

**BETWEEN THE RIVERS:
A SOCIO-HISTORICAL ACCOUNT
OF HEGEMONY AND HERITAGE**

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ABSTRACT

Drawing from the writings of George Ritzer, James Scott, and others this paper offers a critical, first-person account of a people's struggle to defend their cultural heritage and connection to place against the Weberian application of "order," and "modernity" by government agencies attempting to "improve" their lives. This paper focuses on the experiences of the Between the Rivers people, who, since the eighteenth century, lived on an inland peninsula formed by the Cumberland, Tennessee and Ohio Rivers in far western Kentucky and extending into Tennessee, but the threat to placed cultures by the rationalized forces of "progress" applies to innumerable localities. Beginning with a sketch of the historical context in which geographical and social forces combined to forge a cultural heritage that is place specific, I move from the failed attempts to remain on the land as the Land Between the Lakes recreation area project culminated in a total population expulsion, to the twenty-first century struggle of a displaced people to retain ownership of their cultural heritage in the face of government attempts to "preserve" that heritage by usurping it as a commodity to market for heritage tourism.

REFLEXIVE STATEMENT

I was among the sixth generation on a Between the Rivers farm that had been in the family since the eighteenth century. Among my earliest memories are community gatherings to plan strategy in the fight for our place. As an adult I have taken my own children to innumerable gatherings of the same communities, now forcibly dispersed, to strategize in the same fight. While government policies, agencies and managers have retained little continuity, we remain the constant that unifies this struggle to retain the cultural connection to place that defines the land as an authentic "place." It is a fight that has become an essential part of what it means to be from Between the Rivers. It has become the fight for the very soul of my homeland and its authentic cultural heritage.

Early in my studies of sociology I encountered references to Max Weber (1947, 1958). I was excited to find a systematic and penetrating warning against the Orwellian evils of "rational" organization and the disastrous impacts it could have if not held in check. My enthusiasm quickly dissolved when my professor described Weber as a champion of bureaucracy and of the efficiency that rational organization promised for human progress.

How, I wondered at the time, could my reading of Weber be so dramatically different from that of my professor? Being from Between the Rivers, an inland peninsula formed by the Tennessee, Cumberland and Ohio Rivers in far western Kentucky and Tennessee, I had experienced what it was like to have the powerful social machinery of bureaucracy bearing down on my world. I had lived through a total population expulsion at the hands of the Tennessee Valley Authority (TVA) for the sake of the Land Between the Lakes (LBL) project in the 1960s. This project was the culmination of a series of removals that had largely been justified by the assertion that our unique cultural heritage was "backwards" and that we were so impoverished (both culturally and economically) that we were being done a favor. The whole question of whether my interpretation of Weber was wrong was set aside, and I carefully avoided his writings to the extent my studies would allow.

Some twenty years later I found myself involved in renewed efforts to protect the Between the Rivers homeland and heritage and witnessed the transition of management from one form of government bureaucracy to another. I experienced first hand what changed and what remained the same, as first TVA and then the United States Department of Agriculture (U.S.D.A.) Forest Service attempted to usurp our cultural heritage for their own use as a commodity to be marketed as heritage tourism, denying us any standing as they did so. It was in that tumultuous context that I encountered George Ritzer's (1996) newly released work titled *The McDonaldization of Society*, which laid open the dark side of Weberian rational organization that had seemed so obvious to me years before. I found in this work, and in my rethinking of Weber, an initial theoretical framework for understanding why the struggle to retain ownership of our heritage was gaining no traction. The very agencies and policies created to protect our homeland and the culture embedded in that landscape threatened to destroy all that was authentic in order to preserve it. The officials who were charged with this preservation saw us as the major obstacle to managing the land and heritage with which they were entrusted. Later writings by Ritzer (2004, 2005) provided a language and a more nearly complete conceptual framework that resonated with the Between the Rivers struggle but offered no favorable outcome.

I searched for ways to apply existing laws pertaining to heritage preservation and encountered inexplicable resistance. In *Conserving Culture*, Mary Hufford (1994) describes the fragmented advances beyond initial attempts to legislate protections for local cultures. As those working with heritage issues in many disperse fields found overlapping concerns, they began to share resources and information. The result was a gradual emerging of consensus for "...shifting the government's preservation paradigm—away from a top-down, prescriptive approach to heritage planning toward an approach more open and responsive to grass-roots cultural concerns" (Hufford 1994: 1).

These were encouraging words, indeed. They seemed to both capture the frustrating impasse facing the Between the Rivers people and to outline the path to resolution. Unfortunately, Hufford's words had not reached beyond the academic community to government policy makers and policy implementers. With great expectation and more than a little naïveté, I provided to appropriate agency officials my literature-based advice on managing heritage. That included my co-authored paper with Thomas King (Nickell and King 2004) using the Between the Rivers cultural heritage as a case study demonstrating how government regulations are often misapplied and how this might easily be corrected. I erroneously assumed that such evidence would alter their behavior. Proper application of the government's regulations was their job, after all. The result was an overwhelming disinterest followed by concerted efforts first to dismiss and discredit those of us who raised the issues, and then to circumvent the organized and long-standing efforts of the Between the Rivers people to be involved in defining and conserving our own cultural heritage.

James Scott's (1998) *Seeing Like a State* provided significant insight into the government's resistance to the efforts by the Between the Rivers people to preserve our local culture and heritage. A state, he explains, attempts to bring people and resources under its authority by working with models of the world rather than with the world itself. The people and the resources must be made "legible" by placing them into a rational model that lends itself to efficient calculation and manipulation by distant "experts" who need have no direct knowledge of the place or the people who are the subjects of that model. A state may then use its power "to bring about huge, utopian changes in people's work habits, living patterns, moral conduct, and worldview" (p. 5). The model is manipulated until it theoretically produces the desired results; then it is imposed upon particular places through official policy and regulation. These policies and regulations are implemented by underling officials who have detailed knowledge of the model and authority to do whatever is necessary to impose the model anywhere they are instructed to. One place is considered to be the same as any other. The complexities of the many and diverse local realities of human praxis

are necessarily excluded from consideration, which can prove devastating to communities and places that do not adequately fit the plan.

Though Scott (1998) utilizes numerous anecdotes to illustrate his thesis, his prime examples are Soviet collectivization and the forced villagization in Tanzania. He mentions in passing that he originally intended to include as an example "the Tennessee Valley Authority, the United States' high modernist experiment and the granddaddy of all regional development projects" (p. 6). This paper will show that the "granddaddy of all regional development projects" was, for the Between the Rivers people, but one stage in a long-term persistent colonial agenda continuing to be endured and resisted by the Between the Rivers people. That agenda may have first gained a fully rationalized form when the TVA began its massive efforts to "improve" our lives, but TVA was merely a continuation of the agenda to bring structure to disorder that was already shaping our ancestors' settlement of the Between the Rivers peninsula through land grants at the close of the Revolutionary War. This agenda continues, in evermore rational and extensive form, into the twenty-first century as heritage officials dodge our concerns and objections in order to accomplish their official mandates. The result is a long history of struggle against cultural hegemony as official policy and formal authority clash with local traditions and informal patterns of legitimate authority that do not fit the government's model.

In what follows, I offer a socio-historical critical account of ill-fated attempts by Between the Rivers people to block rationalized government efforts to improve our lives. The evolving government model, by its continued inability even to recognize the complexities and specificities of local culture, has imposed a generic definition upon us and thus continues to externalize us from our own placed identity. James Scott (1998) puts it this way:

The state...is the vexed institution that is the ground of both our freedoms and our unfreedoms. ...certain kinds of states, driven by utopian plans and an authoritarian disregard for the values, desires, and objections of their subjects, are indeed a mortal threat to human well-being. Short of that draconian but all too common situation, we are left to weigh judiciously the benefits of certain state interventions against their costs. (P. 7)

Without critical examination nothing has prevented the scale from tipping toward colonialism and imperialistic outcomes for the Between the Rivers people. The result has been a slippage into hegemonic conflict in which we must fight for ownership of our heritage and our ability to define ourselves within it. It is not true that all government programs designed to benefit the people have such disastrous outcomes. This paper focuses on the Between the Rivers struggle as an example of how government programs can go awry and the difficulty involved in correcting the situation.

I divide the paper into four main sections. The first lays out the early settlement of the peninsula in accordance with government policy and how the geographic and socio-historic forces resulted in the construction of a place-based cultural identity that was independent of that policy. The second section covers the series of government attempts to bring "improvement" to our lives by means of its models of "progress" and "preservation," with the resulting deconstruction of our cultural heritage. In the third section I describe recent interactions between government agencies and the Between the Rivers people that have resulted in my rethinking the concepts of heritage, place-specific culture, and what it means to have ownership of one's cultural heritage stripped away. In the final section I offer what I believe is an inkling of a way forward, allowing the reconstruction of the Between the Rivers cultural heritage in a manner that will acknowledge "ownership" of the heritage by the Between the Rivers people rather than impose from above a generic model designed by outside experts.

CONSTRUCTION OF A PLACED CULTURAL HERITAGE

Geographical realities and social forces combine to shape how people live their everyday lives. Over time these everyday activities alter the geographical realities and even how larger social forces, originating from "outside," are experienced. In such a context the people no longer live in a mere location among many possible locations but rather in a socially constructed "place" embedded with shared meanings, collective memories and common assumptions sedimented to form a multi-generational continuity. A constructed "place" defines the people as much as the people have defined the place.

In this section I summarize the multi-generational experiences that transformed the peninsula located between the rivers into Between the Rivers as a true place. I divide this process into two thematic headings: (1) the initial settlement of the peninsula by early social planning and (2) the brief exposure to the Industrial Revolution of the nineteenth century with the resulting early community-based conservation efforts.

Initial Social Planning on the Peninsula by Way of Frontier Settlement Policy

By official accounts, the inland peninsula that is the focus of this analysis remained uninhabited by Native Americans long before the historical period (U.S.D.A. Forest Service 2002). The first wave of European settlement began in the 1780s, when Revolutionary War veterans were given land in the area as payment for their service in the attempt to extend and regulate settlement throughout the new nation as rapidly as possible. The farm settled by Jeremiah

Nickell was located in Virginia, near the Tennessee River, which was the far western boundary for that portion of the nation. In 1792 Kentucky became a state, with the Nickell farm on its far western edge. Everything west of the Tennessee River remained designated as Indian Territory by treaty until the Jackson Purchase continued the efforts to push the rationalized structure of State governance further into the frontier. The drive for expansion, justified as "manifest destiny," had been the impetus for policy and action since at least the time of the Pilgrims' landing at Plymouth Rock (Turner 1996; Slotkin 1973). This program of western expansion was a deliberate attempt to impose the order of civilization on the chaos of wilderness, and the moral imperative of a manifest destiny provided whatever justification that might be needed at each stage.

The rivers inscribing the peninsula were a natural obstacle to travel, settlement, and commerce so the peninsula continued to exist in a migration shadow; the routes of less resistance went around the 40-mile peninsula. The rivers may even be said to have resulted in a population that self-selected for independence of character. As late as the mid-twentieth century a large portion of the peninsula's population remained descendants of the early pioneering veterans. Access to the peninsula was primarily by ferry, which created a strong sense of "insiders" and "outsiders," strengthened by the clear perception of a common heritage and distinct community structure. Amenities and the government agencies that were shaping daily life across the rivers from the peninsula were often only marginally present or absent altogether. Between the Rivers, even though the area officially shared the same state and county governments as those surrounding areas. With both county and state boundaries in flux, the sense of "belonging" to any of those governing entities remained tentative (Wallace 1992). The Nickell farm has been located in two states and three Kentucky counties and is now controlled by the federal government.

Life in the northern part of the peninsula, where our farm was located, was heavily influenced by the Coalins, a piece of wild terrain that ultimately centered the settled land. (The origin of the name "Coalins" is unknown.) Land grants and land patents provided each war veteran an exact number of acres but, because formal surveys of the area were not yet completed, specified only a general location, leaving the settlers free to lay out their farms according to the geographic realities between the large rivers. The Coalins was so rugged, with deep folds in the hills and both rock and ore protruding from the thin soil, that the original settlers avoided it. The result was that as communities built up, they ringed this rugged terrain with no one having filed a claim to it.

As unclaimed land surrounded by communities that were effectively insulated from outside influences and regulation, the Coalins helped define and was defined by the pattern of life that was emerging Between the Rivers. It belonged to no one, so it effectively belonged to everyone. It was a remnant piece of the

unclaimed world surrounded by communities and farms. It was very early on that turning livestock into the forest of the Coalins to forage during times of pasture shortage became a common practice. Families established their own brands to identify their cattle and their own ear notches to identify their hogs.

Ferries had provided ready access to the outside soon after settlement, but the people between the rivers remained leery of outsiders. Within living memory, the ferry operators would ring their bell as they approached the landing if they were carrying outsiders. Most of the homes used dinner bells as a form of communication among homesteads and across the communities—distinctive rings could not only signal dinner, but summon help, indicate a death, or call people to a meeting. The signal indicating the presence of outsiders would be passed from bell to bell across the community. This insulated agrarian way of life, however, did not offer an impermeable barrier to the social changes of the nineteenth century.

The Industrial Revolution's Short Presence Brings Lasting Change

The Coalins, to my knowledge, was never called a "commons," but that was the informal pattern of agrarian use that emerged. Lacking official regulation, people relied on the informal trust and respect that had emerged through daily interdependence. The rapidly changing structure of commerce and ways of life off the peninsula had little influence on how things were done between the rivers. In 1841, however, Thomas Watson, a businessman from Nashville, Tennessee who had established several iron furnaces (which produced iron from raw ore and were thus vital to the nineteenth-century American manifestation of the industrial revolution) got wind of the abundance of iron ore in the area (Henry 1975). He discovered that no legal claim to the Coalins land had been filed in government offices. Watson filed legal papers and acquired a land patent on all unclaimed land in the Coalins area—roughly 37,000 acres—and the iron industry made its entrance between the rivers. Shortly after establishing legal title to the land, Watson entered a partnership with a speculator from New Jersey named Daniel Hillman. When Watson died in 1846, Hillman retained the title.

The iron furnaces were shut down during the Civil War due to Union concerns that the iron could benefit the Confederacy. Though re-opened after the war, by the 1880s the iron industry's operations between the two rivers had ceased to be significant, and Hillman moved his operations to Birmingham, Alabama (Henry 1975). Yet even while the iron industry was making its short run between the rivers, the communities there continued to use the Coalins as a commons for grazing and hunting. They simply worked around the "foreigner's" iron operations. As sections of the forest were cleared to fuel the furnaces, new land was opened for grazing. According to documents from the time, community

members expressed relief when the intrusive iron industry was finally gone (Henry 1975). In the late nineteenth century, the Hillman family sold its title to the land (Hudson 1999). By 1901 Hillman and the industry operations had been long gone and the title had passed through a series of quiet transfers in distant courthouses, ending up in the hands of an investment group from St. Louis. That group formed a company called the "Hillman Land and Iron Company," with an eye on the market for cross ties for the railroads that were receiving unprecedented government favor for opening the west to rapid settlement and modern commerce. The vast stands of timber still remaining between the rivers were attractive to the economic speculation that was defining the broader American culture as the twentieth century began. Nevertheless, even the market for cross ties, which never became what the outside investors had hoped, dwindled after the First World War, and cross tie production all but ceased, leaving the Coalins idle except for the continued traditional uses by the Between the Rivers people.

By 1908, several local farmers had united to initiate aggressive wildlife conservation efforts on their farms to protect the dwindling numbers of wild turkey, white-tailed deer, and other wildlife—and the forest itself. Arrangements were made with the overseer of the Hillman land to expand this conservation effort onto the Coalins, with local farmers traveling off the peninsula to be officially sworn in as unpaid game wardens in 1912 (Henry 1975). They worked with their neighbors to assure that inappropriate hunting in the Coalins was controlled.¹ The day-to-day agrarian use of the Coalins by the locals, rather than being curtailed, became the core of the conservation efforts. The success of these community efforts would ultimately be their undoing.

DECONSTRUCTION OF A CULTURAL HERITAGE BY GOVERNMENT ASSISTANCE

As government programs to "improve" the lives of the people found their way onto the peninsula, the traditional ways of life of the people would be first modified, and sometimes criminalized, before finally being disrupted altogether. This deconstruction of the traditional ways of the Between the Rivers people came in successive waves as "problems" were identified and addressed by programmatic solutions from the government. Each stage replaced traditional patterns and social order with an "improved" model designed by distant experts to bring development and modernity to the lives of the people. This section is divided into two parts. The first describes how successful community-based conservation efforts between the rivers attracted the government, and its regulatory structure, onto the peninsula. This set the tone for government interactions with the Between the Rivers people and for the five waves of

population removal that followed. Part two describes these removals and their aftermath.

Native Initiative for Wildlife Conservation Attracts Government Regulation

The Hillman Company entered a cooperative agreement with Kentucky's new Fish and Game Commission, which was established in 1919 in response to the emerging realization that industrialization had taken a toll on the natural resources throughout the state. Though legal title to the Coalins remained with this St. Louis investment company, the land was given the official title of "Hillman Game Refuge," which provided the state Fish and Game Commission the authority to trap turkey and deer. There is evidence that this odd arrangement between the Hillman Company and the state of Kentucky was the result of the Hillman Company having fallen behind on its property taxes (Hudson 1999). The Hillman Game Refuge (the Coalins) became the source of game for restocking the refuges being established throughout the state (Doerner et al. 2005). All use by the Between the Rivers people was banned under the new refuge rules because their access to the land was inconsistent with the government restoration program. Where no monopoly of use had ever existed, the government now claimed exclusive rights.

Through these changes the local residents continued uninterrupted their practices of open grazing, planting, communal hay cutting, and supplemental hunting on the Coalins. The use of the Coalins as a commons was structured by community customs and assumptions extending across five generations with no formal regulation. Legitimate authority was earned by those who had proven themselves capable through long community engagement. Still this would be challenged by the Coalins' new formal status as "public" land, which is not compatible with traditional community use as a commons. The unpaid game wardens had their limited official status revoked, having evidently not done much to restrict use of the land that the Between the Rivers natives saw as an essential component of day-to-day living as well as a long-standing tradition. The government has, to this day, not acknowledged our early conservation efforts, which incorporated the long-standing traditional use of the Coalins as a commons and which gave way to the Hillman Game Refuge.

Government Assistance Brings Population Removals and a Promise

It is not always true that government "improvements" require the removal of populations, but for the Between the Rivers people "government help" became associated with forced removal. Implementation of plans from afar resulted in

five rounds of removals in one generation and brought dramatic change to the lives of the people. These removals would leave our cultural heritage connected to the place by only a promise. These five removals and their aftermath are described in the six parts that follow.

The Resettlement Administration: The New Deal arrives. Just as with the rest of the nation's farming communities, the Between the Rivers people failed to notice much difference when the Great Depression officially hit. Access to the Coalins and cooperation among neighbors had supplemented family resources and supported the way of life on the peninsula. Family and neighbors simply took precedence over legal boundaries and regulations. Phil Harrell (2000) recounts how his "Grandmother Atwood" was told that a young family was building a house on the far edge of her farm. It was the depth of the Depression, and her response was, "It's hard times. I'm not using it; let them build."

Such attitudes about neighbors and boundaries did not mesh with the legalistic model that was structuring life off the peninsula. These informal ways must have caused dismay for the record keepers in the government courthouses. Well into the mid-twentieth century it had been a common practice for families to take up temporary residence according to the season and the work at hand. They might move the entire family to a small building or camp along the river when fishing and mussel harvesting, then move the family to another dwelling when labor was needed for farm work, and still another while working in the forest. Existing structures might be occupied by different families at different times—or stand vacant until "fixed up" for another round of use. Where a family was living at any given time might have little relation to who "owned" the land. Such arrangements were consensual rather than legal. Even families with a central home on established farms often relocated during the winter months so that the children could be within walking distance of a school. Cultural values and folkways that were reflections of our geography had emerged, and the geography was coming to reflect our cultural patterns.

The outsider's claims to the Coalins land, first for the iron industry and then for access for tie production by the St. Louis company, had never caused much interference with the traditional usage by the Between the Rivers people. Titles changed hands in distant courthouses, but to the locals it was still the Coalins and traditional patterns continued to shape its use with little conflict. Yet, with the formal designation of "game refuge," the state was making its first serious attempts to claim authority on the peninsula by imposing not only an official title but also regulation of the use of the Coalins. Conflicts and frustrations were inevitable.

The Resettlement Administration, one of numerous New Deal programs, arrived in 1935 to "assist" the people by freeing them from land that would not

support a modern lifestyle. The farms that adjoined the Coalins (now officially the Hillman Game Refuge) were declared to be unsuitable for profitable agriculture (Hudson 1999). Technically, this was not a use of eminent domain, but the effect was the same. The farms were condemned, families compensated in an amount the government determined to be "fair," and the land became property of the federal government. This was the first of five waves of removal of families from between the rivers.

Many families who lost their farms through the Resettlement Administration managed to find land between the rivers and resumed their way of life—others had to leave the peninsula. Through the Resettlement Administration, the federal government also took possession of the 37,000-acre Hillman Game Refuge from the St. Louis firm in 1936. Combined with the farms that the Resettlement Administration took from the families, the federal government now held approximately 56,000 acres between the rivers (Hudson 1999). In 1938, by Executive Order (E.O. 7966) of President Franklin Delano Roosevelt, this entire block of Resettlement Administration land became the Kentucky Woodlands National Wildlife Refuge as part of the newly emerging federal conservation program. That Refuge became recognized as the only source of abundant wildlife in Kentucky. The federal government had found its way Between the Rivers, and it brought managers to enforce its regulatory authority. The success of the wildlife conservation initiative of the Between the Rivers people had attracted the interest of the government, first state then federal.

Carolyn Bonner (1999) recalls the first time she saw one of the federal refuge signs, sometime in the late 1940s. It was the first "real" sign she had ever seen. Not even a stop sign had intruded on the lives of the Between the Rivers people, but now federal officials had moved in among them with signs and regulations to bring the rationalized model of modernity.

Numerous official reports were filed expressing frustration with the inability to control the open grazing and hunting by the locals. The government experts wanted to eliminate the traditional use of the land in order to "protect" it through regulated use. In 1941 the federal government began impounding livestock found on the refuge. The Between the Rivers constables (chosen by community members from the Between the Rivers communities in compliance with new regulations that required a police presence) arrested the federal Fish and Wildlife Service officials for taking the livestock and interfering with the people's use of the land. They remained in jail for eight hours before federal authorities intervened and had the Wildlife officers released (Lane 2003). This clash with the government marked another escalation of widespread bad feelings between the people and the government officials.

The Kentucky Dam Project: government improvement gains institutional form. In early 1941 TVA announced its plans for a high dam on the Tennessee River. TVA had been working its way through the Tennessee Valley since its inception as a New Deal program in 1933. The ultimate goal of TVA was social engineering (Caldwell 1952; Munzer 1969). It was established to bring the rural South, which was seen as lagging behind the rest of the nation both economically and culturally, into compliance with the new vision of modernity. Donald Davidson (1978) even argued that because establishment of an agency to modernize the South had been repeatedly proposed since very early in the twentieth century, TVA should be seen as the last of the Reconstruction programs that followed the Civil War. The goal was to bring the entire nation into a single cultural and economic model.

TVA's efforts began with the conversion of an uncompleted World War I munitions plant at Muscle Shoals, Alabama to production of artificial fertilizer and the demonstration of its use to the region's farmers. TVA was also mandated to develop a master plan for regulating the region's many rivers through construction of a coordinated series of navigation dams, beginning with the impassible falls at Muscle Shoals, in order to bring modern commerce to the South. Almost as an afterthought it was added into the mission that TVA could generate electricity from its constructed dams and thus extend modernity into rural areas where providing electricity had never been profitable for private companies. To many, this appeared as socialism, making TVA controversial from its very beginnings. Due to this controversy, President Franklin Delano Roosevelt chartered TVA as a semi-private government agency. Rather than being dependent on appropriations from Congress, TVA was established with the power to use eminent domain under its own authority, thus allowing it to take property for demonstration projects and then to sell it as "surplus property" to finance its own projects. Congress could control TVA's actions only to the extent that appropriations were provided; otherwise TVA could operate as a private company generating revenues from its own operations. TVA's ability to operate outside the conventional government structure to achieve the government's goal of bringing modernity to the region would define much of what was to follow for the people who lived between the rivers.

The many low dams constructed by TVA provided flood control and dependable river traffic, but did not inundate much of the surrounding land. This high dam on the lower Tennessee River, to be called Kentucky Dam, would produce one of the largest man-made reservoirs in the nation, to be called Kentucky Lake. The Between the Rivers people had heard of the dam project, but assumed it was to be another of the low dams. It was not until surveyors began painting elevation numbers on trees across farms, and through yards, that reality hit home. The project made no sense from the perspective of the people.

How could even the government permanently flood more prime farm land than had ever been flooded by the worst of the natural floods and call it "flood control?" The initial reaction was to assume an attitude that had served the Between the Rivers people well for generations: they would just ignore outsiders and continue their lives as before. If they refused to acknowledge the government's authority the project could not go forward; or so they believed.

This, according to many stories from the time, is when the people first became aware of the government's power of eminent domain. That the government could take your land against your will was unbelievable to these descendants of Revolutionary War veterans. This was a government power that could not simply be ignored. Efforts to organize an opposition to the project were in their early stages when, in December of 1941, Pear Harbor was attacked. The Kentucky Dam project was declared a matter of national security due to the electricity it would produce, and opposing the government became as untenable as ignoring it. Families that had made their lives along the Tennessee River for generations received notice that the government had established an "offered" price for their land, which could not be challenged, and that the land must be vacated by a designated date.

While a significant portion of the adult male population was gone to war, whole communities scrambled to relocate farms that had been in place for generations. Louis Vogel's experience was perhaps exemplary of what the families along the Tennessee River were enduring. His family had run the Star Limeworks quarry and kiln for generations. He argued that because of extensive limestone deposits, his land was worth far more than TVA's determined value. After lengthy and contentious exchanges with the local officials implementing the project, Vogel traveled to TVA's headquarters in Tennessee to plead his case before a TVA board (Travis 2000).

TVA experts testified at that hearing that the quality of the stone on the Vogel land was of such low quality that it was of no value, and because the land had been quarried it was of no use as even farmland. The "offered" price was determined to be more than generous. TVA constructed railroad tracks from the dam site to the Vogel land and quarried, by all estimates, several million dollars worth of stone to construct Kentucky Dam. The Vogel family left the area after Louis Vogel died of a heart attack, which the family and community members always believed was the result of his treatment by TVA.

With a short time allowed, families not only had to find a place to relocate, but they had to construct homes, barns, and fences and relocate livestock, equipment and other rudiments of traditional farming life. In the midst of the resulting chaos, some cemeteries were moved in time; others remain below the waters of Kentucky Lake. Schools and churches—the centers of community life—were forced to move or were disbanded altogether. The most productive crop ground

became a lake bottom. Even those whose houses were beyond the take level for the project found that their ability to make a living was greatly affected. Long established community structure was obliterated.

Those families along the Tennessee side (as the edge of the peninsula bordering the Tennessee River was called) who could keep their homes found ways to adapt as best as they could. The land above the water level that was now TVA property was soon declared "surplus" and sold as lakefront lots, bringing several new residents to the peninsula—mostly as summer or retirement homes or hunting cabins. The massive lake opened opportunities for new enterprises, including small boat docks, bait shops, and rental cabins for the hunters and fishers who were drawn to the lake and the Woodlands Refuge, where hunting was allowed by permit to visitors, but not to the locals. Of those who were forced to relocate, those who could found land between the rivers.

The Barkley Dam Project: distant master plans bring more dramatic change. The Between the Rivers way of life had begun to stabilize when, in the late 1950s, it was announced that Barkley Dam would be built just across the peninsula from Kentucky Dam on the Cumberland River. It would be another high dam, producing another massive impoundment, which would be named Barkley Lake. The project had strong support from much of the surrounding region, where people had been promised the economic windfall of a tourism Mecca. This project was part of TVA's original comprehensive plan to regulate river-based commerce, but opponents of TVA had complained that it was moving outside the Tennessee Valley into the Cumberland River Valley and questioned the agency's authority for the project. That objection resulted in the transfer of the project to the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers. The Between the Rivers people saw only the continued plans for improvement that were disrupting their lives; that a different agency was in charge made little difference.

Again the Between the Rivers people found themselves scrambling to move farms, cemeteries, churches, and schools. Again some cemeteries had to be left behind, whole communities were disbanded, and families were left to find a way to fit into the portion of the peninsula that remained above the water. The events surrounding a woman named Babe Williams became emblematic of the Barkley Lake project and foretold what lay ahead as government improvements would escalate.

Babe Williams (known locally as "Miss Babe") had never been married and farmed land that had been in her family since the original settlements. Her land was the site for the dam itself. The only time she had ever left the farm was to attend the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, where she developed her talents as a painter. The independent ways that she had learned from working a farm on her own were a challenge to government attorneys. Condemnation notices and

letters from government agencies simply went unopened. After nearly two years of attempting to remove her, with government bulldozers already working in the river bottoms of her farm, a pickup truck with government officials approached her two-story house. They got out of their truck and walked up the path toward her house, shouting that they had come to remove her. She reached inside the door of the house, took out a double-barreled shotgun and blew the windshield out of their truck. The agents drove back across her field without Babe Williams.

A few weeks later the Corps of Engineers convinced the mayor of nearby Grand Rivers, who knew Babe Williams well, that if he would bring her to their office, which was over an hour away, they would work out an agreement with her. The mayor told me the story years later. He swore till his death that he had believed the government officials were on the level. When Miss Babe and the Mayor arrived at the office they were escorted into a back room and offered coffee. After waiting for some time they realized no one was there to meet with them and so they left. As they began the descent into the river valley they could see smoke rising. The government bulldozers had pushed the stone columns from the front of Babe Williams' house through the walls, shoved all that remained into a pile, and set it afire. Her possessions, including a lifetime of paintings, were inside.

Babe Williams remained in the area for the rest of her life, but never cashed the government condemnation check. This was the only event of this kind reported by the local media. The numerous confrontations that were to come went unreported, apparently because they were seen as unfortunate, but necessary, steps to deal with the backwards and stubborn people standing in the way of progress and economic development.

A federal attorney who worked on the condemnation of land appeared on a local television program years later. He told the interviewer that he believed at the time that he was just doing his job and had thought nothing about it. He confessed that he had misrepresented the people and the value of the land and lied repeatedly to get the land condemned as quickly and as cheaply as possible. He concluded, "If I die and go to Hell, it won't be for drinking whiskey and chasing women; it will be for what I helped do to the Between the Rivers people" (video recording of the interview is in the author's possession).

Refuge replacement: when agency goals collide, the people lose. As the Barkley project neared completion many local residents had managed to find a place to live Between the Rivers. Others were forced to leave the peninsula. The last of the expansive and fertile crop ground was disappearing beneath the second lake, forcing the people to look for new ways to survive economically. Some adapted by opening new businesses of their own, including additional rental cabins, bait shops, boat docks and even small motels to accommodate the

increasing number of tourists coming for the two lakes and the wildlife refuge. Before people could settle into the new circumstances, however, they learned that the legislation authorizing Barkley Dam had included a provision to comply with a little known law passed since Kentucky Dam had been completed. When one government agency, through its actions, affects property held by another government agency, the agency causing the damage must compensate the agency harmed. Barkley Lake flooded the bottom lands contained within the Kentucky Woodlands National Wildlife Refuge, managed by the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service. Plans for the Barkley Lake project had been in place long before the public was informed, and the Fish and Wildlife Service had conducted its own preparatory study (United States Department of Interior 1957). That study determined that the bottom land to be flooded had a very high carrying capacity for wildlife; the carrying capacity on the upland ridges was much lower and would not sustain nearly the same level of wildlife. Thus, the Corps of Engineers would have to compensate the Fish and Wildlife Service for the loss of carrying capacity, not just the acres lost. This was not to be cash compensation, but rather would require a replacement of land to equal the original capacity—even though the wildlife found in the upland habitat would not be the same species displaced by the flooding of the river bottom habitats.

The experts had calculated that it would take 10 to 15 acres of upland habitat to "replace" each acre of lost bottomland habitat (many from Between the Rivers wished they had gotten the same deal). This replacement, of course, would take the form of yet another round of eminent domain, taking the replacement land from private citizens. Counting the Resettlement Administration relocation, Kentucky Dam, and Barkley Dam, this was now the fourth round of removals between the rivers. Many people had already been forced to move multiple times. As Koochie Pinnegar described it to me, "Every time you would about get settled in, here they would come again; and they acted like it was your fault for being in their way" (audio recording of conversation in possession of author). It was common for people to find another place, move in, and then discover their land had, again, been condemned—with the "offered" price being less than that for which they had just purchased it.

Hurried and rudimentary government surveys were made of potential Native American sites that would be destroyed by these projects but no government agency tried to identify, much less protect, sites significant to the cultural heritage of the Between the Rivers people. The Corps of Engineers did move the grave of Thomas Watson—the Nashville speculator who had filed claim to the Coalins land for the iron industry—above the water line of Barkley Lake and erected a marker proclaiming him to be our most prominent citizen.

By the early 1960s most residents along the "Cumberland side" (the edge of the peninsula along the Cumberland River) had either been forced to evacuate

the peninsula or had managed to find a place on higher ground and begun the process of adapting traditional ways to the new situation in order to make a living. Many stories persist about events that occurred in places now beneath Kentucky and Barkley Lakes. I have often stood with elders from Between the Rivers who will point out into a bay with a broad sweep of their hand and recount memories—some direct, others passed down through generations—of a human geography that is no longer there.

The farm where I was born was located near the northern end, where the peninsula narrows dramatically. Our place had originally reached from the Tennessee River, across the peninsula's ridge, and down to the Cumberland River. The fertile river bottom crop ground on either side of the farm was now beneath very large lakes. As of yet, however, our place had mostly escaped the devastation of government projects. We still had our ancestral home and family cemetery, and the sixth generation was still drinking from the same spring that had led Jeremiah Nickell to settle there. Despite government intrusions and disruptions, a vital continuity of life persisted, and enough land remained for most to undertake traditional practices within the communities. Most residents were finding ways to supplement their income by adapting to our "improved" environment and by adapting it to our ways. The Woodlands Refuge, which contained the Coalins, had swollen to approximately 70,000 acres from the replacement of flooded land and was an attraction for outsiders seeking access to "nature." Still the government projects had not yet run their course.

The Land Between the Lakes Project: terminal improvement arrives. The families remaining on the peninsula had little time to adjust to the changes resulting from the construction of Barkley Lake and the Refuge expansion before an article appeared in the regional newspapers announcing that President Kennedy had endorsed the Land Between the Lakes (LBL) project. LBL would be a 170,000-acre National Recreation Area equivalent to the Wilderness Areas found in the western U.S. (Wallace 1992). This was to be accomplished by a fifth round of forced expulsions. Only this time all of the nearly 1,000 families who remained between the rivers would go. The article in the papers was the first solid information about the project, and it was already a done deal. No one had asked our opinion.

As the scramble for information and options began, it was learned that this project had been on the drawing board for some time. Harold Van Morgan, a TVA planner, had been assigned to find a way to compensate for the lost tax base that resulted from the many government projects in the region. With so much land taken out of private ownership by the government projects, the resulting loss in tax revenues, coupled with the loss of income the removed families would have contributed to the local economies, there was a negative effect on potential

regional development. Social engineering, bringing modernity to our "backwards" culture, had been TVA's original goal, but their actions were having the opposite effect. To salvage their efforts to "improve" our lives we would now face terminal improvement. In the late 1990s I contacted Morgan, who was then nearing 90 and living in Paducah, Kentucky. He invited me to come talk with him. He was unapologetic for the events surrounding the formation of LBL. In fact, he expressed pride in his brainchild.

Harold Van Morgan told me that after lengthy consideration of options for offsetting the negative economic impacts of the government land acquisitions in the region, a colleague suggested that he "give it [the land] back to the Indians," meaning that the peninsula would be reverted to a completely natural condition. He took as his model for the project the Great Smokey Mountains National Park. That park was maintained in a natural condition with no commercial developments and only those services and facilities inside that were necessary for public safety and minimal maintenance operations. The result was a "green magnet" that was becoming ever more attractive to visitors as the surrounding region became increasingly developed. While the park would attract them, the private sector in the surrounding area would provide all their needs. This had, in fact, resulted in private investment in the surrounding area. The famous tourist attractions in the many small towns surrounding the Smokey Mountains were the proof of the model's viability. LBL was to be a demonstration of how public ownership of land, properly managed, could stimulate the economy of a region rather than drain it.

The original plan for LBL was drawn up by the National Park Service (U.S. Department of Interior 1961) and included provision for many already existing businesses and some communities to remain in private ownership in order to serve the public. I mentioned to Mr. Morgan that my family had once held out hope that we would be among those allowed to stay. His response was quick and defensive: "Boy, we did you a favor. You were living in a rural slum."

I changed the subject by asking why the Park Service plan had been abandoned and the project taken over by TVA. He explained that the National Park Service had to go through the process of gaining Congressional approval and full appropriations for their projects. That could have taken a couple of years. "But," he said, "we [the U.S. Government] had to hurry because Barkley Lake was nearly completed and the land values were about to go so high that Congress would never have approved the project." With the second lake complete, our homeland would be transformed into some of the most valuable real estate in the central United States and Congress was unlikely to approve spending the money necessary to obtain it. The TVA Act of 1933 gave TVA the authority to use eminent domain without going through the full approval process, if it were for the purpose of a "demonstration." Transferring the project to TVA

would allow the project to go forward immediately and thus take advantage of the still cheap land prices. Mr. Morgan had just told me that we were done a favor because we lived in a rural slum but that they had to hurry to do us that favor because the nearly 1,000 families still living between the rivers were about to get rich, and he evidently saw no contradiction at all. Those words still haunt me whenever I am told that we are all "better off" after having been forced out. That our lives were improved by the expulsion is a common assertion, even being prominently touted in the informational displays in LBL today. Social engineering in the name of progress had targeted us, and who were we to question their "improvement" of our lives?

For TVA's LBL demonstration project to work properly there could be no inholdings, not "even homes or farms," for if new facilities and services were to be barred, "the older ones must also fall within this bar" (Smith 1971: 92). Everything would have to go, with the peninsula being restored to as natural a condition as possible. Rumors circulated throughout the communities and often included outdated information from the Park Service plan. In preparation for that original plan, several individuals had been informed that they would be allowed to keep their businesses and that certain communities near the new entrances to the new park would be allowed to stay to provide services for the coming flood of tourists seeking to spend their dollars. It was as if they had been told they had won the lottery. This added to the confusion as the removals began. There seemed to always be a vague possibility and hope that staying might be an option. TVA appeared to play on these rumors to prevent organized opposition to their plan. The agency had, after all, been in the business of removing populations for their projects since 1933 and had become very efficient. Confusion of the people was an effective strategy.

A delegation from Between the Rivers managed to make the trip to Washington to see our Congressman, Frank Stubblefield, and the team was instructed to go back home and not to worry because there was no way the people could be forced to sell against their will for the sake of a recreation area. It was not until years later that I learned, from researching Congressional records, that Congressman Stubblefield had been a main proponent of the project and was working to ensure its implementation while telling us it could not happen. The deception delayed organized resistance.

At one point TVA hired and trained a team to go door-to-door throughout the peninsula explaining the purpose of the LBL project. The team was told to explain that TVA had to evacuate everyone in order to protect the land from the development that would be inevitable if left in private ownership. TVA explained before Congress and civic groups in the surrounding region the necessity of excluding all private ownership and commercial development from the peninsula in order for the demonstration to work. The people Between the Rivers were

assured that TVA was not taking our land for profit, but rather that it would "remain forever free to the public and undeveloped commercially" (Dulaney 1996). More than anything we wanted to keep our land and our communities, but we found some comfort in the assurance that this land that we considered sacred would stand forever in its natural state as a tribute to the unique culture of the seven generations of Between the Rivers people who had lived and worked there. Understanding that our land would be protected from outside intrusion and, in that way, that it would be forever "our" land brought some sense of compensation for our great loss. In the context of our total evacuation, we took seriously TVA's promise to us about the protection of our place. We came to call it The Promise. In time we would learn, however, that the government does not see promises in the same way we did.

When government surveyors began appearing and an LBL "acquisition office" opened, people attempted to gain information but found they were treated with contempt. As I later learned from my conversation with Harold Van Morgan, the government officials were so convinced they were doing us a favor by offering us an opportunity to be liberated from our way of life that resistance was seen as proof of our ignorance. Stories of being called ignorant, backward, and worse are ubiquitous among Between the Rivers people, yet there is no documentation of such treatment. The promotion to the surrounding region of the LBL project announced that the people being removed were being offered a tremendous opportunity and that the few resisters were simply evidence of how backward the Between the Rivers people were. I have often pondered the similarity to the former Soviet Union placing dissenters in mental institutions for their own well-being, because anyone who is not satisfied with a perfect society must be insane.

One of the first actions of the LBL project was to close our Between the Rivers schools and bus us around the lakes to the county schools. It was a one-hour bus ride each way for me. The Between the Rivers children stood out and were often subject to ridicule. Teachers used the LBL project as an example of the progress America was experiencing and decried us as examples of the futility of resisting change. My brother was even called "trash from Between the Rivers" in class by a teacher. I had never heard of "cultural hegemony" at the time, but I was living it.

It was discovered that the government could not base their "offered" price on a "drive-by appraisal." The people became vigilant and refused to allow the surveyors onto their land, with neighbors keeping watch over each other's property. The government responded by basing appraisals on tax records housed in the courthouses across the lakes. Teams of Between the Rivers people made a daily trek to the court house, checked out property records, and took turns sitting on them so that the TVA officials could not get access. This strategy worked until a court order gave the appraisers access to the records.

Rather than doing appraisals and condemnations across whole communities at a time, the acquisitions came in a pattern that seemed designed to break the opposition. Those who had purchased property after the dams were built, mostly for summer and retirement homes, were given a reasonable offer first. These people, having no cultural connection to the place, were not inclined to resist and took the "offers." This initial round of accepted offers was widely touted in the press and before Congress as evidence that the Between the Rivers people were willing sellers and eager to leave. No mention was made that these early sellers, though land owners, were not actually Between the Rivers people.

When it came time to remove the Between the Rivers people the method changed. The owner would receive a letter stating the "offered" price. This price was based on one-half the value of the farm land as assessed for tax purposes (with no consideration that it was now prime real estate located between two major lakes). Testimony before Congress justified this practice on the basis that (1) the low price was necessary to discourage the rampant land speculation that was taking place—evidenced by the number of individuals who had already been repeatedly bought out in previous projects and (2) the people were so impoverished that they were glad to take that amount, as evidenced by the low number of appeals of the price (Stubblefield 1968). Not included in that testimony was the fact that the only mechanism for appealing the price—no mechanism existed for appealing the taking—was to go before a three-person TVA review board that always lowered the "offered" price, often by half (Stubblefield 1968). It did not take long for word to circulate, and the number of appeals rapidly declined. We were described as a culture that had failed based on the steady decline in population on the peninsula over the past decades (U.S. Department of Interior 1961). No mention was made of the role four prior rounds of removals had played in this decline or that those who could find a way to stay on the peninsula had done so (I know one man who moved his two story house three times, the third time being across the lake. His wife told me the house has never been nailed to the foundation in its present location, in hopes that someday they may "take it back home.")

The letter revealing the TVA "offer" provided a date by which the land owner had to vacate. Federal marshals would then arrive and remove the family from the house—sometimes in hand cuffs—and bulldozers would push the house into a pile, burn it, and bury the ashes. All possessions still inside were burned with the house. Many people held out till the end, even knowing there was no way to stop the inevitable. TVA officials called them "staywarts." I have heard these people explain that, "I know right from wrong; what was being done was wrong, and I wouldn't pretend it was right." Others were left to this fate because they were not paid enough to afford another place. The daily stress—which stretched

on for years—of wondering when the letter would arrive took a tremendous toll in the communities, especially among the elderly. One elderly woman had her "sick bed" removed to her yard, from where she watched as a cable was wrapped around her house to pull it down. An elderly man, standing by the rubble of his freshly demolished home, was asked why he had not arranged to go elsewhere. His answer: "Where are you going to go when you're already home."

With nearly a thousand families looking for land across the new lakes, there was a real estate boom. The promised economic benefits for the surrounding region had materialized. For the Between the Rivers people this boom had a different face. Being paid one half the assessed tax value for their ancestral lands on one side of the lakes, then having to pay the tremendously inflated real estate prices on the other side of the lakes meant they were seldom able to acquire equivalent land and a home. Whole farms—farms that had been in the family since the eighteenth century—were traded for small lots with a house. Or, the entire "offered" amount was used to acquire land at the inflated price and their existing house was moved to the new location. Houses had to be loaded onto a truck, taken to the shoreline, loaded onto a barge and floated across the lakes. I remember sitting on our front porch on summer days, watching the neighbors' houses go down the road.

This relocation process required specialized equipment, and there were few people equipped to do the job. Rainy weather could put the house movers far behind schedule. Notifying TVA that the mover was behind schedule would not get an extension on the demolition deadline, and houses were sometimes destroyed before they could be moved, leaving families with nothing. A neighbor was in the process of moving his family's possessions from their house well before the scheduled demolition date when he returned to find the house had been destroyed. Upon inquiring why the house and their remaining possessions had been burned before their deadline arrived, he was told that TVA had begun a "scenic improvement" project. The officials had looked through the windows and "didn't see anything worth moving."

As entire communities were being evacuated, trucks and cars from across the lakes drove the Between the Rivers back roads seeking abandoned buildings from which they would take anything of value. As families tried to move their possessions, it became necessary to leave someone with the house to prevent looting. Our farm had a large shop filled with tools and farming accessories accumulated in the nearly 200 years we had lived there. These were more than old tools; they connected our daily lives into a six-generation continuum of caring for our place. We managed to salvage my great, great grandfather's anvil and a few other odds and ends, but most was lost to the rampant thieving.

Near the end of the population purge a well-maintained two-story house had been left by an elderly woman. The local five o'clock news ran a story that TVA had announced plans to use the house as a headquarters building. The ten o'clock news ran the story that the house had burned. The news story offered no explanation and the public remained mostly unaware of the conflict that was unfolding.

Congressman Stubblefield, who had told us the project could not happen without our consent and who at the same time deceptively pushed for its passage in Washington, had heard enough of the horror stories coming from Between the Rivers to have a change of heart—or at least to see the number of voters affected. Stubblefield took action by collecting a stack of affidavits about the abuses and mistreatments at the hands of the government. He used these to amend the TVA Act of 1933 (Stubblefield 1968: H.R. 4846 & S. 1637 to Amend the TVA Act of 1933), which altered TVA's power of eminent domain.

As a result of Stubblefield's amendment, those who now face loss of property by eminent domain may challenge the agency in court before a jury, rather than merely appealing to a three-person board of officials from the agency. This marked a major step in the rights of citizens when faced with the government's power of eminent domain. The people were ecstatic over the victory but because the property condemnation phase of the LBL project was already underway before the law was amended, the option for a jury trial did not apply to the Between the Rivers people. I have talked with many from Between the Rivers who remain proud of this victory won at our loss for the benefit of all who might someday face a similar situation. In the context of such terrible loss, a victory that could not apply to us was bittersweet.

The removals completed: the place and the people remain connected by The Promise. The fifth and final round of evacuations had begun in 1964, with a prediction that everyone could be removed in two years. Toward the end the remaining people endured the shutting off of electricity, the closure of access roads, and regular verbal abuse—all while attempting to avoid federal marshals. The last effort to stop the LBL project was finally defeated on February 23, 1972, when the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals issued a ruling on a class action suit filed by Between the Rivers people. Because the new amendment to the TVA Act did not apply to us, pooling funds and waiting for a law suit to work its way through the federal courts was the only option. The suit was specific in that it was not challenging the offered prices but rather the government's authority to use eminent domain just to establish a recreation area. The judge ruled that because LBL was established not as a regular recreation area, but rather as a demonstration of a new kind of management strategy for recreation areas, TVA did have the right to use eminent domain under its own authority, according to

the TVA Act of 1933. That ruling also formalized, in our minds, The Promise that the land would remain "forever free to the public and undeveloped commercially" (Dulaney 1996).

It was obvious from my conversation with Harold Van Morgan that the TVA officials had never understood why we would want to stay in what they saw as a "rural slum." They never saw the vital communities we knew and loved. They saw only an absence of amenities and an economy they could not calculate. They were blind to the rich cultural heritage that meant so much in our understanding of who we are. A TVA lawyer who came to our home to finalize details for our removal explained that "heritage isn't worth a dime" and could not be taken into account. As my 95-year-old aunt recently put it: "TVA told us we were poor and needed their help, but it was news to us. The only change I saw when the government arrived was that we had to put locks on the doors." How we valued our place and how the government valued it could not have been in greater disagreement.

It was not uncommon for the older people to suffer heart attacks, strokes, or other fatal afflictions before removal. Many had sworn they would never leave, and they kept their word. Some committed suicide after their removal. There are people still living who never cashed the condemnation check, refusing to give legitimacy to what was done. In the end, the expulsion was complete. Those who did not appeal to the three-person TVA board or wait for the federal marshals and bulldozers to remove them are officially listed as "willing sellers."

As the inevitability of complete expulsion became apparent, communities began to seek concessions. Despite originally being told we would have to move our cemeteries or else abandon them to the returning wilderness, heirs did retain burial and maintenance rights for the cemeteries. We requested that our many small churches be allowed to stay so that we might return on Sundays to preserve community. We were told the churches would be treated as any other structures—we could either remove them or they would be destroyed. A handful of communities were able to gather enough resources in the midst of the chaos to move their buildings. Most were bulldozed and burned. The full force of the federal government was turned to removing all evidence that we had ever occupied that peninsula, and we could do little to retain any sense of our place. The emotional and physical upheaval endured by the Between the Rivers people throughout the removals, and especially toward the end, was in the context of hostility from the surrounding region that saw our ignorant and backward ways as depriving them of their entitlement to economic progress. We were a defeated people clinging to The Promise that our homeland would be protected as a wilderness.

PLACED HERITAGE EMERGES TO THE FOREFRONT OF THE STRUGGLE

When it no longer served the government, The Promise, as we saw it, was ultimately broken. It never held the permanence to the government that it did in the hearts and minds of the Between the Rivers people. Since the 1970s we had experienced relative stability in our relationship with TVA. We were under the impression that nothing more could be taken from us and that the management course for LBL was secure in The Promise. Communities began to hold yearly reunions, and families quietly worked to maintain the many scattered cemeteries and continued to bury their dead within them. Children and grandchildren were raised with stories of place, and many of them developed a deep respect for the homeland that had been taken.

However, in the mid 1990s TVA unexpectedly announced its plans to abandon The Promise completely, and the Between the Rivers people were again forced into action to protect our homeland. As events unfolded our efforts would result in the first-ever organized movement of the Between the Rivers people to protect our heritage rather than merely to live it. This transition of our heritage from something unquestioned and unspoken to something that must be defended has marked a reframing of our persistent struggle for place into a hegemonic contestation over reconstructing the cultural heritage.

The difference between us and the government in terms of the importance of place in the understanding of our "heritage" had always been a critical factor in our strained relations with agency officials. Those differences were about to become the focus of our struggle. Because our placed cultural heritage had always been intuitively natural to us, we were unable to articulate its essence effectively. Recognizing the government's inability to understand either the importance of place or the significance our heritage holds for us, I set out to clarify these to myself and then to the outsiders in the federal government. I would discover that the cultural barrier between placed peoples and the "modern" world-view held by those with no connection to any place was pervasive. I came to see "our" struggle for recognition of placed heritage as part of a broader hegemonic clash between cultures—the contestation over who will define and who will be defined determining what is judged to have importance as well as what will be dismissed as irrelevant.

Each step in this process of attempting to articulate what place means to us has been in reaction to a renewed government intrusion, and each has forced me to rethink the concepts of cultural heritage, place, and what it means to be in the possession of an authentic cultural heritage. This process is in its beginning stages, and the final outcome of our dealings with government officials is far

from certain. From their modernistic world-view, heritage is merely a collection of artifacts and official records equally accessible to everyone. From our more traditional perspective, our heritage is a communal connection to place from which individuals construct identity within the continuity of generations of accumulated memory; our heritage, as we see it, is only minimally accessible to outsiders. My efforts to understand and communicate the concept of placed cultural heritage have been driven by events that also led to the transition of management of LBL away from TVA, a partial-government agency, to a more formally-structured total government agency.

This section is divided into five parts. In the first, I describe the series of government actions that have forced me to formulate and express our intuitive sense of our placed cultural heritage. Each step in this process has been in response to a renewed threat from government authorities and their apparent inability to comprehend our concerns. The result, which is described in the second part, was the first organized, but still informal, effort to preserve our heritage. The third part explores our attempt to use to our advantage the existing government model designed to acknowledge and protect cultural heritage and how that attempt has produced our growing realization that the rational model and the traditional patterns it is designed to protect do not mesh. This incompatibility between model and reality is the source of continuing conflict as government authorities insist upon forcing our heritage to fit their model and we attempt to alter their model to fit our heritage. The fourth part addresses our efforts to reach out for assistance in understanding the government model for preserving heritage and in making it work to our advantage. The last part of this section explores how the Forest Service's application of its rigidly bureaucratic heritage programs has resulted in the current struggle over the reconstruction of the Between the Rivers heritage—and whether, officially, a Between the Rivers heritage even exists.

TVA's Fortunes Turn: The Promise Becomes an Inconvenience to be Discarded

TVA officials saw the LBL as one of TVA's greatest accomplishments and originally made lavish efforts to ensure its success (Smith 1971). Through the 1970s and into the 1980s innovative outdoor recreation was combined with an aggressive environmental education program. The popularity of the LBL did bring economic benefits to the business owners surrounding the park during this time.

The nation's social climate and political forces in the 1980s, however, shifted toward conservatism. TVA's power production programs had fallen billions of dollars in debt as administrative boards and agendas changed with each new

presidential administration. With the Cold War fervor gaining strength, conservative members of Congress were pointing to TVA as an example of the failure of socialism. Attempts to dismantle its government component and transform TVA into a private power company were led by Kentucky Senator Mitch McConnell. Groups organized throughout the South to defend TVA, which intensified the debate. The Reagan Administration had viewed public lands as representing yet another socialist program, and this increased the influence of powerful lobbying groups that sought to commercialize public lands in order to unleash their sequestered economic potential and eliminate the need for federal subsidy. It was in this context that two forces, one targeting TVA as an agency and the other targeting tax-payer funding for public lands, merged at LBL to result in severe pressure against funding throughout the 1980s and into the 1990s.

As a quasi-governmental agency, TVA had never before bothered with many of the federal regulations for land management, such as seeking public involvement to develop a management plan. Instead, it tended to manage its affairs in accordance with its role as a private corporation. Yet in December of 1995 TVA, in compliance with the "government agency" facet of its identity, released the "Preliminary Concepts for a Public Use Plan," the federally required initial step in forming the first-ever official management plan for LBL. It proposed large-scale commercial developments combined with the closure of currently free facilities and activities. The development concepts included condominiums along the more than 300 miles of shoreline, two professional-level golf courses, an upscale marina, a resort hotel and a "heritage theme park" based on the Between the Rivers heritage, including a waterslide depicting the course of the Tennessee River.

The first group to emerge with an organized opposition was the Concept Zero Task Force, a grassroots coalition including Between the Rivers people and other individuals opposed to commercialization in LBL for reasons ranging from concern about economic competition from within the park to environmental interests. The name implied that we preferred none of the development concepts. This Task Force marked the first expansion of concern beyond the Between the Rivers people to the larger public. Concept Zero garnered enough press coverage that before the comment period had expired, TVA filed notice of official withdrawal of the Preliminary Concepts in the Federal Register. This appeared to be an unprecedented victory for Concept Zero. Then word came that unannounced construction projects had been underway throughout the winter. These consisted of small versions of commercial development that would produce less alarm from the public, including grocery stores at the two main campgrounds; gift shops at all public information centers; a restaurant, tack store and rental cabins at the horseback riding area; and fees instituted throughout the

park in tandem with the elimination of many of the popular free sites and activities—all violating The Promise. In response to our complaints TVA officials explained that The Promise had never been legally binding. Because LBL was a TVA demonstration project, it was unique among public lands in that no Congressional legislation had given it any legal designation at all—no legally-established purpose and no legally-binding management constraints.

During the coming summer months TVA's Director announced that he was asking Congress to cease all funding for its non-power programs, including LBL, its most prominent non-power demonstration project. This request, at first blush, seemed illogical, but it is important to consider that the only legally binding restraint on TVA's management of LBL came in tandem with Congressional appropriations. Once released from government regulation, the 170,000 acres of mostly hardwood forest surrounded by one of the largest man-made lake systems in the world could become a long-term money-maker for TVA and be used to finance its other operations as it saw fit—all in full compliance with the TVA Act of 1933. With a fully developed system of marinas, golf courses, condominiums, a resort hotel and a heritage theme park combined with world-class hunting and fishing, LBL could rival Disneyland. Most residents surrounding LBL had known little of The Promise but still opposed the transformation of the park into a huge commercial recreation area. To those of us from Between the Rivers, the newly established rather minor forms of commercialization within LBL were a betrayal. The threat of a mega-tourist park was a moral outrage.

By summer's end 1996, Concept Zero had acquired more than 30,000 signatures on a petition to be presented to both TVA's administrators and our Congressman, Ed Whitfield, asking that commercialization of LBL be stopped and The Promise upheld. One copy of the signatures, gathered over months of intensive effort by many volunteers, was ceremoniously delivered to LBL headquarters, escorted by several dozen supporters. The LBL Manager came to the front lobby to receive the petitions, politely thanked us for them, and then returned to her office. As we left the building we saw a worker unceremoniously depositing the petitions in a dumpster.

Congressman Ed Whitfield had already informed us that he was aware of our position but had to consider all perspectives (some prominent developers, locally and nationally, favored commercialization at LBL) and that he did not need to hear from us anymore. Upon receiving the 30,000 signatures, mostly of voters in his district, he arranged for a Congressional hearing on the future of LBL. I was among those who gave testimony at that hearing while the panel of prominent Congressmen read newspapers or talked among themselves.

Through the efforts of Concept Zero, The Promise became the central theme of public discourse regarding threatened changes at LBL. Congressman Whitfield, with our encouragement, joined forces with Kentucky's Senator

McConnell to draft the "LBL Protection Act of 1998," which was touted in Whitfield's campaign ads as finally giving legal authority to The Promise. This piece of legislation, which became law in an omnibus spending bill that fall, would transfer LBL to the U.S.D.A. Forest Service if TVA were ever to become separated from Congressional control over LBL through loss of funding. Though the Protection Act's threat of transferring LBL to a more conventional government agency was not a complete solution, it appeared to be our best hope for ensuring that The Promise would be honored and our homeland protected.

Organized Efforts to Salvage the Heritage Emerge

While the LBL Protection Act removed the immediate danger of a Disney-scale development at LBL, the land remained under the management of a financially strapped TVA, and the nation-wide push to make public lands turn a profit rather than rely on taxpayer subsidies was still in place. The small-scale LBL developments that TVA had already initiated were being heavily promoted and were producing little resistance from the general public, who were satisfied with the derailment of the immediate plans for mega-development. Our concern now was that TVA would opt for a creeping commercialization effort, slowly adding more development over time.

The realization that The Promise, which we considered inviolable, remained tenuous made us aware of how vulnerable our cultural heritage might be. We saw an obvious need to establish a precedent for our right to maintain sites significant to us, including cemeteries and old church and school sites. Some of our cemeteries are a simple cluster of stones in the forest with no family remaining and no record of who is buried there. We consider all those buried Between the Rivers to be our ancestors. With no official burial records (the government's rationalized version of memory), the cemeteries were at risk, especially if the Forest Service were to inherit LBL. Then the agency would be under no obligation to acknowledge our sacred burial grounds. We needed to establish our claim to what little was still ours.

We thus formed the first organized effort to restore any unmaintained cemeteries and to identify and protect any other source of cultural heritage that was in danger. Each Saturday a convoy of pickup trucks loaded with volunteers and tools would head into the forest to reclaim our heritage. Through this process, community and family alliances that had been in disarray for more than thirty years were reconstructed as stories were shared about the many places where we were working that day to repair and reclaim cemeteries or to erect signs at former church and school sites. Individuals often possessed pieces of information, but did not know the "whole story." As individuals told what they

knew of places and events, the stories were re-woven into whole narratives of place—communal memories were given new life and their oral transmission revived. Elders were restored to their prominence as repositories of the culture's memory. Stories were physically connected to place through remnants of building foundations in the forest; through steps alongside an old dirt road, steps that now lead to nowhere; or through patches of jonquils and daffodils that blossom each spring where a home had been. The landscape began to re-emerge as a place imbued with a living cultural memory. Most importantly, a reconstruction of a sense of community was underway, and a sense of empowerment began to replace the familiar feelings of loss, despair and isolation. The Between the Rivers heritage that had almost slipped away was regaining vitality in our lives.

TVA officials resented our having blocked their commercialization plans and reiterated to us that, because we had been paid for our land, we had no claim to it. We assumed they would move to block our efforts to reclaim our heritage when they learned of them. We invited the press to come with us as we worked, so feature stories of our activities quickly made it into the Associated Press and circulated nationally. Though we still had no official agency recognition of our heritage claims, we calculated that by making it untenable through public opinion for TVA to stop our work, we had established, at least informally, our claim that the heritage was still ours.

One result of the publicity was that we were contacted by Corky Allen, a Euchee tribal member, who was living in eastern Tennessee and doing work on cultural resources for his tribe. He informed us of cultural resource laws and regulations, primarily the Section 106 Review process of the National Heritage Preservation Act (NHPA) and the National Environmental Policy Act (NEPA), which we could use to gain official recognition of our heritage and a formal role in protecting it. We had never known such legal mechanisms existed. Together, these form a regulatory structure through which we might become "consulting parties" [36 CFR §800.3(f) for implementation of Section 106] and allowed to work with agency officials to identify and protect sites with heritage significance. Such involvement would provide a critical sense of ownership and engagement in our heritage, as well as an official recognition unknown to us.

One step to getting land protected as a heritage site is to have the managing agency and the State Historic Preservation Office (SHPO) acknowledge that site as eligible for inclusion in the National Register of Historic Places, which is maintained by the National Park Service. The bureaucracy involved would be formidable, and Between the Rivers people had bad recollections of dealing with government bureaucracy. This option was viewed with varying levels of skepticism by the people, many of whom were suspicious of any such formal mechanisms.

First Cautious Effort to Use the Bureaucratic Structure to Our Advantage

We had been successful in establishing an informal claim to our heritage by our well-publicized work. We were now aware of the possibility of using the government's own legal system to gain official acknowledgment and legal standing. About this time TVA announced plans to log in the old Coalins area. I saw this as an opportunity to use the formal system to our advantage. Federal regulations for such actions on public lands mandate that the public be allowed to submit written comments on proposed projects. The agency must then release a finalized plan for the action that addresses the concerns raised in the public's comments. Finally, the public is allowed the opportunity to appeal the agency's determination that all of the public's concerns have been adequately addressed. Following Corky Allen's advice, I submitted written comments to LBL's Resource Manager stating that because the proposed logging project was in the Coalins, the project should be evaluated to determine if it would diminish the heritage significance of the area. My goal in submitting the comments was not necessarily to stop the logging, but to have TVA formally acknowledge the significance of the Coalins to our heritage. By merely stating in their response to my comments that the logging would cause no harm to the heritage value of the place, we would have been provided with the first official acknowledgement of our cultural heritage.

TVA steadfastly refused to acknowledge that the Between the Rivers site has heritage significance, so I appealed that decision to Kentucky's SHPO, which has authority to review all agency actions that might affect heritage resources within the state. The Resource Manager at LBL informed the SHPO that our use of the land before government intervention not only failed to warrant recognition for its heritage significance, but that it had been so abusive that nothing TVA could do to the land could be worse. In order to resolve the dispute over whether or not the old Coalins area has heritage significance, the SHPO requested an independent study, and a private consultant was appointed to research the question.

That study (Hudson 1999) focused almost exclusively on the government's use of the land, beginning with its management by the Kentucky Fish and Game Commission in 1919 and ending in 1964 with the transfer from the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to TVA for the LBL project. The rest of the study addressed operations of the iron industry in the nineteenth century, New Deal programs, and potential prehistoric Native American sites. The study drew its information from public records and interviews with retired agency officials. The result was that only the government's formal activities and perspectives were represented. Our tradition-based use of the land as a commons was referenced only in terms of agency efforts to stop poaching and illegal grazing.

The only meeting between the researcher and anyone from Between the Rivers was with me (as the complainant) and Ray Parish, the president of the Between the Rivers organization. The purpose of that meeting was for the researcher to explain the findings of the study—not to gather information from us for the study. Our concerns had been addressed by a single prefatory statement that the study was not the "proper vehicle" for evaluating the "non-tangible values" that we ascribed to the place (Hudson 1999). The study had utilized a formally established list of criteria that must be met in order for a site to be recognized by the government as possessing heritage significance. Those criteria focus on the architectural integrity of human-built structures and whether those structures contribute to an understanding of a pre-selected "historical context" such as "the Civil War," "the iron industry," "New Deal Programs," or "government conservation programs." If such a structure were still architecturally intact and if it added to the thematic understanding of a predefined historical context, then it met the criteria. Our use of the Coalins as a commons had ensured that no human constructions existed in that area and so nothing added to an understanding of the iron industry, the New Deal Programs, or the government's conservation programs. Our use of the land could not be acknowledged as having heritage significance by those criteria.

The clear implication was that criteria other than those employed by the Coalins study would have to be used to provide the "appropriate vehicle" for evaluating the "non-tangible values" that the place holds for us. The Coalins had been central in the development of our community structure and is thus essential in understanding our cultural heritage. We wondered what criteria could designate our heritage as the "historical context" for evaluation of the Coalins? The author of the study was unavailable for consultation on that question.

I began research into the question of what alternate criteria could acknowledge our use of the land as significant to the development of *our* culture, which led me deeper into the concept of "cultural property" law and the principles upon which it is based. The legal system recognizes two broad categories of property; one based on the writings of John Locke, the other on the writings of G.W.F. Hegel (Drimmer 1998). Under Locke's model, property is fully fungible, meaning that when transferred from one owner to another the seller is left with no remnant claims at all—as in selling a car or a house. This type of ownership was of no use in understanding our claims, though it was the model shaping the government's decisions, including the assertion that, having been paid for our land, we had no remnant claims in LBL's management.

Under Hegel's model, however, property ownership stems either from it belonging as much to future generations as to the present or from its being an intimate expression of the producer's innermost soul (whether the expressions of individuals or of a culture). Such ownership is non-fungible. Copyright laws are

grounded in this concept as it applies to individual expressions: if I purchase a painting from an artist it is, in Locke's notion of "ownership," my painting and I can do with it as I please but I have no right to remove the artist's name from the work, replace it with my own, and sell it as my work. Hegel's notion of ownership dictates that it will always be the work of that artist. Extending Hegel's notion of ownership to the cultural level, the present generation cannot sign away the future generation's rights to cultural property. Sites with deep religious significance, or sites where events essential in the formation of a cultural identity took place, belong to the culture in Hegel's sense. A legitimate claim remains that is communal and thus cannot be signed away by any individual. Future generations will always have a legitimate claim to those sites regardless of who "owns" them in Locke's sense. This is the legal model under which traditional cultures routinely request the return of artifacts housed in distant museums. (Much of the infamous Middle Eastern conflict can be understood as a problem of sorting out competing cultural claims to specific locations.)

The government designation for places that possess cultural significance—allowing future generations to "possess" their cultural heritage through access to, and a sense of ownership in, those places—is "Traditional Cultural Place" (TCP). TCPs are to be identified and protected through the Section 106 Review process. The problem I faced was how to apply these arcane notions of ownership in a manner that would result in the government acknowledging our heritage claims to our homeland. The land, in Locke's sense, was no longer ours. Yet in Hegel's sense, the heritage associated with that land is still ours. It is still our heritage, and within the "context" of our heritage our traditional use of the Coalins has more significance than the human-constructed artifacts of the iron industry, the New Deal Programs, or the government conservation programs—all of which were products of outsider intrusion. This issue was about to assume elevated importance.

Before the dispute over logging in the Coalins could be resolved, some members of Congress apparently attempted to block allocations for TVA's management of LBL, which would activate the LBL Protection Act and transfer LBL to the Forest Service. Others in Congress, however, were working to secure funding to keep TVA in control of LBL. TVA began a public relations campaign as a last ditch effort to retain the LBL. Seeing this as an opportunity, some of us applied for and received "consulting party" status from TVA's manager at LBL. This became the first acknowledgment that we should have an elevated standing with regard to our heritage because the heritage was ours in a way that it could never belong to anyone else. This victory would be short-lived.

The LBL Protection Act, under the guise of protecting The Promise, contained a provision to ensure access to our cemeteries, and the section dealing with heritage also authorized the Forest Service to establish a heritage program, but failed to mention our role in it. There was also a clause, added at the last minute and without our knowledge, that authorized the Forest Service to charge fees and construct commercial facilities as it deemed appropriate. All revenues raised by these means were to be used in the management of LBL, supplemental to regular federal appropriations. This reflected the growing trend toward commercialization of public lands,² and a major component of this commercialization agenda is the push for "heritage tourism" on public lands. Not only did the Protection Act turn out to allow The Promise to be violated through the establishment of commercial facilities in LBL, our heritage could also be treated as a commodity and marketed. This implied that the heritage had been taken from us along with the land itself and that we had no more claim to our heritage than we did to our land. The LBL Protection, which we had initiated and supported, turned out to operate against us. It was suddenly important that we figure out how to apply those obscure cultural resource laws to establish who "owned" the Between the Rivers heritage.

In the fall of 1999 Congress provided no appropriations for TVA's management of LBL; that marked LBL's transition to the U.S.D.A. Forest Service, a total government bureaucracy. We believed that the transition from TVA's quasi-governmental structure to a more conventional government agency would resolve most of our problems. We soon learned that the Forest Service had no inclination to remove the several small commercial facilities installed by TVA and that nothing prevented it from adding more. Though we had managed to elevate The Promise into the public discourse over LBL throughout the region, the new Forest Service Supervisor at LBL refused to even discuss The Promise. We were told that the Forest Service had made no commitments or promises because it was not they who had taken the land from us. The Promise never had assumed legal form, and whatever moral weight it had come to possess was now made void by the transfer. We thought it was still the same government and that playing shell games with agencies as mechanisms of that government did not lessen the moral obligation incurred by how the government took our land. We were about to receive a harsh lesson in bureaucratic structure and how individuals behave within it.

Reaching Out for Help in Deciphering the Rational Model

As it became apparent that we would have to use the government's legal structure to gain formal recognition of our heritage, I immersed myself in the regulations for applying the existing laws. What I found was a maze of laws dictating

complex interactions among numerous state and federal heritage agencies—each with its own complex bureaucratic structure. A series of bulletins had been produced to serve as guidelines for agency managers on how to navigate the complex tangle of laws. Two bulletins were produced for meeting the Section 106 requirements. The first, often called "National Register Bulletin 30" (McClelland, Keller, and Melnick 1989/99), provides guidelines appropriate to historic buildings and rural landscapes of buildings, fences, and roadways. These are the guidelines that had been used unsuccessfully (from our perspective) in the evaluation of the Coalins (Hudson 1999).

The other set of guidelines is contained in "National Register Bulletin 38" (Parker and King 1990/98). This bulletin deals with, among other things, how to evaluate significance that is not apparent to "outsiders" and has been commonly applied when dealing with Native American sites. For instance, if a hillside were the location of an event that plays prominently in a people's understanding of their cultural heritage, there may be no physical feature on that hill differentiating it from other hills and yet it possesses great significance for that culture—even if the event "exists" only in the mythology of that people and is not acknowledged by outsiders. Being granted a role in deciding how that hill is recognized and protected is essential to future generations' ability to retain their sense of a placed cultural heritage. Bulletin 38 provided guidance on how to acknowledge a people's ownership of their own cultural heritage and to interpret the significance of places from *their* perspective. These guidelines were the missing "appropriate vehicle" for evaluation of the "non-tangible values" we had been claiming. Dr. Thomas King was the co-author of Bulletin 38 and had since left his government post to become an internationally recognized private consultant on the protection of cultural resources. I contacted him for clarification on the regulations.

Resulting from our conversations was a paper³ Dr. King and I co-authored (Nickell and King 2004) making the case that *Between the Rivers* is a TCP, fully meeting the official criteria of eligibility if the proper guidelines for evaluation are used. The acknowledgment of *Between the Rivers* as a TCP would establish a formal mechanism wherein the *Between the Rivers* people and the U.S.D.A. Forest Service could work together to identify and protect sites, such as the Coalins, that possess significance from *our* perspective. This would be the "bottom up" heritage management that many heritage professionals believe is needed (Hufford 1994: 1).

Our paper was submitted to Forest Service and Heritage officials at the local, state, regional and national levels. We received many useful responses from the Heritage officials, and the paper went through several drafts as a result. We never received a response from the Forest Service, though I learned later that the LBL Supervisor had contacted both the Kentucky and Tennessee SHPOs to argue

against our position. The Kentucky SHPO informed me that he was unwilling to consider our claims as long as the Forest Service was working against us because nothing could be accomplished until all parties were cooperating. Whether or not we were right was apparently inconsequential in determining whether the proper regulatory guidelines could be applied. The LBL Supervisor also rejected all new requests from Between the Rivers people for Consulting Party status. The Consulting Party status that TVA had granted some of us is not acknowledged by the Forest Service, and both they and TVA deny having any record of such status ever having been granted (even though I presented them with a copy of the letter from TVA granting me the status).

The U.S.D.A. Forest Service Applies the Rationalized Model and Redefines the Heritage

Transition of LBL to the rigidly bureaucratic structure of the Forest Service was a glaring shift to the Between the Rivers people in not only what would happen, but how it would happen. The Forest Service officials expressed much frustration at having to integrate long-standing programs and policies from TVA that had never been in full compliance with federal regulations and were dismayed to find the Between the Rivers people working inside the park (maintaining cemeteries and other sites) with no formal framework to either authorize or regulate our projects. For us, the fact that this new agency was always going to operate "by the book" meant everything was about to change, but we anticipated an overall improvement once regulations and laws were properly applied.

One of the first tasks of the new Forest Service archeologist at LBL was to write the required Heritage Resource Management Plan (HRMP), which would be tiered to the full Management Plan for LBL. We requested an active role in its writing but were told that a preliminary draft of the HRMP would be provided to us when completed and that we could offer input at that time.

The Draft HRMP (U.S.D.A. Forest Service 2002) contained extensive and detailed context for evaluating the significance of prehistoric sites, the iron industry artifacts, Civil War sites, the New Deal Programs, and the various government conservation programs. The final few pages referred to the people who had lived between the rivers at the time LBL was established by TVA, stating that conditions for the people had been such that while a few were "reluctant to leave," most were willing sellers. Generations of lives Between the Rivers were reduced to components that added to an understanding of TVA's LBL project. An inventory of cemeteries would be maintained under the HRMP, and former building sites would be documented and evaluated for significance within the provided historical contexts. No provision for input from us was

provided, which meant we would have no voice in the interpretive heritage program. It was officially no longer our heritage, and any identified heritage resources could be used for tourism purposes by the Forest Service. We requested a meeting to discuss the draft HRMP.

I asked the archeologist why no mention of applying guidelines from Bulletin 38 for evaluation of the significance of the Between the Rivers heritage was included. His response was, "Yeah, like that's ever going to happen" (Wise 2003). As people at the meeting suggested aspects of our heritage, including the inhumane forced removals, that should have been addressed, he closed the conversation by slamming his fist on the table and proclaiming that he was "tired of hearing those stories." "I've read all the records," he said, "and none of that ever happened. TVA did everything they could to help you people out." One man present responded, "Federal marshals took me and my wife out of the house; if that's what you mean by 'helping us out,' I guess you're right" (Wise 2003).

We were told that the HRMP had been written in a deliberate attempt to "keep the bitterness out of the record" and that we should be grateful for that. It is a surreal experience to sit in a room full of people who lived through such a traumatic time and have a government official tell you it never happened. None of it was in the records left by the state or federal conservation agencies, the Corps of Engineers, or by TVA, and the intention was clearly to keep it that way. The meeting ended with the Forest Service archeologist agreeing to re-write the HRMP to better represent our views but, as expected, the revision simply never materialized; there was no legal requirement for revision, and an official merely stating that it would be done implied no commitment. By our not being included in the official version of the heritage, our objections need not be addressed.

The comprehensive management plan for LBL stated that all heritage issues would be handled under the guidance of the HRMP, which had been prepared in consultation with tribal representatives and the Kentucky and Tennessee SHPOs, all of whom had reviewed the document and approved it. No mention was made of the Between the Rivers people or our rejection of the draft plan. According to the HRMP, it had been so long since any Native Americans lived on the peninsula that none of the tribes reviewing the document claim any sites in LBL. We, on the other hand, had lived there for nearly two hundred years before being forcibly removed. Almost all "artifacts" in the park are remnants of our lives there, and we still claim a strong cultural connection to the place. That the tribes were given recognition and we were not was a reflection of the official position: we were paid for our land and thus have no legitimate claim to the heritage associated with that land.

The official goal of the heritage plan is to "preserve LBL's rich heritage." I have repeatedly tried to explain to LBL officials that LBL does not have a heritage. "LBL" is a bureaucratic designation; no one is from Land Between the

Lakes or ever lived in Land Between the Lakes. "Between the Rivers" has a rich heritage, and that heritage belongs to the Between the Rivers people—not the government. Our heritage was not removed by eminent domain and it is not fungible. Within our collective cultural memory Between the Rivers still exists as a "place" and Land Between the Lakes is merely a government designation imposed upon it. The officials have expressed extreme frustration with my claims and refuse to discuss the matter.

Interactions with the Forest Service worsened when a handful of seemingly random Between the Rivers people received a copy of the "Cemetery Handbook" in the mail. The LBL Supervisor insisted that because the LBL Protection Act acknowledges our right of access to and use of the cemeteries, that access and use must be regulated under the agency's authority. According to the Handbook, formal approval from the Forest Service would be required before we could cut dead or damaged trees from the cemeteries and the Forest Service could regulate the type of markers used for graves. We would not be allowed to fill in the settling graves of our ancestors without government permission. Some cemeteries would even be locked behind a fence and family members would have to request a key—during business hours. This was all being done, we were told, because the Forest Service now owns the cemeteries.

The impact of this on people who had long felt the cemeteries were the only remnant of our homeland that we could still claim as completely our own was inestimable. The many cemeteries will eventually merge each of us into the landscape itself, passing the shared concern for place to yet another generation as they care for our graves. The cemeteries are a tangible nexus through which individuals are joined in the sustaining continuity of a shared heritage. We thought the purpose of a heritage program should be to assist us in preserving such connections to our placed heritage. The government managers saw their mandate as protecting the heritage resources from us—the sterile artifacts being pieces of a generic national heritage that belongs equally to all United States citizens. In Ritzer's (2004) terms, an authentic place was being rationalized into a non-place. The living cultural heritage must be killed and transformed into an inventory of artifacts to be preserved by government programs. The artifacts would then become a roadside attraction emphasizing those aspects that appeal to mass interest, thus eliminating authentic place-specific perspectives by way of generic regulations applicable to any place—and to no place.

In an ironic twist, it was the condemnation papers from when our land was taken that allowed us to fend off the Cemetery Handbook. Those papers specifically stated that all the government's rights to use of the land within the cemetery boundaries are superseded by the burial rights withheld for the heirs. The Forest Service was forced to admit that ownership of cemeteries, as relating to actual use of the land, is not fungible even if the federal government does own

the land the cemeteries are on. Nevertheless, retaining control over our burial grounds was possible only because arcane distinctions in types of "property" had been embedded within the layers of law, not because traditional values had been respected. The Forest Service's begrudging relinquishment of its ownership claim to our cemeteries was not going to be seen as extending to our broader heritage concerns.

I continued communicating with the Kentucky SHPO regarding the paper Dr. King and I had written, trying to get some movement on the TCP option. The SHPO informed me that his office resisted applying Bulletin 38 guidelines and acknowledging *Between the Rivers* as a TCP because to do so would be outside standard procedure. Adopting a "new" model and allowing us that designation would "open the floodgates" of communities everywhere seeking involvement in the management of places that were important to them. It would become a "bureaucratic nightmare" for all government agencies involved.

The quagmire of regulations representing every level of government control was clearly intended to produce a model to increase local community involvement in protecting local cultural heritage. The Forest Service officials, however, have used the regulations as a mechanism for screening out such local public involvement so that "expert" management of the places that their model does recognize will be more efficient. Identifying and protecting cultural heritage for future generations is undeniably a worthy goal. Still it appears that the bureaucratic mechanisms for achieving this goal of local public involvement, when misapplied, can actually separate local peoples from any authentic relation to their heritage.

In explaining his reasons for denying Consulting Party status to the *Between the Rivers* people, the LBL Supervisor denied that there is a *Between the Rivers* cultural heritage (but offered no justification for that assertion). He explained that part of his role in managing and protecting the "LBL heritage," which he sees as public property, is to ensure that a "small group" does not have a "louder voice" than other interested citizens (Lisowsky 2006).

The Supervisor at LBL has recently told the *Between the Rivers* group that we may not continue our informal efforts to preserve our heritage sites but that we may participate in the Forest Service's new heritage program as individuals if we choose. If we do so it will be on an equal footing with any other interested citizen. *Between the Rivers* people may share information with LBL heritage managers and heritage interpreters if they wish, but will have no more say in what information is used, how it is used, or how it is interpreted than will any other citizen. An individual might be consulted if the agency officials determine that a project could have direct impact on that individual's "personal heritage;" beyond that, "...all can have an equal voice and role" (Lisowsky 2006). Despite my repeated protestations that the concept of a "personal heritage" is

nonsensical, under the current policy at LBL there will be no recognition of a shared cultural heritage or generations of cultural memory that accumulated in a particular place and continues to inform our identity. Our "ownership" of the heritage is critical to its survival; we can belong to the cultural heritage only to the extent that it belongs to us. That ownership had now become the focus of dispute.

According to Thomas King (2003: 6), legitimate "self defined groups" qualify for official recognition, but the LBL Supervisor has defined us as a non-group. This official determination did not involve input from us and does not acknowledge the simple fact of our on-going organized efforts. It does, however, eliminate the need to consider our perspective on what has heritage significance within LBL. This, no doubt, streamlines the Forest Service's task of protecting heritage sites and providing educational programs (heritage tourism) for visitors. This rationalized efficiency appropriates our heritage for commercial use, removing any sense of ownership from us. The cultural hegemony I experienced as a child, but could not yet name, not only continues, but has reached greater dimensions than I could have imagined.

When the Forest Service announced it was reinitiating the logging project that TVA had proposed for the Coalins, I was joined by Heartwood⁴ in filing a law suit in federal court to halt the logging. We argued that the Forest Service had not met NEPA and NHPA requirements for Section 106 review in that they had failed to "consider new evidence" (as the regulations require) by not responding to the paper Dr. King and I had submitted and by not doing an evaluation of the area under the appropriate Bulletin 38 guidelines. Forest Service attorneys argued that the regulations are only "procedural requirements." As the legal precedent puts it: "NEPA prohibits uninformed actions, but not unwise actions" [*Colorado Env'tl. Coalition v. Dombeck*, 185 F.3d 1162, 1167 (10th Cir. 1999)]. As long as the Forest Service claims that it has considered everything that the regulations mandate it to consider, its conclusions do not have to reflect the information it "considered." In this case, the Forest Service claimed that it did consider the Bulletin 38 guidelines and the submitted paper but chose not to apply them; and no amount of evidence indicating that Bulletin 38 guidelines were the appropriate guidelines mattered. The Sixth Circuit judge concurred that the only requirements on the agency were procedural and ruled that the courts should not be involved in second-guessing the agency's expert judgment. As the LBL Supervisor has often told me, if the law does not require the agency to take a particular course of action, being the right thing to do does not enter consideration.

PROSPECTS FOR THE FUTURE

Since the revolutionary formation of a new kind of rationalized nation-state in the eighteenth century, the Between the Rivers people have endured an almost continuous application of ever-changing models for bringing "progress" and for "improving" our lives. It is clear that there is now a model in place for preserving disappearing cultural heritages and that, at least at LBL, this model is being devised by remote experts without consideration for the specific enculturated peoples or places to which it will be applied. The distant experts are busily tweaking their model to yield the results that their model tells them they should value; local officials busily work to circumvent local concerns that would encumber application of the model. The result is that official efforts to preserve cultural heritage cannot consider the authentic cultural heritage.

The current debate among the government's heritage experts favors preservation through more astute marketing. Selling products associated with "place" and "heritage" is a promising preservation tool if "strategies for marketing and branding" the items can be devised in ways that promote "sustainable tourism" (Diamant, Mitchell, and Roberts 2007: 9). In the same way that "Amish made" has become a valuable brand in the marketing of certain goods, a Between the Rivers logo might someday be used to attract tourists so that "LBL's rich heritage"—or at least agency-selected artifacts that lie about the park—might be preserved.

The question that the model builders do not ask is whether the people who, over many generations, constructed an authentic cultural heritage in a particular place can retain "ownership" of it under that model. If my children and grandchildren will have no standing towards the Between the Rivers heritage beyond that of any other citizen, then in no meaningful way can they claim it as "theirs." If marketing that heritage is the strategy for preserving it, then our heritage will have become a commodity, not a living connection to place and community.⁵

Seyla Benhabib (2004) captures this predicament of cultural loss in the description of Max Pensky's concept of "Yoder's Dilemma":

...either one must abandon the claim to the holistic and totalizing aspects of one's identity, recognizing now that it is *one among many* such identities competing for equal recognition in the public space of democracies; or one must adopt a purely strategic attitude towards legal norms and make one's culture a good which, just like money and power, can be pursued strategically. It would appear that the price of democratic protections for cultural difference is either

Weberian disenchantment or strategic. (P. 292; emphasis in the original text)

Still Benhabib offers hope: "There is a third alternative. This is the narrative resignification and reappropriation of one's culture within a more reflexive framework" (p. 292).

Most Between the Rivers people have accepted that we will never again live in our homeland. The best we can hope for is a continuous redefinition of our heritage that encompasses the many struggles we have endured, including our expulsion and the current struggle for control of our heritage and cultural identity as a displaced people—the displacement itself serving as a powerful symbol that keeps us connected to place. Agencies, officials and policies have come and gone; we have remained as the sole source of integrity that makes the land a coherent "place." We can hope to remain the conscience and the protectors of our homeland, but only if we can retain ownership of our cultural heritage. In Benhabib's (2004) words, "...traditions, worldviews and belief-systems can only continue as hermeneutically plausible strands of meaning for their members insofar as they can engage in such creative resignification and renegotiation of their own core commitments" (p. 293).

In short, the Between the Rivers people can keep alive the sense of being a placed people with a shared cultural heritage only to the extent that we retain an authentic engagement in how that heritage is manifest and carried forward. If the narrative of what it means to be from Between the Rivers is to survive, it must embrace the new distinction-building oppositions as well as the old. Our relation to our place will never be what it was prior to the government intervening with its improvement projects, and this has been used to declare the demise of our culture (Wallace 1992). However, only dead cultures fail to change; evolution of the narrative of identity is the survival of a culture. Short of this, nothing will remain but sterile artifacts for public display, interpreted by outside experts. This is expressed in Mary Hufford's (1994) assertion that "cultural specialists" should cease to pursue "cultural preservation" as a goal and begin to think in terms of "cultural conservation" (p. 3). Preservation is the job of taxidermists; conservation seeks survival.

This shift in official perspective would require a willingness of the expert model makers and model implementers to leave room for retention of engaged ownership by the people whose cultural heritage is being conserved. Setha Low (1994) describes how, without the involvement of the keepers of the local knowledge, the expert managers merely recreate the place in terms that are meaningful to the experts. The result is that, "...the meaning of place and place conservation becomes separated from the locality and the lives of the people affected. The professionals...deconstruct and reconstruct a world of images

rather than deal with the reality of local lives, and they thus maintain a stranglehold on the cultural reproduction of place..." (p. 71).

This contrast in perspective was manifest in our restoration of St. Stephen's church, the sole remaining Between the Rivers church. It had been long abandoned by the time its remote location resulted in TVA passing it over for destruction in the 1960s, and our restoration of it in the late 1990s was well before there was any discussion of a heritage plan at LBL. When TVA officials learned of our restoration efforts they attempted to demolish the building as a "safety hazard." After the SHPO intervened on our behalf (acknowledging the integrity and age of the structure itself, but not its role in our heritage), TVA officials favored moving the building (which would have destroyed the integrity recognized by the SHPO) closer to a road where it would be more accessible to tourists and more easily protected, and suggested that grant money be obtained to purchase materials and to hire professionals to do the extensive restoration work. We continued our restoration efforts, refusing to comply with TVA recommendations, and after the Forest Service arrived we were threatened with arrest for continuing our work outside its authority. All labor was provided free by the Between the Rivers people, and materials were obtained by locating and dismantling abandoned buildings with similar construction. A large crowd gathered each Saturday for nearly a year, producing as much talk and food as work. Many elders observed from under shade trees, providing both advice and stories of the place and the events associated with it. We continue to maintain the church in the same informal manner, albeit now with the tentative blessing of the Forest Service in the form of a written agreement "allowing" us to provide all labor and materials.

The result has been that the restoration of the building was equally a restoration of community. The significance that church continues to hold in our collective heritage would have been destroyed had we followed the model offered by government officials. We also insisted, with strong objection from the Forest Service, that The Promise be upheld for at least this one site. The building remains open to anyone anytime, with no fees and no promotion as a tourism attraction. Signage explains the history of the church to visitors who happen across it, but there is no doubt of whose heritage it belongs to, and it is not a commodity.

We are insisting that our relationship to the rest of our heritage be the same: full engagement sustaining our sense of shared connection to place through our planning and our labor—all in accordance with our understandings. This way the heritage would remain far more than a collection of generic artifacts marketed for tourism. Tourists would be welcome anytime, with no fees and no promotion as a tourist attraction, but the heritage would remain "ours" in a way no one else could ever claim. The place in which our collective care is expressed

through shared effort would give validation to our "self-defined" identity, reaching back across the generations for meaning and, it is hoped, informing our way forward as well. This, I believe, is the correct model for conserving heritage. "Ownership" of the cultural heritage must be through active engagement by the people according to their own traditional values and understandings, not through agency models designed by distant experts. Government agencies could provide invaluable assistance, but the people must own their heritage. "Experts" would assist the local people in achieving their own goals rather than goals imposed from on high.

In a time when local cultures everywhere are disappearing, the continuing efforts of the Between the Rivers people, in spite of and because of overwhelming and almost continuous losses, are an illustration of possibilities that I believe others should heed. Government programs can be of true benefit to the lives of the people, but they can also go terribly wrong. At this time it is uncertain if we will be successful in salvaging what little remains of our cultural connection to place. The determining factor is whether the experts can leave room for the locals to make it happen on our own terms. It cannot be mandated from above without slipping into cultural hegemony. At present, we are officially obstacles to the agency goal of preserving LBL's heritage.

Note: I wish to express my gratitude to Ann Goetting, Michael Mayerfeld Bell and Douglas Clayton Smith for their helpful suggestions in the development of this paper.

ENDNOTES

¹According to oral history accounts, large parties from off the peninsula had begun coming to hunt. These sport hunters would camp in the area for weeks at a time, killing vast quantities of the game that the locals still considered a vital part of their everyday food source. By being sworn in as "wardens," even though unpaid, they were given the limited authority to control the hunting in the Coalins.

²A data base with links to primary sources in this important debate can be found at: www.wildwilderness.org.

³This unpublished paper is available by contacting the author at DavidL.Nickell@kctcs.edu.

⁴Heartwood has been the only environmental organization that has shown an interest in this issue. Other national and regional organizations have been contacted but have not seen the significance of cultural heritage as it relates to environmental concerns. Heartwood places environmental concerns within the context of local cultures that preserve knowledge and care for their places through sustainable use of resources. For more information see: www.heartwood.org.

⁵In Husserlian terms, the culture shifts from a constitutive function within the noetic pole of the relation to place to become a constituted object within the noematic pole of the bi-polar stream of phenomena. In other words, it ceases to be a nomic matrix within

which meaning is constructed to become a generically interpreted meaning. In its constitutive function it unites individuals into a community of shared assumptions sedimented through generations of meaning construction; as a constituted object it is equally accessible to all and no longer serves as a perspectival point for anyone.

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IN THE RIVER: A SOCIO-HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF DIALOGUE AND DIASPORA

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ABSTRACT

I give encouragement to David Nickell and the Between the Rivers community by offering an account of good relations between a government natural resource land management agency and local people: Canada's St. Lawrence Islands National Park and the people of the Thousand Islands, focusing on Grenadier Island. I speak from my perspective as a descendent of the former year-round community on Grenadier. I describe our diaspora, our heated disagreement with the St. Lawrence Islands National Park's 1970s expansion plans, and how the local community successfully engaged a dialogue that ended these plans. I recount what I term the double politics of dialogue, a "good-cop/bad-cop" approach used by the community, and its resulting providence of good relations. I conclude with the prospect of such providence for the people of Between the Rivers.

REFLEXIVE STATEMENT

I consider it a great fortune that I can count David Nickell as a friend. In 2006, I stayed overnight at David's farm, walking the pastures, meeting the horses, picking tunes with his daughter, and drinking moonshine in the machine shop. He also took me to Between the Rivers, and it was a deeply affecting experience for what it taught me about heritage, decency, struggle, and commitment.

Dad, which one is it?"

On a sandy promontory pointing south across the St. Lawrence River toward the United States lies the most wicked place I know. The Grenadier Island graveyard is a wild and windy spot, half-abandoned, a mile and a half off-shore, eternal home to perhaps a hundred-and-fifty souls, their graves marked out in lazy lines of eroding stone and rotting wood. The location scout for a horror movie could not ask for better. But that is not why I find it wicked.

"The family's stones are all over here," I call back to my son Sam.

He has gone to a section close to the water's edge, in part to escape the

mosquitoes and deer flies, which are murderous today. There is more breeze, and less insect life, at the shoreline. Sam comes over, pulling the fold-up hood out of the collar of his parka and putting it on, even though the day is becoming muggy and warm. Good idea. I put mine on too for some respite from the bugs.

"You're right. Here's Samuel Fish," says Sam.

Samuel Fish is Sam's six-greats grandfather, five-greats to me. His is the oldest headstone in the graveyard. He is buried here, alongside his wife Jemima, because their daughter—also Jemima—married Abel Root, the earliest known European settler of Grenadier, who started a farm in the middle of the island in 1803, or so one of his descendents claimed to a government land surveyor in 1873 (Smith 1993:178). Samuel and Jemima's daughter Jemima is also buried here, adjacent to Abel's grave.

Figure 1: Backsides of Fish and Root family headstones, Grenadier Island Graveyard, 2007.



The occupants of the graveyard are the only year-round residents on Grenadier today. At one time the live residents numbered over a hundred—114 in an 1871 census (Parks Canada 1990:4)—and probably never more than another 50 or so at the high point. The farms are all gone now, although some of the buildings remain, several converted into one of the 50 or so summer cottages that now cluster along the shore in a few locations. The old schoolhouse also still stands, disused since 1963. Most of the island, including the schoolhouse, is now part

of a Canadian national park. The border between the United States and Canada zig-zags through this wide section of the St. Lawrence, dodging through the roughly 1800 rocky islands that make up the forty-mile stretch known as the Thousand Islands. Grenadier lies on the Canadian side, and is one of the jewels of the St. Lawrence Islands National Park, which owns about 20 island and mainland properties and a bit over half of Grenadier's five-and-a-half-mile length, third-of-a-mile width, and 1200-acre area. In 2002, the United Nations designated the entire region as the Frontenac Arch Biosphere Reserve, a zone of granitic landscape that extends from the Thousand Islands well back onto the mainland and is home to many rare species and species at the fringes of their ranges. The Park is one of the key partners in managing the Reserve.

We, the descendents and former members of Grenadier's year-round community, love our park. In almost complete contrast to the on-going tragedy of the Between the Rivers community, described by David Nickell earlier in this issue (Nickell 2007), we find that government ownership and management has protected our heritage while also giving us access and control over it. In broad outlines, the people of Grenadier and Between the Rivers share strikingly similar historical conditions. Both were settled at government invitation by post-Revolutionary War families. Both were isolated by rivers, in one case an island community and in the other a virtual island community. Both had agricultural economies mixed with hunting, fishing, timber cutting, and a bit of quarrying. Both underwent a slow diaspora throughout the middle years of the twentieth century. Both have seen the national government come in to manage the unique natural resources of the area. And both, as I will come to, have had major conflicts with those governmental agencies. But the outcomes of these conditions could hardly be more different. As I say, we love our park—at least now.

At least now. I offer this account of how we have come to feel in the river of dialogue with government to help search for some remaining islands of hope for the people of Between the Rivers. Their past relations with the TVA and the Forest Service could have been much different, and their future relations with government agencies still can be. Maybe the story of Grenadier and the Thousand Islands can help point to that different future.

For the Grenadier graveyard is indeed yet a wicked place. Not wicked in the malevolent sense that word has come to take on almost exclusively. Rather, I mean wicked in some senses we have regrettably largely forgotten: as spirited and inhabited—or, as I would prefer, as inhabited by spirit. I experience the Grenadier graveyard as possessed by the presence of those who are not physically there, what I have elsewhere (Bell 1997) termed the "ghosts of place." I find these same ghosts possessing me, and thus myself possessing the place as well. These are my ghosts, and my son's ghosts, and I possess what they possess,

not necessarily in an exclusionary way but certainly in a deeply specific way. My forebears come from many places, and ultimately from Africa, like everyone else's—or even, more ultimately, from some primeval moment of electricity in a nutrient soup. But these are the most general formations of spirit. Without that specific embodiment in place, their force is intellectual, even humorous. There is no chill like I get standing in front of the gravestones of the Fishes and the Roots.

For David and his community, there is a similar chill of place in *Between the Rivers*—a deeply centering wickedness, in the sense of wickedness that I am appealing for. I know David at least feels that chill. I have stood by him at the site of the old Nickell homestead, admiring the flush of jonquils that give living notice of the family's former flower garden. I have looked into David's eyes as he took in that sensuous presence, and took strength from it.

Yet for David there is as well the presence of an un-centering wickedness, the wickedness of place denied, ghosts that cry out with David and his community for justice, the presence of wickedness in the conventional sense of—and the word does not seem to me inaccurate here—evilness. I have seen the presence of that devilment reflected in David's eyes too.

In 1793, the swell of settlers in Canada seemed too slow and insufficiently English for John Graves Simcoe, then Lieutenant Governor of the newly created Province of Upper Canada, so-called for the upper drainage regions of the St. Lawrence, and now the southeastern portions of Ontario. So he released a proclamation inviting any remaining Loyalists from the United States who might prefer a more British politics, and some free land, to come across the border. Abel Root was one of these so-called "Late Loyalists," but evidently a particularly late one (still a family trait, I fear). We do not know the details, but 1803 finds him settling not on free land on the Ontario mainland but on Grenadier Island, on land then generally still considered to belong to First Nations peoples. Through a series of mishaps, misadventures, and misrepresentations—disease, warfare, broken promises, outright lies, and unfair deals—the Iroquois and Ojibwa inhabitants found themselves with the smallest potatoes of the new property-based agricultural economy. By the 1790s, the Canadian government felt itself entitled enough to the mainland terrains to give out free land patents to most any willing settler, having bought off the much diminished and disadvantaged Indians for tiny sums and with dodgy legal pretences—a familiar tragedy of colonialism. For example, the Canadian government settled the native claim to the mainland directly opposite the Thousand Islands by agreeing to provide free clothing to the family members of a local chief, one Chief Mynass, for their lifetimes (Bates 1994:16). But the

Thousand Islands themselves, which now can fetch half a million dollars for an acre or two, were then considered worthless; therefore there was no reason to organize the distribution of land patents to settlers.

Figure 2: Sunrise over Grenadier Island, 2007.



So late Late Loyalists like Abel Root organized affairs on their own. As fervent believers in property rights, and wary of having some other settler claim the same lands, they arranged token payments for long-term leases with local Indians from the islands, no doubt counting on the state eventually stepping in and validating their rights and granting them patents. That was not to be until the 1870s, though. Settlers on the islands responded by recourse of a complex and sometimes overlapping array of cheap devices to give themselves an argument to control the lands they cleared, developed, and claimed as in some sense their own. By 1850, one tally had it that the Iroquois had leased out 15 islands including Grenadier, usually for 99-year terms, for the grand total of 38 pounds, two shillings, and six pence a year (Bates 1994:21). But that was not the only lease agreement for Grenadier. In the 1870s a witness for one of the patent claims on a Grenadier farm testified that in the 1830s "I...did see Semuel Mallory...give to an Indian Chief a pair of Oxen as payment, or part payment for Grenadier Island [sic.]" (Bates 1994:63). A bit of cash to this one. A few supplies to that one. An animal or two to another one. No matter the basis of the claim, these were matters of little kindness.

Not that the settlers made out all that handsomely by their own standards. It was not an easy life. Woods to clear. Droughty and often rocky soil. Distant markets. Isolation. The special hazards presented by the River. All this and more led Grenadier resident William Hibbard in 1875 to write a letter of appeal for help from Parliament, in which he laid out their hardships:

Of such crops as we have to dispose of they can only be taken to such markets as can be reached in Boats, in Skiffs and Scows, having then to hire a carter to peddle it out or a man to watch your Boat while you lug it [the produce] about for sale—at a very great loss. Of course one can go to market or mill by choosing a fair wind or a calm and often with the risk of a squall or storm loosing all he has—But in Spring when the ice is rotten and breaking up and in the Autumn before the ice finally makes we at that season for weeks cannot get on or off the Islands. (Bates 1994: 69)

Some families did relatively well nonetheless, although that often entailed launching the younger generation off of the island. In the case of my own family, the launching off happened with the children of Abel Root's daughter Nancy. She married one of the few Grenadier Island farmers who was not a late Loyalist or a descendent of one, John Kincaid Thomson, whose father William had immigrated from Scotland in 1801 and eventually took up a farm on Grenadier, later passed on to John. None of Nancy and John's surviving children (one died at age 10 on the island) stayed on Grenadier. The boy, Alba, went west with the gold rush and eventually died in the Yukon territory at the age of 89. And the two girls married up. Mildred married a medical doctor (albeit one who practiced without an actual degree), and Isabel married Wilson Henry Westcott, a St. Lawrence steamboat captain, then a very prestigious job. The Westcotts were an old New England family that originated from one of the founders of Providence, Rhode Island, one Stukely Westcott. Stukely's descendents included an early governor of Rhode Island, and, most infamously, that governor's great-grandson, the Revolutionary War traitor Benedict Arnold. Good reason to be a late (or even an early) Loyalist. I am a fifth generation descendent of Isabel and Wilson, as well as a cousin of many other island families.

A few families did alright while staying on the island. The Senecals had the best farm by all accounts—200 acres of flat, stone-free ground—and made enough to sponsor a stained glass window when a new church was built in the nearby mainland village of Rockport. Abel Root's son Albert landed the job of keeper of the lighthouse at the upriver end of Grenadier, as well as title of Guardian of the Islands, one of the four men hired by the Canadian government to look out for the interests of the native folk who supposedly still owned the islands. For his services, he received a salary of \$250 a year, which was a decent

sum at the time, marginally enough to support a family on its own. He also got to live in the "government house," a fine story-and-half home built at government expense in 1866, and at the time the grandest home on the island. Plus he trapped and fished, in addition to maintaining a farm, a diversified strategy of income that many of the island farmers employed.

The growing tourist trade also provided some economic opportunities and brought considerable change to island life. Abel Root and other farmers often served as river guides for vacationers. Then in 1878, Joseph Senecal built a 27-bedroom hotel at the family's farm in the middle of Grenadier. Many of the guests, especially the better-heeled ones, came over from the U. S. side, which had lately become quite fashionable among the Gilded Age set. The Canadian side was generally quieter, and several of the families that visited the hotel went on to buy island properties in the area, where more could be had for less (Bates 1994). The island farmers increasingly found that they had a local market, at least in the summer, for vegetables, meat, and dairy, as well as for services like ice for ice-boxes and the construction and maintenance of the vacation cottages that began appearing, a few of which were themselves the size of small hotels.

In the late nineteenth century, social life on the island centered on two locations, sometimes at odds. Old Joe's Hotel (later called Angler's Inn) was, by itself, the central business district of the island. It was the post office, the restaurant, the bar (sometimes serving without a license), and the dance hall. Many a gay Saturday evening rang out with reels and squares, danced to the fiddle and the banjo, and to the hotel's old baby grand. Joseph Senecal's grandson Laurence later recalled that:

They used to dance a lot right on the big verandah [on the front of the hotel]. They had lanterns hanging around. They had square dances and round dances and two steps...[There was] a lot of people around who could play good music and they used to get together and make a band. Amie and Martin Root played banjo and violin. (Bates 1994:31)

For a more elevating time, the school house was the place to go. Here a traveling preacher would lead services on the occasional Sunday morning to the island's mostly Methodist faithful. The annual island Christmas program and party was held at the school. The island had a "literary society" for a while—debating such topics as "which is happier, married life or single life" (Bates 1994)—that likely met at the school. It served as the town hall as well. But there were also parties and dances at the school, albeit probably without alcohol's inducement to dance, at least during the many-decades debate over temperance that often divided the islanders and sometimes became bound up with other local tensions.

Albert Root, a Methodist and confirmed teetotaler after nearly drowning one night, blind drunk, really let Joseph Senecal have it during one hot moment in the island's temperance debate. It seems there was a dispute over how to run the school, and temperance came up. Albert wrote to the school superintendent that Joseph was operating at the hotel an "unlicensed French whiskey den" that had led to six drownings from "going from Senicals [sic] while in a state of intoxication" (Bates 1994:111). The description of this whiskey den as "French" was no doubt a reference to the fact that Joseph Senecal was a French Canadian Catholic; indeed, the Senecals were the only French Canadian family on Grenadier. The superintendent was no teetotaler, however, and wrote back that Senecal was "the most respected man on the island" and that the reason why he served alcohol without a license was simply because the local authorities had recently disallowed licenses—evidently sufficient reason for running an unlicensed establishment, as far as the superintendent was concerned (Bates 1994).

But these generally small and commonplace tensions over religion, heritage, alcohol, and likely local status over who was the "most respected" on the island did not keep Grenadier folk apart on the whole. At least looking back, the Islanders remember their lives together with an abiding fondness, as a few quotations taken from interviews in the late 1980s attest:

You'd say you were going to have a party and everyone congregated...People don't know what they're missing now. (Bates 1994:131)

...there wasn't a day go by that there wouldn't be somebody drop by. When somebody came there had to be a lunch, conversation, visiting. (Bates 1994:125)

We would organize skating parties when the ice first comes in the fall and there's no snow on it. We would collect wood all day so we could skate around [the fire] all night. (Bates 1994:131)

They also had threshing and wood cutting bees on the Island. It was reciprocal work. There was no money changed hands ever. The place you went to supplied the meal for the workmen. (Bates 1994:124)

I wish we could just run back the pages....It was a community....I would say it was ideal. Wouldn't you? Beautiful Thousand Islands. Lots of freedom. (Bates 1994:145-146)

It was the best place in the world to grow up because of the feeling of closeness with the people around you. Island people relate to other people better, somehow. (Bates 1994:146)

But as the twentieth century wore on, changing conditions wore out Grenadier Islanders' tolerance for the constraints of island life. Decisive was the emergence of high school as a standard for education. While the local school still seemed adequate for young children well into the twentieth century, older children had to be boarded off the island in winter to reliably attend a mainland high school. In 1950, the old school house was down to 10 pupils. In 1963, its last year of operation, it had only three. When it closed, all the remaining families with children moved ashore. As one island father at the time explained,

I had a choice. I could have stayed there and taken them back and forth but that's not that easy to do, to get a child that's six years old out of bed...and take them round Grenadier Island [several miles in a boat]. I moved to Rockport. (Bates 1994: 99)

Figure 3: Grenadier Island school house, 2007.



The increasing industrialization and commodification of agriculture also collapsed Grenadier's mixed farming economy. A skiff or scow load of butter and milk, once a mainstay of the island's cash-flow, did not fit into a trucked economy of industrial processors, distributors, and retailers. Had Grenadier been large enough to warrant a daily ferry that could handle a milk tanker truck, there might still be active farms on the island. (The vastly larger Wolfe Island at the

head of the St. Lawrence 30 miles upstream does have such a ferry, and as of the summer of 2007 still had 7 dairy farms and 13 other farms that provide at least one fulltime living [Knott 2007]). Selling boat-loads of vegetables to the cottagers, dock-to-dock, sufficed for a few, less income-oriented island farmers for a while. But that has been done with since about 1980 on Grenadier and since about 1990 on Tar Island, adjacent to Grenadier but closer to the mainland. All the farms are gone now. As June Hodge, the last person to live year-round on Grenadier, observed:

As people got old, they had to give up farming. There weren't a lot of people to help each other. After the School closed, the island went down hill. There's just tourists now. (Bates 1994:145)

Much of what brings the tourists—other than the "summer people" who own cottages—is the St. Lawrence Islands National Park. Cottagers own most of the islands now. My immediate family owns two small ones entirely (although we do not have cottages on them and plan to keep them that way), about 30 acres on Tar Island (including one of that island's two remaining barns), and a small riverfront lot on Grenadier, shared by my mother and her brother. Other branches of my family own another four cottages on Tar. As well, the only remaining year-round residents on Tar, which is close enough to the mainland to get the kids to school except in the worst of weather, are cousins of mine. We all congregate in the area during the summer months and reconstitute the old community, as well as enjoy the splendors of the River. But one result is that if you are a boater there is no place to go other than to zoom up and down the River (although many boaters seem content enough to do that). The Park is the big draw, as well as the big protector of the islands against further development. Our little middle-class heaven of nature and family would be in far graver danger from relentless shoreline conversion without the Park. We all recognize that now.

Plus the Park has done a good job of celebrating and interpreting the region's cultural heritage. The source I have been quoting from so extensively is a remarkable report by Christina Bates, published by Parks Canada in 1994. I remember when she was doing the interviews for it, including several relatives of mine, and when she and other Park people came by and borrowed photographs out of family shoe boxes for the historical displays Parks Canada was putting up by the old school house. We were astonished at the great work they did and delighted when they returned a beautiful blow-up of an old picture my grandmother had of Jemima Root, nee Fish, Abel's wife. My mother still has it displayed in her cottage on the kitchen door, nailed into the wood.

Figure 4: Jemima Root, nee Fish.



But as I have indicated, our views of the Park have not always been so warm and hearty. In November of 1975, "the peaceful life-style treasured so long in this area was jolted by Parks Canada's announcement of plans to expand the St. Lawrence Islands National Park to include all of the Thousand Islands Area," explains *A Report to the People* (TIARA 1977), a five volume public response put out by the citizen's group that formed in reaction to Parks Canada's plans, the Thousand Islands Area Residents' Association, with its lovely acronym TIARA. At the time, Parks Canada had a considerable budget from the Canadian federal government to institute a system of wilderness parks (some \$500 million, one resident recalled for me). The national parks movement worldwide was then in resurgence, based on a no-people vision of the wild. This vision has since come into widespread critique for going back to a beginning that never was, for devaluing the present relations of local people to the land, and for the ideological contradictions of removing people in order to bring them back in as visitors and

of creating the wild through human political acts of boundary construction (Cronon 1995; Guha 1989; Peluso 1996). In Canada, the created wilderness model of the national park had already resulted in a huge controversy over the establishment of Kouchibouguac National Park in New Brunswick in 1969, which entailed the removal of eight villages and 1500 residents, most notably the fiercely determined Jackie Vautour, who has to this date been able to retain his land (Telefilm Canada 2006; Wikipedia 2007). The Thousand Islands was to be one of the next prizes.

But Parks Canada had not counted on a group of local citizens both feisty and wily including, among others, Blu and Douglas Mackintosh. By 1981, the plan for park expansion had been quietly dropped. To find out how it all played out, in the summer of 2007 I caught up with Blu and Douglas, still going strong in their seventies, at their home on the mainland. Blu picked up the story first, as we sat outside on a second-floor deck, and explained TIARA's good-cop/bad-cop approach.

"I told you a little bit last night [on the phone] about how TIARA had two sides to it, this two-pronged approach," she began, pouring me a welcome lemonade. "One was the fighting side, which was the executive mainly. They were the ones who were going up to the minister's office....At the same time there was a study group, which absorbed the energy of the people, because you can only have a few people who are doing the fighting. People were worried and scared and angry. So this channeled their energies into something positive, which was to produce this study [the five volume *A Report to the People*—I think Douglas has copies of it—of the area. The social history, the biology, the botany. They [the five volumes] were amazing....And this gave us a lot of clout. They were widely praised, as this being the best citizen studies in North America at the time."

Douglas elaborated the point later in our conversation, "Parks Canada never knew if they were going to get punched on the nose or patted on the back. You see, they didn't know who they were dealing with all the time. They never could figure it out. They didn't find this out until the end. We never told them."

Plus Douglas had a flair for drama—and it helped that he played the bagpipes. "I think we got the right strategy going in the beginning. I found out that Parks Canada were going to have this meeting to make a little announcement to about, they thought, ten or twelve people. And I got the local MLA here..."

"Member of the Legislative Assembly, that's the provincial as opposed to the Federal [level]," Blu put in.

"...our local guy," Douglas continued, "who was very senior. I was working in Toronto, [and I got him] to order his parks manager to give [me] all the information I needed about what Parks Canada was planning, and what they'd done elsewhere. So I had lunch [with him], and it gave me the background, and

I used that to inform the press. And when Parks Canada came for that initial meeting, to gently tell us that they were going to take the whole area over, instead of 10 people, they had 300 angry people....And I went outside, got my bagpipes, and came in through a side door and drowned [them] out."

The bagpipe incident is still widely remembered. I heard the story from several people when I started asking about the history of Parks Canada's failed effort to acquire most of the Canadian section of the Thousand Islands. (The two largest Canadian Islands, Howe and Wolfe, were excluded from the plan.) I never asked Douglas what tune he played. But he and Blu surely seemed to have the right set of pipes. By that I mean that they quickly found themselves to be nodal people, positioned at the point of interconnection of an unusual array of social networks. They were not born in the area, but had come to start up a marine contracting business in the mid-1960s. At the time, the Canadian government was putting through Highway 401, now Canada's main thoroughfare, just a few miles back from the St. Lawrence. The highway needed sand and gravel, and being people not without means—Douglas has a degree from Oxford—they acquired a quarry on Grenadier, which had long been mined for its high quality substrate. It was not an auspicious beginning for two environmental activists, and they later sold the business so Douglas could go to law school and join the Canadian bar, eventually taking a position as a government lawyer in Toronto. But Douglas's years as a marine contractor meant that they became part of the traditional economy of the region and got to know a huge number of people up and down the river in a way that upper middle class incomers to a rural amenity area almost never can achieve. They had credibility both because of their background and despite it.

So Douglas was asked to become the founding president of TIARA, taking charge of the executive side of the "two-pronged" approach, while Blu with her considerable skills in writing and surveying became the central energy of the study group which produced *A Report to the People* based on over \$50,000 in private donations (TIARA 2006). Douglas's government connections in Toronto produced some additional dividends when, out of the blue, the newly elected left-wing mayor of Toronto, John Sewell, called to invite him for lunch. "Mayor Blue Jeans" was an avid environmentalist who rode his bicycle to work, as well as a leading advocate for gay rights, and is still an active and well-known personality in Toronto politics today. He had read about the controversy over the Thousand Islands and wanted to give Douglas some pointers on how to run a successful campaign. "I had no idea how politics worked," Douglas told me, and he took Sewell's advice to heart, including tips like always show up for meetings with your whole committee, never just one or two representatives; always do your research thoroughly so you know the subject matter better than the

government officials do; and present the officials and politicians with surveys of local public opinion because that's where the votes are.

"The strength of TIARA has always been that it has always founded its policies on surveys of the people," Douglas explained, reflecting on what he learned from Sewell.

"All the people, not just its members," Blu added.

And they brought in outside professionals to bolster their case, again drawing on Douglas's connections outside of the Thousand Islands region. "The other thing we did was to get a really first class lawyer, who I knew very well because I'd been through Osgoode with him," Douglas told me, referring to Osgoode Hall Law School at York University in Toronto, generally regarded as one of Canada's best. "And then we advertised for a planner. And unknown to our township, our planner wrote the first official plan for the Thousand Islands area."

What happened was the local government had been quietly working on its own official plan, in response to the controversy. "And they were going to put one in off the shelf, worth fifty bucks," Douglas related while passing me the cheese and cracker plate. Off the shelf is right; it didn't even mention the existence of the Thousand Islands. "There was a huge uproar," Douglas said, and TIARA persuaded the provincial government to institute a "special policy area" procedure that superceded the local government's efforts. TIARA's planner wrote up a plan for the policy area that very much included the Thousand Islands, "took it to the engineer who had been hired, and they said 'this is exactly what we want.' They put the whole thing in, and nobody knew that TIARA had written the first official plan. That was a very, very major strategic move."

By this point, TIARA had both the local government and the federal government on the run, with the provincial government caught in between, not knowing which way to turn.

"What was the official pulling of the plug?" I wanted to know.

"Well, the last thing that happened, Minister Warren Allmand, who was an honest guy, wanted to get to the bottom of it," Douglas replied. Warren Allmand was then the Minister of the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development, which at that time included the administration of Parks Canada. Allmand later went on to become a major human rights advocate and now serves as President of the World Federalist Movement, which works to strengthen the United Nations, and teaches international human rights at McGill. He is, in fact, a world-renowned honest guy.

"He phoned me up and said I could bring two or three people and he wanted to have a meeting with us." Honest guy or not, Douglas had gotten advice before about this kind of move. "And I said, 'no, it's the whole committee or none,' just like John Sewell had said. So we all went up, and he said to me, 'Why have you

been so against Parks Canada?' And I said, 'it's the way you've behaved.' And he said, 'well, give me an instance.'And I said, 'well, for instance, at Kouchibouguac.' "

Kouchibouguac, recall, is the wilderness park in New Brunswick that Parks Canada set up in the face of concerted resistance by the displaced local population, especially Jackie Vautour.

"And he said, 'well, I think our relations are now very good at Kouchibouguac.' By then they'd taken the whole park over and were sort of becoming reconciled with Jackie Vautour, who had all these guns and was going to shoot them all. And I said, 'well, why was your park's building burned down then?' And he said, 'not as far as I know.' And I said, 'well, I've got the clipping here.' "

Evidently, that very week, the incensed locals at Kouchibouguac had actually set fire to one of the park's buildings. But news from the bottom is often slow to reach the top.

"And I gave him the clipping, and he looked at it, and he read it. I didn't say anything. And he turned to his ADM," meaning the Assistant Deputy Minister, "and he said, 'is this true?' And the ADM said, 'well, there was some indication of arson.'"

There was more than a hint of sarcasm in his voice as Douglas mimicked the ADM. Now he looked me straight in the eyes, raising his fist, fore-finger extended, in emphasis.

"And I said, 'now [this is] exactly what I'm saying. You are getting filtered information. And I want your permission to come directly to you without going through the filter.' And he said, 'granted.' And you know, that was the end of the problem."

From here, TIARA returned to good cop mode, standing back while the air escaped from Parks Canada's proposal. "We didn't press the thing," Douglas explained, "because we didn't want to put them into a position where they have to lose face. And if they had suddenly said, 'well, we've given up,' they would have lost face. So it was allowed to gently wither."

Blu brought up a light dinner on a tray from the kitchen and laid it out on the table on the deck for the two of them and me and my mom, who was along for the interview. We were squeezing the interview in before heading out to a board meeting of TIARA that night in the office of the Biosphere Reserve. TIARA is still going strong, and my mother and I serve on the board of directors, although Blu and Douglas have stepped down, moving on to other local involvements. On the agenda for the board meeting was organizing TIARA's annual meeting, which for the first time was to be held at a facility of the St. Lawrence Islands National Park. TIARA and the Park now find themselves agreeing on just about everything and work increasingly closely together. We reflected on the change

over dinner. How the Park brought in historians who, in my mother's words, "were actually interested in the people of the area." How one of those historians was a local person, and even a descendent of Abel Root. How the Park hired another local person, Bud Andress, also a descendent of Abel Root, to be the Park's naturalist.

As Douglas summarized it after dinner, while going over the copy of *A Report to the People* that he dug up for me from a box in the garage, "They've changed completely. And they didn't lose face doing it. That was the main thing. Not to lambaste them. You drive them right back to the beginning if you made one little thing where they lose face. You can tell them they're lying, if they are. You don't have to press it. You just make the point. And they say 'we didn't,' and they drop the point. And you let them. If people drop the point, they're lying. [But it's OK], it's done."

My driving was not its sharpest as I spun up the gravel to the St. Lawrence Islands National Park headquarters to meet with Gordon Giffin, the Park Superintendent. I had not been on shore and behind a steering wheel in over a week, plus I was a bit late, having gone to the wrong place at first—I had never been to the headquarters before. Gord was waiting for me outside the rambling one-story building and waved me over. We had not met, but I guess it was obvious who I was. Gord, I quickly and happily discovered, is an amiable man who looks like the first baseman on your neighborhood softball team. It was a nice gesture to be waiting outside for me rather than having me go through the secretary at the front desk inside.

Before we headed inside, Gord took me over to another rambling building to meet Bud Andress, who was standing outside with a park employee whom I did not recognize at first. I think Gord was not aware Bud and I are cousins—we had only just figured that out ourselves the previous week, in fact—or even that we knew each other. Besides, the real draw was what the other employee, a new park naturalist, Marie-Andrée Carrière, had in her hands. Then I recognized her.

"The turtle lady!" I exclaimed, when I saw the live little stinkpot turtle she was holding, marked with a bit of yellow paint on the shell for tracking.

"That's me, I guess," she replied with a laugh. "And you're the bicycle boat guy."

Marie-Andrée has been monitoring the rare turtles that shelter just off Tar and Grenadier and in nearby waters. The previous summer she pulled up in a boat in front of our cottage, looking for stinkpot turtles and northern map turtles. Curious, I had paddled out in my grandfather's homemade bicycle boat, an improbable contraption put together from an old bike, two long pontoons, and a

paddle wheel in the back. (You don't forget the bicycle boat.) She described the study as our boats drifted along and asked me about where we regularly saw turtles sunning and laying eggs. This morning, a year later, she handed me a color print-out of her new map of their sheltering spots, including where the turtles hibernate underneath the winter ice. In turns out that one of the main areas is just offshore of Tar. Marie-Andrée asked me to help let local landowners know, to prevent dredging or other disturbance. Yes, this is our kind of park now, and I think Gord wanted to make sure I knew it.

Gord took me into his modest office and sat down together with me at the conference table, not behind his desk. I began by asking him about his philosophy for managing the park.

"We have to consider everything on a landscape level," he replied. "People are part of the landscape. And the basic formula that we try to emphasize with people is that a continued quality of life is dependent upon a healthy ecosystem as well as a sustainable economy. And that's the basis for our programming, through a variety of means, like your chat [just now] with Marie-Andrée."

Gord believes that a central task of the Park is to gather data on the ecological status of the local landscape, through the work of the naturalists and in partnership with other governmental and non-governmental organizations, especially the Biosphere Reserve. "We're working in partnership with the Biosphere [Reserve] in developing something called the community atlas. So once you have the GIS database you can manipulate it. So if you're working toward, I don't know, working toward development thresholds, you have a basis for advice to municipalities, or private landowners, or commercial developers who might have an environmental conscience. So you can guide development.... Because you're not going to win this battle without public support. So that's the philosophy."

The contrast with the autocratic model of park management in the 1970s was both stark and refreshing. I tried to steer the conversation to that change.

"Now, as you know, I'm quite interested in the whole history of the change in the Park's attitudes since the 1970s," I began. "...Now that was probably well before your time here."

"I've only been here six years, but I've been in Parks Canada forever."

"So you remember the 1970s."

"Oh yes. I was engaged with a lot of the clean-up issues relating to the Kouchibouguac National Park, and the fall-out from a number of previous park expansion activities, prior to the mid-seventies. So I'm quite familiar with what went on here and in a number of other locations."

Gord's first take on this time, still early in the interview, was unsurprisingly protective of Parks Canada.

"When you have an expression of public outcry, and it's repeated, as a

government institution, or as government generally, if you're going to be relevant, you should be listening," he told me, in deliberate tones. "And be aware. And government was."

He also fell back on a bureaucratic response when I pushed him on the subject of how to handle conflict with the public. Gord had been talking about the importance of government serving the public good and reflected that "the public good is a difficult and really interesting thing to try to ascertain."

I pounced, maybe a bit too strongly for this early in the conversation.

"[So] What do you do as an institution if your view is that the public misunderstands what its good is? For example, with ecologic relationships. Right?"

"Well—" Gord began.

But I was on a roll. "What happens if the majority of people actually don't care about ecology?" I continued, over-talking him. "So, well, then we as a park need to respond to how the public sees its good, and we don't care about ecology either! Or do we say, no, our role is to look beyond the public? And how do you balance those things?"

It wasn't exactly textbook interview strategy, and it definitely flustered Gord's normal eloquence.

"Well, yeah, yeah, yeah, I, it's, it's, it's a question of balance," he eventually came to, finding a momentary foothold on the phrase I had suggested. It was not really the answer he wanted, though, as it could still open him up to a charge of whimsy, or worse.

Then his brows unfurrowed. "All government policy is established in the National Parks Act. And our mandate and our commitment is in this document," he said, more calmly now, reaching for the folder of materials he had prepared for me—a folder emblazoned with the title *Sharing Your Views* and, this being Canadian government, *Faites-nous part de vos idées*.

He leafed through until he found it. "The Parks Canada Charter. That's the expression of who we are and what we do and why." Gord pointed to the first section under "Our Commitments" where the Charter (Parks Canada 2002) reads "*To protect*, as a first priority, the natural and cultural heritage of our special places and ensure that they remain healthy and whole." My eye also lit on the section that describes Parks Canada's "role" as "partners" with Canada's "diverse cultures."

"Now, if the government changes the policy," Gord concluded, leaning back once again, "well of course, then we need to change into something else."

But later on he gave a less rosy reading of government actions as a bit more than, oh, you don't want your land expropriated? Got it. Thanks for letting us know. Don't agree with what we're doing? Okay. But it's just what's in our Charter.

"What you saw happen here was largely a product of an era where we [Parks Canada] were on a mission, and it is for the greater good. And the punishment that was delivered was an education. And it was muchly deserved. The social environment of Canada was changing. People's consciousness of their rights and government's need to be more receptive to public views [was also changing]. So dear Blu and Douglas initiated this process, rightfully so."

I thought I'd try a more direct approach again, as we were getting along well and Gord was proving tolerant and open. So I presented a challenging scenario.

"Well, one could say that what was going on in the 1970s is that Parks Canada said 'our goal is to maintain the ecological integrity of Canada and the regions where we have our parks. Therefore the thing to do is to buy the whole business up.' "

Gord chuckled softly at what I was springing at him this time.

"So we don't have to mess around with this landowner who is dredging in the middle of a map turtle hibernation site,' " I continued, still speaking as if I were Parks Canada. "That's the way to maintain ecological integrity—to get the people out of it.' "

Gord paused, several long seconds, at this one, gathering his thoughts.

"You have to accept that people are part of the landscape," he began, his voice quiet and serious. "And the basic purpose behind a national park is for the benefit, use, enjoyment, education, and awareness of people," Gord continued, closely quoting the second line of the Canada National Parks Act of 2000, which states that "The national parks of Canada are hereby dedicated to the people of Canada for their benefit, education and enjoyment" (Canadian Department of Justice 2007).

And Gord went on to observe that "parks generally that are operated to the exclusion of people are not successful. You have no affinity or value expressed by regional and local residents. So you have things like enforcement issues."

He elaborated this perspective towards the end of our interview, and I'll just let him say it.

"If my role as a park superintendent is to manage a landscape—and this is where we get back to some of the departures from traditional philosophies of conservation—[I have to recognize that] there's no such thing as a landscape that's pristine. It's been occupied and used by people forever, or ever since the ice retreated. So the fact that a national park exists is an expression of value—that the land is sacred. First Nations' values would tell us that the land is sacred. We understand that you can't manage a landscape without understanding its role historically, even prehistorically, to [the] present. So the cultural fabric is part of the landscape, and is part of the ecology....A national park is an expression of our present cultural values. But the landscape is also the product of thousands of years of use."

Our kind of park, and our kind of park superintendent.

Would that the people of Between the Rivers could have the same. Here, in conclusion, I would like to speculate—and I cannot in honesty call these thoughts more than that—on why they do not and how they might.

David finds that the cause of the shocking treatment of the Between the Rivers community lies mainly in the Weberian rationalism of the state, imposing generic models from on high. What I think the story of the collapse of the St. Lawrence Islands National Park's expansion plans shows is the political character of what the state counts as rational. Weberian rationalism, then, is the expression of politics as much as it is itself politics. The political challenge is how to become part of the dialogue that constitutes the rational, while at the same time resisting rationalism's consequences for effected peoples.

This *double politics* is what I think Blu and Douglas's good-cop/bad-cop strategy was so effective at. They enabled the people of Grenadier and the other Canadian Thousand Islands to engage and hold a place in the dialogue of governmental rationalism, ultimately helping change the operating philosophy used by park superintendents like Gord Giffin—a philosophy now written into the Parks Canada Charter (which was established at the direction of the Parks Canada Agency Act of 1998, section 16) and associated policies of Parks Canada that superintendents like Gord can point to when confronted by awkward questions. Gord pointed there in earnest, I am convinced. Perhaps other Parks Canada superintendents may fall back on such policy documents not in earnest. I have no evidence that they do or do not, as I have not interviewed them. But the content of those documents do shape and constrain the actions of park managers. And therein can lie a benefit of Weberian rationalism—depending on the content of that rationalism.

For dialogue should not be seen as some happy realm beyond power and interest. Rather, dialogue is a social situation in which the participants find the ability to respond to each other and to have those responses, and the social conditions they reflect, taken into consideration by each other (Bell 2001). Such a social situation is not a gift to be found in a Christmas stocking. Blu and Douglas used the power of their credibility and associated networks to gain a hearing from the unwilling. But once engaged in the dialogue, they had the wisdom to take the conditions of the unwilling into consideration. They gained the face to speak, and did so without gainsaying the face of others. Douglas's emphasis on the importance of face for government officials, based no doubt on his own experiences as a government lawyer, reflected his sensitivity to the interests and social conditions of the bureaucrat, trying to hold down a job, a

career, and family and community ties. Without face there can be no dialogue, willing or unwilling. And without power, in its many and often perverse forms, there can be no face.



Figure 5: Cleat and rope on a Grenadier Island dock, 2007.

Now, years on, the St. Lawrence Islands National Park positively needs public engagement. Fees, I learned from Gord, are only about 15 percent of the Park's annual budget, and the rates of individual fees are set in Ottawa. It's not a place where he can grow the budget much. The other 85 percent comes from the feelings of good will Canadians locally and nationally, as expressed through their elected officials, feel for their parks. Plus St. Lawrence Islands National Park's landholdings are unusually disconnected, and there remains little chance of public support to unite them through the kind of massive expansion proposed in the 1970s. So it seems that Parks Canada sent an old hand at public engagement, experienced in the "clean up" of Kouchibouguac and elsewhere, as Gord explained, to come and get public process going in the Thousand Islands region. It helps a lot that this old hand gives ample evidence of actually believing in public process.

We do not love absolutely everything about the Park, I should note. I wish the Park took better care of the school house and other historic structures on Grenadier, for one. But I recognize budgets do have limits, and I would not trade a greater focus on user fees for new roofs. More importantly, I wish the Park

were much more aggressive about strategic land purchases in the islands, and I lament that several key properties have come on the market in the past decade and not gone to the Park. Here I recognize that TIARA was, in a way, too successful, and the Park remains very cautious about any expansion. And I really resent the name of the Park. The phrase "St. Lawrence Islands" has no historical roots that I am aware of and is today found nowhere except as the name of the Park. The name of the area, for 400 years, has been the Thousand Islands or Les Milles Îles. And before that (and for some people still), the name was Manitouana, meaning "garden of the Great Spirit." The current name of the Park is an affront to heritage. But Gord, I recently learned, recognizes this and has been quietly sounding people out about starting a public conversation on a possible name change. (Manitouana National Park—I like the sound of it.)

So it really is our kind of park and superintendent that emerged from the double politics of dialogue. But also it is important to recognize the angels of dialogue that are perhaps as necessary as they are unpredictable. The providence of having a nodal and talented couple like Blu and Douglas. Of having an honest guy in a powerful position. Of contextual resonances to draw upon, like Kouchibouguac. Of thinking to bring a newspaper clipping to a meeting. But these are angels that Blu and Douglas provided with a space of welcome, a providence for providence.

Have the people of Between the Rivers strategically erred in some way in their own efforts to shape such providence? I am not in a position to say. Certainly they have faced challenges to a double politics that the people of Grenadier and the Thousand Islands did not. To begin with, I have not heard tell of nodal people who parallel Blu and Douglas, although perhaps David himself, as a professor at the local college, may come the closest. Plus the U. S. Forest Service and the TVA, the agencies that the Between the Rivers people have had to contend with, are quite different organizations than a national parks service or ministry. Both have deep organizational obligations to capital and industry, written into statute, the TVA as a for-profit entity on its own and the Forest Service as providing the timber industry, and increasingly the recreational industry, with acres of trees for their various forms of harvesting. For such institutional rationalities, local public relations are more something to be managed, not as much something to be positively sought as a basis for program direction and support. Plus the TVA used its shocking powers of eminent domain to put together an unusually cohesive property with little in the way of the private in-holdings and jagged boundaries characteristic of most public lands, giving them little structural need to negotiate with local peoples.

Which is all pretty gloomy. But there remains potential to change the current rationality. Part of the disappointment the people of Between the Rivers have experienced with their new landlord, the Forest Service, is that the property was

finally transferred away from the TVA in the fall of 1999, little more than a year before the Bush Administration came in with its authoritarianism, its obeisance to industry, and its vision of market-based government that demands agencies to increasingly fund themselves through user fees. So the Forest Service has established fee-based travesties of heritage like "The Homeplace" and the "Elk and Bison Prairie," and has seen the Between the Rivers people as impediments to, rather than resources for, the rationality—if we may dignify it as such—currently coming out of Washington. Conditions, and Weberian rationalities, may be very different in 2009, at least we may hope.

Rationalities may also be more slowly shifting as the next generation of Forest Service managers make their way up the ranks. Public participation is the watchword many professors today teach by in graduate programs for future natural resource managers. I know because I teach in such a program myself, and participation is on everyone's lips, it seems. Plus the natural resource journals are jammed with discussions of the issues of participation, with a similar plethora of terms to describe it—participatory management, co-management, community-based management, deliberative environmentalism, community forestry, participatory rural appraisal, participatory action research, and more (cf. Bryan 2004; Hurley and Walker 2004; Lane 2001; Lee 2007; Parkins and Mitchell 2005; Weber 2000; Swart 2003). And we are busy assigning this literature to our students. Thus, the "departures from traditional philosophies of conservation" that Gord describes should soon spread well beyond the national parks agencies, and indeed in much of the Forest Service already have done so (Wang et al. 2002; Frenzt et al. 2000). Given half a chance by a different administration, I am of good and I think not unreasonable hope that the people of Between the Rivers will encounter a far more sympathetic double politics.

So I close what I hope has been encouragement for David and his community. The wicked spirit of place is a fragile aliveness, a tender flame on the wick of memory, ever threatened by the winds of politics. Keep it burning.

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A RESPONSE TO MICHAEL MAYERFELD BELL'S "IN THE RIVER: A SOCIO-HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF DIALOGUE AND DIASPORA"

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ABSTRACT

I respond to Michael Bell's account of how the people of Grenadier Island fended off the threat of dislocation by the St. Lawrence Islands National Park project and instead established a working partnership with Parks Canada. This was contrasted with the far-from-desirable outcome of the Between the Rivers people in our attempts to gain recognition of our cultural heritage that was transformed forever by forced dislocation for the Land Between the Lakes National Recreation Area. I attempt to compare and contrast the context and efforts of the Grenadier and the Between the Rivers people and examine our current situation in light of the hope that the Grenadier case exemplifies. I conclude with a suggestion for further research and analysis.

I want to open with an expression of gratitude to Michael Bell (2007) for responding to my paper (Nickell 2007) in which I outlined the ongoing dispute over the Between the Rivers heritage. I have enjoyed my conversations with Mike about his place on Grenadier and what it means to him, but I had not grasped the details of what had transpired that allowed his people to sustain their claim to their placed heritage.

There are obvious similarities in our situations and some striking ironies. Having grown up in a community and household in which lineage and connections to place were the contextual framework of everyday life, I was taken aback when I first realized most people my age do not know their own heritage. Being descendents of Revolutionary War veterans who were the first settlers of an inland peninsula has just been an unstated and unquestioned part of who we are. That Mike's ancestors arrived on a Canadian island because they had taken the other side in that distant and defining conflict and that they have drawn pride of identity in their Loyalist ancestry opens new perspectives for me.

It is also ironic that in both cases our homelands have become entangled in struggles over public lands issues through well-intentioned government efforts to "protect" our special places. In both instances the cultural patterns of use that emerged in insulation from the outside world retained a quality of environment that attracted the United Nations' Biosphere Reserve designation. The outcomes of our recent struggles, however, have produced very different results, and identifying the underlying causes of these different outcomes suggests questions and a need for future analysis that reach well beyond the scope of this initial conversation. I believe the broader conversation is already overdue in a time when local cultures and the sense of place are increasingly in jeopardy.

I was pleased to see that Mike's evocative "ghosts of place" (Bell 1997) description (I do not believe it to be a mere "metaphor") was employed in his article. It is in this notion of a landscape enlivened by a knowledge (I invoke here the most suggestive sense of that term, approaching the Biblical sense of knowledge as intimate relationship rather than a mere assemblage of facts) accumulated in a communal memory that reaches across the generations to radically affect one's perceptions and understandings, that I find the most interesting similarities and differences in our situations. This "wicked" (Bell 2007) knowledge of place (sometimes specific and clear, sometimes vague and only fleetingly at the threshold of awareness) possesses those who share it, informing their understanding of where they are and creating a profound sense of belonging that entangles the many strands of self in the place.

However, I believe that under normal circumstances these ghosts of place entail an ambiguous sense of "possession." The ephemeral knowledge possesses the people, but the ghosts are also the possession of the community that collectively knows them and embraces the tie to place. I would offer as an example of what I have in mind here a farmer on a multi-generational farm feeling that he belongs to his farm as much, if not more, than the farm belongs to him. It is his "place," and to refer to it as property or real estate is offensive. In this, he is possessed. But there is also a sense of being a vital part of something larger than one's self that is unquestioned, and often inexpressible, for those who belong to their place: a knowing relationship to place that others may not enter into. In the case of a community, that sense of belonging is simultaneously exclusive of outsiders and integrally inclusive of the community "members," joining them into a membership that, because only they may share it, is their possession. This, I think, is what Wendell Berry (2004) was so eloquently expressing with his notion of "the Membership" that sustains the several families with the multigenerational bond of cooperative care and concern in the place where they have continued to make their community. I would

suggest that the ambiguous sense of "possession" is necessary if the ghosts of place are to function in their fullest capacity, being kept wicked for future generations who would make community within that enlivened awareness.

The Grenadier residents' very perception of their place, I must assume, is very different from what an outside visitor would see. Layers of meaning appear as part of the geography itself—the place is truly wicked, in the sense Mike intends. In this, the Between the Rivers people and the people of Grenadier have much in common. But, on Grenadier the people have retained an unquestioned possession of those ghosts—of their own entanglement in the place. Those accumulated meanings and significations belong to the people of Grenadier in a way they can never belong to anyone else, and this continues to be acknowledged, even by outsiders. This ownership is reinforced by their continued ability to inhabit their own cultural geography; and through their day-to-day engagement in that place they are part of the ever-changing landscape itself, thus continuing their inter-connectedness, to each other as well as to the place. They remain vital components of a coherent whole and the generational transmission of the authentic cultural heritage continues unabated, even if altered. As Mike put it, "I find these...ghosts possessing me, and thus myself possessing the place as well" (Bell 2007: 212). This sense of ownership of our ghosts is what we are struggling to retain.

Without the sense of ownership the Between the Rivers people are still possessed by the ghosts of place, but in a perverted manner. I have often felt that we have become something very much akin to ghosts in our own place. Possessed by the wicked knowledge, yet denied praxis within that knowledge, we move about the Land Between the Lakes (LBL) National Recreation Area as freely as any of the tourists who come there to hike, camp, hunt, boat, or simply drive the many back roads to enjoy the scenery. But the dimensions of the place that are most open to us remain invisible to the outsiders. They do not even know they are outsiders, for without a people who are acknowledged as belonging to the place there are no "insiders." We move about, seeing what others do not, unnoticed in our concerns and perceptions. To the extent that we have no claim to place, we are impotent specters, not able—or willing—to be mere outsiders, yet unable to quicken the meanings we know the place possesses.

I have watched, unnoticed, while tourists walked through former house and church sites, picked those spring flushes of Jonquils that had been so carefully cultivated in a yard lot, or even wondered amongst the stones of a family cemetery, all with no knowledge, and barely a passing curiosity, of where they were or what profound significance these things have. I have watched families picnic on sites where another family's possessions were burned with their house and wished I could provide a name, but knew it would have no meaning. I have

attempted to explain to newly arriving Forest Service officials that the building in which they worked was constructed with bricks salvaged from a Revolutionary War veteran's home, and that General Lafayette stayed there after the war. I was met with an expressionless response of indifference as if what I know of the place is of no more consequence than an unnoticed breeze. I have found myself trying to explain to the officials charged with portraying our heritage for the tourists that "Between the Rivers" never referenced the entire peninsula that is demarcated by the three rivers, but is a cultural designation with cultural boundaries that remain as apparent to us as the rivers are to outsiders. It was as if my words were not audible. I hear places referred to by incorrect names, but have no means for correcting the error and have even been told it is we who use the wrong names. The new "heritage program" at LBL threatens to render us even more incorporeal in our own place by its simple refusal to acknowledge us.

This is, of course, where the real difference between the situations of the Grenadier families and the Between the Rivers families lies. Mike's explanation of how his people fended off the early plans for Park expansion and are now fully embodied in the sustaining of the Grenadier cultural heritage has provided the opportunity to examine how such a dramatically different outcome could have resulted from two situations with so many striking similarities.

There are two broad components to what both communities have faced: the threat of removal and the retention of heritage claims. As is usually the case, understanding how similar situations produced different outcomes cannot be traced to a single factor. In the case of *Between the Rivers*, four rounds of partial removals prefaced the fifth round that completely cleared the peninsula of its inhabitants and of evidence that it was ever inhabited. Those early rounds of removal constructed a history of relations between the people and the government that must be taken into account as the context of the final removal for the LBL project. Just as it is necessary to stereotype a people before going to war against them, the series of disputed land takings resulted in a stereotyping of the *Between the Rivers* people that was so fully entrenched that by the time the LBL project was announced, few outsiders questioned the official version of who and what we were. In short, the proverbial deck was stacked against us before the effort to resist the LBL project ever began. The Grenadier people seem to have avoided this historical obstacle.

Mike states that the Grenadier people were able to quickly mobilize vital social and economic resources to their advantage when they learned the planned Park expansion threatened their homes. He, correctly, I think, offers this as a primary factor in the quality of the resulting dialogue. Both sides were able to save face, thus retaining enough legitimacy to have their concerns taken seriously. But, as Mike (Bell 2007: 229-30) states, there can be no dialogue

without face and no face without power. The power the Grenadier people were able to draw upon involved individuals among them with enough prestige and status to be granted legitimacy when they voiced concerns, and a social network that included prominent attorneys and influential politicians. I believe that it is also significant that the bureaucratic structure within which that drama unfolded involved local, provincial and federal government agencies and officials in the decision-making process. This allowed multiple levels of interaction and the ability to play the different levels of bureaucracy against each other when necessary.

The Between the Rivers people, having retained a remarkable level of cultural insulation (which the outsiders labeled "isolation") and having been negatively labeled for so long, had no access to such an impressive social network. There was no one in the much maligned community who possessed sufficient prestige or status to be granted legitimacy by federal officials. The voicing of our concerns was not even covered by the local press, except as occasional evidence of how truly backwards we were. We did have the support of a few local officials who tried to speak on our behalf. In the United States, however, the formal structure is such that local, or even state, officials have only minimal input into the projects of federal agencies. When the Between the Rivers people went to Washington to meet with the elected federal officials from our state, who would have input into the project, those officials supported the project but deliberately misled the Between the Rivers people in order to defuse any organized resistance. It is apparently acceptable for the powerful to lie to the faceless in order to accomplish a goal that does have legitimacy.

It is also significant that the LBL project began in the early 1960s as a pet project of President Kennedy. The assumptions of the time meant that removing the people in order to "establish" a wilderness was consistent with the "liberal" agenda. I agree with Mike that those assumptions about people not being part of a natural landscape have been questioned in recent times and that the intellectual tide is changing toward a model that recognizes that people are a part of the landscape. At least I believe this in my more optimistic moments. Unfortunately, I see this trend filtering down from the purified discourse in academia to be manifest on the ground as an alarming trend of threatening existing wilderness areas, and public lands in general, with a commercialization agenda. This agenda has meant that "preserving" and "protecting" cultural values too often entails commodification and marketing as a tool to reintegrate these lands into the market system by removing tax support of them as much as possible. This is consistent with the new "conservative" agenda that has persisted from the Reagan administration through the present. The question ought to be how to really "protect" the lands, and the native cultures associated with them, from the forces that have always destroyed both the natural and the

native. This is fodder for other conversations, but it also opens the way for the second component the Grenadier and Between the Rivers people have in common: the goal of retaining their cultural connection to place.

Due to a complex set of factors—including social networks, status, legitimacy, *Zeitgeist*, and differing government agencies—the Grenadier people retained ownership of their homes and land while the Between the Rivers people did not. It is important to note that almost no one from Between the Rivers today holds out the hope of regaining our homeland, though there are probably few who would not accept the opportunity to return if it were offered. As someone once remarked, trying to get the land back now would be like trying to unscramble an omelet. This leaves us with the far more subtle problem of retaining ownership of the culture while displaced from the homeland.

The Grenadier people managed to retain ownership of their culture in the same act that left them with ownership of their lands. I have stated (Nickell 2007) that I see the difficulty for the Between the Rivers people as one of having to deal with a Weberian rational model imposed from above with no consideration for the specific place or the specific concerns or perspectives of the people who live(d) there. I find it especially telling that the success of the Grenadier people came from their ability to use their social connections that reached behind the rationalized bureaucracy with which they were dealing. By doing this they were able to secretly submit their own plan for those local towns that contained land to be impacted by the proposed park expansion. This plan would affect how the Park would function; therefore, the Park plan itself would have to take into consideration the preexisting plan for the town. The plan that had been submitted by the officials was "off the shelf" and "didn't even mention the existence of the Thousand Islands" (Bell 2007: 223). The Grenadier people were facing the same kind of generic model created by distant experts that we are facing but they managed to short circuit the rational structure by having enough legitimacy to help redefine the model so that it would produce a more rational outcome. Being granted legitimacy allowed them to work the informal network behind the formal structure. This is directly in line with the recommendation I believe Mike is suggesting for the Between the Rivers people in his discussion of "double politics" (Bell 2007: 229).

In our case, however, this has not yet been possible. Allowing the officials to save face is part of the double politics Mike endorses. This involved the citizen activists taking a "good cop/bad cop" approach to dealing with the agency officials. Our problem has been that it is impossible to play the role of the "good cop" when your existence is not acknowledged, which leaves playing the confrontational "bad cop" as one of the few options.

Seeking enough legitimacy to gain face, and thus power within the negotiation process, presented obvious institutional challenges while we were dealing with

TVA. In addition to nearly 80 years of being demonized as backwards and lawless, we were dealing with representatives of the agency who had taken great pains to remove us and all signs of our ever having inhabited the peninsula. This was justified as the premier demonstration of TVA's social engineering agenda that began in the 1930s, and any acknowledgement that we had legitimate issues with what they had done, or how they did it, was equivalent to asking that the agency abandon one of its most essential underpinnings. By avoiding forced removal (an extreme use of government power against its own people), the people of Grenadier did not have the added burden of an institutional rigidity formed around the agency's past deed. When face has been so harshly removed by official action, restoring it would result in the agency, and by implication the government itself, losing face, which presents special challenges that individual officials may not be able to address, even if they were so inclined.

With the transfer of LBL away from TVA to the Forest Service, we found ourselves in the most optimistic situation since the government first sent its representatives to improve our lives. We assumed that the Forest Service officials would carry none of TVA's baggage and that we would begin with a clean slate. Our first indication that we had a problem was that many of TVA's LBL management team simply transferred to the Forest Service and stayed in place. Still we believed that these individuals would now be situated within a different bureaucratic structure and that there would be openings for us to work with them that never existed before. The legal framework and regulatory structure of the Forest Service, after all, does provide specific options for including us in how the heritage issues would be managed under the Forest Service.

In the case of the St. Lawrence Islands Park, Parks Canada sent the manager with whom the Grenadier people had been dealing precisely because he was "an old hand at public engagement" (Bell 2007: 230) and was trusted to find ways of including the locals in a meaningful way. But, as Mike (Bell 2007: 231) points out, both TVA and the Forest Service have an institutional interest in marginalizing input that might complicate the efficient accomplishment of their mandate. It seems, from my experiences, that this agenda is woven into the very fabric of the agencies. The Area Supervisor appointed to LBL by the Forest Service seems to have been selected precisely because of his ability to quiet public dissent.

Further indication that we had a problem came when we arranged to meet with the newly arriving Forest Service management team. It seems they already knew us and had been warned about us by their colleagues who had remained from TVA's tenure. I have even been told by a former LBL employee that I and other members of the Between the Rivers organization are on a "watch list" given to all new employees. This certainly complicates the attempt to play the role of

"good cop." When the first LBL archeologist was hired by the Forest Service we arranged to meet with him within days of his arrival. We told him we wished to work with him in developing a heritage plan for LBL and that we would be glad to share our knowledge of the place. We were told that this would not be necessary because he was a professional and opposed "amateur" involvement. He told us that all the information about the place he needed was in the records, which he could not share with us because the regulations protect information about heritage sites from the public. The new agency began with the assumption that "LBL's heritage" had to be protected from us! This definitely was not reflective of any trend away from autocratic management.

When that archeologist was finally replaced by a new, more "appropriate" archeologist, we found she was very open to working with us, and we were greatly encouraged. I did a driving tour with her to show her some of the places we hold to be most significant. She expressed excitement, both at what she was seeing and at the level of interest we still had in our cultural heritage. We were told that granting us formal "consulting party" status and including us in the development of a heritage program was not only not a problem, but something she looked forward to. Within weeks of her arrival this entire situation reversed and we were informed the Area Supervisor had determined there was no Between the Rivers cultural heritage and thus we could not be given the consulting party status that would acknowledge it is our heritage. My inquiries to the new archeologist were met with a carefully worded statement that I would have to speak to the Area Supervisor because it was his determination and she could say nothing more about it. This same carefully worded statement has been repeated at numerous meetings since then. The authority of the archeologist, who has a background in cultural anthropology, has been overridden by that of the Supervisor on the issue of cultural heritage. The Supervisor's educational background is in engineering. The position in the bureaucratic structure counts more than actual understanding, which I take to be an obviously irrational result of a "rational" structure.

At the first of a series of public meetings to discuss the new heritage program the Between the Rivers people were informed that being from Between the Rivers brings no special standing regarding our heritage. The meeting was advertised as open to the general public because the "LBL heritage" belongs to the American people and the Between the Rivers people will have exactly the same input into the heritage program as any other interested citizen. The whole series of public meetings were, in fact, attended by several non-Between the Rivers people; some were employees of the Forest Service, others were new residents of the area, many of them retirees coming to live near the lakes and looking for volunteer opportunities in the recreation area. We were constantly reminded that their input was as vital as ours and we would be given no special

consideration regarding the heritage. Our comment that what an outsider would find of interest and what we consider important would be different was angrily dismissed. We quickly learned that these were not meetings, but briefings. The purpose was to solicit volunteers to help with the projects already determined to be worth doing. We were told that we were free to submit any information we had about the sites they determined to be significant and that they would then determine what information they would use.

Mike cites as one of the Grenadier success stories the erection, by Parks Canada, of a historical marker at the old school site. This was done in full cooperation with the Grenadier people, and as a result they feel satisfaction with the outcome. I wonder if this would have been the case had the historical marker been done by an agency "expert" with input from the general public, the Grenadier people having no more standing than any other citizen. What if that agency expert, someone who had never heard of Grenadier before being transferred there (rather than a descendent of the original settlers), had ultimate authority on what information would be included and how it would be interpreted? Would the Grenadier people still feel content in their ownership of their own heritage? I think the answer is obvious; the only question is why our situation has not been more akin to that of the Grenadier people.

I have taken great pains when talking with Forest Service officials to discuss the prevailing shift away from autocratic management to a more bottom up approach so that the people whose heritage is at stake are engaged in a legitimate role in the management plan and implementation. It is not that the Forest Service managers at LBL have not heard of this. They are aware that such talk is coming from academic circles and find it repugnant. "Public involvement" is written into the procedural policies of the Forest Service. It has, however, been used against us. The LBL Area Supervisor has repeatedly stated in writing and in meetings that he has consulted with "former residents" on a regular basis and has determined that there are "differing views" that need to be respected. The handful of "former residents" he has consulted with, it turns out, consist mostly of those who either lived outside the cultural Between the Rivers area or who retired to the area just prior to the LBL project. One of the main sources of his information has been from an individual who had no family from Between the Rivers but rather who moved into the area six years before the LBL project began moving everyone out. Based on such input, the concerns of the Between the Rivers people, dedicated to preserving the Between the Rivers cultural heritage, have no legitimacy.

Obviously, this is not what most people would understand to satisfy the regulatory requirement of "seeking public input from interested parties." It raises a delicate but vital question. What if the Between the Rivers people had been able to swap our Area Supervisor for the Grenadier people's Park

Superintendent? Did the different outcomes result mostly from the institutional structure of the differing government agencies? In which case exchanging individuals but keeping the same government agency structure would have produced the same, or at least similar, results. Or is it the case that the outcomes were mostly the result of the individual(s) occupying the bureaucratic office(s)? In this case, the hypothetical exchange of individuals would have resulted in the Grenadier people still fighting to save their cultural connection to the land they no longer occupy and we would be enjoying an active role in how our heritage is carried forward, albeit as displaced natives.

I am not certain of the answer to these questions. I do believe the questions are central to understanding the glimmer of hope that Mike offers. If it is the case, and I have no reason to believe it is not, that there is a sea of change underway in the educational institutions that are turning out our future Forest Service employees and managers, will they produce the change we so desire? Or will the Weberian design of the institutional structure that will define their role within the agency gradually mold their way of thinking so that the existing institutional structure merely replicates itself with no significant change? I am not certain of the answer to this question either.

I can offer some limited observations that are relevant to this Weberian dilemma. These come from a recent weekend-long workshop organized by the Community Forestry Fellowship, which is centered out of the University of California at Berkeley. This Fellowship matches graduate students seeking research opportunities with grassroots community efforts to manage natural resources in accordance with local cultural values. It is, in my opinion, one of the best examples of the shift away from the top down model, with the university experts instead asking the communities what they want to achieve and then assisting them in attaining their goals. The annual workshop, a meeting of Research Fellows and their community partners from around the nation, was held at LBL in September of 2007 to highlight research on LBL that had been conducted by past Fellow Damayanti Banerjee, one of Mike Bell's former graduate students and now an Assistant Professor of Sociology at Western Kentucky University. Among the workshop coordinators were three Forest Service employees from other states with whom I had discussions about our situation.

First, these Forest Service employees found it difficult to believe that we were encountering such resistance. They believed that the Between the Rivers people are potentially the best allies LBL managers could have and that we should be cultivated as such. Second, I was told that it was predictable that the lower the pay grade the more likely the Forest Service employee would be to agree with us and to support us. This is consistent with my experience, and I have to wonder if this is due to institutional restraints preventing the promotion of those who are

supportive of active engagement with organizations like ours; or is it because being promoted into the higher levels alters the way a person perceives groups like ours? My third observation is that the Workshop organizers tried repeatedly to get the LBL management to participate in the meetings. They were assured that this would not be a situation in which they would be asked to defend their stance on the heritage issue, but rather a chance for them to promote their program. They refused to participate. I was later informed by an LBL employee that the employees had been given strict orders to not attend the meetings—not even as observers. It is also worth noting that while Dr. Banerjee was doing her research here, the LBL Area Supervisor refused repeated requests to meet with her. He evidently had no interest in finding ways for the agency and the Between the Rivers people to work together.

So has the response of the LBL management toward Between the Rivers people been the result of the individuals we happen to have on site? Or is it the result of a larger institutional inertia shaping their response? Again, I do not know the answer to this. Another piece of very recent history adds to the puzzle, but I do not think provides any clear way forward. Within a week of the time this is being written, the Between the Rivers organization finally received a reply to a letter sent nearly two months earlier to the Chief of the Forest Service in Washington. That letter requested that LBL's Area Supervisor's actions be reviewed and that a determination be made as to whether the Between the Rivers people should be actively involved in the heritage program and be granted consulting party status, which would officially acknowledge that the heritage is ours. A detailed description of recent exchanges and refused requests for meetings was sent, along with a stack of supporting papers documenting the situation that was being described. The response was written by an underling officer, not the Forest Service Chief. In less than one page we were told that the Forest Service values input from the public and that when a member of the public has concerns about specific policies or programs he or she should work with the Area Supervisor. In short, we received no review of the recent actions, and no acknowledgement of our concerns was made. We were written off.

While the situation for the Grenadier people is, fortunately, settled and appears to be optimally positive, the Between the Rivers people remain in a fluid situation with little good to report. The most remarkable thing I can report is that the people remain concerned and involved, which is difficult to explain. For those of us that have been the most actively involved, there is the delicate matter of keeping the people informed and engaged while avoiding the raising of false hopes. These are people who have had every hope crushed, repeatedly, for many decades. So what does keep us involved? I believe the only explanation is that we are possessed by the ghosts of place. Every new threat to our heritage and culture brings people back to the table one more time, usually with only the slim

hope that we might stop one more loss in this long, losing battle. It is more difficult to rally support for the larger hope of someday regaining possession of those ghosts that possess us—it just seems so far out of reach given the reality of what we have endured. Still, there are those of us who will not give up.

Has our lack of success been the result of tactical errors on our part? I would speculate that any time you lose such a battle a tactical error was involved, or at least a better tactic needs to be found. Yet, I have no clue as to what better tactics to employ (suggestions are welcome). I would think that a new tactical approach would be more likely to bring hope to the Between the Rivers people than the distant promise of a possible shift in the Zeitgeist, or that a new generation of Forest Service managers will work their way through the system, or that assumptions about the place of humans in the environment are changing, even though these may well be more likely to yield the changes we need. I can only hope that these things are true and that when the changes arrive our children and grandchildren will remain possessed by those ghosts of place and feel the need to reclaim possession of the ghosts.

In the meantime, we have been informed by the Forest Service that the Between the Rivers organization can no longer conduct our heritage projects, begun well before the Forest Service arrived. These are projects that we have hoped would pass on to a new generation the sense of belonging to the Between the Rivers heritage. We have been told that if we want to be involved in "LBL's heritage," we can do so only by participating, as any other interested citizen, in LBL's heritage program, volunteering for whatever project that program chooses to undertake. We continue to contend that doing so will only further alienate us from any claim we have to possessing our own heritage. Participating in their program on those terms would be the final death blow to the authentic ghosts of place. We would, however, welcome the agency's assistance in *our* efforts, which would restore ownership of the heritage.

Where do we go from here? Again, I do not know. I do know that Mike's description of the outcome achieved by his people does provide encouragement. A good outcome is possible. I also know that during my involvement with our battles I have learned that we are not unique. There are many placed (and displaced) peoples facing similar issues, some gaining favorable outcomes, like the Grenadier people. Others are losing their battles, yet not giving up, like us. Loss of local, placed cultures is a serious concern, and I believe that more research is required to determine the factors that lead to the variant outcomes.

What, for example, were the differences that caused the Kouchibouguac people in Canada to lose their battle with Parks Canada while the St. Lawrence Islands project took the more favorable turn, even though both were dealing with the same agency? What similarities did the Kouchibouguac people and the Between the Rivers people have in common that might explain such similar

treatment by very different agencies? I also believe it is significant that the Kouchibouguac people have resorted to violent tactics, which is likely the result of feeling they have no legitimate channels for addressing their concerns. Further analysis of the differences and similarities in these and other cases might provide significant insight that would benefit everyone.

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