February 19, 1990

NEXT MEETING THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1990: 6:00 pm social hour, 7:00 pm dinner at Officers Mess, Sand Point Naval Station. MENU: Petite Filet or Broiled Filet of Sole (stuffed with bacon or shrimp). Write your choice, your name and the names of any guests on the enclosed reservation card and mail it.

MARCH 8, 1990 PROGRAM: Our speaker will be John Earnst, Superintendent of North Cascades National Park. Before his most recent assignment, Mr. Earnst was Superintendent of Gettysburg National Military Park. Mr. Earnst will discuss his experiences at Gettysburg.

OUR THANKS to Dr. Randolph Pillow, Terry Lattin and Tom Rengstorf for the time and effort they put into their thoroughly prepared presentations at the February meeting. Member participation must always be the lifeblood of our program.

APRIL 12, 1990 PROGRAM: Our speaker will be Myra-Ann Rutledge and her topic will be the Lincoln assassination, which she has been studying over two years in order to write a historical novel. April 14, 1990 is the 125th anniversary of the assassination on Good Friday, 1865.

MAY 17, 1990 PROGRAM: (Note that our May 1990 meeting is on the third Thursday, not the usual second Thursday.) Our speaker will be Professor Herman Hattaway of the University of Missouri at Kansas City. Professor Hattaway is the author of "General Stephen D. Lee," co-author of "How the North Won" and "Why the South Lost" (a shortened paperback version of the latter has been published under the title, "The Elements of Confederate Defeat"). The two books Professor Hattaway has co-authored are among the most influential Civil War books written in the past decade. "Why the South Lost" has especially provoked discussion and controversy, and the themes of that work will be Professor Hattaway's subject at our May meeting.

READ! Our speakers this season include several noted authors. You will get more out of what they have to say if you read in advance some of the titles mentioned above. If your local branch library does not have a particular book, fill out an interlibrary loan slip. If local bookstores such as Heritage Bookshop, Beks, Elliott Bay, or University Bookstore do not have a book in stock, they can order it. Most Civil War books are available by mail or phone from Morningside Bookshop, PO Box 1087, Dayton, Ohio 45401, (513) 461-6736.

GLORY: See the film before it leaves town; don't wait for video. This is the best attempt at historically accurate portrayal of a battle since "Zulu." For follow-up reading, Peter Burchard's "One Gallant Rush" has been reissued in paperback, retitled "Glory: One Gallant Rush," and is in some local bookstores. For a concise account of the Fort Wagner assault and an excellent discussion of the Black regiments see "Forged in Battle: The Civil War Alliance of Black Soldiers and White Officers" by Joseph T. Glatthaar, our May 1989 speaker. The closing scene of the film shows the Boston monument to Robert Gould Shaw and his regiment sculpted by Augustus St. Gaudens in 1897. The regiment, Shaw and the monument were the subject of a poem, "For The Union Dead," by the twentieth century American poet Robert Lowell:

For the Union Dead
'Relinquam Omnia Servare Rem Publicam.'
Shaw and the monument were the subject of a poem, "For the Union Dead," by the twentieth century American poet Robert Lowell:

For the Union Dead
'Relinquunt Omnia Servare Rem Publicam.'

The old South Boston Aquarium stands
in a Sahara of snow now. Its broken windows are boarded.
The bronze weathervane cod has lost half its scales.
The airy tanks are dry.

Once my nose crawled like a snail on the glass;
my hand tingled
to burst the bubbles
drifting from the noses of the cowed, compliant fish.

OVER

Our goals are to stimulate serious discussion of the
Civil War era and to encourage battlefield preservation.

There are no statues for the last war hero;
The church is empty.

and lost with his megaphone
where his body was blown
except the church,
which's nearer 

more thought dark substance
was-washed away since wars are finished.

The Stone Statue of the British Union Soldier

with the Frozen Gulp of the Grand Army of the Republic.

On a boughless small evergreen tree's.

He cannot bear the task?
when he heard his black soldiers to death?

He is out of bounds now. He resides in man's heart.

and slumber forever.

he sees in his grave

a magnificent monument;

He lies an easy dirt mound;

his clothes on the ground;

in the sky's height.

Their monument sticks like a thornbone;

William James could not hear the bronze Nguyen's lachrymose
at the dedication.

Two months after memorial's adjournment;

propped by a blank sprinter the flag's sharp cuticle

on slit barricades, bloody, wet, 

and the nibbled, dispersed maw

which over the fascination as it heeds Colored cheer.

presses the lightening座椅.

A circle of union-garbed, unbroken Color sailors

sandwiched in the heart of Boston.

Painting space

1	to go where the undergrowth

under ground with wistful grass

a sky stripped of room of musty

you follow throughaweowers vast grandmother

fresco on the Boston Common's elegant dirt cafe.

My hand draws back. I offer shift still
My hand draws back. I often sigh still
for the dark downward and vegetating kingdom
of the fish and reptile. One morning last March,
I pressed against the new barbed and galvanized
fence on the Boston Common. Behind their cage,
yellow dinosaur steamshovels were grunting
as they cropped up tons of mush and grass
to gouge their underworld garage.

Parking spaces luxuriate like civic
sandpiles in the heart of Boston.
A girdle of orange, Puritan-pumpkin colored girders
braces the tingling Statehouse,
shaking over the excavations, as it faces Colonel Shaw
and his bell-cheeked Negro infantry
on St. Gaudens' shaking Civil War relief,
propped by a plank splint against the garage's earthquake.

Two months after marching through Boston,
half the regiment was dead;
at the dedication,
William James could almost hear the bronze Negroes breathe.

Their monument sticks like a fishbone
in the city's throat.
Its Colonel is as lean
as a compass-needle.

He has an angry wrenlike vigilance,
a greyhound's gentle tautness;
he seems to wince at pleasure,
and suffocate for privacy.

He is out of bounds now. He rejoices in man's lovely,
peculiar power to choose life and die—
when he leads his black soldiers to death,
he cannot bend his back.

On a thousand small town New England greens,
the old white churches hold their air
of sparse, sincere rebellion; frayed flags
quilt the graveyards of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The stone statues of the abstract Union Soldier
grow slimmer and younger each year—
wasp-waisted, they doze over muskets
and muse through their sideburns . . . .

Shaw's father wanted no monument
except the ditch,
where his son's body was thrown
and lost with his 'niggers.'

The ditch is nearer.
There are no statues for the last war here;
on Boylston Street, a commercial photograph
shows Hiroshima boiling
over a Mosler-Safe, the 'Rock of Ages'
that survived the blast. Space is nearer.
When I crouch to my television set,
the drained faces of Negro school-children rise like balloons.

Colonel Shaw
is riding on his bubble,
he waits
for the blessed break.

The Aquarium is gone. Everywhere,
giant finned cars nose forward like fish;
a savage servility
slides by on grease.

BATTLEFIELD PRESERVATION: Please support the Association for the
Preservation of Civil War Sites, P.O. Box 1862, Fredericksburg,
Virginia 22402, $20 membership. Led by Gary Gallagher and Bob
Krick, this is an excellent and effective organization.

DISPLAY TABLE AND RAFFLE: Bring in your Civil War artifacts for
all to see. Please bring books or other items for the raffle and