AN INTERVIEW WITH KENTUCKY POET JOY BALE-BOONE

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Joy Bale-Boone is the author of two collections of poetry, *Never Less Than Love* (1972) and *Even Without Love* (1992), and a narrative poem, *The Storm's Eye: A Narrative in Verse Celebrating Cassius Marcellus Clay, Man of Freedom, 1810-1903* (1974). For over sixty years, she has written poems about beauty, love, and family (to and about her parents, her six children, and her fifteen grandchildren).

In addition to writing poetry, Joy Bale-Boone has been a patron of the arts in Kentucky for many of her eighty-plus years. She founded the poetry magazine *Approaches* in 1964 (later called *Kentucky Poetry Review*) which continued for almost thirty years; she has reviewed books for the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and other publications for more than fifty years; she hosted a syndicated radio program, *Looks at Books*, on WIEL in Elizabethtown for ten years; she served as president of the Friends of Kentucky Libraries and as a member of the Kentucky Educational Television Advisory Board, the Kentucky Council on Higher Education, the Editorial Board of the University Press of Kentucky, and the Kentucky Humanities Council. In 1969 she received the University of Kentucky Sullivan Award for the Outstanding Citizen of the state of Kentucky.

Joy Bale-Boone is currently serving as chair of the Robert Penn Warren Committee at Western Kentucky University and as a member of the board of the Robert Penn Warren Circle of Duke University. She is a director of the Thomas Clark Foundation of the University Press of Kentucky and a member of the Board of the Gaines Center for the Humanities at the University of Kentucky.

Born to English parents in Chicago in 1912, Bale-Boone lived only a few blocks from the office of Harriet Monroe, founder of *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*. At sixteen, she found her way to Monroe's office, introduced herself, and asked for comments on her poetry. Monroe saw promise in Bale-Boone's poetry and encouraged her to keep writing.

She met Kentucky native, Shelby Garnett Bale, while he was attending medical school at Northwestern University. After their marriage in 1934 and a few years of further medical training in New York City, Louisville, and Lynch, Kentucky, she moved with him to Elizabethtown, Kentucky. Her poetry from this period reflects her husband's roots in Green and Larue Counties, her proximity to the central Kentucky city of Louisville, and her growing family: Shelby, Jr., was born in 1936, Barbara in 1939, Daryl in 1941, Richard in 1942, Bradley in 1948, and Phillip in 1950. At this time Bale-Boone's family began spending several weeks each summer at the island they named Balewick, twenty-five miles by water from Kenora, Ontario. In the early 1970s, Bale-Boone also spent some time with her husband at Lyme Regis, the little fishing village on the border of Dorset and Devon in

southwest England. She returned to Lyme Regis several more times after the death of her husband in 1972. In 1975 she married George Street Boone and moved to his native Elkton, Kentucky, where she lives today.

The following transcript is based on a conversation held October 25, 1994, at the home of Joy Bale-Boone's son Shelby Bale in Glasgow, Kentucky.

LMM: How did you become interested in poetry?

JBB: I really can't pinpoint it. I think maybe poets are just born with a certain way of thinking because looking back I believe I wrote my first poem when I was ten or twelve. It was rather embarrassing--at least I find it so now. It was terribly expressive. My mother loved it--she was so pleased that I had written something--and had it placed in the church bulletin. Well, I'm glad my way of writing has changed. But I don't remember anything except always loving poetry.

When I was twelve and in my early teens, I'd go to the public library in Evanston, Illinois, and because hardly anybody checked out poetry even then, I could take any number of poetry books home. I'd have my arms loaded with poetry books. I'd be in my room that night typing out lines from my favorite poems, I'm afraid my parents thought doing my homework. I still have the scrapbooks, five of them. There were all sorts of pieces of poetry. I was just always excited by poetry.

LMM: I understand that you once met Harriet Monroe?

JBB: That was the nice thing about where I was born. Maybe that's why I was interested in poetry. I was born in Chicago on a street called Dearborn, which is pretty nice, and eight blocks away Harriet Monroe--I, of course, learned a few years later--was starting *Poetry* magazine. It was just called *Poetry*, and it is still one of the leading poetry magazines or journals in the world. It's just a wonderful one. Of course, she's gone now, but it has been kept up by succeeding editors. When I was just in my teens, I met Harriet Monroe. I know hardly anyone's heard of her-- it's not like Elvis Presley or something--but to someone interested in poetry, she's just one of the wonders of the world. So maybe I was just--some people might say *doomed* to poetry--I'll say *destined* to poetry. She was a very quiet, seemingly unassuming woman, but of course full of fire or else how could she have done all she did with words? I feel very lucky. I wish I could have known her--I wish I could have been in her magazine!

But then after I married I moved to New York City a while and worked. After we settled in Kentucky, which was my husband's home, babies started coming and I didn't actively pursue poetry until the children were fairly grown. Of course, I was writing all along. Then started the Kentucky poetry magazine. That was exciting! It was 1964, and I couldn't understand why there weren't any poetry magazines in Kentucky because by then I knew Kentucky so well I knew there had to be poets lurking around in the woods and hiding their poems under leaves, maybe, this time of year. There was not a single poetry publication in Kentucky then except the poems that would appear in college or university magazines which mostly carried essays or fiction. So I thought I'd like to do an anthology of Kentucky poems, but where were they? So it occurred to me to get in touch with librarians because they would really know who came in and wanted poetry and maybe even had confided that they wrote it. The librarians responded beautifully, and I ended up with a list of poets, mostly in eastern Kentucky, which in a way is not surprising because people are a little closer to the earth there. So I wrote to these people, and most of them sent

poems. The anthology sold out in six weeks. Can you imagine? It was a hardback!

Than many of the people who were in it wrote to me asking if there weren't some way they could go on sharing each other's work. So I had a friend across the street who was very artistic and loved poetry--didn't write it--and she also sketched, and so I asked her if she'd be interested in trying. We put out the first issue, then called *Approaches*; it became *Kentucky Poetry Review*. It was the most miserable-looking thing you ever saw. We didn't have money, so it was a moonlight job. In today's world of desk computers, you can practically do good publishing in your own home. I looked so horrible we were ashamed to send it out, so we didn't. At out own expense, we had a decent-looking copy made. From then on, it just kept going and got better and better. But we never changed our policy of including only Kentucky poets, which sounds terribly insular, but they just hadn't had a chance before. After that magazine started, poetry magazines have proliferated in Kentucky. Western Kentucky University has *Plainsong*, a very good magazine.

LMM: Wasn't it about this time when you were involved in a poetry group?

JBB: After the magazine started, poets in that area would meet in people's homes. Most of these poets were in Louisville. It was too far for the eastern Kentucky or western Kentucky poets to come. We had wonderful times. We'd bring works in progress or a recently written poem. We would read it, and the whole group would discuss it. And with one exception I never knew anyone to have their feelings hurt. But there are a few poets who, if you misplace a comma, are real upset and very often have a right to be. Punctuation is as important in poetry as almost any other part. A comma can make a big difference. Amazing--that's part of the fun of poetry.

LMM: Do you think the poetry group influenced your poetry?

JBB: Oh, yes. We all stimulated each other so much. I'd go home and, all of a sudden, here were three or four poems knocking at my door, interfering with my housework and child care. I would stay up late and take care of the poems too. I think it influenced my poetry and everybody's because everyone was so outspoken. The thing that came through the most, the criticism to everybody, was, "Why did you make it so long? You said it all in the first three stanzas." It made us tighten up our poetry and give it more impact. "Why did you add those last two lines? Do you think your readers are idiots and can't get the point? Let them fill in with their feelings." No particular style. Everybody has a different thing to say and a different way of saying it. We could always made it a little better. Our friends who are also poets could help with it.

I never felt I was influenced by any one writer except when I was very young. That was in my teens. It was the time of Dorothy Parker, Ogden Nash, Sara Teasdale. The love poems were always heartbroken. It was a cynical time, oddly enough, not cynical the way politics is today: "Men seldom make passes at girls who wear glasses." It sounded cynical, but just part of the time.

LMM: How do you actually write a poem?

JBB: It starts in my head. The poem comes to me, and then I do work with paper and pencil. Oh, Lord, this is going to shock so many people, but I don't use a word processor. Everybody thinks you should do that now. But

the way I've done it suited me. I work it out with paper and pencil. Then I start typing it. Some poems take an endless number of rewritings, and some are almost there to begin with.

That's what I like about love poems--they're lyrics. Sometimes I wake up in the morning, and they almost get up with me. They're easy and quick to do if they catch me--some get thrown away.

Most of my friends who write say, "Word processors! You wouldn't have to retype!" What's wrong with retyping? That's one of the things I loved about editing the magazine those years ago. I made up the dummy. I had to type everybody's poem that was going to be in that issue. Gosh, it's a wonderful way to lose yourself in a poem! There you've got every word--even the *the* or the *a*, and whether or not you put the *the* or the *a* in is terribly important too. That's the fun of poetry. Every little part, every single work, makes a difference. It's a condensed thing. Maybe that's what I love about it.

LMM: Does your poetry fit into any category or is there any label you would use to classify your poetry?

JBB: I sure wouldn't call myself a nature poet--I'm not good enough to do what people have to do, and yet I've written a lot of poems that include nature. One was about nothing but a magnolia tree. I write more about people and their feelings, but I don't think there's any category.

Symbolism is also important in writers. You can always isolate a few things with any one writer or poet. I think hands turn up often in my poetry. And I have people say I have a lot of religious references and that always amazes me because they're entirely unconscious. I'm not a church sort of person at all. It comes out that way.

LMM: Do you think your poetry has changed over the years?

JBB: Oh, yes, I do. For one thing the cynicism is all gone. And I perhaps write longer poems, occasionally, though I love short poems. If I can get an emotion or atmosphere or idea over in a few lines, that's the best way to do it. There are certain poems that take more than that, like the one about the barn. I really had to describe that it was falling down. And then I've written several long poems about the old home I live in now in Elkton, Kentucky, since my life changed and Garnett died a few years later I remarried and moved to western Kentucky, which is an entirely different part of Kentucky from any I've known. I must say that living down there was more of a change in poetry than any other. As far as I'm concerned, that part of Kentucky is a pocket of the Old South about two hundred years ago. The feeling of it. We talked about the fog that clings to the ground in the morning, the "witch's breath." It's really a very odd and special part of Kentucky and the country.

And living in a two-hundred-year-old house has influenced me. When I was growing up in Evanston, I thought the Chicago water tower was the oldest thing in the whole world because it had survived Mrs. O'Leary's fire. It's still there, a darling little water tower in the city. Now if I'm in the kitchen--I say *if* I'm in the kitchen; I try not to be there too often--in the old house, I realize over and over again that that kitchen is older than the Chicago water tower. That has to affect me some way. I'm more in touch with old things now, including myself, which makes a difference too.

LMM: Did your friendship with Robert Penn Warren affect your poetry?

JBB: No, I don't think it affected my poetry. He's one of the great poets of the world, one of the great men of letters. There he was, born in Todd County, the same county in which I'm living now. So it has certainly affected my life, particularly by the Robert Penn Warren Center being founded at Western Kentucky University on the Bowling Green campus.

Since Warren's death, his family absolutely overwhelmed us by giving us--without even mentioning it--Robert Penn Warren's entire personal working library: over 2400 books in which he's underlined, made notes, or they'd been given to him by famous writers and therefore been inscribed. They gave us his desk, his chair, several pieces of other furnishings from his study. He was, of course, the first poet laureate of the United States, and they gave us his laureate wreath, which I'm sure if I'd been his daughter I couldn't have given up. It's beautiful. They gave us his medal of freedom.

And they still send books. The other day his daughter, Rosanna, a beautiful poet in her own right who teaches at Boston University, sent Warren's English translation of the French writer Flaubert. "They keep turning up," she said. All the markings are in it from when Robert Penn Warren was working on his poem.

Everybody who lives in Kentucky should go and see that marvelous collection, but I also realize unfortunately there are some people in Kentucky who don't even know about Robert Penn Warren. He's really better known in some foreign countries. But I suppose that's always true. Robert Penn Warren's novel *All the King's Men* is required reading in the high schools and colleges of Russia. *All the King's Men* has been translated into Russian, and the Russian translator came to the Warren Center and spoke several years ago.

The Robert Penn Warren Center has influenced my life. It has been a lot of work to keep working with others on it. It is exciting to touch books that some great writer has used and made his notations in.

LMM: What is your opinion of current poetry in the United States?

JBB: Ooooh! Depends on where you look at it. Some fine poetry is being written, but I see a lot of poems in *The New Yorker* magazine--there aren't many that still print poetry, *Harper's*, *The Atlantic*--which are too obtuse. It's as if they threw words in a hat and scrambled them out and put them together. Yet every now and then I run across a poem that's just wonderful. Maybe I'm a little behind the times now.

We're not seeing enough poetry to create many new admirers of poetry, except in spoken poetry. There's a whole new movement now of what I call (and maybe others do too) "platform poetry"--poetry readings. Now they're attended mostly by other poets, but not always. They get to be very popular in coffeehouses. Of course, the YMCA in New York City has also had wonderful poetry readings.

And I learned a long time ago that there can be a difference too in platform poetry and poetry you read. A person reading a poem can give you a really good feeling about it, and then when you read it at home, it's not that good.

The really good poetry is wonderful when it's read out loud and when it's read quietly.

I know Wade Hall who is well known in Kentucky and took over the editorship of the poetry magazine when I moved to western Kentucky. He used to be one of our editors--we had an editorial board of four or five people. If Wade particularly liked a poem and the rest of us weren't that enthusiastic, he'd say, "May I please read it?" Well, by the time he's read it, he'd sold us. Or if someone else had a poem that Wade didn't think was good enough to go in the magazine, Wade would ask to read it, and he could ruin it.

I'm lucky to have a son (Shelby) who reads poetry beautifully. I'm never fearful when he does it. People can ruin a poem by reading it. But the really good poem is good either way.

LMM: Shelby, what was it like growing up as the oldest son of the poet Joy Bale Boone?

SB: It really didn't make any difference in our lives. We had marvelous childhoods. If she was writing poetry then, she did it when we were asleep.

I guess when I went away to college was the first time we really began to share her poetry. She'd send a copy of what she'd written and continued doing that until I moved--well, you still do once in a while. I would write my reaction and ask questions about certain things. That's the way we really began sharing poetry.

JBB: Shelby became so interested in English literature. He was teaching me things too. He's the one who told me I'd like Albert Camus, the great French writer. So I started reading Albert Camus who turned out to be one of my most favorite writers of all times. So Shelby and I started sharing more literature.

Shelby is one of the best people for exegesis I've ever known--he can take a poem and see what's in it from the writer and even surprise the writer by seeing things of which he or she was unaware. So we got very close. We were always close as people. He was my mainstay during World War II because he had so many younger siblings and Garnett was overseas.

SB: As a child I probably wasn't even aware that you wrote poetry. But it certainly has been a big part of our relationship since I was eighteen.

LMM: Shelby, do you have any favorites?

SB: "The Supper" always comes to mind immediately. I love "Letters from Lyme Regis" and "Letters from Abroad." And each one I read is a favorite. I get new things each time I read it or reacquainted with old feelings.

JBB: Shelby became an editor, so I've had great help from him.

LMM: Do you have any advice for a young poet?

JBB: For one thing, never try to force a poem. And always let it be completely honest. Don't go in for contrivances that will make a line fit better. Be really sold on what you're saying, or don't bother saying it. I think freshness and honesty in poetry are terrifically important. I don't think it's something to play with, because words are so terribly important. A poem I love, or a certain line, you might not like, but if one of us loves it, then it's a good poem for that person.

When we had the magazine, one of our subscribers said very nicely he'd like to put up an annual award for the best poem. We certainly wanted it, but we editors did not want to decide what was the best poem. The best for you might not be the best for me. Who could say? We all have our own emotions and experiences. So we told him we'd love to do it, but we'd like our readers to decide the poem that had meant the most to them. We put a ballot in the last of the four issues of each year, and our readers chose the poem that meant the most to them. The poem that meant the most to the most people was the one. And usually the poem that got the greatest number of votes had been felt to be one of the move "moving" ones--I'm avoiding the word best--by the editors.

LMM: Is there anything else you have to say about poetry?

JBB: Personally, poetry has been such a comfort, as well as an excitement, in my life. Writing poetry is a great thing I think because it's dealing with your own emotions and responses to things. Now there's a word I don't like to use with poetry, but to be honest I must use it, and that is *therapy*. If you have a disturbing emotion or an extra happy one or you see something that's enormously beautiful, to be able to express it is wonderful--it's therapy. And the poems you write if you're upset, you can tear up if you get too vehement.

And then you can write poetry whenever you are. You can write it in your head. Many poems have started as I'm driving somewhere--Louisville, Lexington--and enough will stay with me until I get to paper and pencil. Of course many people have said, "Why don't you put a recorder on the seat beside you?" That's getting too mechanical. It's not too bad if I lose a poem every now and then. There are millions in the world that will never be read. I can't think, "Gee, I've lost a poem!" It would only be a loss to me. And if it were something I needed to work out, it would come out.

CULTURAL AND ETHNIC DIVERSITY ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER: CUMBERLAND GAP TENNESSEE, 1750-1915

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Culturally and ethnically diverse, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, greeted newcomers warmly and accepted change as an inevitable life process. Decidedly not an isolated, fundamentalist Appalachian community, Cumberland Gap stood at the gateway to the western frontier and, unlike Robert Munn's description of Appalachia, it was never a part of any state's backyard.[1] Unwilling to let outside economic interests gain control of the town's most valuable resources, the people resisted the lure of industrialization and its accompanying New South mentality. Race issues, long considered "the central theme of southern history,"[2] did not consume the Gap community. African-Americans, part of the frontier community, remained economically and emotionally committed to the developing village of Cumberland Gap. This acceptance of African-Americans, recorded throughout the community's history, contradicts one of the critical elements generally used to define a southern community. Slow steady growth, not rapid industrialization, assured the continuity and integrity of the Gap.

Unlike earlier settlements, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, developed after the frontier changed from family subsistence farms to organized commercial community centers. Limited geographically but not isolated, a small village sustained by the "travel that naturally poured through the Gap,"[3] slowly grew in a geologic bowl along the path leading to the Gap. Framed by the mountains, the village had little flat land on which to grow crops. Income from timber cutting, storekeeping, and foundry work allowed the Gap families to purchase food from farmers in Powell's Valley.

By 1840 Cumberland Gap was not only a thriving Tennessee community but also a full participant in the political life of the nation, hosting a crowd of six to eight thousand Whigs who came by foot, horseback, wagon, and buggy to cheer for "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too!"[4] The following year new settlers arrived. Virginian John Newly and his four slaves operated an iron furnace while other members of his militia company settled throughout Powell's Valley. Robert Crockett, Daniel Huff, and James Patterson used twenty to thirty slaves each on their large farms in the Valley. The 1850 census lists approximately thirty-three slave-owners in or near the Gap. Typical of East Tennessee, "blacks continued to live in small groupings much as they had in the early frontier days." A few free blacks began to settle in the countryside, "in drafty shacks on the most hilly and marginal land"[5] and in the "rabbit town" section of Tazewell, the county seat. Free blacks "Uncle" Stephen Graham and "reliable" Godfrey Posey drove the stage between Tazewell and the Gap.[6] Slave owners Huff and Patterson operated their farms, started schools for their children, and opened crossroad stores, tanneries, and other commercial enterprises in the valley. They also formed business partnerships with Newly and another Gap resident, Dr. J.H.S. Morison. A weekly stage between Tazewell and Cumberland Gap carried freight, mail, and passengers.[7] The stage line made it easier to

conduct business throughout the Gap area. The movement of goods and the influx of people, residents and tourists, gave the historic village the look of a much larger community.

During the Civil War the Gap changed hands four times with each side disabling the mill, the furnace, and the pass above the town before they moved out of the area. The residents of Cumberland Gap accepted the opposing armies and emancipation in much the same manner as they accepted travelers along the Wilderness Road. Confederate sympathizer John Newly's daughter married Union surgeon John Washington Divine in April 1865.[8] Many of the local African-Americans, ex-slaves, followed the creek south, settling in the Tiprell area a mile from the iron furnace. Others remained near the destroyed Huff and Patterson farms.

Although the road across the mountain remained "in terrible shape during the war"[9] and was not immediately repaired, a semblance of order returned to Cumberland Gap by 1870. The census lists white doctors, school teachers, and ministers. The African-Americans included blacksmiths, foundry and sawmill operators, and cabinet makers. Many African-Americans, forced to leave the Tiprell area after Confederate Tip Cockrell's return, joined families in the Gap, building their houses around the large spring and working at the iron furnace. The Morisons, Newlys, and other whites returned to their prewar positions of prominence in the community.

Business growth was limited by the lack of good roads and access to the railroads. Area residents had discussed expansion of the local trade for years, but the war interrupted their efforts. In 1886 local businessmen convinced Alexander Arthur, an agent of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, to consider building a tunnel through the mountains. Across the mountains lay the Yellow Creek Valley of Bell County, Kentucky. The Colson family, largest land owners in the valley, showed Arthur virgin forests and coal banks around the periphery of the valley.[10] Arthur envisioned a giant planned development, supported by abundant natural resources and connected by rail to the world marketplace. Arthur secured capital from the Baring Bank of London and became President of the American Association, Ltd. With the "virtual equivalent of a blank check" and the assistance of Colson and Morison, the American Association Ltd., optioned, surveyed, and purchased over 100,000 acres in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia.[11]

Arthur's enthusiasm, promotional skill, and business aplomb, as well as the historic location of the venture, soon attracted others to the area. Investors and men of independent means such as retired British Colonel Railton and some of the younger remittance men, who found less settled areas too remote for their tastes, flocked to Cumberland Gap. The Watts Steel Company of England sent the young Watts brothers, Edgar and Frank, to manage their business in Middlesborough. Ill-equipped for the rough frontier-type settlement beginning in Yellow Creek, they moved to the established community of Cumberland Gap.[12]

Small orchards and kitchen gardens were cleared for the new business district. Apartments over the grocery stores, shoe shops, printing offices, barber shops, restaurants, and other businesses served as living space for newly-hired store clerks and delivery men. Overnight visitors could choose from three hotels and several boarding houses a few blocks from the railroad depot.[13] Newly's son-in-law, Dr. Divine, now a land agent, and his partners established the first of three local banks. The county newspaper editor made frequent trips to the Gap and encouraged Claiborne Countians to invest in a railroad tunnel through the mountains even though a series of cave-ins hampered the tunnel's completion. Injuries caused by the cave-ins often required Dr. Morison or his son to treat their patients inside the tunnel or on the side of the mountain in primitively-constructed houses and hastily-erected tents. The African-Americans and poor whites working on the tunnel and railroad squatted on the only land in the

Gap not being surveyed and divided into expensive town lots. The workers, "some asleep, some eating, drinking," enjoyed their only day off amid "piles of dirt hauled out of tunnels as high as a tree."[14] Since the Civil War, African-Americans had moved in and out of town, staying anywhere from a few days to a few years. If, as William H. Turner suggests, Cumberland Gap had been "a major focal point in the development and evolution of highland abolition movements,"[15] an informal or secret network may have existed that led blacks to Cumberland Gap. However, the largest group of African-Americans came to the Gap when the Association needed lumbermen, railroad laborers, and miners. Many of them, like the white laborers, moved to town from nearby farms.

Although the descendants of the black workers who came to town during the Association period and of the families who settled near the mill during frontier days deny any discrimination in Cumberland Gap, African-Americans were nonetheless "limited by local racial custom in their right to mingle casually"[16] with whites. The local hotels did not rent to the workers, so they camped wherever they could.

Cumberland Gap had its share of rowdiness and violence, but the relative peace on the south side of the mountain and the large medicinal springs southwest of town attracted a group of wealthy "dyspeptic invalids"[17] anxious to bathe in the springs and relax in the healthy mountain air. Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, decided in 1891 to invest in the most expensive undertaking in the area, a two-hundred-room sanitorium complete with Turkish baths and a high seven-hundred-room hotel. But as the bill for the entire development neared thirty million dollars, the "economic bubble burst."[18]

Residents of the historic village at the foot of Cumberland Gap watched in dismay as the elaborate Four Seasons Hotel was dismantled and outside investors began to leave. But the Gap community leaders had maintained their control over the town. While land auctions in Middlesborough attracted speculators, raising prices beyond belief, the sale in Cumberland Gap proceeded slowly. Land sales to local lawyers, doctors, and merchants buying lots for "town" houses and small businesses outnumbered sales to outsiders.

While Alexander Arthur and the other business investors concentrated on developing the surrounding land resources, Reverend Aaron Arthur Myers and his wife, Ellen, began building a Congregational Church and school in town. Arthur and Ellen Myers exemplified the reformers who discovered Appalachia in the late 1890s. Because they meant well and acted for people's "own good,"[19] the townspeople justified the Myerses' involvement in Cumberland Gap. For them and other late-nineteenth-century reformers, the romanticized possibilities were often more interesting than realasis. For them, the fantasy became the new reality.[20] This is particularly evident in Cumberland Gap. Not only did this community support two churches before the Myerses arrived, but Middlesboro built and maintained seven large churches.

Nor did the Myerses alter the educational system in the Gap community. Before the Civil War, the wealthier citizens had provided teachers for their children. Their children attended the Myerses' school, not the "masses" Ellen expected to influence. Blacks and poor whites started work at an early age; they believed education was irrelevant and unnecessary. When Alexander Arthur's empire began to crumble, the newly-completed Cumberland Gap Hotel closed. Seeing this as an opportunity to expand their school, the Myerses moved their school out of the Congregational Church and into the closed hotel. They called their new school Cumberland Gap College. Shortly after the school opened, the wife of the British Ambassador to the United States visited and suggested the name Harrow School.[21]

By 1900, the culturally and ethnically diverse citizenry of Cumberland Gap had withstood the twin onslaughts of industrial might and evangelical energy. The unprecedented growth of the previous twenty years, 1880-1900, strained the community's ability to sustain itself as a separate viable entity. Nonetheless, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, "persisted."

The village, incorporated since 1890, was the largest community in Claiborne County. Typical of the new immigrants after 1900, John Estep started peddling produce to the stores in Cumberland Gap. After several years of travelling between his farm and the village, Estep moved his family to town and built a large house on a slight ridge southeast of town.[22] His older children started school; his wife took in boarders, planted a small garden, and sold dairy products in town. John Estep worked in the rock quarry and built company houses in the coal camps. His youngest son began meeting the trains at age seven, earning money carrying drummers' cases and luggage between the depot and the livery stable.[23]

Members of another immigrant family, the Hamblins, moved from Rose Hill, Virginia, to Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, about 1906. Henry Hamblin's father, an African- American farmer with forty-eight acres of marginal land, supported six children of his own and several young nieces, nephews, and stepchildren. Hamblin attended school in 1900 near Rose Hill, but soon left to work as a day laborer on nearby farms and in the coal mines. When Hamblin moved to the Gap, he rented a small house on the hillside near the railroad tunnel.[24] Hamblin worked in the mines, at the mill, and on the city street crew. He also made "the best moonshine" available anywhere in the Gap. His skill as a healer was as well-known as his skill for making good whiskey. Gathering "bark, weeds, and things" from the woods, Hamblin treated the mill workers and other laborers who lived near the railroad tunnel, the old iron furnace, and along parts of the abandoned Wilderness Trail. Hamblin's wife, the daughter of a white miner from Harlan, died after the birth of their tenth child. His oldest son, Mildford, age nine, went to work in the mines to help support the large family. Hamblin's grandchildren, like young Estep, met the trains, earning money by carrying luggage and other items for travellers. For a nickel, they also posed for tourists' pictures near the old furnace.[25]

Unlike the large, sturdy homes adjoining the road, houses rented by the workers seldom had more than four rooms, or indoor plumbing, or electricity, or telephones. Besides the visual separation of the two sections, most of the laborers' houses were legally in Virginia, and the Association era homes and businesses were in Tennessee.

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CULTURAL AND ETHNIC DIVERSITY ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER: CUMBERLAND GAP TENNESSEE, 1750-1915

Rebecca Vial
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Culturally and ethnically diverse, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, greeted newcomers warmly and accepted change as an inevitable life process. Decidedly not an isolated, fundamentalist Appalachian community, Cumberland Gap stood at the gateway to the western frontier and, unlike Robert Munn's description of Appalachia, it was never a part of any state's backyard.[1] Unwilling to let outside economic interests gain control of the town's most valuable resources, the people resisted the lure of industrialization and its accompanying New South mentality. Race issues, long considered "the central theme of southern history,"[2] did not consume the Gap community. African-Americans, part of the frontier community, remained economically and emotionally committed to the developing village of Cumberland Gap. This acceptance of African-Americans, recorded throughout the community's history, contradicts one of the critical elements generally used to define a southern community. Slow steady growth, not rapid industrialization, assured the continuity and integrity of the Gap.

Unlike earlier settlements, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, developed after the frontier changed from family subsistence farms to organized commercial community centers. Limited geographically but not isolated, a small village sustained by the "travel that naturally poured through the Gap,"[3] slowly grew in a geologic bowl along the path leading to the Gap. Framed by the mountains, the village had little flat land on which to grow crops. Income from timber cutting, storekeeping, and foundry work allowed the Gap families to purchase food from farmers in Powell's Valley.

By 1840 Cumberland Gap was not only a thriving Tennessee community but also a full participant in the political life of the nation, hosting a crowd of six to eight thousand Whigs who came by foot, horseback, wagon, and buggy to cheer for "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too!"[4] The following year new settlers arrived. Virginian John Newly and his four slaves operated an iron furnace while other members of his militia company settled throughout Powell's Valley. Robert Crockett, Daniel Huff, and James Patterson used twenty to thirty slaves each on their large farms in the Valley. The 1850 census lists approximately thirty-three slave-owners in or near the Gap. Typical of East Tennessee, "blacks continued to live in small groupings much as they had in the early frontier days." A few free

blacks began to settle in the countryside, "in drafty shacks on the most hilly and marginal land"[5] and in the "rabbit town" section of Tazewell, the county seat. Free blacks "Uncle" Stephen Graham and "reliable" Godfrey Posey drove the stage between Tazewell and the Gap.[6] Slave owners Huff and Patterson operated their farms, started schools for their children, and opened crossroad stores, tanneries, and other commercial enterprises in the valley. They also formed business partnerships with Newly and another Gap resident, Dr. J.H.S. Morison. A weekly stage between Tazewell and Cumberland Gap carried freight, mail, and passengers.[7] The stage line made it easier to conduct business throughout the Gap area. The movement of goods and the influx of people, residents and tourists, gave the historic village the look of a much larger community.

During the Civil War the Gap changed hands four times with each side disabling the mill, the furnace, and the pass above the town before they moved out of the area. The residents of Cumberland Gap accepted the opposing armies and emancipation in much the same manner as they accepted travelers along the Wilderness Road. Confederate sympathizer John Newly's daughter married Union surgeon John Washington Divine in April 1865.[8] Many of the local African-Americans, ex-slaves, followed the creek south, settling in the Tiprell area a mile from the iron furnace. Others remained near the destroyed Huff and Patterson farms.

Although the road across the mountain remained "in terrible shape during the war"[9] and was not immediately repaired, a semblance of order returned to Cumberland Gap by 1870. The census lists white doctors, school teachers, and ministers. The African-Americans included blacksmiths, foundry and sawmill operators, and cabinet makers. Many African-Americans, forced to leave the Tiprell area after Confederate Tip Cockrell's return, joined families in the Gap, building their houses around the large spring and working at the iron furnace. The Morisons, Newlys, and other whites returned to their prewar positions of prominence in the community.

Business growth was limited by the lack of good roads and access to the railroads. Area residents had discussed expansion of the local trade for years, but the war interrupted their efforts. In 1886 local businessmen convinced Alexander Arthur, an agent of the Richmond and Danville Railroad, to consider building a tunnel through the mountains. Across the mountains lay the Yellow Creek Valley of Bell County, Kentucky. The Colson family, largest land owners in the valley, showed Arthur virgin forests and coal banks around the periphery of the valley.[10] Arthur envisioned a giant planned development, supported by abundant natural resources and connected by rail to the world marketplace. Arthur secured capital from the Baring Bank of London and became President of the American Association, Ltd. With the "virtual equivalent of a blank check" and the assistance of Colson and Morison, the American Association Ltd., optioned, surveyed, and purchased over 100,000 acres in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Virginia.[11]

Arthur's enthusiasm, promotional skill, and business aplomb, as well as the historic location of the venture, soon attracted others to the area. Investors and men of independent means such as retired British Colonel Railton and some of the younger remittance men, who found less settled areas too remote for their tastes, flocked to Cumberland Gap. The Watts Steel Company of England sent the young Watts brothers, Edgar and Frank, to manage their business in Middlesborough. Ill-equipped for the rough frontier-type settlement beginning in Yellow Creek, they moved to the established community of Cumberland Gap.[12]

Small orchards and kitchen gardens were cleared for the new business district. Apartments over the grocery stores, shoe shops, printing offices, barber shops, restaurants, and other businesses served as living space for newly-hired store clerks and delivery men. Overnight visitors could choose from three hotels and several boarding houses a few

blocks from the railroad depot.[13] Newly's son-in-law, Dr. Divine, now a land agent, and his partners established the first of three local banks. The county newspaper editor made frequent trips to the Gap and encouraged Claiborne Countians to invest in a railroad tunnel through the mountains even though a series of cave-ins hampered the tunnel's completion. Injuries caused by the cave-ins often required Dr. Morison or his son to treat their patients inside the tunnel or on the side of the mountain in primitively-constructed houses and hastily-erected tents. The African-Americans and poor whites working on the tunnel and railroad squatted on the only land in the Gap not being surveyed and divided into expensive town lots. The workers, "some asleep, some eating, drinking," enjoyed their only day off amid "piles of dirt hauled out of tunnels as high as a tree."[14] Since the Civil War, African-Americans had moved in and out of town, staying anywhere from a few days to a few years. If, as William H. Turner suggests, Cumberland Gap had been "a major focal point in the development and evolution of highland abolition movements,"[15] an informal or secret network may have existed that led blacks to Cumberland Gap. However, the largest group of African-Americans came to the Gap when the Association needed lumbermen, railroad laborers, and miners. Many of them, like the white laborers, moved to town from nearby farms.

Although the descendants of the black workers who came to town during the Association period and of the families who settled near the mill during frontier days deny any discrimination in Cumberland Gap, African-Americans were nonetheless "limited by local racial custom in their right to mingle casually"[16] with whites. The local hotels did not rent to the workers, so they camped wherever they could.

Cumberland Gap had its share of rowdiness and violence, but the relative peace on the south side of the mountain and the large medicinal springs southwest of town attracted a group of wealthy "dyspeptic invalids"[17] anxious to bathe in the springs and relax in the healthy mountain air. Dr. Allen McLane Hamilton, great-grandson of Alexander Hamilton, decided in 1891 to invest in the most expensive undertaking in the area, a two-hundred-room sanitorium complete with Turkish baths and a high seven-hundred-room hotel. But as the bill for the entire development neared thirty million dollars, the "economic bubble burst."[18]

Residents of the historic village at the foot of Cumberland Gap watched in dismay as the elaborate Four Seasons Hotel was dismantled and outside investors began to leave. But the Gap community leaders had maintained their control over the town. While land auctions in Middlesborough attracted speculators, raising prices beyond belief, the sale in Cumberland Gap proceeded slowly. Land sales to local lawyers, doctors, and merchants buying lots for "town" houses and small businesses outnumbered sales to outsiders.

While Alexander Arthur and the other business investors concentrated on developing the surrounding land resources, Reverend Aaron Arthur Myers and his wife, Ellen, began building a Congregational Church and school in town. Arthur and Ellen Myers exemplified the reformers who discovered Appalachia in the late 1890s. Because they meant well and acted for people's "own good,"[19] the townspeople justified the Myerses' involvement in Cumberland Gap. For them and other late-nineteenth-century reformers, the romanticized possibilities were often more interesting than realasis. For them, the fantasy became the new reality.[20] This is particularly evident in Cumberland Gap. Not only did this community support two churches before the Myerses arrived, but Middlesboro built and maintained seven large churches.

Nor did the Myerses alter the educational system in the Gap community. Before the Civil War, the wealthier citizens had provided teachers for their children. Their children attended the Myerses' school, not the "masses"

Ellen expected to influence. Blacks and poor whites started work at an early age; they believed education was irrelevant and unnecessary. When Alexander Arthur's empire began to crumble, the newly-completed Cumberland Gap Hotel closed. Seeing this as an opportunity to expand their school, the Myerses moved their school out of the Congregational Church and into the closed hotel. They called their new school Cumberland Gap College. Shortly after the school opened, the wife of the British Ambassador to the United States visited and suggested the name Harrow School.[21]

By 1900, the culturally and ethnically diverse citizenry of Cumberland Gap had withstood the twin onslaughts of industrial might and evangelical energy. The unprecedented growth of the previous twenty years, 1880-1900, strained the community's ability to sustain itself as a separate viable entity. Nonetheless, Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, "persisted."

The village, incorporated since 1890, was the largest community in Claiborne County. Typical of the new immigrants after 1900, John Estep started peddling produce to the stores in Cumberland Gap. After several years of travelling between his farm and the village, Estep moved his family to town and built a large house on a slight ridge southeast of town.[22] His older children started school; his wife took in boarders, planted a small garden, and sold dairy products in town. John Estep worked in the rock quarry and built company houses in the coal camps. His youngest son began meeting the trains at age seven, earning money carrying drummers' cases and luggage between the depot and the livery stable.[23]

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"GONE TO TEXAS" AND THE "TERRA INCOGNITA": CROSSING BORDERS IN PETER TAYLOR'S LATE FICTION

Sara Lewis Dunne
Middle Tennessee State University

"Gone to Texas," a phrase that appears several times in Peter Taylor's fiction, is used to describe Tennesseans-- usually men--who have decided to leave family, community, and social restraints behind and head west for a new life. Much of Peter Taylor's earlier fiction is devoted to the idea of crossing the rigid social boundaries dictated by upper- or upper-middle-class life in the modern South. Some women are able to cross social borders while others cannot in "The Fancy Woman," and two women in "A Long Fourth" realize that the borders of race and class can be transcended by common human experiences of love, loss, and suffering. In a later story, "In the Miro District," the borders of generations are briefly erased by a shared love of mischief. And, in Taylor's most recent fiction, the borders between life and death and real and imagined experiences are blurred by ghosts, dreams, and visions which lead characters out of the conventional upper-class South and into the "terra incognita." A survey of Taylor's last four fictional works reveals his continued fascination with geographical, social, moral, racial, and existential borders and their crossing, but the phrase "Gone to Texas" seems to sum up the most radical rejection of the social and moral values associated with Taylor's fictionalized versions of Tennessee.

The phrase "Gone to Texas" first appears in "The Old Forest," a short story which first appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1979 and was collected in 1985 as the title story of a volume. It is narrated by an older middle-aged man, Nat Ramsey, who remembers an incident which occurred in Memphis in 1937 when he was engaged to marry a debutante, Caroline Braxley, and he was employed in his father's cotton brokerage. In the Memphis of 1937 debutantes did not hold jobs, and young women who worked in offices did not "come out." Nat remembers that in spite of his engagement, he and his friends liked to go to bars and beer gardens with "working girls of a superior kind" (66) even after the engagement had been announced "at an an MCC [Memphis Country Club] party" (33). Nat and his friends, in a combination of arrogance and innocence, refer to the working girls as "demimondaines," and later as "demimondaines," but he describes them this way:

> They read books, they looked at pictures, and they were apt to attend any concert of play that came to Memphis. When the old San Carlo Opera Company turned up in town, you could count on certain girls of the demimonde being present in their block of seats, and often with a score of the opera in hand. From that you will understand that they certainly weren't the innocent, untutored types that we generally took to dances at the Memphis Country Club and whom we eventually looked forward to marrying. (32)

Nat is involved in a minor automobile accident while one of the working girls is riding in the car with him. The girl, Lee Ann Deehart, runs away from the scene of the accident and hides from the police, from Nat, from Nat's father's friends--one of whom edits the newspaper--and lawyers, who all feel that they must find her and assure

themselves that she is both unharmed and un-pregnant before the wedding can take place seven days later. However, it is Caroline who finds Lee Ann because, she tells Nat, to cancel the wedding would make her "a jilted, a rejected girl" and, she continues, "some part of my power to protect myself would be gone forever" (88). Caroline, very much to Nat's surprise, admires Lee Ann and the "demimondaines" because, she tells him,

> they have the freedom to jump out of your car, freedom from you, freedom to run off into the woods. . . . Men have always been able to do it. . . just because they wanted to. They used to write "Gone to Texas" on the front door and leave the house and the farm to be sold for taxes. They were considered black sheep for doing so, [but] they were something of heroes, too. (85)

Even before Caroline utters the phrase "gone to Texas," Taylor's narrator suggests that Texas is seen as a place free of the social constraints of cities like Memphis. In the search for Lee Ann, she is believed by several people to be "from Texas" (61,71), a place sufficiently large and vague in their Memphis imaginations to seem as exotic--and as liberating--as California, and Caroline compares her to the adventurous Tennessee men who have "gone to Texas." Significantly, Caroline and Nat have traveled East on the old Bristol Highway when Caroline makes her remark about going to Texas. If Texas and the West represent a new start or a new way of life, Caroline realizes that she is forever allied to the older, more traditional kind of life in Tennessee, represented by their brief journey backwards into Tennessee's past, signified by one of its easternmost cities, Bristol. Nat remarks that Caroline and the other Memphis debutantes are "the heirs to something" (50) and that they are connected to old family plantations somewhere in their pasts, but that the working girls are free from the social constraints dictated by their pasts. Texas, Caroline says, is "Out West" where the men she has described "got a new start or [began] life over. But there was never a women in our family who did that! There was no way it could happen" (85). Lee Ann and her working-girl friends betoken a new life where women, too, can "go to Texas."

Texas or "going to Texas" represents for the characters in "The Old Forest" a new start, a clean break from the past, but at an option traditionally open primarily to men. We learn that in their later lives, after they have married, Caroline and Nat leave the comfortable world of Memphis' upper class and Nat earns the degree necessary to become a university professor (much as Peter Taylor himself had done). Perhaps because she understands the value of "going to Texas," Caroline is able to make the transition successfully.

A subsequent Taylor work shows us a women who is not able to take up her roots and move West. In *A Summons to Memphis* (1986), as in at an earlier story "The Captain's Son," Taylor contrasts Nashville to Memphis, and the more Western city, rather like the "Texas" in "The Old Forest" is "something else. . . . Memphis was today. Nashville was yesterday" (*Summons* 28). Similarly, in "The Captain's Son," Memphis is "flat, and sunbaked and endlessly sprawling" (36)--a description that might well fit the state of Texas. Mrs. Carver, the narrator's mother in *A Summons to Memphis*, is prepared to adjust to her husband's choice of Memphis over their home in Nashville. Phillip Carver tells us, "I believe Mother did instantly love Memphis and but for Father would have melted into the life there. She likes cards, and gossip and striking clothes and Country Club food" (27). In the geographical economy of *A Summons to Memphis*, Nashville is--as Taylor told William Broadway--"starchy" (19), and in the judgment of Taylor scholar Catherine Clark Graham, Taylor's Memphis in this novel is "vulgar" (158). But with vulgarity also comes, we have seen, the chance to begin life anew, as Phillip's two vulgar sisters do. Mrs. Carver is not allowed to enjoy her new life in Memphis because of her husband's unfavorable comparisons of the two cities, and so she eventually takes to her bed. Her son's escape--his version of "going to Texas"--is, ironically, achieved

by going to Manhattan. As we will see, Manhattan also proves to be a later character's "Texas."

Taylor's next work after *A Summons to Memphis* was [The Oracle at Stoneleigh Court](), published in 1993. It was Taylor's final collection of short stories, and it contains some of his least typical works in terms of theme, if not in terms of form. Perhaps because he was near to the end of his own life and in failing health from strokes and heart attacks, there are supernatural characters in many of the stories who drift back and forth across the borders of this world and the next with remarkable ease. Three of the short plays are reprints from his volume *Presences*, published twenty years previously, in 1973. All seven plays from *Presences* are about ghosts who return to speak with the living. Other stories in *Oracle* feature similarly liminal characters who straddle "existence" in two worlds. For example, the principle female in "The Witch of Owl Mountain Springs: At an Account of her Remarkable Powers" is a witch, Miss Lizzie Pettigru, who lives in a fictional version of the Monteagle Assembly Grounds and gets revenge for a youthful jilting. She has--perhaps--been able to do this by changing herself from a person into a small woodland creature, crossing the border of humanity into the animal kingdom.

In a less Gothic short story, "Demons," the narrator remembers at an older cousin named Talbot who crosses both matrimonial and geographical boundaries. Talbot sets fire to his house, which had been the family's first homestead built in the ante-bellum days, abandons his wife, and disappears on his galloping horse. "Two days later, news came that a married woman in a neighboring town, whose name had long been connected with Talbot's had vanished that same night." The narrator remembers feeling "envy, admiration, and [importantly] dread" upon hearing this news [(94)](). Talbot has not "gone to Texas" literally, but his behavior certainly fits the description Caroline has given in "The Old Forest" and has provoked both envy and fear in those left behind in Tennessee.

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"GONE TO TEXAS" AND THE "TERRA INCOGNITA": CROSSING BORDERS IN PETER TAYLOR'S LATE FICTION

"Gone to Texas" and the "Terra Incognita": Crossing Borders in Peter Taylor's Late Fiction

Sara Lewis Dunne
Middle Tennessee State University

"Gone to Texas," a phrase that appears several times in Peter Taylor's fiction, is used to describe Tennesseans--usually men--who have decided to leave family, community, and social restraints behind and head west for a new life. Much of Peter Taylor's earlier fiction is devoted to the idea of crossing the rigid social boundaries dictated by upper- or upper-middle-class life in the modern South. Some women are able to cross social borders while others cannot in "The Fancy Woman," and two women in "A Long Fourth" realize that the borders of race and class can be transcended by common human experiences of love, loss, and suffering. In a later story, "In the Miro District," the borders of generations are briefly erased by a shared love of mischief. And, in Taylor's most recent fiction, the borders between life and death and real and imagined experiences are blurred by ghosts, dreams, and visions which lead characters out of the conventional upper-class South and into the "terra incognita." A survey of Taylor's last four fictional works reveals his continued fascination with geographical, social, moral, racial, and existential borders and their crossing, but the phrase "Gone to Texas" seems to sum up the most radical rejection of the social and moral values associated with Taylor's fictionalized versions of Tennessee.

The phrase "Gone to Texas" first appears in "The Old Forest," a short story which first appeared in *The New Yorker* in 1979 and was collected in 1985 as the title story of a volume. It is narrated by an older middle-aged man, Nat Ramsey, who remembers an incident which occurred in Memphis in 1937 when he was engaged to marry a debutante, Caroline Braxley, and he was employed in his father's cotton brokerage. In the Memphis of 1937 debutantes did not hold jobs, and young women who worked in offices did not "come out." Nat remembers that in spite of his engagement, he and his friends liked to go to bars and beer gardens with "working girls of a superior kind" (66) even after the engagement had been announced "at an an MCC [Memphis Country Club] party" (33). Nat and his friends, in a combination of arrogance and innocence, refer to the working girls as "demimondaines," and later as "demimondaines," but he describes them this way:

> They read books, they looked at pictures, and they were apt to attend any concert of play that came
> to Memphis. When the old San Carlo Opera Company turned up in town, you could count on
> certain girls of the demimonde being present in their block of seats, and often with a score of the
> opera in hand. From that you will understand that they certainly weren't the innocent, untutored
> types that we generally took to dances at the Memphis Country Club and whom we eventually
> looked forward to marrying. (32)

Nat is involved in a minor automobile accident while one of the working girls is riding in the car with him. The girl, Lee Ann Deehart, runs away from the scene of the accident and hides from the police, from Nat, from Nat's father's friends--one of whom edits the newspaper--and lawyers, who all feel that they must find her and assure themselves that she is both unharmed and un-pregnant before the wedding can take place seven days later. However, it is Caroline who finds Lee Ann because, she tells Nat, to cancel the wedding would make her "a jilted, a rejected girl" and, she continues, "some part of my power to protect myself would be gone forever" (88). Caroline, very much to Nat's surprise, admires Lee Ann and the "demimondaines" because, she tells him,

> they have the freedom to jump out of your car, freedom from you, freedom to run off into the
> woods. . . . Men have always been able to do it. . . just because they wanted to. They used to write

"Gone to Texas" on the front door and leave the house and the farm to be sold for taxes. They were considered black sheep for doing so, [but] they were something of heroes, too. (85)

Even before Caroline utters the phrase "gone to Texas," Taylor's narrator suggests that Texas is seen as a place free of the social constraints of cities like Memphis. In the search for Lee Ann, she is believed by several people to be "from Texas" (61,71), a place sufficiently large and vague in their Memphis imaginations to seem as exotic--and as liberating--as California, and Caroline compares her to the adventurous Tennessee men who have "gone to Texas." Significantly, Caroline and Nat have traveled East on the old Bristol Highway when Caroline makes her remark about going to Texas. If Texas and the West represent a new start or a new way of life, Caroline realizes that she is forever allied to the older, more traditional kind of life in Tennessee, represented by their brief journey backwards into Tennessee's past, signified by one of its easternmost cities, Bristol. Nat remarks that Caroline and the other Memphis debutantes are "the heirs to something" (50) and that they are connected to old family plantations somewhere in their pasts, but that the working girls are free from the social constraints dictated by their pasts. Texas, Caroline says, is "Out West" where the men she has described "got a new start or [began] life over. But there was never a women in our family who did that! There was no way it could happen" (85). Lee Ann and her working-girl friends betoken a new life where women, too, can "go to Texas."

Texas or "going to Texas" represents for the characters in "The Old Forest" a new start, a clean break from the past, but at an option traditionally open primarily to men. We learn that in their later lives, after they have married, Caroline and Nat leave the comfortable world of Memphis' upper class and Nat earns the degree necessary to become a university professor (much as Peter Taylor himself had done). Perhaps because she understands the value of "going to Texas," Caroline is able to make the transition successfully.

A subsequent Taylor work shows us a women who is not able to take up her roots and move West. In _A Summons to Memphis_ (1986), as in at an earlier story "The Captain's Son," Taylor contrasts Nashville to Memphis, and the more Western city, rather like the "Texas" in "The Old Forest" is "something else. . . . Memphis was today. Nashville was yesterday" (_Summons_ 28). Similarly, in "The Captain's Son," Memphis is "flat, and sunbaked and endlessly sprawling" (36)--a description that might well fit the state of Texas. Mrs. Carver, the narrator's mother in _A Summons to Memphis_, is prepared to adjust to her husband's choice of Memphis over their home in Nashville. Phillip Carver tells us, "I believe Mother did instantly love Memphis and but for Father would have melted into the life there. She likes cards, and gossip and striking clothes and Country Club food" (27). In the geographical economy of _A Summons to Memphis_, Nashville is--as Taylor told William Broadway--"starchy" (19), and in the judgment of Taylor scholar Catherine Clark Graham, Taylor's Memphis in this novel is "vulgar" (158). But with vulgarity also comes, we have seen, the chance to begin life anew, as Phillip's two vulgar sisters do. Mrs. Carver is not allowed to enjoy her new life in Memphis because of her husband's unfavorable comparisons of the two cities, and so she eventually takes to her bed. Her son's escape--his version of "going to Texas"--is, ironically, achieved by going to Manhattan. As we will see, Manhattan also proves to be a later character's "Texas."

Taylor's next work after _A Summons to Memphis_ was _The Oracle at Stoneleigh Court_, published in 1993. It was Taylor's final collection of short stories, and it contains some of his least typical works in terms of theme, if not in terms of form. Perhaps because he was near to the end of his own life and in failing health from strokes and heart attacks, there are supernatural characters in many of the stories who drift back and forth across the borders of this world and the next with remarkable ease. Three of the short plays are reprints from his volume _Presences_, published twenty years previously, in 1973. All seven plays from _Presences_ are about ghosts who return to speak

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PERSPECTIVES ON THE TENNESSEE LANDSCAPE: THE VERNACULAR PAINTED INTERIOR IN TENNESSEE

Anne-Leslie Owens
Tennessee Historical Society

Stenciling, landscape painting, woodgraining, and marbling were popular decorative painting techniques in America during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Only in this century have historians considered these painted interiors as a valuable subject for material culture study. The majority of the early scholarship in this field focused on New England interiors despite the wide variety of painted interiors throughout Tennessee and other southern states.[1]

To date, Tennessee's decorative painting tradition remains relatively unacknowledged by historians and unappreciated by the public and homeowners. The Tennessee State Museum's "Painted Room, 1861," is the only nineteenth-century decoratively painted domestic interior accessible to the public. The museum describes this interior as "the only completely decoratively painted room known in Tennessee." yet, since its acquisition in 1981, several other completely decoratively painted interiors have been surveyed and documented.[2]

Carroll Van West of the Center for Historic Preservation at Middle Tennessee State University has identified several 1880s interior paintings by Fred Swanton. West's article in the *Tennessee Historical Quarterly*, "Middle Tennessee Houses and the Plain Painter Tradition: The Work of Fred Swanton in the Late Victorian Era," is a result of his Century Farms and National register research. West's study alone proves the existence of other completely painted interiors and indicates the need for more survey, research, and documentation of decoratively painted interiors in Tennessee.[3]

This paper looks at four significant examples that represent the wide variety of painting styles in Tennessee's nineteenth-century interiors. The "Stencil House" in Wayne County features motifs popular during the mid-nineteenth century. "The Beeches" in Robertson County, the Mead White House in Hardin County, and the Maple Dean Farmhouse in Bedford County contain vivid examples of several late-Victorian decorative techniques and motifs.

The earliest known house in this study is the "Stencil House," located near Clifton in Wayne County. This small, unassuming, log dogtrot house contains the most extensively stenciled interior known in Tennessee to retain its original decoration.[4]

The entrance hall and parlor of the "Stencil House" contain red and green stenciled designs composed of six floral

patterns. These motifs are enclosed by a large leaf pattern along the cornice, and a small leaf pattern along the wainscoting, and are divided into vertical sections by a repeating diamond-shaped pattern.
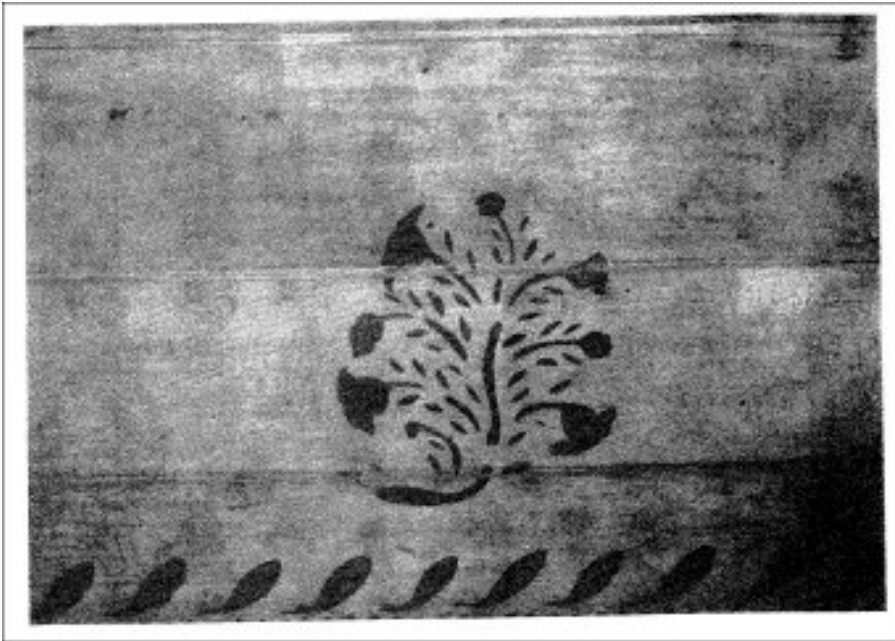

Fig. 1. "Stencil House," parlor, stenciled wall detail
(Photograph by the author)

The parlor design is composed of three large motifs: a weeping willow, pineapple, and flowers (Figure 1). These motifs are enclosed by a festoon and tassel pattern along the cornice and a vine along the wainscoting. A fuller vine divides the work into vertical sections.

While the date of the Stencil House's construction and date of painting are unknown, similarly stenciled patterns were very common in New England interiors during the first half of the nineteenth century. Richard Hulan and Robert Giebner, authors of a 1972 Historic American Buildings Survey report on the "Stencil House," attributed this work to Moses Eaton, a well-known stenciler from New Hampshire. Referring to Janet Waring's book, *Early American Stencils on Walls and Furniture*, they stated that radiation holds that Moses Eaton made a trip "West." While Moses Eaton may be responsible for these designs, it is not probable. No other painted interiors by this notable artist have ever been documented south of the Ohio River.[5]

Regardless of the attribution, this elaborately stenciled interior indicates the transfer of a New England decorative tradition into rural southern Middle Tennessee during the mid-nineteenth century. A traveling painter could have offered this style of painting to residents of Wayne County, who may or may not have seen interiors painted in this manner. Possibly a New Englander traveled westward and, after settling in Tennessee, commissioned a local or itinerant painter to paint his interior according to a style with which the homeowner was familiar.

The Beeches," located near the city of Springfield in Robertson County, is a grant Italiante style home. John Woodard, a wealthy whiskey distiller, constructed his home in 1869. The home's most outstanding interior features are the hand-painted ceilings in the entrance hall and dining room.

The entrance hall design is divided into three square sections; the front of the hall, the rear of the hall, and the side hall with the staircase. The hall forms an "L" shape as it wraps around the parlor. The three sections are very similar, with the exception of the center medallion. The front and side hall sections both have a three-dimensional plaster ceiling medallion with a suspended light fixture. The corner of the "L"-shaped hall has a circular medallion painted with highlights and shadows to provide a three-dimensional effect.

Except for the ceiling medallion, all three of the sections are painted in a similar fashion. Each section has a yellow background framed by a light-blue border and a white interior border. The artist combined white and blue

geometric patterns to create an intricate design. He further decorated these geometric patterns by painting blue scrollwork designs as well as highlights and shadows. The consistent quality of the designs suggests that the artist used stencils, although this cannot be documented.

Fig. 2. "The Beeches," dining room, decoratively painted ceiling
(Photograph by the author)

The dining room of "The Beeches" is also painted decoratively. here, the artist painted a wide gray border featuring blue round-shaped medallions midway along each of the four sides of the ceiling (Figure 2). The medallions are adorned with a gold frame and scrolls to each side and white scrolls at the center. Again, the artist used highlights and shadows to create a three-dimensional effect on flat plaster. He gave special attention to the placement of the eight medallions in the room and their relation to the two windows along the west wall. All the gold frames and scrolled designs are painted with highlights and shadows to simulate light from these windows.

The Mead White House, located in Saltillo in Hardin County, was built in 1847 for mead White, a prosperous businessman, land owner, and farmer. This two-story, five bay I-house is dominated by a full-height porch featuring Victorian millwork. Its interior contains such Victorian-era finishes as woodgraining, marbling, stenciled ceiling paintings, and wall and ceiling papers.
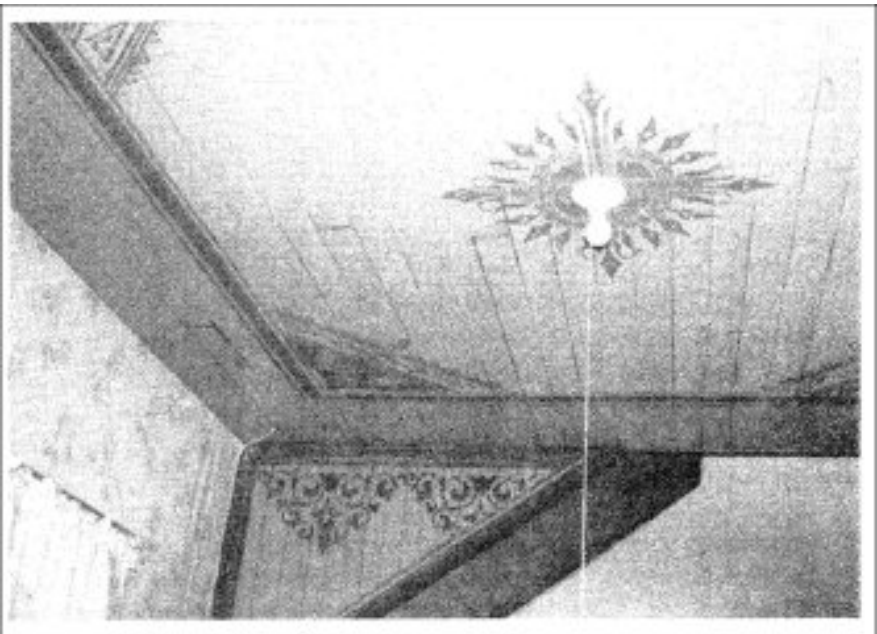

Fig. 3. Meady White House parlor, central hall, decoratively painted ceiling and stair enclosure
(Photograph by the author)

The first painted scheme appears on the front and sides of the enclosed upper level of stairs. Tulip and scrolled patterns are painted in dark brown on a light brown background (Figure 3). At the back of the central hall are painted designs on the ceiling. The artist painted the background light green and off-white with a dark-green and dark-brown line forming an interior border. Geometric designs in dark green and dark brown adorn the corners and center of the interior square. Many late-nineteenth century painters' manuals included similar geometric stencil patterns.

The room to the east of the central hall features extensive woodgraining on the mantel, baseboards, doors, and window frames. The woodwork, painted to represent three different

varieties of fine wood, accentuates the architectural detailing of these elements.

The original side hall contains stenciled designs on the ceiling similar to those at the rear of the front hall. The ceiling is painted light brown and tan with dark and medium-brown interior borders. At each corner, there is a medium-brown colored geometric design while the center of the ceiling features a diamond-shaped medallion composed of several abstract acanthus leaf designs.

For the most part, nineteenth-century decorative interior painters remain anonymous. John Joseph Christie of Henderson, Tennessee, is one exception. Sometime between 1872 and 1877, Mead White commissioned Christie to paint this interior. An accomplished painter from Ireland, Christie had immigrated to the United States in 1868. After living briefly in New York and St. Louis, he moved to Henderson in Chester County, Tennessee. Christie painted the Mead White House interior during his stay in Henderson.[6]

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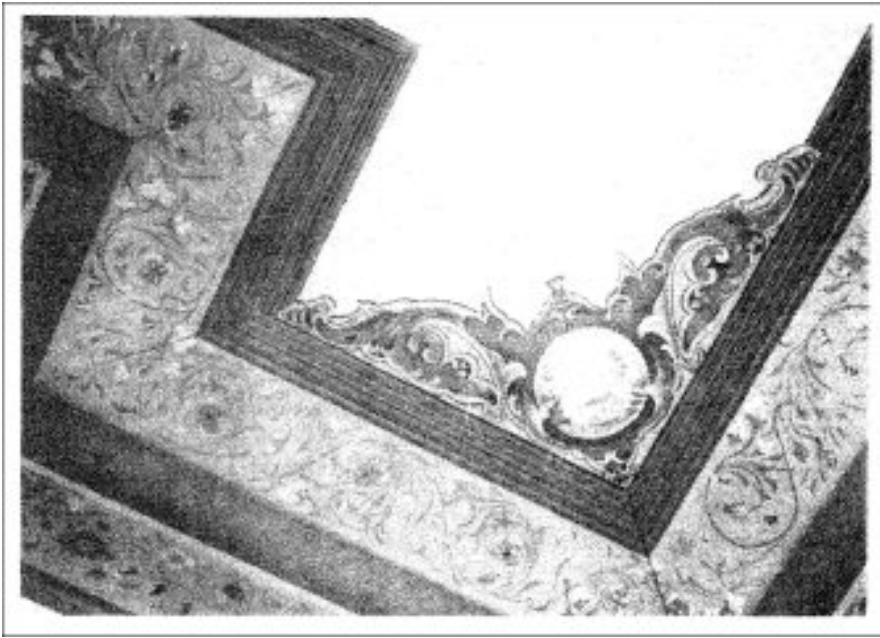
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The repetitive, freehand design on the tan background is continued on the ceiling in the same manner. The artist painted brown and tan rococo-like scroll patterns on wooden cutouts applied at each of the four corners of the room. Circular landscapes including trees, hills, mountains, lakes, a bridge, and a small cottage, are painted in the center of these scrolled patterns.

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The diversity of the clients dispels the misconception that decoratively painted finishes were only used by those unable to afford finer interior embellishments. John Woodard and Mead White were both affluent homeowners who could and did add currently popular interior details to their homes' interiors. John Woodard chose plaster cornices and ceiling medallions while Meady White displayed French wall and ceiling papers. Both chose interior painting even though other forms of Victorian decoration were available and affordable.

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PERSPECTIVES ON THE TENNESSEE LANDSCAPE:
THE VERNACULAR PAINTED INTERIOR IN TENNESSEE

Anne-Leslie Owens
Tennessee Historical Society

Stenciling, landscape painting, woodgraining, and marbling were popular decorative painting techniques in America during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Only in this century have historians considered these painted interiors as a valuable subject for material culture study. The majority of the early scholarship in this field focused on New England interiors despite the wide variety of painted interiors throughout Tennessee and other southern states.[1]

To date, Tennessee's decorative painting tradition remains relatively unacknowledged by historians and unappreciated by the public and homeowners. The Tennessee State Museum's "Painted Room, 1861," is the only nineteenth-century decoratively painted domestic interior accessible to the public. The museum describes this interior as "the only completely decoratively painted room known in Tennessee." yet, since its acquisition in 1981, several other completely decoratively painted interiors have been surveyed and documented.[2]

Carroll Van West of the Center for Historic Preservation at Middle Tennessee State University has identified several 1880s interior paintings by Fred Swanton. West's article in the ***Tennessee Historical Quarterly***, "Middle Tennessee Houses and the Plain Painter Tradition: The Work of Fred Swanton in the Late Victorian Era," is a result of his Century Farms and National register research. West's study alone proves the existence of other completely painted interiors and indicates the need for more survey, research, and documentation of decoratively painted interiors in Tennessee.[3]

This paper looks at four significant examples that represent the wide variety of painting styles in Tennessee's nineteenth-century interiors. The "Stencil House" in Wayne County features motifs popular during the mid-nineteenth century. "The Beeches" in Robertson County, the Mead White House in Hardin County, and the Maple Dean Farmhouse in Bedford County contain vivid examples of several late-Victorian decorative techniques and motifs.

The earliest known house in this study is the "Stencil House," located near Clifton in Wayne County. This small, unassuming, log dogtrot house contains the most extensively stenciled interior known in Tennessee to retain its original decoration.[4]

The entrance hall and parlor of the "Stencil House" contain red and green stenciled designs composed of six floral patterns. These motifs are enclosed by a large leaf pattern along the cornice, and a small leaf pattern along the wainscoting, and are divided into vertical sections by a repeating diamond-shaped pattern.

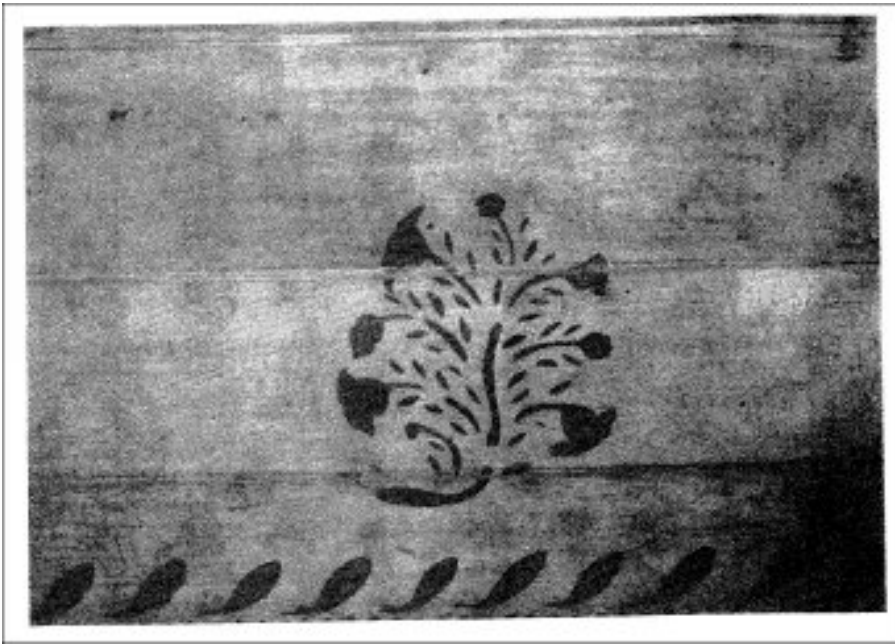The parlor design is composed of three large motifs: a weeping willow, pineapple, and

Fig. 1. "Stencil House," parlor, stenciled wall detail
(Photograph by the author)

flowers (Figure 1). These motifs are enclosed by a festoon and tassel pattern along the cornice and a vine along the wainscoting. A fuller vine divides the work into vertical sections.

While the date of the Stencil House's construction and date of painting are unknown, similarly stenciled patterns were very common in New England interiors during the first half of the nineteenth century. Richard Hulan and Robert Giebner, authors of a 1972 Historic American Buildings Survey report on the "Stencil House," attributed this work to Moses Eaton, a well-known stenciler from New Hampshire. Referring to Janet Waring's book, *Early American Stencils on Walls and Furniture*, they stated that radiation holds that Moses Eaton made a trip "West." While Moses Eaton may be responsible for these designs, it is not probable. No other painted interiors by this notable artist have ever been documented south of the Ohio River.[5]

Regardless of the attribution, this elaborately stenciled interior indicates the transfer of a New England decorative tradition into rural southern Middle Tennessee during the mid-nineteenth century. A traveling painter could have offered this style of painting to residents of Wayne County, who may or may not have seen interiors painted in this manner. Possibly a New Englander traveled westward and, after settling in Tennessee, commissioned a local or itinerant painter to paint his interior according to a style with which the homeowner was familiar.

The Beeches," located near the city of Springfield in Robertson County, is a grant Italiante style home. John Woodard, a wealthy whiskey distiller, constructed his home in 1869. The home's most outstanding interior features are the hand-painted ceilings in the entrance hall and dining room.

The entrance hall design is divided into three square sections; the front of the hall, the rear of the hall, and the side hall with the staircase. The hall forms an "L" shape as it wraps around the parlor. The three sections are very similar, with the exception of the center medallion. The front and side hall sections both have a three-dimensional plaster ceiling medallion with a suspended light fixture. The corner of the "L"-shaped hall has a circular medallion painted with highlights and shadows to provide a three-dimensional effect.

Except for the ceiling medallion, all three of the sections are painted in a similar fashion. Each section has a yellow background framed by a light-blue border and a white interior border. The artist combined white and blue geometric patterns to create an intricate design. He further decorated these geometric patterns by painting blue scrollwork designs as well as highlights and shadows. The consistent quality of the designs suggests that the artist used stencils, although this cannot be documented.

Fig. 2. "The Beeches," dining room, decoratively painted ceiling
(Photograph by the author)

The dining room of "The Beeches" is also painted decoratively. here, the artist painted a wide gray border featuring blue round-shaped medallions midway along each of the four sides of the ceiling (Figure 2). The medallions are adorned with a gold frame and scrolls to each side and white scrolls at the center. Again, the artist used highlights and shadows to create a three-dimensional effect on flat plaster. He gave special attention to the placement of the eight medallions in the room and their relation to the two windows along the west wall. All the gold frames and scrolled designs are painted with highlights and shadows to simulate light from these windows.

The Mead White House, located in Saltillo in Hardin County, was built in 1847 for mead White, a prosperous businessman, land owner, and farmer. This two-story, five bay I-house is dominated by a full-height porch featuring Victorian millwork. Its interior contains such Victorian-era finishes as woodgraining, marbling, stenciled ceiling paintings, and wall and ceiling papers.

The first painted scheme appears on the front and sides of the enclosed upper level of stairs. Tulip and scrolled patterns are painted in dark brown on a light brown background (Figure 3).
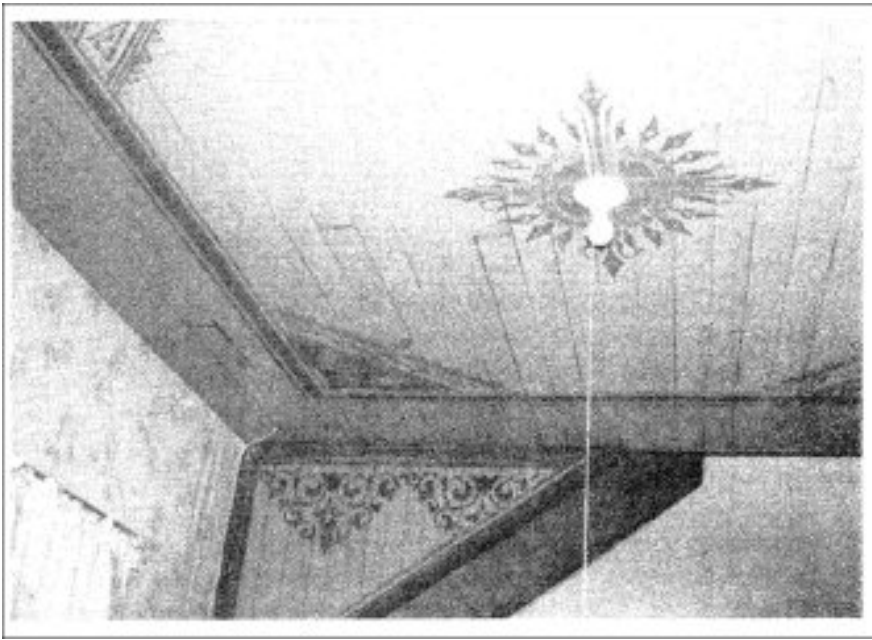
At the back of the central hall are painted designs on the ceiling. The artist painted the background light green and off-white with a dark-green and dark-brown line forming an interior border. Geometric designs in dark green and dark brown adorn the corners and center of the interior square. Many late-nineteenth century painters' manuals included similar geometric stencil patterns.

The room to the east of the central hall features extensive woodgraining on the mantel, baseboards, doors, and window frames. The woodwork, painted to represent three different varieties of fine wood, accentuates the architectural detailing of these elements.

Fig. 3. Meady White House parlor, central hall, decoratively painted ceiling and stair enclosure (Photograph by the author)

The original side hall contains stenciled designs on the ceiling similar to those at the rear of the front hall. The ceiling is painted light brown and tan with dark and medium-brown interior borders. At each corner, there is a medium-brown colored geometric design while the center of the ceiling features a diamond-shaped medallion composed of several abstract acanthus leaf designs.

For the most part, nineteenth-century decorative interior painters remain anonymous. John Joseph Christie of Henderson, Tennessee, is one exception. Sometime between 1872 and 1877, Mead White commissioned Christie to paint this interior. An accomplished painter from Ireland, Christie had immigrated to the United States in 1868. After living briefly in New York and St. Louis, he moved to Henderson in Chester County, Tennessee. Christie painted the Mead White House interior during his stay in Henderson.[6]

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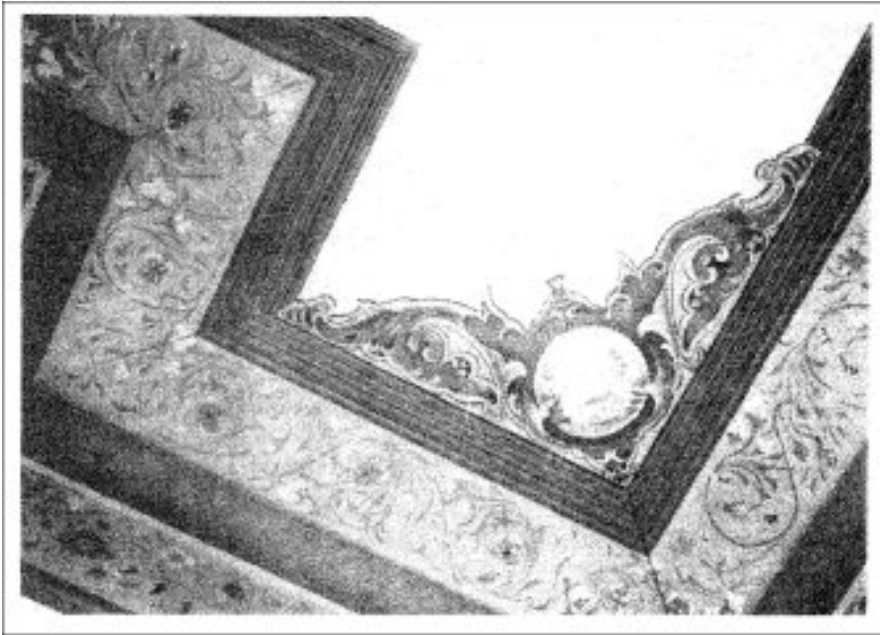

Fig. 4. Maple Dean Farmhouse, bedroom, mountain and lake
landscape painting on ceiling
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Above the wainscoting and the papered walls is the Maple Dean Farmhouse's finest interior feature, the painted cornice and ceiling (Figure 4). The cornice area, defined by a brown painted crown molding, is painted tan with yellow, blue, and red flowers. In the cornice are medallions with freehand landscapes on the east, south, and west walls. These landscapes feature trees, hillsides, mountains, a castle, and a bridge. While the north wall does not have a cornice painting, it has two landscape paintings at the fireplace. A medallion painting on the mantel is of a lake surrounded by trees, while the firescreen below is a painted waterfall scene. Each pilaster features a bouquet of red, tan, and white flowers. Above the flowers are geometric lines designs in the Eastlake tradition.

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SECESSION AND THE UNION IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY: A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

James Copeland
Walters State Community College

Introduction

On May 6, 1861, Tennessee withdrew from the United States and joined the Confederacy. Two weeks later, Kentucky proclaimed neutrality. County-level analysis yields an understanding of the political landscape within the two states during the Civil War.[1]

Physical Similarities

Both states contain a part of the Gulf Coast Plain. These western counties were purchased in 1818 from the Chickasaw Indians by Andrew Jackson and lie west of the Tennessee River. Blessed with a relatively long growing season, they would exhibit in general much support for secession.

An interior low plateau stretches from the Ohio River southward into Alabama and is known as the Highland Rim in Tennessee and the Pennyroyal in Kentucky. Superimposed on this region are the Nashville and Bluegrass basins. These were prosperous regions and home to a planter aristocracy.

The Cumberland Plateau portions of the two states were sparsely populated. This area seldom experienced economic activity beyond subsistence farming. It was here that the least interest in the preservation of slavery could be found. Significantly, this area is much broader in east-west extent in Kentucky than in Tennessee.

East of the Cumberland Plateau in the Volunteer State are two more physical regions. These, the ridge and valley province of central Appalachia and the Unaka (Great Smoky) Mountains, do not extend into Kentucky.[2]

Secession in Tennessee

In both states, enthusiasm for secession diminished eastward. It is possible to categorize counties' sentiments and thus gain a detailed knowledge of the 1861-1865 political landscape. Secession was promoted by two events occurring over a span of just more than five months in 1860-61. The election of a Republican president, given that party's opposition to the further spread of slavery, enabled extremists in seven Southern states to accomplish

withdrawal from the Union by February 1861. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas then quickly formed the Confederate States of America. There were Tennesseans (and Kentuckians) who unsuccessfully advocated similar action in their states during this first rush to secession. [3]

In Tennessee, Governor Isham G. Harris prodded the legislature to schedule a referendum on a sovereignty convention. Such a gathering, if called, could remove the state from the Union. To the governor's dismay, however, Volunteer State voters defeated a convention call on February 9, 1961. Despite unhappiness with Abraham Lincoln's election victory, the apparent consensus was that his term would expire in four years, at which time he could be defeated in a bid for re-election. Voters did not consider the outcome of the presidential election alone to be sufficient cause to leave the Union. A spatial analysis of the February balloting reveals significant variation in sentiment west to east. Eleven of fifteen West Tennessee counties submitting returns wanted a convention call, but twenty-seven of twenty-nine at the other end of the state opposed it. Middle Tennessee was the most evenly-divided grand division. There, twenty counties favored and thirteen rejected the call.[4]

President Abraham Lincoln's plea for troops subsequent to the Confederate bombardment of Fort Sumter triggered a second impulse to secession. In the eight slave states which had not seen fit to sever the ties of union over Lincoln's mere election, the question was now re-examined. Would Virginia, North Carolina, Maryland, Delaware, Missouri, Arkansas, Kentucky, or Tennessee submit to what was being described in the South as coercion?[5]

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Extremely Unionists or extremely secessionists counties in the two states may thus be identified on the basis of a referendum (Tennessee) or military service (Kentucky). At the polls thirty-one of eighty-one Tennessee counties, primarily in the eastern grand division, opposed withdrawal from the United States; in Kentucky twenty-seven counties, primarily in the eastern end of the state, supported the Union Army with higher percentages of Union volunteers than that of the northern state, New Jersey, which had the lowest rate of voluntary enlistment.

Forty-four other Tennessee counties approved secession by more than two-thirds margin. In seventeen other Kentucky counties, extreme secessionism was inferred--less than 3% of the total white population voluntarily enlisting in the Union army.

Contributing Factors

Antebellum partisan beliefs attributed to one party or the other could be expected to be important in determining Civil War allegiances. In the upper South, Whigs are seldom among the secession extremists. Henry Clay's party included among its adherents John Bell in Tennessee and John J. Crittenden in Kentucky, both of whom displayed a great attachment to the Union. Andrew Jackson's party, in contrast, was led in 1861 by Beriah Magoffin in Kentucky and Isham G. Harris in Tennessee, both ardent secessionists.[11]

Accordingly, the most strongly Union counties would be likely to have a Whig background, while in the counties most enthusiastic for secession, a Democratic orientation would be evident. In order to classify counties, a mean percentage of the popular vote won by Democratic candidates over seven consecutive Presidential elections 1836 through 1860 was calculated. This permits labeling of some counties as strongly Democratic (54% or more) or strongly Whig (46% or less).

In Tennessee twenty-two of twenty-eight Democratic counties supported secession, and twenty-one of thirty-eight strongly Whig counties demurred. It should be noted, however, that several West Tennessee Whig counties (Lauderdale, Fayette, Perry, Haywood, McNairy, Shelby, Dyer, Gibson, and Madison) voted for secession, while some East Tennessee Democratic counties (Hancock, Greene, Washington, and Bradley) were opposed.

The Kentucky political landscape looked similar. Eight of the most strongly secessionist counties (Calloway, Morgan, Hickman, Owen, Graves, Trimble, Scott, and Fulton) had Democratic histories, while only three others (Livingston, McCracken, and Henderson) came from Whig ranks. A consideration of the nine most Unionist counties (Monroe, Wayne, Estill, Grayson, Greenup, Ohio, McLean, Jackson, and Carter) reveals that all but the last named were Whig counties.

Another factor in differing wartime allegiances involved slaveowning. It is to be expected that counties with little interest in slaveowning would have exhibited little support for secession. To measure this relationship, three categories of slave holding were developed: (1) Counties with at least one potential voter in four owning slaves included those areas where slavery was most entrenched, (2) Counties with between one in six and one in four potential voters owning slaves comprised areas of significant interest in slaveowning although to a lesser degree than in (1) above, and (3) Counties with fewer than one in six potential voters owning slaves encompassed the areas with least attachment to slavery.[12]

In Tennessee, of the forty-four counties where the vote for secession was by at least a two to one margin, thirty were in the top two categories of slaveowning described. Fourteen of the seventeen Kentucky counties with lowest levels of Union volunteering fell in one of the two higher categories of slaveowning. Of the extremely Unionist Kentucky counties (which sent higher percentages of population to the Union Army than did New Jersey), twenty-three had the lowest level of interest in slaveowning (less than one in six potential voters owning slaves). In Tennessee, of the thirty-one counties voting against secession, twenty-seven exhibited the lowest levels of interest in slaveowning.

Summary and Conclusions

Despite the fact that at the state level Tennessee did and Kentucky did not pass ordinances of secession, the neighboring states reacted similarly to the Civil War. In both states, the closer one approached the Mississippi River, the more support there was for disunion. Whig areas and areas of limited interest in slaveowning were more Unionist in both states. Satisfactory understanding of the 1861-1865 political geography in the two states is attained only by studying differences in behavior at the county level.

NOTES

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SECESSION AND THE UNION IN TENNESSEE AND KENTUCKY: A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

James Copeland
Walters State Community College

Introduction

On May 6, 1861, Tennessee withdrew from the United States and joined the Confederacy. Two weeks later, Kentucky proclaimed neutrality. County-level analysis yields an understanding of the political landscape within the two states during the Civil War.[1]

Physical Similarities

Both states contain a part of the Gulf Coast Plain. These western counties were purchased in 1818 from the Chickasaw Indians by Andrew Jackson and lie west of the Tennessee River. Blessed with a relatively long growing season, they would exhibit in general much support for secession.

An interior low plateau stretches from the Ohio River southward into Alabama and is known as the Highland Rim in Tennessee and the Pennyroyal in Kentucky. Superimposed on this region are the Nashville and Bluegrass basins. These were prosperous regions and home to a planter aristocracy.

The Cumberland Plateau portions of the two states were sparsely populated. This area seldom experienced economic activity beyond subsistence farming. It was here that the least interest in the preservation of slavery could be found. Significantly, this area is much broader in east-west extent in Kentucky than in Tennessee.

East of the Cumberland Plateau in the Volunteer State are two more physical regions. These, the ridge and valley province of central Appalachia and the Unaka (Great Smoky) Mountains, do not extend into Kentucky.[2]

Secession in Tennessee

In both states, enthusiasm for secession diminished eastward. It is possible to categorize counties' sentiments and thus gain a detailed knowledge of the 1861-1865 political landscape. Secession was promoted by two events occurring over a span of just more than five months in 1860-61. The election of a Republican president, given that party's opposition to the further spread of slavery, enabled extremists in seven Southern states to accomplish withdrawal from the Union by February 1861. South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas then quickly formed the Confederate States of America. There were Tennesseans (and Kentuckians) who unsuccessfully advocated similar action in their states during this first rush to secession. [3]

In Tennessee, Governor Isham G. Harris prodded the legislature to schedule a referendum on a sovereignty convention. Such a gathering, if called, could remove the state from the Union. To the governor's dismay, however, Volunteer State voters defeated a convention call on February 9, 1961. Despite unhappiness with Abraham Lincoln's election victory, the apparent consensus was that his term would expire in four years, at which time he could be defeated in a bid for re-election. Voters did not consider the outcome of the presidential election alone to be sufficient cause to leave the Union. A spatial analysis of the February balloting reveals significant variation in sentiment west to east. Eleven of fifteen West Tennessee counties submitting returns wanted a convention call, but twenty-seven of twenty-nine at the other end of the state opposed it. Middle Tennessee was the most evenly-divided grand division. There, twenty counties favored and thirteen rejected the call.[4]

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Governor Harris angrily refused to abide such an effort. Believing that Tennesseans now preferred joining the Confederacy to preserving the Union by force, he promoted a renewed effort to depart from the United States. This culminated in another referendum four months after the initial defeat of the convention call. This time Tennessee voters were directly asked if they favored or opposed "separation." The result of this second election, June 6, 1861, approved exiting the Union. A comparison of the February and June returns reveals that there was little change in opinion in either the west or the east. The former remained in tune with secession, although Weakley, Carroll, Henderson, Decatur, and Hardin counties did defeat the proposal and went on to provide significant numbers of recruits for the Union Army. In the east, only five counties (Rhea, Meigs, Polk, Monroe, and Sullivan) favored abandoning the old flag. It was in Middle Tennessee where the greatest shift in opinion occurred. There, twelve counties that opposed a convention call in February, suggesting a reluctance to secede then, approved secession in June. These twelve (Jackson, Overton, Wilson, Smith, Putnam, Williamson, Rutherford, DeKalb, White, Cannon, Bedford, and Coffee) had the balance of power as they accounted for the different outcomes of the two elections.[6]

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THE TENNESSEE MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY:
A STUDY IN CONFLICTING IDEAS OF PUBLIC COMMEMORATION
AND COLLECTIVE MEMORY, 1895-1926

Suzanne Woolley Smith
Middle Tennessee State University

In the southwest corner of Legislative Plaza, overlooking the Tennessee Vietnam Memorial Wall and Sculpture, downtown Nashville, there is a bronze sculpture with three forms -- a large female figure holding smaller male and female figures in her lap. This enigmatic monument is the Tennessee Monument to the Women of the Confederacy and its simple plaque reads:

> Erected by the State of Tennessee to commemorate the heroic action of the women of Tennessee during the War Between the States. Dedicated October 10, 1926, Belle Kinney Sculptor. Plaque placed by the Tennessee Historical Commission.

Behind this public attempt to honor the role of the women of the South in the Civil War lies a surprising series of controversies and ironies. A look at this debate will illustrate the processes and issues involved in the interactions between collective memory and public commemoration. What is being commemorated, how something is best remembered and whose version of collective memory will be used are all problematic issues. Any memorial is more a reflection of the group and era in which it is constructed than it is of the history it commemorates.

The collective memory of a group is their history as they remember and interpret it. What becomes crucial is not the reality of history, but the perception of reality by the group. Historian David Thelen states, "People depend on others to help them decide which experiences to forget and which to remember and what interpretation to place on that experience. People develop a shared identity by identifying, exploring, and agreeing on memories."[1] Collective Memory is more than an aggregate of shared recollections in that it is decidedly selective. Identifying the experiences that a group chooses to forget will reveal as much about that group as identifying what it remembers. A group's collective memory does not reproduce history but, rather, reconstructs it. Thelen states, "In each construction of a memory, people reshape, omit, destroy, combine and reorganize details from the past in an active and subjective way. They mix pieces from the present with elements of the past."[2] In other words, their collective memory interprets the past in such a way that the needs of the present are fulfilled.

After the Civil War, Southerners who were faced with total disruption of their economic, political, and social system coped by creating their own interpretation of the war and those who fought it. This was, of course, the Lost Cause of the Confederacy. In their memories, many Southerners looked back to the years before the war as a golden agrarian period peopled by aristocratic planter families and their contented slaves. The war had been fought valiantly to preserve this way of life which was culturally and spiritually superior to that of the industrailizing

North. The ideologies which had caused such bitter debate about slavery and secession faded from both nation and southern consciousness as the nation celebrated reunion.[3]

Reconciliation was further enhanced as the collective memory of the South downplayed the outcome of the war and celebrated the bravery and nobility of those who had fought in it. Thus, they could become heroes in a land which celebrated victory. The cost of the war in human life was enormous. It is estimated that as many as a million men had served in the Confederate aries, of whom 250,000 died and another 150,000 became disabled.[4] Southern women had played a significant role in the war effort as they nursed the troops, clothed the soldiers, and formed soldiers' aid societies, at the same time that they ran farms and businesses. After the war, the southern woman was praised not only for her grace and gentility, but also for her strength and determination. She, too, was a survivor.

Confederate memorial associations were formed immediately after the war to aid needy veterans and their widows, to celebrate the heroism of local military units, and to erect public monuments to the valiant fighters of the South.[5] Almost seventy percent of the public monuments were placed in cemeteries immediately after the war, reflecting the need to signify the sense of loss felt by the survivors.[6] But as the turn of the century approached, the glorification of the Lost Cause, coupled with efforts to impart this collective memory to a younger generation, led to the erection of monuments in courthouse squares and public parks.

The role of southern women in shaping the collective memory of the Confederacy had undergone significant change by the turn of the century. Woman had moved from being the chief mourners to being the chief custodians of the Memory of the Lost Cause under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett of Nashville and Anna Davenport Raines of Savannah are credited with being the founders of the U.D.C. in 1894.[7] It had evolved from the local memorial associations and veterans' auxiliaries. As the veterans died (estimates are that survival rates of veterans in 1890-1910 were about forty-four percent), it was their daughters who carried on the fight to preserve the Memory of the Lost Cause.[8] The U.D.C. was an organization which gave women of the middle and upper class a domestic arena. Members raised money for monuments, cared for needy veterans, tended cemeteries and promoted textbooks which would tell the war from the southern viewpoint.[9] The rapid growth of the U.D.C. was testament to its popularity. By 1900 there were 17,000 members in 112 chapters. Ten years later, there were 44,000 members in 1014 chapters.[10] The United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of the Confederate Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy shared the publication of the *Confederate Veteran* magazine. During their 1895 convention, the United Veterans of the Confederacy proposed building a series of monuments to Confederate women, setting off a surprising round of controversy which exploded in the pages of the *Confederate Veteran*. General Irwin C. Walker of Charleston, South Carolina, led the fight to have a monument erected in every state of the Old Confederacy.[11]

The ensuing debate revealed divisions between the U.C.V. and the U.D.C. and within the U.D.C. itself. Since 1895, letters and opinions had been sent to the *Confederate Veteran* which suggested that the money would be better spent on practical assistance to living women. Several correspondents suggested a university for women.[12] Others supported scholarships for southern women. For instance, Sada Foute Richmond of Memphis wrote in 1907 to support the establishment of an endowed scholarship in each southern state to be called "The Southern Mothers Scholarship" for "Southern girls of true Southern parentage and ancestry." She stated, "This would prove Southern chivalry has still the lead in civilization."[13] Another writer suggested a building for southern female students in New York to provide a "Dixie Home" in that northern city.[14]

Women were proud of the roles that they and their mothers had played during the war, but many were also mindful of the continuing changes that the war had wrought in their lives. Many women were forced to become self-supporting after the war. The 1870 Census records many more women than men in the South, ranging from 1,000 more women than men in Mississippi to over 34,000 more women than men in North Carolina.[15] Many women entered teaching and literary occupations out of necessity as well as personal choice.[16] And women were becoming increasingly involved in progressive activities through missionary societies and clubs.

This disagreement over the most appropriate way to honor the memory of the sacrifices that women had made during the war illustrates conflicting versions of collective memory. As the veterans sought to pay tribute to the ladies, they remembered how southern women had endured hardships and had demonstrated compassion and strength during the war. But many women in the South remembered not only their past activism, but that it had been continued into the present.

Fig. 1. The original design, later rejected by the U.C.V.
Source: *Confederate Veteran*

The U.C.V. rejected proposals for the university or scholarships as too expensive, and an even more lively debate ensued over the design for the monument. The original design chosen by the Nashville U.C.V. in 1909 featured a female figure in a Greek robe holding aloft an upraised sword in one hand and a flag in the other. The figure stood on a small platform inscribed with the words, "Uphold Our States' Rights." (See Fig. 1) Letters to the *Confederate Veteran* protested this war-like representation. One critic, Dr. H.M. Hamill, wrote in 1909 object that the statue

had not a line of womanly grace or modesty or tenderness, not a hunt of the dear old home keeper and home builder of the southland, not a reminder of the sweet and gentle minister of mercy and comfort who bent over the hospital cot and soothed the pain of the wounded soldier and left in his heart of gratitude forever the true picture of that noblest of all memories of the Confederacy, the patient, self-sacrificing, unwearied helper and comforter of the boys in gray.[17]

Fig. 2. Belle Kinney's design, as erected in Nashville
Author's photo

In the face of such stinging opposition, the original design was rejected at the 1909 reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. A contest was begun to find a new design. The U.C.V. selected a model for a bronze statue executed by a young sculptor from Nashville, Belle Kinney, who had been studying at the Chicago Institute of Art. (See Fig. 2) Her design was explained as follows:

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Once again, the difference in these design illustrates competing versions of collective memory. Once could postulate that the veterans who chose the original design were still fighting the war. The military posture of the female figure symbolically holding a sword and flag indicates that they perceived the women as their cohorts in battle. This reflects combat memories of veterans who remembered the glory days of on the battlefield. Those who favored the Kinney design remembered the roles of women not in the fight, but in support of the fighters. It could also be said to reflect the postwar roles that women continued to fill in their support activities and as keepers of the cultural traditions.

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In some way, the disagreements over the best way to commemorate the contributions of southern women to the Civil War has parallels to the controversy which raged when the Vietnam Memorial was proposed for Washington, D.C. Again, the questions to be answered were: How are memories best commemorated? Is a monument the best way to do this? We have seen that many southern women preferred a "living memorial" to a monument. In the Vietnam Memorial controversy, the dispute was not over whether to build a monument, but over what kind of monument should be erected. This leads to the other fundamental question: Just whose memories are being publicly commemorated? In the case of the monument to the Women of the Confederacy, there were differences between the memories of the veterans and the women. In the Vietnam Memorial there was intense competition between those who wanted to commemorate the patriotic aspects of the war and those who wanted to emphasize the sense of loss engendered by the conflict. This competition revealed different "collective memories" of the war. In neither of these monument are the military and political issues of the war being remembered.

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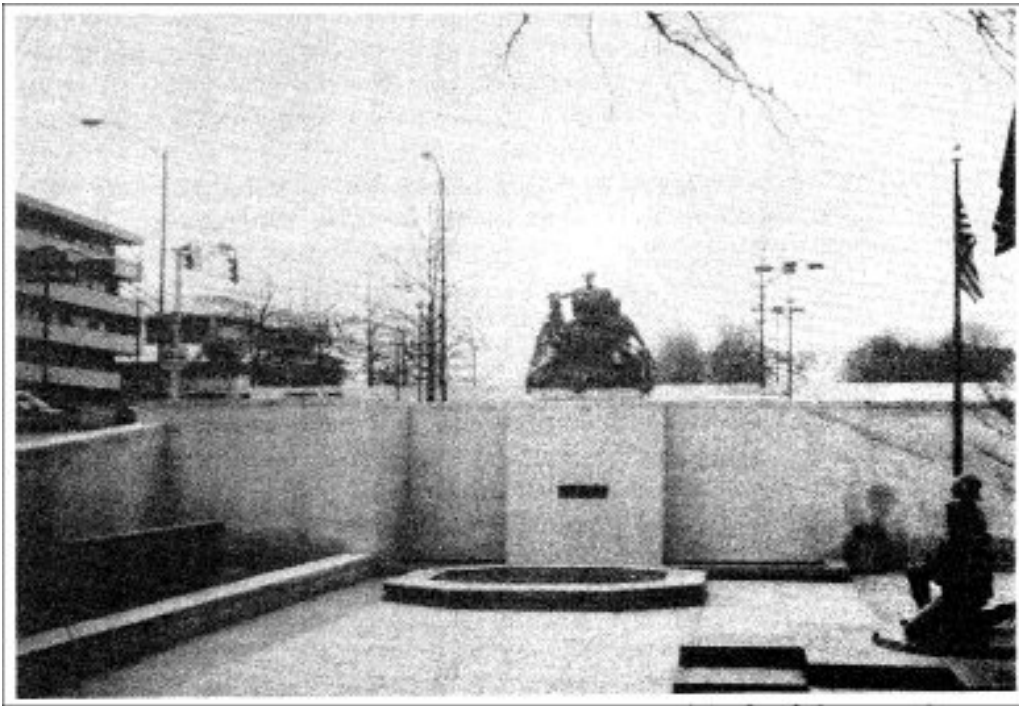
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THE TENNESSEE MONUMENT TO THE WOMEN OF THE CONFEDERACY: A STUDY IN CONFLICTING IDEAS OF PUBLIC COMMEMORATION AND COLLECTIVE MEMORY, 1895-1926

Suzanne Woolley Smith
Middle Tennessee State University

In the southwest corner of Legislative Plaza, overlooking the Tennessee Vietnam Memorial Wall and Sculpture, downtown Nashville, there is a bronze sculpture with three forms -- a large female figure holding smaller male and female figures in her lap. This enigmatic monument is the Tennessee Monument to the Women of the Confederacy and its simple plaque reads:

Erected by the State of Tennessee to commemorate the heroic action of the women of Tennessee

during the War Between the States. Dedicated October 10, 1926, Belle Kinney Sculptor. Plaque placed by the Tennessee Historical Commission.

Behind this public attempt to honor the role of the women of the South in the Civil War lies a surprising series of controversies and ironies. A look at this debate will illustrate the processes and issues involved in the interactions between collective memory and public commemoration. What is being commemorated, how something is best remembered and whose version of collective memory will be used are all problematic issues. Any memorial is more a reflection of the group and era in which it is constructed than it is of the history it commemorates.

The collective memory of a group is their history as they remember and interpret it. What becomes crucial is not the reality of history, but the perception of reality by the group. Historian David Thelen states, "People depend on others to help them decide which experiences to forget and which to remember and what interpretation to place on that experience. People develop a shared identity by identifying, exploring, and agreeing on memories."[1] Collective Memory is more than an aggregate of shared recollections in that it is decidedly selective. Identifying the experiences that a group chooses to forget will reveal as much about that group as identifying what it remembers. A group's collective memory does not reproduce history but, rather, reconstructs it. Thelen states, "In each construction of a memory, people reshape, omit, destroy, combine and reorganize details from the past in an active and subjective way. They mix pieces from the present with elements of the past."[2] In other words, their collective memory interprets the past in such a way that the needs of the present are fulfilled.

After the Civil War, Southerners who were faced with total disruption of their economic, political, and social system coped by creating their own interpretation of the war and those who fought it. This was, of course, the Lost Cause of the Confederacy. In their memories, many Southerners looked back to the years before the war as a golden agrarian period peopled by aristocratic planter families and their contented slaves. The war had been fought valiantly to preserve this way of life which was culturally and spiritually superior to that of the industrailizing North. The ideologies which had caused such bitter debate about slavery and secession faded from both nation and southern consciousness as the nation celebrated reunion.[3]

Reconciliation was further enhanced as the collective memory of the South downplayed the outcome of the war and celebrated the bravery and nobility of those who had fought in it. Thus, they could become heroes in a land which celebrated victory. The cost of the war in human life was enormous. It is estimated that as many as a million men had served in the Confederate aries, of whom 250,000 died and another 150,000 became disabled.[4] Southern women had played a significant role in the war effort as they nursed the troops, clothed the soldiers, and formed soldiers' aid societies, at the same time that they ran farms and businesses. After the war, the southern woman was praised not only for her grace and gentility, but also for her strength and determination. She, too, was a survivor.

Confederate memorial associations were formed immediately after the war to aid needy veterans and their widows, to celebrate the heroism of local military units, and to erect public monuments to the valiant fighters of the South.[5] Almost seventy percent of the public monuments were placed in cemeteries immediately after the war, reflecting the need to signify the sense of loss felt by the survivors.[6] But as the turn of the century approached, the glorification of the Lost Cause, coupled with efforts to impart this collective memory to a younger generation, led to the erection of monuments in courthouse squares and public parks.

The role of southern women in shaping the collective memory of the Confederacy had undergone significant change by the turn of the century. Woman had moved from being the chief mourners to being the chief custodians of the Memory of the Lost Cause under the auspices of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. Caroline Meriwether Goodlett of Nashville and Anna Davenport Raines of Savannah are credited with being the founders of the U.D.C. in 1894.[7] It had evolved from the local memorial associations and veterans' auxiliaries. As the veterans died (estimates are that survival rates of veterans in 1890-1910 were about forty-four percent), it was their daughters who carried on the fight to preserve the Memory of the Lost Cause.[8] The U.D.C. was an organization which gave women of the middle and upper class a domestic arena. Members raised money for monuments, cared for needy veterans, tended cemeteries and promoted textbooks which would tell the war from the southern viewpoint.[9] The rapid growth of the U.D.C. was testament to its popularity. By 1900 there were 17,000 members in 112 chapters. Ten years later, there were 44,000 members in 1014 chapters.[10] The United Confederate Veterans, the Sons of the Confederate Veterans, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy shared the publication of the *Confederate Veteran* magazine. During their 1895 convention, the United Veterans of the Confederacy proposed building a series of monuments to Confederate women, setting off a surprising round of controversy which exploded in the pages of the *Confederate Veteran*. General Irwin C. Walker of Charleston, South Carolina, led the fight to have a monument erected in every state of the Old Confederacy.[11]

The ensuing debate revealed divisions between the U.C.V. and the U.D.C. and within the U.D.C. itself. Since 1895, letters and opinions had been sent to the *Confederate Veteran* which suggested that the money would be better spent on practical assistance to living women. Several correspondents suggested a university for women.[12] Others supported scholarships for southern women. For instance, Sada Foute Richmond of Memphis wrote in 1907 to support the establishment of an endowed scholarship in each southern state to be called "The Southern Mothers Scholarship" for "Southern girls of true Southern parentage and ancestry." She stated, "This would prove Southern chivalry has still the lead in civilization."[13] Another writer suggested a building for southern female students in New York to provide a "Dixie Home" in that northern city.[14]

Women were proud of the roles that they and their mothers had played during the war, but many were also mindful of the continuing changes that the war had wrought in their lives. Many women were forced to become self-supporting after the war. The 1870 Census records many more women than men in the South, ranging from 1,000 more women than men in Mississippi to over 34,000 more women than men in North Carolina.[15] Many women entered teaching and literary occupations out of necessity as well as personal choice.[16] And women were becoming increasingly involved in progressive activities through missionary societies and clubs.

This disagreement over the most appropriate way to honor the memory of the sacrifices that women had made during the war illustrates conflicting versions of collective memory. As the veterans sought to pay tribute to the ladies, they remembered how southern women had endured hardships and had demonstrated compassion and strength during the war. But many women in the South remembered not only their past activism, but that it had been continued into the present.

The U.C.V. rejected proposals for the university or scholarships as too expensive, and an even more lively debate ensued over the design for the monument. The original design chosen by the Nashville U.C.V. in 1909 featured a female figure in a Greek robe holding aloft an upraised sword in one

hand and a flag in the other. The figure stood on a small platform inscribed with the words, "Uphold Our States' Rights." (See Fig. 1) Letters to the *Confederate Veteran* protested this war-like representation. One critic, Dr. H.M. Hamill, wrote in 1909 object that the statue

had not a line of womanly grace or modesty or tenderness, not a hunt of the dear old home keeper and home builder of the southland, not a reminder of the sweet and gentle minister of mercy and comfort who bent over the hospital cot and soothed the pain of the wounded soldier and left in his heart of gratitude forever the true picture of that noblest of all memories of the Confederacy, the patient, self-sacrificing, unwearied helper and comforter of the boys in gray.[17]

Fig. 1. The original design, later rejected by the U.C.V.
Source: *Confederate Veteran*

In the face of such stinging opposition, the original design was rejected at the 1909 reunion of the United Confederate Veterans. A contest was begun to find a new design. The U.C.V. selected a model for a bronze statue executed by a young sculptor from Nashville, Belle Kinney, who had been studying at the Chicago Institute of Art. (See Fig. 2) Her design was explained as follows:

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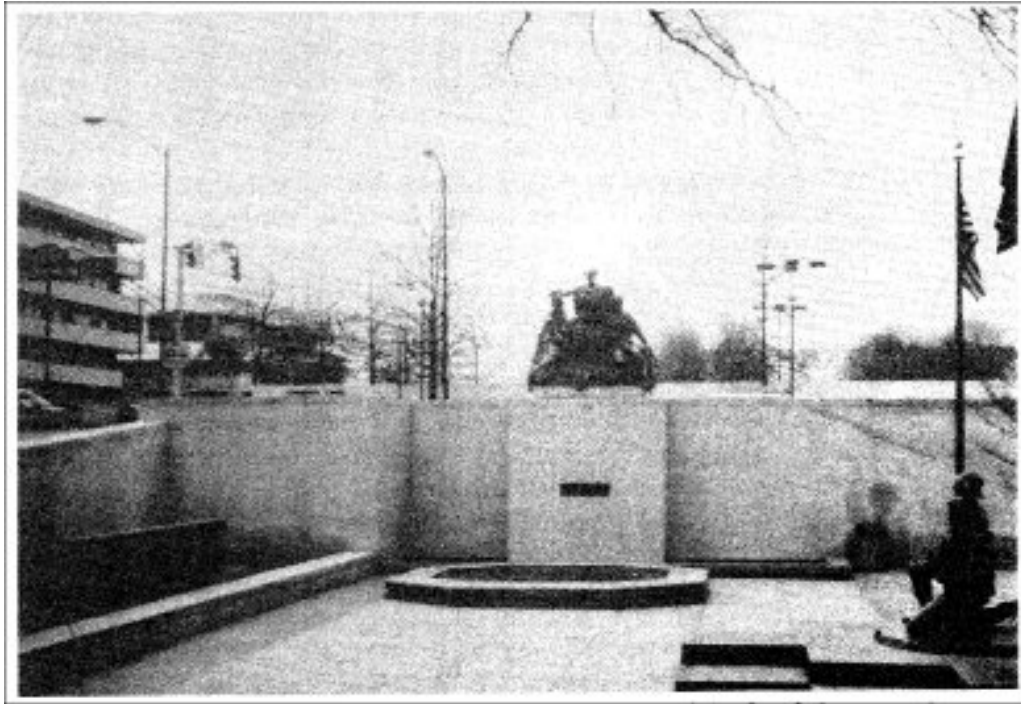

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"THE WORLD OF DANIEL BOONE":
ROBERT PENN WARREN'S RETURN TO BOONE COUNTRY

Jonathan S. Cullick
University of Kentucky

Robert Penn Warren's fictional and nonfictional protagonists all struggle with their relationship to the past. In his biographical narratives, Warren redresses the problem of historical separation by conceiving of the past as present, an available rather than a separable, distant experience. Warren employs two strategies to construct this new framework for history: he returns to his own past in order to reconnect personally, and he revises what he considers to be historiographic misconceptions so that the past will reconcile with the present. Warren's strategies ultimately constitute a new historical realism that is intended to provide a more "usable past" (to borrow Van Wyck Brooks' term). While much criticism has examined Warren's uses of the past in his fictions and poetry, the biographical narratives particularly offer an examination of the processes with which historical figures have been cast into narratives by themselves and their biographers. Warren's major biographical narratives are *John Brown: The Making of a Martyr* (1929), *Jefferson Davis Gets His Citizenship Back* (1980), and *Portrait of a Father* (1988). However, to illustrate how Warren's uses of history coalesce in his biographical narratives, there is an interesting less-known work that provides an instructive laboratory for explication.

From 1958 to 1963 Warren wrote three essays for *Holiday* magazine (now published as *Travel Holiday*). The first two were historical narratives, "Remember the Alamo!" and "How Texas Won Her Freedom." Warren wrote the third, "The World of Daniel Boone," as a travel story and biographical narrative. The article describes the region where Boone explored and settled, providing road directions, and it supplements the readers' travel with background information about Boone's life. As the title indicates, Warren paints a portrait of the region that Boone settled, the "world" that he created.

But Warren extends the term "world" to suggest the world that created Boone, the narratives that have situated Boone within history. Thirty years earlier Warren subtitled his biography of John Brown "The Making of a Martyr," indicating that his interest was not just in the historical figure, but in the process of "making" him a legend. Similarly, the Boone article explores how historians, novelists, and poets have transformed Boone into a literary character. Warren proposes his own narrative as a corrective to previous narrative accounts of Boone, by employing return and reconciliation, which function as conventions of realism.

The act of return initiates the necessary bridge to the past in many of Warren's narratives; it denotes the writer's literal return to a region. For example, many Warren narratives (such as "Circus in the Attic," *All the King's Men*, and *Segregation*) commence on highways upon which the narrator returns home. Reconciliation, in this context, means revision for the purpose of constructing a more realistic text. To reconcile the ledgers of the past and present, Warren's revisionary history strips away the myths propping the past on a pedestal of heroism. He settles

the accounts of past and present by critically examining and "correcting" the narratives of previous historians. Warren exposes the story-telling process according to which a past figure has been written into history, a strategy that implicitly attempts to certify the accuracy of his own narrative.

Return and reconciliation are evident in the opening sequence of "The World of Daniel Boone," worth quoting at length:

> On U.S. 60, east out of Lexington, that is probably the way you will go--out past the great horse farms of Kentucky, the hunt club and the swelling pastuers and white paddocks and stone walls and noble groves. It is beautiful country, even now. It was once thought to be Eden.
>
> At Winchester you turn south on U.S. 227. The country is more sugged now, the limestone breaking through but the bottoms rich. Eastward is the wall of the mountains. You find the river, the Kentucky, and the high modern bridge spanning it. There, by the highway, is a posture of eternal and unconvincing alertness, is the statue: Daniel Boone.
>
> To the right of the bridge open a romantic gorge, to the left lie the flats. There on the low ground is where Boonesborough was. It is not there now. But on hot Sunday afternoons people still come here to a modest little resort, to cool off in the river, to strew their sandwich papers and idly read the names growing dim on an unpretentious stone--the names of the men who, on this spot, opened Eden.
>
> You can read the names and go--back to Winchester, perhaps, and take the Stanton road, State 15, and find the side road off to Pilot Knob. If you climb it, you will be standing where Daniel Boone stood when he first saw this country. (162)

"Circus in the Attic" being with the narrator guiding the reader (addressed with the second-person pronoun) along the highway, into Bardsville, and up to the town's monument. Similarly, in *All the King's Men* Jack Burden commences his narrative by recalling his return home' in a car along a highway that, because it is new, signals his separation from his place of origin. And in the opening of *Segregation*, his return to the South in the late 1950s, Warren focuses first upon the runway, then upon his continuing drive along Highway 61. The Boone article begins with a return to the region, a kind of "backway glance" (to use Allen Tate's words).[1] The road becomes a link to the past and to the reader.

In this opening passage, Warren addresses the reader with the second person pronoun, present tense ("You find the river"), and present-temporal adverbs ("it is not there now," "People still come here"), establishing a contemporary stance to erase the distinction between past and present. The narrative invites the reader to stand where Boone stood and see what he saw. Consequently, the opening statements invoke the presence of the past. The reader joins the historical object in the matrix of time.

In these opening paragraphs, the narrator observes a disjunction between an idealized conception of history and the modern world. He notes the lack of interest of modern tourists who "strew their sandwich papers and idly read the names". He notes "the names growing dim" on the modest monument, and he points out not that the land was Eden but that it was "once thought to be Eden," emphasizing the fictionality of the paradisiacal landscape. [2]

However, there is a contradiction. Warren also refers to the earnestness of "the men who, on this spot, opened Eden," and throughout the article he relies upon references to Eden and the Promised Land. Warren is ambivalent, simultaneously disbelieving yet being drawn to what Arthur K. Moore called the eighteenth century "rumor" that "transformed" the frontier into "a fabled garden interpenetrated with myth" (3). On one hand, Warren interrogates the myth; yet, he also expresses nostalgia for it. Juxtaposing what he sees as a malaise of modernity against an idealized past, Warren sets out to "correct" the myths while implying that some myths do constitute a "usable past." Throughout his career, Warren was concerned with the role of history in the modern age. Warren's approach to history implies that previous audiences have necessitated conceiving of Boone within a romantic narrative, but a modern audience, which is uninterested at worst and skeptical at best, necessitates a new kind of narrative.

Warren tries to provide such a narrative by "correcting" past historical accounts through a modern lens. He acts as a tour guide not only through a region, but also through the process of historical reconstruction. Taking a cue from Moore, who argued that "no American writer of the nineteenth century had the gifts necessary to translate the frontier type to a large national context" (105), in "The World of Daniel Boone" Warren declares that no writer ever "got Boone down on paper" (77). He peels away the layers of myths into which Boone's biographers, particularly those biographers who write in the romantic tradition.

Warren attempts to replace the first definitive construction of Boone, John Filson's narrative, with a Boone who fits into a realistic narrative. Warren counters Filson's statements with quotations from Boone selected to present Boone's simplicity and directness. Whereas Filson's *The Adventures of Colonel Daniel Boon* has Boone declaring that "peace crowns the sylvan shade" (22), Warren quotes from less formal sources, such as the well-known inscription that Boone carved into the bark of a tree, to argue that Boone was much simpler than Filson makes him out to be. By contrasting Boone's versions of himself with John Filson's version, Warren criticizes Filson's narrative for inaccuracies. Particularly, Warren refers to Filson's highly stylized language, which seems unlikely to have been spoken by the less educated Boone, in passages such as the opening of Filson's narrative: "Thus we behold Kentucky, lately an howling wilderness, the habitation of savages and wild beasts, become a fruitful field . . . " (1). Warren responds to such statements in "The World of Daniel Boone": "Filson's account has come in for criticism, and certainly there was one great horse apple of a lie in it--the very language which Filson foisted on his hero . . . fancy, schoolbook language" (166).

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"THE WORLD OF DANIEL BOONE": ROBERT PENN WARREN'S RETURN TO BOONE COUNTRY

Jonathan S. Cullick
University of Kentucky

Robert Penn Warren's fictional and nonfictional protagonists all struggle with their relationship to the past. In his biographical narratives, Warren redresses the problem of historical separation by conceiving of the past as present, an available rather than a separable, distant experience. Warren employs two strategies to construct this new framework for history: he returns to his own past in order to reconnect personally, and he revises what he considers to be historiographic misconceptions so that the past will reconcile with the present. Warren's strategies ultimately constitute a new historical realism that is intended to provide a more "usable past" (to borrow Van Wyck Brooks' term). While much criticism has examined Warren's uses of the past in his fictions and poetry, the biographical narratives particularly offer an examination of the processes with which historical figures have been cast into narratives by themselves and their biographers. Warren's major biographical narratives are *John Brown: The Making of a Martyr* (1929), *Jefferson Davis Gets His Citizenship Back* (1980), and *Portrait of a Father* (1988). However, to illustrate how Warren's uses of history coalesce in his biographical narratives, there is an interesting less-known work that provides an instructive laboratory for explication.

From 1958 to 1963 Warren wrote three essays for *Holiday* magazine (now published as *Travel Holiday*). The first two were historical narratives, "Remember the Alamo!" and "How Texas Won Her Freedom." Warren wrote the third, "The World of Daniel Boone," as a travel story and biographical narrative. The article describes the region where Boone explored and settled, providing road directions, and it supplements the readers' travel with background information about Boone's life. As the title indicates, Warren paints a portrait of the region that Boone settled, the "world" that he created.

But Warren extends the term "world" to suggest the world that created Boone, the narratives that have situated Boone within history. Thirty years earlier Warren subtitled his biography of John Brown "The Making of a Martyr," indicating that his interest was not just in the historical figure, but in the process of "making" him a legend. Similarly, the Boone article explores how historians, novelists, and poets have transformed Boone into a literary character. Warren proposes his own narrative as a corrective to previous narrative accounts of Boone, by employing return and reconciliation, which function as conventions of realism.

The act of return initiates the necessary bridge to the past in many of Warren's narratives; it denotes the writer's literal return to a region. For example, many Warren narratives (such as "Circus in the Attic," *All the King's Men*, and *Segregation*) commence on highways upon which the narrator returns home. Reconciliation, in this context, means revision for the purpose of constructing a more realistic text. To reconcile the ledgers of the past and present, Warren's revisionary history strips away the myths propping the past on a pedestal of heroism. He settles the accounts of past and present by critically examining and "correcting" the narratives of previous historians. Warren exposes the story-telling process according to which a past figure has been written into history, a strategy that implicitly attempts to certify the accuracy of his own narrative.

Return and reconciliation are evident in the opening sequence of "The World of Daniel Boone," worth quoting at length:

> On U.S. 60, east out of Lexington, that is probably the way you will go--out past the great horse farms of Kentucky, the hunt club and the swelling pastuers and white paddocks and stone walls and noble groves. It is beautiful country, even now. It was once thought to be Eden.
>
> At Winchester you turn south on U.S. 227. The country is more sugged now, the limestone breaking through but the bottoms rich. Eastward is the wall of the mountains. You find the river, the Kentucky, and the high modern bridge spanning it. There, by the highway, is a posture of eternal and unconvincing alertness, is the statue: Daniel Boone.
>
> To the right of the bridge open a romantic gorge, to the left lie the flats. There on the low ground is where Boonesborough was. It is not there now. But on hot Sunday afternoons people still come here to a modest little resort, to cool off in the river, to strew their sandwich papers and idly read the names growing dim on an unpretentious stone--the names of the men who, on this spot, opened Eden.
>
> You can read the names and go--back to Winchester, perhaps, and take the Stanton road, State 15, and find the side road off to Pilot Knob. If you climb it, you will be standing where Daniel Boone stood when he first saw this country. (162)

"Circus in the Attic" being with the narrator guiding the reader (addressed with the second-person pronoun) along the highway, into Bardsville, and up to the town's monument. Similarly, in *All the King's Men* Jack Burden commences his narrative by recalling his return home' in a car along a highway that, because it is new, signals his separation from his place of origin. And in the opening of *Segregation*, his return to the South in the late 1950s, Warren focuses first upon the runway, then upon his continuing drive along Highway 61. The Boone article begins with a return to the region, a kind of "backway glance" (to use Allen Tate's words).[1] The road becomes a link to the past and to the reader.

In this opening passage, Warren addresses the reader with the second person pronoun, present tense ("You find the river"), and present-temporal adverbs ("it is not there now," "People still come here"), establishing a contemporary stance to erase the distinction between past and present. The narrative invites the reader to stand where Boone stood and see what he saw. Consequently, the opening statements invoke the presence of the past. The reader joins the historical object in the matrix of time.

In these opening paragraphs, the narrator observes a disjunction between an idealized conception of history and the modern world. He notes the lack of interest of modern tourists who "strew their sandwich papers and idly read the names". He notes "the names growing dim" on the modest monument, and he points out not that the land was Eden but that it was "once thought to be Eden," emphasizing the fictionality of the paradisiacal landscape. [2]

However, there is a contradiction. Warren also refers to the earnestness of "the men who, on this spot, opened Eden," and throughout the article he relies upon references to Eden and the Promised Land. Warren is ambivalent, simultaneously disbelieving yet being drawn to what Arthur K. Moore called the eighteenth century "rumor" that "transformed" the frontier into "a fabled garden interpenetrated with myth" (3). On one hand, Warren interrogates the myth; yet, he also expresses nostalgia for it. Juxtaposing what he sees as a malaise of modernity against an idealized past, Warren sets out to "correct" the myths while implying that some myths do constitute a "usable past." Throughout his career, Warren was concerned with the role of history in the modern age. Warren's approach to history implies that previous audiences have necessitated conceiving of Boone within a romantic narrative, but a modern audience, which is uninterested at worst and skeptical at best, necessitates a new kind of narrative.

Warren tries to provide such a narrative by "correcting" past historical accounts through a modern lens. He acts as a tour guide not only through a region, but also through the process of historical reconstruction. Taking a cue from Moore, who argued that "no American writer of the nineteenth century had the gifts necessary to translate the frontier type to a large national context" (105), in "The World of Daniel Boone" Warren declares that no writer ever "got Boone down on paper" (77). He peels away the layers of myths into which Boone's biographers, particularly those biographers who write in the romantic tradition.

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