

band performed a selection of songs from their 1968 album *The Village Green Preservation Society* and their then-forthcoming rock opera *Preservation*. Songs such as "Salvation Road":

Hear me brothers, hear me sisters
Citizens and comrades, hear my song
The old life's dead, the order's changing
It's time for all of us to move along

Got no time to live a life with old worn-out traditions
Swallowed my pride, changed my ways
And found a new religion . . .

Goodbye youth, goodbye dreams
The good times and the friends I used to know
Goodbye freedom, hello fear
A brave new world has suddenly appeared . . .

And we'll all join hands
And we'll all march along
And we'll all mark time as we go
Yes, we'll all walk along
And we'll all sing a song
As we walk down Salvation Road

The European Economic Community survived the affront.

By the 1980's, the band was increasingly concerned that, in Dave Davies' words, "there's no England now." With 1989 came the anti-Thatcher, anti-EC *U.K. Jive*, an angry album bearing a burning Union Jack on its cover. Artistically speaking, it wasn't one of the group's better efforts, but it was unmistakably shot through with Ray and Dave's anger at the direction their country was taking. (Well, almost unmistakably. One track, "Down All the Days to 1992," was adopted by some irony-challenged EC bureaucrats as the European Commission's unofficial theme song.) In 1992 itself, the Kinks performed at Fete d'Humanité, a communist-sponsored anti-European festival in Paris. By this time, Ray was also writing *X-Ray*, half memoir and half science fiction, a book that posits a totalitarian world in which all nations have merged into a single corporation, in which "a country called England" is only a fading memory.

But such visions, like those of *Muswell Hillbillies*, are affectations, exaggerations. A man like Davies, able to discern beauty even in a dirty, crowded train station, need never search long for small signs of vitality. "They're trying to build a computerized community," he sang in "Muswell Hillbilly." "But they'll never make a zombie out of me." So far, he's right.

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In the Botanical Gardens, Washington, D.C.

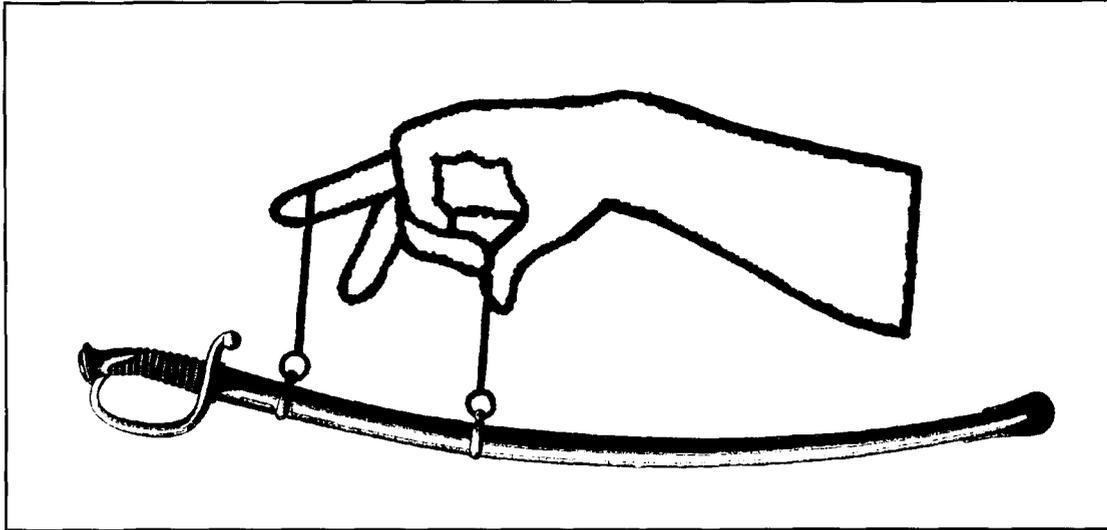
by Ruth Moose

In the Botanical Gardens
water is forced up
to fall anywhere
within the blue tiled pool.
But the Banyon Tree is restrained,
globed with wire and kept aloof.
Tourists go in rows
maintain polite distance,
a shared warmth of place, time.
One carries a teddy bear
in her pink backpack
while the child reaches
up to feel rain that has found
a crack in the glass
and ticks in like a thief
from the world outside.
A three-piece-suited son

comes to call for his father
who's been waiting on the bench
thumbing the *Post*. My real estate
agent strolls leisurely by
admiring plants. A pigeon
comes after, then a cousin,
but I don't know her. Red hearted
Caladiums nod to the paisley
skirt of my favorite grade school
teacher. She hasn't aged a minute.
Her brief case of burgundy leather
bulges with papers to grade; some
are mine in math. Nothing has
changed. I still can't add
up my life and get it
right.

The South and the New Reconstruction

by Michael Hill



Igor Kopechinsky

Atlanta, the self-styled “capital of the New South” and the host of the annual debauchery known as “Freaknik,” was a natural to host the 1996 Olympics. The quadrennial event has become a giant block party to celebrate the smiley-face aspects of the New World Order: universal brotherhood, multiculturalism, diversity, and tolerance. But amidst the revelry and self-congratulation, the “City Too Busy To Hate” has discovered a target for its pent-up indignation: the Old South.

The 1996 Centennial Olympics revealed the dichotomy between the two Souths. On the one hand, the New South greeted the gathering of the world’s tribes with its usual boasting and civic boosterism. On the other, the Old South viewed the garish pagan spectacle in much the same way it views the annual descent of the sandals-and-black-socks crowd from Ohio—as an aggravation to be borne until it goes away.

In order to spare the feelings of international visitors, the Atlanta city fathers and ACOG (the Atlanta Committee for the Olympic Games) went all out to banish every vestige of the Old Confederacy, including the Georgia state flag, which contains in its design the Confederate battle flag. A resident of Crawfordville, the home of CSA vice president Alexander H. Stephens, told me that when a vanload of federal bureaucrats came to scout out Liberty Hall as a potential Olympic tourist site, several of them refused to go inside, and one spat on a monument to “Little Aleck,” calling him a “honky racist.” Needless to say, politically incorrect Liberty Hall was not put on the official Olympic pilgrimage.

But traditional Southerners fought the international octopus

in their own small ways. A lawsuit was filed against the Atlanta suburb of Roswell, which forced the city to allow Confederate reenactors to march in a parade escorting the Olympic flame. In the rural north Alabama hamlet of Battleground, named in honor of General Nathan Bedford Forrest’s victory at Day’s Gap in 1863, city officials were asked to remove the battleflag that waves over the volunteer fire station on Highway 159 so as not to offend the bearer of the sacred flame. The local Bubbas reacted by hoisting two additional flags over the roadside plaque commemorating Forrest’s triumph. “Them ’lympic folks ain’t gonna tell us what to do,” one retorted.

Why have loyal Southerners come under such heavy fire from the New World Order’s artillery? In part, I think, because the traditional South is seen as the world’s largest (and maybe the last) bastion of historic Christianity, the last “infamy” to be wiped out. Southern Christians (the Southern Baptist leadership perhaps excepted) see in Biblical scripture the mandate for a hierarchical society in which modern egalitarian notions have no place, and they view the scattering of the nations at the Tower of Babel as an indictment against the United Nations. The Bible is also one of the sources of the Southern view of the nation as an organic expression of loyalty to kith and kin. The impersonal modern state, like the universal rights of man it is supposed to protect, derives from the delusion of human perfectibility. The Southern identity—largely Anglo-Celtic—is not dedicated to any proposition; it is bound up in that vast memory of the blood captured so well in Stark Young’s *So Red the Rose*. Young’s protagonist, Hugh McGhee, tells his son as he sends him off to join the Confederate Army: “It’s not to our credit to think we began today and it’s not to our glory to think we end today. All through time we keep coming into the shore like waves—like waves. You stick to your blood, son; there’s

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