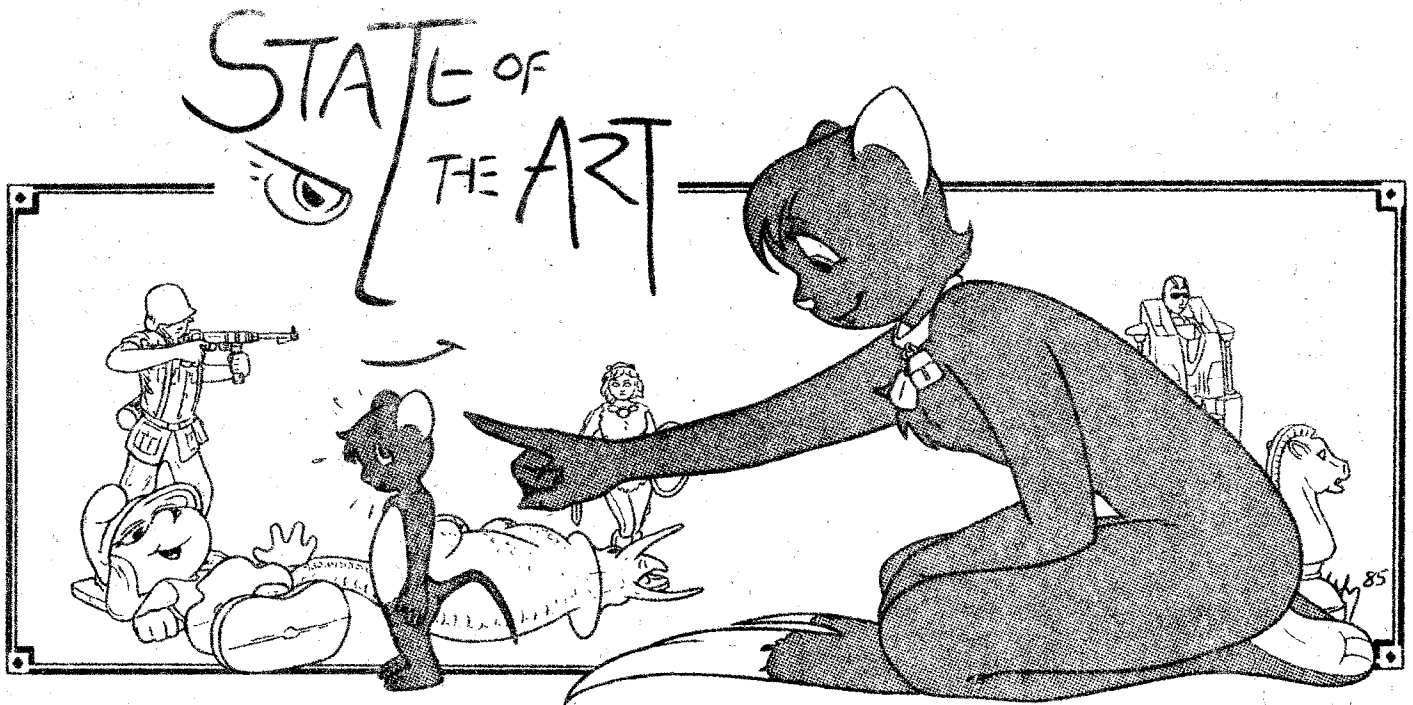


STATE OF
ART





STATE OF THE ART 6

c Taral Wayne, November 1985,
1812-415 Willowdale Ave, Willowdale Ontario,
m2n 5b4, Canada, (416) 221 3517,
A Tarable Mistake 160
for Rowbrazzle 8.

Also available to a few friends, and the possessor of the negatives from the last Saara's Parturition Day Party.

The character on the cover of this issue is "Dixie" La Pin. (Pronounced Lah-Pan.) Unlike some characters I've introduced in State of the Art before, this one is going to be a story, and hopefully soon. She has something of a story already, which has come out in dribs and drabs in previous issues. For the sakes of those without a disk-file for a memory, who can't call up the information with a few deft commands to their grey matter, I'll go over it again. It started with a drawing of a rabbit-girl as a confederate army private that I did for no particular reason. Schirm saw it, and his radioactive imagination (he was bitten by a rubber joke spider I think) saw possibilities. He came up with a complete story about a zaftig young rabbit who followed her lover into the army, and won the first Battle of the Bulge when her shirt buttons popped and she destroyed the Union army's will to resist with the glorious sight. There was more, much more, which Schirm generously told me over the phone for two hours one night, at \$3.65 a minute. In gratitude I stole the basic idea and completely re-wrote the story... After all, the original drawing at least was mine. In time we compared notes. I urged Schirm to do the story as well, his way, while I did it mine. It'd be interesting to see the two side by side in Brazzle. Well, it probably won't happen.

To begin with, Schirm hasn't produced. For that matter, neither have I. At 76 panels, the story would probably need 12 or 13 pages to tell, and that's more pages than I can afford to print or post. Perhaps if the art was shot down it might be possible, but first I have to draw the thing, and that's going to take a while. (It's already taken more than a year, and I haven't even started.) Then I'm going to try to sell it. For money. Something I've never had very much of, and even the miserly rates that alternate comics pay

would give me more for a 13 page story than I've ever had. In fact, nearly twice as much money as I've ever had. (Assuming \$100 a page.) As it happens, there are two things I'm reluctant to do for Brazzle. Sell Kjola pelts is one, and miss an opportunity to get out to California for another summer visit with the money I might make is the other.

At first I was calling the character Charlotte, but it occurred to me that "Heart of Dixie" was a better title than "Charlotte's Diary", so I changed her name. Dixie isn't a proper name, though, so perhaps it can be a secret among us that her full name is Charlotte "Dixie" La Pin.

In this story Dixie leaves home, and... well, read the script to find out. But I've been thinking that a continuing character and adventures are highly commercial. Although it's not my nature to work the same vein, I might be able to compromise enough to do two or three more stories with Dixie. The 19th. century West is one of the many times and places that fascinate me, and I'd have no trouble finding other interesting situations for Dixie to wander into. I'd like to see her live among the Cheyenne or Sioux in the 1870's, for instance, and pan for gold in the Klondike. That would be 1896, by which time Dixie'd be about 50. Whatever else she'd done between 1865 and then, the gold rush would have to be her last adventure. Perhaps she'd settle down somewhere in the Canadian Yukon, or in San Francisco, but I think she'd be rather a lonely old gal by then, and might just wander off into the sunset to never be seen again. I'm getting ahead of myself, though. Like everybody else, I'll just have to see what happens.

MAILING COMMENTS ON BRAZZLE 7

Schirm (as OE)

Wow, this is even worse that the no-contents

Contents Page -- the Inaccurate Contents Page! I think what happened is that the collation was sloppy. I'm missing both Rusty Mills' Bunny Strip, and The Queen's Shilling by Jeremy Morales. I did, however, get two copies of Blues in the Night, and several odds and ends not listed in the contents at all. I'm unable to say if I'm missing some of Foxtails or whether Margaret Schnepf continued the page numbering from before. Can you help?

Tim Fay

Brazzle has remained fairly eclectic, in

spite of my fears to the contrary. But actually, I didn't feel that your Kangaroo Kaper was typical of Brazzle because it was a funny-animal story of a particular kind. I was thinking more of the sub-text, the desire to be a funny-animal, or whatever, which sets most Brazzlers off from other cartoonists. I still don't mean it as a criticism.

On the whole, it seems that the issue of humanoid vs. funny-animal has been run into the ground. Luckily, the result is that it's unlikely that anyone will be in a hurry to make a new fuss. Brazzle is better off as the Laissez Faire Apa than as The Apa That Dripped Blood. I think most people would agree. Oddly enough, after my defense of the exotic humanoid, I've been publishing pretty much what the narrow interpretation would expect from me. I'm not unamenable to suggestion. But I can be stubborn as hell if my dander is up. No apologies necessary.

My interest in military history and hardware is essentially a childhood fascination that I don't disguise. Once I understood more, I realized that at best an army is a necessary evil, but the evil is ineradicable. You can't have an armed force without a chain of command, but that's despotism. You can't defend a country without a draft, but that's slavery. You can't fight a battle without strategy, but that's the power of life and death over the troops put into other men's hands. You can't occupy enemy territory without military law, but that means reprisals, executions, and terror. Anyone who thinks any of this is right, let alone glorious, leaves me little choice between him and Nazi's.

The only solution to my conflict of interest between modeling and politics, is build the Spitfires and Phantoms, and hope I never have the opportunity to build orbital laser platforms in 1/144th. scale. My childish fascination with war toys has been given vent, lately, in a series of drawings and a bit of writing, borrowing somewhat from Jerry Collins. Already I feel the urge to move on. But no doubt I'll be back periodically.

Certainly, knowing a little about circular mean error, wing loading, and enfilade helped make up my mind which way the wind was blowing the fallout. There've been occasions when I've been arguing with some crypto-fascist when I found out that he didn't know what he was talking about. Like Ronald Reagan and the Secretary of Defense hardly seem to know a cruise missile from The Love Boat.

"I think you were a little presumptuous in your comments to John Cawley." Perhaps, in retrospect. It seemed like the right thing to say at the time, when he was suggesting I quit Brazzle if I wasn't happy in it, but sounded more like he wasn't happy I was in it. If I've offended a friend of yours, so be it, I apologize for lowering myself to sarcasm.

I've never seen Bambi, though I will if I get the opportunity. I have read the book, and found it profoundly alien. My favourite Disney film has got to be Pinocchio. Not only did I think the animation superb, but the story of Pinocchio seeking personal transcendence is an important one to me. (Somehow I overlooked the more obvious line, the little boy learning to behave himself.)

Jim Groat

"I disagree on your comments regarding

Brazzles #4 and #5. You wanna complain, bitch to me via letter or phone." You disagree with all of them? That doesn't make a lot of sense, and what I can't understand I refuse to argue.

Tracy Horton

Our family owns a ferret, which is first or second

cousin to a weasel. It's an intelligent but comic animal, that runs by hinking itself up like an inchworm, and it includes rolling, sliding, and falling down among its forms of locomotion. On the whole a ferret is like having an affectionate furry sausage for a pet. It smells a bit like an old musty hay stack too.

Scott Jeraids

Well, in spite of my dislike of the movie

Rabbo is based on, so far so good. (Wasn't Captain Binghamton" old Leadbottom on McHale's Navy?)

Mike Kazelah

Classic funny-animal story, but contemp-

orary and satirical too. I think I'll give you one of Tim Fay's awards in case he forgets...

Jim Korkis

Tara Wayne fits into The Four Seasons of

Rowbrazzle under the heading of "crud". Sometimes you can diffuse satire by poking a bit of fun at yourself at the same time, so I did a drawing of Saara (and one of Jerry's Bambioids) as crud, doing it with my left hand instead of my right. If the Four Seasons were a bit mean, at least they were fair, I'd like to think.

Brett Koth

I liked Stanley the Porcupine, and the shorty

fox character among the zoo animals you sketched. Some of the others, though, look too much like Bagheera, Baloo, and other characters from Disney's Jungle Book. Has anyone else thought so, or am I amiss?

Ken Sample

The danger of satire is

that it's never merely the mirror to reality that it's meant to be. It implies a value judgement as well. In actuality I don't have anything against cheesecake or beefcake as such. It's a matter of how well it's done. The worst sort pictures people as nothing more than a convenient frame to hang their sexual organs on, who have no personality. The best are those that create a personality and context that you can relate to as if it were a real man or woman. The Art of erotic art, after all, is showing the humanity of sex, not it's animality. (A cheap Kodak does that perfectly well.) I think you can tell something about a person by what sort of pornography they respond to.

Having said all that, I wouldn't dare evaluate any Brazzler's art in those terms. I can assure you, though, that I wasn't especially thinking of yours when I satirized the "sex kitten" in The Four Seasons of Rowbrazzle. And satire is a license to exaggerate.

Louis Scarborough

I'm sorry, but your contribution to the last

Brazzle has me baffled. Kara and Purdy I thought I had down pat, but who are Felicity and the bat person? Why does Kara appear to be talking about herself before the class on page four? Am I just being dense today? I must be, if I'm handing out straight-lines like that.

Schira (as himself)

It's about time you had something in your own

apa, loafer! Of course, after Semantics you might just have to put up with an unending stream of Brazzle members visiting you and burying you upside-down in a hole. You can't evade responsibility for that joke by putting the words in someone else's mouth.

Mouse Into Lion is pretty good too, and the best part is that the artist won't have to spit dirt out of his

mouth whenever a visitor departs. As much as I dislike advising the master of comedy, though, I wonder if Mouse Into Lion wouldn't benefit by tightening it up somehow. After all, it's only the beginning of a longer story and it's long enough already for a story itself.

The rumour mill is grinding out some chaff that you and somebody else have sold a comic strip. If so, this may revolutionize comic strips, or at least Stately Schirm Manor.

Al Sirols

A bit on the obvious side, don't you think?

And in another sense, does it make the point you want? Brazzle isn't run the way Penguin Island is. Our "Tim" and "John" aren't beefy goons, whatever their views. And the justice in throwing up on them seems short of poetic. On the whole I liked the story as a story, but as a satire of Brazzle I think you missed hitting the nail on the head, and I'm afraid some members may think you bashed your thumb instead.

But what the hell, Archie, what the hell. *Toujour gai.*

Ron Sutton

Methinks thou art verily a fan of Rockabilly.

What you need to do is drop in on Dean Motter (in his office with Bill Marks) and knock him on the head, then do the next Nylons cover yourself. Or is the connection a non-sequitur? (They sung Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl, Earl, Earl after all.)

Tara Wayne

Where are the pretentious folios of early issues of

Brush Dances/State of the Art? Not in this issue either, I see. Illos, maps, and diagrams are all well and good in their place, like funny-animals, but the casual member of Brazzle might well get the impression that you're trying to fill the vacuum of the irreplaceable Jerry Collins. We both know this isn't so, but it's time to get back on track of your own mad vision of furred aliens with fetishes for chocolate baths, metal underwear, and Matchbox toys.

Mark Wallace

The comments I made about Al were in SotA

4, which was meant to appear in the 5th mailing, not in the 6th as it did. I gather that my zine arrived a trifle too late to appear where it was meant, and Schirm held it over to the next Brazzle.

Do I see the difference between, say, Ken Sample's art and White Kane? Sure. One is erotic, the other was humour. I can also see the difference between humour and something that advocates "sadistic bondage/forceable fellation", which I didn't read White Kane to do. Had it, I wouldn't change my attitude about the member's right to run it through the apa, but I would have much the same opinion as you did about the ugliness of that sort of sex. In effect, it would be appropriate, but just not to my taste. As humour, White Kane may or may not have been funny, depending on whether you find such forms as "sick humour", "underground comics", or "black humour" funny. And then, within that context, it may or may not have failed to be funny. But are we being critical about White Kane, or are we reacting to the form? I took you to mean the later, judging by the tone of your comments. If you mean only that it wasn't funny for what it was, we might have some ground for agreement.

Since I don't object to sexual innuendo (or even blatant sexuality), I don't see how I'm contradicting myself with erotic drawings the way I think you do. One of the reasons I did both "Funny Stuff" and "The Four Seasons of Rowbrazzle" was that I felt that many Brazzlers were rather inarticulate, and would get my

point instinctively if I put it in the form of pictures. But I see that pictures can be misunderstood too, and my mailing comments have caused offense. But my intention was never to use my mailing comments to hold you up to the world as a hypocrite. I wished merely to point out that you'd fallen afoul of a double standard. The drawing you did last mailing of Mistress Magnolia was so explicit that now I don't have any idea at all what you were objecting to in White Kane. That sexual organs should be erotic is all I can make out.

POETRY

I found this is an issue of Time, of all places, while sitting in a doctor's office. It seemed not only appropriate to Brazzle, but also appropriate to this particular issue of SotA, and "Heart of Dixie".

He found a formula
for drawing
comic rabbits:

This formula for
drawing comic
rabbits paid,

So in the end he
could not
change the
tragic habbits

This formula for
drawing comic
rabbits made.

-- Robert Graves



The Heart of Dixie is a rough script, subject to revision. The names of the principal characters are fictional, and rabbitry in one way or another. (Except General Johnston, who for historical accuracy is a real person.) All the places and battles are real, including the tactics of the 2nd. Battle of Manassas. (2nd. Battle of Bull Run to you Yanks.) Only Dixie's part in the Confederate victory is made-up. Since there's nothing in the history books to account for the Federals' failure to crack Johnston's lines, except maybe gunfire, shot, and shell, so perhaps the intervention of some anonymous Dixie isn't so unlikely at that. Mixing dysentery, death, and funny-animals maybe more than the genre can handle. Yet I think it can be done, and nothing less will satisfy me. The "dialect" is another gamble. It isn't Southern, but closer to Missouri. Dixie's dialect is thicker than her writing style, you may notice. And each of the characters has his (or her) own way of speaking. I doubt I'd satisfy a linguist, but at least I can depict the drawls, idioms, and ideosyncracies of speech of Dixie and the others consistently.

At start, Dixie will tell her story as if writing in her diary, but later more of the story will be told in flash-backs with dialog. Whenever I had a good picture of the action in mind, I added a brief description in parentheses. Where "stage directions were necessary, I added them in parentheses as well. The numbering indicates panels.

THE HEART OF DIXIE

1. Aug. 30th, 1864 Yesterday, I won a great battle, or so they say. General Johnston himself decorated me for the example of courage I set, and for turning the tide of Yankee victory. But this were what really happened --
(Page ripped off short, as if going back to earlier pages.)
2. Dec. 4th, 1863 Oh, how will I live! Johnnie's going to war! I got told the other day, when my Johnie turn sixteen, that he'd have to join up, but I never did think he'd really go. Not so soon! Today he marches off all splendid in his new uniform, going to meet with Col. Peiz and the 2nd. Tennessee Volunteers, up above Knoxville somewheres.
(Pan of column marching away from the Great Smokeys, Dixie crying in foreground.)
3. Dec. 23rd, 1863 I can't stand it here on the farm no more and my love gone away. If I tie back my hair and borrow some men's clothes from next door, I can join up too! Same time tomorrow I'll be on my way to be by Johnnie's side, to die together if need be, but never be apart no more.
4. Dec. 26th, 1863 Calamity! Been in Knoxville for three days now, but Johnnie's gone up to Murfreesboro to fight a battle. Pvt. La Pin, that's me, has been put in the 22nd. Rifles, and we're going to join with General Johnston over in Shenandoah country. There's nothing I can do! Oh Johnnie, what will happen to us?
5. Jan. 19th, 1864 After a long locomotive ride to the rail head at Stanton, we marched up to the line. There's a regular big army camp here, with thousands of thousands of soldiers. What a -- excuse my language -- pestilential hell hole it seemed the day I got in.
(Begin regular strip/narrative.)
6. It were raining... (It is. Dixie & others are standing near box-cars. Dixie shoulders her pack but it's clearly too heavy for her, & she's wet and cold.)
7. "Y'look wore out soljer. Y'er not s'posed t'get the fever b'fer yeh've had th' food. What 'cher name? Mine's Lepus."
(Dixie shoulders her pack again & answers.)
8. "Dix... Di... Dickie. I kin handle it, Lepus, maybe even the food, but when's it gonna stop this infarnal rain?"
9. (A shouted order.) "Move out!"
"It should be snowin' by all rights." (Says Lepus.)
"Sn... snow?" (Dixie says in a small voice as they move out.)
- 10/11. (Marching through muck and rain, they arrive at camp. There are tents, a fire & coffee pot.)
(This is a two panel montage of a line of soldiers in the distance in first panel, close up in next panel, semming to move forward as you read.)
"Yeah, snow." (Lepus)
"It don't snow much in Hutch County." (Dixie)
12. (Order from the Sgt.) "Ten'hut!"
"Now you men listen here! I'm Sgt. O'Hara. 'Till the devil gits it, yer ass b'longs t' me."
13. "If yeh do what I tell yeh, I'll have a long use of yeh, but if yeh don't... The devil is waitin' t' take yeh off my hands. Now -- the first thing I wants you men t' do is get the load off yer feet. Chow down 'n git some sleep. T'morra we go up t' the line. 'N watch the coffee -- there's dysentery here."
14. "Have s'm coffee fellahs." (Says a private to the newcomers.)
"Better a rumble in yer guts than lead." (Says another.)
15. "Have yer damn coffee then," (says Sgt. O'Hara), "but don't yeh take any blarney from Jack 'n Oswald. Yeh'll fight whether or no yer pants pass inspection."
16. (Lepus says) "Wal, either way, I'll take a cup. Name's Lepus."
"Dickie."
"How do, I'm Jack Coney. This here with th' book is Oswald. Pull up a cartridge box 'n sit yerself down."
17. (A soldier bolts for the bushes.) "Don't mind him he's had too much coffee." (Jack)
18. Jan. 20th, 1864 That night went congenial enough, apart from the rain, and the mud, and the cold, and the fleas, and the beans, and... Next morning we marched up to the line. (Sound effects of guns.)
(At bottom of page.) I'm going to fight!
19. At first there's just a lot of waiting -- bayonets fixed and mud kicking up over our heads. There was nothing around but the stumps of trees that had been cut down by rifle fire. You could rake the ground with your fingers and come up with a half-dozen mini-balls. (Show hand with 2 bullets in her palm.)
(Bottom of page.) In our heads we hoped the order to charge would never come, but our stomachs wanted to get it over with.
20. Then -- charge! (Shows Rebs going over parapet.)
21. (She runs, rifle at guard, bullets whistling by. Full view of her body.)
22. (Sees Oswald drop at her side, bullet in head, view still her full body.)
23. (She stops, puts gun up to aim, but not all the way. Close up of her upper body.)
24. (She drops gun and runs away. Full body again.)
- 25, 26, 27, 28, 29... (Running sequence. She enters a thicket, bullets cutting twigs above her while Dixie dodges trees and pants.)
30. (She collides with a Yankee, also in the act of escaping. He has a rifle, she doesn't.)
31. (Yankee) "Don't shoot!"
(Dixie) "I s'rrender!"
32. (Dixie) "Wait a minute, I kent capture you -- you got the gun."
(Yankee) "Ahhh, it ain't loaded."
33. (Dixie) "Wal, then, you're lookin' fer trouble runnin' this way. Jest came from Confederate lines. What d' you want to go that way for if'n you don't got a loaded gun?"

34. (Yankee) "If there's Rebs that-a-way, what're you a-coming this-a-way for?" (They look each other over, warily.)
35. (Dixie) "I'm runnin' from Yankees. There more Yankees the way I come, an' this way there's jest you." (They circle around each other.)
36. (Yankee) "That's about so."
(Dixie) "'Pears then, that we're both gone about as far as's convenient, under the circumstances."
37. To make a long story short, we struck a bargain. We got a view of the battle and waited to see the outcome. If the Yankees won, Albert -- that were his name, Albert -- he'd take me prisoner and I'd be out of the war. If we won, I'd take him in with his own gun, and he'd be through with fighting. We thought it saved a lot of fuss either which way it went. Cuss the luck, though. We won. (The Rebel flag flies over the top of the ridge.)
38. (Marching Albert back to Rebel lines.) Leastways I'd return to my lines looking like a hero instead of a deserter.
39. "Oh shee-yit!" Only I went the wrong way again! (Meets Yankee troops head-on.)
40. (She runs like hell back to the woods, ducking under fire.)
41. Mar. 11th, 1864 (Map -- snow is on the ground now.)
We're at Mannassas Gap again. It's almost morning, and I've had a terrible 16th. birthday. The guys give me a Yankee pistol they liberated for a present, but I didn't get to keep it. I gave it awsy, for something much more valuable. Jack's brother Buck was missing after a skirmish, but Jack believed he warn't dead. So Jack and me, we went out to bring him back if he could be found.
(Jack) "He's my brother. I'll chance goin' over the clearin' whar I last seen 'm. But he might've crawled outer the field'a'fire an' inter that deep ravine over thar. Take a look-see that way, will yeh?"
(Dixie) "Sure Jack, sure." (Bodies scattered over the field, moans in the air.)
42. It wern't a dark night, but the bottom of that ravine was as black as pitch. The only light were the sparkle of the moon on the stagnant stream running a few feet away behind the trees. There were drifting patches of marsh gas too. But there weren't no snow. Roots clawed the naked ground like finger bones.
43. It weren't warn neither. Though it were cold enough up above, the mist off the water was like the chill out of a stone mauseum, and it stank like the breath of a corpse. A lot of men had died in this cut. But Lepus told me there'd been no fighting at the gap for several months!
44. I can't say there was much cause for it. I do not say there was anything moving midst the lights back of the trees, but my Colt pistol were more comfortable in my hand than holstered, somehow. The only sounds were the tap of the barrel of it against the trees as I felt my way. How would I ever find Buck down in such a place as this?
(Lights begin to take shape behind trees.)
45. By and by the lights were so busy it made me tired to look at them. I dropped behind a bush on the other side of the path, just for a rest. My teeth chattered so from the cold that it weren't very restful though.
(The lights take on almost human form.)
46. (They march in a column!)
47. (A ghost approaches where Dixie is hidden.)
48. Lands! I was too terrified to move! But it only stopped in front of me and got to making signs like it expected I passed time with ghosts every day of my life.
49. The more it made sign-language at me, the less I understood what it wanted. At last it simply pointed its dried-up stick of an arm down the path. When I didn't move, it came at me and I was washed over with a damnable cold. It nearly froze me so that I had to blink away the ice.
50. I judged it warmer down the path the way the ghost pointed, and went gamely enough. A hundred feet or so further along, the ghost floated in front of me, and pointed with that stick again off into the brush.
51. In a minute it had me climbing up the bank toward the moonlight. The blessed moonlight, and clean snow! But then about arm's reach from the top I heard a blood-curdling moan! It nearly froze me all over again.
52. But it were only Buck Coney, wounded, and in a tolerable amount of pain.
53. We were half way back to camp when the gunshot came up echoing, ghost-like, from the cold black heart of the ravine. It were only then I saw I hadn't got my pistol in my hand, nor that it weren't in my holster neither. The pistol were fired a moment ago by its rightful owner, I realized.
54. Later that morning, Jack allowed as I'd made a good trade. And all night while we was out searching, the boys back in camp said they'd heard guns, way, way off toward the Gap, but there weren't no battle that night, and we never heard nothing.
55. Aug. 28th, 1864 We're a few miles north of Gainesville today, near to Catharpin Run and the small village of Sudley Springs. (Map of area.)
56. Jack's been looking funny-like at me. I think he and the boys have been catching on, but no-one has said anything yet. They been finding me easy and safe things to do though, like today I got sent down to the spring with the canteens.
57. By and large, the Yankees don't bother us and we don't bother them over water when there's little, and we have to share it. Sometimes a more general truce is struck between us, and we trade with the Yanks. Our tobacc for their coffee or sugar. The Yanks always have more than they need, and are also well fed, have new uniforms, and shoes. They have too much powder too.
58. The bluejacket across the spring was fresh from a parade ground. At least he was newly outfitted, and I looked him over good, wishing I made a better example of the Flower of Southern Manhood. Or at least smelled less. It were his boots I admired mainly, but presently the Yank seemed kind of familiar-like. Then he spoke to me in a fine Tennessee accent!
59. Goddamn it if it weren't Johnie! Johnie, I said, what are you doing here dressed like that?

- (Johnie) "Dixie! No, y'cain't be you!"
- (Dixie) "Yes it is, Johnie. I joined up jest to be with you, an' they sent me wrong. Now here y' are five hunert miles from where yer s'posed to be, a Yankee, an' a damned turncoat!"
60. (Johnie) "It's like this, Dixie. I got captured by the Yanks at Murfreesboro, 'n they were a gonna send me up north t' a prison camp lessen I volunteered t' fight th' s'cession. I didn' have no choice!"
- (Dixie) "That don't explain nothin' Yank! Yeh've been shootin' at our boys -- maybe even at me -- to save your worthless hide! Yer worse'n a turncoat, yer nothin' but a coward!"
61. (Dixie) "I'll give yeh ten seconds to show me yer tail! Ten! Nine..."
- (Johnie) "Wait. Dixie? Does this mean we ain't engaged no more?"
- (Dixie) "Five... Four..."
62. (He runs -- Dixie cries and fires into the air without looking to see what she hits.)
- "Three.. Two... ONE!" --BOOM-- "B... bye Johnie."
63. (Just a night scene of the country, the full moon, and the lonely figure of Dixie.)
64. Aug. 29th, 1864 The Yankees attacked in force today. I were still thinking of deserting and going home when they pressed our left flank, where Lepus, Jack and the others were. I heard the rifle fire back along the Run, and knew I were behind enemy lines. There didn't seem any help for it but to high-tail it back, even if I got captured -- or shot. I wouldn't be no better than Johnie if I did anything else.
65. Just as I cleared some brush there was some Yankees before me, pinning down some of our boys. I took a bead and dropped the Sargent, and gave myself up for gone!
66. They threw up their rifles and took aim, all right, but...
67. When I opened my eyes, there they were, froze in their tracks and staring at me like they'd never seen a Reb before! It were just enough to let our boys rally. They charged up out of their rifle pits, and took the enemy from the rear.
68. Then I looked down and saw I'd lost the last button off my shirt! No wonder they'd stared!
69. Later, they told me our boys had advanced all along the line, throwing back the Yankee advance. Our right flank swung around toward Bull Run the next day, forcing the enemy to retire over the river to Centerville, and the second Battle of Manassas was won. All because I surprised a handful of Pope's men with an exposed front, so to speak.
70. The general hisself gave me a medal. (Only the general's hands and the medal are visible.) Then he discharged me from the irregulars as altogether too irregular for his army. He couldn't help but notice. The boys swore terrible oaths that there weren't an extra button in the whole camp, so my shirt was still open...
71. Aug. 30th, 1864 Today was the hardest part of being a hero. Going home again. Saying my goodbyes to Jack, Lepus, and the others near tore my heart out. I liked them boys more than I ever knew -- so much that I didn't want to go.

"Bye, Lepus. Jack." (Dixie)

(Lepus) "Dry them tears honey, yeh've lived in my tent through this whole campaign. I ain't lived all this time with a cry-baby have I?"

72. "We'll see yeh agin after the war y'know, Dick... Dixie." (Jack)
- "Maybe sooner'n yeh think. We're all goin' south agin, 'cordin' t' th' sarjint." (Lepus)
- "All right boys, git a move on..." (Sgt. O'Hara)
73. Then I was alone on the road, night coming on, and nothing to do but make a start for home. Only got a little way, though before I began to think.
74. Sure I'd been discharged right and proper, but I was leaving my comrades-in-arms. While I was safe and washing my frills on the farm, they'd be here facing danger still. Not to mention the dirt and bad coffee. It didn't seem right. No, it weren't right, unless what Johnie did was right too!
75. Could I be so sure that it wasn't? I ran away once too. And what makes me a hero but the endowments of nature?
76. So did I return to filth and fatigue and ever-present danger, or forgive a frightened boy? There was really only one answer to that, weren't there?



WEEPING, SAD AND LONELY: OR WHEN THIS CRUEL WAR IS OVER"

Weeping, sad and lonely,
 Hopes and fears, how vain.
 When this cruel war is over,
 Praying! that we meet again."

THE CRUEL WAR IS WAGING

Oh, Johnny dear has gone away,
 Gone afar across the bay,
 Oh, my heart is sad and weary today,
 Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Shule, shule, shule aroon.
 Only time can heal my woe,
 Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
 Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll sell my cloak, I'll sell my reel,
 I'll sell my flax and spinning wheel,
 To buy my love a sword of steel,
 Johnny has gone for a soldier.

Shule, shule, shule aroon.
 Only time can heal my woe,
 Since the lad of my heart from me did go,
 Johnny has gone for a soldier.

I'll dye my dress, I'll dye it red,
 And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
 And through the streets I'll beg my bread,
 Johnny has gone for a soldier.