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ANGUISH IN A SECOND MARRIAGE: THE CAROLINE GORDON-ALLEN TATE LETTERS

Eleanor H. Beiswenger
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During the twenty-one-year first marriage of Caroline Gordon and Allen Tate, all who knew them believed they represented a unique combination of talents and personalities. They were a compelling pair to many writers and artists, whether the Tates were in France, New York, at Benfolly in Clarksville, Tennessee, or in Princeton. When that marriage suddenly ended in late 1945, therefore, the overwhelming response was disbelief.

The ink was barely dry on the divorce papers in early 1946, however, when Gordon and Tate decided to remarry. Apparently Gordon's flight from the marriage, on discovering her husband's most recent extramarital affair, had a devastating effect on Tate, and he convinced Gordon they belonged together. During the weeks intervening between her departure and their remarriage, he had discovered a new freedom to voice his feelings which had been impossible earlier. Thus, the new beginning they faced looked very promising for them. Nevertheless, just beneath the surface lurked the three-headed dragon which had destroyed their first marriage -- Tate's infidelity, Gordon's responding anger, and their mutual excessive indulgence in alcohol -- and it soon reared its head to threaten the successful reconciliation. During the thirteen-year second marriage, Gordon's concerted efforts to eliminate her husband's infidelity by enlisting the aid of religious authority and Jungian analysis ultimately proved to be futile.

Nevertheless, as they prepared to remarry, Gordon was optimistic when she wrote Tate in the spring of 1946 (letter undated) that they complemented each other almost mathematically. [1] she observed that their friends perceived them in this special way as well. She predicted their new openness would not only permit a new beginning, but also a new fulfillment not realized by other lovers in long-term relationships.

In their new intensity of feelings, Gordon and Tate poured out their longing for each other in letters written during frequent separations: Tate on lecture and poetry-reading tours, and Gordon on lecture and teaching assignments at a variety of university campuses around the country. The letters they exchanged several times a week indicated a unique and crucial interdependence between the two. Beyond this, they regularly cabled and telephoned each other for instant communication of news.

Between 1946 and 1952 the Tates lived together without separation except when Gordon stayed with their mutual friend, Sue Jenkins, near Patterson, New York, where Gordon concentrated on her writing, or when Tate participated in summer writers' conferences held at various universities. Their relationship inevitably experienced periodic strains from the demanding schedules each maintained in teaching and writing. Beyond this, they maintained personal and professional interaction with other writers. Despite these difficulties, their commitment to each other was further strengthened and reinforced when Gordon was baptized a Roman Catholic in 1947 and Tate followed in 1950. Six years into their second marriage, in 1952, he went abroad twice in what began a series of overseas literary tours. In her 1952 letter (otherwise undated but possibly May 9th, according to her context)

written a few hours after his departure, Gordon focused on the beneficial support she and Tate derived from religion and emphasized that her prayers would benefit both of them during their separation.

Tate's correspondence to his wife reflected the same degree of affection and dedication. Their letters typically began with the words "my darling," "sweetheart," or "dearest," and they closed with "all my love" or "I miss you so much." Even after their fundamentally unresolved problems became more pronounced in their communications, they continued to declare their mutual dedication and commitment with these affectionate words and phrases.

Beyond their endearments and frequent communications, however, the letters reveal the depth of concern the Tates began to feel about the quality of their marriage. The problems from their first marriage had resurfaced by 1952: Gordon's violent reactions to Tate's new involvement with other women frightened Tate, producing his old defensive, self-protective reaction. At the same time, their letters began to contain frequent references to the problem of excessive drinking that each acknowledged and its potential damage in their lives.

The combination of infidelity, anger, and alcohol now posed a serious threat to the stability of the Tates' second marriage and led to their decision to begin Jungian analysis during the winter of 1953-54. Tate had obtained a Fulbright fellowship in Italy, and Gordon accompanied him. Dr. Dora Bernhard, an Austrian therapist in Rome, whom they referred to as La Dottoressa or La Dott., became almost a third party in the Tate marriage. They arranged sessions or corresponded with her regularly between 1953 and 1956. Beginning about this same time Gordon and Tate located "spiritual advisors" in the United States, and for the duration of the second marriage their letters exchanged reports of pertinent advice and suggestion they had received.

Jungian analysis was especially appealing to the Tates, I believe, because of their classical training and knowledge of myth. They enthusiastically and optimistically offered analyses of their own dreams and pounced on each other's dreams, offering interpretations and insights they declared could help them toward individual improvement and mutual understanding. One breakthrough Tate believed he experienced concerned the "Magna Mater" principle. With La Dottoressa's help, Tate recognized his deep-seated fears in childhood of his mother's displeasure; he concluded that he had transferred these reactions to Gordon and that her displeasure led him to turn to other women who showed their admiration and uncritical acceptance of him. Many of their subsequent letters refer to the "Magna Mater" syndrome. In an undated 1955 letter, during the waning period of the second marriage, Gordon reminded Tate that, although he frequently said he felt menaced by any feminine reproach, he sought the strength in particular to withstand *her* anger when it occurred. She claimed that her anger was an expression of her own fear and that these mutual feelings were fundamental to their difficulties. She added that Tate's problems had much to do with his inability to accept those qualities which are uniquely feminine in one woman (herself) and that this prevented creative inspiration from coming freely to him.

Long before Gordon voiced these statements, however, both writers acknowledged difficulties. Subsequent to Tate's tenured appointment at the University of Minnesota in 1951, their social round of academic cocktail parties in Minneapolis began to trigger charges of Tate's indiscretions and Gordon's tantrums. This tension level between them diminished somewhat when they began to live separately in 1955, at Tate's insistence, and were together only on periodic weekends or during holidays. Gordon took teaching jobs in Seattle, Washington; Lawrence Kansas; and then finally settled in Princeton, New Jersey, while she commuted to teach at Columbia, the New School, and City College in New York.

By late summer 1956, Gordon and Tate were struggling against such serious difficulties that they could not be together without painful reactive feelings immediately surfacing. Tate suddenly disappeared from Gordon's

Princeton home on August 30th after they had had a conciliatory talk. He sent her a special delivery letter which declared his intention to regain his composure apart from her. He admitted that he could not face her to tell her of his plans but that he had become convinced he could no longer live with the fear of her reproaches and disapproval. He believed that neither of them could change the established pattern of her anger and his responding flight. Tate claimed this pattern was proof of a very deep love, but he believed that their understanding of the problem was not strong enough to prevent recurrences.

We can only guess at Gordon's reaction to this letter, which must have been expressed in a phone call that night or the following day. Tate wrote in response long after midnight that he had now become convinced they should continue to live apart, she in Princeton and he in Minneapolis, and that this arrangement would insure his fidelity and a life of restraint.

While Gordon registered frustration over their separation, her desire for the survival of her marriage is demonstrated in two noteworthy ways. Throughout the second marriage, Gordon's letters reveal she had a genuine concern for her husband's health (he had chronic problems with his teeth and eyes, periodic gastrointestinal disturbances or ulcerative conditions, and a traumatic procedure for a small facial cancer). She was also supportive concerning his chronic problems with "writer's block" and with the ups and downs in his professional career.

She typically ranked his intellect and creative ability as far beyond hers. On January 11, 1957, Gordon admitted that, aside from her intuitive ability, she had learned all she knew as a writer from him. She asserted that this was appropriate; man was to be the leader and woman was to be the follower. This attitude was apparently another attempt to convince Tate that he should assume the stronger role in their relationship in other ways as well.

Despite her almost worshipful attitude toward Tate's intellect and professional guidance in her career, Gordon nevertheless began from the early 1950s to include in her letters detailed accounts of the marital infidelities of their mutual friends and acquaintances, directing biting and caustic comments toward the errant male. She barely masked her intent to induce guilt in Tate with indirect applications to his own behavior.

Another characteristic which appeared in Gordon's letters from the same period was a frequent apology for the anger she had expressed in telephone calls just prior to her letter-writing. She hoped he recognized that she was overextended in her work assignment, living in a strange and alien environment far from people she cared about. Not until Gordon settled in Princeton and had her own garden (an extremely crucial ingredient in her life) did her tone of personal isolation begin to subside.

Beginning with the period of their religious conversions, another preoccupation for both Gordon and Tate appeared in their letters. They became avid readers of religious philosophy and history, and they regularly recommended material to each other which offered insights or solutions to patterns of thought of behavior in themselves or each other. Often these references seem to have been exchanged objectively and generously with well-intentioned motivations. On occasions, however, their references and quotations included rationalizations which applied to themselves but contained pointed and barbed application for the spouse.

Their difficulty in part stemmed from the fact that they were intelligent, articulate, creative people. Because Gordon and Tate genuinely respected and admired these abilities in each other, they considered each other's arguments and analyses with great seriousness and pondered their application to the matter under discussion. Yet, interestingly, they often came to different conclusions in their own minds about where the problems lay, and their rationalizations served to protect each one's insecurity and defensiveness. At the same time, until late 1958 both

partners seemed convinced that they must find solutions to their marital problems within the marriage, even if it meant periodic or nearly permanent separation. Many of their letters evoke our compassion and empathy as they appealed to each other for trust, forgiveness, understanding, and acceptance.

By late 1957, nevertheless, the letters indicate that both Gordon and Tate had begun to recognize certain insolubles in their marital problems. The recurring pain each had received from the other made each new difficulty more towering. Gordon attempted to refrain from lashing out vehemently, but Tate nonetheless felt her displeasure and criticism and reacted typically with retreat.

When Gordon learned that Tate had decided to accept a speaking engagement in Florida instead of visiting her in Princeton during his spring break from Minnesota classes, she first reacted typically in a letter dated only as "Wednesday." Then she thoughtfully analyzed their situation, concluding they should never again attempt reconciliation based on admission of anger and guilt and the expectation that the past could be forgiven and forgotten. She said they must find a way to break the cycle of behavior which trapped both of them.

Though the Tates commented reassuringly on time spent together in Princeton and Nashville in late 1957 and early 1958, they arrived at the final crisis in their relationship during 1958-59 when Tate anticipated a sabbatical year and received a Fulbright offer to teach at Oxford. He asked Gordon to accompany him, but her response was entirely negative in a letter headed "St. Paul of the Cross, 1958": her teaching commitments had been made and she feared problems of reinstatement on her return; the expense would be greater than their income; she wished to study with the Carmelite religious order; she thought geographical stability would better contribute to their spiritual state than constantly moving about, and, finally, she was certain Tate could make better progress with his poetry if he were to work at home during his sabbatical instead of teaching abroad.

Initially, Tate accepted her arguments and declined the Fulbright invitation in early May. However, as he concluded a summer term of teaching at Harvard, he wrote on August 19th, indicating that he saw a different reason for Gordon's dismissal of the proposal. He now believed he should go to Oxford, both for financial reasons and for reasons concerning their relationship. He expressed concern that he was the one required to adjust his life socially because Gordon felt unable to see certain people. He denied her apparent claim that these friends took his side against her or that his private life was even discussed when he was with them. He hoped she would not carry out any of the threats made by telephone if he accepted the Fulbright. Tate even referred to the possibility of their living together in Minneapolis after his return if they could co-exist charitably. In the meantime, he urged that they ponder and pray over this idea.

On August 26 Tate wrote that on his return from England he could not anticipate sharing life with Gordon unless he felt fully able to dedicate himself to a true Christian marriage. He attempted to explain this by distinguishing between the deep supernatural commitment he had made to her and the need for its moral counterpart, which he believed was not yet realized.

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BELIEFS OF THEIR FATHERS: VIOLENCE, RELIGION, AND THE BLACK PATCH WAR, 1904-1914

Rick Gregory
Tennessee State University

I am a Southern by birth and by choice. The few years of my life spent outside Dixie made me feel a strong kinship to the protagonist in Robert Heinlein's science fiction classic, *A Stranger in a Strange Land*. I have the traditional rural Southerner's attachment to the land of his birth. Thus, a few years ago, it was logical for me to choose as a dissertation topic a subject that would allow me to explore a segment of the history of my native region: the Black Patch War which raged in the tobacco belt of northern middle Tennessee and western Kentucky from 1904 until 1914. Since I was reared in the area and am descended from several generations of tobacco farmers, I was, in a sense, writing about my own people. The work on the project revealed the links between the religion of the people of the area and their willingness to use lawlessness to redress their perceived economic grievances. This paper will describe the relationship between inhabitants of the region during the Black Patch War, their religious beliefs, and their propensity toward violence. There will also be some observations about the cultural persistence of some of these attitudes in the area in our own time. Two approaches will be used to present this information. The first approach will be that of an academically trained historian objectively examining the data, while the second point of view will be the subjective impressions of a person writing about his own people, society, and culture. Although scholars must always strive to be objective, it is also true that one must remember that all information reaches the receiver after being filtered through the sender. The first step in becoming objective is to understand that we are all, to some degree, subjective when we approach our material and recognize the need to compensate for that subjectivity.

The Black Patch region of Kentucky and Tennessee which took its name from the dark, heavy-leafed, fire-cured tobacco grown in the area, contained the proper human and physical characteristics to make it one of the major growing regions in the United States by 1900. At the same time the staple became the dominant source of income in the area, James B. Duke and his American Tobacco Company pioneered the industrialization and monopolization of the tobacco industry. This concentration contributed to lower profits for the growers of the weed in the region. Although several factors contributed to declining prices for the staple during this era, growers tended to place most of the blame on "The Trust," as they called Duke's monopoly. On September 24, 1904, in reaction to the tobacco prices, growers of the staple in the Black Patch formed the Dark Tobacco District Planters' Protective Association of Kentucky and Tennessee. The principal goal of the Association was to raise tobacco prices by the cooperative marketing of the staple. When the Association encountered difficulties in forcing prices upward between 1905 and 1907, some of its more radical members formed a second organization, the night riders, dedicated to the use of violence to gain higher prices. Over the next few years the night riders would use intimidation, threats, terrorism, and sometimes murder to force farmers into the Association and to coerce tobacco buyers to purchase only from the cooperative. Members of the silent brigade, as the night riders were often called, destroyed tobacco plant beds and crops in the field, physically assaulted recalcitrant growers and buyers, burned tobacco barns and Trust tobacco warehouses, and even raided Black Patch towns noted for being hostile to the Association. These lawless acts, collectively known as the Black Patch War, constituted one of the most serious

domestic threats to civil government in American history.

The copious primary and secondary material concerning the Black Patch War demonstrated to me that both participants and contemporaries used religion to explain or justify night rider activities. At the same time it slowly began to dawn on me that there were many similarities between the Black Patch of the night riders of my own time and place. In striving to understand this apparent contradiction between religion and violence, I realized that I needed to begin with the fact that these people were Southerners.

As Southerners, a propensity toward violence and a belief that in certain situations violence was a natural and useful tool were parts of the heritage and the legacy of the people of the Black Patch. C. Vann Woodward wrote that the South "seems to have been one of the most violent communities of comparable size in all Christendom." [1] Historians and social scientists have long sought to understand the origins and endurance of Southern violence. Ethnicity, climate, the frontier heritage, culture, a militant spirit, religion, the presence of the Negro, a code of honor, a sense of persecution and grievance, and numerous other explanations have been offered. [2] In Woodward's often quoted observation, there were really two points being made. The second and unstated point was that the South is Christian. The perceptive Southern sociologist John Shelton Reed observed that Southerners are both the most violent and the most religious group in the United States. [3] Although at first glance Reed's statement appears to hold an inherent contradiction, actually, there is none. The South is the most violent, in part, because it is the most religious.

In the section, religion and culture were mutually interdependent. Each, in turn, profoundly influenced and was influenced by the other. It is difficult to describe one without an understanding of its relationship to the other. Several aspects of Southern religion helped nurture rather than retard the use of force in Southern culture. Of these aspects, a tendency to view God in terms of the Old Testament, a vertical rather than a horizontal nature, a pessimistic view of the nature of man, and a willingness to sanction violence in certain instances are the most important.

To the Southern, God was Jehovah of the Old Testament. A jealous revengeful deity with a taste for blood, He kept His hand ever present in man's life, demanded complete obedience, and exacted swift and terrible retribution on those who transgressed His will. This view of Good stood in sharp contrast to the New Testament image of God as a forgiving Father who taught men to be meek, to turn the other cheek, to cast not the first stone. The Golden Rule of the New Testament was for mortals to be good to one another, but the thrust of the Old Testament was man's relationship to God -- put no God before thy God. It was the logical next step for Southerners to reason that if God punishes those who transgress His will, are they not free to punish their transgressors as long as they maintain allegiance to God? The incisive student of the Southern mind, Wilbur J. Cash, described the relationship between the Southerner and his religion as follows:

> What our Southerner required . . . was a faith as simple and emotional as himself. A faith to draw men together in hordes, to terrify them with Apocalyptic rhetoric, to cast them into the pit, rescue them and at least bring them shouting into the fold of Grace. A faith not of liturgy and prayer book, but of primitive frenzy and the blood sacrifice. . . . The God demanded was an anthropomorphic God -- the Jehovah of the Old Testament. [4]

I understand this conception of God very well. It was the God of my family. I grew up in the Baptist church singing martial hymns such as "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching As to War" and fearing more than loving God. When my grandfather, who usually carried a gun with him wherever he went, heard that I was going to

Nashville to attend graduate school, he offered me a handgun to carry with me. Along with the gun came the admonishment that if I was going to live among those scalawags, heathens, and poltroons in Sin City (Nashville), I would need something to put the fear of the Old Testament God into anyone who crossed me. Jehovah was my grandfather's God.

Partially because of this concept of God, Southern religion developed a vertical rather than a horizontal orientation. That is, Southern churches were much more concerned with man's relationship with God than with man's relationship with man. Protestant and evangelic by nature, the major goal of the churches was to save souls -- to help get others right with God -- rather than to alleviate social ills or influence man's treatment of others. Stressing each person's individual relationship with God, the Southern churches served neither as an agent of social and economic justice nor as a barrier to personal violence. As one historian of Southern violence wrote, "For plain folk, . . . there was no inconsistency in being religious and using one's fists." [5] The Great Revival of the early 1800s had a profound effect upon religion in the South as a whole and the Black Patch in specific. This religious movement originated and reached its greatest intensity in the dark tobacco region of Tennessee and Kentucky. The revival helped set patterns in Southern religion that are still prevalent today. The revivalists stressed two points: the innate sinfulness of man which could only be changed by the blood of Christ and the fearful retribution God would visit on those who would not repent and be saved. The Reverend Samuel McGready preached in Logan County, Kentucky, and other areas of the Black Patch during the revival. In a typical sermon he described to his listeners the fate of a sinful man:

> He died accursed of God when his soul was separated from his body and the black flaming vultures of hell began to circle him on every side. . . . When the fiends of hell dragged him into the eternal gulf, he reared and screamed and yelled like a devil. . . . Now through the blazing flames of hell he sees that heaven he has lost. . . . In those pure regions he sees his father and mother, his sisters and brothers . . . but he is lost and damned forever. [6]

Not only did the Great Revival reinforce the belief in a violent God, but also it helped develop a pessimistic Southern world view -- a belief that man is so sinful that sometimes violence is the only thing he understands. Dickson Bruce, a student of Southern culture, wrote of antebellum Southerners that their understanding of human nature convinced them that violence was a necessary and unavoidable part of human relations. [7]

Not only did Southern churches fail in some cases to deter violence, but in selected instances they actually sanctioned it. Many Southerners used physical punishment to keep their children on the straight and narrow path. I can testify from personal experience that the biblical injunction not "to spare the rod and spoil the child" was held in high regard in the rural South as late as the 1950s. On the Southern frontier many preachers found themselves in agreement with Methodist minister Peter Cartwright's contention that sometimes before man can spread God's word he must use his fists to get the attention and respect of his congregation. [8] Cartwright spent much of his early career preaching at various Black Patch churches. Lest we assume that preacher violence was solely a product of frontier conditions, consider the following story. In 1884 in Todd County, in the Kentucky Black Patch, a preacher knocked down a parishioner who had struck him. The Elkton *Register* probably reflected local sentiment when it editorialized that "there is an unwritten law that must be obeyed as well as the law that is written and it keeps many a rascal in his proper place." [9] Many Southern churches supported and defended even broader elements of violence in Southern society, culture, and history. The Revolution, slavery, and the Civil War are examples. After the Civil War, Southern churchmen played a major role in the development of t he cult of the lost cause -- a cause they claimed was "baptized in blood and had God on its side." [10]

In my study of the Black Patch War, I examined several instances when religion and religious beliefs exacerbated rather than quelled the disturbances. Within the South, certain areas have been so exceptionally lawless that they possessed a culture of violence. In such an area, also called a violence-prone region, can be defined in Richard M. Brown's terms as "smaller than a state but larger than a county . . . a geographical entity with a unique history of turmoil and with an impact far beyond its own boundaries." [11] The Black Patch was such an entity. Repeatedly the inhabitants of the region showed their willingness to take the law into their own hands when t hey felt themselves or their way of life to be threatened. Indian warfare, duelling, several regulator movements, guerrilla warfare during the Civil War and readjustment, and lynching were the major chapters in the Black Patch's history of violence before the onset of the tobacco war.

At the beginning of the 1900s, a culture of violence existed in the Black Patch. Robert Penn Warren, who was born in Guthrie, Todd County, at the turn of the century, said of the area of his birth: "There was a world of violence that I grew up on. You accepted violence as a component of life. . . . You heard about violence and you saw terrible fights. . . . There was some threat of being trapped into this whether you wanted to be or not." [12]

Often the religious structure of the region, which was overwhelmingly evangelic Protestant, supported and nurtured the violence. This does not mean that on the denominational or local levels churches officially supported the night riders or that some church leaders and publications did not speak out against the lawlessness. Some churches, especially those in the large towns of the region, did oppose the silent brigade. In addition, the Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians editorialized against the violence in the state publications. Even so, many Christians in the Black Patch during the early years of the war believed the night riders were fighting God's fight.

H. L. Beach, a correspondent sent to the region by the *Saturday Evening Post* to report on the tobacco war, noticed how easily a link between religion and violence could be forged. He described a Methodist church in one of the Tennessee counties where members loyal to the Association refused to allow a church leader to pray at public meetings. The fellow member had refused to pledge his crop to the Association. Implicit was the hint of retribution. [13] Students of the Black Patch War recounted similar links. One such scholar, Harry Harrison Kroll, described a group of night riders that operated in the Nabb schoolhouse district of Caldwell County, Kentucky, as "Nabb neighborhood Baptists and pillars of society" and a second gang that operated out of Robertson County, Tennessee, as a "roster of Baptists and Methodists and perhaps a few members of the Church of Christ." [14] James O. Nall, who conducted one of the earliest studies of the Black Patch War, described Dr. David Amoss, the head of the night rider organization, as a faithful member of the Christian Church at Wallonia, Caldwell County. Amoss frequently filled the pulpit in the absence of the pastor, conducted the weekly prayer meetings, officiated at funerals, and attended to other church affairs. [15] When Kroll questioned Caldwell County residents who remembered Dr. Amoss, many described him as "a Christian gentleman." [16]

Leaders of the Association and the night riders recognized the power of religion in the area and attempted to capitalize on it. Local Association meetings often re held in rural churches and district chairmen would usually open meetings with prayers and close them with benedictions. If a farmer refused to pool his crops, the chairman, remembering techniques employed in the camp meetings and tent revivals, might get the doubter on his knees and pray to God to show him the light, the night riders initiated new members with a blood oath sworn on the Holy Bible. [17] When Charles Fort, one of the leaders of the Association, was asked about the night riders, he was apt to joke that "The Lord sent down those fellows to . . . make the principles of the Association more closely adhered to by all." [18] Night riders were often referred to as "Charlie Fort's angels." Fort's joke is better understood if we remember that many of the people of the Black Patch were Old Testament Christians. One observer of the region

described the theology of the region to Kroll as "the straight hellfire and brimstone brand." [19] Robert Penn Warren, whose first novel was a fictionalized account of the tobacco war, captured the essence of this Old Testament theology in the personality of one of his characters, Professor Ball. The Professor, who was the head of the night riders in Warren's book, began a raid with the following prayer, "Lead us, O Lord, and smite those who would rise against our face." Ball repeatedly turned to "the blood-letting texts of the Old Testament for his talks and prayers." [20]

As Old Testament Christians, it was easy for inhabitants of the Black Patch to see life as a fight between good and evil and to view their actions in relationship with the Bible. Suzanne Hall, who conducted a study of the region, concluded that many of the area's residents perceived life as an ongoing battle between God and Lucifer with the human soul as the trophy. [21] Not surprisingly then, many farmers saw their fight with the tobacco monopoly in similar terms. Kroll deduced that to many growers a person was either" . . . a child of God or an imp of Satan [and that] to save your immortal soul you had to place your tobacco in the pool." [22] To Professor Ball the night riders and the Trust were distinguished by "the difference between justice and injustice, darkness and the holy light." [23] Since many of the farmers in the region believed they were engaged in a holy crusade, they believed that God was on their side. Many Association growers claimed to see t he hand of God at work in the numerous tobacco plant bed scrapings and saltings that occurred in the Spring of 1905. [24] The Clarksville *Leaf-Chronicle* and other newspapers in the Patch repeatedly reminded farmers of the righteousness in their cause. The *Leaf-Chronicle* called Felix Ewing, the most prominent Association leader, the Moses of the Black Patch, while referring to the Trust as "His Satanic Majesty." The local journal declared that the Association's organizers were preaching the "Tobacco Gospel of Purity." [25] The newspaper reflected the feelings of many rural folk when it asked, "Can anyone of sound mind doubt that the hand of the Lord is in the movement, guiding his people in the way to overthrow an oppressive trust, that his favored people of a restored Israel may once more make the wilderness blossom as a rose?" [26] Given these beliefs, it is not surprising that when the growers turned to violence they found justification in their understanding of the Old Testament. In a moment of introspection Professor Ball mused, "Yessir, I'm a man of peace. But it's surprising to a man what he'll find in himself sometime . . . now what's the right thing one time, that thing the next time is wrong. It's in the Bible that way." [27]

As a Southerner, having grown up with such justifications, I understand them. My Uncle Buck, who was dying of cancer, announced to me that he would be dead in a few days, but asked me not to grieve since he had been saved and was going to live with Jesus in a world far better than this one. Next Buck proceeded to tell me a story about how my great-grandfather, whose name was Tee, had killed a man who was about to cut Tee's brother's throat. After an interval of silence, Buck took my hand and said, "Son, you know Tee had to kill him, remember the Old Testament says we are our brother's keeper."

Finally, as Old Testament Christians, many farmers could justify their lawless actions by appealing to "higher law." The *Leaf-Chronicle* summed up this position when it editorialized: "No man has a moral right to go counter to everything that contributed to the welfare of the community, although he may not violate the statutes, there is a higher law by which the public may compel him to do good." [28] The people of the Black Patch viewed God in terms of the Old Testament, saw life as a fight between good and evil, believed God to be on their side in the conflict with the "Trust," and justified their actions through the concept of "higher law." By doing so, they identified themselves with other Southerners. These traits contributed to the tobacco farmers' world view and helped them define their responses to that world.

Thus, the stage was set for violence in the first decade of the twentieth century when the tobacco farmers felt threatened by drastically low tobacco prices, believed they would receive little, if any, help from the government,

and saw in the tobacco companies and independent growers enemies upon whom they could focus. When the growers of the Black Patch turned to violence to help ease their economic plight, they were following long-established cultural, societal, and religious patterns -- patterns that would have been readily recognized and understood by their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers.

Many of these beliefs exist today, if in a diminished capacity. That point came home to me a couple of years ago when an acquaintance of mine who had moved to Tennessee from Michigan asked me to explain the lyrics to Charlie Daniels's song, "A Simple Man." One of the verses declares:

> If I had my way with people selling dope I'd take
> a big tall tree and a short piece of rope
> And I'd hang them up high
> And let them swing 'till the sun goes down
> You know what's wrong with the world today
> People done gone and put their Bibles away
> They're living by the law of the jungle
> Not the law of the land
> The Good Book says it is, so I know it's the truth
> An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth [29]

The man said that he despaired of ever understanding Southerners and their legendary reputation for both violence and religiosity. Thus began an enjoyable evening of conversation as we discussed the differences between the North and the South and I attempted to explain the convolutions of the Southern mind to a foreigner. For you see, I could understand Charlie Daniels's song. After all, the night riders and I share a common heritage.

NOTES

1. C. Vann Woodward, *Origins of the New South, 1877-1913,* 2nd ed. (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1971), 159.

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3. Reed, *The Enduring South*.

4. Cash 67-8.

5. Bruce 112.

6. Catherine C. Cleveland, *The Great Revival in the West, 1797-1805* (Chicago: U of Chicago P, 1916), 45-47.

7. Bruce 17-18.

8. Peter Cartwright, *Autobiography of Peter Cartwright* (Nashville: Abingdon, 1956), 95-6; Bruce 160-1, 177.

9. Elkton, KY *Register*, as reported in the Louisville *Commercial* 18 May 1884, quoted in Ireland 150.

10. Charles R. Wilson, *Baptized in Blood: The Religion of the Lost Cause, 1865-1920* (Athens: U of Georgia P, 1980), 3-17.

11. Richard M. Brown, *Strain of Violence: Historical Studies of American Violence and Vigilantism* (New York: Oxford UP, 1975), viii.

12. Quoted in John Shelton Reed, *One South: An Ethnic Approach to Regional Culture* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State UP, 1982), 145. See also Daniel J. Singal, *The War Within: From Victorian to Modernist Thought in the South, 1919-1945* (Chapel Hill: U of North Carolina P, 1982), 346.

13. H. L. Beach, "The Great Tobacco War," *Saturday Evening Post* 3 August 1907: 3.

14. Harry Harrison Kroll, *Riders in the Night* (Philadelphia: U of Pennsylvania P, 1965), 247, 272.

15. James O. Nall, *The Tobacco Night Riders of Kentucky and Tennessee, 1905-1909* (Louisville: The Standard P, 1939), 59.

16. Kroll 54.

17. Kroll 52, 77.

18. Clarksville, TN *Leaf-Chronicle* 18 February 1908: 1.

19. Kroll 43.

20. Robert Penn Warren, *The Night Rider* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1939), 255.

21. Suzanne M. Hall, "Breaking Trust: The Black Patch Culture of Kentucky and Tennessee, 1900-1940" (Ph.D. dissertation, Emory University, 1989), 150.

22. Kroll 61.

23. Warren 210.

24. *Leaf-Chronicle* 5 May 1905: 1.

25. *Leaf-Chronicle* 12 January 1905: 1; 13 January 1905:1; 2 February 1905: 1, 4 February 1905: 1, 9 March 1905:4.

26. *Leaf-Chronicle* 6 April 1905:1.

27. Warren 116-17.

28. *Leaf Chronicle* 9 March 1905: 1.

29. Charlie Daniels, et. al., "Simple Man" (Nashville: Cabin Fever Music/ Miss Hazel Music [BMI], 1989).

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BOBBIE ANN MASON'S NEW KENTUCKY HOME

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In a 1988 essay, "The Function of Popular Culture in Bobbie Ann Mason's *Shiloh and Other Stories* and *In Country*," Leslie White calls the stories in *Shiloh* "desolate," arguing that they "surrender the hallowed southern sense of place to a deadly blanketing of popular culture" (71). White adds:

> On a familiar enough southern landscape, Mason throws the K-mart culture of pray TV, video games and videos, *Wheel of Fortune*, *Phil Donahue*, subdivisions and trailer parks and bad pop music. The result may be a literature of the New South, a kind of white trash chic, but it reads more like the destruction of white trash. (71)

The specific "New South" Mason writes about is her native Kentucky. My original purpose in this article was to use Mason's works to support White's assertion about the desolation caused by changes in the landscape and in the lifestyles of the inhabitants of rural Kentucky. As someone who is also a native Kentuckian, I felt well equipped to do so.

I spent the first seventeen years of my life on a small farm (small meaning somewhere around four hundred acres) in the hills of eastern Kentucky. As an adult exiled from home, I look back on days of innocence. I went to a one-room school during the first grade, and every morning my mother would pack our lunches with egg-and-biscuit and blackberry-jam-and-biscuit sandwiches. She would pop a pan of popcorn and pack a small brown bag for each of us -- there were three of us going to Dry Fork School at the time. And so off each day I would go to school with my two brothers and my biscuit sandwiches and my bag of home-made popcorn. Popcorn which had been wrestled from the soil by my father's large, callused hands -- hands shaped by years of hard work, gentled by the years of handling the earth. Popcorn which had been popped in the hour before daylight by my mother, after she had milked and fed the cows and the dogs and the cats and baked biscuits and made gravy for breakfast to feed her husband and the five kids, two of whom were too little to go to school. Popcorn which was the fruit of the labor of my family on their ancestral land. And as soon as I got to school, I would trade that bag of popcorn to my best friend, Betty Faye Jones, for a moon pie because that moon pie was store-bought and tasted like heaven to me.

Store-bought meant, of course, that it had come from one of the few general stores scattered sparsely throughout the hills. The closest was about a mile up the road from my house. It was first owned by my grandfather on my mother's side, McKinley Alton, but when I was eight or nine, Grandpa Alton sold the store to his son, Shirley Alton.

The store (and we could say "the store" and know with certainty that everyone knew where we meant) was one of the two social centers of the community -- the other was the church. But we didn't say church. We said "meetin."

We went to "meeting' every Saturday night and every Sunday morning except for revival in the summer, when we went to "revival" every morning and every evening, for one week if no one was heeding the call and being saved from eternal damnation in the fiery pits of hell, or rededicating their lives, and two weeks if hell was scaring lots of sinners and backsliders into coming forward. Meetin was also the primary location for dating and mating activity. The center row of benches was reserved for courting couples, and to move into that center row was to make a declaration of intentions one could not easily get out of.

I look back on that time and I hear the laughter of healthy, happy children living lives of simplicity and goodness. They view moon-pies as the ultimate in consumer satisfaction, and look with some awe on families decadent enough to buy a box of each kind, the chocolate, the vanilla, *and* the banana. They mind their parents; they are respectful to all adults. They go to Sunday school and meeting, and take a certain glee in c heating the grown-ups and God by memorizing the shortest Bible verse in the Bible -- "Jesus wept" -- to repeat in Sunday school, and thereby add to the number of memorized verses posted each Sunday on the wall at the front of the church. They do their schoolwork in the evening and go to bed before dark because the local radio station is off the air at 5:30 p.m. and there's no reason to listen any longer unless the Wildcats are playing, and you have an FM radio strong enough to pull in the radio waves over the hills from Lexington. And, of course, there's no TV. A TV costs a fourth of the annual income from the tobacco crop, and it's the instrument of the devil anyway, as Brother Lonzo Mitchell was always warning us from the pulpit of the Cedar Hill Baptist Church.

I see myself as one of those children, and I think, "How wonderful it would be if I could recapture that sense of certainty and innocence." And I think, "How awful that, today, the children in that community of eastern Kentucky are watching Madonna on MTV and the Simpsons on Fox and buying their moon pies at Wal-Mart instead of 'the store.' How awful that they're telling their parents, "Don't have a cow, man!" or "Kowabunga, Dude." How awful that they can't identify by sight Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant and Gorgeous George.

But in the midst of my pious platitudes about the corruption, the decline, the destruction of my pastoral paradise, I am struck by a sense of unease, a trickling of a memory of wanting desperately as a child to walk on a sidewalk to school, to go to a library which wasn't located in a room in the county courthouse, a room permeated by the urine smell of the jail and surrounded by concrete halls, land-mined with clumps of chewed "baccer" on the floors. I wanted to see the ocean. I wanted to ride on a city bus, on a boat, on a plane. I wanted to eat something besides biscuits and gravy and cornbread and pinto beans. In fact, I grew up much like Bobbie Ann Mason, although she was on one side of the state and I was on the other. And even though she was sixteen years older than me, the western part of Kentucky has always been considerably more progressive than the eastern so, if anything, my childhood was even more "isolated" than she recalls hers having been. In a 1986 interview, she recounts that, growing up, her "basic experience was isolation and a desire to get out of the isolation" (Wilhelm 27). And just as I did, she fed her starving mind by reading Nancy Drew books, and before that the Bobbsey Twins. In that same interview, she reveals that the Bobbsey Twins were one of the biggest influences on her life because they "got to go on a vacation in every single book" and her family never did (29). Neither did mine, or anyone else's I knew.

I started this project a few months ago identifying deeply with those critics who decry the empty lives of the Mason characters. I told myself how accurate those critics are, and how sad that accuracy is, because the advent of shopping centers, of rampant consumerism rang the death knell on that idyllic rural Kentucky life enshrined in my golden memories. But Mason's work refuses to be dismissed that easily; it rejects a facile romanticization, or an easy slide into the nostalgic.

References to those encroaching malls and shopping centers, filled with chain stores, do pervade Mason's fiction.

Many of the characters work at t hem, particularly the female characters. For example, in "Shiloh," Norma Jean works at the cosmetics counter at Rexall. Louise from "Still Life with Watermelon" has just lost her job at Krogers and her friend, Peggy, works at customer service in K-Mart. Linda in "Old Things" works at K-Mart. Carolyn in "Drawing Names" works at J.C. Penney. In "Love Life" Velma, who is wearing "a plum-colored print blouse and a plum skirt and a little green scarf with a gold pin holding it down," comes home from her job at Shop World (3). Barbara in "The Secret of the Pyramids" works in Children's Wear in a department store at the mall, and her friend, Glenda, works in Housewares. Barbara has been having an affair with Bob, who owns a shoe store at the mall.

Some of Mason's male characters have also found work at the shopping centers and malls. In "Airwaves," Coy gets a job as a floorwalker at Wal-Mart. When his girlfriend Jane goes to see him at work, she finds him "patrolling the pet department. In his brown plaid pants, blue shirt, and yellow tie, he looked stylish and comfortable, as though he had finally found a place where he belonged. He seemed like a man whose ambition was to get a service award so he could have his picture in the paper, shaking hands with his boss" (195).

In addition to offering jobs, the shopping centers and malls serve as a consumer haven and social outlet. Dean from "Piano Fingers" takes his daughter to Wal-Mart to buy her a keyboard so she can practice her piano lessons at home (97). In "Big Bertha Stories," the last time Donald came home on his rare visits from working at the strip mines in Central City, he and his wife Jeanette and their son Rodney went to the shopping center to buy shoes for Rodney: "They stayed at the shopping center half the afternoon, just looking around. Donald and Rodney played video games. [For once] Jeanette felt they were a normal family" (116-17).

In "Coyotes," Cobb, who is twenty-eight years old, has a new girlfriend, Lynette, who makes hi m see "that anything conventional -- Friday night strolls at the mall or an assortment of baked-potato toppings at a restaurant -- was funny and absurd" (164). As Cobb's comment reveals, the malls and shopping centers have become the conventional center of social activity. In the story "Marita," the title character, who works at the off-price mall, tells about going out on a date with " a guy who works at the mall" as a sales manager; Marita says he was ashamed to be seen with her because of what she was wearing. She adds, "Around here, if you don't wear coordinated pastel polyester, people look at you funny. He's got a wrong impression of me from the clothes I was forced to wear at the Paycheck Discount" (61). When her date stops at the mall to buy a battery, he suggests to Marita that she wait in the car.

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Mason often defends her characters from what critics call their "bleak and depressing lives" (Gholson 40). For example, Linda Adams Barnes calls Mason's characters "freaks...being forced to conform to untraditional lifestyles" (141). Mason argues that while the characters of her work may be caught in the midst of tremendous social and/or cultural change, the change offers possibility for growth rather than a retreat into the grotesque or freakish. And I think she is right when she says the criticism is sometimes motivated by a combination of class distinctions and nostalgia for the "simpler time" which Mason argues was "full of hardship." She states: "I think the romantic view is that people would be telling stories and making their own music and having fellowship. The reality might be that people had to put up with each other a lot more" (Gholson 42). She also defends her characters from elitist class distinctions because they talk a plain style of language that "conveys an attitude ... about the world that's not layered over with a veneer of polite society or Southern Hospitality" (Gholson 42). In addition to their being plain speakers, Mason believes her characters contain a lot of energy "because they're not jaded. They're not really disillusioned yet. A lot of them are holding on to the tag end of the American Dream" (Gholson 42). And part of that dream is having a job with a steady income. Part of that dream is being able to afford to buy electronic keyboards and Atari games, or new shoes.

A scene near the end of *In Country* always jerks me out of my own inclination to drift into a nostalgic reverie about my childhood in Kentucky. In the scene, Sam drives over the back roads to visit her father's parents' farm to get a diary he had kept in Vietnam before he was killed. Passing old farms and country graveyards and "new house trailers perched on blocks in bare fields," she finally gets to the narrow land leading to the farm (192). She hasn't seen her grandparents in two years. She has dinner with them (dinner is the mid-day meal in Kentucky). During dinner, Sam's Aunt Donna and Mamaw talk about Donna's husband's sister who has just moved into a new brick house with "all its appliances...[and] a video-cassette recorder and a bedroom suit that cost a thousand dollars" (195). After dinner, Sam walks over the farm, consciously trying to "see" the place where her father grew up, to see it the way he would have seen it and remembered it while he was in Vietnam. She walks through the fields along the fence rows, picking wildflowers, and then goes down to the creek before returning to the house. Mamaw has found the diary and gives it to Sam. Although Sam had originally planned to spend the night with her grandparents, she makes a sudden decision to leave. With a Coke and some chocolate-chip cookies, she sits "on a bench beside some plants at the center of the two wings of the mall" and discovers that in Vietnam her father "smoked and drank and murdered" (205).

As Sam drives home from the mall she angrily rejects her father and all his family, the whole Hughes clan:

> They were ignorant and country anyway. They lived in that old farmhouse with the decayed smell she always remembered it having -- the smell of dirty farm clothes, soiled with cow manure. In their bathroom earlier, she had almost slipped on the sodden rug that lay rotting around the

> sweating commode. In the living room, the television was missing a leg, and a complicated old antenna -- all claws and a fan of rods -- sat in a corner, looking like a monster from outer space. The contraption was an effort to pick up cable so that Pap could catch the Wildcats' basketball games. Mamaw picked peas in a rusty bucket with a rag plug stopping up a hole. (206)

Sam has discovered that her father, whom she has known only through pictures of a young, awkward boy, truly suffered, that the horrors of Vietnam were much worse than she could ever have imagined, even with her "morbid" imagination. Her rejection of his suffering leads to her rejection of him and his family and their decaying farmhouse with its smells of manure and dirt and sweat. The fact that she seeks refuge in the mall to read the diary does not surprise me -- it is Ernest Hemingway's "clean, well-lighted place" writ large. Nor is it surprising that her Aunt Donna speaks longingly of a new brick house full of modern appliances. What the mall offers, what the new brick house offers, is an escape from an environment that is sometimes unbearable. Sure, there are wildflowers and creeks with wild goose-plum trees and honeysuckle vines, but there are also mangy dogs and rot and decay. This scene forces me to acknowledge that the rural Kentucky of my past was not always a pastoral paradise. I remember family dinners where folks were "telling stories and making their own music and having fellowship." But I also remember rusty buckets and cow manure and being shut out of "fellowship" because of my gender.

What I discovered in my journey through Mason's works and into my own past over the last few months was that I do not finally agree with the critics who have single-mindedly lamented the encroachment of the modern world into an agrarian Kentucky paradise. Rather, I think I agree with Mason when she says that for her characters, "for all of them, the oldest to the youngest, the world is opening up in both promising and disappointing ways" (Wilhelm 38). Of course, I am ever conscious of the possibility that I've been seduced by the blue light special, the possibility that I'm still trading my bag of popcorn for a moon pie.

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BOBBIE ANN MASON'S NEW KENTUCKY HOME

Anita J. Turpin

Roanoke College

In a 1988 essay, "The Function of Popular Culture in Bobbie Ann Mason's *Shiloh and Other Stories* and *In Country*," Leslie White calls the stories in *Shiloh* "desolate," arguing that they "surrender the hallowed southern sense of place to a deadly blanketing of popular culture" (71). White adds:

> On a familiar enough southern landscape, Mason throws the K-mart culture of pray TV, video games and videos, *Wheel of Fortune*, *Phil Donahue*, subdivisions and trailer parks and bad pop music. The result may be a literature of the New South, a kind of white trash chic, but it reads more like the destruction of white trash. (71)

The specific "New South" Mason writes about is her native Kentucky. My original purpose in this article was to use Mason's works to support White's assertion about the desolation caused by changes in the landscape and in the lifestyles of the inhabitants of rural Kentucky. As someone who is also a native Kentuckian, I felt well equipped to do so.

I spent the first seventeen years of my life on a small farm (small meaning somewhere around four hundred acres) in the hills of eastern Kentucky. As an adult exiled from home, I look back on days of innocence. I went to a one-room school during the first grade, and every morning my mother would pack our lunches with egg-and-biscuit and blackberry-jam-and-biscuit sandwiches. She would pop a pan of popcorn and pack a small brown bag for each of us -- there were three of us going to Dry Fork School at the time. And so off each day I would go to school with my two brothers and my biscuit sandwiches and my bag of home-made popcorn. Popcorn which had been wrestled from the soil by my father's large, callused hands -- hands shaped by years of hard work, gentled by the years of handling the earth. Popcorn which had been popped in the hour before daylight by my mother, after she had milked and fed the cows and the dogs and the cats and baked biscuits and made gravy for breakfast to feed her husband and the five kids, two of whom were too little to go to school. Popcorn which was the fruit of the labor of my family on their ancestral land. And as soon as I got to school, I would trade that bag of popcorn to my best friend, Betty Faye Jones, for a moon pie because that moon pie was store-bought and tasted like heaven to me.

Store-bought meant, of course, that it had come from one of the few general stores scattered sparsely throughout the hills. The closest was about a mile up the road from my house. It was first owned by my grandfather on my mother's side, McKinley Alton, but when I was eight or nine, Grandpa Alton sold the store to his son, Shirley Alton.

The store (and we could say "the store" and know with certainty that everyone knew where we meant) was one of the two social centers of the community -- the other was the church. But we didn't say church. We said "meetin." We went to "meeting' every Saturday night and every Sunday morning except for revival in the summer, when we went to "revival" every morning and every evening, for one week if no one was heeding the call and being saved from eternal damnation in the fiery pits of hell, or rededicating their lives, and two weeks if hell was scaring lots of sinners and backsliders into coming forward. Meetin was also the primary location for dating and mating activity. The center row of benches was reserved for courting couples, and to move into that center row was to make a declaration of intentions one could not easily get out of.

I look back on that time and I hear the laughter of healthy, happy children living lives of simplicity and goodness. They view moon-pies as the ultimate in consumer satisfaction, and look with some awe on families decadent

enough to buy a box of each kind, the chocolate, the vanilla, *and* the banana. They mind their parents; they are respectful to all adults. They go to Sunday school and meeting, and take a certain glee in c heating the grown-ups and God by memorizing the shortest Bible verse in the Bible -- "Jesus wept" -- to repeat in Sunday school, and thereby add to the number of memorized verses posted each Sunday on the wall at the front of the church. They do their schoolwork in the evening and go to bed before dark because the local radio station is off the air at 5:30 p.m. and there's no reason to listen any longer unless the Wildcats are playing, and you have an FM radio strong enough to pull in the radio waves over the hills from Lexington. And, of course, there's no TV. A TV costs a fourth of the annual income from the tobacco crop, and it's the instrument of the devil anyway, as Brother Lonzo Mitchell was always warning us from the pulpit of the Cedar Hill Baptist Church.

I see myself as one of those children, and I think, "How wonderful it would be if I could recapture that sense of certainty and innocence." And I think, "How awful that, today, the children in that community of eastern Kentucky are watching Madonna on MTV and the Simpsons on Fox and buying their moon pies at Wal-Mart instead of 'the store.' How awful that they're telling their parents, "Don't have a cow, man!" or "Kowabunga, Dude." How awful that they can't identify by sight Hulk Hogan and Andre the Giant and Gorgeous George.

But in the midst of my pious platitudes about the corruption, the decline, the destruction of my pastoral paradise, I am struck by a sense of unease, a trickling of a memory of wanting desperately as a child to walk on a sidewalk to school, to go to a library which wasn't located in a room in the county courthouse, a room permeated by the urine smell of the jail and surrounded by concrete halls, land-mined with clumps of chewed "baccer" on the floors. I wanted to see the ocean. I wanted to ride on a city bus, on a boat, on a plane. I wanted to eat something besides biscuits and gravy and cornbread and pinto beans. In fact, I grew up much like Bobbie Ann Mason, although she was on one side of the state and I was on the other. And even though she was sixteen years older than me, the western part of Kentucky has always been considerably more progressive than the eastern so, if anything, my childhood was even more "isolated" than she recalls hers having been. In a 1986 interview, she recounts that, growing up, her "basic experience was isolation and a desire to get out of the isolation" (Wilhelm 27). And just as I did, she fed her starving mind by reading Nancy Drew books, and before that the Bobbsey Twins. In that same interview, she reveals that the Bobbsey Twins were one of the biggest influences on her life because they "got to go on a vacation in every single book" and her family never did (29). Neither did mine, or anyone else's I knew.

I started this project a few months ago identifying deeply with those critics who decry the empty lives of the Mason characters. I told myself how accurate those critics are, and how sad that accuracy is, because the advent of shopping centers, of rampant consumerism rang the death knell on that idyllic rural Kentucky life enshrined in my golden memories. But Mason's work refuses to be dismissed that easily; it rejects a facile romanticization, or an easy slide into the nostalgic.

References to those encroaching malls and shopping centers, filled with chain stores, do pervade Mason's fiction. Many of the characters work at t hem, particularly the female characters. For example, in "Shiloh," Norma Jean works at the cosmetics counter at Rexall. Louise from "Still Life with Watermelon" has just lost her job at Krogers and her friend, Peggy, works at customer service in K-Mart. Linda in "Old Things" works at K-Mart. Carolyn in "Drawing Names" works at J.C. Penney. In "Love Life" Velma, who is wearing "a plum-colored print blouse and a plum skirt and a little green scarf with a gold pin holding it down," comes home from her job at Shop World (3). Barbara in "The Secret of the Pyramids" works in Children's Wear in a department store at the mall, and her friend, Glenda, works in Housewares. Barbara has been having an affair with Bob, who owns a shoe store at the mall.

Some of Mason's male characters have also found work at the shopping centers and malls. In "Airwaves," Coy gets

a job as a floorwalker at Wal-Mart. When his girlfriend Jane goes to see him at work, she finds him "patrolling the pet department. In his brown plaid pants, blue shirt, and yellow tie, he looked stylish and comfortable, as though he had finally found a place where he belonged. He seemed like a man whose ambition was to get a service award so he could have his picture in the paper, shaking hands with his boss" (195).

In addition to offering jobs, the shopping centers and malls serve as a consumer haven and social outlet. Dean from "Piano Fingers" takes his daughter to Wal-Mart to buy her a keyboard so she can practice her piano lessons at home (97). In "Big Bertha Stories," the last time Donald came home on his rare visits from working at the strip mines in Central City, he and his wife Jeanette and their son Rodney went to the shopping center to buy shoes for Rodney: "They stayed at the shopping center half the afternoon, just looking around. Donald and Rodney played video games. [For once] Jeanette felt they were a normal family" (116-17).

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BORDER STATES ON-LINE

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FIFTY YEARS LATER: THE APPALACHIAN POPULATIONS OF THE WASHINGTON CASCADES

Harry Robie
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Over fifty years ago, Woodrow Clevinger documented the existence of a great many closely knit Appalachian families along the Cowlitz and Skagit rivers of the Pacific Northwest. [1] All the families could still trace their origins back to specific locations in the Southern Appalachians -- Clevinger's own ancestors, for example, had moved in from Pike County, Kentucky. Other families originated from throughout the Cumberland Plateau and along the valleys of the Kanawah, Clinch, and Big Sandy rivers. Wherever these people had migrated, Clevinger wrote, they tended to congregate around relatives and neighbors whom they had previously known back East.

In the summer of 1988, while using a James Still fellowship to study the connections between poverty, literacy, and educational attainment in Southwestern Kentucky, I came across Clevinger's earlier research. I wondered what had happened to these Cascade Appalachians in the fifty years since he had written about them. If they were still around and part of identifiable groups, it seemed to me that they might profitably be compared with the kin they had left behind. After all, both populations were derived from the same stock, inhabited similar terrain, lived for the most part in isolated and self-contained communities, and made a living from small scale farming, lumbering, and mining. I wondered if Eastern and Western Appalachians were also still sharing much of the same material and expressive culture. I wondered if they were still corresponding with each other. Most importantly, I wondered if the Appalachians of the Cascades had surmounted some of the problems faced by their relatives back east and, if they had, how they had managed to do so. The two issues I had been examining in Southeastern Kentucky (poverty and low educational attainment) seemed intractable, for example. If the Western Appalachians had had better success in dealing with these problems, then I certainly wanted to know how they had been able to do it.

In July and August of 1990, thanks to grants received form Berea College's Appalachian Center and the Faculty Scholars program of the University of Kentucky, my wife Laura and I finally had a chance to visit the Washington Cascades. While there, we did research in the libraries of the local historical societies and also collected a number of oral histories. [2] All of our informants were members of families who had originated in the Southern Appalachian mountains, and they seemed to possess a number of common characteristics. They continued to live lifestyles strongly dependent upon lumbering, they maintained strong ties with the kin back East, they lived near and often intermarried with families who had migrated from the same area as they had, and they possessed a cultural identity which seemed to differentiate them, at least in their own minds, from their neighbors in their adopted state. We found they had interesting stories to tell about why they moved, the adjustments they made after they arrived in Washington state, and the ways they still felt a kinship with other people from the Southern highlands.

The Setting for the Interviews

Considering the role environment plays in the lives of our informants, it is important that we begin by giving some

sense of where these Cascade Appalachians live. The families we talked to had certainly moved from one mountainous region to another, but while there are similarities between the two areas, there are also differences. As Willie Madden, one of our informants, put it, "One thing, you go back there and they talk about the hills, don't you know. And they got hills back there, but here you got a hill it's fourteen thousand feet. You take any of our hills around here, they hills." Mr. Madden's point is well taken: from his front window in Eatonville, one can see the top two miles of Mt. Rainier rising from its surrounding countryside. Not only is Mt. Rainier (at 14,410 ft.) the tallest volcanic peak in the continental United States, but its flanks are large enough to hold a permanent glacier comprising fifty square miles. Just south of Rainier lies Mt. St. Helens, still twice the height of the Appalachians even after its top fifteen hundred feet have blown off. Above Rainier are the North Cascades, clusters of snow capped mountains which march in an unbroken line to the Canadian border.

The western Cascades where most of the Appalachians settled featured lush vegetation, predominantly cloudy skies, and mild temperatures. When the migrants first arrived, some of them, including Iva Forrister's mother, thought it would never stop raining (as recounted on Forrister tape). Nevertheless, they became accustomed to the climate, so much so that when couples like Frankie and Regal Nations returned to the Southeast to visit, they found it difficult to sleep because of the combination of heat and humidity.

The Washington Cascades are pierced by four mountain passes which rank among the most spectacular in the United States. During the winter these passes may be closed by snowfalls as heavy as any recorded in our country. Nevertheless, for most of the year, communities in the Cascades are relatively accessible from the lowlands of Western Washington. Good roads would take most of our informants to major population centers like Tacoma and Seattle in less time, say, than it takes to get from Perry County, Kentucky, to Corbin, or from Cherokee to Gatlinburg. Thus it would be true to say that the communities we studied are more physically isolated from other parts of the Cascades than they are from the lowlands to the east and west. This east-west orientation extends to the political structure of the region: Cascade towns are part of large counties which stretch all the way to Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean.

The first predominantly Appalachian community in which we conducted interviews was Darrington, northeast of Seattle. Darrington is most associated in the minds of other Washingtonians with the "Tarheels" -- a term, by the way, which is often used to describe any Southern mountaineer now living in the state. Willie Madden, for example, was born in Knott County, Kentucky, but he calls himself "just a Tarheel." The word has even become a verb: "when people go back east to visit, they are said to be "tarheeling." In any event, a newcomer to Darrington quickly makes the connection to Appalachia. The town is the site of a long-running Bluegrass festival. Its Southern Baptist church publishes a cookbook with a recipe for stackcake, a traditional Southern mountain delicacy, and it still takes part in a singing convention every fifth Sunday. As recently as 1947, writes Elizabeth Poehlman, a good five hundred of Darrington's 850 residents were from the area immediately surrounding Silva, North Carolina (119).

When we pulled in to register at Darrington's Stagecoach Inn, we were greeted at the front desk by Dave Buchanan, a relative newcomer to Washington. In our interviews with him and with Regal Nations and Charlie Jones, we got the sense that many Darrington residents had moved there because they or their parents felt they had lost the freedom of the frontier back in North Carolina. Washington state seemed to be bigger, wilder, freer. Yet civilization had reached here too. The immigrants who had come to Washington to hunt without limits and be free from federal timber policy now found themselves in the thick of the fight over the last stands of old-growth forest in the Pacific Northwest. The anger Darrington loggers felt toward environmentalists was almost palpable; it was in Darrington, for example, that we were told our first spotted owl joke. [3]

The towns of Mineral and Morton, Washington, lie south of Darrington. These communities were largely settled by Kentuckians. Woodrow Clevinger's father had come from Pike County, Kentucky, along with over one hundred others, and Clevinger was later to estimate that over two thousand families in the immediate area of Mineral and Morton had a Kentucky ancestry (Clevinger tape). Corbett Hale, one of our informants, was responsible for a number of those migrants all by himself. For over forty years he attended Old Regular Baptist church association meetings back east, and every return trip he brought some more former neighbors back with him.

Just down the slope from Morton are Riffe (now under water because of a new reservoir) and Mossyrock. These were West Virginian communities. The first immigrants from the Mountain State may have been Anthony and Laura Bown, who arrived with their five children in 1889 (Nix and Nix 91). They were soon joined by others, including the sixty families who chartered a train from hawk's Nest, West Virginia, in 1893. We were privileged to join the descendants of these families in worship when we attended the annual communion ceremony at Western Union Old Regular Baptist Church in Silver Creek, Washington, a couple miles down the road from Mossyrock. The West Virginian families were joined at worship by Kentuckians who had previously attended a Morton Old Regular church now disbanded because of disputes over governance, use of church funds, and bobbed hair (Hale and Toler tapes). The more liberal Western Union congregation (along with another small congregation near Raymond, Washington) still "corresponds" with sister churches in the Friendship Association of Old Regular Baptists, a loosely affiliated denominational group otherwise located along the West Virginia-Virginia border. The lined a capella singing, the rhapsodic preaching, and the emotional intensity felt during the footwashing ceremony powerfully demonstrated that a vital part of Appalachian culture could be transplanted and take root in the West.

The Themes of the Interviews

After conducting interviews in all of these communities, we think we have discovered a number of themes -- themes relating to the needs to create a decent life for one's family, to test one's limits in a land of huge forests and abundant wildlife, to maintain spiritual wholeness and personal identity thousands of miles from one's place of birth. Here, briefly, are some of them.

Most of our informants had stories to tell of their trip west and seemed to regard it as one of the great adventures of their lives. The migration story Frankie Nations told us was probably typical. "We came here," she told us,

> in 1937. All us kids were born during the Depression, so my dad, it was hard for him to get work there, so we started on out on September 1, 1937. There was ten of us in the car, a little '31 Chevrolet, and we had a little utility trailer pulling in the back with all our belongings in it. And those kids ranged from one year to seven -- there were four of us, four children -- Mom, Dad, and two uncles and an aunt, and a guy who came with us to help drive. So we all got in this car and we started out and it took us ten days to get from North Carolina to Darrington. My sister and I, we had to sit on a can on the floor between one of our uncles' legs, because there wasn't enough room to sit in the car, and every time I moved my uncle would say, "Sit still." Well, being five years old, you can't see out the window or anything. I had a ring on my bottom for a long time for sitting ten days on that can, and so did my sister.

Frankie remembered there was so little room in the car that most family belongings had to be left at home. Her family did bring their feather beds with them, however. When night came on the trip west, her mother took out these feather comforters and the family slept on them by the side of the road. Other Appalachians came west with even less; Corbett Hale told newcomers traveling with him that they were restricted to one suitcase. Time and

again we asked people what they possessed from their family's first trip to Washington. Only Mabel Hale Compton could tell us the story of material possessions with an Appalachian origin -- some quilts brought by her family from Wolf Pen Creek, Kentucky.

When they arrived here, some families were set up in already furnished houses. Others were not so fortunate and either had no close relatives who could assist them or else somehow missed connections. About their own arrival in Washington state, recounts Ethel Toler,

> We come by train to Chehalis. We were a day earlier than what the people were looking for us, and here we got off the train we didn't know where we was at, we didn't know where Riffe was and we had twenty dollars in our pocket. So the taxi was just across the street from the railroad station. So Homer went over there and we got a taxi which cost us sixteen dollars to go to Riffe. He didn't know where Riffe was, the taxi driver didn't. He knew what vicinity it was in. He'd seen somebody had had a trip to Riffe and what they had charged for going. Well, he said, it's sixteen dollars and we'll find it.

And find Riffe the Tolers eventually did, though they arrived in town with only four dollars between t hem. Nevertheless, they considered themselves fortunate to be in their new community, as evidenced by the stories of privation they told us about their previous life in West Virginia. Typical meals back home, said Ethel, were "biscuits watered gravy for breakfast and corned bread and beans for dinner. One month we had a little money left over, so we went down to Krogers and they had this beautiful curly kale, so we had enough to get that and we had enough to get a little package of yeast. We went home, we cooked that kale and I made hot rolls and we really eat that. That was treat." The Toler home near Welch, West Virginia, was also remembered as a sign of their former poverty. "The last house we lived in before we left West Virginia," Homer Toler told us,

> was built in January out of green hemlock: two little rooms. The front door was a barn door. It was made out of green lumber. They put up two corner boards here and two over there and two over there and the roof was sloped one way and no studding in it, and we swept four inches of snow off the floor part of it and put a roof on it of lightweight tarpaper, and we moved in. And they just nailed the green hemlock up and down and then one by four over the cracks. And one place in front of the front door where it was kind of cut cross grain, why she woke up one night and pow, scared to death. And she wanted to know what it was. I said that's just a board seasoning and cracking. And her dad had given us a big old wool rug. And she woke me up one morning, she said what's that cat doing? And it was laying right up close to where the stove was. It had come up under the house, raised the rug up, the cat was laying there asleep. In front of the front door there was a piece busted out in one of the floor boards about that big, it was kind of wedge shaped, and the cat went in and out of that hole.

The Toler memories of grinding poverty are similar to other memories our informants shared with us. What Barbara Ann Austin remembers most about her first trip to Kentucky, for example, was their lack of indoor plumbing. Other Cascade families remember their former homes with more affection. The Darrington Tarheels seem convinced that conditions back east have improved so much that there is no longer an economic incentive to cause people to move to Washington. Still other families keep alive a nostalgic picture of life in the East. In the home of Mabel Hale Compton there is an oil painting of a modest Kentucky log house owned by her family. It would be instantly recognizable to many people interested in Appalachian studies because it is the Amburgey cabin once lived in by James Still.

To a greater or lesser degree Cascade Appalachians also retain memories of family food traditions. When we ate lunch at her home, Frankie Nations served us leather britches beans and corn bread. Stack cake seemed to be remembered fondly by all our informants, and Sis Dolleyheide is still supposed to bring it regularly to church dinners (Toler tape). The Jones family reported a family tradition, now ended, of raising bears for meat. Frankie Nations remembers with amusement a story about her mother who, in Frankie's words, would "try anything":

> One morning there was a porcupine under the house. When Dad went to work he saw this porcupine. That evening he came home from work and there was a real nice plate of chicken on the table. During the day Mom had got the twenty-two. She'd gone under the house, she'd shot the porcupine and she'd skinned it. Somebody had told her that was real good to eat, and all, so Mom's a real good cook, so she cooked up this porcupine, but she made the mistake of one of my sisters' still being at home. She was sick and she didn't go to school. Well, we were all eating this chicken. That night this one that had stayed at home from school and my Dad, you know, he used language that wasn't too good at times, and he looked across and the younger wasn't eating any chicken. "Well, what's your problem that you're not eating any chicken?" He looked at Mom and he said, "You're feeding us that porcupine." That was the end of the chicken. Nobody ate chicken after that.

Within some families another food tradition, of course, is moonshine. For a number of Cascade families, this was an important Depression-era business. Mabel Hale Compton recalls a relative just tin from Kentucky. Her father put him up for a few months until he could get on his feet. Finally, her brother noticed the relative spending a lot of time down in the woods by the creek. When she and her brother investigated, they found the relative's new still. It was certainly not the only still operating in eastern Lewis County during those years. As Woodrow Clevinger reported to the Lewis County Historical Society,

> I don't want to mention names, but there was one merchant in this town who didn't make his money selling groceries to loggers and lumberjacks who wanted credit. He really made his money from bringing in corn, ground corn, and wholesaling it to X number of Kentuckians and West Virginians and Virginians. Unfortunately they couldn't grow corn in this climate, and God knows they couldn't grow sugar. But they was brought in over the Tacoma Eastern Railway by the carload and unloaded here and distributed out through the hills here, [and] converted into good white whiskey. It was ten dollars a gallon, and two dollars and a half for a small pint. And this money did not go in the State Bank of Morton either. These mountain knew better than to build up a bank account, because the revenue people like to audit bank accounts and so it was in cash, hard cash carried around. I hate to say, I laughingly say, that the only pin money I made in 1926, '28, '29, and '30 was picking up moonshine bottles behind the dance halls in this town and along the road to Davis Lake road, bringing t hem down, getting five cents a bottle. And every Monday I'd come in, I go to my buyer, who I won't mention, my relative. Five cents a bottle, and I'd always come through with at least ten. Fifty cents -- that's a lot of money for a kid in 1928, '29, '31. (Clevinger tape)

The moonshine tradition continued until well after the Second World War. Charlie Jones remembers working with Stogie Parker for the Morison Lumber Company. Stogie used to quit work early every Friday "to get his saw fixed." Everybody knew, says Charlie, that Stogie needed the time to tend to his moonshine business. Stogie had high standards. When he arrived in Washington state, he once told another interviewer, he and his brother "went up there on the hill and got a half gallon from an old guy. I wouldn't drink it. Didn't have no bead on it like Carolina whiskey" (Strickland 41). Stogie's high standards were adopted by other moonshiners. When I asked David Buchanan about moonshine, he said, "Oh, you must have been reading about my cousin." His relative had been

arrested in1989 for distilling a product which the federal agents said was the best they had ever tasted.

Still another theme in our interviews is the bigness and openness found in their adopted state. When they go back east, the Cascade Appalachians say, everything seems smaller. The Tolers now consider the river they once lived along in West Virginia to be just "a little bitty branch." When Laura asked them what had caused the change, Homer Toler said, "Just being here in the open spaces. There was no difference in the size of it-- only in your mind." The Cascade Appalachians told us that people in the East could not accept the scale of things in the state of Washington. "So when we went back and told people about what big timber there was," says Willie Madden, "they'd laugh and make fun of us, you know. It just couldn't be that way, you know. It's just not true." All the loggers we talked to had saved photographs of logging crews standing by logs measuring twelve feet or more "at the butt." It was a measure of their manliness that they had felled some of the largest trees on earth. And it was a measure of eastern provincialism that relatives in Kentucky or West Virginia had thought these pictures had been faked.

A final theme in the interviews is the relationship these Cascade Appalachians had with their church. Willis Weatherford and Earl D.C. Brewer have repeated the observation that Appalachians may be the most religious and the least churched people in America (161). To an extent that was also true of our informants. Some of them were regular church attenders; others were not. But religion still seemed important to them. Partly this was because church was indexed to so much of life as they knew it back in the Southern mountains. The dinners on the grounds, the hymns, the emotional services, the familiar accents-- all of these things could be found on Sunday mornings when, for a time at least, people could imagine themselves back home. They could fall back into familiar gender roles, sing the beloved hymns, and in general feel the comfort of "the good old-fashioned way." For people who had been born and raised in West Virginia or Southeastern Kentucky, the church was a cultural institution through which they could maintain and take pride in their distinctive heritage. And it was about the only such institution: surrounded by a larger culture with a completely different tradition, cut off from their relatives back east, working in a "democracy of the woods" which accepted any man, so long as he was a hard worker, watching their children bussed off to receive a secular education none of them had been given, the Cascade Appalachians viewed their faith as a bulwark against a larger and more sinful world. Old Regular Baptists in Washington state continued the unique lifestyle and worship practices they had known in Appalachia.

When the first generation began to die out, however, something began to happen to Old Regular membership in the Cascades. It appears to be what other migrant churches have experienced in this country (and the Old Regulars are very much a migrant religious group once they leave the Appalachians). H. Richard Niebuhr has said the following about migrant churches:

> During the first period of competition and of economic conflict between immigrants and natives the churches of the immigrants tend to differentiate themselves as cultural organizations, which maintain and emphasize their separate individuality not on doctrinal but on cultural grounds. But after accommodation has set in, after the old language and the old ways have been irretrievably lost, after contacts with native churches have increased, the battle ground of competition changes. Ecclesiastical and doctrinal issues replace the cultural lines of division, and the loyalty of an English-speaking, second generation is fostered by appeal to different motives than were found effective among the immigrants themselves. The need for continued differentiation and for the self-justification of an organism which is strongly desirous of continuing its existence, are responsible now for a new emphasis. Denominational separateness in a competitive situation finds its justification under these circumstances in the accentuation of the theological or liturgical peculiarities of the group. (229-30)

Niebuhr says two things here: that first generation migrant churches concern themselves with cultural values, and that the second generation churches, seeing themselves dissolving in America's melting pot, feel compelled to re-emphasize their doctrinal differences. That observation seems to apply to the Cascade Appalachians. In the 1930s, there were eight Old Regular churches in eastern Lewis County, Washington. By the fifties there were still six of them. Now only two Old Regular churches exist in the whole state. Some of this attrition is due to the fact that there is no longer a significant Appalachian migration to the Pacific Northwest. In the first forty years of this century, people like Corbett Hale could practically guarantee work for all who came. In the days when whole families arrived, and then sent back for their relatives, the Old Regulars could always maintain some kind of "critical mass" with which they could maintain their cultural integrity. But the influx of new families from Appalachia has dried off to a trickle, and the timber industry is in t he tenth year of a depression. The children of Cascade Appalachian families have also been much more willing to use education as a ticket to the thriving communities along Puget Sound. At any rate, the towns we visited were no longer prosperous, if indeed they ever had been, and they could no longer keep their younger residents from looking longingly elsewhere.

I shall claim here, then, that the Old Regulars have gone through a transition like that which Niebuhr predicted for other immigrant churches when the first generation gives way to the second. Without their children, without the replenishment of adults from back home, the Old Regular churches found their memberships dwindling. A natural tendency when something like this happens is to seek converts. But the Old Regulars were not used to doing this and had not developed the naturalization processes that would make the assimilation of new converts from other traditions easier. Outsiders brought disturbing ways with them -- singing out of noted songbooks, for example, or bringing womenfolk with bobbed hair (Hale tape). In the absence of a culture no longer shared in common, what Niebuhr predicted would happen in the immigrant church, an emphasis upon religious peculiarities, happened to the Old Regulars as they fought to retain their distinctive identity.

Whether or not to bob one's hair, for example, was an explosive issue which swept through the Washington churches during the 1950s and 1960s. This shows how, after the passing of the first generation, an immigrant church retreats to doctrine in order to differentiate itself from the outside world. When he joined a little over forty years ago, Corbett Hale found himself in the middle of this transition. "They was a lot of older people," he told us, "and all of them passed on, and it got down to me. I moderated the church for I guess twenty some years after the older ones went out. We had six churches at one time, and before they all died we began losing them. People coming in from other denominations and overpowering the majority of the vote, and just pulling them out of the Association." Hale referred here to the New Salem Association, a large group of Old Regular churches, headquartered in Kentucky, to which the Washington churches belonged. In 1955, the New Salem Association passed a resolution restricting the admission of women with bobbed hair. In 1968, the Western Union Old Regular church in the state of Washington asked for a reconsideration of this rule. When the resolution was softened some churches in the East protested, and newcomers found themselves arrayed against the Old Guard.

Other issues arose to exacerbate the difference between the two church factions. In Washington state the intramural fights over faith and decorum brought the Old Regulars to almost total disarray: the church at Mossyrock left the Old Regulars altogether, Morton locked its doors, the Mt. Olive and Western Union churches switched to the more liberal Friendship association, individual congregants also switched their affiliations or stopped attending altogether (Hale and Toler tapes). The bitterness is still there after more than twenty years. "It's a shame what they done up there," Dovie Hale told us. "They'll have to stand before God for it." Of the breakaway churches, her husband says, "They call themselves Baptists and they lying when they do."

Mt. Olive and Western Union are the last of the Old Regular churches in Washington state. When we attended a service at Western Union two summers ago, a combined service for the two congregations, we sat among forty members. Only one younger couple was there. Despite their obvious devotion, the congregants could quite accurately be described as a "faithful remnant."

Fifty years after Clevinger's first studies, therefore, we could still find worshipping Cascade Appalachians whose mountain religion had bonded them together in a new home for a hundred years. Of course, very little else exists that can take the place of their old-time mountain faith in giving a sense of social cohesion and a feeling of distinctiveness. Little of an Appalachian material culture got transplanted to the West because these families arrived with so little. Once they began work in their new homes, they found themselves scattered throughout a heterogeneous workforce which included, besides Americans from a dozen or more logged-out states, a number of other nationalities. Then, as has happened with so many other immigrant groups, they found their educated offspring learning new skills and different values. Finally, the small communities in which they clustered found themselves subjected to a decade-long recession. Why stay among one's fellow "Tarheels" when the prosperous towns along the nearby I-5 corridor can offer so much more?

Conclusion

We hope that there will be additional opportunities to visit these Cascade families and learn more about their lives. As we have indicated, though, they may be a dying subculture, because the influx of new families from Appalachia has dried to a trickle and the timber industry is in the tenth year of a depression. The children of these families have also been much more willing to use education as a ticket to the world outside. It was a point of pride to our informants that their children had all completed high school. Many had gone to college. In the process they learned the skills that made them employable in the thriving communities along Puget Sound. The land as homeplace has not seemed to exert as strong a pull on these Western Appalachians -- perhaps because their ancestors had already broken roots in going to Washington in the first place, partly because the outdoors is in the heritage of everyone in the state and is not lost just because one moves to the city. At any rate, the towns we visited were no longer prosperous, if indeed they ever had been, and they could no longer keep their younger residents from looking longingly elsewhere. Fifty years after Clevinger's first studies, we could still find these Cascade Appalachians, but someone looking for them in another fifty years may very well find that they have disappeared into the general population. Before they do disappear, however, we think there is much more they may be able to tell us, not only about their present lives in Washington, but about the Appalachia they left behind.

Notes

1. The first articles I found were published by Clevinger in the *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* in 1938 and 1942. These were based upon research which appeared in his master's thesis and later formed part of his doctoral dissertation, "The Western Washington Cascades: A Study of Migration and Mountain Settlement." These and other Clevinger titles are listed in the "Works Cited" section of this paper.

2. Unless otherwise indicated, all attributions are to the person named previously in the sentence. All the interviews we personally conducted have been duplicated on audiotape and presented to the archives of the Kentucky Oral History Commission (PO Box 537, Frankfort, KY 40404). These tapes, arranged alphabetically by interviewee, are individually listed in the "Works Cited" section of this paper. Two other audiotapes used in this article's preparation can be found in the archives of the Lewis County Historical Society, Chehalis, WA.

3. Spotted owls have become a major issue in deciding how much wood can be removed from the Northwest's old growth forests. The story concerns a logger who had roasted and eaten a number of them. After sentencing the logger, the judge called him over and asked him, confidentially, what spotted owl tasted like. "Oh," replied the logger, "about halfway between a condor and a bald eagle." It should be added, however, that this story does not reflect the loggers' sincere love of the woods in which they work. They do think that their experience gives them a right to say how the forests should be "managed." They certainly believe they have a greater understanding of the issues than "those bureaucrats back in Washington."

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FIFTY YEARS LATER: THE APPALACHIAN POPULATIONS OF THE WASHINGTON CASCADES

Harry Robie
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Over fifty years ago, Woodrow Clevinger documented the existence of a great many closely knit Appalachian families along the Cowlitz and Skagit rivers of the Pacific Northwest. [1] All the families could still trace their origins back to specific locations in the Southern Appalachians -- Clevinger's own ancestors, for example, had moved in from Pike County, Kentucky. Other families originated from throughout the Cumberland Plateau and along the valleys of the Kanawah, Clinch, and Big Sandy rivers. Wherever these people had migrated, Clevinger wrote, they tended to congregate around relatives and neighbors whom they had previously known back East.

In the summer of 1988, while using a James Still fellowship to study the connections between poverty, literacy, and educational attainment in Southwestern Kentucky, I came across Clevinger's earlier research. I wondered what had happened to these Cascade Appalachians in the fifty years since he had written about them. If they were still around and part of identifiable groups, it seemed to me that they might profitably be compared with the kin they had left behind. After all, both populations were derived from the same stock, inhabited similar terrain, lived for the most part in isolated and self-contained communities, and made a living from small scale farming, lumbering, and mining. I wondered if Eastern and Western Appalachians were also still sharing much of the same material and expressive culture. I wondered if they were still corresponding with each other. Most importantly, I wondered if the Appalachians of the Cascades had surmounted some of the problems faced by their relatives back east and, if they had, how they had managed to do so. The two issues I had been examining in Southeastern Kentucky (poverty and low educational attainment) seemed intractable, for example. If the Western Appalachians had had better success in dealing with these problems, then I certainly wanted to know how they had been able to do it.

In July and August of 1990, thanks to grants received form Berea College's Appalachian Center and the Faculty Scholars program of the University of Kentucky, my wife Laura and I finally had a chance to visit the Washington Cascades. While there, we did research in the libraries of the local historical societies and also collected a number of oral histories. [2] All of our informants were members of families who had originated in the Southern Appalachian mountains, and they seemed to possess a number of common characteristics. They continued to live lifestyles strongly dependent upon lumbering, they maintained strong ties with the kin back East, they lived near and often intermarried with families who had migrated from the same area as they had, and they possessed a cultural identity which seemed to differentiate them, at least in their own minds, from their neighbors in their adopted state. We found they had interesting stories to tell about why they moved, the adjustments they made after they arrived in Washington state, and the ways they still felt a kinship with other people from the Southern highlands.

The Setting for the Interviews

Considering the role environment plays in the lives of our informants, it is important that we begin by giving some sense of where these Cascade Appalachians live. The families we talked to had certainly moved from one mountainous region to another, but while there are similarities between the two areas, there are also differences. As Willie Madden, one of our informants, put it, "One thing, you go back there and they talk about the hills, don't you know. And they got hills back there, but here you got a hill it's fourteen thousand feet. You take any of our hills around here, they hills." Mr. Madden's point is well taken: from his front window in Eatonville, one can see the top two miles of Mt. Rainier rising from its surrounding countryside. Not only is Mt. Rainier (at 14,410 ft.) the tallest volcanic peak in the continental United States, but its flanks are large enough to hold a permanent glacier comprising fifty square miles. Just south of Rainier lies Mt. St. Helens, still twice the height of the Appalachians even after its top fifteen hundred feet have blown off. Above Rainier are the North Cascades, clusters of snow capped mountains which march in an unbroken line to the Canadian border.

The western Cascades where most of the Appalachians settled featured lush vegetation, predominantly cloudy skies, and mild temperatures. When the migrants first arrived, some of them, including Iva Forrister's mother, thought it would never stop raining (as recounted on Forrister tape). Nevertheless, they became accustomed to the climate, so much so that when couples like Frankie and Regal Nations returned to the Southeast to visit, they found it difficult to sleep because of the combination of heat and humidity.

The Washington Cascades are pierced by four mountain passes which rank among the most spectacular in the

United States. During the winter these passes may be closed by snowfalls as heavy as any recorded in our country. Nevertheless, for most of the year, communities in the Cascades are relatively accessible from the lowlands of Western Washington. Good roads would take most of our informants to major population centers like Tacoma and Seattle in less time, say, than it takes to get from Perry County, Kentucky, to Corbin, or from Cherokee to Gatlinburg. Thus it would be true to say that the communities we studied are more physically isolated from other parts of the Cascades than they are from the lowlands to the east and west. This east-west orientation extends to the political structure of the region: Cascade towns are part of large counties which stretch all the way to Puget Sound and the Pacific Ocean.

The first predominantly Appalachian community in which we conducted interviews was Darrington, northeast of Seattle. Darrington is most associated in the minds of other Washingtonians with the "Tarheels" -- a term, by the way, which is often used to describe any Southern mountaineer now living in the state. Willie Madden, for example, was born in Knott County, Kentucky, but he calls himself "just a Tarheel." The word has even become a verb: "when people go back east to visit, they are said to be "tarheeling." In any event, a newcomer to Darrington quickly makes the connection to Appalachia. The town is the site of a long-running Bluegrass festival. Its Southern Baptist church publishes a cookbook with a recipe for stackcake, a traditional Southern mountain delicacy, and it still takes part in a singing convention every fifth Sunday. As recently as 1947, writes Elizabeth Poehlman, a good five hundred of Darrington's 850 residents were from the area immediately surrounding Silva, North Carolina (119).

When we pulled in to register at Darrington's Stagecoach Inn, we were greeted at the front desk by Dave Buchanan, a relative newcomer to Washington. In our interviews with him and with Regal Nations and Charlie Jones, we got the sense that many Darrington residents had moved there because they or their parents felt they had lost the freedom of the frontier back in North Carolina. Washington state seemed to be bigger, wilder, freer. Yet civilization had reached here too. The immigrants who had come to Washington to hunt without limits and be free from federal timber policy now found themselves in the thick of the fight over the last stands of old-growth forest in the Pacific Northwest. The anger Darrington loggers felt toward environmentalists was almost palpable; it was in Darrington, for example, that we were told our first spotted owl joke. [3]

The towns of Mineral and Morton, Washington, lie south of Darrington. These communities were largely settled by Kentuckians. Woodrow Clevinger's father had come from Pike County, Kentucky, along with over one hundred others, and Clevinger was later to estimate that over two thousand families in the immediate area of Mineral and Morton had a Kentucky ancestry (Clevinger tape). Corbett Hale, one of our informants, was responsible for a number of those migrants all by himself. For over forty years he attended Old Regular Baptist church association meetings back east, and every return trip he brought some more former neighbors back with him.

Just down the slope from Morton are Riffe (now under water because of a new reservoir) and Mossyrock. These were West Virginian communities. The first immigrants from the Mountain State may have been Anthony and Laura Bown, who arrived with their five children in 1889 (Nix and Nix 91). They were soon joined by others, including the sixty families who chartered a train from hawk's Nest, West Virginia, in 1893. We were privileged to join the descendants of these families in worship when we attended the annual communion ceremony at Western Union Old Regular Baptist Church in Silver Creek, Washington, a couple miles down the road from Mossyrock. The West Virginian families were joined at worship by Kentuckians who had previously attended a Morton Old Regular church now disbanded because of disputes over governance, use of church funds, and bobbed hair (Hale and Toler tapes). The more liberal Western Union congregation (along with another small congregation near Raymond, Washington) still "corresponds" with sister churches in the Friendship Association of Old Regular

Baptists, a loosely affiliated denominational group otherwise located along the West Virginia-Virginia border. The lined a capella singing, the rhapsodic preaching, and the emotional intensity felt during the footwashing ceremony powerfully demonstrated that a vital part of Appalachian culture could be transplanted and take root in the West.

The Themes of the Interviews

After conducting interviews in all of these communities, we think we have discovered a number of themes -- themes relating to the needs to create a decent life for one's family, to test one's limits in a land of huge forests and abundant wildlife, to maintain spiritual wholeness and personal identity thousands of miles from one's place of birth. Here, briefly, are some of them.

Most of our informants had stories to tell of their trip west and seemed to regard it as one of the great adventures of their lives. The migration story Frankie Nations told us was probably typical. "We came here," she told us,

> in 1937. All us kids were born during the Depression, so my dad, it was hard for him to get work there, so we started on out on September 1, 1937. There was ten of us in the car, a little '31 Chevrolet, and we had a little utility trailer pulling in the back with all our belongings in it. And those kids ranged from one year to seven -- there were four of us, four children -- Mom, Dad, and two uncles and an aunt, and a guy who came with us to help drive. So we all got in this car and we started out and it took us ten days to get from North Carolina to Darrington. My sister and I, we had to sit on a can on the floor between one of our uncles' legs, because there wasn't enough room to sit in the car, and every time I moved my uncle would say, "Sit still." Well, being five years old, you can't see out the window or anything. I had a ring on my bottom for a long time for sitting ten days on that can, and so did my sister.

Frankie remembered there was so little room in the car that most family belongings had to be left at home. Her family did bring their feather beds with them, however. When night came on the trip west, her mother took out these feather comforters and the family slept on them by the side of the road. Other Appalachians came west with even less; Corbett Hale told newcomers traveling with him that they were restricted to one suitcase. Time and again we asked people what they possessed from their family's first trip to Washington. Only Mabel Hale Compton could tell us the story of material possessions with an Appalachian origin -- some quilts brought by her family from Wolf Pen Creek, Kentucky.

When they arrived here, some families were set up in already furnished houses. Others were not so fortunate and either had no close relatives who could assist them or else somehow missed connections. About their own arrival in Washington state, recounts Ethel Toler,

> We come by train to Chehalis. We were a day earlier than what the people were looking for us, and here we got off the train we didn't know where we was at, we didn't know where Riffe was and we had twenty dollars in our pocket. So the taxi was just across the street from the railroad station. So Homer went over there and we got a taxi which cost us sixteen dollars to go to Riffe. He didn't know where Riffe was, the taxi driver didn't. He knew what vicinity it was in. He'd seen somebody had had a trip to Riffe and what they had charged for going. Well, he said, it's sixteen dollars and we'll find it.

And find Riffe the Tolers eventually did, though they arrived in town with only four dollars between t hem.

Nevertheless, they considered themselves fortunate to be in their new community, as evidenced by the stories of privation they told us about their previous life in West Virginia. Typical meals back home, said Ethel, were "biscuits watered gravy for breakfast and corned bread and beans for dinner. One month we had a little money left over, so we went down to Krogers and they had this beautiful curly kale, so we had enough to get that and we had enough to get a little package of yeast. We went home, we cooked that kale and I made hot rolls and we really eat that. That was treat." The Toler home near Welch, West Virginia, was also remembered as a sign of their former poverty. "The last house we lived in before we left West Virginia," Homer Toler told us,

> was built in January out of green hemlock: two little rooms. The front door was a barn door. It was made out of green lumber. They put up two corner boards here and two over there and two over there and the roof was sloped one way and no studding in it, and we swept four inches of snow off the floor part of it and put a roof on it of lightweight tarpaper, and we moved in. And they just nailed the green hemlock up and down and then one by four over the cracks. And one place in front of the front door where it was kind of cut cross grain, why she woke up one night and pow, scared to death. And she wanted to know what it was. I said that's just a board seasoning and cracking. And her dad had given us a big old wool rug. And she woke me up one morning, she said what's that cat doing? And it was laying right up close to where the stove was. It had come up under the house, raised the rug up, the cat was laying there asleep. In front of the front door there was a piece busted out in one of the floor boards about that big, it was kind of wedge shaped, and the cat went in and out of that hole.

The Toler memories of grinding poverty are similar to other memories our informants shared with us. What Barbara Ann Austin remembers most about her first trip to Kentucky, for example, was their lack of indoor plumbing. Other Cascade families remember their former homes with more affection. The Darrington Tarheels seem convinced that conditions back east have improved so much that there is no longer an economic incentive to cause people to move to Washington. Still other families keep alive a nostalgic picture of life in the East. In the home of Mabel Hale Compton there is an oil painting of a modest Kentucky log house owned by her family. It would be instantly recognizable to many people interested in Appalachian studies because it is the Amburgey cabin once lived in by James Still.

To a greater or lesser degree Cascade Appalachians also retain memories of family food traditions. When we ate lunch at her home, Frankie Nations served us leather britches beans and corn bread. Stack cake seemed to be remembered fondly by all our informants, and Sis Dolleyheide is still supposed to bring it regularly to church dinners (Toler tape). The Jones family reported a family tradition, now ended, of raising bears for meat. Frankie Nations remembers with amusement a story about her mother who, in Frankie's words, would "try anything":

> One morning there was a porcupine under the house. When Dad went to work he saw this porcupine. That evening he came home from work and there was a real nice plate of chicken on the table. During the day Mom had got the twenty-two. She'd gone under the house, she'd shot the porcupine and she'd skinned it. Somebody had told her that was real good to eat, and all, so Mom's a real good cook, so she cooked up this porcupine, but she made the mistake of one of my sisters' still being at home. She was sick and she didn't go to school. Well, we were all eating this chicken. That night this one that had stayed at home from school and my Dad, you know, he used language that wasn't too good at times, and he looked across and the younger wasn't eating any chicken. "Well, what's your problem that you're not eating any chicken?" He looked at Mom and he said, "You're feeding us that porcupine." That was the end of the chicken. Nobody ate chicken after that.

Within some families another food tradition, of course, is moonshine. For a number of Cascade families, this was an important Depression-era business. Mabel Hale Compton recalls a relative just tin from Kentucky. Her father put him up for a few months until he could get on his feet. Finally, her brother noticed the relative spending a lot of time down in the woods by the creek. When she and her brother investigated, they found the relative's new still. It was certainly not the only still operating in eastern Lewis County during those years. As Woodrow Clevinger reported to the Lewis County Historical Society,

> I don't want to mention names, but there was one merchant in this town who didn't make his money selling groceries to loggers and lumberjacks who wanted credit. He really made his money from bringing in corn, ground corn, and wholesaling it to X number of Kentuckians and West Virginians and Virginians. Unfortunately they couldn't grow corn in this climate, and God knows they couldn't grow sugar. But they was brought in over the Tacoma Eastern Railway by the carload and unloaded here and distributed out through the hills here, [and] converted into good white whiskey. It was ten dollars a gallon, and two dollars and a half for a small pint. And this money did not go in the State Bank of Morton either. These mountain knew better than to build up a bank account, because the revenue people like to audit bank accounts and so it was in cash, hard cash carried around. I hate to say, I laughingly say, that the only pin money I made in 1926, '28, '29, and '30 was picking up moonshine bottles behind the dance halls in this town and along the road to Davis Lake road, bringing t hem down, getting five cents a bottle. And every Monday I'd come in, I go to my buyer, who I won't mention, my relative. Five cents a bottle, and I'd always come through with at least ten. Fifty cents -- that's a lot of money for a kid in 1928, '29, '31. (Clevinger tape)

The moonshine tradition continued until well after the Second World War. Charlie Jones remembers working with Stogie Parker for the Morison Lumber Company. Stogie used to quit work early every Friday "to get his saw fixed." Everybody knew, says Charlie, that Stogie needed the time to tend to his moonshine business. Stogie had high standards. When he arrived in Washington state, he once told another interviewer, he and his brother "went up there on the hill and got a half gallon from an old guy. I wouldn't drink it. Didn't have no bead on it like Carolina whiskey" (Strickland 41). Stogie's high standards were adopted by other moonshiners. When I asked David Buchanan about moonshine, he said, "Oh, you must have been reading about my cousin." His relative had been arrested in1989 for distilling a product which the federal agents said was the best they had ever tasted.

Still another theme in our interviews is the bigness and openness found in their adopted state. When they go back east, the Cascade Appalachians say, everything seems smaller. The Tolers now consider the river they once lived along in West Virginia to be just "a little bitty branch." When Laura asked them what had caused the change, Homer Toler said, "Just being here in the open spaces. There was no difference in the size of it-- only in your mind." The Cascade Appalachians told us that people in the East could not accept the scale of things in the state of Washington. "So when we went back and told people about what big timber there was," says Willie Madden, "they'd laugh and make fun of us, you know. It just couldn't be that way, you know. It's just not true." All the loggers we talked to had saved photographs of logging crews standing by logs measuring twelve feet or more "at the butt." It was a measure of their manliness that they had felled some of the largest trees on earth. And it was a measure of eastern provincialism that relatives in Kentucky or West Virginia had thought these pictures had been faked.

A final theme in the interviews is the relationship these Cascade Appalachians had with their church. Willis Weatherford and Earl D.C. Brewer have repeated the observation that Appalachians may be the most religious and the least churched people in America (161). To an extent that was also true of our informants. Some of them were

regular church attenders; others were not. But religion still seemed important to them. Partly this was because church was indexed to so much of life as they knew it back in the Southern mountains. The dinners on the grounds, the hymns, the emotional services, the familiar accents-- all of these things could be found on Sunday mornings when, for a time at least, people could imagine themselves back home. They could fall back into familiar gender roles, sing the beloved hymns, and in general feel the comfort of "the good old-fashioned way." For people who had been born and raised in West Virginia or Southeastern Kentucky, the church was a cultural institution through which they could maintain and take pride in their distinctive heritage. And it was about the only such institution: surrounded by a larger culture with a completely different tradition, cut off from their relatives back east, working in a "democracy of the woods" which accepted any man, so long as he was a hard worker, watching their children bussed off to receive a secular education none of them had been given, the Cascade Appalachians viewed their faith as a bulwark against a larger and more sinful world. Old Regular Baptists in Washington state continued the unique lifestyle and worship practices they had known in Appalachia.

When the first generation began to die out, however, something began to happen to Old Regular membership in the Cascades. It appears to be what other migrant churches have experienced in this country (and the Old Regulars are very much a migrant religious group once they leave the Appalachians). H. Richard Niebuhr has said the following about migrant churches:

> During the first period of competition and of economic conflict between immigrants and natives the churches of the immigrants tend to differentiate themselves as cultural organizations, which maintain and emphasize their separate individuality not on doctrinal but on cultural grounds. But after accommodation has set in, after the old language and the old ways have been irretrievably lost, after contacts with native churches have increased, the battle ground of competition changes. Ecclesiastical and doctrinal issues replace the cultural lines of division, and the loyalty of an English-speaking, second generation is fostered by appeal to different motives than were found effective among the immigrants themselves. The need for continued differentiation and for the self-justification of an organism which is strongly desirous of continuing its existence, are responsible now for a new emphasis. Denominational separateness in a competitive situation finds its justification under these circumstances in the accentuation of the theological or liturgical peculiarities of the group. (229-30)

Niebuhr says two things here: that first generation migrant churches concern themselves with cultural values, and that the second generation churches, seeing themselves dissolving in America's melting pot, feel compelled to re-emphasize their doctrinal differences. That observation seems to apply to the Cascade Appalachians. In the 1930s, there were eight Old Regular churches in eastern Lewis County, Washington. By the fifties there were still six of them. Now only two Old Regular churches exist in the whole state. Some of this attrition is due to the fact that there is no longer a significant Appalachian migration to the Pacific Northwest. In the first forty years of this century, people like Corbett Hale could practically guarantee work for all who came. In the days when whole families arrived, and then sent back for their relatives, the Old Regulars could always maintain some kind of "critical mass" with which they could maintain their cultural integrity. But the influx of new families from Appalachia has dried off to a trickle, and the timber industry is in t he tenth year of a depression. The children of Cascade Appalachian families have also been much more willing to use education as a ticket to the thriving communities along Puget Sound. At any rate, the towns we visited were no longer prosperous, if indeed they ever had been, and they could no longer keep their younger residents from looking longingly elsewhere.

I shall claim here, then, that the Old Regulars have gone through a transition like that which Niebuhr predicted for other immigrant churches when the first generation gives way to the second. Without their children, without the

replenishment of adults from back home, the Old Regular churches found their memberships dwindling. A natural tendency when something like this happens is to seek converts. But the Old Regulars were not used to doing this and had not developed the naturalization processes that would make the assimilation of new converts from other traditions easier. Outsiders brought disturbing ways with them -- singing out of noted songbooks, for example, or bringing womenfolk with bobbed hair (Hale tape). In the absence of a culture no longer shared in common, what Niebuhr predicted would happen in the immigrant church, an emphasis upon religious peculiarities, happened to the Old Regulars as they fought to retain their distinctive identity.

Whether or not to bob one's hair, for example, was an explosive issue which swept through the Washington churches during the 1950s and 1960s. This shows how, after the passing of the first generation, an immigrant church retreats to doctrine in order to differentiate itself from the outside world. When he joined a little over forty years ago, Corbett Hale found himself in the middle of this transition. "They was a lot of older people," he told us, "and all of them passed on, and it got down to me. I moderated the church for I guess twenty some years after the older ones went out. We had six churches at one time, and before they all died we began losing them. People coming in from other denominations and overpowering the majority of the vote, and just pulling them out of the Association." Hale referred here to the New Salem Association, a large group of Old Regular churches, headquartered in Kentucky, to which the Washington churches belonged. In 1955, the New Salem Association passed a resolution restricting the admission of women with bobbed hair. In 1968, the Western Union Old Regular church in the state of Washington asked for a reconsideration of this rule. When the resolution was softened some churches in the East protested, and newcomers found themselves arrayed against the Old Guard.

Other issues arose to exacerbate the difference between the two church factions. In Washington state the intramural fights over faith and decorum brought the Old Regulars to almost total disarray: the church at Mossyrock left the Old Regulars altogether, Morton locked its doors, the Mt. Olive and Western Union churches switched to the more liberal Friendship association, individual congregants also switched their affiliations or stopped attending altogether (Hale and Toler tapes). The bitterness is still there after more than twenty years. "It's a shame what they done up there," Dovie Hale told us. "They'll have to stand before God for it." Of the breakaway churches, her husband says, "They call themselves Baptists and they lying when they do."

Mt. Olive and Western Union are the last of the Old Regular churches in Washington state. When we attended a service at Western Union two summers ago, a combined service for the two congregations, we sat among forty members. Only one younger couple was there. Despite their obvious devotion, the congregants could quite accurately be described as a "faithful remnant."

Fifty years after Clevinger's first studies, therefore, we could still find worshipping Cascade Appalachians whose mountain religion had bonded them together in a new home for a hundred years. Of course, very little else exists that can take the place of their old-time mountain faith in giving a sense of social cohesion and a feeling of distinctiveness. Little of an Appalachian material culture got transplanted to the West because these families arrived with so little. Once they began work in their new homes, they found themselves scattered throughout a heterogeneous workforce which included, besides Americans from a dozen or more logged-out states, a number of other nationalities. Then, as has happened with so many other immigrant groups, they found their educated offspring learning new skills and different values. Finally, the small communities in which they clustered found themselves subjected to a decade-long recession. Why stay among one's fellow "Tarheels" when the prosperous towns along the nearby I-5 corridor can offer so much more?

Conclusion

We hope that there will be additional opportunities to visit these Cascade families and learn more about their lives. As we have indicated, though, they may be a dying subculture, because the influx of new families from Appalachia has dried to a trickle and the timber industry is in the tenth year of a depression. The children of these families have also been much more willing to use education as a ticket to the world outside. It was a point of pride to our informants that their children had all completed high school. Many had gone to college. In the process they learned the skills that made them employable in the thriving communities along Puget Sound. The land as homeplace has not seemed to exert as strong a pull on these Western Appalachians -- perhaps because their ancestors had already broken roots in going to Washington in the first place, partly because the outdoors is in the heritage of everyone in the state and is not lost just because one moves to the city. At any rate, the towns we visited were no longer prosperous, if indeed they ever had been, and they could no longer keep their younger residents from looking longingly elsewhere. Fifty years after Clevinger's first studies, we could still find these Cascade Appalachians, but someone looking for them in another fifty years may very well find that they have disappeared into the general population. Before they do disappear, however, we think there is much more they may be able to tell us, not only about their present lives in Washington, but about the Appalachia they left behind.

Notes

1. The first articles I found were published by Clevinger in the *Pacific Northwest Quarterly* in 1938 and 1942. These were based upon research which appeared in his master's thesis and later formed part of his doctoral dissertation, "The Western Washington Cascades: A Study of Migration and Mountain Settlement." These and other Clevinger titles are listed in the "Works Cited" section of this paper.

2. Unless otherwise indicated, all attributions are to the person named previously in the sentence. All the interviews we personally conducted have been duplicated on audiotape and presented to the archives of the Kentucky Oral History Commission (PO Box 537, Frankfort, KY 40404). These tapes, arranged alphabetically by interviewee, are individually listed in the "Works Cited" section of this paper. Two other audiotapes used in this article's preparation can be found in the archives of the Lewis County Historical Society, Chehalis, WA.

3. Spotted owls have become a major issue in deciding how much wood can be removed from the Northwest's old growth forests. The story concerns a logger who had roasted and eaten a number of them. After sentencing the logger, the judge called him over and asked him, confidentially, what spotted owl tasted like. "Oh," replied the logger, "about halfway between a condor and a bald eagle." It should be added, however, that this story does not reflect the loggers' sincere love of the woods in which they work. They do think that their experience gives them a right to say how the forests should be "managed." They certainly believe they have a greater understanding of the issues than "those bureaucrats back in Washington."

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HERO TRIP: DIVINE RIGHT'S JOURNEY OF SELF

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Gurney Norman's Appalachian epic *Divine Right's Trip* first appeared in *The Last Whole Earth Catalog* in 1971. Norman had hatched a plot with Stewart Brand to write a novel whose hero would use products advertised in the Catalog. Eventually, Norman refused to be held by these artistic constraints, as Ed McClanahan explains in the afterword to the novel (306). Rather than following the random placement of hippy wares in the catalog, Norman created a story whose hero is the acid-addled cousin of Huck Finn and Stephan Dedalus on a journey that reconciles his dissociated selves: Divine Right and David Ray. The novel is preceded by three epigraphs: a quotation from Joseph Campbell summarizing the epic journey of the hero; James 1:8, "A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways"; and finally from the Tao, "The surest test if a man is sane is if he accepts life whole, as it is." Norman has given readers a clue to one of the novel's many meanings by beginning the story with these three enigmatic quotations. Campbell's cyclical heroic journey consists, as he explains in *The Hero with a Thousand Faces*, of "separation, initiation, and return" (30). The epigraphs then are a puzzle that once solved will illuminate the text. At the beginning of D.R.'s heroic journey he is a "double-minded man," hence the scripture; however, D. R. is, by story's end, "sane" by the definition put forth by the Book of Tao because he "accepts life whole, as it is." The appearance of the two scriptures just after the title page and their inclusion in the wedding ceremony at the end of the book frame the story just as Campbell's model of the hero journey frames it.

Campbell's model is a circular one, beginning with the call, then a crossing over the "threshold of adventure" to oppose a foe, in D.R.'s case a dragon he himself has created. As Campbell explains:

> There he encounters a shadow presence that guards the passage. The hero may defeat or conciliate this power and go alive into the kingdom of the dark. . . . Beyond the threshold, then, the hero journeys through a world of unfamiliar yet strangely intimate forces, some of which severely threaten him [tests], some of which give magical aid [helpers]. . . . [His] triumph may be represented as the hero's sexual union with the goddess-mother of the world [sacred marriage]. . . . [I]ntrinsically it is an expansion of consciousness and therewith of being. (245-46)

Norman's hero, D.R., proceeds with the aid of helpers into an adventure within himself. His fight with the dragon is a fight between his two selves for supremacy, between David Ray and Divine Right.

D.R.'s circular orbit comes in contact with others off on their own journey, who represent either helpers or tests that D.R. must overcome. D.R.'s first encounter on the road is a nameless hitchhiker whose silence infuriates D.R. The boy's only words foreshadow the hero-journey D.R. has begun:

> "Did you ever read about St. George and the dragon?"

> D.R. said he hadn't.
> "It's far-out shit," said the kid. And he closed the door and started walking down the highway toward wherever they'd just come from. (11)

This mysterious stranger not only sets the context of D.R.'s journey, but this scene also indicates a crucial aspect of D.R.'s current predicament and the tone of the journey: he has no idea where he is or where he is going.

D.R. and Estelle take turns sleeping and driving, and his state of consciousness is always in doubt due to his penchant for chemical stimulation and the fatigue of driving. D.R.'s constant straddling between waking and sleeping indicates that the journey is as much a trip inside himself as it is a seemingly random trip from Urge to God-knows-where. D.R.'s next visitor/helper is the Lone Outdoorsman whose lifestyle indicates that he has long since quit his journey. The Lone Outdoorsman is a static character; he never seems to move even when he is in motion. He requires a motorcycle to make the hundred-yard trip to the bathroom of the campsite. Prepared for anything, he rarely acts, and when he does it is with all the ferocity and cunning of a box turtle. He is suspicious and lonely but kind as well. His journey is over, and as a result, he is as anachronistic as the black-and-white western he watches with D.R. and Estelle on his miniature television.

D.R.'s fascination with the red tent at the campsite is laden with importance as far as his journey is concerned. D. R. Contemplates space thanks to the red tent, and the tent is symbolic of the paradoxically static nature of D.R.'s journey. The red tent is a stop sign that shows the folly of Divine Right's flight from himself. In the tent or in Urge, D. R. has no sense of place. His flight from his home in Kentucky leads nowhere. Only by being back home can he really occupy space. His present position in the universe is as unstable and transitory as the tent's.

D.R.'s next signpost or helper is the Greek, ironically named for his "gift" of oratory. The Greek's journey consists of his return to Norman, Oklahoma (Norman's choice of place names amounts to a wink at his readers) to destroy the last remaining record of himself -- his autobiographical Master's thesis. Its destruction is paramount to the Greek's quest to destroy any record of himself and particularly his name. By forgetting his name, the Greek hopes to escape from a life of "mucus-loving servitude" and move toward his Sumerian nut-eating nirvana. The Greek cryptically explains:

> Yes, sir, the Sumerian line of nut-eaters remained unbroken right on up 'til modern times. That's a little known fact, but it's true. There's a good book about Sumerian nut culture by a guy named Agolt you ought to read. *The Happy Sumerians* is the title. (61)

But the Greek's absurd quest is a mirror of what Divine Right has attempted to do -- forget his name, his past, and his place in the universe. At least the Greek is moving toward some goal; D.R. is merely running away from home. The Greek's girlfriend, aptly named Frieda, wisely escapes with a new-found family. By now she has learned that the Greek's rap is about as profound as D.R.'s acid-induced gibberish.

D.R.'s next test is Eddie's death. It eliminates his only frame of reference on the road. Eddie's funeral is attended by other lost souls, including the Native:

> The Native got his name because he was always talking about how nobody's a native any more. Nobody lives where he was born, nobody's got real roots any more. And that's why people are so unhappy. The Native grew up in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri. He was so homesick most of the time, all he ever talked about wash is family and his old home place back in the Ozarks. People at

> home have got identity, said the Native. They've got a history, and their lives are full of the most beautiful rituals. (93)

The only ritual the homeless funeral party can muster is a stoned service officiated by way of television by Billy Graham and the "hypnotism man." The hypnotism man's analogy of the three boxes should be particularly instructive to D. R. By describing boxes that represent the past, the present, and the future, the hypnotism man has constructed a symbol of time that involves something more tangible than the white line on a highway, and it anticipates D.R.'s quest for a more tangible time and space: home in Kentucky.

Prior to Estelle's leaving D.R. (appropriately in the "terminal"), D.R. tells Estelle he would prefer to see his sister's family without her. D.R. is incapable of reconciling his two selves at this point. With Estelle he is Divine Right; with his family he is David Ray. For Estelle and his sister to meet, David Ray would have to meet Divine Right. That will come soon enough. In the meantime, D.R. settles in at Doyle and Marcella's as if he were born in the house. As a result, Doyle's dreams and subsequent salvation can point the way for D.R. It is at his sister's that D.R. finds out about Emmit, D.R.'s own chance for salvation. Thus begins the final arc of his journey cycle.

While Marcella's family is at church, D.R. gets his own message from God (Mrs. Godsey) over the phone. Come home and take care of Emmit. As D.R. crosses the Ohio River, the narration suddenly shifts from Divine Right's journey home to David Ray's weekend trips as a boy from Cincinnati back to the old homeplace. When the narrator shifts attention back to Divine Right, he is at a crossroads in Kentucky and so is the story: the two D.R.'s are about to converge. The spectral appearance of Fess Parker on the movie screen and the miner with his hat lit are an indication that D.R. is in unknown territory. Consistent with Campbell's model, however, is a strange intimacy: Fess Parker and Coal are two Kentucky icons who announce D.R.'s return home. D.R. plunges into even more intimate territory as he struggles with his two selves in the back of the van while the miner drives him closer to home. His hallucination in the back of the van sends him into a netherworld where he meets a dragon with "seven horns, and crowning each horn in rays of light was Estelle's face, distorted by a grin so evil and so knowing D.R. shuddered" (195). In Divine Right's imagination, the energy of his real self, David Ray, appears as a monster and the one thing that David Ray longs for most -- Estelle -- seems "evil." By the time that he reaches Mrs. Godsey's, however, it is David Ray who gets out of the van.

The two D.R.s finally face off in the mine where "He was a snake shedding old and stiffened skin" (205). D.R. slays the dragon, but it carries him down deeper into the mine. The mine represents D.R.'s mind where he rediscovers who he is and reunifies parts of himself that have been repressed for so long. By chapter six, D.R. is psychically at home, helping his dead grandmother with the laundry and sharing tea with his Uncle Emmit, who will be a shade himself soon.

Mrs. Hubbard is struck by D.R.'s compassion for Emmit. She marvels at how "that young man is caring for him as if it was his own life at stake" (234). And it is. Immediately upon becoming whole -- no longer "a double minded man . . . unstable in all his ways" -- D.R. becomes a part of his Uncle Emmit, a part of his family, and a part of the hillside where he will live and where his Uncle Emmit will be buried. In contrast to the blaring televisions that were at Eddie's funeral, "Abide with Me" accompanies Emmit's body into the grave. However, the attendants at Emmit's funeral have a liturgy oddly similar to that of the hypnotism man: Ecclesiastes chapter three is more poetic than the three boxes that represent past, present, and future, but both compartmentalize time. Emmit is planted in the ground "like a seed," and D.R. sleeps in Emmit's bed. Emmit is in the box marked "past," and D.R. is in the one marked "present."

As Leonard and D.R. go on to build the hogpen, the boxes that hold D.R.'s life come together. The hogpen itself is a kind of box, and all of D.R.'s hard work will pay off: "Next winter when we have some good sausage for breakfast, we'll remember this day, David" (274-75). Everything is in its place, not only the hogs, but also David Ray. Everything, that is, except Estelle. D.R.'s marriage to Estelle is necessary for the circle to be complete. The wedding is the last stitch in the mandala that closes the circle, that puts all the boxes in their places. Therefore, hippies and Kentuckians can come together to close the circle of David Ray's heroic journey. Emmit and his rabbit's manure will reclaim the hillside from erosion. D.R. and Estelle will live in the house where D.R.'s ancestors lived and died. As Reverend Bagby reads from the Tao, Swami High-Time reads from the Bible, and the cycle is complete.

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BORDER STATES ON-LINE

Border States: Journal of the Kentucky-Tennessee American Studies Association, No. 9 (1993)

MURFREESBORO'S CRAFTSMAN BUNGALOW: THE EXPRESSION OF AN IDEA

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A small structure near the MTSU campus in Murfreesboro is a significant artifact representing the revolt against Victorianism that took place in the first part of the twentieth century. A log bungalow built in 1918 by Clark Woodard, instructor of industrial arts at Middle Tennessee State College, the house illustrates plans and designs publicized by Gustav Stickley in his magazine *The Craftsman*. A comparison of pages from the magazine with drawings and photographs of the Woodard house reveals the care with which the builder implemented the ideas of the editor. An imaginative examination of these architectural details and interior designs gives insight into the contemporary attempts to emphasize the family and to return to a simpler life style that was close to nature. [1]

The bungalow was first introduced after the depression of 1893 and remained popular until the Great Depression of 1930. Meeting the demand of the booming urban population for moderately-priced housing, the bungalow represented both the American dream of home ownership and the return to nature movement. This meant, among other things, the replacement of the excessive ornamentation of the Victorian period with a much simpler design. [2]

The back to nature movement of the early 1900s promoted outside activities and a rugged life style, which Theodore Roosevelt popularized while president. The first rustic houses were weekend retreats or summer houses. They represented plain truth and hard reality. The materials were to be representative of their natural state without added decoration. Stucco, stones, and unpainted wood became favorite exterior materials for these homes, because they were inexpensive, functional, and required low maintenance. While the natural materials made the house part of the surrounding landscape, it was the design of the house that made a major impact on the site. The one or one-and-a-half story structure with its straight horizontal lines incorporated a low roof and extended eaves allowing it to become part of the landscape. [3]

The bungalow received praise from both scientists and sociologists because it represented the new life style. The floor plan of the new design was more condensed than that of the large Victorian home. This required less space and allowed for closer family relations, which had been de-emphasized during the Victorian period. The heavy ornamentation and many large rooms of the Victorian house were replaced by a human-scale atmosphere of clean, flat, and straight lines representing the ideology of germ-free environment. The new design allowed women for the first time to pursue outside activities since this home required less time to clean. The advancement of modern technology with standardized bathroom fixtures and electric appliances also simplified housework. These new ideas and designs were illustrated in magazines of the times. [4]

One magazine that popularized the bungalow was *The Craftsman* by Gustav

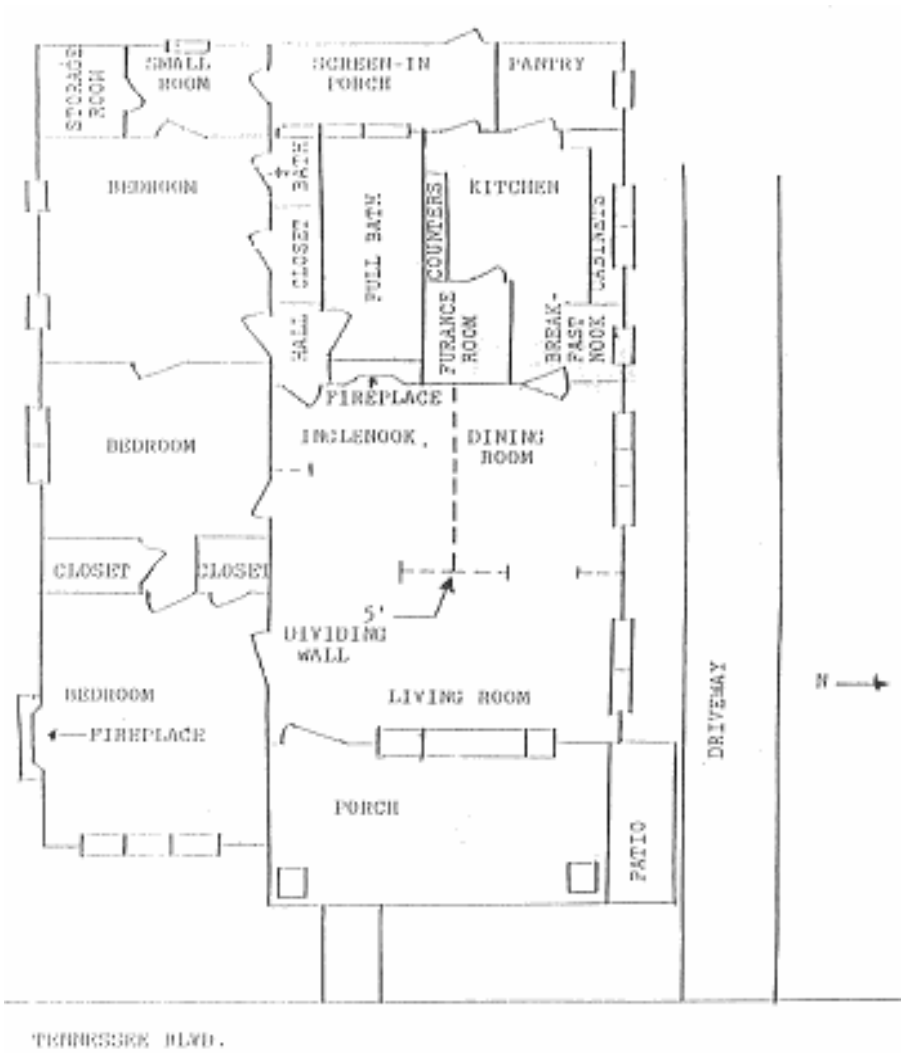

Figure 1. Floor plan of Clark Woodard's home in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Stickley. He first published it in 1901, offering designs and construction techniques for Craftsman furniture. In 1904 he started to show Craftsman-designed homes and floor plans, and in 1905 first applied the word "bungalow," associated with an India house design. When his magazine featured Green and Green's Gamble house in Pasadena, the style, now known as the California bungalow, became increasingly popular. Although the magazine ceased publication in 1916, its influence continued to inspire house designs among Americans until the 1930s. [5]

As an industrial arts instructor, Woodard probably subscribed to *The Craftsman* during his employment at the college to keep informed of the latest designs and techniques. This seems likely because his home features designs, materials, and construction techniques that had appeared in Gustav Stickley's magazine.

In 1914 Clark Woodard purchased a rural lot near the college, and by 1918 he had ample information to design and construct a naturalist bungalow. *The Craftsman* would send free house plans to any interested party. Gustav Stickley encouraged readers to modify designs to meet their special needs and site. A comparison of Mr. Woodard's floor plan (fig. 1) with Stickley's 1909 Simple, Straightforward floor plan (fig. 2) shows similarities in the layout. By making some alterations to Stickley's floor plan it becomes Woodard's floor plan (fig. 3). Stickley's floor plan is a two-story Craftsman home, but by placing the two levels side by side it creates Woodard's home. The Woodard floor plan continues to encompass all the major features of the Stickley's design. The rural atmosphere near the college provided the ideal location for Clark Woodard's bungalow. [6]

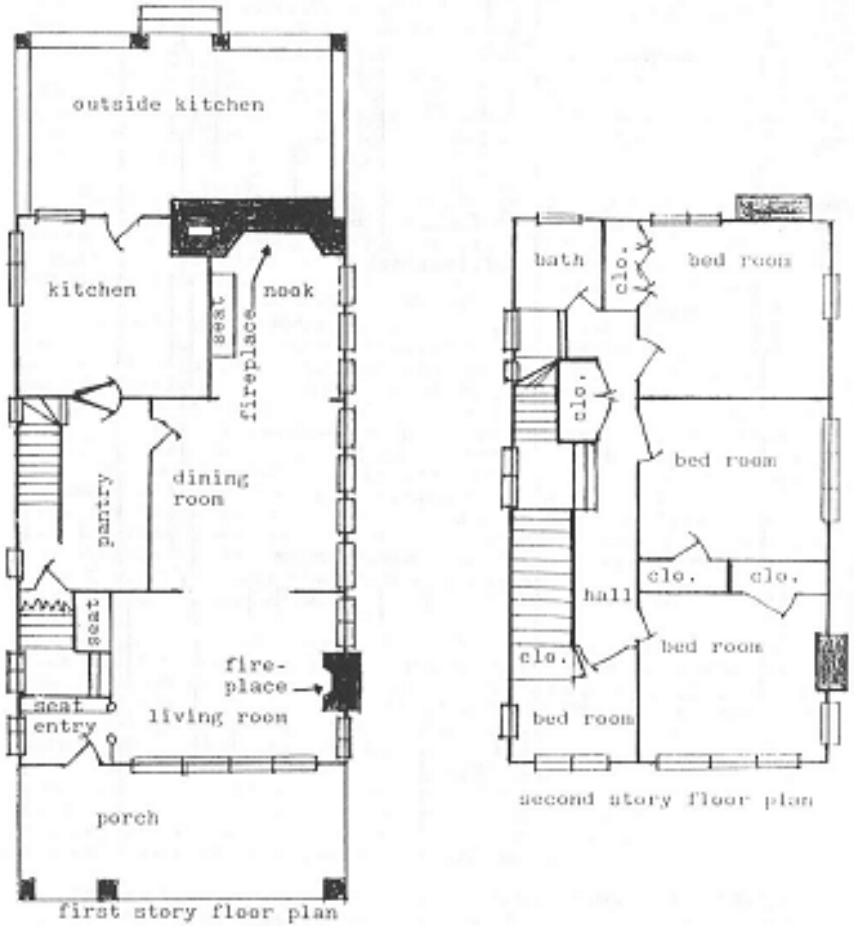

Figure 2. Gustav Stickley's simple, straightforward design from 1909, based on Gustav Stickley, Craftsman Homes: Architecture and Furnishings of American Arts and Crafts Movement (repr. New York: Dover, 1979), 55.

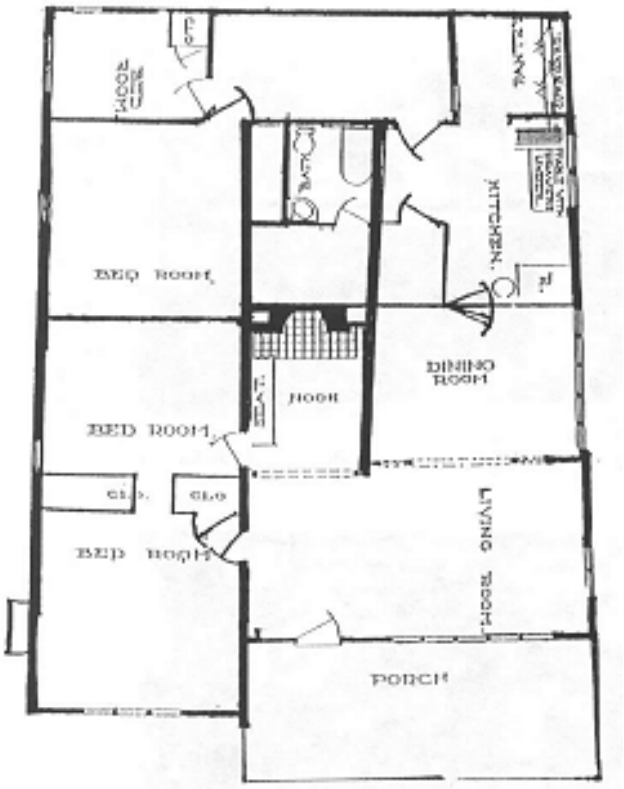

Figure 3. Gustav Stickley's 1909 design simply rearranged to show similarities between Stickley's design and Woodard's design.

Figure 4. Front view of Clark Woodard's log bungalow.

Woodard incorporated natural elements, recommended by Stickley, into his bungalow. The one-story house is constructed of unpainted red cedar logs with stucco-covered corner posts, columns, and fireplace (fig. 4). The horizontal lines of the logs give a further enhanced by the low roof with its extended eaves. Stickley published a lengthy article in *The Craftsman* praising the benefits of his log home. He also tells how to place a concrete foundation for a log home without its being visible. In the same article Stickley expresses his preference for chestnut as a wood in the home, a wood readily available in his area. [7]

These elements are apparent in Woodard's home. The foundation for the red cedar logs is not visible (fig. 5). The technique of hiding the foundation from view requires

Figure 5. Southeast view of Clark Woodard's log bungalow, no visible foundation material noticeable.

knowledge and appreciation of design that he probably received from reading *The Craftsman*. Another special feature he included in his home was the use of chestnut for the interior woodwork in the dining, living, and inglenook complex and for the front bedroom. Since chestnut was no longer available in Middle Tennessee, he must have ordered it from the local lumber yard at great expense. [8]

Gustav Stickley based some of his ideas on the India bungalow. In this design every room opened on a verandah which had clerestory windows under the eaves for cross-ventilation. Stickley sometimes used clerestory windows under the eaves, which prevented harsh light coming through the windows. Even though the windows in the Woodard house are not clerestory, there are several higher-than-normal windows. [9]

The floor plan of an India bungalow sets the four corner rooms out from the main house, creating recessed porches. Gustav Stickley adapted the recessed porch idea in a 1908 summer cabin floor plan, but referred to it as an open-air dining room. Porches were important features in the bungalow because they connected nature to the interior of the home. The large porch was designed to be used as another room, either as a second living room or a sleeping room during pleasant weather. These areas were usually furnished with wicker furniture because of its light and airy quality. Clark Woodard's home has a rear recessed porch, which is accessible from the kitchen, a rear room, and the outside (fig. 1). The large front porch and adjoining small patio have ample space to accommodate wicker furniture during pleasant weather, bringing nature into the family's living space. [10]

The bungalow's condensed floor plan made use of all available space. The living room replaced the front and rear parlors, hall, and library characteristic of the Victorian house. The living room was an open area that contained a private area called the inglenook. Here was the fireplace, the heart of the house, creating an image of closeness among family members. The living room opened into the dining room, which also served as a multipurpose room. It was connected to the kitchen by a swinging door that allowed easy access to the dining room while keeping out food odors. The kitchen had built-in cabinets and modern appliances, reducing the amount of required space. Daily meals were moved from the dining room to breakfast nook in the kitchen, further reducing the amount of housework. In the bungalow there were two or three bedrooms, which were located upstairs or opposite the dining room and kitchen. Built-in closets became a common feature that maximized available space and cut down on required furniture. The bedrooms were accessible to the bath that was located in the back of the house. The bath had also become more condensed and more functional than in older homes. [11]

Clark Woodard used these ideas in designing his floor plan. He located the open living room at the front of the house with an inglenook, which is centrally located, accommodating the hearth of the family, the fireplace. The dining room is directly behind the living room. The complex of living, dining room, and inglenook is separated by a five-to six-foot wall. The area creates a sense of openness but still retains a sense of privacy in the different areas. The kitchen, connected to the dining room by a swinging door, is ample size even with its built-in cabinets. A breakfast nook is situated in an out-of -the-way location so as not to interfere with kitchen duties. A pantry and rear porch are accessible from the kitchen. The three bedrooms are situated on the south side of the house with the rear bedroom having a half bath. All bedrooms have built-in closets, most of which are lined with red cedar. A small hall from the inglenook leads to a full bath located in the rear of the house. (The floor plan for Clark Woodard's house is illustrated

in figure 1).

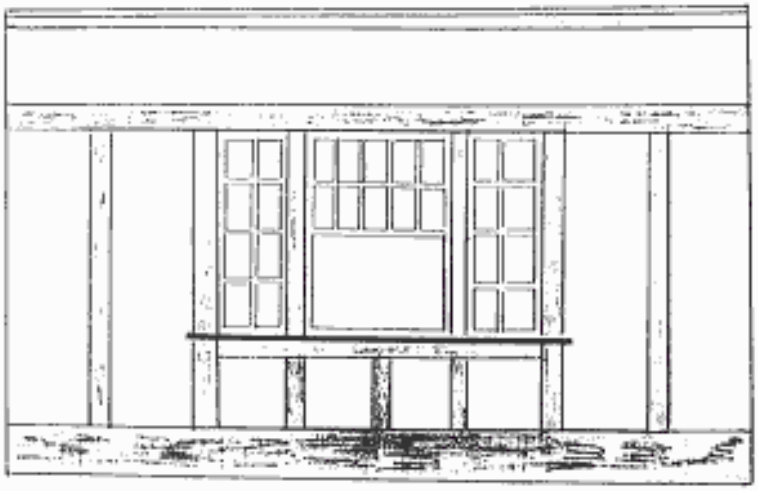

Figure 6. A sketch of the living room wall in the Woodard home showing the paneling effect created by wood trim, and how this incorporated the window.

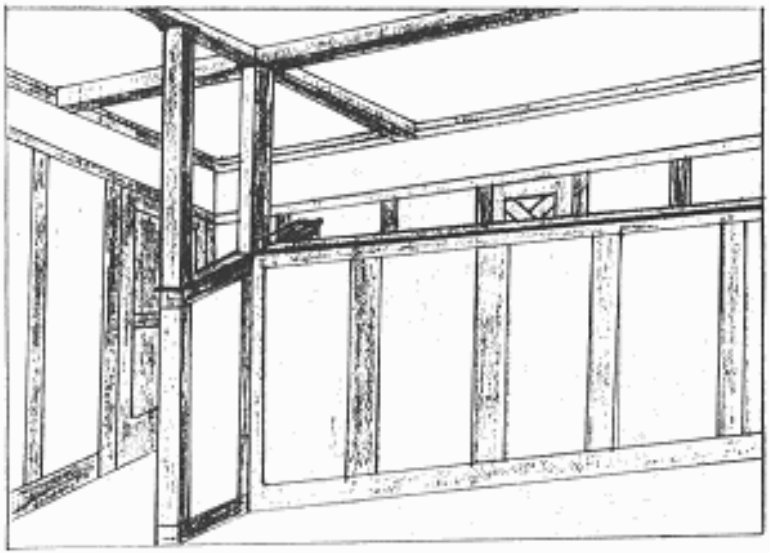

Figure 7. A sketch of the interior in the Woodard home showing the unity created by wood beams and picture molding for a large open area. Also the five foot wall creates privacy in the different areas.

Gustav Stickley believed that the interior of the home was more important than the furniture. The new floor plans allowed him to make functional designs that used natural materials. He created a sense of unity in the home by using woodwork to connect the different areas. By careful placement of wood trim, windows and doors became part of the wall design. The use of wood trim and plaster gave the walls a panel effect. The plaster was finished rough and painted in light, earth tone colors, because when light strikes rough plaster, it creates a sense of depth and luster. Wood beams and picture molding connect large open areas, creating a sense of unity among the rooms. The space between the picture molding and the ceiling was the only recommended area for wallpaper or painted design. The built-in cabinets made the home more functional by minimizing the need for furniture. The lumber used in the home was of American woods: oak, chestnut, and maple, for example. These woods were finished so they would have a lustrous quality to them. The wood received a dark stain or was fumed with ammonia. To create a unified color, the entire room would be fumed with ammonia after the installation of the woodwork. The technique produced the appearance of aged wood. [12]

Stickley's ideas for the interior are illustrated, in the placement of wood trim in the Woodard home. A panel effect, which incorporates the window and doors into the design (fig. 6) is created in the main living area. These panels are of rough textured plaster. The wood beams and picture molding in these rooms tie the area together (fig. 7). The space between the picture molding and the ceiling is the area where Stickley permitted wallpaper or painted design. The built-in cabinets in the Woodard home consist of cedar-lined closets and a mantel with two compartments for storage. The front bedroom is very different from the other bedrooms. It is the only one that has a fireplace, a closet that is not cedar-lined, a saloon type door, and chestnut woodwork. The location of the room at the front of the house, in addition to the other features, leads one to believe that it served as an office or a multi-purpose room. The wood trim in the living room, a dining room, inglenook, and front bedroom is chestnut, which has a lustrous finish, probably obtained by the ammonia process. The type of wood, its finish, and its placement reflect knowledge that Woodard probably gained from *The Craftsman*.

Gustav Stickley was interested in the total design of the house, which included everything from the floor plan to the design of the tablecloth. Since he wanted complete harmony, he also recommended the style of light fixtures for the

house. Clark Woodard carried out this idea as well with his light fixtures for his house (fig. 8 and 9). [13]

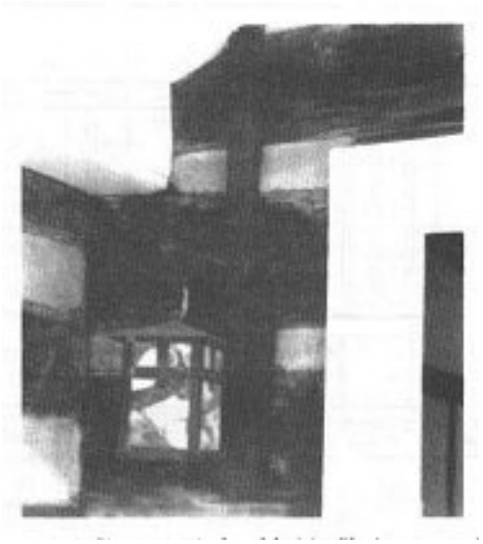

Figure 8. A craftsman style light fixture on the left side of the front door; notice the use of wood and art glass in the construction.

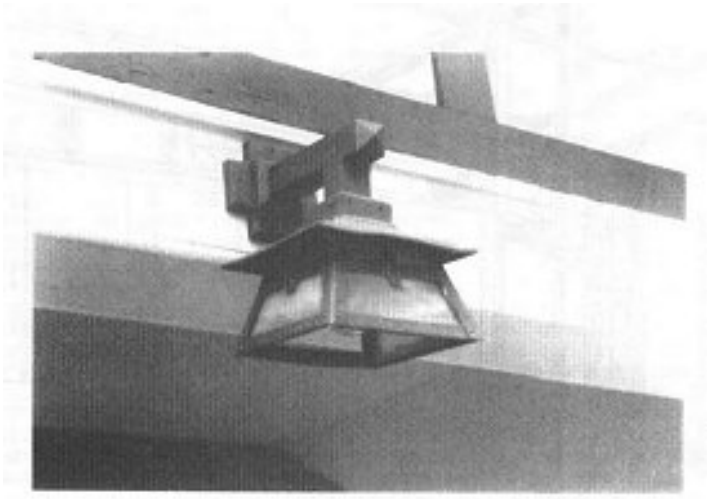

Figure 9. A craftsman style light fixture on the front of the house; notice the use of wood and art glass in its construction.

Thus, Gustav Stickley's magazine *The Craftsman* influenced the designs of American houses through its articles and floor plans. An example is the Woodard house, which features materials, designs, and ideas that were illustrated in his magazine. Woodard, like many other middle-class Americans, continued to find the bungalow the ideal home, because it meant the new life style of the twentieth century. He and his wife lived in this house the rest of their lives. The ideology that the bungalow came to represent was that of traditional values and family. This ideology became so set in the minds of the general public that still today Americans continue to compare their lives with these standards even though the bungalow is no longer in vogue. [14]

NOTES

All photographs and drawings are by the author.

1. Rutherford County (TN), Deed Book, Book 60, 205; Real Estate Appraisal Card.

2. Lee and Virginia McAlester, *A Field Guide to American Houses* (New York: Knopf, 1990), 453-4; Clifford Edward Clark, Jr., *The American Family Home, 1800-1960* (Chapel Hill and London, U of North Carolina P, 1986), 192, 131-2.

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4. Clark 156-57, 179, 182-83.

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U of Georgia P, 1986), 81, 88.

6. Gustav Stickley, *Craftsman Homes: Architecture and Furnishings of the American Arts and Crafts Movement*, (Reprint, New York: Dover, 1979), 55; Smith, 96.

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8. Mr. Gary Davis, Sr., interview by author, Murfreesboro, Tennessee, 10 April 1992.

9. Upton and Vlach 81.

10. Clark 173, 183; Stickley 85.

11. Clark 163, 167-69, 190; Stickley 129, 131, 135-36; Upton and Vlach 83.

12. Clark 176; Stickley 40, 145-47, 185-89; Smith 77, 82, 127.

13. Stickley 162-64.

14. Rutherford County (TN), Will Book, Book 4, 116.

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BORDER STATES ON-LINE

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NEW LIGHT ON BEAUCHAMP'S *CONFESSION*?

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The present paper is an analysis of a manuscript in a box labeled *Beachamp Family Papers* in the collection of the Filson Club. The document is approximately fourteen inches long and nine inches wide. Differences in handwriting indicate that there were at least two authors. It also bears marks of extensive revision. It appears to be a compositor's copy of *The Confession of Jereboam Beauchamp,* an important document in the famous "Kentucky Tragedy," the assassination of the Attorney General of Kentucky, Solomon Porcius Sharp, a New Court luminary, on the night of November 5/6, 1825. The next day Sharp would have become Speaker of the House and would have announced a plan to reconcile the Old Court and the New Court factions, according to some sources.

Putting it *very* briefly, the New Court faction generally, and the Sharp family in particular, however much dismayed by the loss of a leader and a husband and brother, desperately wanted to put their own particular "spin" on the *motive* for the killing, preferring that posterity see it as a purely political assassination. Working in their favor was the fact that the killer, Jereboam O. Beauchamp, was an Old Court partisan much given to such remarks about New Court people as terming them "animals we call Relief men in my country" and "anyone who would vote for Solomon P. Sharp ought to be damned," and the like. On this aspect, he was made to order as a logical suspect.

The problem was that, given an *extremely* liberal interpretation of the "unwritten law," Beauchamp could be seen as an aggrieved husband avenging the honor of his wife, even though Sharp's alleged seduction and impregnation of Anna Cooke had occurred in September 1818, seven years before, when Beauchamp was a mere lad of sixteen or so. Although Sharp's being stabbed in the middle of the night seemed to be carrying things a bit too far even in the honor-defending category, this particular onus was there and had been exploited in one of Sharp's previous runs for office in 1820, as well as in the just-concluded election. Broadsides by John U. Waring, "one of the most dangerous and desperate men of blood in Kentucky," attacked Sharp for victimizing Anna Cooke. It was one of these broadsides, on June 8, that "exasperated" Beauchamp to k ill Sharp -- one of the rare points on which all parties agree. Although it does not survive, allegedly the nature of this particular handbill was that the Sharps had started an out-of-bounds counter-rumor -- that the illegitimate child had been born black, and furthermore that they had an affidavit from the attending midwife saying so, which they could produce if need be. But, cleverly preempting the Sharps' preemptive strategy, Waring turned it against them, a fact that also indicates just how much Sharp's affair with Anna was probably common knowledge.

However much Beauchamp may have thought he could successfully sail close to the wind and avoid suspicion, not to mention conviction for murder, it turned out that he was too clever by half. Part of his assumption -- as presented in the *Confession* -- was that the very fact he *was* a logical suspect would shield him. Indeed, given the temper of the times, a number of others could also be considered "usual suspects," especially John U. Waring. The problem here was that Waring was incapacitated with a gunshot wound in the hip, an occupational hazard, being

the compulsive duelist that he was. Beauchamp felt that any number of other Old Court *promenenti* would be suspected, and therefore that an organized conspiracy would be assumed, thereby deflecting suspicion from him alone. If this logic seems exactly backward, it was. In fact, as I hope to show, the *Confession* is an "anticipatory rehabilitation" wherein Beauchamp attempts to combine all the facts relevant to his capture and conviction, and claim that they were the outcomes of his careful planning. The fact that he was convicted was merely a bad break; in any case, he says, he did not value his life. In his words, "Never was a murder planned with such studied precaution since the world began. I knew well it was impossible to avoid being arrested for the murder. I therefore planned everything with a view to the evidence which I should be able to bring forward in my favour" (Bamberg 42). Nevertheless Beauchamp was quickly linked with Patrick Henry Darby, an Old Court editorialist, and a notorious enemy of Sharp, who was alleged to have said that Sharp and the rest of the New Court party *did* assume a conspiracy and, further, that Beauchamp was its tool. However, as far as the Sharp family was concerned, the less openly *said* about the revenge motive, the better. In fact, from their point of view, the best "usual suspect" would have been Darby, not Beauchamp, because Darby would drag other Old Court personalities down with him, including John U. Waring. Beauchamp was an inconvenient "adverb" in a paragraph of the political essay being played out in the early 1920s. Robert D. Bamberg, the editor of the *Confession* in the Matthew Carey Library of English and American Literature, puts Beauchamp's dilemma best when he says, "Whether or not Sharp's murder was part of a political plot is hard to determine [but] Beauchamp, shortly after his indictment, was becoming entangled in a political web which he had probably not anticipated. . . . Beauchamp could neither extricate himself from the political web, nor use it to his advantage, and the very publication of the *Confession* and much of its content is steeped in a bitter political struggle" (10).

Putting the best face possible on his circumstances -- he has been sentenced to hang -- Beauchamp denies being part of any conspiracy, and avers that he did the murder out of what passed for honorable motives. He does, naturally, lambaste the New Court Party and singles out for particularly harsh treatment the Old Court mainstay, Patrick Henry Darby, who in Beauchamp's version perjured himself in the trial in order to obtain Beauchamp's conviction. However, Beauchamp goes on to give Darby an extremely elaborate exoneration -- so elaborate that the reader is left still feeling that Beauchamp is giving just enough of a hint that Darby may well *have* been a conspirator; this gave Darby great consternation, inasmuch as the Sharp family would have been happier to see him in the dock rather than Beauchamp, who may well have been the "fall guy." (This is not to imply Beauchamp's innocence).

The cunning, calculating, honor-driven anger that Beauchamp gives us in the *Confession* is his way of compensating for appearing to have been a "tool-villain" or merely an incompetent, cowardly assassin. The present *Confession*, however, may not have been the only one. It was alleged by Solomon P. Sharp's brother, Leander J. Sharp, that Beauchamp confessed the crime to his uncle, (the confusingly named) Jereboam O. Beauchamp, a few hours after his conviction, naming Darby as a co-conspirator. Leander Sharp printed a summary of this so-called "first" confession in his *Vindication of the Character of the Late Colonel Solomon P. Sharp, from the Calumnies Published Against Him Since His Murder, by Patrick Darby and Jereboam O. Beauchamp*. [1] (Although printed in 1827, *Vindication* was never sold to the public, because Darby threatened to sue if it was and, perhaps more persuasively, John U. Waring said he would kill L. J. Sharp if it was. All copies were walled up in the Sharp home in Frankfort, not to be discovered until many years late during its remodeling.)

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presentation of himself as a lone avenger. To admit having assistance, or to have acted in concert with a political cabal, would have besmirched the act of chivalry that Beauchamp has been orchestrating for himself. There may have been a *sui generis* "first" *Confession*-- or the threat of one, for on June 17, 1826, Beauchamp's uncle submitted for the purpose of copyright a title page of a "confession" supposedly naming Darby specifically, but this version, if there was one, was never published, and even the title page has vanished, surviving only as Item 1649 in J. Winston Coleman's *A Bibliography of Kentucky History*, which counts six editions in the nineteenth century.

After his sentencing, Beauchamp requested a three weeks' stay in order to write a confession. This is not the "first" confession just alluded to, however, although I hypothesized that vestiges of it may have survived in the present one, the reason for writing this paper. "Old Jerry," as his uncle was called, had given the manuscript of, it appears, the present *Confession* to the state printer, J.H. Holeman, who refused to print it. Rebuffed, "Old Jerry" then took the manuscript to Gervis S. Hammond, a Bloomfield printer, and *Confession* appeared August 11 1826, about a month after Beauchamp's execution. Since Leander Sharp's *Vindication* never appeared, Beauchamp's version of the "Kentucky Tragedy," famed in song and story, is the "official" one, fulfilling his motives for writing it. Literally adding insult to injury, *Confession* ruined Sharp's name for posterity, if not for his relatives and close contemporaries. Indeed, at least one folk song survives, the given of which is that Sharp is just as bad as Beauchamp has painted him.

Bamberg's edition of *Confession* is from this first *printed* edition, not the manuscript about to be discussed. As he remarks, it "was obviously neither revised nor proofread by its author, is carelessly printed on coarse paper, is illegible in parts, and is full of typographical errors and typesetter's misspellings" (15). However much it may be likely that Beauchamp didn't do his own revising, *somebody did*, for the document in the Filson Club is replete with revisions of all kinds, including crosshatchings-out, interlinear corrections and word substitutions, arrows indicating transpositions and the like. Most intriguing, however, is one curious form of editing -- effacing, really. This was done by pasting strips of paper over lines and whole paragraphs. My attention was called to this manuscript by Jack Cooke, to whom I owe whatever I've ever done, or will do, on the Tragedy. [2] My original hunch was that this effacing indicated that perhaps someone wanted to hide something, but what? Or perhaps to hide something *now* preserving it for a later edition? This theory has to be predicated upon the assumption that this manuscript is in Beauchamp's hand, which I believe not to be the case. So much for conspiracy theories! But among the things predisposing me to a hypothesis that there may have been in this document "archeological remains" of the "truth" was the Sharps' own conspiratorial, paranoid nature in *Vindication*. As Henry Kissinger is supposed to have said, even paranoids have real enemies.

There were four cryptic remarks which impact on the conspiracy theory: two made by Beauchamp; the other at a hearsay's remove, by his jailer; another by the editor/compositor of this manuscript, W.H. Holmes. First, a remark by Beauchamp lends credence to the theory that there may have been a "first" confession, or at least the threat of one. Shortly before his execution, Beauchamp said a very curious thing, words to the effect that he had "been New Court long enough, and would die an Old Court man" (Kallen 357). Given his ardent backing of the Old Court cause, this is strange, but it could be interpreted that Beauchamp had been, through middle-men, negotiating with the New Court government to write a confession that would implicate certain Old Court personalities -- this was alleged by the Sharps, among others. The payoff would be Beauchamp's pardon. At the last, Beauchamp says, he decided that he would be doublecrossed and thus left without the honor of having avenged his wife, a pure act of chivalry. There had also been reports that the Beauchamps had been treated to various delicacies, drinks, desserts and the like during their residence in Frankfort jail, which seems hardly to have been a season in durance vile (Kallen 358). (Anna had decided to share her husband's imprisonment, and wrote one of their benefactors a poem thanking her for her kindness.) Another intriguing remark made by Beauchamp appears not in Bamberg's edition,

but in the manuscript. However, this was edited out as being perhaps *too* "confessional," at least for the comfort of Governor Desha. The context is Beauchamp's exonerating his jailer, John McIntosh, from the charge that McIntosh had acted as the go-between in Beauchamp's alleged negotiations with the New Court. But in an introductory sentence to this exoneration, Beauchamp has said -- and has been silenced -- "Let this be added to the charge I made against the Governor from promising me a pardon for accusing the Old Court Party." Then, in Bamberg (112) the passage continues, which brings us to the third bemusing remark, Beauchamp's characterization of McIntosh that "he ever, from the day of my conviction, told me frankly nothing would avail towards getting a pardon." All of this backing and filling indicates to me that there had been a fairly brisk give and take between Beauchamp and the New Court to sell out the Old Court in general and Darby in particular.

Now let us turn to the editor and compositor, and probably one of the authors of this manuscript. W. H. Holmes is worth quoting. Written 28 November 1826 on a copy of "Dinsmore's Railroad and Steam Navigation and Route Book," Holmes's afterword to *Confession* reads as follows:

> I do certify that the foregoing narrative is a true copy [italics mine] taken from and printed from the original manuscript written by J.O. Beauchamp, as presented to me by Mr. G. S. Hammond -- some trifling and unimportant alterations excepted. Some hard expressions against individuals were softened or expunged.
>
> In witness whereof, I subscribe, et.
> William H. Holmes
> November 28 1826

The missing preface, edited out by Holmes, and his editorial comment, might lend credence to the belief that the Filson manuscript is in Beauchamp's own hand. This is too good to be true, however. For one thing, the document is in at least two, probably three, and possibly four, hands. There is even a second, truncated, manuscript, beginning at the beginning, but which breaks off. For another, until it had been subjected to Holmes's tender mercies, it was remarkably "fair," as if the writer[s] had known for quite some time what was going to be said and how. Samuel Johnson once observed that the imminent prospect of being hanged concentrates the mind wonderfully. That being the case, Beauchamp and/or his amanuenses had theirs made up. Part of our difficulty is deciding what Holmes means by *true copy*. Is this document a copy of the one given by "Old Jerry" to Hammond? Is it Holmes's copy from the Beauchamp original? Until the provenance of the manuscript is investigated, these questions will remain -- and there is another paper in that! In any case the manuscript is uniformly neat, as if its writers were in no hurry. It will also have been noted that although Bamberg says that Confession was published 11 November, Holmes's testimony is dated 28 November. Frankly, I don't know what to make of this.

When Jack Cooke told me of the mysterious, tantalizing paperings-over and effacings of this document, my first thought was that this might be remnants of the legended "first" Confession. Perhaps these effacings covered over the "whodunit" elements that the Sharps allege Beauchamp had dealt -- or was going to deal -- to Desha. In this scenario, then, the version we have is just minus the "good stuff" -- taken out by Holmes's ostensible concern for sparing the survivors Beauchamp's "hard expression." The real agenda, of course, would be to suppress embarrassing revelations about the coziness between Beauchamp, the "fall guy," and the real movers and shakers. Further consideration rendered this theory extremely unlikely, for the abovementioned reason that after depicting himself as a lone-wolf avenger, it would be insane to have mentioned accomplices. The next possibility, less attractive and conspiratorial -- conspiracy is always more attractive -- is the logical one. Holmes merely acted as a kind of censor; I must admit a certain amount of chagrin here, as the lines from Robert Penn Warren's *World*

Enough and Time still resonate: "We have what is left, the lies and half-lies and the truths and half-truths. We do not know that we have the Truth. But we must have it" (3)."

What we lack, then, is a "smoking gun." We will not get it in this document, either, no matter who wrote it. We don't even know if it is in Beauchamp's hand, although in the papers of J. Winston Coleman there supposedly exists such a sample, and a letter in the Filson Club collection allows that Coleman has said he would provide a photostat. If he did, it does not appear in the Filson's card catalogue. It turns out, prosaically, that Holmes's editing is just what he says it was. Beauchamp *did* indeed have some harsh words for Eliza Sharp, and some rather ungallant things to say about a woman known as Ruth Reed. Holmes actually did Beauchamp's image a good turn here, inasmuch as he had been at pains to present himself as woman's avenger and a chivalric idealist insofar as trifling with affections was concerned.

To take first his words for Ruth Reed, Beauchamp wants us to believe that he had set up an elaborate ruse for being in Frankfort on business, while intending to kill Sharp. It involved moving to Missouri, with all the obvious activity that would involve. The trip to Frankfort was supposedly to finalize his land affairs in Kentucky. He had set that trip up to his acquaintances. However, to make assurance doubly sure, Beauchamp claims that "I had secretly prepared me an excuse for running away and delaying my removal [to Missouri] for a week...I secretly procured a process to be issued against me, which if executed, would unavoidably prevent my intended removal for that season" (43). This gives Beauchamp a week to go to Frankfort and kill Sharp. What Beauchamp is doing here, however, is making the best of a bad situation by incorporating this event retrospectively -- and prospectively -- into his "master plan." For he had been named by Ruth Reed as the father of her illegitimate child, born 10 June 1824. The warrant for Beauchamp's arrest was dated 25 October 1825 (Coleman 47-48). Beauchamp avers that he avoided being served -- on the ostensible warrant he claims to have arranged -- vowed to stay and fight the charge, although never intending to do so, was advised by a Mr. Bradburn that the warrant was merely harassment, and Beauchamp should move to Missouri as he planned. In the *Confession* Beauchamp is careful not to state the nature of the process he procured. Somehow, given his own scenario as an avenging redeemer of wronged women, one doubts that it would involve a charge of fathering a child out of wedlock! But in the manuscript there is a rather long passage given to *l'affaire* Reed. Holmes had crossed out and papered over this passage -- as being unchivalric, one assumed.

At any rate, here is Beauchamp's posthumous damage control of his image. He manages not only to discount Reed's accusation, but shows posterity how he planned to use it:

> I had secretly prepared me an excuse for running away and delaying my removal for a week. [At this point Beauchamp renders the Reed story] There was a young Lady in the neighborhood who had complimented me for civilities of my wilder days with calling me the father of her child. But I was not and she has had the justice several times to declare I was not. But far be it from me to say anything which might add in the slightest degree to her misfortune. She has repeatedly however declared to the neighborhood that she did not doubt at all but that it was the child of another man. And she were [would?] now I have no doubt wholly exculpate me from all charge as she had heretofore done several times. I am compelled to thus far notice the charge of her seduction from the path of virtue if settled upon me, however humble the sphere in which she moves, infinitely more disgraceful to my memory than would be the charge of having stolen her father's horse. B[??] on the sev[??] evening before I was to die at Frankfort.

The sanctimony and arrant hypocritical gall of this passage notwithstanding, it is also notable for Beauchamp's

attempt to build an image that will stand up in posterity. As mentioned earlier, however, Holmes has done Beauchamp a favor by eliminating this rationale, for it should be transparently obvious that Reed *had* sworn out a warrant for Beauchamp, that Beauchamp probably *did* avoid being served, and indeed *did* have to go to Frankfort -- not, however, due to his meticulous planning of events. After searching for a month, the process-server "returned the warrant a month later with the short notation of the reverse side: 'the within named Beauchamp, not found in my county'" (Coleman 48). By this time, of course, Beauchamp was in Frankfort prison.

Holmes's other notable "expunging" is Beauchamp's commentary on Eliza Scott Sharp. Mrs. Sharp had made a very effective witness at Beauchamp's trial, his comments to the contrary. Naturally the recipient of everyone's sympathy, she also was as close as the Commonwealth had to an eyewitness. Her subdued and dignified demeanor and soft-voiced testimony added further to her credibility. She damaged Beauchamp in another way, as well. In the 3 April 1926b issue of *The Patriot*, a New Court newspaper, she accused Patrick Henry Darby of at least instigating the murder, but the fallout of accusing Darby inevitably covered Beauchamp as well. In fact, it appears that the accusation was written by L. J. Sharp over her signature -- at least this was Beauchamp's view. The article seemed to provide a plausible version of the times, places, motives, and plan of action that such a conspiracy would have encompassed. (Darby went to the counterattack in his own paper, the *Commentator* and the battle of the broadsides was on, Darby defending himself in an eight-part series -- another topic for a paper!) The following passage, crossed out heavily by Holmes, was to have appeared after Beauchamp's characteristically gloating remark concerning himself: "and robed [sic] her of her adored husband" (78).

> And Mrs. Sharp is a very weak minded female. This I was told so soon as I came to Frankfort; so that I never much dreaded her evidence; but was rather disposed to pity her for the misery I had brought upon her: altho' I knew she was not altogether guiltless of her husband's blood: as her licentious tongue had been in great degree the origin of those falsehoods and calumnies which accelerated her husband's doom. But when she yielded herself to say & swear whatever suited the views of those who sought to make Col. Sharp's death a political thing, the Anti-Relief people, who composed the greater portion of intelligence and respectability in the State, lost all confidence in any of her statements about the assassination.

Holmes may well have thought this was going too far, adding insult to injury as it does. Beauchamp's reference to Mrs. Sharp's "licentious tongue" refers to her supposed rankling about the affair between Solomon and Anna -- after all those years! According to Beauchamp, the story about the black child had been concocted to placate her, but for "in-house" consumption only. According to Beauchamp's version, the story managed somehow to go public -- probably due to Waring -- at which point the broadsidings became even more exasperating to the Sharps. For now Sharp was not only a seducer, he had gone so far as to defame his victim in the most vicious way imaginable in those days. At *that* point, then, the tale had to be documented in some way, hence the claim that the midwife had given testimony to that fact. As the Sharps point out, a handyman, French Fort, did swear that on the way to the burial he looked in the coffin and observed that the child was "not white, but evidently colored" (352). That the child may have been a "blue baby" seems not to have been considered. Also in *Vindication* a midwife does give testimony about the child's color. Whether this is *the* midwife we do not know or even whether the truth is being told.

This concludes the significant changes from Bamberg's edition. So it would appear that there is no need as yet to edit, as it were, a Revised Standard Version: perhaps a Variorum edition? It was my hope that beneath Holmes's paper strips and crosshatchings there might have been the archeological remains, as it were, of the so-called "first" *Confession*. Such was not to be, however. I had hoped, upon opening the box containing the manuscript, to gaze

with wild surmise on the equivalent of Troy VIIa, with perhaps the mask of Agamemnon thrown in. Far from suppressing critical facts, things that may have shed "new light" on the Tragedy, Holmes's editing is just what he says it was: "trifling and unimportant." Ironically, Holmes did Beauchamp a big favor by effacing his very ungallant characterizations of Eliza Sharp and Ruth Reed. Especially in the latter case does Beauchamp look bad. Among his reasons for killing Sharp was that his seduction of Anna Cooke was "a species of dishonour, which from my earliest recollection, had ever excited by most violent reprobation..." He goes on to describe such behavior as having "dishonor and baseness in it" (26). True enough, but it appears possible that his behavior mirror-images Beauchamp's own. Otherwise, why his elaborate self-justification against poor Ruth Reed, who, one gets the impression, was one of life's victims? Aside from what might be regarded as the theme of "damage control" in Beauchamp's attempt at "prospective rehabilitation," what have we? No "smoking guns" certainly, no "now it can be told" revelations. Still, for a time it was very exciting up there in the Filson reading room.

NOTES

1. All quotations from Sharp's *Vindication* in this paper are drawn from Kallsen's volume, cited below.

2. For further discussion see: J. W. Cooke, "'Pride and Depravity': A Preliminary Examination of the Beauchamp-Sharp Affair," *Border States* 6 (1987): 1-12; Fred M. Johnson, "Letters of Ann Cooke: Fact or Factoid," *Border States* 6 (1987): 13-21.

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NEW LIGHT ON BEAUCHAMP'S *CONFESSION*?

Fred M. Johnson
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The present paper is an analysis of a manuscript in a box labeled *Beachamp Family Papers* in the collection of the Filson Club. The document is approximately fourteen inches long and nine inches wide. Differences in handwriting indicate that there were at least two authors. It also bears marks of extensive revision. It appears to be a compositor's copy of *The Confession of Jereboam Beauchamp*, an important document in the famous "Kentucky Tragedy," the assassination of the Attorney General of Kentucky, Solomon Porcius Sharp, a New Court luminary, on the night of November 5/6, 1825. The next day Sharp would have become Speaker of the House and would have announced a plan to reconcile the Old Court and the New Court factions, according to some sources.

Putting it *very* briefly, the New Court faction generally, and the Sharp family in particular, however much dismayed by the loss of a leader and a husband and brother, desperately wanted to put their own particular "spin" on the *motive* for the killing, preferring that posterity see it as a purely political assassination. Working in their favor was the fact that the killer, Jereboam O. Beauchamp, was an Old Court partisan much given to such remarks about New Court people as terming them "animals we call Relief men in my country" and "anyone who would vote for Solomon P. Sharp ought to be damned," and the like. On this aspect, he was made to order as a logical suspect.

The problem was that, given an *extremely* liberal interpretation of the "unwritten law," Beauchamp could be seen as an aggrieved husband avenging the honor of his wife, even though Sharp's alleged seduction and impregnation of Anna Cooke had occurred in September 1818, seven years before, when Beauchamp was a mere lad of sixteen or so. Although Sharp's being stabbed in the middle of the night seemed to be carrying things a bit too far even in the honor-defending category, this particular onus was there and had been exploited in one of Sharp's previous runs for office in 1820, as well as in the just-concluded election. Broadsides by John U. Waring, "one of the most dangerous and desperate men of blood in Kentucky," attacked Sharp for victimizing Anna Cooke. It was one of these broadsides, on June 8, that "exasperated" Beauchamp to k ill Sharp -- one of the rare points on which all parties agree. Although it does not survive, allegedly the nature of this particular handbill was that the Sharps had started an out-of-bounds counter-rumor -- that the illegitimate child had been born black, and furthermore that they had an affidavit from the attending midwife saying so, which they could produce if need be. But, cleverly preempting the Sharps' preemptive strategy, Waring turned it against them, a fact that also indicates just how much Sharp's affair with Anna was probably common knowledge.

However much Beauchamp may have thought he could successfully sail close to the wind and avoid suspicion, not to mention conviction for murder, it turned out that he was too clever by half. Part of his assumption -- as presented in the *Confession* -- was that the very fact he *was* a logical suspect would shield him. Indeed, given the temper of the times, a number of others could also be considered "usual suspects," especially John U. Waring. The problem here was that Waring was incapacitated with a gunshot wound in the hip, an occupational hazard, being the compulsive duelist that he was. Beauchamp felt that any number of other Old Court *promenenti* would be suspected, and therefore that an organized conspiracy would be assumed, thereby deflecting suspicion from him alone. If this logic seems exactly backward, it was. In fact, as I hope to show, the *Confession* is an "anticipatory rehabilitation" wherein Beauchamp attempts to combine all the facts relevant to his capture and conviction, and claim that they were the outcomes of his careful planning. The fact that he was convicted was merely a bad break;

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1649 in J. Winston Coleman's *A Bibliography of Kentucky History*, which counts six editions in the nineteenth century.

After his sentencing, Beauchamp requested a three weeks' stay in order to write a confession. This is not the "first" confession just alluded to, however, although I hypothesized that vestiges of it may have survived in the present one, the reason for writing this paper. "Old Jerry," as his uncle was called, had given the manuscript of, it appears, the present *Confession* to the state printer, J.H. Holeman, who refused to print it. Rebuffed, "Old Jerry" then took the manuscript to Gervis S. Hammond, a Bloomfield printer, and *Confession* appeared August 11 1826, about a month after Beauchamp's execution. Since Leander Sharp's *Vindication* never appeared, Beauchamp's version of the "Kentucky Tragedy," famed in song and story, is the "official" one, fulfilling his motives for writing it. Literally adding insult to injury, *Confession* ruined Sharp's name for posterity, if not for his relatives and close contemporaries. Indeed, at least one folk song survives, the given of which is that Sharp is just as bad as Beauchamp has painted him.

Bamberg's edition of *Confession* is from this first *printed* edition, not the manuscript about to be discussed. As he remarks, it "was obviously neither revised nor proofread by its author, is carelessly printed on coarse paper, is illegible in parts, and is full of typographical errors and typesetter's misspellings" (15). However much it may be likely that Beauchamp didn't do his own revising, *somebody did*, for the document in the Filson Club is replete with revisions of all kinds, including crosshatchings-out, interlinear corrections and word substitutions, arrows indicating transpositions and the like. Most intriguing, however, is one curious form of editing -- effacing, really. This was done by pasting strips of paper over lines and whole paragraphs. My attention was called to this manuscript by Jack Cooke, to whom I owe whatever I've ever done, or will do, on the Tragedy. [2] My original hunch was that this effacing indicated that perhaps someone wanted to hide something, but what? Or perhaps to hide something *now* preserving it for a later edition? This theory has to be predicated upon the assumption that this manuscript is in Beauchamp's hand, which I believe not to be the case. So much for conspiracy theories! But among the things predisposing me to a hypothesis that there may have been in this document "archeological remains" of the "truth" was the Sharps' own conspiratorial, paranoid nature in *Vindication*. As Henry Kissinger is supposed to have said, even paranoids have real enemies.

There were four cryptic remarks which impact on the conspiracy theory: two made by Beauchamp; the other at a hearsay's remove, by his jailer; another by the editor/compositor of this manuscript, W.H. Holmes. First, a remark by Beauchamp lends credence to the theory that there may have been a "first" confession, or at least the threat of one. Shortly before his execution, Beauchamp said a very curious thing, words to the effect that he had "been New Court long enough, and would die an Old Court man" (Kallen 357). Given his ardent backing of the Old Court cause, this is strange, but it could be interpreted that Beauchamp had been, through middle-men, negotiating with the New Court government to write a confession that would implicate certain Old Court personalities -- this was alleged by the Sharps, among others. The payoff would be Beauchamp's pardon. At the last, Beauchamp says, he decided that he would be doublecrossed and thus left without the honor of having avenged his wife, a pure act of chivalry. There had also been reports that the Beauchamps had been treated to various delicacies, drinks, desserts and the like during their residence in Frankfort jail, which seems hardly to have been a season in durance vile (Kallen 358). (Anna had decided to share her husband's imprisonment, and wrote one of their benefactors a poem thanking her for her kindness.) Another intriguing remark made by Beauchamp appears not in Bamberg's edition, but in the manuscript. However, this was edited out as being perhaps *too* "confessional," at least for the comfort of Governor Desha. The context is Beauchamp's exonerating his jailer, John McIntosh, from the charge that McIntosh had acted as the go-between in Beauchamp's alleged negotiations with the New Court. But in an introductory sentence to this exoneration, Beauchamp has said -- and has been silenced -- "Let this be added to the charge I made against the Governor from promising me a pardon for accusing the Old Court Party." Then, in Bamberg

(112) the passage continues, which brings us to the third bemusing remark, Beauchamp's characterization of McIntosh that "he ever, from the day of my conviction, told me frankly nothing would avail towards getting a pardon." All of this backing and filling indicates to me that there had been a fairly brisk give and take between Beauchamp and the New Court to sell out the Old Court in general and Darby in particular.

Now let us turn to the editor and compositor, and probably one of the authors of this manuscript. W. H. Holmes is worth quoting. Written 28 November 1826 on a copy of "Dinsmore's Railroad and Steam Navigation and Route Book," Holmes's afterword to *Confession* reads as follows:

> I do certify that the foregoing narrative is a true copy [italics mine] taken from and printed from the original manuscript written by J.O. Beauchamp, as presented to me by Mr. G. S. Hammond -- some trifling and unimportant alterations excepted. Some hard expressions against individuals were softened or expunged.
>
> In witness whereof, I subscribe, et.
> William H. Holmes
> November 28 1826

The missing preface, edited out by Holmes, and his editorial comment, might lend credence to the belief that the Filson manuscript is in Beauchamp's own hand. This is too good to be true, however. For one thing, the document is in at least two, probably three, and possibly four, hands. There is even a second, truncated, manuscript, beginning at the beginning, but which breaks off. For another, until it had been subjected to Holmes's tender mercies, it was remarkably "fair," as if the writer[s] had known for quite some time what was going to be said and how. Samuel Johnson once observed that the imminent prospect of being hanged concentrates the mind wonderfully. That being the case, Beauchamp and/or his amanuenses had theirs made up. Part of our difficulty is deciding what Holmes means by *true copy*. Is this document a copy of the one given by "Old Jerry" to Hammond? Is it Holmes's copy from the Beauchamp original? Until the provenance of the manuscript is investigated, these questions will remain -- and there is another paper in that! In any case the manuscript is uniformly neat, as if its writers were in no hurry. It will also have been noted that although Bamberg says that Confession was published 11 November, Holmes's testimony is dated 28 November. Frankly, I don't know what to make of this.

When Jack Cooke told me of the mysterious, tantalizing paperings-over and effacings of this document, my first thought was that this might be remnants of the legended "first" Confession. Perhaps these effacings covered over the "whodunit" elements that the Sharps allege Beauchamp had dealt -- or was going to deal -- to Desha. In this scenario, then, the version we have is just minus the "good stuff" -- taken out by Holmes's ostensible concern for sparing the survivors Beauchamp's "hard expression." The real agenda, of course, would be to suppress embarrassing revelations about the coziness between Beauchamp, the "fall guy," and the real movers and shakers. Further consideration rendered this theory extremely unlikely, for the abovementioned reason that after depicting himself as a lone-wolf avenger, it would be insane to have mentioned accomplices. The next possibility, less attractive and conspiratorial -- conspiracy is always more attractive -- is the logical one. Holmes merely acted as a kind of censor; I must admit a certain amount of chagrin here, as the lines from Robert Penn Warren's *World Enough and Time* still resonate: "We have what is left, the lies and half-lies and the truths and half-truths. We do not know that we have the Truth. But we must have it" (3)."

What we lack, then, is a "smoking gun." We will not get it in this document, either, no matter who wrote it. We don't even know if it is in Beauchamp's hand, although in the papers of J. Winston Coleman there supposedly

exists such a sample, and a letter in the Filson Club collection allows that Coleman has said he would provide a photostat. If he did, it does not appear in the Filson's card catalogue. It turns out, prosaically, that Holmes's editing is just what he says it was. Beauchamp *did* indeed have some harsh words for Eliza Sharp, and some rather ungallant things to say about a woman known as Ruth Reed. Holmes actually did Beauchamp's image a good turn here, inasmuch as he had been at pains to present himself as woman's avenger and a chivalric idealist insofar as trifling with affections was concerned.

To take first his words for Ruth Reed, Beauchamp wants us to believe that he had set up an elaborate ruse for being in Frankfort on business, while intending to kill Sharp. It involved moving to Missouri, with all the obvious activity that would involve. The trip to Frankfort was supposedly to finalize his land affairs in Kentucky. He had set that trip up to his acquaintances. However, to make assurance doubly sure, Beauchamp claims that "I had secretly prepared me an excuse for running away and delaying my removal [to Missouri] for a week...I secretly procured a process to be issued against me, which if executed, would unavoidably prevent my intended removal for that season" (43). This gives Beauchamp a week to go to Frankfort and kill Sharp. What Beauchamp is doing here, however, is making the best of a bad situation by incorporating this event retrospectively -- and prospectively -- into his "master plan." For he had been named by Ruth Reed as the father of her illegitimate child, born 10 June 1824. The warrant for Beauchamp's arrest was dated 25 October 1825 (Coleman 47-48). Beauchamp avers that he avoided being served -- on the ostensible warrant he claims to have arranged -- vowed to stay and fight the charge, although never intending to do so, was advised by a Mr. Bradburn that the warrant was merely harassment, and Beauchamp should move to Missouri as he planned. In the *Confession* Beauchamp is careful not to state the nature of the process he procured. Somehow, given his own scenario as an avenging redeemer of wronged women, one doubts that it would involve a charge of fathering a child out of wedlock! But in the manuscript there is a rather long passage given to *l'affaire* Reed. Holmes had crossed out and papered over this passage -- as being unchivalric, one assumed.

At any rate, here is Beauchamp's posthumous damage control of his image. He manages not only to discount Reed's accusation, but shows posterity how he planned to use it:

> I had secretly prepared me an excuse for running away and delaying my removal for a week. [At this point Beauchamp renders the Reed story] There was a young Lady in the neighborhood who had complimented me for civilities of my wilder days with calling me the father of her child. But I was not and she has had the justice several times to declare I was not. But far be it from me to say anything which might add in the slightest degree to her misfortune. She has repeatedly however declared to the neighborhood that she did not doubt at all but that it was the child of another man. And she were [would?] now I have no doubt wholly exculpate me from all charge as she had heretofore done several times. I am compelled to thus far notice the charge of her seduction from the path of virtue if settled upon me, however humble the sphere in which she moves, infinitely more disgraceful to my memory than would be the charge of having stolen her father's horse. B[??] on the sev[??] evening before I was to die at Frankfort.

The sanctimony and arrant hypocritical gall of this passage notwithstanding, it is also notable for Beauchamp's attempt to build an image that will stand up in posterity. As mentioned earlier, however, Holmes has done Beauchamp a favor by eliminating this rationale, for it should be transparently obvious that Reed *had* sworn out a warrant for Beauchamp, that Beauchamp probably *did* avoid being served, and indeed *did* have to go to Frankfort -- not, however, due to his meticulous planning of events. After searching for a month, the process-server "returned the warrant a month later with the short notation of the reverse side: 'the within named Beauchamp, not found in

my county'" (Coleman 48). By this time, of course, Beauchamp was in Frankfort prison.

Holmes's other notable "expunging" is Beauchamp's commentary on Eliza Scott Sharp. Mrs. Sharp had made a very effective witness at Beauchamp's trial, his comments to the contrary. Naturally the recipient of everyone's sympathy, she also was as close as the Commonwealth had to an eyewitness. Her subdued and dignified demeanor and soft-voiced testimony added further to her credibility. She damaged Beauchamp in another way, as well. In the 3 April 1926b issue of *The Patriot*, a New Court newspaper, she accused Patrick Henry Darby of at least instigating the murder, but the fallout of accusing Darby inevitably covered Beauchamp as well. In fact, it appears that the accusation was written by L. J. Sharp over her signature -- at least this was Beauchamp's view. The article seemed to provide a plausible version of the times, places, motives, and plan of action that such a conspiracy would have encompassed. (Darby went to the counterattack in his own paper, the *Commentator* and the battle of the broadsides was on, Darby defending himself in an eight-part series -- another topic for a paper!) The following passage, crossed out heavily by Holmes, was to have appeared after Beauchamp's characteristically gloating remark concerning himself: "and robed [sic] her of her adored husband" (78).

> And Mrs. Sharp is a very weak minded female. This I was told so soon as I came to Frankfort; so that I never much dreaded her evidence; but was rather disposed to pity her for the misery I had brought upon her: altho' I knew she was not altogether guiltless of her husband's blood: as her licentious tongue had been in great degree the origin of those falsehoods and calumnies which accelerated her husband's doom. But when she yielded herself to say & swear whatever suited the views of those who sought to make Col. Sharp's death a political thing, the Anti-Relief people, who composed the greater portion of intelligence and respectability in the State, lost all confidence in any of her statements about the assassination.

Holmes may well have thought this was going too far, adding insult to injury as it does. Beauchamp's reference to Mrs. Sharp's "licentious tongue" refers to her supposed rankling about the affair between Solomon and Anna -- after all those years! According to Beauchamp, the story about the black child had been concocted to placate her, but for "in-house" consumption only. According to Beauchamp's version, the story managed somehow to go public -- probably due to Waring -- at which point the broadsidings became even more exasperating to the Sharps. For now Sharp was not only a seducer, he had gone so far as to defame his victim in the most vicious way imaginable in those days. At *that* point, then, the tale had to be documented in some way, hence the claim that the midwife had given testimony to that fact. As the Sharps point out, a handyman, French Fort, did swear that on the way to the burial he looked in the coffin and observed that the child was "not white, but evidently colored" (352). That the child may have been a "blue baby" seems not to have been considered. Also in *Vindication* a midwife does give testimony about the child's color. Whether this is *the* midwife we do not know or even whether the truth is being told.

This concludes the significant changes from Bamberg's edition. So it would appear that there is no need as yet to edit, as it were, a Revised Standard Version: perhaps a Variorum edition? It was my hope that beneath Holmes's paper strips and crosshatchings there might have been the archeological remains, as it were, of the so-called "first" *Confession*. Such was not to be, however. I had hoped, upon opening the box containing the manuscript, to gaze with wild surmise on the equivalent of Troy VIIa, with perhaps the mask of Agamemnon thrown in. Far from suppressing critical facts, things that may have shed "new light" on the Tragedy, Holmes's editing is just what he says it was: "trifling and unimportant." Ironically, Holmes did Beauchamp a big favor by effacing his very ungallant characterizations of Eliza Sharp and Ruth Reed. Especially in the latter case does Beauchamp look bad. Among his reasons for killing Sharp was that his seduction of Anna Cooke was "a species of dishonour, which

from my earliest recollection, had ever excited by most violent reprobation..." He goes on to describe such behavior as having "dishonor and baseness in it" (26). True enough, but it appears possible that his behavior mirror-images Beauchamp's own. Otherwise, why his elaborate self-justification against poor Ruth Reed, who, one gets the impression, was one of life's victims? Aside from what might be regarded as the theme of "damage control" in Beauchamp's attempt at "prospective rehabilitation," what have we? No "smoking guns" certainly, no "now it can be told" revelations. Still, for a time it was very exciting up there in the Filson reading room.

NOTES

1. All quotations from Sharp's *Vindication* in this paper are drawn from Kallsen's volume, cited below.

2. For further discussion see: J. W. Cooke, "'Pride and Depravity': A Preliminary Examination of the Beauchamp-Sharp Affair," *Border States* 6 (1987): 1-12; Fred M. Johnson, "Letters of Ann Cooke: Fact or Factoid," *Border States* 6 (1987): 13-21.

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THE DUTIFUL-MOTHER SYNDROME IN LISA ALTHER'S *KINFLICKS*

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Lisa Alther, born in Kingsport, Tennessee, on July 23, 1944, and eventually transported to Vermont, producing her first major novel, *Kinflicks*, in 1976. The setting for *Kinflicks* is Hullsport, Tennessee (Kingsport), but Alther writes of much more than individual Southern women. She does not write just for women for just for the South. Alther writes not only of the way things have been and of the way they are, she writes of the consequences of learning to cope with the excess baggage of outside expectations and how to understand and accept The Self. She transcends gender and region and social status to contribute to American contemporary literature a tone of voice (according to John Leonard) "missing in American fiction for years" (4).

Although Alther writes, in much of her fiction, about the search for identity and wholeness within The Self, she al so writes of women locked within t he trap of performing their duty to The Other (which may represent another person or group or ideology). Mrs. Babcock, the mother in Alther's *Kinflicks*, for example, is identified solely by her husband's name or as Ginny's mother; we never learn her first name. Mrs. Babcock remains trapped until her death into doing what is expected of her by other people. This woman epitomizes the dutiful-mother syndrome. She is so submerged into the identities of others that she is unable to help her daughter to understand that one can, indeed, make choices. Instead, Ginny moves in and out of identities that are prescribed by other people, by her heritage, by being born in the South, and by being female. It seems, at first, that Ginny will end up much like her mother, catering to The Other in some attempt to achieve something that can never be found except within The Self.

Lisa Alther reveals in a letter dated September 11, 1987, that she was spending a lot of time thinking about "the process of self-definition" and that "you have to go through a period of defining yourself via externals including other people, and having those definitions fail you, prior to arriving at the understanding that the definition has to arrive from within." Alther works through those external forces that affect self-definition -- arriving at the conclusion that only The Self and not The Other can provide any satisfying and long-lasting answers. By the end of *Kinflicks*, she arrives at the same conclusion that she states in the letter of September 11, 1987: "I think it's possible to grow, and change in positive ways, and learn, but I don't think it's easy. In fact, it seems to take a lifetime for most people." Indeed, for Mrs. Babcock, it does take a lifetime. She must die for Ginny to experience positive growth, and Ginny must confront her own mortality in the body of her dying mother.

Ginny's initiation into the one role that will follow her throughout the entire book begins, predictably, with Mrs. Babcock. Ginny's mother spends her life nurturing her husband and Ginny, performing her wifely and motherly and womanly duties. She bequeaths these ideas to Ginny by projecting the traditional Southern role of women who must be totally dedicated to the family while sacrificing their own identities. Mrs. Babcock does not realize until s he is on her deathbed that "by always doing everything in advance of their requesting it," she had "undermined their drive and self-confidence" (261-62).

When Ginny's own daughter Wendy is born, Ginny somehow believes that the birthing and nourishing process will make her whole, but even this so-called mystical experience of physical and emotional attachment can never reveal the answers Ginny so desperately seeks. Buried in housework, in child care, and in volunteer work, Ginny's own identity is submerged, similar to the way Mrs. Babcock's identity always retreated in favor of the needs of her family. Physical bonds do exist between mother and daughter, and it is difficult for Ginny to separate what is expected and required from what is felt and experienced:

> All these bodies that she wasn't permitted to lust after. First her mother's and the Major's, her brothers'. Then Wendy's. . . . Both Wendy and her mother she thought of largely in association with certain sounds, smells, caresses. And yet her interest in them both was expected to be platonic. (96)

It is finally beginning to dawn on Ginny that she cannot find her niche in society, in a family, or in the human scheme until she confronts herself -- individually and separately from The Other. She does realize that there is something more, but she continues to struggle within the confines of relationships -- a futile struggle. When she finally begins to come to terms with the void she is experiencing in her present predicament, she thinks, perhaps, that the answer may be provided by the world at large and by society in general:

> It's not enough! It's not *enough*, I kept wailing. So what if you *do* have descendants? That still doesn't prevent your suffocating on factory emissions, doesn't prevent your being sizzled in a nuclear holocaust, doesn't prevent your dying an agonized death...The world *needed* me, and I was trapped here in the woods rinsing bibs and mashing bananas! (406)

Only after Ginny returns to her hometown of Hullsport to attend her dying mother does she attempt to come to terms with her own coming of age. According to Alice Adams in "Endjokes," a review of *Kinflicks*, Ginny and Mrs. Babcock must both "come to terms with each other and with death, and that is what *really* goes on in this novel" (98). Thus, it is only after the actual biological death of Mrs. Babcock that Ginny has any hope of finding her own identity. Even though the death occurs at the end of the novel, we are acutely aware that Ginny is finally able to arrive at a new beginning to find her own way, unencumbered by family roots or duties or rules or obligations. For the first time, she is totally alone without parents or relationships and associated ideologies.

Before this final autonomy is available, however, Ginny must confront the most elusive and internalized, yet the most important and revealing of all human relationships: the mother/daughter interaction. In *My Mother/ My Self: The Daughter's Search for Identity*, Nancy Friday summarizes the symbiotic partnership that exists between mother and daughter from the womb and through various states of development:

> The fetus is in *physical* symbiosis with the mother; literally, it cannot live without her. The mother . . . is in *psychological* symbiosis with the unborn baby. . . . The next stage of development is *separation* [and] the long march toward individuality and self-reliance has begun. . . . Incomplete, unsatisfying, or interrupted symbiosis stamps a woman for life [and] . . . becomes a problem of juggling security vs. satisfaction. (57-62)

The stage is set, to a certain degree, before Ginny is born. The progress she can make is determined by how her mother handles the symbiosis, by how Ginny is able to come to terms with it, and by how both mother and daughter are able to come to view each other. Joan Lord Hall expands on Friday's symbiotic notion as it specifically relates to Ginny: "This paradox, of finding autonomy actually within a symbiotic organism, is one that

may heal the frantic dichotomies of [Ginny's] earlier lifestyles" (346).

In science, according to Brock, Smith, and Madigan in *Biology of Microorganisms*, the various symbiotic relationships may be parasitic -- one organism benefits and the other is harmed, commensalistic -- one benefits and the other is not affected, neutralistic -- the two organisms have no effect on each other, or mutualistic -- both organisms benefit by the relationship (452). Unfortunately, a mutualistic relationship between Ginny and her mother doesn't occur until almost immediately before Mrs. Babcock's death. Symbiosis, by definition, precludes a relationship that is harmful or destructive to both organisms. Humans are evidently the only organisms with this potential for mutual devastation. Perhaps the term *miasmatic* should be added to the psychological lexicon (if not the scientific) to include reciprocal destruction -- whether consciously and purposely intended or inherently and unknowingly transmitted. For example, Ginny realizes as she coaxes her own daughter, Wendy, to eat her vegetables that "parents [spend] years urging their children to eat, and that those children, grown, [spend] the rest of their lives trying to stop eating" (157). It is not just food that mature adults must stop ingesting -- it is the inherited value systems and judgments and philosophical frameworks inflicted by parents onto their vulnerable and receptive children.

Paul Levine, in his essay "Recent Women's Fiction and the Theme of Personality," recognizes the overwhelming power and influence that mothers have over daughters, and, conversely, the power that daughters wield over their mothers. One answer, says Levine, in becoming one's own self is "being weaned away from [one's] mother influence. Both mother and daughter must learn to let go of their assigned social roles and establish a new relationship" (338). While Ginny and Mrs. Babcock arrive at this conclusion too late to help Mrs. Babcock, Ginny is finally able to learn from the relationship in a way that will allow her to grow into an autonomous individual. She vainly seeks fulfillment from other people, but her liberation must come from within. The real tragedy in the book is that Mrs. Babcock must lose her life for Ginny to find hers.

When Ginny arrives at the hospital, Mrs. Babcock's mother-role surfaces, and she wants to blurt out to Ginny a condemnation of her hair style and a method of how she can correct the frizziness. Mrs. Babcock realizes that her instinctive mothering has surfaced, and she is able, for once, to hold her tongue. The indictments she pours out on Ginny throughout her childhood, youth, and subsequent maturity are not, however, malicious and premeditated schemes. Once the symbiotic pattern has been established, it is difficult, if not nearly impossible, to view one's offspring as an intelligent, separate, and mature individual. As Mrs. Babcock approaches death, however, she reviews her role of motherhood and realizes that she can give Ginny one final gift -- the gift of self-realization.

Since Mrs. Babcock's only identity exists in her husband and in her children, she believes, as she reviews the accomplishments of her children, that she has failed in her life's work. She has no career apart from the home, no tangible evidence of her existence separate from the lives of her children. Ginny, too, nearly drowns in the same philosophy.

At one point in Mrs. Babcock's hospital stay, she uncharacteristically snatches a thermometer out of her mouth and send sit crashing to the floor. So unusual is this behavior that even Mrs. Babcock at first convinces herself that it is an accident: "So well-trained was she in the notion that one didn't even feel hostile emotions, much less give expression to them, for a moment she genuinely believed that it had been an accident, that her hand had simply slipped" (152). A woman in Mrs. Babcock's position is simply not allowed (by pre-existing dictates) to exhibit or even possess feelings of her own. Her emotions must be squelched in favor of what is perceived best for The Other. It is precisely this notion that Mrs. Babcock unconsciously instills in Ginny. Consequently, Ginny fears that her own identity can manifest itself only in the same terms that characterize Mrs. Babcock -- that of always doing

one's duty. "Mrs. Babcock knew she was a martyr. The children's needs in those confused and unhappy war years had swamped her own needs, had *become* her own needs" (168).

As Ginny confronts the physical body of her dying mother, she must also confront the psychological and emotional make-up of her mother. At the same time (and this is the most painful), Ginny must confront her own motives and instincts which are embedded in those of her mother. She still needs to think of her mother as "strong and healthy and invulnerable -- a shield between Ginny and mortality" (150). Although facing her own mortality is an important issue, much more than the physical act of dying is being confronted. Ginny finally begins to realize that her own actions and beliefs (no matter how she has expressed them outwardly) are simply a part of the paradigm established, for the most part, by her mother.

Ginny, unlike her mother, can actually pursue her own dreams and goals devoid of the sense of duty that permeates the very existence of her mother. By the time Mrs. Babcock is freed of The Other, she is lying in a hospital bed with no time left to pursue what she wants and could do if she hadn't felt so pressured by what she considers her duty. She vents her rage on Ginny as she realizes what has happened to her:

> You've done *nothing* with your life but pursue your selfish personal pleasures. Me -- I've *always* done my duty. I waited on you and your father and your brothers hand and foot for years. For the first time in my life, I had no one to account to but myself. I was going to travel, go back to college, teach. And now *this*. Why me? (167)

Ginny can break the pattern; indeed, Ginny *does* break the pattern of servitude so that she is able to journey toward her thirties without being encumbered by The Other. Ginny is freed from those imposed responsibilities, unlike her mother who is "falling apart in a hospital bed after years of satisfying other people's needs, without ever having had a chance to figure out what *she* might need" (169).

Ginny, who has been unable to find fulfillment in any of her relationships (including those with her mother or her child), attempts to adopt and nourish some orphaned baby birds in another futile try at mothering and at struggling to find a purpose for her existence. Even though the books on birds warn against it, Ginny does her best to feed the birds, to teach t hem to fly, and to mother them. One by one, they die anyway, until the last one, finally grasping at the idea of flight, crashes around in its new-found freedom and kills itself trying to fly out of a closed window. According to Patricia Beer in a review of *Kinflicks*, "The bird sees how to fly, at the wrong time and in the wrong place. Like Mrs. Babcock" (254).

As Mrs. Babcock slowly slips away from life, she and Ginny spend their time together watching a soap opera (ironically titled "Hidden Heartbeats") and discussing the lives of the characters. The rest of their tense conversations are mainly superficial chats about mundane matters or surface, verbal slaps at each other. Even when they do come close to the real issues, death and relationships and identity, they barely skirt the truth. It is easier to return their attention to a television program and the "moral dilemmas of modern America" (369).

The revelations about self, finally matured and understood by Mrs. Babcock and newly planted and waiting for nourishment in Ginny, are barely discussed by the two women. Instead, each one remembers the past, sifts through her own version of each one's kinflicks, and assimilates the knowledge alone. Mrs. Babcock, now needing life's blood from Ginny, sees herself become the child in the relationship:

> A subtle shift in the balance of power between Ginny and herself had occurred, and she didn't like

> it at all. The pattern had always been Mrs. Babcock's bleeding herself dry . . . for the children. Nothing had ever been too much for them to demand of her. . . . Ceasing to serve, she had collapsed, mentally and physically. (261)

Somehow Mrs. Babcock would like to help Ginny to break out of the established pattern, but she is unsure of how to accomplish the task. When Ginny asks her mother whether she should return to her husband and child, she fully expects Mrs. Babcock to begin issuing orders about returning them to fulfill her duty. It is, in fact, a struggle for Mrs. Babcock not to give this particular advice. Instead, for the first time, she tells Ginny that she simply doesn't know what she should do. Lying in bed, with little to do but think, Mrs. Babcock realizes that "parents expected too much of children; it was unfair to use them, as she now recognized she herself had been used, to fulfill parental ambitions or philosophies" (430). Ginny is understandably shocked at her mother's acquiescence in allowing Ginny to make her own decisions and wonders if it could be finally possible that the "generational spell [may] actually [have] been broken" (431).

As Ginny ponders the new "non-advice" from her mother, she grows angry, believing that Mrs. Babcock owes her "some explanations! About life and death, about love and marriage and motherhood!" (506). Finally, in the last hour of her life, Mrs. Babcock is able, with one sentence, to free Ginny of the past, of the bonds that unite her to The Other. Mrs. Babcock's final words to Ginny, the final mother/daughter irony, are: "Look after *yourself* [emphasis added], Ginny dear" (508). It is only now, with the death of Mrs. Babcock, that Ginny is free to continue her search, as Mary Anne Ferguson, in "The Female Novel of Development and the Myth of Psyche," says, "purged of her own fear of becoming like her mother . . . free to become an autonomous adult" (66).

Through Ginny's search for a self-fulfilling identity, the communication gap between generations, the rites of passage, the political and social mores of an era, and the evolving place of women in a man's world are reviewed and analyzed. Mrs. Babcock finally helps Ginny to open a door which will allow her to find her own way, unencumbered by family roots or duties or rules or obligations. If Ginny has learned enough, and we can assume that she has, she will be able to allow her own daughter's growth as separate and apart from hers, fostering not only the individual development of each but the enhancement that can occur within the relationship when both members are fulfilled. As Ginny learns from the pain of her own self-defeating relationships, The Self must be complete and whole before it can interact successfully with The Other. The Other can never function as a replacement of Self, and Ginny learns the lesson painfully well.

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