reasons.

Not too long ago Schaefer, entering the Maryland House in a jovial mood, turned to one of the Delegates and said: "How is that [outhouse] of an Eastern shore?" (The word "outhouse" is a euphemistic approximation of what the governor said.)

The people who lived along the Eastern Shore, angered that their coastline had been called an [outhouse], began bombarding the Governor with phone calls and wires. Pickets appeared on the streets. The newspapers were filled with angry letters.

Finally Schaefer went back to the

House and apologized, saying "I made a terrible mistake. I said something entirely in jest, and it was taken out of context."

But everyone was not appeased. "I don't care about the apology," said one irate Marylander. "I still think he's an [outhead]."

## MISSISSIPPI

Harrison County Sheriff Joe Price came up with a peachy-keen idea for keeping county prisoners occupied during their time in jail: Let them act as caterers for non-profit events. Under Sheriff Price's plan, if the Junior League were having a luncheon, they could call up the county jail, give the deputy sheriff the time and the number of guests, and *voila*: chilled champagne, hors d'oeuvres, and poulet l'orange avec cornbread.

Of course, local caterers objected, pointing out that the county jail would be going into competition with private enterprise. Sheriff Price denied any such intentions; and the last time we heard, the whole question would have to be decided by the state legislature.

## APRIL

### Deep South Festival

Columbus, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

### Railroad Festival

Amory, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

### Catfish Festival

Belzoni, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

## MAY

### Blessing of the Fleet

Pass Christian, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

### Gum Tree Festival

Tupelo, Mississippi

### Mississippi Opera Festival

Jackson, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

## JUNE

### National Tobacco Spit

Raleigh, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

### Shrimp Festival

Biloxi, Mississippi  
(800) 647-2290

## MISSOURI

A *Southern Partisan* reader reports that while in St. Louis recently, he was confronted in a bar by a drunk who claimed to be Judge Crater.

"The famous Judge Crater who disappeared years ago?"

"The same," said the drunk, with as much dignity as he could muster.

"But Judge Crater disappeared in the 1920s," the reader said. "More than sixty years ago. That would make you over a hundred."

"I'm older than I look," the drunk said. "I've just lived a hard life."

### APRIL

#### **Fur, Fin, and Feather Day**

April 20  
West Plains, Missouri  
(417) 256-2168

#### **Dogwood Azalea Festival**

April 20-21  
Charleston, Missouri  
(314) 683-6509

#### **Annual Antique Show**

April 20-21  
Hermann, Missouri  
(314) 486-5959

#### **Train Robbery Weekend**

April 20-21  
Jackson, Missouri  
(314) 243-1688

#### **Southern Arts Festival**

April 20-May 3  
Joplin, Missouri  
(417) 625-9393

#### **Big Band Dance**

April 26  
Independence, Missouri  
(816) 836-7195

#### **Farm and Flower Festival**

April 27  
Independence, Missouri  
(816) 252-7454

## NORTH CAROLINA

Judge Robert D. Potter of Charlotte—whose bigotry is all the more dangerous because it is respectable—finally received his comeuppance when the U. S. 4th Circuit Court of Appeals ruled that his sentence of Jim Bakker (45 years for overbooking hotel rooms) constituted a grave impropriety.

Potter's own loud mouth provided the Circuit Court with all the ev-

idence it needed to arrive at its ruling. You will recall that Potter said of Bakker at the time of sentencing: "He had no thought whatever about his victims and those of us who do have a religion are ridiculed as being saps [for] moneygrubbing preachers or priests."

As the 4th Circuit Court put it, the courts "...cannot sanction sentencing procedures that create the perception of a bench as a pulpit from which judges announce their personal sense of religiosity and simultaneously punish defendants for offending it.

"Regrettably, we are left with the apprehension that the imposition of a lengthy prison term here may have reflected the fact that the court's own sense of religious propriety had somehow been betrayed."

Whether Judge Potter actually saw himself as the betrayed Christian or was merely covering up a liberal, secular bias is anybody's guess. Whatever his motives, let Potter henceforth be remembered as a judge who was reprimanded for bigotry on the bench.

## OKLAHOMA

Governor Harry Bellmon finally retired. As he departed, the Republican Governor praised the Democratic legislature for its willingness to pass his tax increases, the largest in Oklahoma history. He chastised the Republicans for voting against it.

Governor Bellmon is also responsible for the fact in the "Flags of Oklahoma" display on the Capitol grounds, one flag pole (the one that should contain a Confederate Flag) is empty. He removed a Confederate Battle Flag in 1987 saying he wasn't sure which Confederate flag should be displayed, so he wouldn't hoist one at all.

Prior to his service as Governor, Bellmon served as United States Senator, voting for Jimmy Carter's canal giveaway and forced bussing. The polite people of Oklahoma waited patiently for his retirement. Much harm could have been avoided, if, a long time ago someone had given old Harry the same instruction Cromwell gave his parliament—"Just Go!"

## SOUTH CAROLINA

Leon Manly was recently charged with assault and battery when he stabbed Steven Christopherson, causing a wound that required 14 stitches to patch up.

The deputy's report stated that the man was cut "after the two men started talking about the Civil War."

This stabbing surely won't look good in their files. We suggest that next time the War comes up, they each buy copies of *Southern Partisan* and pound each other with the truth.

### APRIL

#### **World Grits Festival**

April 19-21  
St. George, South Carolina  
(803) 563-3255

#### **Purple Martin Festival**

April 20  
St. Matthews, South Carolina  
(803) 874-3791

#### **Chicken Strut**

April 25-27  
Bethune, South Carolina  
(803) 334-6785

### MAY

#### **S.C. Poultry Festival**

May 11  
Leesville, South Carolina  
(803) 532-8135

#### **Greer Family Festival**

May 11  
Greer, South Carolina  
(803) 877-3408

#### **Catfish Feastival**

May 24-25  
Ware Shoals, South Carolina  
(803) 456-2800

### JUNE

#### **Party in the Pines**

Mid-June  
Whitmire, South Carolina  
(803) 833-2733

#### **Mighty Moo Festival**

June 20-23  
Cowpens, South Carolina  
(803) 463-4038

#### **Hootenanny**

June 23  
Winnsboro, South Carolina  
(803) 635-9811

## TENNESSEE

Former Republican Governor Lamar Alexander is expected to be a forceful Secretary of Education, a go-getter who may yet justify President Bush's self-conferred title as the education president. Alexander, known as a Republican "moderate," prefers to call himself a "populist" and earned the adjective a few years ago when he walked the entire length of the Volunteer State to campaign for his first term.

Look for him to stress "parental choice" and "early childhood education"—the first of which will please conservatives, the second of which will please liberals.

## APRIL

**Polk County Ramp Tramp Festival**  
April 26-27  
Benton, Tennessee  
(615) 338-4504

**Tennessee Walking Horse Show**  
April 27  
Franklin, Tennessee  
(615) 794-0807

## MAY

**American Quilt Showcase**  
May 4-27  
Pigeon Forge, Tennessee  
(615) 428-9498

**Rural Life Festival**  
May 6-10  
Nashville, Tennessee  
(615) 360-0197

**Tennessee Poke Sallet Festival**  
May 9-11  
Hixson, Tennessee  
(615) 268-2532

**Scottish Festival and Games**  
May 17-19  
Gatlinburg, Tennessee  
(800) 822-1998

**Jonesborough:  
A Confederate Homefront**  
May 24-26  
Jonesborough, Tennessee  
(615) 538-7525

## TEXAS

Sometimes you read things you just know aren't true. For example, according to newspaper reports, a woman in Texas went to court and successfully defended her right to name her daughter:

Rhoshandiatellyneshiaunneveshe  
nkescianneshaimondrischlyndasacc  
arnaerenquellenendrasamecashau  
ettethalemeicoleshiwhalhiniveonch  
elleiafrancethosharomeshamnehaw  
ameakowryethallndavcaundenesheal  
ausondrilynejeanetrimyranakuesa  
ernellchishancarhnaaddoneundrily  
nnezekeriakenvaunetradevonneyav  
ondalatarndrealaotrelleoctavionne  
maehanequckageskcaevontaepreon  
keinescecellaviavelzadawnefriendslle  
naxeteshiataharada,nonsadeloriako  
entescacrugneettajessicannelesciajo  
yvaelloydietteyvettesparkleneskade  
uerstellavonnemyiatangoneshiadia  
nacorvetticeaundriaequenttaekatily  
aeveashauwneoraliaevaekinagodta  
wndrashirlenescekilokonzzieshiyjua  
newandalecciannerenayeitheliaprec  
iousnantoniaaquinettesequoadaurl  
essiaquatesceerroneccaloveliatyrone  
vekacarrionnehenriettaeiaanaebellec  
escajamesauwnneltomscceleonpatra  
rutheliacharsalynnmeokcamo-  
naeloiesaetheodoradilcanakoyarus  
qatsiuthawyhahiashieakhallynneesia  
nnemerciadellesciacustmaparissalo  
ndonveuvmewianssshadenequamon  
ecaalexetiozetaiquaniaenglaundnes  
hieakhauwnne Williams.

If we misspelled that, Miz Williams, we're real sorry.

## VIRGINIA

With George Bush soaring above 90% approval in the national polls, presidential hopefuls on the Democratic side are dropping like flies in October. Increasingly there is talk about Virginia Governor Wilder as the Democratic nominee. To hard core Democrats, it makes a lot of sense. After all, liberal Democrats have always been racial and minority patronizers.

Didn't they nominate the first woman for vice-president? Now they can also go into the history books as being the party that busted yet another taboo by nominating the first black for president. What better time to make some sort of chic statement? After all, the odds are insurmountable. But the logic may blow up in the faces of the Democratic strategists. Black voters, thousands of whom served in the Persian Gulf, may be getting tired of serving as patsies.

## APRIL

**Montpelier Tour**  
April 20  
Montpelier, Virginia  
(703) 672-2728

**Great Southern Weapons Fair**  
April 27-28  
Richmond, Virginia  
(804) 737-0484

## MAY

**Lee-Jackson Lacrosse Classic**  
May 4  
Lexington, Virginia  
(703) 463-3777

**George Mason Day**  
May 5  
Lorton, Virginia  
(703) 550-9220

**Bonnie Blue Horse Show**  
May 8-12  
Lexington, Virginia  
(703) 463-3237

## JUNE

**Confederate Memorial Day**  
June 8  
Winchester, Virginia  
(703) 662-1937

**Civil War Encampment**  
June 8-9  
Newport News, Virginia  
(804) 247-8523

**Memorial Day Observation**  
June 9  
Petersburg, Virginia  
(804) 733-2402

**Ulster Heritage Symposium**  
June 14-15  
Staunton, Virginia  
(703) 332-7850

## REENACTMENTS:

**Bibb Furnace, Alabama**  
March 22-24

**Blakely, Alabama**  
April 5-7

**Selma, Alabama**  
April 26-28

**Resaca, Georgia**  
May 17-19

**Fort Morgan, Alabama**  
August 2-4

# 60 Years Ago...

*I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* was newly published. A book of both polemic and prophecy, it has remained in print throughout the past sixty years. We celebrate its anniversary in three ways: by offering a reflection by William Cawthon, Jr. on the enduring importance of the book; by urging readers who have never read it to obtain a copy from your local bookseller (or by mail order from Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, Louisiana 70803); and by offering selections from just one of the twelve powerful essays—historian Frank Owsley's "The Irrepressible Conflict."

**I** *'ll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition* was written by "twelve Southerners" (largely professors and students of Vanderbilt University). It is an inspiration for Southerners and all others of like mind, a clarion call for the survival and redemption of not only the traditional South but also of a humane way of living for people everywhere.

This is a controversial book because it unequivocally condemns the prevalent industrial civilization that has virtually conquered America. By contrast the twelve essays, written by talented men of high literary and professional standing—John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Allen Tate, Andrew Lytle, Robert Penn Warren, Stark Young, and Frank Owsley, to name the best known—greatly admire the Old South and the traditional agrarian life that in 1930 still held strong sway across much of the region.

The essayists recognized, however, that the industry which had come and was coming to the South had to be accommodated. They looked upon industry and technology as capable of adding to man's happiness and welfare *if* the machines remained servants and not masters. What the agrarians decried was not industry, but industrialism—the economic, social, and political system and accompanying values—that had swept across the North and in 1930 was making serious inroads into the South. The hallmark of this system was "the notion that the greater part of a nation's energies should be directed toward an endless process of increasing the production and consumption of goods."

*I'll Take My Stand* has funda-

mental significance because it deals with the universal human condition, with human nature, and with the ends of life. In the agrarian life of the traditional South man could find expression for his basic humanity. The authors of *I'll Take My Stand* foresaw much of the alienation and

I'LL  
TAKE  
MY  
STAND

instability of the modern urban, industrial world. These agrarians say to us, money and gadgets are pied pipers to a false prosperity. They do not give us the human happiness and satisfactions we most deeply desire and need. And where will we be when the debt piled up to produce all of this material prosperity must be paid?

The *Southern Partisan* is introducing the essays of this thought provoking book with historian Frank Owsley's perceptive analysis of the real issues dividing North and South. Owsley, a "modern fire eater," knows how to stir passions and sear the injustices committed against the South into the Southern consciousness. Ow-

sley does not always qualify his statements as he should, and occasionally slides into factual error, as when he unfortunately asserts that the bulk of the former slaves had recent cannibal ancestors. His graphic account is designed, however, to drive home the seriousness of what Southerners saw facing them—the degradation and ultimate collapse of Western civilization. Hence, from Owsley emerges the unequivocal assurance that the South was right during the War and Reconstruction. The South was fighting to preserve an ancient type of civilization—an agrarian one—against the selfish designs of the Northern mutation which had made commerce and industry and their aggressive expansion the watchword of its life, so much so that, in Owsley's words: "[The enemy knew that] [t]he South had to be crushed out [because]. . . it impeded the progress of the machine." Owsley and the other writers in *I'll Take My Stand* were predicting that the South, and others, who fully consumed the beguiling fruits of industrialism would lose their birthright, their distinctive character and their souls for the bland conformity of an unsatisfying and ultimately debilitating way of living.

*I'll Take My Stand*, if properly understood, can be the touchstone for an intellectual Southern renaissance. It should be read by all serious, thoughtful Southerners. Even Yankees, Scalawags, and the prevalent business types who we all know and who in many cases, and to varying degrees, are even ourselves, will be richly enlightened.

—William Lamar Cawthon, Jr.

# The Irrepressible Conflict

*Selected passages from the essay by Frank Owsley in I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition.*

**F**rom 1830 to 1861 the North and South quarreled with a savage fury that was unknown in the history of any country whose sections had been bound together by voluntary agreement. Finally war came, and the war which came was a war such as history had never recorded until that date. Over three millions of men from first to last marched forth to deadly combat, and nearly a million went down. This, out of a population of little more than twenty-five millions of white men meant that nearly one man in every six went to war. Europe first smiled contemptuously at the armed mobs of civilian soldiers who ran from one another at first Manassas, but stood pop-eyed with wonder and awe when Anglo-Saxons stood within ten paces of one another at Chickamauga and fired point-blank, mowing down one-third of the combatants, or marched up Cemetery Ridge at Gettysburg as on dress parade, or charged twenty deep at Cold Harbor with their addresses pinned to their backs, so that their dead bodies might be identified after being torn by artillery at close range.

Seldom has there been such a peace as that which followed Appomattox. While Sherman, Sheridan, and Grant had allowed their armies to harry and plunder the population of the invaded country all too much, using churches, universities, and state capitols with their archives as stables for horses and mean men, General Grant could pause long enough during the deadly Spotsylvania Courthouse campaign to remove his hat at the house where Stonewall Jackson had died the year before and say, "General Jackson was a gal-

lant soldier and a Christian gentleman." And Grant and Sherman were generous enough to refuse to take the side-arms and horses from the Southern soldiers who surrendered. But after the military surrender at Appomattox there ensued a peace unique in history. There was no generosity. For ten years the South, already ruined by the loss of nearly \$2,000,000,000 invested in slaves, with its lands worthless, its cattle and stock gone, its houses burned, was turned over to the three millions of former slaves, some of

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*After the South had been conquered by war and humiliated and impoverished by peace there appeared still to remain something which made the South different—something intangible, incomprehensible, in the realm of the spirit.*

---

whom could still remember the taste of human flesh and the bulk of them hardly three generations removed from cannibalism. These half-savage blacks were armed. Their passions were roused against their former masters by savage political leaders like Thaddeus Stevens, who advocated the confiscation of all Southern lands for the benefit of the negroes, and the extermination, if need be, of the Southern white population; and like Charles Sumner, whose chief regret had been that his skin was not black. Not only were the blacks armed;

they were upheld and incited by garrisons of Northern soldiers, by Freedman's Bureau officials, and by Northern ministers of the gospel, and at length they were given the ballot while their former masters were disarmed and, to a large extent, disfranchised. For ten years ex-slaves, led by carpetbaggers and scalawags, continued the pillages of war, combing the South for anything left by the invading armies, levying taxes, selling empires of plantations under the auction hammer, dragooning the Southern population, and visiting upon them the ultimate humiliations.

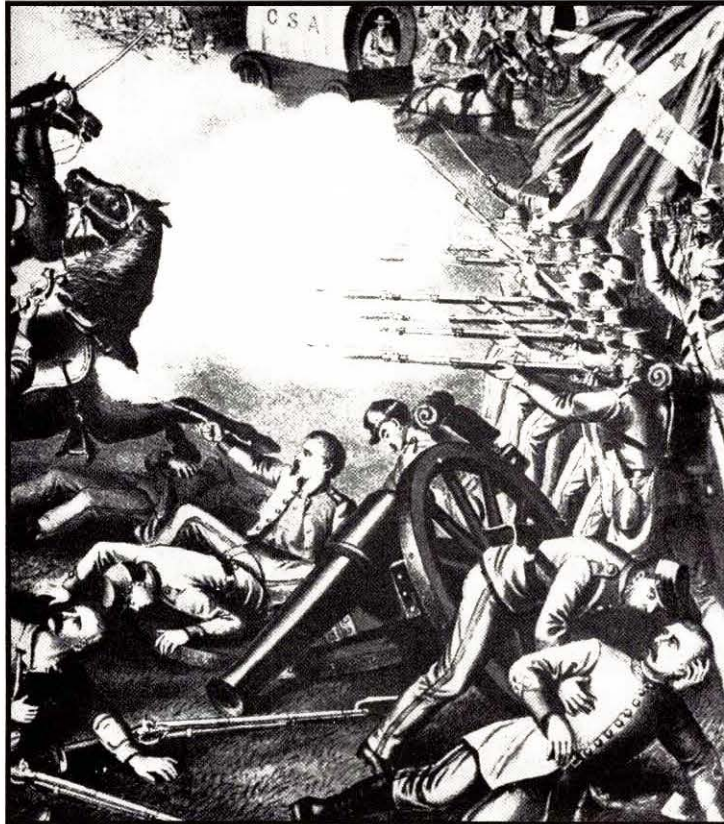
After the South had been conquered by war and humiliated and impoverished by peace there appeared still to remain something which made the South different—something intangible, incomprehensible, in the realm of the spirit. That too must be invaded and destroyed; so there commenced a second war of conquest, the conquest of the Southern mind, calculated to remake every Southern opinion, to impose the Northern way of life and thought upon the South, write "error" across the pages of Southern history which were out of keeping with the Northern legend, and set the rising and unborn generations upon stools of everlasting repentance. Francis Wayland, former president of Brown University, regarded the South as "the new missionary ground for the national school-teacher," and President Hill of Harvard looked forward to the task for the North "of spreading knowledge and culture over the regions that sat in darkness." The older generations, the hardened campaigners under Lee and Jackson, were too tough-minded to reeducate. They must be ignored. The

North must "treat them as Western farmers do the stumps in their clearings, work around them and let them rot out," but the rising and future generations were to receive the proper education in Northern tradition.

The South, in the days after the so-called Reconstruction, was peculiarly defenseless against being educated by the North. Many leaders of the Civil War days were politically disfranchised or so saddened and depressed that they drew within themselves. From 1865 to 1880 the father of one of Alabama's later Governors refused to read a newspaper. His was only an extreme case of what was a general tendency, for the reading of the "news" was nothing but the annals of plunder, rape, murder, and endless injustices. Such old Spartans, living thus within themselves in order that they might live at all, built up around themselves a shell which cut them off spiritually from all that was going on about them. This, too, when many of them were still in their prime and fitted for many years of leadership. These were the men whom the Northern intellectual and spiritual plowmen were to plow around like stumps until they rotted out. Their older sons had been in the war. They adjusted themselves, if only to a degree. Their younger sons and daughters between 1865 and 1876 or later grew up wild and uncouth, either unable to attend school or too proud to attend school in company with their former slaves.

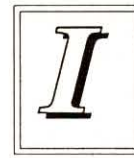
Hence, for thirty years after the Civil War the intellectual life of the South was as sterile as its own rocky uplands and sandy

barrens. The rising generations read Northern literature, shot through with the New England tradition. Northern textbooks were used in Southern schools; Northern histories, despite the frantic protests of local patriotic organizations, were almost universally taught in Southern high schools and colleges—books that



were built around the Northern legend and either completely ignored the South or insisted upon the unrighteousness of most of its history and its philosophy of life. One would judge from the average history text and from the recitations conducted by the Northern school-ma'am that the Puritans and Pilgrim fathers were the ancestors of every self-respecting American. Southern children spoke of "our Puritan fathers." No child ever heard of the Southern Puritan fathers—the great horde of Scotch-Irish Presbyterians and German Lutherans and other strict and puritanical peoples who had pushed to the Mississippi River

and far North of the Ohio before the New England population had got a hundred miles west of Boston.



In short, the South either had no history, or its history was tainted with slavery and rebellion and must be abjured. There was for the Southern child and youth until the end of the nineteenth century very little choice. They had to accept the Northern version of history with all its condemnations and carping criticisms of Southern institutions and life, with its chanting of "John Brown's Body," its hanging of Jeff Davis on a sour-apple tree, its hosannas to factories and mines and the growth of populations as the only criterion of progress, and the crying down and discrediting of anything agrarian as old-fashioned and backward. As time rolled on, the chorus of "John Brown's Body" swelled ever louder and louder until the lusty voices of grandchildren and great-grandchildren

of rebels joined in the singing. Lee, largely through the perverse generosity of Charles Francis Adams, Jr., was permitted to be worshiped in the Southern edition of the Northern tradition because Lee made a good showing abroad as a representative of American military genius. However, Lincoln was the real Southern hero because Lincoln had saved the Union. So they were told!

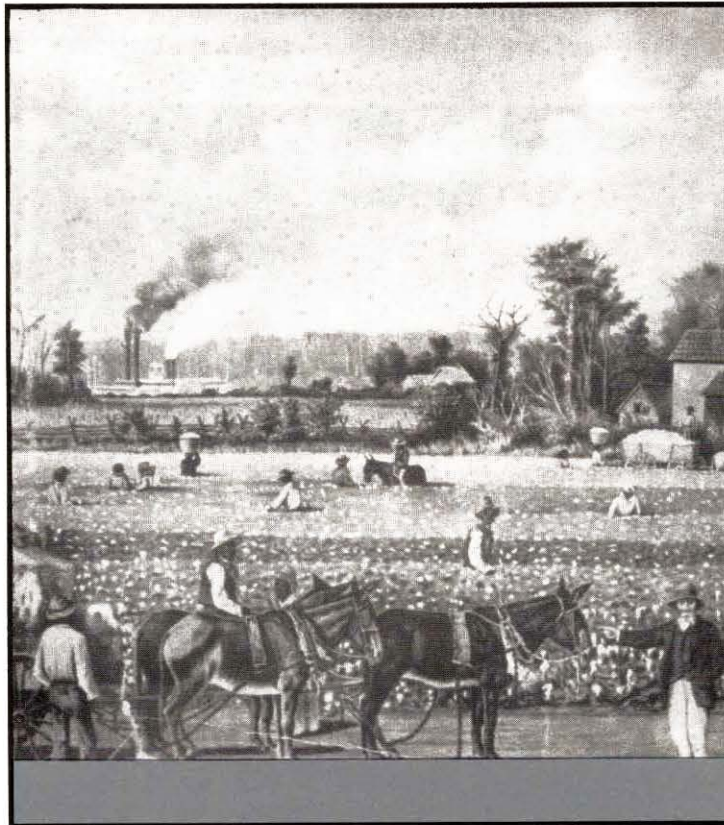
Thus the North defeated the South in war, crushed and humiliated it in peace, and waged against it a war of intellectual and spiritual conquest. In this conquest the North fixed upon

the South the stigma of war guilt, of slave guilt, of treason, and thereby shook the faith of its people in their way of living and in their philosophy of life.

But a people cannot live under condemnation and upon the philosophy of their conquerors. Either they must ultimately come to scorn the condemnation and the philosophy of those who thrust these things upon them, or their soul should and will perish.

Not all the Southern minds, fortunately, were conquered by the Northern conquest. Even a few Northern intellectuals revolted against such an unnatural and vicious procedure. The most outstanding instance of this toughmindedness is found in the Northerner, William Archibald Dunning of Columbia University, and the group of Southern students whom he gathered about him to study the history of the Civil War and Reconstruction. It was among this group that the Southern renaissance began and the holiness of the Northern legend was first challenged. The history of the Civil War and Reconstruction was written carefully and ably and with detachment by this group of Southern scholars, in such works as Garner's *Reconstruction in Mississippi*; Fleming's *Civil War and Reconstruction in Alabama*, his *Documentary History of Reconstruction*, and his *Sequel of Appomattox*; Hamilton's *Reconstruction of North Carolina*; Ramsdell's *Reconstruction of Texas*; Staples' *Reconstruction of Arkansas*; and Davis's *Reconstruction of Florida*. The smugness of victory was somewhat undermined. Later fol-

lowed other writers on this period of history who have been less detached and more outspoken— such writers as Bowers, Stryker, and Beale— Northerners; and Eckenrode, Tate, Robert Penn Warren and



lowed other writers on this period of history who have been less detached and more outspoken— such writers as Bowers, Stryker, and Beale— Northerners; and Eckenrode, Tate, Robert Penn Warren and others— Southerners. These men have scorned the injustice and hypocrisy of the condemnation of the South. But after all, mass opinion, prejudice, and smugness have not been touched by the efforts of such as these. The North still sits in Pharisaical judgment upon the South, beating its chest and thanking-Thee-O-Lord-that-I-am-not-as-other-men and imposing its philosophy of living and life upon the South. The South, confused, ill informed because taught by an alien doctrine so long, unconsciously accepts portions of the Northern legend and philosophy; sullenly and without knowing why, it rejects other portions, and withal knows not where to turn.

The South needs orientation

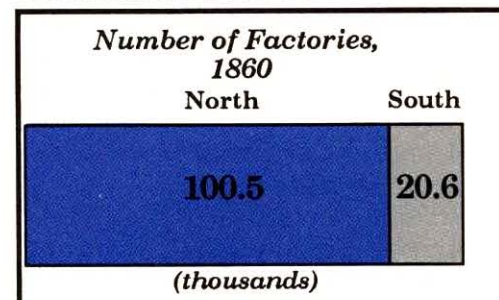
and direction in its thinking, and all things must begin at the point where it was thrown from its balance. It must know that the things for which it stood were reasonable and sound, that its condemnation at the hands of the North has been contemptible, and that for it, at least, the philosophy of the North is the religion of an alien God. It is the hope of the essayists in this book to aid the South in its re-orientation and in a return to its true philosophy. It is the particular object of this essay to point out the untruth of the self-righteous Northern legend which makes the South the war criminal.

**W**

hat lay behind the bitter sectional quarreling between 1830

and 1860? What made the war which followed this quarreling so deadly? Why the cruel peace that followed war? Why

the intellectual conquest of the South? The old answer for these questions and the answer which is yet given by the average Northerner is that the whole struggle from beginning to end was a conflict between light and darkness, between truth and



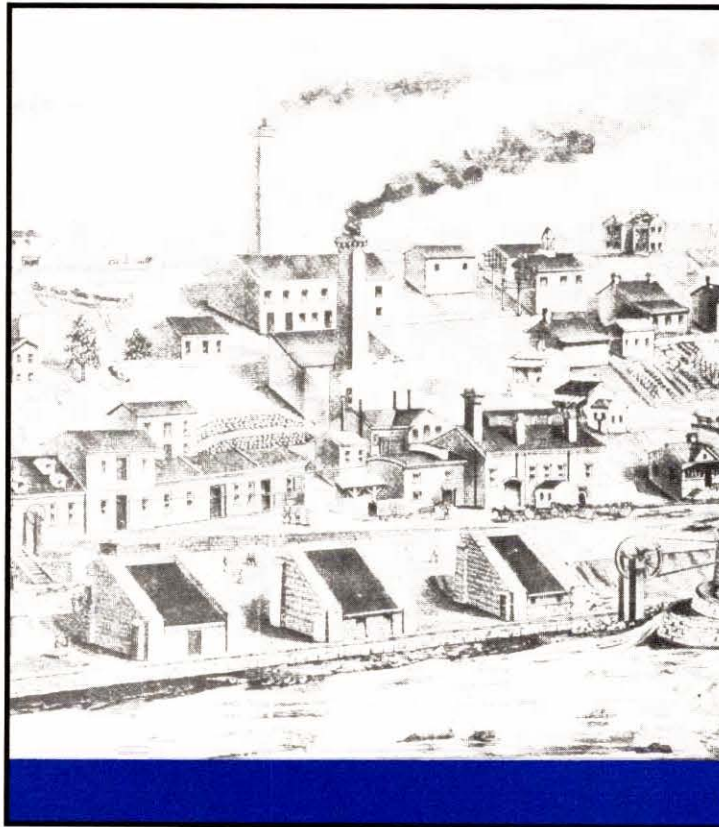
falsehood, between slavery and freedom, between liberty and despotism. This is the ready answer of the Babbitts, who, unfortunately, have ob-



tained much of their information from historians such as James Ford Rhodes and John Bach MacMaster. The Southern historians of the Dunning school, all the third-generation "rebel historians," and many of the recent Northern historians reject such an explanation as naive if nothing else. They have become convinced that slavery as a moral issue is too simple an explanation, and that as one of the many contributing causes of war it needs an explanation which the North has never grasped—in fact, never can grasp until the negro race covers the North as thickly as it does the lower South. They are more inclined to take seriously the Southern championship of state rights in the face of centralization as a cause of the struggle; they see that the protective tariff was as fundamental in the controversy at times as the slavery question, and that the constant expansion of the United States by the annexation of territories and the constant admission of new states from these territories was a vital factor in producing the Civil War—in short, that the sectional controversies which finally re-

across the trail.

Complex though the factors were which finally caused war, they all grew out of two fundamental differences which existed between the two sections: the North was commercial and in-



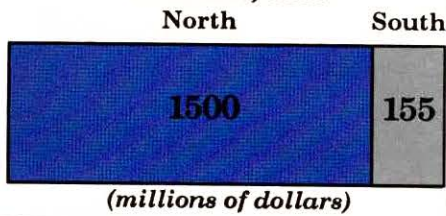
dustrial, and the South was agrarian. The fundamental and passionate ideal for which the South stood and fell was the ideal of an agrarian society. All else, good and bad, revolved around this ideal—the old and accepted manner of life for which Egypt, Greece, Rome, England, and France had stood. History and literature, profane and sacred, twined their tendrils about the cottage and the villa, not the factory.

When America was settled, the tradition of the soil found hospitable root-bed in the Southern colonies, where climate and land combined to multiply the richness of an agrarian economy. All who came to Virginia, Maryland, the Carolinas and Georgia were not gentlemen; in fact, only

a few were of the gentry. Most of them were of the yeomanry, and they were from rural England with centuries of country and farm lore and folk memory. Each word, name, sound, had grown from the soil and had behind it sweet memory, stirring adventure, and oftentimes stark tragedy. Thoughts, words, ideas, concepts, life itself, grew from the soil. The environment all pointed toward an endless enjoyment of the fruits of the soil. Jefferson, not visualizing the industrial revolution which whipped up the multiplication of populations and tore their roots from the soil, dreamed of America, free from England, as a boundless Utopia of farms taking a thousand generations to fill. Men so loved their life upon the soil that they sought out in literature and history peoples who had lived a similar life, so that they might justify and further stimulate their own concepts of life and perhaps

set a high goal for themselves among the great nations which had sprung from the land. The people whom they loved most in the ancient world were the Greeks and the Romans of the early republic. The Greeks did not appeal to them as did the Romans, for they were too inclined to neglect their farms and turn to the sea and to handicraft. But the even-poised and leisurely life of the Greeks, their oratory, their philosophy, their art—especially their architecture—appealed to the South. The Greek tradition became partly grafted upon the Anglo-Saxon and Scotch tradition of life. However, it was the Romans of the early republic, before land speculators and corn laws had driven men from the soil to the

*Value of Manufactured Products, 1860*

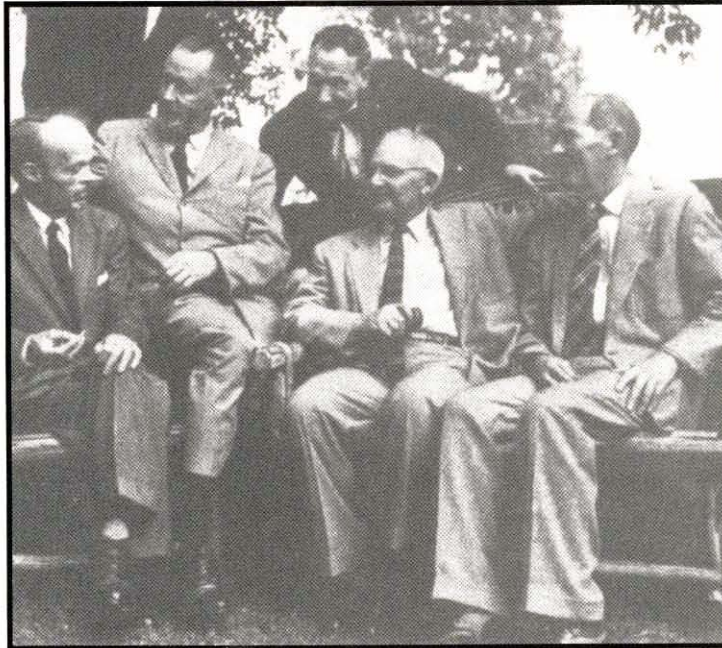


sulted in the Civil War and its aftermath were deep rooted and complex in origin, and that slavery as a moral issue has too long been the red herring dragged

city slums, who appealed most powerfully to the South. These Romans were brave, sometimes crude, but open and without guile—unlike the Greeks. They reeked of the soil, of the plow and the spade; they had wrestled with virgin soil and forests; they could build log houses and were closer to many Southerners than even the English gentleman in his moss-covered stone house. It was Cincinnatus, whose hands were rough with guiding the plow, rather than Cato, who wrote about Roman agriculture and lived in a villa, whom Southerners admired the most, though they read and admired Cato as a fine gentleman with liberal ideas about tenants and slaves and a thorough knowledge and love of the soil. The Gracchi appealed to Southerners because the Gracchi were lovers of the soil and died in the attempt to restore the yeomanry to the land. With the environment of the New World and the traditions of the Old, the South thus became the seat of an agrarian civilization which had strength and promise for a future greatness second to none. The life of the South was leisurely and unhurried for the planter, the yeoman, or the landless tenant. It was a way of life, not a routine of planting and reaping merely for gain. Washington, who rode daily over his farms and counted his horses, cattle, plows, and bushels of corn as carefully as a merchant takes stock of his supplies, inhaled the smell of ripe corn after a rain, nursed his bluegrass sod and shade trees with his own hands, and, when in the field as a soldier or in the city as President of the United States, was homesick at the smell of fresh-

plowed earth. He kept vigil with his sick horses and dogs, not as a capitalist who guards his investments, but as one who watches over his friends.

The system of society which developed in the South, then,



**1956 Reunion of the Fugitive Poets (left to right: Allen Tate, Merrill Moore, Robert Penn Warren, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson). All but Moore contributed to *I'll Take My Stand*.**

was close to the soil. It might be organized about the plantation with its wide fields and its slaves and self-sufficiency, or it might center around a small farm, ranging from a fifty-acre to a five-hundred-acre tract, tilled by the owner, undriven by competition, supplied with corn by his own toil and with meat from his own pen or from the fields and forests. The amusements might be the fine balls and house parties of the planter or the three-day break-down dances which David Crockett loved, or horse races, foot races, cock and dog fights, boxing, wrestling, shooting, fighting, log-rolling, house raising, or corn-shucking. It might be crude or genteel, but it everywhere was fundamentally alike and natural. The houses were homes, where families lived sufficient

and complete within themselves, working together and fighting together. And when death came, they were buried in their own lonely peaceful graveyards, to await doomsday together.

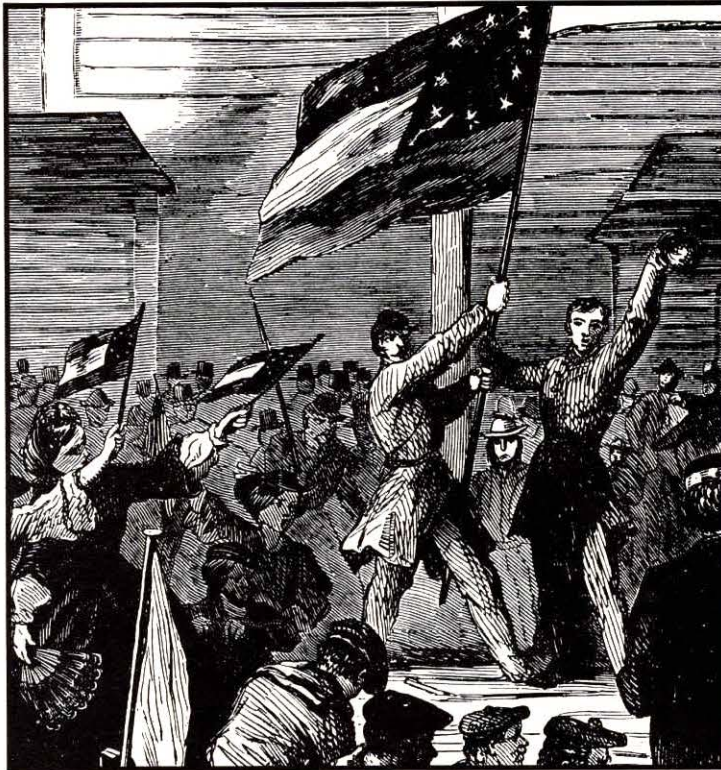
**T**his agrarian society had its own interests, which in almost all respects diverged from the interests of the industrial system of the North. The two sections, North and South, had entered the revolution against the mother country with the full knowledge of the opposing interests of their societies; knowing this difference, they had combined in a loose union under the Articles of Confederation. Finally, they had joined together under the Constitution fully conscious that there were thus united two divergent economic and social systems, two civilizations, in fact. The two sections were evenly balanced in population and in the number of states, so that at the time there was no danger of either section's encroaching upon the interests of the other. This balance was clearly understood. Without it a union would not have been possible. Even with the understanding that the two sections would continue to hold this even balance, the sections were very careful to define and limit the powers of the federal government lest one section with its peculiar interests should get control of the national government and use the powers of that government to exploit the other section. Specific powers were granted the federal government, and all not specifically granted were retained by

the states.

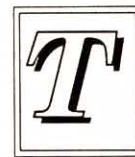
But equilibrium was impossible under expansion and growth. One section with its particular system of society would at one time or another become dominant and control the national government and either exploit the other section or else fail to exercise the functions of government for its positive benefit. Herein lies the irrepressible conflict, the eternal struggle between the agrarian South and the commercial and industrial North to control the government either in its own interest or, negatively, to prevent the other section from controlling it in its interests. Lincoln and Seward and the radical Republicans clothed the conflict later in robes of morality by making it appear that the "house divided against itself" and the irrepressible conflict which resulted from this division marked a division between slavery and freedom.

Slavery, as we shall see, was part of the agrarian system, but only one element and not an essential one. To say that the irrepressible conflict was between slavery and freedom is either to fail to grasp the nature and magnitude of the conflict, or else to make use of deliberate deception by employing a shibboleth to win the uninformed and unthinking to the support of a sinister undertaking. Rob Roy MacGregor, one of the chief corruptionists of the present day power lobby, said that the way the power companies crush opposition and win popular support is to pin the word "bolshevik" upon the leaders of those who oppose the pow-

er-lobby program. The leaders of the Northern industrial system could win popular support by tagging their opponents as "enemies of liberty" and themselves as "champions of freedom." This they did. Lincoln was a pol-



itician and knew all the tricks of a politician. Seward was a politician and knew every in and out. This is true of other leaders of the "party of high ideals" which assumed the name of Republican party. Doubtless, Lincoln, Seward, and others were half sincere in their idea of an irrepressible conflict, but their fundamental purpose was to win elections and get their party into power—the party of the industrial North—with an industrial program for business and a sop of free lands for the Western farmer. The irrepressible conflict, then, was not between slavery and freedom, but between the industrial and commercial civilization of the North and the agrarian civilization of the South...



thus the two sections clashed at every point. Their economic systems and interests conflicted. Their social systems were hostile;

their political philosophies growing out of their economic and social systems were as impossible to reconcile as it is to cause two particles of matter to occupy the same space at the same time; and their philosophies of life, growing out of the whole situation in each section, were as two elements in deadly combat. What was food for the one was poison for the other.

When the balance of power was destroyed by the rapid growth of the North, and the destruction of this balance was signaled in the election of Lincoln by a frankly sectional, hostile political party, the South, after a futile effort at obtaining a concession from Lincoln which would partly restore the balance of power, dissolved its partnership with the industrial North.

This struggle between an agrarian and an industrial civilization, then, was the irrepressible conflict, the house divided against itself, which must become according to the doctrine of the industrial section all the one or all the other. It was the doctrine of intolerance, crusading, standardizing alike in industry and in life. The South had to be crushed out; it was in the way; it impeded the progress of the machine. So Juggernaut drove his car across the South. ❖

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# Our Friends, the Enemy: How the North Supplied Confederate Armies

by Ludwell Johnson

**T**he commonsense reaction to the idea of making money by selling military supplies to the armies your country is fighting is one of indignation: doing business with the enemy is disloyal, treasonable. Historically, things have not been so simple. The ancestor of Anglo-American treason laws is an act passed in the reign of Edward III. It defines treason as (among other practices) giving aid to the king's enemies. Over the years acts of Parliament broadened the scope of the treason statute to a dangerous degree, a fact inducing the Founding Fathers to define treason in the Constitution.

In practice, despite the ban on aiding the foes of the crown, ordinary commerce was not regarded as treason. England was a trading nation and it was often considered advantageous to trade with the people with whom England was at war. A principal purpose of wars between western European countries was commercial supremacy, and this often meant putting profits over military advantage, at least temporarily; Napoleon's soldiers invaded Russia clad in British overcoats. Among mercantile nations the rule evolved that when war broke out between two nations, commerce between them immediately became illegal unless

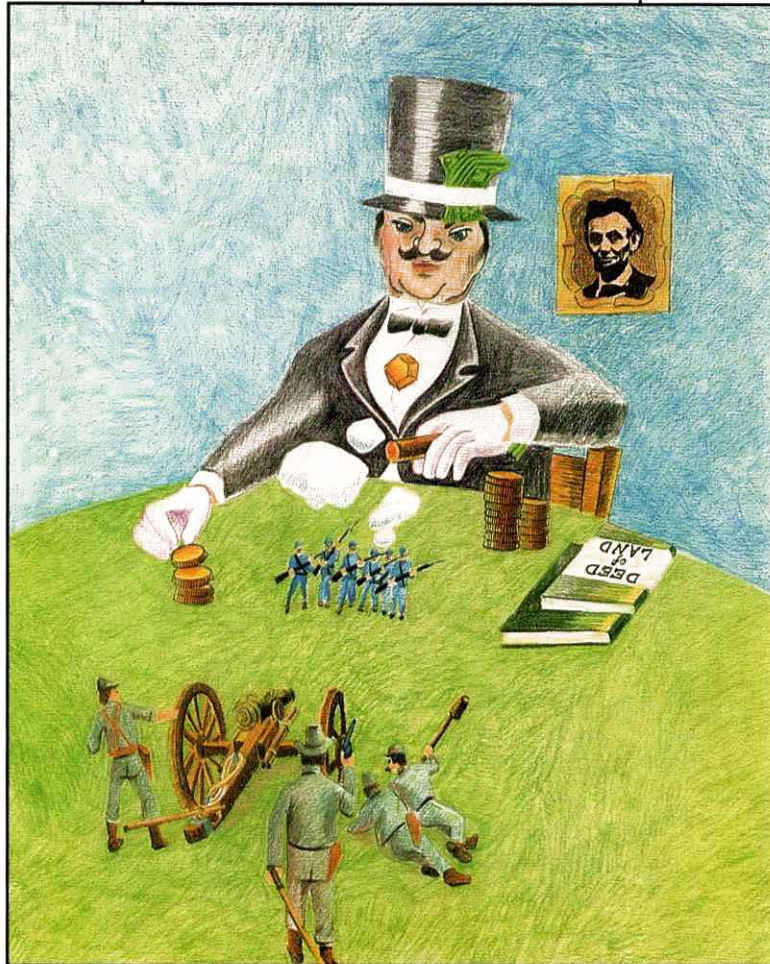
licensed by the war-making power. In England that meant the crown. In the United States it would mean Congress, to which the Constitution entrusted the

power to declare war. Unlicensed trade, or trade specifically banned by supplementary statutes, was not considered to be treason, however, and the only punishment if one was caught was confiscation of ship and cargo.

porting the armies and navies one was fighting went merrily on anyway. During the Colonial period, when the enemy was France, Americans traded enthusiastically with the French. During the Revolution, when the enemy was Britain, they traded with the British. In 1780, for example, when George Washington had the redcoats penned up in New York, he complained bitterly that it did no good to try to starve them out by intercepting their ships when American farmers kept them fat and happy, selling them food for gold, while Washington's men went hungry because those same farmers would not accept American paper money.

It was the same story during the War of 1812. Wellington's armies in Spain and Portugal depended heavily on American food, which continued to pour in after we de-

clared war. Had those shipments ceased, Wellington would have faced disaster—but American grain growers would have been very unhappy. As for the enemy army in Canada, British commissaries testified to the invaluable help they received from the United States. The herds of cattle driven north across the New York frontier were so huge that they beat wide paths through the forest. And the British navy would have found it



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power to declare war. Unlicensed trade, or trade specifically banned by supplementary statutes, was not considered to be treason, however, and the only punishment if one was caught was confiscation of ship and cargo. This rule was hammered out in the High Court of Admiralty and then adopted *in toto* by American courts. Usually trafficking with the enemy was not licensed, but the business of sup-

very difficult to blockade the American coast had it not been supplied by the people who lived on that coast. In the Mexican War, the seat of conflict was so far inland that trading with the enemy was difficult, but it was carried on to the extent possible.

This particular form of business enterprise centered mainly in New York and New England. Indeed, it has been said that New England's main industries were rum distilling, slaving, smuggling, helping the enemy, and propagating the gospel.

Then came the War for Southern Independence. According to international law, trade ceased when war began, unless licensed by Congress. In 1861 Congress explicitly banned such commerce unless licensed by the President, the ostensible idea being to allow trade with occupied portions of the "rebellious" states, *not* trade through the military lines. As the blockade tightened, the Confederates' need for supplies of all kinds increased and so did the price. On the other hand, the price of the main thing they had to sell—cotton—also skyrocketed on the world market. In other words, in the South cotton was cheap, but supplies costly. Northern businessmen who could get cheap munitions into the South and get cotton out stood to make fortunes.

Therefore, trade flourished as Union forces occupied Southern land and ports, and as Congress and the Lincoln administration made trade through the lines easier. More and more, Union soldiers found themselves fighting Johnny Rebs who ate Yankee bacon, wore Yankee shoes, and slept in Yankee blankets. The traders ranged all the way from small fry, such as General Grant's father, to the top echelons of Northern business and politics, to say nothing of army and navy officers. To mention only one, Governor William Sprague of Rhode Island, who happened to be the son-in-law of Lincoln's secretary of the treas-

ury, engaged in a large-scale gun-running operation with the Confederates in Texas. Many of these lucky entrepreneurs carried permits signed by Lincoln himself, a pass to plunder that no army or navy officer was likely to argue with.

The trade ballooned in the spring of 1862 when trade centers such as Norfolk, New Orleans, Memphis, and Nashville fell to the Federals. General Sherman remarked acidly that Memphis had been of far more

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*"The tide of necessities that poured into the Confederacy from the North significantly prolonged the war and cost thousands of lives on both sides, all to enrich Yankee entrepreneurs and politicians, and to pump up the Republican Party."*

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value to the Confederates after they lost it than it had been before. As for New Orleans, Ben Butler's brother, Andrew, made a fortune in a few months selling salt to Confederate commissaries via Lake Ponchartrain, salt they desperately needed to preserve meat for the armies. Besides this inland commerce, a large volume of supplies reached the South via neutral ports. New York's trade with the British West Indies and Cuba dou-

bled as compared with peacetime: shoes, blankets (sometimes wrapped around swords), ammunition, telegraphic equipment – the New Yorkers boasted they could even supply locomotives if necessary by these routes. Before the war scarcely one ship a year cleared from New York for Matamoros, Mexico, just across the Rio Grande, from Confederate Texas; now in the period 1861-1864 there were 152 such clearances. In March of 1863, a Southern agent in Matamoros reported 82 vessels lying off the mouth of the river, most of them from New York, Boston, or Union-occupied New Orleans. United States consuls at these neutral ports were supposed to stop all this, but they were often drunken political hacks who saw nothing odd about shiploads of blankets coming into the tropics.

The amount of money a contrabandist could make depended on circumstances, but the potential profits were always very large. One example given to a Congressional committee explained how \$100 in cotton could be transmuted into \$325 even after paying all fees and other expenses. That sum invested in supplies, taken through Confederate lines, and exchanged for about 2,000 pounds of cotton would, when the cotton was brought north, bring a gross profit of some \$1,850 – on an original investment of \$100. No wonder permits, especially those bearing Lincoln's name, became so valuable.

The average Northerner did not know, at least in the beginning, that their sons and husbands were being killed by guns of Yankee origin, but eventually the trade became so flagrant that it could not be ignored. With much indignant huffing and puffing, a self-righteous Congress, in July 1864, seemingly revoked Lincoln's power to issue trade permits. However, there was an eleventh-hour amendment to the bill (inserted,

as one congressman said, for considerations which "delicacy" did not permit him to describe) creating an elephant-sized loophole that Lincoln used to throw open the floodgates of commerce to an unprecedented extent.

How could all this be explained, let alone justified? There were some superficially plausible reasons: alleged fear that Britain or France might intervene if cotton were not put on the market; the plight of New England textile mills; and the balance of payments problem. As the war dragged on, these arguments lost whatever validity – and it was little – they ever had, but Lincoln continued to defend his policy stubbornly. General Edward R. S. Canby in New Orleans, outraged at what he saw as rank treason, protested. Lincoln answered with a letter embarrassing to read even after all these years, so dishonest it is:

*By the external blockade, the price [of cotton] is made certainly six times as great as it was [before the war]. And yet the enemy gets through at least one-sixth part as much...as if there were no blockade, and receives as much for it, as he would for a full crop in time of peace...and at the same time leave[s]...his laborers free to produce provisions. You know how this keeps up his armies at home, and procures supplies from abroad...and hence it becomes immensely important to us to get the cotton away from him. Better give him guns for it, than let him, as now, get both guns and ammunition for it.*

In other words, Lincoln is saying that the Confederacy benefited from the Union coastal blockade; it would have been news to Richmond. The President's argument, such as it was, merely paraphrased the sophistries recited to him by Edward Atkinson, chief lobbyist for the New England textile industry. It was utterly contrary to facts that were common knowledge.

When Lincoln wrote Canby, December 1864, where could this imaginary flood of guns and ammunition have been entering the Confederacy? The only seaport east of the Mississippi still open was Wilmington. Norfolk and New Orleans had been occupied for more than two years, Savannah, Charleston, and Mobile were almost completely sealed off by coastal occupation, and the naval blockade was reaching its maximum efficiency.

The real reason for the trade was, on the part of the traders, simple, unprincipled, brutal greed, and the reason it was allowed was to turn this greed into political patronage for the benefit of the Republican Party by dispensing to the faithful permits to sell the tools of war to an opposing army. Parties lived on patronage, and as always Lincoln had an eye to the main chance.

The Confederates were slow in taking advantage of this corrupt system. Jefferson Davis was very reluctant to let cotton go out as long as there was a chance of provoking British intervention to feed the Lancashire textile mills. He also hoped that the lack of cotton as a medium of exchange would cripple Union finances. This delay was a main reason why Lee's army was so short of food during the winter of 1862-1863 and was an important factor in Lee's decision to keep Longstreet in southeast Virginia, gathering provisions, instead of bringing him back to Fredericksburg in time for the Chancellorsville campaign. On the other hand, trade was going on despite Davis's reservations, and without the 8,000,000 pounds of bacon that came in by way of Norfolk in the early months of 1863, Lee's army would have been disbanded to prevent the men from starving.

Trade through the lines went on everywhere, from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande, in an ever-growing volume. Perhaps

the classic illustration is the Virginia front during the last nine months of the war. By June 1864 Grant had fastened his grip on Richmond and Petersburg and was attempting to force their evacuation by extending his left flank to cut Lee's supply lines to the south. Meanwhile, while Grant was trying to starve Lee out, Ben Butler, now in command at Norfolk 60 miles in Grant's rear, presided over a highly successful Confederate rescue operation, run by, among others, his brother-in-law. Food, clothes, and munitions would come down from Northern ports to Norfolk, then travel by canal to Albemarle Sound, up the Sound to one of several rivers leading north into Virginia until the railroad from Suffolk to Weldon was reached. Then transshipment from steamboats to Confederate freight cars would take place, and the supplies would be on their way around Grant's left flank to Lee's men in the trenches. At one time 10,000 pounds of bacon per day were coming in by this route: full meat rations for 7,500 Confederates, who were, of course, not on full rations.

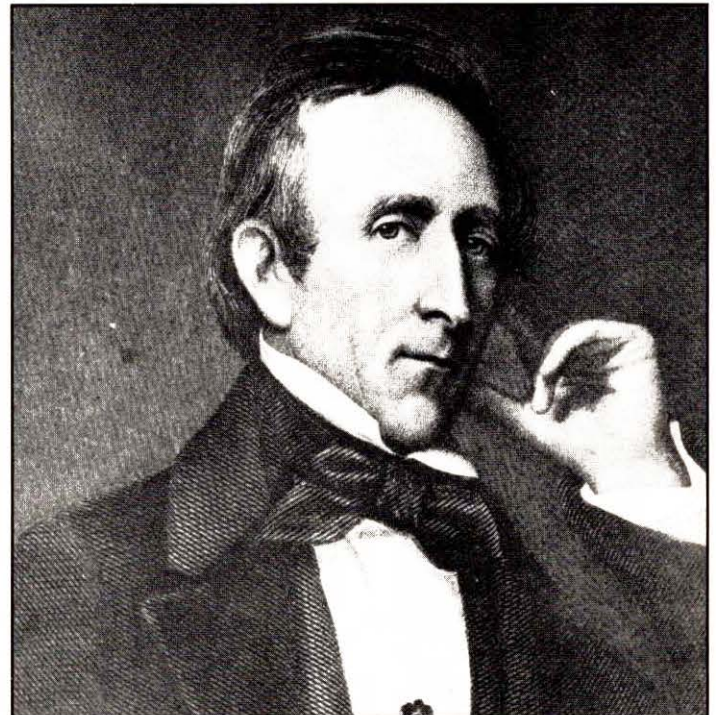
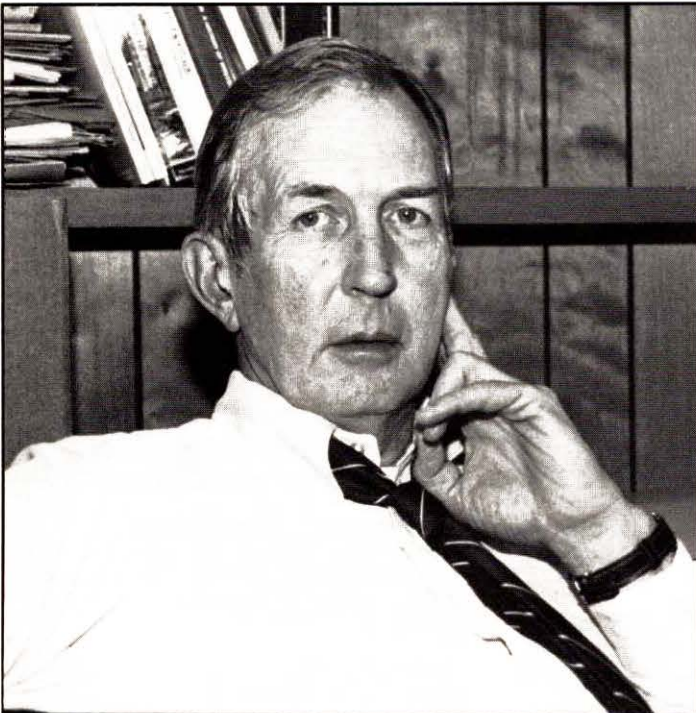
The tide of necessities that poured into the Confederacy from the North significantly prolonged the war and cost thousands of lives on both sides, all to enrich Yankee entrepreneurs and politicians, and to pump up the Republican Party. This alone is enough to give the subject historical importance. Beyond that, it opens a window on the nature of the society that put dollars and political advantage above all else, and sheds light on the real nature and purposes of the war on the South.★

*Ludwell Johnson is a Professor of History at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia. This is the third in a series of articles on the War collectively entitled The Plundering Generation.*

# Conversation

## Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Jr.

Grandson of John Tyler, Tenth President of the United States



The family resemblance, over three generations, is striking.

**B**orn in Richmond, Virginia, Lyon Tyler, Jr. earned a bachelor of arts degree at the College of William and Mary and master of arts and doctoral degrees from Duke University. He also holds a juris doctorate from the University of Virginia School of Law. He is a specialist in legal, maritime and naval history and the history of American religion.

Dr. Tyler is a retired Commander in the U. S. Naval Reserve, having served three years of active duty during World War II and 23 years on inactive duty in the Reserve. Dr. Tyler retired in May, 1990 after 18 years as professor of history at The Citadel, the Military College of South Carolina.

The Southern Partisan spoke with this learned and engaging Southerner at his office in Charleston.

***Southern Partisan: How could it be possible for someone who is still a young man to be the grandson of John Tyler, our tenth president?***

Tyler: When I was born, my father was 72. A newspaper writer speculated at the time that in the year 2000 I might startle the passengers on a transPacific airliner by casually commenting about what my grandfather had said to his good friend Patrick Henry. My father was born in 1853 when his father was 63.

***Southern Partisan: How many John Tylers were there? Was there one before the President?***

Tyler: John Tyler, Sr., the President's father, was Governor of Virginia from 1808-1811 as well as Speaker of the Virginia House of Delegates and U.S. Dis-



trict Judge. He went to Florida and edited a Republican newspaper. I didn't know anything about him at all until I found an old Washington newspaper. The headline read: "A Thoroughly Good Life Marred By Unthrift."

John, Jr. apparently didn't have much money at the time. The Ku Klux had come to get him when the troops left in 1876, so he fled to Washington and they burned his place down. He finally got a job in the Treasury Department, where he worked for the rest of his life. According to this article, he was sick and in need of funds. The family didn't have much to do with him. I'm not sure there was a real breach, but they didn't talk about him a whole lot. I'd like to study him and find out why he went a different path from the rest of them.



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The old man, the President's father, named one of his sons after two of the greatest rebels in English history, Patrick Henry and Wat Tyler. Wat Tyler led the Peasants' Insurrection of 1381. We don't know if Wat is any kin to us or not, but we always claim him. We are proud of having been peasants!

His son, the future President, had an old Scottish schoolmaster who was very strict and stern, so one time the kids got together and tied him up. When he finally got loose, enraged, he came to Governor Tyler, who replied, "Sic semper tyrannis!" ("Thus always to tyrants!")

Both Governor John Tyler and his son President John Tyler were pretty independent types.

President Tyler's sons shared the same spirit. The two oldest were John Jr., and Robert. They both served as his private secretaries while he was President. Both were also in the Confederate Government. Robert was registrar of the treasury and signed most of the war bonds and the money. John was a major and worked in the Confederate War Department.

At the end of the War, Robert went to Alabama and edited the *Montgomery Advertiser* and sired a large family. We were down there one time and Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald's daughter had a party for us and about sixty people attended, most of whom claimed to be kin to me!

Robert Tyler was one of the Bourbons, or Redeemers, and was very ac-

***Southern Partisan: How would you describe President Tyler's basic qualities?***

Tyler: President Tyler had some very strong principles and he really stuck to them. He did not do what was politically expedient. That's the main thing I like about him. He was an honest man--a supremely honest man. Indeed, he was known as "Honest John" Tyler.

John Tyler opposed the Bank of the United States and as President vetoed Henry Clay's proposal to charter another national bank. As a U.S. Senator, however, Tyler had refused to vote as instructed by his state legislature to expunge the resolution of censure against President Jackson for withdrawing the governments funds from the bank. Tyler felt that this was an illegal act on Jackson's part, but Tyler had campaigned on the premise that a Senator should obey his legislature's instructions. So he resigned his Senate seat and informed his children that no office of honor or profit was worth the sacrifice of honor.

Tyler broke with his party, the Democrats, because of his distaste for Jackson's tactics and because he objected to Jackson's threats against South Carolina in the Nullification controversy.

***Southern Partisan: How did he get selected as Vice-President and what was the involvement of Senator Rives?***

more like the Federal Reserve, regional banks rather than a Northern bank. Clay wanted the central bank to be a private bank which would be largely controlled by Northern interests.

***Southern Partisan: The Whig Harrison dies and the Whig Tyler becomes President?***

Tyler: Yes. Harrison had promised he would serve only one term, because he was getting along in years. That would set up Clay to be President the next time. Also, Harrison was willing to go along with Clay's National Republican wing of the Whig Party. He tended toward that direction. He even let Clay help pick his cabinet. Also, Harrison's policy was to give each member of his cabinet a vote just like he had a vote; he was just the chairman. When Harrison died one month into his term, this compounded the problem because Tyler wasn't going to do things that way.

Shortly after Harrison's death and Tyler's accession to the Presidency, Clay called on the President to demand his subservience, and Tyler said words to this effect: "Mr. Clay, you go to your end of the avenue where stands the Capitol, and there do your duty as you see fit and by God, I will do my duty at this end of the avenue as I see fit." I don't think they ever spoke after that.



**Southern Partisan: What would you say were the greatest accomplishments of the Tyler Administration? One author writes that he had a "courageous consistency."**

Tyler: Probably Tyler's greatest accomplishment was to nail down the fact that when the President dies, the Vice-President succeeds to the office as well as the duties of the Presidency. As you know, many claimed that he was only an acting President, "his Accidenty."

Some of his accomplishments were negative in character. He kept Henry Clay from becoming President as well as himself from getting a second term.

He certainly shot down the Bank of the United States. I don't know if that was good or bad, but a bank owned by private interests is certainly susceptible to the worst manipulation, as we have seen recently.

He got Texas annexed at the last minute, but that caused the Mexican War and had something to do with causing the War Between the States. But in the long run that too was a good thing, at least Texans would think so!

He opened up relations with China. In 1984-85 I had a chance to go to China with a group seeking to get Christian television in the People's Republic. Our tour included people from the White House, ministers, businessmen, and tourists.

On New Year's Eve all foreigners in Beijing were invited to the Great Hall of the People for a cultural exchange party. We had Japanese, Germans, Swedes, etc. Then the Chinese demonstrated martial arts and a Chinese opera singer sang "Home on the Range". We didn't know what we could contribute, but a gentleman in our group had a good voice and a guitar, and we sang "God Bless America" and "On the Wings of a Dove"...in the Great Hall of the People!

I don't know why I was invited to make the trip except that my grandfather had sent Caleb Cushing to negotiate the first U.S.-Chinese treaty. I explained to three Vice-Chairmen of the Communist Party that Secretary of State Daniel Webster thought the Chinese were so ignorant that he wrote them in "Pidgin English," as he would write to an Indian chief. But while Webster was doing so, the Emperor of China's chief advisor was telling the Emperor that he might as well make a treaty with the Americans, because they were the most backward and remote nation on earth! We were successful in our mission.

**Southern Partisan: How did President John Tyler meet his second wife? It is an interesting story as I recall. She was 24 and he was...**

Tyler: Fifty-three. Thirty years difference. And their son, my father, was thirty five years older than my mother. My father was 70 and my mother was 35 when

they were married. Both historians.

The culminating episode in President Tyler's courtship of Miss Julia Gardiner occurred on the warship *Princeton*. The guns on the *Princeton* were designed by John Erickson, who also designed the ironclad *Monitor*. He had two guns on the ship. One he built himself. The other one, called "The Peacemaker," which was built by the Navy according to his design.

To celebrate the construction of the new warship and its cannon, a group of dignitaries were taken down the Potomac to shoot the cannon. The cabinet was there, and the President, and congressmen and senators—including Congressman David Gardiner of New York and his daughter Julia.

So they fired the cannon and went downstairs to drink champagne. Later a group wanted to go back up on deck to fire the cannon again. But the President, sitting next to Miss Gardiner, said "Play it Again, Sam." They were singing a song and Tyler wanted to sing the song again, so they skipped the festivities of the second firing of the cannon.

When the cannon was fired again, it exploded, killing the captain of the ship, Congressman Gardiner, the Secretary of the Navy and the Secretary of State. It



President Tyler's home, Sherwood Forest, in Charles City County  
Reprinted from *Virginia's Plantation Homes* by David King Gleason©1989  
Louisiana State University Press (\$39.95).

was a disaster. The President carried Miss Gardiner down the gangplank, took her back to the White House, and comforted her. Soon after they were married, the first President to do so while in office. We don't have lots of money because after the War the Gardiners disinherited her because she was on the Southern side. After the President's death in 1862, as the War got closer to their home at Sherwood Forest, she took the children to Staten Island. For the latter part of the War my father and the other young children were in New York—and they got folks very upset up there because they hung a Confederate Flag out the window.

I found an old Confederate Flag about eight inches to a foot square which was made out of silk—obviously made from a U.S. flag. They took the stripes for the field and they cut the stars so they would make a cross. It's at Sherwood Forest now, and I think it might be the same flag.

**Southern Partisan: What was President Tyler's role in the Peace Convention?**

Tyler: That's how I became a historian. Let me explain. I was practicing law in Richmond and the UDC ladies asked me to speak on the Peace Convention. I had never heard of it. But in my research, I found that my grandfather was responsible for calling it and was the president of it. He brought 21 states together to try to find a compromise in February, 1861. Unfortunately, the convention met in Washington at the same time that the Confederate States were setting up a government in Montgomery. So the Deep South states and the New England states didn't show up. The best the conference could come up with was a restatement of the Crittenden Compromise (extending the 36' 30" line all the way across the country). Of course, Abraham Lincoln, who was the President-elect until March, said the die had been cast. But it was a good try.

Incidentally, it is interesting that I had one ancestor who was trying to stop the War and one who was trying to get it started. Edmund Ruffin, the fireater, was my great-great-grandfather!

**Southern Partisan: We're reviewing the last volume of Ruffin's papers later in this issue. What was your next step toward a career as a historian?**

Tyler: I went to work with the Virginia Civil War Commission in 1959. The Commission's purpose was to use the Centennial not to divide the country again but to bring it together and to celebrate courage and devotion on both sides and to realize that not just one side caused it and that there were mistakes on both sides.

The Centennial was not without initial controversy. For example, the chairman of the National Centennial Commission sent out a letter to the Loyal Legion (descendants of Union officers) saying that the Jews started the Civil War. According to him, it was a plot by Judah P. Benjamin, Disraeli and the house of Rothschild. I started with the Virginia Commission to keep the Centennial from being a divisive influence. I think we were pretty successful.

**Southern Partisan: To hear some historians today, and producers of Civil War documentaries, you would think all the men in gray were evil and all the men in blue were good.**

My father battled against a one-sided Northern interpretation of the War in his day. Though, perhaps he went overboard with a Southernist interpretation, revisionist scholarship adopted many of his arguments. I fear, however, that we are reverting to the old interpretation of the post-Civil War era.

**Southern Partisan: Did you see the PBS series "The Civil War"? Do you think it leaned one way or the other?**

Tyler: I did, but I only saw one episode, so I wouldn't be a good judge. I did think that the series seemed to paint the North as being on the side of the angels.

**Southern Partisan: Some say that your father rivals President Tyler as the greatest Tyler. I understand he gave a famous speech at Hollins College.**

Tyler: Yes, he contrasted Lee and Lincoln. He didn't think much of Lincoln. His *Confederate Catechism* asked "Who started the War?", with the answer being "Abraham Lincoln." But he died on Lincoln's birthday!

**Southern Partisan: He was a lawyer at first and then became President of William and Mary?**

Tyler: William and Mary was about to pass out of the picture and he engineered the passage of the bill to give it state support. It wasn't a true "state school" at that point. It was mainly a teacher's school. But it was going out of business and the old president just rang the bell at the beginning and the end every academic year to keep the college alive and that was about it.

**Southern Partisan: What happened to President Tyler's home, Sherwood Forest? I read the account of one Union soldier that his comrades left it ankle-deep in papers.**

Tyler: Yes, they made a mess of it! My brother and his wife now own Sherwood Forest. It is open to the public by appointment. The middle of the house dates from the eighteenth century. Incidentally, it is the widest house in Virginia, 100 yards wide. It's hard to get all of it in one picture. There is a house at each end and a house in the middle and wings that connect all that. My grandfather renamed it "Sherwood Forest" (its former name being Walnut Grove) after he left the Presidency. He had offended both of the major parties and consequently felt like an outlaw (Robin Hood, no less).

**Southern Partisan: It's good to see that The Citadel persuaded you to come back and teach some more...**

Tyler: Yes, its going to be fun. But we also plan to spend some time at our farm in Franklin, Tennessee.

**Southern Partisan: It must be a great privilege to be a descendant of such a great man as John Tyler.**

Tyler: A granddaughter of Robert E. Lee once told my wife that her father had told them that to be a descendant of Robert E. Lee was a responsibility and not a privilege.

**Southern Partisan: It has been a privilege to have this opportunity to talk with you. Thank you.**

## Selections from A Confederate Catechism

by Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Sr.

*In 1929, Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Sr., the President's son and the father of our interviewee, published A Confederate Catechism, perhaps the most succinct statement of Confederate principles. Here are six of the twenty questions and answers in his tract.*

**Was slavery the cause of secession or the war?**

No. Slavery existed previous to the Constitution, and the Union was formed in spite of it. Both from the standpoint of the Constitution and sound statesmanship it was not slavery, but the vindictive, intemperate, anti slavery movement that was at the bottom of all the troubles.

**Was Secession the cause of the war?**

No, secession is a mere civil process having no necessary connection with war. Norway seceded from Sweden, and there was no war. The attempted linking of slavery and secession with war is merely an effort to obscure the issue—"a red herring drawn across the trail." Secession was based (1) upon the natural right of self-government, (2) upon the reservation to the States in the Constitution of all powers not expressly granted to the Federal government. Secession was such a power, being expressly excepted in the ratifications of the Constitution by Virginia, Rhode Island, and New York. (3) Upon the right of the principal to recall the powers vested in the agent; and upon (4) the inherent nature of all partnerships, which carries with them the right of withdrawal. The States were partners in the Union, and no partnership is irrevocable.

**What then was the cause of the war?**

The cause of the war was (1) the rejection of the right of secession of eleven sovereign States by Lincoln, and (2) the denial of self government to 8,000,000 of people, occupying a territory half the size of Europe. Lincoln himself said of these people that they possessed as much moral sense and as much devotion to law and order as "any other civilized and patriotic people." Without consulting Congress, Lincoln sent great armies to the South, and it was the war of a president elected by a minority of the people of the North. In the World War Woodrow Wilson declared that no people must be

forced under sovereignty under which it does not choose to live." When in 1903 Panama seceded from Colombia, the United States sided with Panama against Colombia, in support of Panama's right to self-government.

**Did the South fight for the overthrow of the United States Government?**

No, the South fought to establish its own government. Secession did not destroy the Union, but merely reduced its territorial extent. The United States existed when there were only thirteen States, and it would have existed when there were twenty States left. The charge brought by Lincoln that the aim of the Southerners was to overthrow the government was no more true than if King George III had said that the secession of the American colonies from Great Britain had in view the destruction of the British Government. The government of Great Britain was not destroyed by the success of the American states in 1783. Nor would the government of the United States have been destroyed if the Southern States had succeeded in repelling the attacks of the North in 1861-1865.

**What did the South fight for?**

It fought to repel invasion and for self-government, just as the fathers of the American revolution had done. Lincoln himself confessed at first that he had no constitutional right to make war against a State, so he resorted to the subterfuge of calling for troops to suppress "combinations" of persons in the Southern States "too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary" processes. It is impossible to understand how the Southern States could have proceeded in a more regular and formal manner than they did to show they acted as States and not as mere "combinations." It shows the spirit of contradiction that characterized Lincoln when later he referred to the Southern States as "insurrectionary States."

**Did the South in firing on Fort Sumter begin the war?**

No, Lincoln began the war by secretly attempting to land troops at Fort Pickens, in Florida, in violation of a truce existing between the Federals and Confederates at that place. This was long before Fort Sumter was fired on, and Fort Sumter was fired on only after Lincoln had sent an armed squadron to supply and strengthen that Fort...

# The Tyler Letters

*While a delegate to the Virginia convention on secession, former President Tyler reported to his wife daily:*

Richmond, April 16, 1861

These are dark times, dearest, and I think only of you and our little ones. But I trust in that same Providence that protected our fathers. These rascals who hold power leave us no alternative. I shall vote secession, and prefer to encounter any hazard to degrading Virginia. If the ordinance passes, it is to be submitted to the people.

Love and kisses to all. Always your devoted, J. Tyler.

Richmond, April 17, 1861

Well, my dearest one, Virginia has severed her connection with the Northern hive of abolitionists, and takes her stand as a sovereign and independent State. By a large vote she decided on yesterday about three o'clock to resume the powers she had granted to the Federal government, and to stand before the world clothed in the full vestments of sovereignty. The die is thus cast, and her future is in the hands of the god of battle. The contest into which we enter is one full of peril, but there is a spirit abroad in Virginia which cannot be crushed until the life of the last man is trampled out. The numbers opposed to us are immense; but twelve thousand Grecians conquered the whole power of Xerxes at Marathon, and our fathers, a mere handful, overcame the enormous power of Great Britain...

...Things have gone to that point in Philadelphia that no one is safe in the expression of a Southern sentiment. Poor Robert is threatened with mob violence. I wish most sincerely he was away from there...

...At Washington a system of

martial law must have been established. The report is that persons are not permitted to pass through the city to the South. I learn that Mrs. Orrick and her children on her way here to join her husband, who is on the convention, has been arrested and detained.



*The second Mrs. John Tyler, Julia Gardiner, was the daughter of Congressman David Gardiner of New York. During the War, she often wrote her mother, who lived on Staten Island. Though of Northern birth, she stated the Southern case very articulately:*

Sherwood Forest  
Charles City Co.

April 25, 1861

This whole country is now under arms and the whole South will soon be one vast camp of brave men, whose rallying cry will be, "Fight for your homes and your firesides." The South is invaded, and all effort for peace must now come from the North.

It is a real disappointment to me to see New York city so ready to engage in this wicked war.... Col. Lee, a splendid man every inch of him, is in command of the Virginia forces....He can only lead to victory, if this shocking war continues.

The President writes me to-day Mrs. Clopton and daughter... said the Massachusetts company that landed at Old Point for the Fort were the scum of the earth...

Sherwood Forest  
May 4, 1861

Was there ever such a savage and wicked war? It must be that Heaven's wrath will fall upon the offenders, and punish them before they can ever attempt to accomplish their fiendish purpose. The South will stand on the defensive, and are ready for a brave and determined

fight, if their soil is invaded by an armed foe. Which will be the victors of course cannot be foreseen, but they of the North wickedly invade for an unholy purpose to devastate and destroy, ...It is not the flag and the Union, but it is their dread of the North losing its supremacy!

Sherwood Forest, Virginia  
May 7, 1861

The government at Washington has no business with the forts that were built for the protection of the states that have seceded....The Northern people are very easily duped if they do not see their President means to invade the South, and commence the "irrepressible conflict," so losing the favorite of himself, Mr. Seward and party. Those who have started upon a tour to defend Washington and the flag, will find themselves sent on a new errand, perhaps just as acceptable, to attack and destroy, if possible, their Southern friends. For my part, I am utterly ashamed of the State in which I was born, and its people. All soul and magnanimity have departed from them—"patriotism" indeed! A community sold to the vilest politicians.

Richmond  
June 16, 1861.

Gen. Lee called upon us after church; rather grayer than when I last met him some years ago, but still the elegant officer, looking animated and full of vigor. He spoke very calmly and indifferently of the desecration of his home at Arlington, and the flight of his invalid wife. She has moved out of the way of the enemy twice, and now she says *they will have to take her*—she will move no more. The General laughed, as he repeated what she said, but added, as her health was much affected by rheumatism, it was quite a trial to her to be deprived of her home.

And now adieu, dear Mamma. Continue perfectly at ease about me. All I ask is, take care of yourself, and don't get sick.

Your affectionate daughter, Julia.

*Excerpted from The Letters and Times of the Tylers, edited by Lyon Gardiner Tyler, Sr.*

# The Man in the White Suit

by L. W. May

*A Review of  
Conversations with  
Tom Wolfe, edited by  
Dorothy Scura, University Press  
of Mississippi,  
Jackson and London, 1990,  
296 pp.*

Tom Wolfe lives in New York City by choice, but not because he feels completely at home there or necessarily admires the people he moves among—even after three decades. Though he seems to be a part of the New York social scene, he has written with amused contempt about much he has seen there. Indeed, two of his best books contain satirical renditions of Manhattan's "in" crowd—*Radical Chic* and *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. If you really want to know what he thinks of New York society, then consider his explanation (to Philip Nobile of the *Richmond Times-Dispatch*) of why he wears a white suit in winter:

*In 1962 I was in a tailor shop and had a conventional summer suit made from some white silk tweed that impressed me. But the suit was too hot for the summer. Then I began wearing it in December.*

*People became annoyed by the sight of a white suit in winter. (Those were innocent times in 1962.) Soon I discovered I had this marvelous, harmless form of aggression going for me. So I branched out into white suits with double-vested weskits and rows of white-covered buttons. Getting dressed in the morning was suddenly fun.*

But why a white suit in the first place? In a much later interview conducted by Toby Thompson for *Vanity Fair*, Wolfe remembers his father, who lived in rural Virginia and was the editor of a farm magazine called *The Southern Planter*.

*I see certain things of my father in me I never was aware of. He always had his clothes made in Richmond. It was not considered a big deal. I started having mine made in Washington. Unlike him, I became very con-*

*scious of it. Then I started wearing large hats. That's something he did also .... And he wore white suits, in the Norfolk style, with a belt in the back and pleats over the shoulder... Never underestimate how much of your childhood is sewn into the lining of your garments when you go to New York.*

Toby Thompson calls the tastes of Wolfe's father "Victorian." They are, of course, quintessentially Southern. How many white suits had Wolfe seen from childhood on—moving across town squares, along the hallways of county courthouses, or up and down the steps of churches? During the years when he was growing up—in the 1930s and 1940s—almost every lawyer or doctor or dentist wore a white suit from late spring until the first day of fall or the first cool day, whichever came first. It was a uniform during those years, and almost exclusively a Southern one, though the suit was usually made of linen.

The famous white silk suit was something Wolfe began to wear in New York City, not merely in spite of the social disdain it gained him, but because of it. Some Southerners would have worn the suit without knowing or caring that one wears darker clothes in the fall and winter. Many more would have stayed home from the party and sulked, fearing the raised eyebrows and the arch remarks. A very, very few would have gone anyway, full of quick explanations to everyone present, just to make certain no one thought the suit was worn out of ignorance. Only Tom Wolfe—with his Virginia background, his Ivy League education, and his fine eye for irony—would have worn the suit as an offensive weapon in a personal war against big-city provincialism.

One interviewer (Frank S. Swertlow) has called Wolfe "the Beau Brummel of 'new journalism,'" and in some ways he is indeed reminiscent of Brummel, the valet's grandson, who became the chief dandy of London society during the first decade of the 19th century.

Brummel, who also came from the hinterlands to attend the best schools, sensed something about English society that few others had come to understand: Its members were mostly nervous parvenus who were longing to be beaten up by a social bully. They were snobs in the original sense of the word—those whose wealth had placed them in a society that bewildered and ultimately frightened them.

Brummel, understanding their deepest fears, terrorized them as well as his own social betters, speaking with contempt of the clothes they wore, the food they served, their crude or overwrought manners. Indeed, had he not committed an act of *lese majeste* (he insulted the Prince of Wales) he might have remained in that world of broke gentry and vulgar beer barons for a long and self-indulgent life. (Eventually he fled to France, as much to escape creditors as to avoid the pain of social ostracism.)

Swertlow's casual comparison is valid only up to a point. Tom Wolfe is like Brummel only in certain respects: he is contemptuous of an urban society both vulgar and self-satisfied; seemingly exclusive, yet these days easily penetrated by the rich and notorious; based not on genteel tastes and gracious behavior, but on money and power. Like Brummel, Wolfe is one of those people hostesses are afraid to invite and afraid not to invite—particularly, in Wolfe's case, after the publication of *Radical Chic*, a highly detailed and hilarious account of the night Leonard Bernstein invited the Black Panthers to dinner.

But he is unlike Brummel in several significant ways. He is neither mean-spirited nor high-handed in his criticisms of the social scene. Brummel was a boor, who, when at private homes, frequently sent food back to the kitchen with the proclamation that it was inedible. When moving in polite company, he also singled out the dress of friends and acquaintances for merciless ridicule, denouncing their tailors as blind and inept while at the same time refusing to pay his own.

Wolfe's criticisms, even his satirical preoccupation with clothes, cannot be called cruel or gratuitous—and unlike Brummel, who preyed indiscriminately on everybody, Wolfe invariably attacks those who get down on their knees and beg for it: the meretricious media elite, the arrogant Wall Street brokers, the cynical and exploitative black leadership.

Indeed, his chief subject is the state of our society in the wake of an unprecedented prosperity that has all but spoiled the traditional communities of the nation. Wolfe recognizes—as do most great satirists—that manners and morals go hand in hand, the one the outward and visible sign of the other. He also understands that America has become so fragmented that people are huddling together in small groups, re-inventing themselves in terms of their own deliberately adopted dress, language, and behavior. He is not shocked at this phenomenon; he finds it merely interesting and amusing—or so he says. Yet it is difficult to read the essays in, say, *The Pumphouse Gang* without feeling a sense of profound sadness over the plight of a society composed of discrete cultures, each maintaining its own tenuous identity with a fervid desperation. It should be noted that Wolfe doesn't really like to be called a satirist, in part because he doesn't want to get caught passing judgments. As he explained in an interview conducted by Brant Mewborn in *Rolling Stone*:

*I have been pretty much the outsider in my stories, but I've always rejected, at least consciously, the tag of "satirist." In my mind, I was never satirizing anybody. My intention, my hope, was always to get inside of these people, inside their*

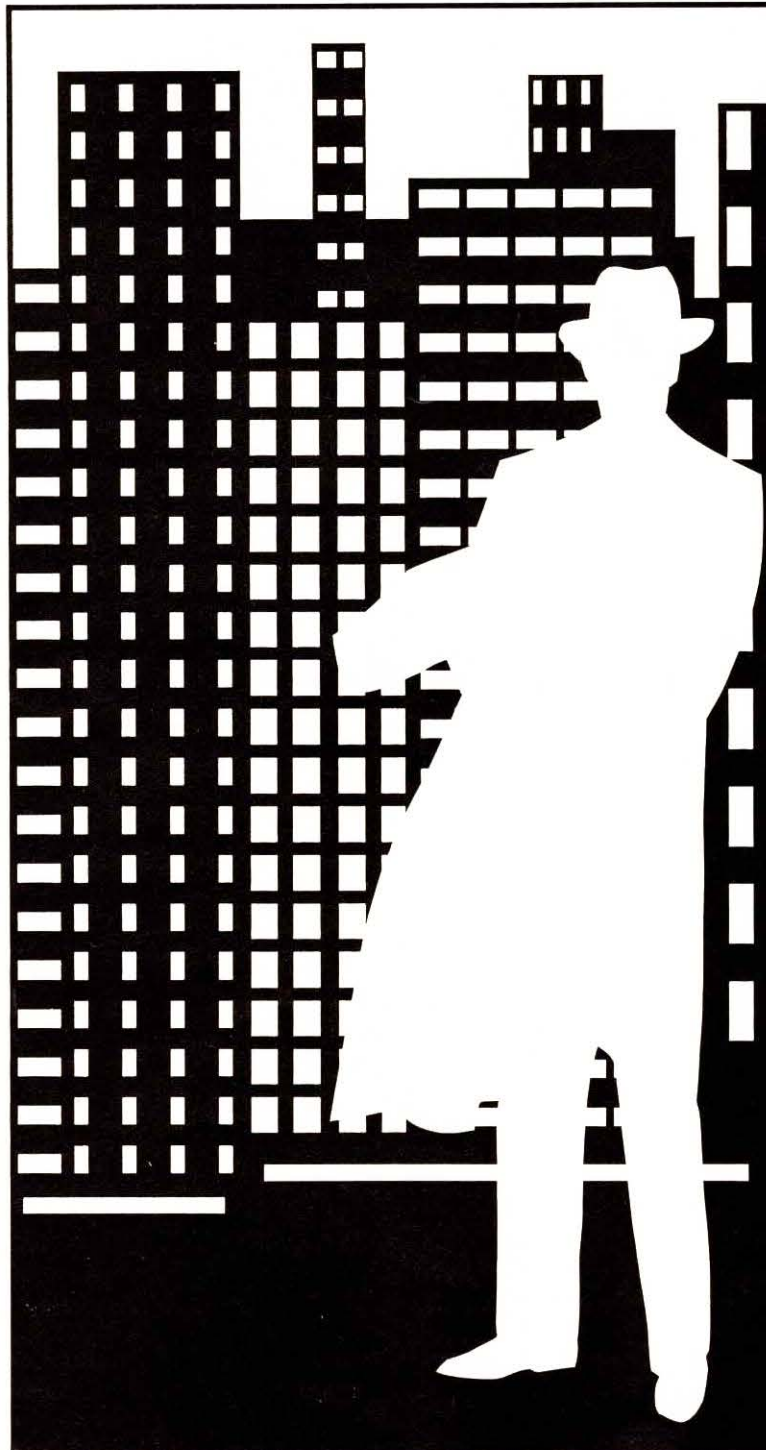
*central nervous systems, and present their experience in print from the inside. That can come out seeming like satire in some cases where people are leading whacky enough lives. Now, Radical Chic had to do with the disparity and the tensions between the social-ites and what they regarded as their pet primitives, the Black Panthers. It ended up as satire, perhaps, but never have I sat down and said, "I'm going to write a piece of satire."*

This ingenuous account is difficult to take too seriously, though

perhaps it depends on your definition of "satire." At the very minimum, the satirist is an artist who exposes the foibles and sins of a society, invariably, occupying some moral high ground, if only by implication. If you wear a white suit in winter, and write about New York as you see it, then you are, by definition a satirist. Writers of Wolfe's caliber—and they are few in any century—don't accidentally write narratives that hold whole classes of people up to ridicule and, in so doing, make an entire nation laugh uncontrollably. It is not the

inner experiences of Leonard Bernstein and Otto Preminger and Barbara Walters that Wolfe depicts, but their words and actions, highlighted by just enough commentary to make their hypocrisy obvious and their moral confusion ridiculous.

And *Radical Chic* is not the only work where his intentions are so obviously satiric. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* focuses on the same kind of phenomenon in New York City, where after centuries of living side by side, the city's ethnic minorities are not only unreconciled but have become angry and murderous. In this work of fiction, which, to New Yorkers, is embarrassingly real, Wolfe depicts Blacks, Italians, Irish, and Anglos at war with all but their own, fighting and killing one another without remorse while cloaked in the egalitarian rhetoric so characteristic of the liberal Northeast. It is a harsh, and deliberately focused picture of a city whose image, to all too many of us, is synonymous with the face of America—and it was written before Howard Beach, the Central Park Jogger, or the Rev. Al Sharpton, who, with another name, walks the pages of Wolfe's novel, slightly less outrageous, more convincing than his real-life counterpart.



All of this Wolfe sees and understands because he is The Man in the White Suit, or, as he puts it, "the outsider" who comes from a particular place with its own order and stability. It takes someone from the hinterlands to understand how truly provincial New Yorkers can be and how utterly lost.

Not only is Tom Wolfe a satirist, but he is probably the greatest America has yet produced. Some might say that's no great compliment, since we haven't produced very many—and, until Wolfe, none of the first rank, unless you want to include Mark Twain in that category. We are not a nation where satire is required nor where it thrives—and for reasons that may not be readily apparent.

Satire is a genre best suited for repressive political regimes and highly structured societies. Absolute monarchy lends itself beautifully to satire, because the king not only has the authority to cut off the head of any critic, but he and his court also set strict standards for social conduct that all must follow if they are to be accepted in polite society. The 17th and 18th centuries in England and France were the perfect breeding grounds for the likes of Pope, Swift, and Moliere, because it was dangerous to criticize those in power openly or unambiguously. As a consequence, dissent had to be oblique and entertaining, nothing the satirist could be nailed for.

Regardless of the age in which he writes, the satirist says the unsayable, what the rest of society doesn't dare put into words for fear of summary execution or ostracism. So a satirist must not only be clever, but courageous.

There have been few unsayable truths in American history, and for that reason, our satirists have been tame and transient. They've been in no danger. A case in point is the period of the Vietnam War, when leftist literary figures, outraged by what they regarded as an unjust war, attempted to translate their strong feelings into works of literature. Activist Barbara Kanin wrote a play called *Macbird*, the cleverest part of which was its title; and Phillip Roth, an enormously talented novelist, tried his hand at political satire in an anti-Nixon polemic called *Our Gang*. Both works

were at best mediocre, enjoyed by those who agreed with their politics but soon relegated to the second-hand bookstores and the farthest reaches of memory.

Part of the problem was the ease with which Presidents Johnson and Nixon could be openly attacked in the press. Indeed, there were few reporters and commentators who were not saying more outrageous things about both men than did Kanin and Roth in their blunt works. The satirist doesn't really want license to say anything he wants to say openly and directly. The best



satirists must work overtime to break the literary taboos slyly, obliquely, and cleverly, while at the same time engaging all readers -- those who disagree with his viewpoint as well as those who share it. "The Rape of the Lock" is a very funny work. So is *Gulliver's Travels*. So are *Radical Chic*, *Mau-Mauing the Flak Catchers*, and *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. And they have to be funny to get away with what they are saying.

What is Tom Wolfe saying that is so outrageous, so dangerous? What in contemporary America could possibly be "unsayable"? If you want an answer to that question you have only to ask Jimmy the Greek, Andy Rooney, and any student at Harvard or Stanford or Dartmouth. The one thing you are forbidden to do in

twentieth century America is to say anything derogatory about the preferred minorities in our society.

You can call the nation's ruling politicians the most obscene epithets in the dictionary, and do so under your own name in a hundred newspapers and magazines. You can say anything you want about the Pope, whether or not the charge is true. You can suspend a crucifix in a jar of urine and have your right to Federal funding defended by the President of the United States. You can denounce community leaders, corporate CEOs, and churchgoers to the cheers and laughter of millions. You can single out Catholics and Southerners and Germans for stereotyping and invective and be accepted in polite company wherever you live. You can denounce motherhood as stupid and apple pie as fattening, and everyone will agree. You can burn the flag or wear it on the seat of your pants and the establishment will smile or else make a moist-eyed speech about the First Amendment.

But you can't say anything about the people Tom Wolfe takes on—not without being fired from your job, kicked out of school, shunned by your colleagues, dropped from invitation lists, opposed by your own political party, kicked, beaten, and ruined for life. You have to go to Nazi Germany or the Soviet Union to find a modern literary climate more repressive than the one that has arisen in our midst over the past two decades—

particularly in our colleges and universities, where the kind of ideas and sentiments expressed in Wolfe's books are forbidden and punishable, in many cases, by expulsion.

It is a time that cries out for the kind of satire practiced during the politically dangerous regimes of pre-modern periods—a time when to challenge the establishment is to risk your neck, or at the very least, your precious rear end. Few writers have the talent to speak out, and only one of those has shown the courage to do so—Tom Wolfe.

The miracle is that he's gotten away with it. His books are best sellers, which is understandable because he is perhaps the wittiest and most linguistically imaginative writer now living. But that's not all. He is also reviewed favorably in the

very best places, including the ideologically precise pages of *The New York Times*. He is adored by the epicene critics of leftist quarterlies, and featured on the covers of the most intellectually effete magazines, edited by some of the very people he pillories. And no one can figure out exactly why.

Swift probably was able to get away with *A Modest Proposal* in part because it was so funny, in part because most readers weren't precisely sure how to take it. The British saw it as directed against the Irish. The Irish saw it as savaging the British.

Tom Wolfe's work may be accepted for the same reasons. *Radical Chic* and *The Bonfire of the Vanities* are both hilarious books, one non-fiction, one fiction, both outrageous in their presumption. Leonard Bernstein probably didn't think Wolfe's depiction of his party for the Black Panthers was funny, but Bernstein's closest friends—at least the ones who weren't there—probably laughed harder than the rest of us, because, despite their affection, they must have known he was, at least on the surface, the jackass Wolfe showed him to be. And after reading *The Bonfire of the Vanities*, the Italians laughed at the Jews, the Jews laughed at the Blacks, and the Blacks laughed at the Whites. And all the Leftists thought it was a great expose of the greed of Wall Street, missing the penetrating portrait of a liberal society, terrorized by the Furies of its own decadent soul.

But are these people so stupid that they can't see what Wolfe is driving at? Many of them make a profession of getting their feelings hurt, so why isn't Wolfe on the same hit list as Michael Levin and Charles Murray and Jimmy the Greek? Well, in the first place, Wolfe's motives are quite different from those three. None of them intended to criticize the behavior of the people they were accused of defaming. And in the second place, no critic or columnist or television reporter has anything to fear from Levin or Murray or Jimmy. The first two are the most powerless of all people—college professors. And Jimmy the Greek is regarded as an inarticulate blowhard whose authority is confined to sports statistics and point spreads.

On the other hand, Tom Wolfe is

perhaps the most dangerous man in America to social critics, television personalities, New Yorker editors, pop artists, political gurus, and other contemporary royalty. Over two decades, under the guise of objective reporting, he exposed their immoderate weaknesses and deceptions. And by the time they woke up to what he was doing, he was too formidable a figure to ignore or destroy. Now they have to pretend they like him, that he is really on their side in the great cultural wars.

In the interviews in this volume he comes out from behind the mask and speaks in his own voice.

To Bill Moyers, who asked him if he didn't think Americans were the victims of thought control engineered by corporate puppeteers:

*I think it's the most absolute rubbish I've ever heard. This is the current fashion in the universities. I mean, a lot of it is at—you find it at places like Harvard and others; the notion that the masters—and this is a term you'll hear, the masters. It's another term for the establishment, the cabal, which is never located, incidentally, but that's the term — controls us not through military power, police power, and the obvious means, but by controlling the way we think. Frankly I can't remember a time when politics were more removed from corporate influence. Corporations are pussycats right now in the political arena, they're terrified.*

To William F. Buckley, Jr. on the phoniness of the current art establishment, collectors as well as painters:

*... art today is the religion of the educated classes. And I don't mean that by analogy, that it's like being Baptist in 1870. It is being a Baptist in 1870... I think [Greenberg's theories] are beautiful! And the reason they are beautiful is that they turned art into a game of Jeopardy. I think the game of Jeopardy is played by giving someone the answer to a question and then they have to give you the question. And this is what art became after 1945. The paintings became the answer—it's a puzzle picture—to the question. Start with Abstract Expressionism; Pop Art was the same thing; Minimal*

*Art, Op Art, Conceptual Art and so on. And then you had to know the question to complete the game. Now, this is something, despite the demurs of many, many people within the field of art—It's absolutely a new situation. There's never been a situation before in which you have to say, "Yes, but what's the theory?" when you look at a painting or a piece of sculpture. This has never happened before in the history of art.*

To Martin L. Gross, on the intellectual pretensions of New Yorkers:

*When I got to New York, I found that there are so many people who totally accept what is the current intellectual fashion and then pat themselves on the back for being nonconformist.*

To Gross again on the proliferation of promiscuity and pornography:

*I'll say. Even the smallest Baptist crossroads in the South. In addition to the Second Baptist Church and the hot-wax carwash and the Arby's and the general store with the Pepsi Cola medallions, there is now the village whorehouse on the side of the road—a windowless shack, painted black or maroon, with a big sign: "Totally All Nude Girl Sauna Massage & Encounter Sessions." They are even advertised in the local newspapers.*

No one knows for sure which contemporary American writers will be read 100 years from now, in part because we're in a period of literary recession, in part because the peculiar taste of any age causes its critics to be short-sighted and quirky. I believe that James Dickey is a great American poet and will be so regarded by future generations. I also believe that Madison Jones's novels will be read in the 21st century, even though they are neglected today. But I'm not absolutely sure about either of these predictions.

But I am sure about the man in the white suit. ☉

*L. W. May is a retired glazier and scholar.*

# SHORT STORIES

# & TALL

# TALES

## LAST STOP

by John Hamilton

It was a sultry, August afternoon in Atlanta. You took your tie off outside. I left my wife, with a kiss on the cheek, and descended into the Lenox MARTA Station. (The Metropolitan Atlanta Rapid Transit Authority runs a showcase public transportation system.) Ahead lay a 40 minute ride, south through town and down to the airport for a flight to Denver. My brother was waiting there with a cold beer.

The newspaper vending machines screamed headlines, about Saddam Hussein surrounding the embassies of those western countries calling his bluff demanding their evacuation. Young military personnel were conspicuously waiting to share my south-bound travel.

A portable radio, tuned to a country-western station, was broadcasting Hank Jr. daring "Sa-damn-don't give us a reason"—in country-rap fashion. A young man in a multi-stripped shirt and baggy light blue shorts was asking a group of young soldiers (3 black and 2 white) if they

were *all* from Nebraska.

The train whooshed up, throwing a breeze across my face. I got on the last car, lugging my bag, and sat down next to a pretty black girl about 17 years old. She moved her oversized handbag to accommodate my presence. As she started to turn her head, I politely said "howdy." This elicited a short but friendly "hello" in response. I waited in vain for a smile.

She was wearing her hair short, straightened and pulled back. Her dark sunglasses, stern expression and red lipstick tended to make her look a little older than I think she really was. There were vestiges of red fingernail polish on her fingertips. The train pulled out.

It was very quiet and cool in the air-conditioned car. The perspiration evaporating from my forehead left a tickling sensation on my skin. I noticed my neighbor stealing a glance at me every so often as she would fidget in her seat. I noticed myself reciprocating in like fashion though neither of us spoke.

Near the Five Points Station, midway through my ride, she gathered herself up to depart. I glanced at her as I prepared to let her out and was greeted with a singularly beautiful smile of pearl-white teeth. I responded in like fashion, though I doubt the pearl-whiteness of my teeth, and was rewarded with a giggle. I wished her a good day, feeling the better for having shared a smile with a stranger.

Most of my fellow passengers on MARTA disembarked at the Five Points station. Significantly fewer boarded. These included several young

black boys with hightop court shoes and rap group tee shirts. One of them sat next to me. They were followed by a young urban white woman and an elderly black gentleman. The black gentleman was obviously quite spry, though his short cropped gray hair, baggy clothes and well lined face bespoke a man over 65. These folks joined two black girls in their mid-twenties, two young teenage black girls up front, the white conductor, myself and an elderly white woman behind me.

The black gentleman wasted no time. "How you doing?" he directed to the three young black boys gathered around him. No one spoke, one chuckled. "What's the matter with you?" he asked.

He had a very slight grin on his thin face, his eyes were twinkling. "You're silly." He made split-second eye contact with everyone in the car, looking directly at the white folks for the first time.

"You're silly," he repeated. "You on drugs?" His smirk had disappeared.

"That's all you young folks know or want these days. It's pitiful. No work, all play and drugs. The white man gonna terminate us cause we're so useless. And *he* gonna wind up the victim of his own Hitler."

He paused and the grin returned to accompany the eyes that never quit sparkling.

"Where's your little girl?" he asked one of the boys.

The boy snickered and sniffed. "What you sniffin' for, you need more snow? I know what 'the little girl' is, you probably freebasing!"

At this the boys fell out laughing, "Man, how you know the rap?"



"I know" he responded. "I know a lot more than you. You ever been on a plantation?"

"No man, have you?" one boy tersely queried.

"Yassir, yassir I sho' have." The old man was obviously having fun now.

I thought to myself, how hard it had been for him to elicit responses from fellow African-Americans. How his challenges to communicate had made a mockery of their false bravado. He wanted to engage in repartee, seemingly to learn as well as teach.

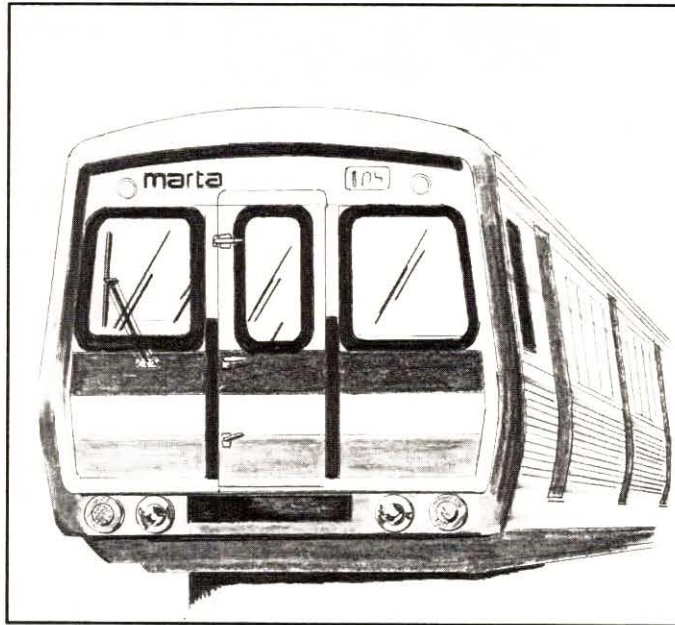
"Where's Governor Talmadge?" he again directed to the teenage blacks. This was met with quizzical looks. "He was one powerful white man who ran this great state of Georgia for a long time. You people (he hadn't looked at the whites for some time) don't know nothing about the South. You're pitiful. He had a look of consternation on his face now. He made eye contact with all of us again.

"This is the South. You should be proud to live here. Yassir, Yassir." His mimicking brought forth giggles from all of us. He seemed to be revelling in the fact that such sarcasm was a source of humor for all of us; as it illustrated the difference between the time of his youth and now. "You go west or north-white people hate you. Southern white folks are the best in the world. It's the truth. If they like you, it's 'cause they like you as an individual, 'cause you *not* a stupid negro and they'll share

the pie. If they don't like you—you done for. An' I don't care. Yep southern white folks they the best, I'm telling you."

Silence fell over the entire car, as we pulled into another station.

All the young boys but the one next to me got off. As the train pulled out, the smirk returned to the old man's lips. "What's today?" he joked to the young black girls. "Tuesday?" he asked with a laugh. (It was Friday.) The girls



looked down and away. This seemed to disturb the old gentleman. "Hey, maid, why you dropping your head? Are you colored? You a colored maid?"

She looked up and giggled—her friend was obviously not so amused.

He smiled and asked "Is this Atlanta?" No answer. "This Atlanta or Macon?" None of the African-Americans would favor him with a response. The urban white girl sheepishly gave the correct answer ending with a giggle, but he didn't acknowledge.

"Hey what's the matter with y'all?" The 'unamused' young woman scornfully told him to

"shut up."

He looked hurt, then he smiled and said with a wave of his hand "Oh hey, I'm just going on." She just glared at him with a look of contempt. His smile disappeared.

After a pause, "You're pitiful," he said. "But you're black, huh? You're *black* aren't you? Black power ain't gonna get you nothing if you can't communicate. You're black and you're ugly!"

"I'm retired, I'm free and I'm gonna get a piece of the pie. Call me Uncle Tom if you want, I don't care. You're the pitiful one. You're black and you're ugly."

He stood up in the tense silence as the train slowed to a stop, and stared out the window. "Y'all don't know nothin'."

The doors opened and he vanished. I turned to the black kid next to me and asked, "What'd you think of that guy?" All I got was a blank stare. "Do you think he was full of it?"

He paused and whispered, "Yep."

"You don't think he had any grains of truth in what he said?"

"I don't know" he answered as he looked down. "Maybe."

The train pulled into Hartsfield. "Last stop!" the conductor said.

I was already reaching for my pen. The old man had put the pressure on me. He had put the pressure on us all. I feel it still. ☺

*John Hamilton is a freelance writer who lives in Mill Spring, North Carolina.*

# CRITICUS ON TOUR

## Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Maybe not anymore, but they used to...

A suburban shopping mall was opened near Columbia, South Carolina a couple of decades ago on land vaguely known to the people of that area as The Dutch Fork. Looking for a gimmick, the advertising agency hired to promote the grand opening brought in the Dutch Ambassador and designed a logo for the mall based on the image of the Dutch windmill.

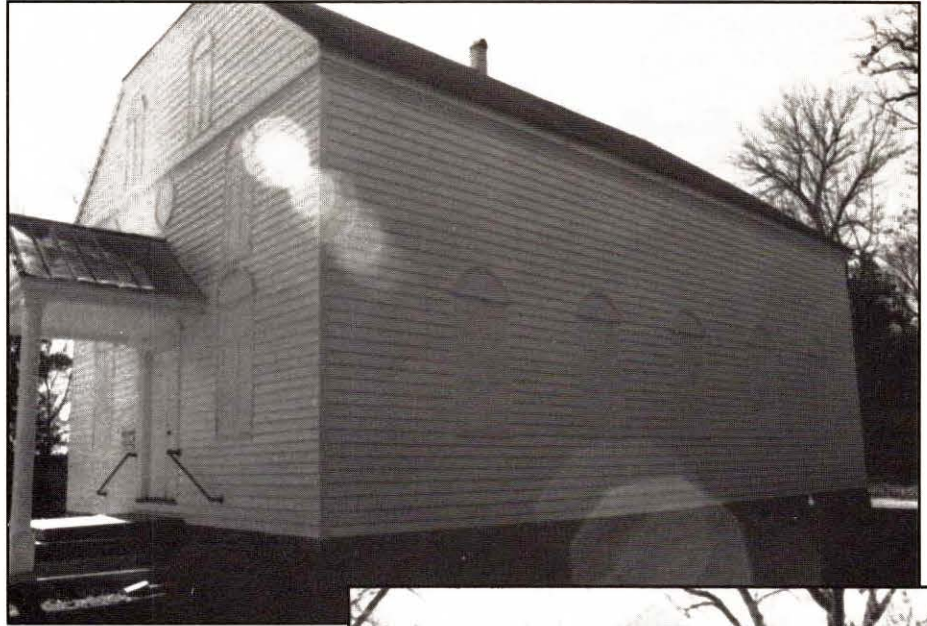
Ultimately, all this hype only served to embarrass the promoters, because the word "dutch" in Dutch Fork was merely an Americanization of the word "deutsch." The developers, usually a dumb lot, had built their mall in the middle of an old German settlement.

The forty-mile area triangulating from the juncture of the Broad and Saluda Rivers (just north of Columbia) now known as The Dutch Fork, was settled in the 1730s and 1740s by Germans of the Lutheran faith from the Rhineland and the Black Forest.

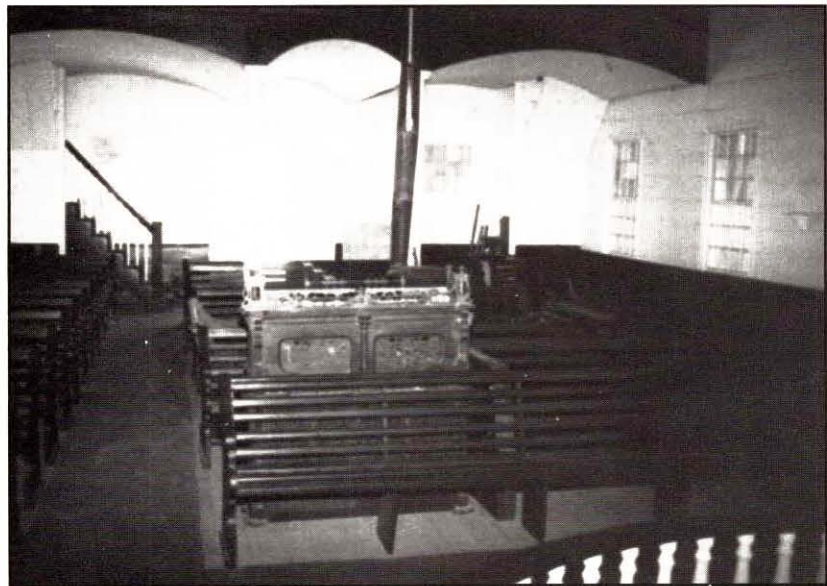
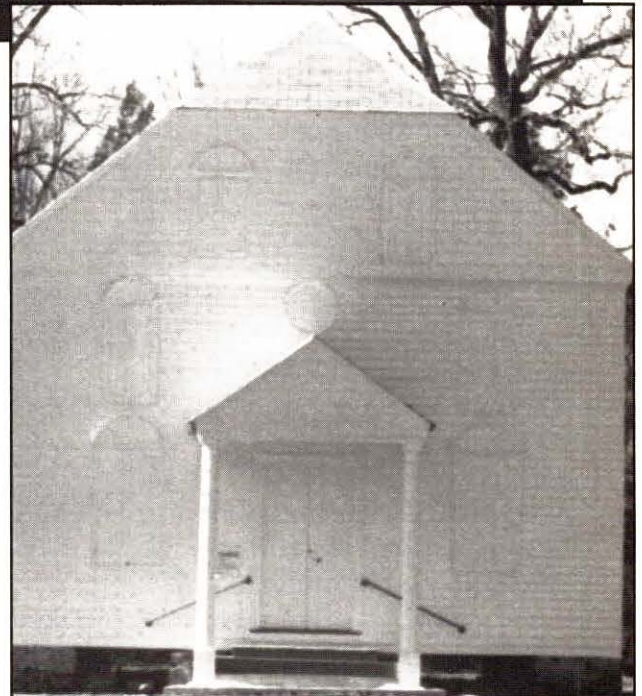
Descendants of these original German settlers still inhabit the area, as names like Epting, Eargle, Amick (Emig), and Koon (Kuhn) testify. In fact, today, this region of South Carolina has twice as many Lutheran churches as Baptist (and other) churches.

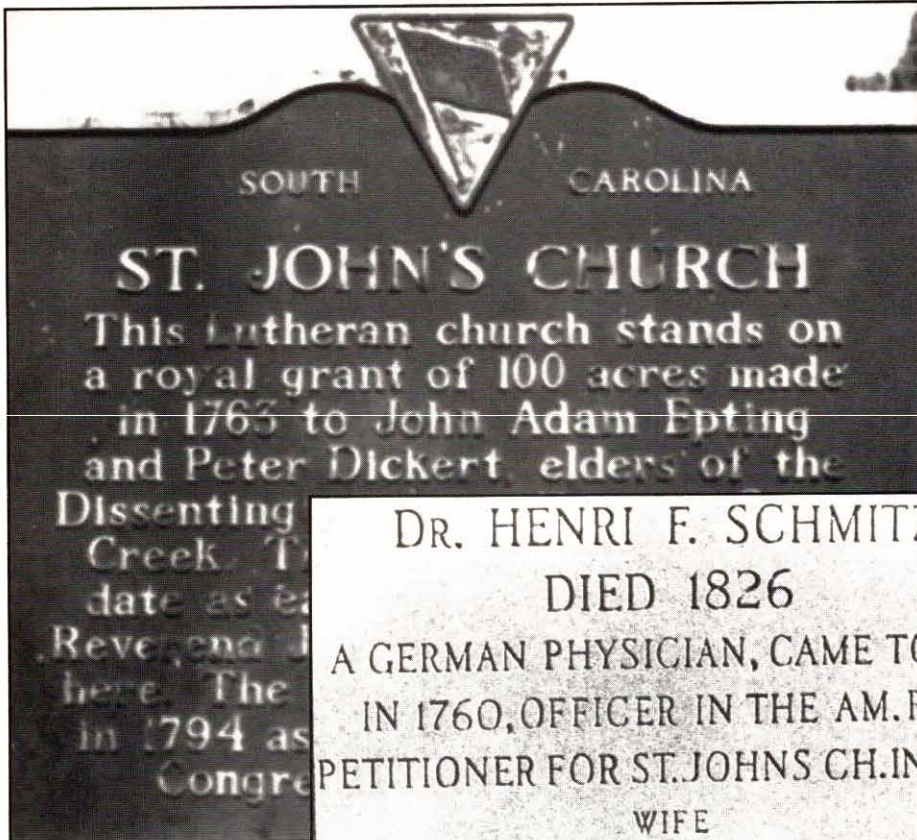
But little remains to remind us of the old days when the Dutch Fork was one of the most isolated areas of the state and when the language of its inhabitants was German.

One remarkable vestige of the "olden times" however, is a charming white frame wooden church, St. John's Lutheran. The church is one of the oldest German landmarks still standing in the American South and is located 30 miles north of Columbia, just outside the town of Pomaria. Built in 1809 and now



Exterior and interior  
of St. John's Lutheran  
Church in Pomaria,  
South Carolina.  
The church was built  
in 1809.





DR. HENRI F. SCHMITZ  
 DIED 1826  
 A GERMAN PHYSICIAN, CAME TO AMERICA  
 IN 1760, OFFICER IN THE AM. REV.  
 PETITIONER FOR ST. JOHNS CH. IN 1794  
 WIFE  
 ANNA MARY LEITNER  
 DAUGHTER OF MICHAEL LEITNER

IN MEMORIAM  
 HENRY BASFORD  
 CLARK, LT., C. S. A.  
 1820—1862  
 BORN—FREDERICK CO., MD.  
 SON OF  
 MARTHA & RICHARD  
 CLARK, JR.  
 GRANDSON OF  
 SUSANNAH STUART &  
 STEPHEN BASFORD, LT., A. R. A.  
 AVITO VIRET HONORE

Historical marker and grave markers from St. John's Church Cemetery.



on the National Registry of Historic Places, it stands on a 100 acre royal grant made to John Adam Epting in 1763.

When services were first held in the new church, they were conducted in German. But in 1817, the Reverend Godfrey Drehr began preaching in English. The change over to English reflected the fact that the younger generation wanted nothing to do with the language of their elders and considered the speaking of German as old fashioned and outmoded.

Dr. O. B. Mayer (1818-1891), the author of a number of works of fiction and non-fiction about the Dutch Fork, notes that at the beginning of the 19th Century everyone in the area spoke German but that by 1824 not a single one of the younger generation spoke the mother tongue.

The interior of the church is preserved much as it was 180 years ago. There are wooden slatted benches where the congregation sat, with the men and women sitting apart, a custom practiced until very recently. The altar and the "sounding bell" above the pulpit, rung to signify that the service was starting are in excellent condition as is the slave gallery, reached by a flight of stairs at the front of the church. Black slaves regularly attended the church and it was official Lutheran policy that they were to be given instruction in the Christian faith. Very likely, too, they received communion at the altar rail. It is interesting to note in this context that many of the religious denominations considered it obligatory to evangelize the slave population.

St. John's has a small graveyard just to the right of the church building. Here may be found, among others, graves of Dutch Forkers who served in the American War for Independence, the Confederate Army, and World War I.

The language and ways of life peculiar to the inhabitants of the Dutch Fork have long since disappeared, but the descendants of these Dutch Forkers still retain today a certain awareness of their heritage, especially expressed in cuisine. Many German recipes, such as liver nips and pastries, are still popular. But the special treasure is hidden away in the woods of Pomaria, St. John's Church—a quiet witness of a long vanished era. ☪

*Charles Scott Hamel is the publisher of the Southern Partisan.*

# CRITICUS ESSAY

## VMI MEETS THE NEW DOMINION

by Scott E. Belliveau

The Virginia Military Institute is currently wrestling with the U.S. Justice Department over its all-male admissions policy. During this imbroglio, VMI has taken plenty of hard knocks, because many people are unaware of the Institute's purpose.

VMI is a state college which has, since 1839, educated young men in a *military environment*. While VMI has produced many sterling military officers, its mission has *never* been the training of professional officers.

VMI holds that development of character and a sense of honor are vital missions of higher education. Cadets are exhorted, "Don't let your academics get in the way of your education." The VMI education is gained in its classrooms and on its playing fields but, most importantly, in its Barracks. Living cheek by jowl with 1,200 other men, you must conduct yourself in an honorable and upright way. Being challenged physically and morally, you swiftly learn the basics of character. (Or, you are swiftly exposed as having none.) VMI graduates have distinguished themselves in all walks of life, public and private. Their accomplishments bring only credit to VMI and the Commonwealth of Virginia.

The benefits of single-sex education defy empirical analysis. However, it can be said that, while definitely not for everyone, single-sex education is not devoid of value. Sweet Briar, Hollins, and Mary Baldwin are some of the Virginia colleges that admit only women and receive millions of dollars annually from Virginia. The value of an education a young woman receives at Sweet Briar isn't cheapened because she went to school with only women. Virginia's hands aren't soiled because these all-female col-

leges receive state funds. There are no great injustices being perpetrated by and at these colleges. So, too, with VMI. Why, then, should young men and women be denied the opportunity to attend such schools?

Yet there is much more to this controversy than just the admission of women to VMI. The assault on VMI and its traditions is being conducted by the same people who, for decades now, have been trying to foist their peculiar modernist notions of "equality" and "progress" onto the South. These people represent *The New Dominion*. Except for a few scalawags, most slouched to Dixie after setting their northern homelands firmly on paths to hell. Upon arriving in the Old Dominion, they immediately began surveying the route and mixing the concrete for Virginia's own eight-lane expressway to perdition.

In part, the attack of these "progressives" against VMI stems from their curious approach to Virginia's history. Normally, they use it to create decorative motifs ("A Williamsburg Christmas at all our stores") or to hawk real estate developments (heavily using the trappings of Virginia's Hunt Country – hunting pink, foaming steeds, baying hounds, nimble foxes). Come election time, though, they invoke Thomas Jefferson with both an astounding alacrity and an alarming frequency that could lead you to think that they are adherents to Jefferson's strict constructionism. In fact, the policies they twist the Sage of Monticello's words to promote share far more with Alexander Hamilton's idea of an intrusive central government than with Jefferson's agrarianism.

Don't expect any respect if you hail from a corner of the Old Dominion other than *Northern Virginia*, especially if you *dare* to question the grand plan for the New Dominion (a plan which is, in essence, much like that of Milton's Lucifer: to "make a Hell of Heaven"). An editorial in a Northern Virginia newspaper regarding Virginia Attorney-General

Mary Sue Terry's defense of VMI (before she followed Gov. Doug Wilder down the path to political "correctness" and abandoned the Institute) illustrated this attitude in bold strokes. The paper held that Ms. Terry's defense of the Institute could be, in large part, explained by her "roots" in "rural Patrick County." Perish the thought that it was a point of constitutional law that moved the Attorney-General! Terry had strayed off the reservation and her action was patronizingly explained by the fact that she was from the country. You know, a bumpkin, a hick. So much for the concepts of "diversity" and "understanding."

So, it comes as no *real* surprise that the adherents to the New Dominion don't like VMI. *The Wash-*



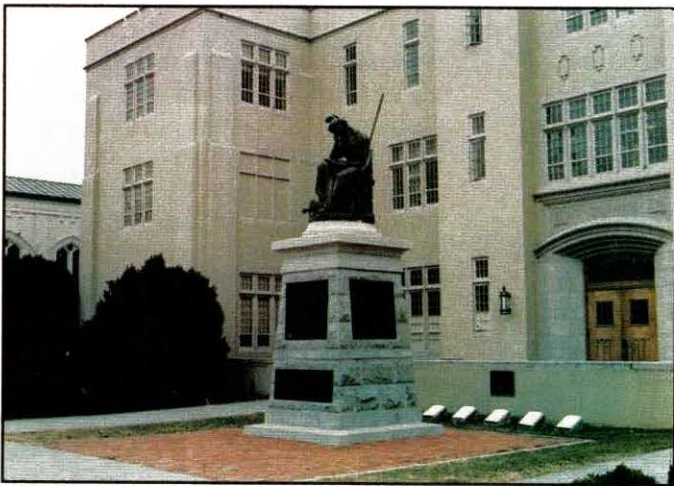
*ington Post's* resident man-hater, columnist Judy Mann, venomously described VMI as: "a medieval time warp, in which brotherhood is forged through sadomasochistic rituals in a forgotten monastery supported by the state for its own Byzantine purposes." Whew.

Some of VMI's opponents have taken an even lower road. Last February, Virginia State Senator Emilie Miller (she is from Fairfax County – *Northern Virginia*), appearing on CBS television, summed up her concerns with VMI by saying, "I have trouble with young men who want to shave their heads and shower together."

What is it about VMI that goads Mizz Mann to such a frenzied height and Senator Miller to such an odious low? Simply put, VMI refutes all they stand for. It exalts values of permanent worth – among them honor, duty and courage.

These values run contrary to the New Dominion's sacred credo of self and are anchored in a ground far firmer than the quagmires of "situational ethics" and "moral relativism" – the immutable accomplishments of Western Civilization.

VMI was founded in the belief that rigorous physical and academic training combined with a strong sense of honor would produce "gentlemen." In our modern times, the concept of a gentleman has either fallen from use or been cheapened to mean a man who merely refrains from belching—in your face. In Virginia, being a gentleman means protecting and pursuing with equal vigor "What Really Matters." And, "What Really Matters?" Some are concepts that most people today



cannot speak of without smirking; others are more tangible.

*Honor* is the primary value taught at VMI. The VMI Honor Code plainly states: "A cadet will not lie, cheat or steal, nor tolerate those who do." Fairness and honesty are not considered weaknesses. Quite the opposite, they are considered indications of strength. Successes achieved honorably – in sport, academics or business – are infinitely more satisfying and admirable than those gained with the currently pervasive win-at-all-costs attitude.

Another value is *responsibility* – responsibility for every aspect of your life. If you transgress the rules and regulations of VMI or the Corps' own Executive Committee, it is assumed that you knew what you were doing and, therefore, are prepared to accept the penalty. As has so often been said, ignorance is no excuse. Second, inscribed in Jack-

son Arch are the words of Stonewall Jackson, "You may be whatever you resolve to be." VMI underlines the word "resolve" in that statement.

At VMI, the past is respected as more than a guide to interior design. The greats in the pantheon of American history—George Washington, Robert E. Lee, and George C. Marshall – and the values which they embodied are venerated and cadets are urged to emulate them. Their achievements and their guiding principles are considered benchmarks for measuring not only what this *nation* is and what it may become but also what the *individual* is and may become.

One of those values is what Lee claimed to be "the most sublime": Duty, duty to family, duty to country. There are three statues cor-

responding to the three arches in Barracks at VMI – Washington, Jackson and Marshall. All three men answered, more than once, the call of duty and all three made enormous sacrifices (Jackson the ultimate) in their magnificent performances of it. Yet, probably, the most moving invocation of duty is the statue "Virginia Mourning Her Dead," which

commemorates the sacrifice of the Corps of Cadets at the Battle of New Market on May 15, 1864, ten of whom died (six of the New Market cadets are buried at the statue's base). Every year, the battle is commemorated with a solemn parade and ceremony.

A healthy respect for the past – tradition – loudly mocks the "progressive" notion that life is, well, made up as you go along and lived with neither a moral authority nor an intellectual foundation more substantive than your own visceral reactions and/or hormonal secretions. Those who see tradition and religion as bonds to be slipped have high-sounding rhetoric. At first blush, freedom and "realizing your potential" *sound* splendid. However, the reality of the rhetoric soon becomes clear – anarchy and decadence, cloaked in the words of liberation.

On a less ethereal plane, VMI believes in activities that reflect the higher values. For instance, we cheer lustily at the spectacle of a well-executed touchdown for we see sport as a splendid activity that builds bodies and character *and* is rollicking good fun. The New Dominion believes sport, by reason of its competitiveness, is inherently bad (such notions damn any pursuit of excellence). When we walk out with a fair lass or set out to woo and wed one, we *know* that many of the New Dominion sneer at this oh, so, conventional behavior. Our response: present the object of our love and desire with another bouquet of flowers.

As for social gatherings, as grand as The Gold Cup or as humble as the pre-game tailgater, the New Dominion reads some dark tribal purpose into it. In truth, we are basking in the glow of utter and sublime civility.

In short, those activities, attitudes, and values that the New Dominion wrinkle their noses at with utter distaste are those which VMI men unabashedly enjoy and embrace. Here's a secret: The New Dominion's frank disapproval makes VMI men enjoy them all the more.

In their haste to reach an ideal, those of the New Dominion are behaving like Jacobins. In a statement worthy of Robespierre, the president of Virginia's National Organization for Women said that she would be happy to see VMI "defunded and plowed under." They have lost the capacity of delineating what is good about the *Old Dominion* and what is bad about it. Thus, they blindly rush to erase all vestiges of the *Old Dominion*; for only then, they assert, can the *New Dominion* truly flourish. As with all the carnage and misery they have created elsewhere, in regard to their attack on VMI, one can only echo Edmund Burke, "in manifest failure of their abilities, they take credit for their intentions." ☛

**Scott E. Belliveau (VMI '83) is Director of Research at the National Conservative Foundation, which is located in Alexandria, Virginia.**

# CRITICUS BOOKS

## CLOSING THE SOUTH GATE

By Mark Royden Winchell

### A review of:

**The Reactionary Imperative: Essays Literary and Political**  
By M.E. Bradford. Peru, Illinois: Sherwood Sugden, 1990. Pp. 230. \$23.50 (cloth); \$10.95 (paper).

The cover picture on M.E. Bradford's new book—*The Reactionary Imperative*—is from Robert Gibb's "The Closing of the South Gate at Hougoumont." Here, Wellington's brave forces are holding off the Napoleonic rabble in a battle near Waterloo. Although the good guys won that day, their subsequent victories have been few and far between. The revolutionary hubris we have seen in the past two centuries would have put even Bonaparte to shame, and the name "Wellington" is most recognizable today as a way of preparing beef.

In the academy, conservative cultural criticism remains something of a novelty. (Given the wave of freedom that is sweeping Eastern Europe, American universities are about the only place in the world where the Left is still securely in power.) Even rarer is a scholar of Bradford's fidelity to principle. Unlike many conservatives, who are concerned only with the nuances of tax policy—worse yet—with the effectiveness of thirty-second sound bites, Bradford realizes that it is the shape of culture (what Russell Kirk calls the "permanent things") that mat-

ters most. (When one considers the popularity of such books as *The Closing of the American Mind* and *Cultural Literacy* and the current furor over the perversions of the National Endowment for the Arts, it is clear that millions of ordinary Americans also care about their culture.) That is why he is intent not only on restoring ordered liberty to our civic life, but also on reclaiming our literary patrimony.

As a critic, Bradford is best known for his work on William Faulkner. Not surprisingly, the three Faulkner essays in the present volume amply demonstrate the profound social conservatism of America's greatest novelist. (In his discussion of Frost, Bradford does the same for one of America's greatest poets.) Bradford will not allow us to reduce *Absalom, Absalom!* to a parable of race or a Gothic tale of incest. He tells the incorrigibly romantic reader of "The Bear" that Ike McCaslin is no primitivist saint but an irresponsible solipsist. Perhaps most impressive, Bradford's discussion of Faulkner's little known short story "There Was a Queen" speaks volumes about the role of women in a properly organized society. As Orwell said of Dickens (and Norman Podhoretz said of Orwell), Faulkner is "a writer well worth stealing." The modernists and postmodernists have tried their best to do so by emphasizing the Mississippian's innovations in narrative technique. Bradford reminds us that these innovations were simply new ways of stating old, and unfashionable, truths.

The one essay in which Bradford confronts the current literary scene is a devastating critique of the contemporary theatre. What was historically a communal art form, appealing to high and low audiences and affirming the shared values of a given culture, has become the elitist province of an alienated clerisy. The only shared values

affirmed in today's theatre are the ideological prejudices and personal eccentricities of a very narrow stratum of Manhattan. To be sure, there are signs of health in the work of such European playwrights as Max Frisch and Eugene Ionesco. And there is always the option of reviving the great plays of the past. But, for the most part, the contemporary stage violates rather than mirrors nature.

When turning his attention to the political battlefield and to that bloody crossroads where—as Lionel Trilling contends—literature and politics meet, Bradford is even more adept than when he is merely reading texts. In an age when virtually every political opportunist claims to be some kind of conservative, Mel Bradford (like classic Coke) is the real thing. So much so that during the early days of the Reagan administration a coalition of Republican moderates and neoconservatives prevented him from being nominated to head the National Endowment for the Humanities. It is, therefore, a tribute to Bradford's generosity and integrity that he has included in *The Reactionary Imperative* a glowing review of the work of arch-neoconservative Norman Podhoretz. In praising Podhoretz's *The Bloody Crossroads*, Bradford acknowledges that its author—the editor of *Commentary*—is not only a brilliant literary critic but a fellow warrior against totalitarianism abroad and cultural nihilism at home. But at the same time Bradford lets us know that the essentially secular, urban, and cosmopolitan values of neoconservatism are not those of the Southern Agrarian. The two may temporarily unite against a common enemy, but during times of peace, they go their separate ways.

While the neocons long resisted the label "conservative" because they thought it overstated the case, Bradford suspects that it

may not be strong enough to describe what he sees himself as being. If we understand conservatism in the simplistic generic sense of preserving the status quo, then it is the Left that has most to gain from being conservative. Making essentially this point, Bradford notes that " 'Reaction' is a necessary term in the intellectual context we inhabit late in the twentieth century because merely to conserve is sometimes to perpetuate what is outrageous. A standard for distinguishing between two kinds of reverence for a tested past can be drawn from the recent behavior of radical Federal judges and their apologists who have the audacity to argue a case for stare decisis with respect to precedents laid down by the High Court under the leadership of Chief Justice Warren." What is needed is a willingness to turn back the clock. Unfortunately the neo-conservatives would turn it back no farther than the Cold War fifties. Bradford would go them at least a century better.

Perhaps the spirit of liberalism was best summed up when Bobby Kennedy quoted George Bernard Shaw: "You see things; and you say 'Why?' But I dream dreams that never were; and I say 'Why not?'" (What Kennedy always neglected to mention was that Shaw wrote these words for the Serpent to tempt Eve with in his play *Back to Methuselah*.)

This is the sort of sensibility that Bradford finds most dangerous, even when it is advocating policies he might find personally congenial. Governments are established among men not to usher in the millennium or even to aid the upward spiral of history,

but only to maintain a certain civic peace. In place of a teleocratic politics of either the Left or the Right, Bradford defends tradition and organic change. He describes himself as a Whig and a republican. His immediate provenance may be the American South; however, his philosophical roots extend back to the England of Edmund Burke.

At the heart of Bradford's position is a paradox that can easily be mistaken for a contradiction.



How can one advocate a politics of evolution and consensus and yet oppose so much of the actual consensus that has evolved in this country since Appomattox? The solution to this conundrum lies in Bradford's conception of society. To his mind, the notion of a national community is an oxymoron. (Only when we are rallying around the flag in time of war does this concept have even a metaphorical plausibility.) When we try to legislate for a society larger than the local community, we inevitably deal in abstraction—the larger the polity, the more abstract the legislation. Carried to its logical conclusion, the process of cen-

tralization leads to the absurd spectacle of the United Nations trying to enforce the equally absurd principle of international law.

Seen in this light, Bradford's antipathy for Abraham Lincoln makes perfect sense. It was Father Abraham who turned a nation of sovereign states into a pagan idol called the Union. What's more, Bradford reminds us, "Lincoln did not save 'the Union as it was.' Rather, as the

*scholarship tends to agree, he played the central role in transforming it forever into a unitary structure based on a claim to power in its own right, a teleocratic instrument which, in the name of any cause that attracts a following, might easily threaten the liberties of those for whose sake it existed."*

Those liberties are safe only to the extent that we keep the Bill of Rights intact, with particular emphasis on the Tenth Amendment. During the Reagan years we saw that even those who call themselves conservatives are not

always interested in conserving the right of communities to be themselves. More than the declared enemy, it is these putative friends against whom Bradford would have us close our own South Gate. ♣

*Mark Royden Winchell is professor of English at Clemson University and managing editor of the South Carolina Review. His book, The Vanderbilt Tradition, an edited collection of essays was recently released by LSU.*

# CRITICUS BOOKS

## PORTRAIT OF A POPULIST

By Tommy W. Rogers

A review of:  
*David Duke: Evolution of a  
Klansman* By Michael Zatarain  
(Pelican Pub. Co., Gretna, La.,  
1990, 304 pages)

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*As one elderly woman said on a recent radio talk show, "The rich people, they got the Republicans, and the blacks, they got the Democrats. But for working people, we got David Duke."*

--conclusion of *Evolution of a Klansman*

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Barry Goldwater was widely presented as an ogre of American politics—an unbalanced villain who searched for little girls on whom to drop atomic bombs. More recently Judge Bork was the recipient of the concerted barrage of vituperation from proponents of a Jacobinist Good State. George Wallace drew the howling cacophony of imperialist illiberals as he stood up for America during the period of American renaissance refracted through the American Independent Party. Historically, there was the focused enmity of the establishment directed toward the Populist Bryan, Andrew Johnson and Roger Taney from the perspective of Thaddeus Stevens and kindred ilk, Jacksonian Democracy as viewed by Daniel Webster and the Whigs, and Jefferson as interpreted for public consumption by the Federalists. Today, there is Louisiana State Representative David Ernest Duke. Duke, who is Populist, radically conservative, Jacksonian, Jeffersonian, is such an indigenous expression of these phenomenological homologies that he too veritably "shines and stinks like a dead mackerel in the moonlight." The official line is that Duke equates with such malodorous repulsiveness that no license is rightly spared in pronouncing just con-

demnation.

What it all means is that you're supposed to loathe David Duke with knee-jerk reflex. It's a kind of litmus test of respectability, a doctrinal co-adjustment of morality and practicality. You do pledge allegiance to the mantra that Duke is *persona non grata* don't you? You do want Sin City to get the Super Bowl don't you? You do join in the incantation that Duke is strictly offal don't you? The Republican National Committee says so. George Will says so. Even the party of James Wright presumes to occupy moral ground in demanding everybody to say so.

It is not Duke's history of KKK association, nor his alleged Nazi adumbrations, which is the real gripe; rather, it is Duke's challenge to consensus politics. The party of Jesse Jackson's "Rainbow Coalition" scurried for the rocks when Duke revealed his presidential candidacy and Sunshine Coalition in 1987. The Democrats were in no mood for tolerance for a candidate concerned about "affirmative" discrimination, welfare profligacy, the taxation holocaust or an imperial judiciary. "A fraud and a sham on the political process" declared National Committee Chairperson Paul Kirk.

"I don't think they want a young person who is standing up for the rights of the American majority," Duke observed. And they quite well did not.

Neither have GOP political brokers taken Duke's invasion of their operational bailiwick without strenuous objection of war room intensity, including the personal attention and opposition of Ronald Reagan, George Bush, and the Republican National Committee. As an authentic spokesman for the genre of yeomanry to whom William Graham Sumner so artfully drew attention in his expressions on behalf of "the forgotten man," Goppers have wanted no more to do with Duke than the Donkeys in the era of Jimmy "The Trilateral" Carter wanted to do with Rep. Larry McDonald (D-GA). As of this writing Duke has not been gunned down, although he was poisoned to near death status by a chicken salad on an El Al flight from Tel Aviv. But, danger and reprisal in pursuit of the eternal vigilance Edmund Burke aptly noted to be the price of liberty are nothing new to Duke.

Duke is first and primarily an interloper into consensus politics, an idealistic, pluralistic archenemy of the syncretic alliance between the claims to transcendental capital and the Omnipotent State. As a Populist

spokesperson for a recapturing of the American *ideal*, Duke stands outside the *status quo*. Populists who have the indigenous appeal Duke's idealism has roused among the *hoi polloi* are more dangerous than assimilable. Consequently, Duke is subject to various forms of harassment by gestapo tactics plus milder strategies of discrediting. To Leviathan's predictable servants, Duke merits excoriation as irredeemably vile. To the media, "Duke" has become an adjectival modifier for the most reprehensible strain of *undesideratum* to infect American politics. To author Zatarain, Duke has a dream—"a Norman Rockwell America, led by white Christians with strict ethics."

Zatarain, sizing himself by his vituperation of Duke, scales Duke as a "pitied" representative of "racism and anti-Semitism" who has "devoted his life to negative [sic] politics." Leave off the charge of "racist" which appears so ubiquitously and the book would be about a third shorter. The *ad infinitum* scholastic description of the idealistic Duke as "the racist" in the most incongruous contexts makes *The Evolution of a Klansman* more of a religious statement, a repetitious litany by which the author declares his virtue, than an exercise in journalistic craftsmanship. Although the book probably does not merit other than institutional purchase unless at distress sale price, it does have some redeeming merit in that (a) Duke is such a good subject that the book is not a bad effort as long as the author permits the story to tell itself without interjecting interpretive high notes, and (b) the insight into Duke evident in the story of Duke himself apart from the editorial overkill could result in reader backlash as one learns the facts about Duke and his life. That story is Duke from his adolescent ardency for AuH<sub>2</sub>O in '64 through his political jailing and abuse for his support of George Wallace, the high school and collegiate Duke determined to look in-depth at variant sides of issues, the outstanding ROTC student blackballed from an intended military career because of his outspoken civilian anticommunism, Duke's outstanding record for the State Department teaching English to Lao officers.

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*"Doctor, you have advocated the redistribution of wealth in America from the rich to the poor. You say that we need a revolution in this country. You also say that there are people starving in America ... If you are really sincere, are you willing to give up your island*



**and your yacht voluntarily, here and now, and give them to the poor ... something you want the government to force on everyone else?"**

—Collegian David Duke questioning Benjamin Spock at LSU Lyceum, 1970.

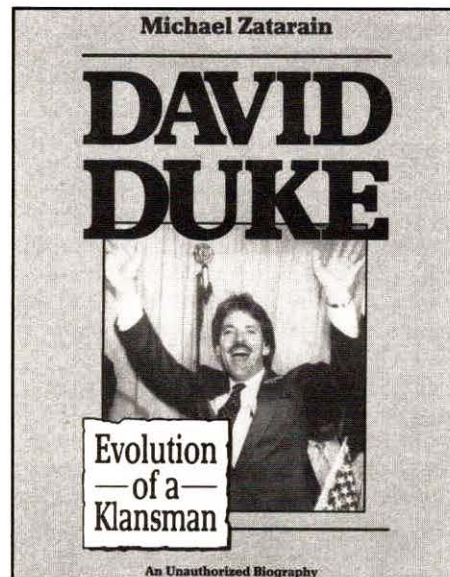
There are impressive consistencies in the evolving and developing Duke. He operates from an information-based perspective, and he is capable of recognizing and evaluating multiple and contrasting viewpoints. His willingness to labor and anecdotes of nonexploitative perspective (even as to salesmanship) are impressive. Duke is environmentally sensitive and near-Agrarian in his concern for the human spirit and Anglican ideals as opposed to subjugation to the Leviathan State and the technological apparatus. And, he recognizes the contrast between "free enterprise" and the amassing and circulation of huge amounts of capital.

Impressive also is Duke's respect for ethnic pluralism which has been broadened by experience and observation. The contrast between the participant-observer Duke and the touring F. D. Roosevelt at a similar age presents a striking difference in capacity for appreciation and respect for cultural reality. Duke, unlike observers enamored with the illiberal mindset which naively presumes that the world would surely conform to the illiberal's image if arrayed in proper fashion, has been able to observe and learn without imperialistic compulsion to conform all mankind to his ideals. Thus, Duke has a fundamental respect for diversity without imposing his brand of secular salvation. But, he readily admits to being a racial idealist (a notion that a nation's greatest resource is the quality of its people), and he does *not* want the U. S. to become a third world nation.

There is a picture in the book that is both ludicrous and poignant of a lone eagle college youth dressed in a Nazi uniform picketing a William Kunstler speech with a sign reading "Gas the Chicago 7." Duke became a legend at LSU's Free Speech Alley, which was dominated by Students for a Democratic Society in the 1969-1970 era before Duke democratized the forum with iconoclastic pronouncements on Abby Hoffman, Jerry Rubin, the Rosenbergs, "the Zionist Dr. Kissinger," and the government's war on American teenagers by locking American soldiers into an "Asian war" it had no interest in winning. And when black students claimed defense of civilization against criminal activ-

ities by blacks was "racism," it was the "racist" Duke who took on the task of speaking out.

There's a picture too of Duke in his "Nazi period" carrying a copy of U. S. fighter pilot George Lincoln Rockwell's *White Power*. Duke has always been one to bring balance to a forum, often with such reasoned accuracy and preciseness as to be without the boundaries of imprimatur. Even as a collegian Duke's efforts to break through the communication blackout were fogged by assigning to him ideas opposite to those expressed. Nevertheless, Duke's anticommunism remained uncompromising. A time of paranoia, Zatarain explains (and he is *not* referring to Jane Fonda). It was during this time that the idealist Duke's exuberance exceeded what would prove to be his long-term inter-



ests—thus the picture of Duke in Nazi uniform in the midst of three dozen Black Panthers protesting the appearance of "Viet Cong Kunstler" at Tulane. As Duke put it in retrospect: "I was trying to show that Kunstler was anti-America. I was young, and I may not have been right for wearing the uniform, but I was right about Kunstler."

Here's the sum of Duke the Nazi. "Although he read a great deal about National Socialism, David was never a member of the Nazi Party." So what's the flotsam about Duke the unsavory Nazi everyone wants to censure? As for Nazism as a movement or program, it contrasts with Duke's libertarianism, but that is irrelevant to Duke's real crime: "...Duke still investigated its extremist ideology." Even Zatarain recognizes Duke was/is "not a Nazi," as does everyone else whose speech is not an echoing of falsehoods. However, philosophical

and personal similarities between Duke and Lindbergh are strong. It is not 1927 or 1940, but Duke's defeat of Rep. John Traficant (D-OH) in 1987 for the Populist Party's presidential nomination that made him that party's standard bearer in 1988. George Will hates Populists, thinks my favorite Congressman of the half-century (John Rarick, D-LA) a "rabble-rousing race baiter," and is in print with the opinion that David Duke's concern for population quality indicates Duke is "mentally ill." To Will, Duke's association with the Populist Party is Nazism. Indeed, Duke does continue to feel that "the quality and spirit of our people" continues to be a most important issue of our time. As Francis Schaeffer aptly pointed out (*How Should We Then Live*, 1976), the history of a people is to a large degree the outworking and the applied consequence of the values by which men live. Duke and Schaeffer are correct.

The need for discrediting Duke is so great, and the designation "Nazi" so opprobrious, that a "Nazi" Duke is needed—by John Treen, by Lizzy Rickey, by the Rev. Pat Robertson. Instant credibility is established by distancing oneself from Duke. Robertson proved himself as opportunistic as presumptuous in a November 16, 1990 pronouncement associating Duke with "Nazis" and "racism" while simultaneously announcing himself "violently (*really*, Mr. Robertson?) opposed to racism." Here's to you, Rev. Robertson: "During the U.S. Senate debate on the Civil Rights Act of 1964 yo daddy (Sen. Willis Robertson, D-VA) told who yo granddaddy rode with for the South in the late unpleasantness of the War of Northern Aggression, so yo ain't exculpated yo self by shouting from the housetop that you glossolalized an all black church in Brooklyn in 1959." Rev. Robertson's "leadership" was applauded by Louisiana Republicans who are *not* part of the Robertson-controlled cadre. "I don't think it was very Christian of him to judge me without even speaking to me," was the idealist's response.

And what about Duke the Klansman, therefore, *ipso facto*, by definition, the ignorant, bigoted promoter of violence. Yes, Virginia, Representative Duke has been a Klansman and has been at gatherings where crosses were ceremonially lighted against the darkness, shades of Nathan Bedford Forrest, if not Hugo Black. The *Klan of Duke's support* was not a Klan which, in contrast to the civil riots movement which strategically needed and provoked re-

taliatory violence, promoted or tolerated violence. Duke's "racism" is classically illustrated by his view that: "If it's wrong to discriminate against a person because he is black, then it is equally wrong to discriminate against a person because he is white."

Duke was elected to the Louisiana Legislature in 1989 over the personal opposition of Ronald Reagan and of the Republican National Committee and local campaigning by Republican rump political hack John Treen, brother of former governor Dave Treen, that stands out for its tasteless depravity even for this age and that place. A victory over political control of the mass media, the PACs, a victory for the taxpayer, for the poor people who want the drug-dealers and abusers out of their housing projects, a victory for those who believe in true equal rights for all, Duke announced to his supporters election night, "Only in America could a candidate facing such establishment opposition succeed." The ictus of exhilaration—"DUKE! DUKE! DUKE! DUKE!" filled the hall.

Black representatives with activist records in the NAACP took to the house floor in a litany of condemnation of "the racist" for belonging to the National Association for the Advancement of White People (NAAWP). And colleagues avoided the genial Duke like a plague. While George Bush held the budget hostage to get Democratic cooperation to gas tax the *hoi polloi*, Representative Duke had made his influence felt in opposition to Governor Buddy Roemer's effort to bushwack working class Louisianans by convincing them prosperity required higher regressive taxes. "No new taxes," answered Duke. "Read my lips."

Republican regulars have taken Duke's success hard. Treen campaigner Lizzy Rickey has been a sommelial termagant of persistent loquacity in the effort to publicly gas Duke. Her resentment at the intrusion of a successful Populist into the seraglio of "good ole boy" politics and benison distribution appears to have surgingly her with a motivating hatred of Duke sufficient to energize a quest similar to the unforgiveability of Liberals toward Tricky Dicky of Whittier for his perceived role in the unveiling of Alger Hiss. Duke's failure to censor reading material and his provision of access to unpopular books through his bookstore, and his lack of political cynicism and failure to heap condemnation on everyone associated with the Populist Party, have been cause for Rickey's recidivist efforts to garner public condemnation of Duke.

Republican political brokers know just how much of a threat Duke is. The 1990 U.S. Senatorial election in Louisiana presented a challenge to state and national Republican officials as great as the GOP's need to stop Taft in 1952. In Louisiana's open primary, the two top contenders meet in a runoff if one candidate does not receive a majority. The Duke candidacy presented such a scare to the syncretic relations among the brokers of political benison that, apart from strategic Republican efforts to reelect Democratic political hack J. Bennett Johnston, David Duke might well be Senator Duke today. Republican strategy was to elect Johnston on the first ballot and avoid a runoff which could result in Duke's election. Official Republican endorsement went to State Sen. Ben Baggart. In Baggart's lexicon, Duke's ideals made him a "maggot." *Persona non grata* who could never be acceptable, declared RNC Chairman Lee Atwater. Covering the waterfront, Ollie North in for Baggart. In Alaskan Republican Senator Ted Stevens on a mission of decency—not in support for Baggart, but to push Johnston. If a jurist of Bork's unrivaled qualifications should receive a judicial nomination, or the American canal in Panama need to be given away again, the Senate could use a veteran of Johnston's proven record. Two days before the election, Baggart pulled out. The timing is strategic—after the absentee votes have been cast, and Baggart's name appears on the election ballots. The votes cast for Baggart on election day are not counted as part of the vote. Johnston thus gets a plurality. The populist gentleman Duke, running against the big mules of both parties cooperating to keep him out of Washington, where he could be a real threat to consensus politics, drew 44% of the vote.

A *Sports Illustrated* writer makes a whining commentary on ESPN December 4, 1990, of the desirability of delivering tribute to sports goons for a two months, take fenced through the tax deductibles of businessman-playboy owners which exceed the multigenerational incomes of the working *hoi polloi* whose broad tax-paying shoulders have financed the world since World War II. The writer-commentator castigates the voters of Arizona for their failure to pay the proper homage to a contemporary icon which modern affectation demands and affirms the recrimination which that nonsubservient act is said to merit. Bob Ryan of the *Boston Globe* chimes in that 44% of the Louisiana electorate voted for Duke, and

that, he gratuitously opines, "is scary."

Duke is not goosestepping. And he is not fading away. The December 29, 1990 *Baton Rouge Morning Advocate* notes a feting of GOP brass by former governor Dave Treen in an effort to bring the Republican Convention fracas to Sin City. State Party Chairman Bill Nungesser is quoted: "I hate to have that Duke thing mess it up." Republicans, readers are advised, fear the negative publicity that Duke would bring to the Party. A *Los Angeles Times* report is quoted that Goppers are concerned that Duke may run for governor. The adjoining column tells of a rampage by bicycle riding thugs who went on a ten minute spree of mayhem and murder in Los Angeles, chasing down a mother of four and stabbing her to death while onlookers told her to "Hush up, woman!" as she shouted for help. Antoine's, gladiatorial excercises between the Saints and Rams and the Sugar Bowl at the indoor coliseum, fiddling at the Brewery near Jackson Square, and fear of the negative publicity if Duke should announce for governor, are on tap. On January 4, 1991 Duke tentatively announced. Political brokers are burying their silverware. A new Galahad threatens the privileges exercisable at the trough. ☸

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Tommy W. Rogers, formerly of the sociology faculty at Northwestern State College of Louisiana, and Georgia Southern College, now in exile from the academy for a decade plus seven years, resides in Jackson, Mississippi, where he is disguised as a drone in a bureaucracy.



# ANGUISHED ENGLISH

by Richard Lederer



*a collection of fluffs and flubs, goofs  
and gaffes, boners and boo boos*

## Two-Headed Headlines

Behind every newspaper headline lurks a newspaper deadline. The men and women who compose headlines work within pressing restrictions of time and space. They must compact large-size print into narrow column widths, and their brief messages must clearly state the theme of each story, keep words intact, be attractive to the eye, and catch the reader's attention. On top of that, each headline must be written in a fraction of the time thought humanly possible.

No wonder that, on occasion, editors get caught with their headlines down, and, exposed to as many as several million readers, the bold-face botch becomes a red-face result.

STIFF OPPOSITION EXPECTED TO CASKETLESS  
FUNERAL PLAN

ALL-STARS TURN ON SPARSE CROWD

HALF-MILLION ITALIAN WOMEN SEEN ON PILL

SAFETY EXPERTS SAY SCHOOL BUS PASSENGERS  
SHOULD BE BELTED

S. FLORIDA ILLEGAL ALIENS CUT IN HALF BY  
NEW LAW

BRITISH LEFT WAFFLES ON FALKLAND ISLANDS

LUNG CANCER IN WOMEN MUSHROOMS

EYE DROPS OFF SHELF

SQUAD HELPS DOG BITE VICTIM

AMERICAN SHIPS HEAD TO LIBYA

LAWYERS GIVE POOR FREE LEGAL ADVICE

ENRAGED COW INJURES FARMER WITH AX

LAWMEN FROM MEXICO BARBECUE GUESTS

MINERS REFUSE TO WORK AFTER DEATH

HITLER, NAZI PAPERS FOUND IN ATTIC

SILENT TEAMSTER BOSS GETS UNUSUAL PUN-  
ISHMENT, LAWYER

TWO SOVIET SHIPS COLLIDE, ONE DIES

2 SISTERS REUNITED AFTER 18 YEARS IN CHECK-  
OUT COUNTER

KILLER SENTENCED TO DIE FOR SECOND TIME  
IN 10 YEARS

COMMUTER TAX ON NEW YORKERS KILLED IN  
NEW JERSEY

Richard Lederer's book, *Anguished English*, is published in the South by Wyrick and Company, 12 Exchange Street, Charleston, South Carolina 29402.

# SOUTHERN SAMPLER

BY WILLIAM F. FREEHOFF

## ON THE PAST

No people who teach their youth to be proud of their past need ever despair of their future.

*Chaplain James B. Avirett,  
Ashby Cavalry, CSA*

## ON FEMINISTS

...in trying to double-sex themselves (such women) unsex themselves, losing all that is lovely in woman and getting what is odious in man.

*Joseph Glover Baldwin, 1853*

## ON WOMEN 'RATS' AT VMI

How can you yell at a lady and still be a gentleman?

*Cadet Toney Zang, 1990*

## ON THE SUPREME COURT

The Constitution...is a mere thing of wax in the hands of the judiciary.

*Thomas Jefferson*

## ON PRINCIPLE

I hold concession or compromise to be fatal.

*John Caldwell Calhoun*

## ON PREJUDICE

Life without prejudice, were it ever to be tried, would soon reveal itself to be a life without principle.

*Richard Weaver*

# CRITICUS BOOKS

## **REBEL TO THE CORE** by Mark R. Brewer

A Review of:  
**The Diary of Edmund Ruffin,  
Volume III: A Dream Shattered—  
June, 1863— June 1865. Edited  
and with an introduction by  
William Kauffman Scarborough.  
Baton Rouge: Louisiana State  
University Press, 1989. Pp. xlv +  
993.**

The old man listened as the carriage pulled away. He was finally alone in the house. He walked calmly across the bedroom, picked up the musket he had carried on the field at Manassas, and carefully loaded it.

His hopes and dreams were shattered. He had outlived his wife and had buried eight of their eleven children. Of the three who lived, two were estranged. He did not wish to be a burden to the one child who remained, but his age and infirmities would make him so.

Marlbourne, his prized plantation, had been desecrated and all but destroyed by enemy soldiers. The house stood, but damages were in excess of \$150,000, and the slaves had all gone.

The war he had worked so hard to bring about was lost. The angry red banner had been furled for the last time. Already the hated troops in blue were moving in. He was seventy-one years of age, and all that he had done had come to nothing. Only humiliation and loneliness awaited him. The old man sat at his desk and rested his musket on his lap. Then he turned to his diary for a final entry.

*I here repeat, & would willingly proclaim, my unmitigated hatred to Yankee rule—to all political, social, & business connection with Yankees, & to the perfidious, malignant, & vile Yankee race.*

Setting down his pen, the old man then braced the butt of his musket against a trunk and stuck the muzzle in his mouth. With a stick, he stabbed at the trigger. A loud explosion followed.

Edmund Ruffin had joined his beloved South in violent death.

The life of Edmund Ruffin was the story of "the rise and fall of the Old South." So wrote Avery O. Cra-ven, an early Ruffin biographer. Born during the administration of President Washington, Edmund Ruffin had inherited his father's plantation and slaves at the age of eighteen, shortly after returning home from a brief stint in the army during the War of 1812. He took a wife and soon settled into the quiet life of a gentleman farmer of Virginia. During the 1820s, Ruffin, like many Southerners, most notably Thomas Jefferson, believed slavery was an evil that would end in good time. As abolitionist pressure intensified, however, Ruffin's position on slavery gradually shifted. By the time of the Mexican War, Ruffin had become as fanatical in his defense of slavery as the abolitionists were in their desire to destroy the institution. Ruffin saw only one recourse for the South — "separation from, and independence of, the present Union."

Ruffin's belief in Southern nationalism was not a popular one at the time, even among his fellow Virginians. He later boasted that he "was the first, and for some years, the only man in Virginia, who was both bold & disinterested enough to advocate, openly & loudly, the dissolution of the union between the Northern & slave-holding states." After his retirement in 1855, Ruffin worked constantly toward this end, writing articles in periodicals, traveling throughout the South and talking with his countrymen, using any means at his command to influence the Southern mind and enflame the Southern heart. Edmund Ruffin lived to see his dream of a separate Southern Confederacy take life. Unfortunately for him, he lived too long.

The third volume of *The Diary of Edmund Ruffin* chronicles in minute detail the last two years of the Confederacy, and not coincidentally, the last two years in the life of Edmund Ruffin. It is a sad and bitter commentary by a man who witnessed the destruction of all he held

dear.

Throughout his life, Ruffin's health was fragile, but he never let his physical frailty interfere with his active lifestyle. Indeed, one of the singular qualities of the first two volumes of his diary is that Ruffin, though aged and infirm, always managed to turn up where the action was hottest — the hanging of John Brown, the South Carolina secession convention, Fort Sumter (where Ruffin personally fired the shot that began the war), and the battle of First Manassas.

But by the summer of 1863, Ruffin's age (he was sixty-nine) and failing health began to slow him down. In his diary, he complained of increasing deafness, loss of teeth, trembling in his hands, and the impairment of his mental faculties. These ailments, coupled with growing restrictions on finances and public transportation caused by the war itself, limited Ruffin's ability and desire to travel. Therefore, the final volume of his diary lacks the firsthand accounts of dramatic events that made the first two volumes so compelling. However, in the autumn of 1863, Ruffin did return to Charleston shortly after the conclusion of the first prolonged Union bombardment of Fort Sumter. He stayed more than two months, touring the Confederate fortifications in the harbor and traveling twice by boat to the fort (once while it was under fire). While in Charleston, Ruffin also viewed the "so-called 'fish' torpedo boat," the *H.L. Hunley*, the first experimental submarine. But for the most part, the third volume of Ruffin's diary is devoid of eyewitness events. Ruffin's retirement and poor health left him with little to do, and he made lengthy entries in his diary each day "to enable me to kill so much of my wearisome time." For this reason, the book is often ponderous and is somewhat longer than either of the first two volumes. Still, it may be the most important volume of the three, for it is a remarkable day-by-day account of the Confederacy in its death throes.

Ruffin was preoccupied with the war, and thus the bulk of his diary contains reports on and comments about the latest military events. His judgments, though often critical, were acutely accurate. For example, Ruffin continually found fault with the policies of President Jefferson

Davis. Though he did not doubt the President's patriotism, he did take exception to Davis' lack of "discretion to forbear from attempting to direct the military operations." He also censured Davis for keeping Braxton Bragg in command of the western army when that general had clearly "lost the confidence . . . of nearly or quite all of his . . . officers, & consequently of his army in general." Thus, Ruffin believed, the Confederate defeat at Missionary Ridge, Tennessee in December, 1863, was a direct result of the President's obstinance. And in 1864, when Davis replaced Joseph Johnston with John Bell Hood as commander of the Army of Tennessee, Ruffin again took the President to task, calling the move "one of President Davis' great military blunders and wrongs." Ruffin's observation proved correct. Hood's aggressive tactics destroyed his army. It is interesting to note that historians, with the luxury of more than a century of objectivity, have frequently criticized Jefferson Davis for these same three reasons. Ruffin, however, made his comments on incidents as they occurred.

Though military matters tend to dominate, there are countless other portions of the diary that warrant attention. Ruffin claimed, for instance, that the chief reason England failed to officially recognize the Confederacy was not merely because the British government was opposed to slavery, but because the institution was "the great cause of jealousy of avaricious & industrial England." Ruffin believed that England wanted the North to suffer from the war, but ultimately wanted the South to lose. This would mean the end of slavery, and England, through her colony in India, would then achieve a world monopoly on cotton production. Ruffin's point is an intriguing one, and might make for an interesting study.

Ruffin's religious views are expressed at numerous times through-

out the diary. His beliefs were often unorthodox – especially his insistence upon the right of private judgment in interpreting the Bible, and his strong opposition to Calvinist doctrine. Ruffin also demonstrated a fanatical hostility toward Mormons, a group "whose religion consists in blind obedience to their leaders." And though he had an interest in early Jewish history, Ruffin claimed that Jews in the South "have no patriotism or public spir-



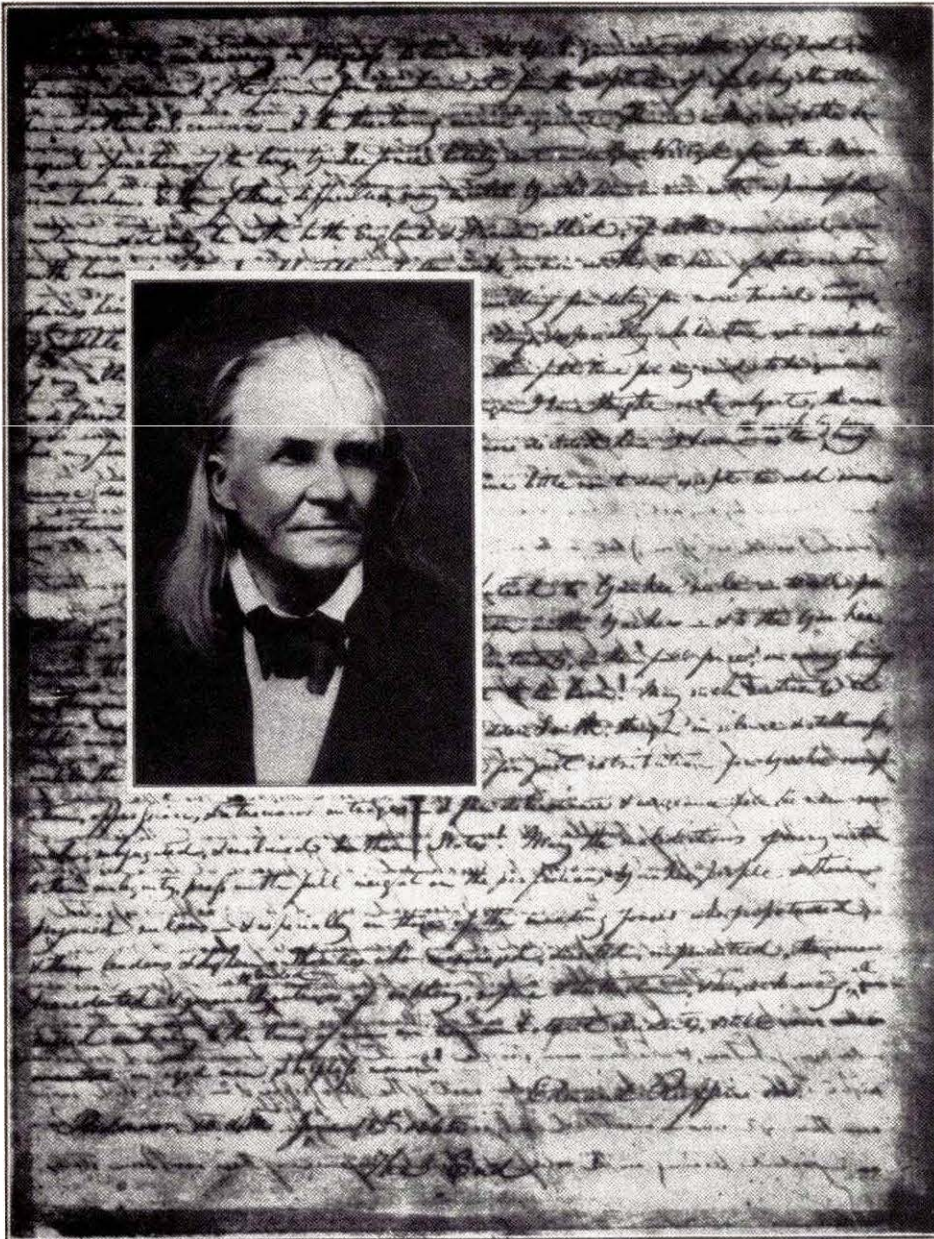
it." The war interested them only in terms of how much profit they could make from it. "The Jews, as a class," Ruffin angrily decided, "are the most despicable of all our population."

When Ruffin was not writing, he was often reading. Newspapers were his principal source of material, but these were often difficult to obtain. Since his extensive library at Marlbourne had been destroyed by Yankee soldiers during the Seven Days campaign near Richmond in 1862, Ruffin read almost any book he could procure. One of the lighter aspects of his diary is his criticism of such famous authors as Sir Walter Scott, Charles Dickens,

and Daniel Defoe. But the most interesting literary criticism in the diary is a lengthy review of Alexis de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*. Ruffin agreed almost completely with De Tocqueville's critique of American political and social institutions, but he blamed New Englanders for distorting the author's views on slavery and the South.

Ruffin's defense of slavery, so prevalent in the first two volumes, is all but missing from the final one, perhaps because he realized the war would decide the issue. But questions concerning slaves do receive attention. In the fall of 1864, there began a movement to enlist slaves in the Confederate army to help offset Northern numerical superiority. Ruffin admitted he had considered the policy for some time, but only as a last resort. He believed the Yankee practice of enlisting blacks into the army had proven they made poor soldiers. Two months later, Ruffin repeated his opposition to the enlistment of slaves, even though Robert E. Lee had publicly endorsed the measure. Lee was one of a handful of Southern generals in whom Ruffin had any faith (Joseph Johnston, Thomas J. "Stonewall" Jackson, and P.G.T. Beauregard were the others). Ruffin confessed that Lee's endorsement "goes farther with me, & will

with most persons, . . . than would any arguments, or any other authority." Still, Ruffin believed the enlistment of slaves would lead to "dreadful & ruinous consequences." He feared that if slaves became soldiers, they would desert to the Yankee lines at the first opportunity. Not until mid-February, 1865, when even the resolute old Ruffin saw the war was lost, did he accept the enlistment of slaves as being the lesser of two evils – submission to Yankee rule being the other. He was "ready not only to enlist negro soldiers, but to give up the institution of slavery itself..." Nothing was more important than his dream of



Southern freedom.

But that dream was fading fast. Ruffin became increasingly depressed by his own poor health and by the course the war was taking. On January 5, 1865, his seventy-first birthday, he complained that he felt totally useless. He could not aid his family or his country – he could barely take care of himself. "My part in the drama of life," he wrote, "has been played out, & is finished – & now, 'superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'" But one thing kept him going, and that was the desire to witness his country's triumph in the war. "If that object is not to be attained – & every passing month seems to leave the attainment less hopeful – I cannot die too soon." He

hoped he might be shot dead while aiding the last defenders of his country, for it would "preclude me from the necessity of choosing my course, when such dreadful alternatives shall only be available!" The idea of suicide had crept into his mind and would continue to fester and grow for the next few months until June, 1865, when he turned the thought into deed.

The completion of the three-volume *Diary of Edmund Ruffin* is the culmination of twenty years of editing work for which William Kauffman Scarborough deserves high praise. He performed the task with meticulous care, and with an obvious love for the subject and respect for its importance. He elaborates on the

people, places, and events of which Ruffin wrote, and corrects the many errors Ruffin invariably made due to false reports and misleading information. He deletes only those portions of the diary that he feels are not illuminating, and removes redundant passages, but these deletions are always accompanied by an explanation of what it is he has chosen to omit, and why he thought it necessary to do so. His editing is both unobtrusive and profoundly helpful, affording the reader not only a clearer understanding of what Ruffin wrote, but also an insight into the man. He accomplishes this without disturbing the flow of the diary itself.

*The Diary of Edmund Ruffin* is a work of tremendous importance. Ruffin belonged to that singular group of Southern radicals known as "fire-eaters." It was men like Robert Barnwell Rhett, William L. Yancey, and Edmund Ruffin who created the idea of Southern nationalism and, rightly or wrongly, led the South down the path to disunion. But these men who were so important in planting and nurturing the seeds of secession are given but cursory notice by historians, probably because they did not hold high political or military positions in the Confederacy. In his introduction to the third volume, William Kauffman Scarborough points out that interest in Ruffin has never been higher. This is true. What Scarborough fails to mention, however, is that the publication of Ruffin's diary has been the principal reason for this interest. The diary stands as a legacy to the "fire-eaters," for it provides an intimate portrait of Edmund Ruffin and his time that no biographer could ever hope to achieve. It is the story of a Southern nationalist in his own words and, therefore, it is the story of the South. ♣

Mark Brewer wrote *"Inside the Mind of John Wilkes Booth"* for our second quarter issue. He resides in New Jersey where he teaches American History from a near-Ruffian perspective.

# THE SMOKE NEVER CLEARS

## *An American Iliad.*

By Charles Roland. University Press of Kentucky. 289 pp. \$30.00

Historian Charles P. Roland considered his lifetime study of The War Between The States and set out to write an American Iliad. He succeeded. In fact, his work—while not so poetical—is surely better history than Homer's. And his subject is far more interesting.

A professor emeritus at the University of Kentucky and a former president of the Southern Historical Association, Roland is the author of a biography of Albert Sidney Johnston and a profile of the Confederate States. He writes with graceful style, vast knowledge and a sense of balance too frequently absent in contemporary histories of the war.

Like a fast, warm wind from the South, *An American Iliad* sweeps across the landscape of the War Between the States, pausing here and there at key points of interest, then racing onward with a spectacular view all along the way. What is most remarkable about this work is not just the author's readable style or his keep knowledge of the war, but simply the fact that a terse but colorful narrative could cover some much history so well in 263 pages. There's history here enough to please everyone, arguments to provoke debate from partisans of both sides, and a serious respect for historical truth. Granted, such a survey misses occasionally by the vastness of its scope, but what Roland misses in detail is compensated by his insight. *An American Iliad* may be the best single-volume short history of the war to date. ☼

## *The Military Legacy of the Civil War.*

By Jay Luvaas. University Press of Kansas. 252 pp. \$25 cloth, \$9.95 paper.

Happily, Jay Luvaas' study of the war's military legacy is available in print again—three decades after its initial publication. A professor of military history at the U.S. Army War College and a prominent historian of the war,

Luvaas is the author of numerous works of military history. None, however, are probably as unique among the works of the war as this one. In it, Luvaas surveys the way foreign military professionals have been influenced by the War Between the States and also how they have missed its lessons. If the trench warfare of World War I seemed to bear a resemblance to the Siege of Petersburg, it was not by accident. English, French and German military leaders all studied the War Between the States and the influence of the war was demonstrated—and ignored—by both sides in the First World War. Luvaas gives us the view of the war from the German, French and British perspective—the view of military professionals. He reveals how they viewed the campaigns, the battles and the leaders. His is a unique work and is a valuable addition to the historiography of the war. By the way, the architects of mass destruction between 1914-1918 appear to have had two favorite generals: Grant and Sherman. ☼

## *George N. Barnard: Photographer of Sherman's Campaign.*

By Keith Davis, editor. 231 pp. University of New Mexico Press. \$40.00 cloth. \$25.00 paper.

Amid the ocean of photographic studies of the War Between the States, here is one that is distinctive. This new work is unique because of content and quality. It profiles the life of wartime photographer George Barnard, who rose from the ranks of numerous Northern photographers because he joined Sherman on his fiery march across Georgia and the Carolinas. Although less known than Matthew Brady, the P.T. Barnum of 19th century photographers, Barnard was a better photographer. His work was technically superb and often innovative. He achieved professional distinction before and after the war—by making "action" photographs in the 1850's and by helping George Eastman promote dry-plate photography in the 1870's—but it was Barnard's wartime photography that gained him the kind of stature that results in a book like this one in the 1990's. He recorded the war in other places, central Tennessee for instance, but his record of Sherman's march remains familiar and powerful. Here are photographs of the north Georgia terrain around Resaca, ripped and torn by battle. Here is the forest battlefield of New Hope Church, looking as if ravaged by monster hurricane. Here is a scene of crudely dug graves on the battlefield of Peachtree Creek and the sprawling World War I type Confederate defenses of Atlanta. Then follow the images of Sherman's March—a ravaged Atlanta, serene Georgia countryside

and the evidence of the cataclysm visited upon Columbia. The images are powerful and the biography of Barnard is definitive. The work is reminiscent of James D. Horan's work on Wartime photographer Timothy O'Sullivan, but the quality of the text and the photographic reproduction is far, far better. And understandably—this portfolio, while distributed by the University of New Mexico, was published by Hallmark Cards and the reproduction quality is simply superb. ☼

## *After The Guns Fell Silent.*

By A.A. Hoehling. Madison Books. 301 pp. \$24.95.

It was perhaps the hardest year in the history of the South. From April 1865 through March 1866, the American Southland lay wasted unlike any other section of the United States at any time in American history. The war had left Southern cities, farms and industries in smoldering ruins. The Southern economy was shattered. The cream of the rising generation of Southern manhood lay buried under scattered campgrounds and battlefields. And instead of celebrating its independence, the South lay prostrate under the martial law of an occupation army.

Historian A.A. Hoehling, author of more than 25 works of history, captures this crucial year in the American experience in a fascinating narrative that focuses sharply and fairly on the year following the war. Hoehling is the author of *The Day Richmond Died* and *Damn the Torpedoes: Naval Incidents of the Civil War*. He knows the sources and he knows his craft. The result of applying that knowledge and skill to America's first postwar year is a well-written, captivating study that provides "the rest of the story" about the War Between the States.

In the victorious North in 1865-66, the Federal volunteer armies were disbanded and their members sent home to bask in a victor's welcome. Northern industry, strengthened and revolutionized by wartime production and innovation, moved into a place of international leadership. The transcontinental railroad edged toward completion, the U.S. Navy competed for dominance on the world's oceans and the United States of America took its place as a genuine global power. Weary of the war's mass bloodletting, most Northerners appeared willing to "let 'em up easy"—in Lincoln's words—when they thought about the conquered South. But the Northern Radicals, led by Secretary of War Edwin M. Stanton, were determined to destroy all traces of Southern nationalism and regional identity. In this they failed (leaving Hollywood and the New York television networks to do a more thorough job in the 20th century), but they

-continued on page 56

# BOOKNOTES

## *The King's Ranger: Thomas Brown and the Revolution on the Southern Frontier.*

by Edward J. Cashin. University of Georgia Press. 360 pp. \$28.95

Few Americans are familiar with the course of the American Revolution in the South. Fewer still have viewed that momentous event from the perspective of a Southern loyalist.

*The King's Ranger*, a provocative and well documented work, presents the American Revolution from both perspectives. In this book, Edward J. Cashin chronicles the life of Thomas Brown, a man long regarded in American lore as the archetype of British perfidy and oppression. As the story unfolds however, the reader discovers that these qualities were by no means limited to Thomas Brown and his old-world counterparts. The War for American Independence was, like most wars, full of noble intent and ignoble behavior on both sides.

The book begins with a description of the remote North Sea port of Whitby, in Yorkshire. Here Thomas Brown grew up in the midst of whalers and seafaring adventur-

ers, the most notable of which would have been the renowned Commander James Cook, who returned in 1771 from his voyage to Australia and New Zealand. It was about this time that young Thomas decided to seek his fortune in America. After failing to obtain a position in one of the colonial governments, he decided to establish a settlement and plantation in the area near the modern town of Augusta, Georgia. These lands had just been opened by a proclamation of the royal governor, and were rich and well-watered.

After recruiting for fellow settlers with mixed results, Thomas Brown set sail for Georgia on August 12, 1774. He was under the impression that the rebellion in Boston was just a local disturbance which could not affect him at his new location. Upon arriving in Savannah, Brown and his company lost no time in establishing his plantation in the Georgia backcountry, which he appropriately named Brownsborough, after his ancestor Sir Anthony Browne. Construction proceeded on every kind of building and convenience that would be needed to assure the future success of the new settlement.

Unfortunately, the future held anything but success for the settlement of Brownsborough. By the middle of 1775 Georgia was deeply polarized as events taking place in distant Massachusetts became known throughout the American colonies.

Thomas Brown took the leadership of the loyalist movement in the backcountry, and soon became

marked for ill-treatment at the hands of the revolutionaries. On August 2, 1775 a group of around one-hundred "Sons of Liberty" as they called themselves, surrounded the house where Brown was staying, and demanded that he swear an oath of allegiance to their cause. Upon refusing to do so, Brown was attacked, had his skull fractured, and his feet and legs burned so that he was unable to walk for several months.

This brutal treatment seems to have inflamed Brown and made him even more determined to defeat the Revolution. The bulk of the book is devoted to the story of his intrigues, and gives a rare and fascinating glimpse into the entire British strategy for defeating the South.

*The King's Ranger* is more than just another book about the American Revolution—it is a comprehensive examination of the social, economic, and political causes of the Revolution in the Southern colonies, set in the context of the personal experiences of one of the key players in that conflict. The book concludes with an unusual and interesting account of the lives of those who chose to leave the United States after the Revolution. ❁

—Bob Davies

Reviewer Bob Davies, whose work has appeared in the *Southern Partisan* previously, was at the time of publication serving as a staff sergeant in the 263rd Armoured Division in Operation Desert Storm.



# The Confederacy

Columbia Records Legacy  
Series AK47123  
Sony Music Special Products  
Compact Disk \$24.95

This is a CD remastering and reissue of an LP record which appeared in 1955 of music of the Confederacy.

The selections were arranged, orchestrated, and conducted by Richard Bales, conductor of the National Gallery of Art Orchestra. Among the fine things on this recording are: a rousing version of "Dixie," concluding with a Rebel Yell, a splendid *a cappella* choral arrangement of Father Ryan's poem "Furl that Banner," a catchy arrangement of the "Yellow Rose of Texas," and General Lee's "Farewell to the Army of Northern Virginia," read here by the Rev. Edmond Jennings Lee.

In addition, the recording includes a booklet with essays by Bruce Catton and Clifford Dowdey on Appomattox and Lee. Richard Bales also contributes informative notes on the music.

It is good to have this old favorite back in circulation. Many older *Southern Partisan* readers remember well when the original recording was first released. Now that it has been reissued, many younger readers will not want to be without it. The CD transfer has much improved the original sound. ☺

-Charles S. Hamel

# Flags of Tennessee

by Devereaux D. Cannon, Jr.  
Pelican Publishing Co. Gretna,  
Louisiana. 112pp. \$13.95

Readers of *Southern Partisan* may recall Devereaux Cannon's article "The Battle Flag Controversy," which appeared in the magazine in the Spring, 1987 issue.

A year later, Cannon wrote a lengthy history of the flags carried by Confederate regiments, a book he called *The Flags of The Confederacy*.

Now, vexillologist (flag buff) Cannon has written *Flags of Tennessee*, which must certainly be the most authentic history of flags that have flown over the Volunteer State.

But the book is more than a description of umpteen flags over Tennessee. It is also an excellent brief history of the 16th state to join the United States.

The book is profusely illustrated by Debra Lee Tullier and shows flags not only of Tennessee, but also of Spain, France, Britain, the United States, the Confederate States and even two Indian nations—the Cherokee and the Chickasaw. (The Cherokees were allies of the Confederacy during The War.)

In addition to the various state flags of Tennessee, Cannon includes some of the county and city flags in the state (although he omits the flags of Bristol and Kingsport and the short-lived State of Franklin.)

Some of the latter are, well—to use a good old Southern word, "tacky." Perhaps the most tasteful is the flag of Davidson County.

He shows some of the flags carried by Confederate regi-

ments, but none of those carried by Tennessee's Union regiments. (East Tennessee, with the exception of Sullivan County) was strongly pro-Union and furnished many men to the Yankee republic.

Cannon points out that the U.S. Postal Service ran the flag of Tennessee upside down on its Tennessee commemorative stamp during the Bicentennial issue. (Aboard ship, that's a signal of distress!)

He also points out that the three stars in the center of the state flag stand for the three grand divisions of East, Middle and West Tennessee. (Ask a Tennessean where he's from and he'll tell you he's from "East Tennessee" or "Middle Tennessee" or "West Tennessee," unless, of course, he's one of those city fellers from Knoxville, Chattanooga, Nashville or Memphis.)

Cannon's book is a valuable addition to the study of flags and one can only hope that flag buffs or historians in other states of the Old Confederacy will follow suit. ☺

-William F. Freehoff

# Homespun Songs of Faith 1861-1865

by Bobby Horton 3430 Sagebrook Lane, Birmingham, Alabama 35243. \$10.00

Here's the newest cassette from the musician whose previous releases include *Homespun Songs of the CSA, Volumes I-IV* and *Homespun Songs of the Christmas Season*.

As in his previous recordings, he sings all the parts, plays all the instruments and records each track in his home.

Each cassette is accompanied by notes on the origin of each song and its unique War-related history. ☺

-Oran P. Smith

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didn't "let 'em up easy" or at least completely for another 15 years.

Hoehling is no Reconstruction revisionist. He reports the dark side of that hard, hard year with balance and fairness to North and South. He chronicles, for instance, the threat of the Northern occupation army to close down Southern churches if the pastors failed to include prayers for the president of the United States, and he also reports the spectacle of Klansmen forcing black preachers to pray for Jefferson Davis at gunpoint. What emerges in this book is the story of Southern people struggling to make life work under incredible hardship and Northern people striving to get on with their lives after a terrible war. There is irony aplenty in this book. Consider the man who made Georgia howl, W.T. Sherman, being lionized for his war against civilians in the South, then shocking some of his Northern brethren by encouraging the same devastating policy toward the Plains Indians. Consider the National Union Republican party, which promoted mandatory voting rights for Southern blacks, raising a presidential platform that purposely ignored black suffrage in the North.

Hoehling's work is rich in color and detail, especially when recording the impeachment trial of President Andrew Johnson and the trial and execution of Mary Surratt, the boarding house owner accused of aiding and abetting the Lincoln conspirators. In fact, Hoehling is at his best in recording the sad tale of Mary Surratt. She proclaimed her innocence. The assassins proclaimed her innocence. Clergy and civilian jurists declared her innocent. But she was declared guilty by a military tribunal and was hastily hanged—a fate pursued by Secretary Stanton with peculiar zeal. Later, a Supreme Court ruling declared civilian trial by military tribunal to be illegal, and Stanton apparently spent the rest of his life haunted by his deed.

Predictably, there are a scattering of errors in *After the Guns Fell Silent*. (The author seems to believe, incorrectly, that Sherman captured Charleston and he bestows upon Gen. A.H. Terry something the general never possessed—a wife.) Despite the few unavoidable errors found in every work of history, A.A. Hoehling has done a masterful job of capturing a neglected, but eventful year in the American experience. This one belongs in every collection on the War Between the States. ☼

-Rod Gragg

Reviewer Rod Gragg is the author of both *The Illustrated Confederate Reader*, now available in paperback, and *Confederate Goliath, the first history of the Battle of Fort Fisher*.

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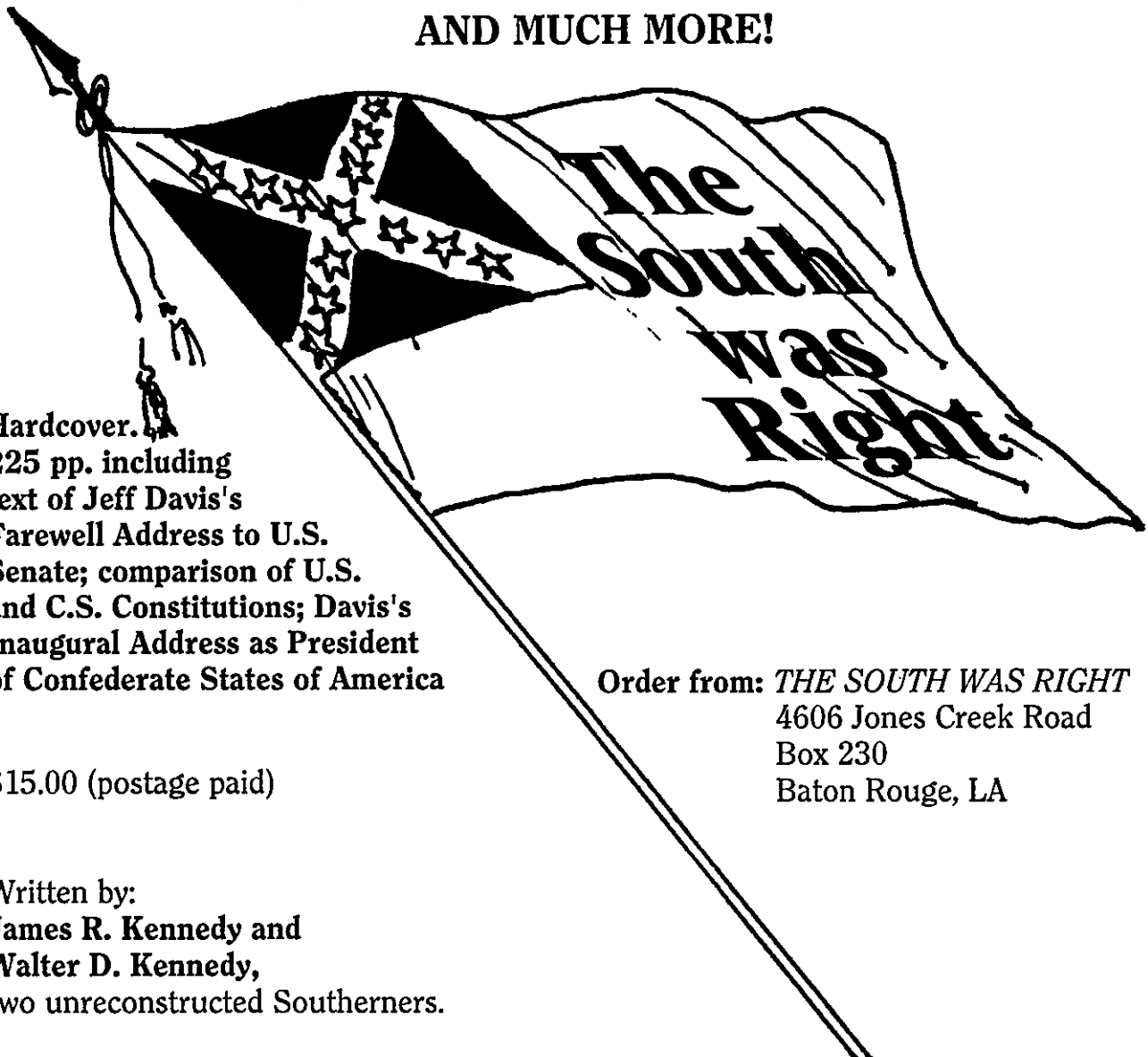
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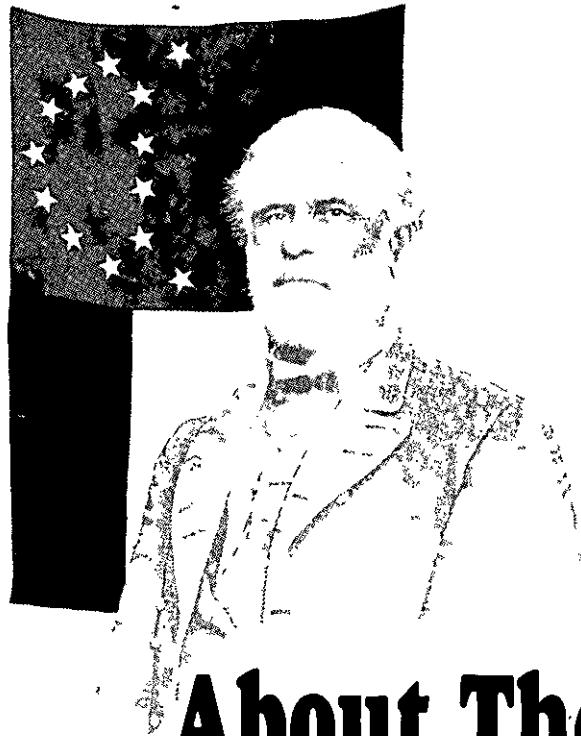
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