

H.P. Lovecraft

Quotations on Race and Culture



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“That the maintenance of civilisation today rests with that magnificent Teutonic stock which is represented alike by the two hotly contending rivals, England and German, as well as by Austria, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, is as undeniably true as it is vigorously disputed. The Teuton is the summit of evolution. That we may consider intelligently his place in history we must cast aside the popular nomenclature which would confuse the names "Teuton" and "German", and view him not nationally but racially. Tracing the career of the Teuton through medieval and modern history, we can find no possible excuse for denying his actual biological supremacy. In widely separated localities and under widely diverse conditions, his innate racial qualities have raised him to preeminence. There is no branch of modern civilisation that is not his making.”

>from an editorial in *The Conservative* Vol. I, No. 1, (1915)

The negro is fundamentally the biological inferior of all White and even Mongolian races, and the Northern people must occasionally be reminded of the danger which they incur in admitting him too freely to the privileges of society and government...*The Birth of a Nation* ... is said to furnish a remarkable insight into the methods of the Ku-Klux-Klan, that noble but much maligned band of Southerners who saved half of our country from destruction at the close of the Civil War. *The Conservative* has not yet witnessed the picture in question, but he has seen both in literary and dramatic form *The Clansman*, that stirring, though crude and melodramatic story by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., on which *The Birth of a Nation* is based, and has likewise made a close historical study of the Klu-Klux-Klan, finding as a result of his research nothing but Honour, Chivalry, and Patriotism in the activities of the Invisible Empire. The Klan merely did for the people what the law refused to do, removing the ballot from unfit hands and restoring to the victims of political vindictiveness their natural rights. The alleged lawbreaking of the Klan was committed only by irresponsible miscreants who, after the dissolution of the Order by its Grand Wizard, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, used its weird masks and terrifying costumes to veil their unorganised villainies.

Race prejudice is a gift of Nature, intended to preserve in purity the various divisions of mankind which the ages have evolved.

>from an editorial in *The Conservative* Vol. I, No. 2, (1915)

I hardly wonder that my racial ideas seem bigoted to one born and reared in the vicinity of cosmopolitan New York, but you may better understand my repulsion to the Jew when I tell you that until I was fourteen years old I do not believe I ever spoke to one or saw one knowingly. My section of the city is what is known as the “East Side” (nothing like New York’s “East Side”!!!) and it is separated from the rest of the town by the precipitous slope of College Hill, at the top of

which is Brown University. In this whole locality, there are scarcely two or three families who are not of original Yankee Rhode Island stock—the place is as solidly Anglo-American as it was 200 years ago. Over on the “West Side”, it is very cosmopolitan, but the East Side child might as well be in the heart of Old England so far as racial environment is concerned. Slater Avenue school was near my home, and the only non-Saxons were *****s whose parents work for our families or cart our ashes, and who consequently know their place. Imagine, then, my feeling on entering high-school and being confronted with the offscourings of Judea! True, some of the Jews were intelligent; in fact there were some very brilliant scholars among them; but how could a child used to other children like himself find anything in common with hook-nosed, swarthy, guttural-voiced aliens? Repulsion was instinctive—I never denied the mental capacity of the Jew; in fact I admire the race and its early history at a distance; but association with them was intolerable. Just as some otherwise normal men hate the sight or presence of a cat, so have I hated the presence of a Jew. Then, all apart from this instinctive feeling, I very soon formed a conviction that the Oriental mind is but ill adapted to mingle with the Aryan mind—that the glory of Israel is by itself. Oil and water are both desirable, but they will not mix. And the more I study the question, the more firmly am I convinced that the one supreme race is the Teuton. Observe the condition in the British Isles. The English are wholly Teutonic, and therefore dominant. The southern Scotch and eastern Irish are also of that blood—they certainly surpass their fellows to the north and west. The Welsh, who have no Teutonic blood, are of little account. Had it not been for the Teutonic infusion at the beginning of the Dark Ages, southern Europe would have been lost. Who were these early “French” kings and heroes that founded French civilisation? Teutons, to a man! It was the Teutonic might of Charles Martel that drove the Saracen Semite out of Gaul. Who were the Normans? Teutons of the North. It is pitiful to me to hear apostles of equity pipe out that other races can equal this foremost of all—this successor to the Roman race in power and virility.

>from a letter written December 6, 1915

I am not an orthodox disciple of religion, but I deem it dangerous to tamper with any system so manifestly beneficial to morality. Whatever may be the faults of the church, it has never yet been surpassed or nearly equalled as an agent for the promotion of virtue. And the same thing applies to our present social system. It has its defects, but is evidently a natural growth, and better fitted to preserve an approximate civilization than any Utopian scheme conjured up over night by some artificially thinking radical. As to races, I deem it most proper to recognise the divisions into which nature has grouped mankind. Science shows us the infinite superiority of the Teutonic Aryan over all others, and it therefore becomes us to see that his ascendancy shall remain undisputed. Any racial mixture can but lower the result. The Teutonic race, whether in Scandinavia, other parts of the continent, England, or America, the cream of humanity, and its wanton and deliberate adulteration with baser material is even more repulsive to consider than the elaborately staged racial suicide now being conducted, wherein Germanic and Britannic Teutons are striving to annihilate each other instead of uniting against the Mongol-tainted Slav or menacing Oriental.

Sometimes I think of racial combinations as chemical reactions; for instance, I believe that certain stocks have greater assimilative powers than others. The Gallo-Basque stock with Latin

infusion, which constitutes the bulk of the French population, is much more receptive to alien blood than is our colder and more Teutonic stock.

>from a letter written November 25, 1915

As the general situation, it seems very encouraging just now. It may take a second war to adjust things properly. I tremble to think of the possibilities of the Russian collapse which may open resources of a vast country to the enemy. If the predicted Western drive of the Huns succeeds, the war is virtually lost. There is something the matter with the morale of the more polished nations - they need a little more brutality of the old Teutonic sort. No army can win without a certain savage lust of combat, and this spirit is being undermined with the current cant about democracy, idealism, and all that sort of rot. The issues should be made clearer - the first fight is not in the interests of a coming millenium of social reform; it is for the hearth and home-for existing institutions against a perilous invasion of an unnatural culture. Racial factors are also united against us. For all our Roman civilization, the enemy has a preponderance of superior blood. If all the Allied nations were as thoroughly Teutonic as Prussia, the end would be nearer and happier. Nothing can withstand the might of the Teuton -- he is the logical successor of the Roman in power. Teutonic blood snatched Britain from the Celt and made England the greatest force in all civilization. Teutonic blood conquered the Western wilderness and gave America an instant place amongst the great nations of the globe. But this blood has become so extensively and tragically diluted, that the non-German Teutons may well look with concern to their future. The grotesque fallacy of the "Great American Melting Pot" may yet be brought home to the people in one of the most tear-stained pages of their history. Germany herself has set a truer valuation on the importance of unmixed blood, but may yet come to grief through the absorption of Slavic elements. The course of Germany during the last half-century has been one of curiously mixed merit. Certain scientific and philosophical developments have been marvellous, yet they have been conjoined to a brutality and narrowness of vision which threaten the development of civilization. The pan-Teutonic ideal, attainable only by a complete and amicable co-operation between Anglo-Saxon and Germanic races, has been fallaciously subordinated to a petty pan-Germanic ideal which is bringing about the virtual suicide of the Teutonic race, and driving the Anglo-Saxons and Germans into equally unnatural alliances with alien races. The Saxon has his Hindoos and Moors, and the German his Turks. Progress is at a standstill, and everything human is lost in a mad scramble for a material victory. Even a recurrence of the Dark Ages is not possible - a recurrence which will leave the Teutonic race so depleted numerically that the world's future is seriously threatened. Wilhelm, Wilhelm! What has thou wrought?

>from a letter written December 23, 1917

At the elevated station at 6th Ave. and 42nd St. I lost my fellow Anglo-Saxon, whose home is far

to the north in the semi-African jungles of Harlem...

...Kleiner proceeded to lead us into the slums; with "Chinatown" as an ulterior objective. My gawd—what a filthy dump! I thought Providence had slums, and antique Bostonium as well; but damn me if I ever saw anything like the sprawling sty-atmosphere of N.Y.s lower East Side. We walked -- at my suggestion -- in the middle of the street, for contact with the denizens, spilled out of their bulging brick kennels as if by a spawning beyond the capacity of the places, was not by any means to be sought. At times, though, we struck peculiarly deserted areas these swine have instinctive swarming movements, no doubt, which no ordinary biologist can fathom. Gawd knows what they are---...--a bastard mess of stewing mongrel flesh without intellect, repellent to the eye, nose, and imagination would to heaven a kindly gust of cyanogen could asphyxiate the whole gigantic abortion, end the misery, and clean out the place. The streets, even in the centre, are filthy with old papers and vegetable debris -- probably the street-cleaners dislike to soil their white uniforms by visiting such infernos.

>from a letter written May 18, 1922

You're slum travelogue interested me vastly, and I hope you will take me to this hideous cesspool someday soon. Whether I have ever beheld any place of equal putrefaction remains to be seen—at present I find it hard to conceive of anything more utterly and ultimately loathsome than certain streets of the lower east side where Kleiner took Loveman and me in April 1922. The organic things -Italo-Semitico-Mongoloid- inhabiting that awful cesspool could not by any stretch of the imagination be call'd human. They were monstrous and nebulous adumbrations of the pithecanthropoid and amoebal; vaguely moulded from some stinking viscous slime of earth's corruption, and slithering and oozing in and on the filthy streets or in and out of windows and doorways in a fashion suggestive of nothing but infesting worms or deep-sea unnamabilities. They -or the degenerate gelatinous fermentation of which they were composed- seem'd to ooze, seep and trickle thro' the gaping cracks in the horrible houses... and I thought of some avenue of Cyclopean and unwholesome vats, crammed to the vomiting-point with gangrenous vileness, and about to burst and inundate the world in one leprous cataclysm of semi-fluid rottenness. From that nightmare of perverse infection I could not carry away the memory of any living face. The individually grotesque was lost in the collectively devastating; which left on the eye only the broad, phantasmal lineaments of the morbid soul of disintegration and decay... a yellow leering mask with sour, sticky, acid ichors oozing at eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and abnormally bubbling from monstrous and unbelievable sores at every point...

>from a letter written March 21, 1924

...I do not claim to be 100% Teuton. My dark hair and eyes forbid me that honour. But when I reflect on the fact that hair and eyes are the first things to be chang'd in a blond race upon the least infusion of southern blood, and gold-an-blue scheme being very unstable and liable to revert to the more primitive and deeply hereditary brown or black scheme; I am content to survey

my ample height and pallid complexion (bleach'd by the deep Saxon forests and Scandinavian snows) and pronounce myself 99.9% Teutonic. This supposition is borne out by my coarse features-the rough-hewn physiognomy of a Viking warrior-and by my enthusiastick response to warlike and imperious stimuli....

As to the artistick capacity of the Nordick in general, I will freely admit that it does not take the most obvious and characteristick forms. The masses of a Nordick race are not so aesthetically responsive as the Mediterranean masses -- though even here we have to reckon with the acute musical sensibility of the Germans. But having made all concessions, I now pause to inquire why artistick capacity is any proper measure of value for race-stock? To my simple old mind, art is merely a more or less unsatisfactory substitute for real life; and when we consider life and action, deeds and conquests, governments and administrations, what race since the Romans can compare with us? Did we not pour down out of our native forests and reclaim a degenerate Europe where civilisation, under effete Mediterranean dregs, was dying out? My God! The very name of France comes from our huge yellow-bearded Franks, and in Spain they call a gentleman a hidalgo -- hijo del goda -- son of the Goth -- the huge blue-eyed, conquering Nordick! Fancy a world without Clovis -- or its Charlemagne -- the Teuton Karlomann, and the Vikings and the Norsemen...ho for the frozen seas and the epick of sleet and blood, strange lands and far wonders! Greenland, Iceland, Normandy, England, Sicily -- the world was ours, and the mountainous billows heaved with the Cyclopean rhythm of our barbarick chants and shouts of mastery! Art? By Woden, were not our deeds and battles, our victories and empires, all parts of a poem more wonderful than aught which Homer cou'd strike from a Grecian lyre? Ho! Yaah! We are men! We are big men! We are strong men, for we make men do what we want! Let no man balk us, for our gods are big gods, and our arms and our swords are tough! Hrrrr! The stones of towns fall down when we come, and crows love us for the feast of dead men we give them. The lands shake with the thump of our feet, and hills grow flat when we stride up and down them. The floods are dry when we have drunk them, and no beasts are left when we have killed and gorged. By day we kill and seize, at dusk we feast and drink, by nights we snore and dream big dreams of strange seas we shall sail, old towns we shall burn, stout men we shall slay, wild beasts we shall hunt, deep cups we shall drain, fat boars we shall tear limb from limb with our hands, and gnaw with our sharp teeth. Great Thor, but this is life! We ask no more! We know the cool of deep woods, and the spell of their gloom and the things void of name that lurk or may lurk in them. Bards sing them to us in the dark with great hoarse voices when the fire burns low and we have drunk our mead. Bards sing them to us, and we hear. Great, gaunt bards with white beards and the old scars of good fights. And they sing things that none else have dreamed of; strange, dim, weird things that they learn in the woods, deep woods, the thick woods. There are no woods like our woods, no bards like our bards.

Puritanism? I am by no means dispos'd to condemn it utterly in the pageant of the world, for it is not life an art, and art a selection? The Puritans unconsciously sought to do a supremely artistic thing -- to mould all life into a dark poem; a macabre tapestry with quaint arabesques and patterns from the plains of antique Palaestina...antique Palaestina with her bearded prophets, many gated walls, and flattened domes. The fatuous floundering of the ape and the Neanderthaler they rejected -- this and the graceful forms into which that floundering had aimlessly blunder'd -- and in place of slovenly Nature set up a life in Gothick design, with formal arches and precise traceries, austere spires and three interesting little gargoyles with solemn grimaces, call'd the father, the son, and the holy ghost. On shifting humanity they imposed a refreshing technique, and an aimless and futile cosmos supply'd artificial values which had real authority because they were not true. Verily, the Puritans were the only really effective diabolists and decadents the world has known; because they hated life and scorned the platitude that it is worth living. Can you imagine anything more magnificent than the wholesale slaughter of the Indians -- a very epick-- by our New-England ancestors in the name of the lamb? But all aside

from that -- these Puritans were truly marvelous. They did not invent, but substantially developed the colonial doorway; and incidentally created a simple standard of life and conduct which is, no apart from some extravagant and inessential details and a few aesthetic and intellectual fallacies in all truth the most healthy and practical way of securing happiness and tranquility which we have had since the early days of Republican Rome. I am myself very partial to it -- it is so quaint and wholesome. But not alone in Puritanism is the Nordic's beneficent influence to be found. Who else could, after the decay of Rome, have revived the aesthetic of strength which in antique days reared to the heavens the colonnades of the Capitolium, the dome of Vesta, the splendours of the Palantine, the walls of the Coliseum, the balconies of the Septizonium, the altitudes of the Pantheon, the colossi and arches of conquering despots, and countless other stone and marble ecstasies of ebullient domination? True, we have never equalled those breathless marvels, for we own ourselves no match for the world-overtopping ROMAN CITIZEN; but alone of all races we have revived in our master-achievement ENGLAND -- that resistless sway which gave them birth, and have enabled the modern world to share in that delirium of artistic excitement and surging pride which must fill'd every true ROMAN when, looking back from some crest in the road at sunset, he saw limned in flame the gold the domes and columns, vast, prodigious, multitudinous and induplicable, of earth's supreme apotheosis of dominion -- THE IMPERIAL CITY.

"Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento; Hae tibi erunt artes: pacisque imponere marem,

Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos."

So, Sonny, your old Grandpa is pretty well satisfied to be a Nordick, chalk white from the Hercynian wood and the Polar mists, and stout arm'd to wield the mace, the broadsword, and the javelin. Nordics can buy dark foreign slaves cheap in the market-place -- sharp, clever little Greeks and Alexandrians who will decorate our walls and chisel our friezes well enough when tickled with the lash of a Nordic overseer. Our province is to found the cities and conquer the wilderness and people the waste lands -- that, and to assemble and drive the slaves, who tell us stories and sing us songs and paint us pretty pictures. WE ARE THE MASTERS.

>from a letter written December 11, 1923

THE CRIME OF THE CENTURY

By H. P. Lovecraft

The present European war, occurring as it does in an age of hysterical sentimentality and

unsound political doctrines, has called forth from the sympathizers of each set of belligerents an unexampled torrent of indiscriminate denunciation.

The effeminate idealist, half awaked from his roseate vision of universal brotherhood, shrieks at the mutual slaughter of his fellow-men, or singles out individual acts of cruelty or treachery as the objects of his well-meaning rage; while the erratic socialist, saturated with false notions of equality and democracy, raves unendingly against cruel systems of government which sacrifice a peaceful peasantry to the greed and ambition of their warlike masters.

But though the sober philosopher perceives in war a phenomenon eminently natural and absolutely inevitable; though he realizes that the masses of mankind must remain subject to the will of a dominant aristocracy so long as the present structure of the human brain endures; he can none the less find in the colossal conflict an ample cause for the deepest regret and the gravest apprehension. High above such national crimes as the Servian plots against Austria or the German disregard of Belgian neutrality, high above such sad matters as the destruction of innocent lives and property, looms the supremest of all crimes, an offense not only against conventional morality but against Nature itself; the violation of race.

In the unnatural racial alignment of the various warring powers we behold a defiance of anthropological principles that cannot but bode ill for the future of the world.

That the maintenance of civilisation today rests with that magnificent Teutonic stock which is represented alike by the two hotly contending rivals, England and Germany, as well as by Austria, Scandinavia, Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium, is as undeniably true as it is vigorously disputed. The Teuton is the summit of evolution. That we may consider intelligently his place in history we must cast aside the popular nomenclature which would confuse the names "Teuton" and "German", and view him not nationally but racially, identifying his fundamental stock with the tall, pale, blue-eyed, yellow-haired, long-headed "Xanthochroi" as described by Huxley, amongst whom the class of languages we call "Teutonic" arose, and who today constitute the majority of the Teutonic-speaking population of our globe.

Though some ethnologists have declared that the Teuton is the only true Aryan, and that the languages and institutions of the other nominally Aryan races were derived alone from his superior speech and customs; it is nevertheless not necessary for us to accept this daring theory in order to appreciate his vast superiority to the rest of mankind.

Tracing the career of the Teuton through medieval and modern history, we can find no possible excuse for denying his actual biological supremacy. In widely separated localities and under widely diverse conditions, his innate racial qualities have raised him to preeminence. There is no branch of modern civilization that is not his making. As the power of the Roman Empire declined, the Teuton sent down into Italy, Gaul, and Spain the re-vivifying elements which saved those countries from complete destruction. Though now largely lost in the mixed population, the Teutons are the true founders of all the so-called Latin states. Political and social vitality had fled from the old inhabitants; the Teuton only was creative and constructive. After the native elements absorbed the Teutonic Invaders, the Latin civilizations declined tremendously, so that the France, Italy, and Spain of today bear every mark of national degeneracy.

In the lands whose population is mainly Teutonic, we behold a striking proof of the qualities of the race. England and Germany are the supreme empires of the world, whilst the virile virtues of the Belgians have lately been demonstrated in a manner which will live forever in song and story. Switzerland and Holland are veritable synonyms for Liberty. The Scandinavians are immortalized by the exploits of the Vikings and Normans, whose conquests over man and Nature extended from the sun-baked shores of Sicily to the glacial wastes of Greenland, even

attaining our own distant Vineland across the sea. United States history is one long panegyric of the Teuton, and will continue to be such if degenerate immigration can be checked in time to preserve the primitive character of the population.

The Teutonic mind is masterful, temperate, and just. No other race has shown an equal capability for self-government. It is a significant fact that not one square inch of Teutonic territory is governed save by its own inhabitants.

The division of such a splendid stock against itself, each representative faction allying itself with alien inferiors, is a crime so monstrous that the world may well stand aghast. Germany, it is true, has some appreciation of the civilizing mission of the Teuton, but has allowed her jealousy of England to conquer her intellectual zeal, and to disrupt the race in an infamous and unnecessary war.

Englishmen and Germans are blood brothers, descended from the same stern Woden-worshipping ancestors, blessed with the same rugged virtues, and fired with the same noble ambitions. In a world of diverse and hostile races the joint mission of these virile men is one of union and co-operation with their fellow Teutons in defense of civilization against the onslaughts of all others. There is work to be done by the Teuton. As a unit he must in times to come crush successively the rising power of Slav and Mongolian, preserving for Europe and America the glorious culture that has evolved.

Wherefore we have reason to weep less at the existence or causes of this stupendous fray, than at its unnatural and fratricidal character; at the self-decimation of the one mighty branch of humanity on which the future welfare of the world depends.

The Conservative Vol. I, No. 1, (1915)

The so-called Jews of today are either Carthaginians or squat yellow Mongoloids from Central Asia, and the so-called Christians are healthy Aryan pagans who have adopted the external forms of a faith whose original flabbiness would disgust them. The day of belief as a significant factor is past—now we heed only the biological and cultural heritage of a stock as an index of its place. The mass of contemporary Jews are hopeless as far as America is concerned. They are the product of alien blood, and inherit alien ideals, impulses, and emotions which forever preclude the possibility of wholesale assimilation. It is not a matter of being orderly citizens and caring for their poor—the question is more profound than can be dealt with in superficial formulae, and vast harm is done by those idealists who encourage belief in a coalescence which can never be. The fact is, that an Asiatic stock broken and dragged through the dirt for untold centuries cannot possibly meet a proud, play-loving, warlike Nordic race on an emotional parity. They may want to meet, but they can't—their inmost feelings and perspectives are antipodal. Neither stock can feel at ease when confronted by the other, and Joseph Pennell the artist only speaks the unvarnished truth when he alludes in his recent memoirs to “the vague, unformulated dislike of a Jew felt instinctively by every properly constituted person of my generation”. East versus West—they can talk for aeons without either's knowing what the other really means. On our side there is a shuddering physical repugnance to most Semitic types, and when we try to be tolerant we are merely blind or hypocritical. Two elements so discordant can never build up one

society—no feeling of real linkage can exist where so vast a disparity of ancestral memories is concerned—so that wherever the Wandering Jew wanders, he will have to content himself with his own society till he disappears or is killed off in some sudden outburst of mad physical loathing on our part. I've easily felt able to slaughter a score or two when jammed in a N.Y. subway train. Superior Semites—especially those of rural heritage or of the Portugese stock typified by the Newport Touros and Mendezes of colonial times—can be assimilated one by one by the dominant Aryan when they sever all ties of association and memory with the mass of organised Jewry. But this process is necessarily slow and restricted, and has no bearing at all on the problem of the alien mass. That mass must evolve its own aristocracy and live its own separate life, for the Asiatic and European cultures can never meet in common social intercourse. No member of the one, in good standing, can have any social dealings with the opposite body. The line is clearly drawn, and in New York may yet evolve into a new colour-line, for there the problem assumes its most hideous form as loathsome Asiatic hordes trail their dirty carcasses over streets where white men once moved, and air their odious presence and twisted visages and stunted forms till we shall be driven either to murder them or emigrate ourselves, or be carried shrieking into the madhouse. Indeed, the real problem may be said to exist nowhere but in New York, for only there is the displacement of regular people so hellishly marked. It is not good for a proud, light-skinned Nordic to be cast away alone amongst squat, squint-eyed jabberers with coarse ways and alien emotions whom his deepest cell-tissue hates and loathes as the mammal hates and loathes the reptile, with an instinct as old as history—and the decline of New York as an American city will be the inevitable result. Meanwhile all one can do is to avoid personal contact with the intruding fabric—ugh! they make one feel ill-at-ease, as though one's shoes pinched, or as though one had on prickly woollen underwear. Experience has taught the remnants of the American people what they never thought of when the first idealists opened the gates to scum—that there is no such thing as assimilation of a stock whose relation to our own history is so slight, whose basic emotions are so antithetical to ours, and whose physical aspect is so loathsome to normal members of our species. Such is New York's blight. Our own New England problem, though less violently repellent on the surface, is yet of discouraging magnitude; for where New York is swamped with Asiatics, our own streets are flooded with scarcely less undesirable Latins—low-grade Southern Italians and Portugese, and the clamorous plague of French-Canadians. These elements will form a separate Roman Catholic culture hostile to our own, joining with the Irish—who in a highly unassimilated state, are the pest of Boston. Many of these stocks could be assimilated—such as the Nordic Irish of Eastern Ireland and such of the French-Canadians as are of Norman extraction—but the process will be very slow. Meanwhile separation and mutual hostility must continue, though there is much less of that shuddering, maddening physical aversion which makes New York a hell to a sensitive Nordic. New England is by far the best place for a white man to live, and some of the northern parts are still astonishingly American. One could dwell very comfortably in Portsmouth N.H. Outside the N.Y. and N.E. belt other racial and cultural problems occur. The hideous peasant poles of New Jersey and Pennsylvania are absolutely unassailable save by the thinnest trickling streams, whilst the Mexicans—half to three-quarters Indian—form a tough morsel in the Southwest. The Indians themselves are very self-effacing and unobtrusive where they still remain—and the ***** is of course an altogether different matter involving altogether different principles and methods. In general, America has made a fine mess of its population, and will pay for it in tears amidst a premature rottenness unless something is done extremely soon.

>from a letter written July 6, 1926

Whilst I am well aware that a large amount of race-stock included within the normal bounds of Jewry is excellent and quite assimilable by a Nordic majority if the proportion be not excessive, I am not prepared to admit that the essentially exotic and Oriental culture-stream of the Hebraic tradition has any legitimate place in a Western and Aryan civilisation. We can gradually absorb such Jewish elements as are dominantly Nordic or Mediterranean in their biological composition -- keen, gray-eyed, white skinned German Jews like the first August Belmont, or ascetic Portugese-Jewish types like those whose blood has already tintured to a great extent the body of the Spanish people. But this absorption absolutely postulates a complete cultural surrender on their part -- an acceptance of our own Aryan point of view, loyalties, religion, and heritage. In other words, they must throw themselves wholly into the main stream and utterly forget their own individual past; else they will engender unpleasant cross-currents of taste and feeling which will continue to make them socially distasteful. We can't feel at ease -- we couldn't if we wanted to -- with persons motivated by a series of emotions founded on an utterly antipathetic and (to us) positively contemptible race-history. Nordic and Jew, culturally, can never meet on common ground because each one cordially hates what is sacred to the other. The Jew, to start with, is a humorless and emotionally overdeveloped ethical fanatic; with a leaning to the grandiose and an absolute indifference to that pride and physical courage which with us is really the measure of a man. You can imagine the natural reaction of this alien minded stock to our essentially playful, power-loving, and indomitably proud fabric of unconquerable freemen. And that is not the worst. Added to this essential cultural a lineage of the Jew is his ignominious history for the past two thousand years. Unable to resist his conquerors, he has never made a courageous stand except when his ethical mania prompts the individual to resist spiritual encroachment, but has been content to cringe and fawn and scheme along with sickly smirk and greasily rubbed palms as everybody's public door-mat. Kick him, and he whines an excuse for having been in your way! Now to him, this means nothing: because his own tradition has pinned the its emotional approval to other things -- mostly ethical and spiritual illusions. He can placidly dodge our boot-tips and tin cans with unimpaired self-respect, because his life is modelled upon a pattern which has nothing to do with our standard of value and ideals of manhood. It is the eternal East -- you see it in the Hindoo fakir and Chinese coolie as well. But all this, however satisfying to him, means nothing to us. We are ourselves, and inherit our own Western standards, and cannot in any way help entertaining feelings of the utmost aversion, repugnance, and contempt toward a culture or stock which fails to fulfil our most basic ideal of what men ought to be. We can't help how wise or shrewd some Rabbi Isaachar ben Levi may be -- if he grins when we pull his entomologically populous whiskers, we are moved by a basic impulse to a profound and insuperable disgust. It was thus that the Romans felt toward the cringing philosophers of the fallen Hellenistic world. Nothing is more foolish than the smug platitude of the idealistic social worker who tells us that we ought to excuse the Jew's repulsive psychology because we, by persecuting him, are in a measure responsible for it. This is damned piffle that utterly evades the real issue. We despise the Jew not only because of the stigmata which our persecution has produced, but because of the deficient stamina (from our point of view) on his part which permitted us to persecute him at all! Does anybody fancy for a moment that a Nordic race could be knocked about for two millennia by its neighbors? God! They'd either die fighting to the last man, or rise up and wipe out their would-be persecutors off the Earth!!! It's because the Jews have allowed themselves to fill a football's role that we instinctively hate them. Note how much greater is our respect for their fellow Semites, the Arabs, who have the high heart -- shewn in courage and a laughing sense of beauty -- which we emotionally understand and approve.

Now with this double barrier -- alienage of primitive impulse, and contempt arising from the historic consequences of this alienage-- is it to be supposed for a moment that any communal

rapport can exist betwixt elements symbolizing or representing the opposed Aryan and Hebraic types? Only a cloud-gazing ass of an idealist could possibly envisage such a circumstance. Aryans, as Aryans, will always feel a deep-seated and uneasy dislike toward Jews, as Jews; and the introduction of a large Jewish element into the social, intellectual, aesthetic life of a community can only result in the maintenance of two separate streams without contact. People who have heard different songs crooned over their cradles will sing different songs when their time of singing comes. And this, we must note very carefully, applies to the best type of Jews as well as to their hopeless riff-raff. Fine learning -- even fine race stock -- there may be; but as long as a cultural group looks back to sources utterly loathsome to our own aesthetic scheme, we will always detest them. So I say, whilst it is eminently desirable to salvage good Jewish race stock by very gradual absorption into the Aryan and dominating body; it is absolutely necessary that this salvaging be accompanied by a total effacement of the newcomers' traditions. They must suffer a complete intellectual and aesthetic amnesia, and join us as Aryans when they do join. As for the Semitic culture -- it is not for us to say one word either for or against it in an absolute sense. We do not feel its impulses, and can never know its essence. Certainly, it has produced a powerful set of ideas and standards, and who are we to say that these are any less important, intrinsically, than our own? As with Chinese culture, whose absolute greatness we freely acknowledge, we may say that Jewish culture is doubtless highly excellent in its proper place. But that place is not among us, for those points of view which are eminently harmonious when working with other Hebraic ideas, become utterly discordant, hostile, and injurious when brought in contact with points of view whose source and direction are wholly distinct and opposite. Semitism has never done anything save harm us when forced upon us or adopted by accident. It gave us puling hypocrisies of the Christian doctrine -- us, who by every law of Nature are virile, warlike, and beauty loving pagans and Northern polytheists! We, who should shout our laughter to Odin and Thor, are constrained to bend like Eastern slaves over sickly twilight altars to a crucified consumptive. Faugh! It sickens my blond Teuton soul!! And our last wave of Hebraic imitation -- the Puritan movement -- produced such ugliness as a New-England chronicler blushes on the record. Good gawd! To think that my own maternal great-grandfather's Christian name was Jeremiah! But fortunately, Christian ritual and practice among the most civilised types have been gradually purged, by sheer racial influence, of their more incongruous and objectionable Eastern features. What, then, shall we do with our Jews? Absorb a few as Aryans -- well and good -- it has been done to some slight extent without ill effect. But anyone knows this is possible only in a drop-in-the-bucket extent; for most Jews hold like mules to their beliefs, and most are racially unfit for amalgamation anyhow. What of this alien majority? Well-as with the negro, there is only one thing we can do as an immediate expedient to save ourselves; Keep them out of our national and racial life. With the negro the fight is wholly biological, whilst with the Jew it is mainly spiritual; but the principle is the same. We are Aryans, and only our future as a self-respecting stock lies in our resistance to anything like an Alexandrian mental hybridisation. Let us preserve and glory in our own inherited Western life and impulses and standards, and let us resist to the death any attempt at fastening to our body of national custom any feeling or feature aside from that which we legitimately derive from the tall, fair Aryans who begat us and who founded our English civilisation and Anglo-American nation. If A certain number of outlanders desire to dwell separately among us, it may be politic to let them -- at least, for a time. But let us swear by the living God, as we respect ourselves as free Northern white men, that they shall lay not a hand on our institutions, and inject not an ideal of theirs into the massed inheritance which is ours. To the Jew we must say, "live your own life, here or elsewhere; but remember that you live among Aryans, who are not to be disturbed." When the interloper seeks a voice in our councils, and subtly endeavours to mould the national feeling in accordance with his own standards -- among which latter is a cynical disregard of our sentiments and cherished loyalties, visible in bolshevistic Trotskys and iconoclastic Ben Hechts -- there is only one possible answer from the unemasculated sons of the honest roast-beef Englishmen and rawboned Yankees who made this nation; and that answer is just this -- "You go to Hell."...

And of course the New York Mongoloid problem is beyond calm mention. The city is befouled and accursed -- I come away from it with a sense of having been tainted by contact, and long for some solvent oblivion to wash out!...How in Heaven's name sensitive and self-respecting white men can continue to live in the stew of Asiatic filth which the region has become -- with marks and reminders of the locust plague on every hand -- is absolutely beyond me. In fact, I'm jolly well certain that they won't continue. New York will become a vast trading-mart for long distance white commuters -- and for the nameless spawn. When, at length, the power of the latter rises to dangerous heights of rivalry, I can see nothing short of rivalry, I can see nothing short of war or separation from the union. There is here a grave and mighty problem beside which the negro problem is a jest -- for in this case we have to deal not with childlike half-gorillas, but with yellow, soulless enemies whose repulsive carcasses house dangerous mental machines warped culturelessly in the single direction of material gain by stealth at any cost. I hope the end will be warfare -- but not till such a time as our own minds are fully freed of humanitarian hindrances of the Syrian superstition imposed upon us by Constantinus. Then let us show our physical power as men and Aryans, and conduct a scientific wholesale deportation from which there will be neither flinching nor retreating.

So that is that. There are two Jew problems in America today -- one national and cultural, and to be met by a firm resistance to all those vitiating ideas which parasitic subject-races engender; and another local and biological -- The New York Mongoloid problem, to be met God only knows how, but with force rather than intellect. The dominantly Aryan blooded Jew of high type is better assimilated. The powerfully intellectual fundamental Hebrew is better socially segregated..

And such a lecture to be started by a mere account of a momentary tiff! Well -- that's what having lived in New York for two years does to one! I couldn't have felt it that way (even tho' my abstract views were the same) in 1923 or before, and even now it will probably wear off in a year or so more--especially since in New England we have our own local curses. (tho' they don't clutter up all the landscape so!) in the form of Simian Portugese, unspeakable Southern Italians, and jabbering French-Canadians. Broadly speaking, our curse is Latin just as yours is Semitic-Mongoloid, the Mississippian's African, the Pittsburgher's Slavonic, the Arizonians Mexican, and the Californian's Chino-Japanese. And so, to quote from a discouragingly Hebraic work of literature -- Amen!!

>from a letter written August 21, 1926

I formerly attended the cinema quite frequently, but it is beginning to bore me. My interest lay more with the plays than the players, and I have no especial enthusiasm for any of the artists of the shadow. If I have ever singled out any stars above the rest, it has been a pair about whom one hears relatively little—Henry B. Walthall and the Japanese Sessue Hayakawa. The latter was my late young cousin's favourite. Walthall possesses tragic potentialities all too seldom utilised on the screen. His part in Birth of a Nation, though a leading one, failed to do him justice. He could create a sensation if some of Poe's tales were dramatized—I can imagine him as Roderick Usher or the central character in Berenice. No one else in film-land can duplicate his delineation of stark, hideous terror or fiendish malignancy. Hayakawa excels in tragical pathos, and would soar high if he were a white man. I would not at all be surprised if he had a dash of white blood somewhere. Both Walthall and Hayakawa are too good for films -- they ought to be

known more widely.

...Orientals must be kept in their native East till the fall of the white race. Sooner or later a great Japanese war will take place, during which I think the virtual destruction of Japan will have to be effected in the interests of European safety. The more numerous Chinese are a menace of the still more distant future. They will probably be the exterminators of Caucasian civilisation, for their numbers are amazing. But that is all too far ahead for consideration today.

>from a letter written September 30, 1919

The problem of race & culture is by no means as simple as is assumed either by the Nazis or by the rabble-catering equalitarian columnists of the Jew-York papers. Of course Hitler is an unscientific extremist in fancying that any racial strain can be reduced to theoretical purity, that the Nordic stock is intellectually & aesthetically superior to all others, & that even a trace of non-Nordic blood—or non-Aryan blood—is enough to alter the psychology & citizenly potentialities of an individual. These assumptions, most certainly, are crude and ignorant—but the anti-Hitlerites are too cocksure when they maintain that the fallacy of these points justifies a precisely opposite extremism. As a matter of fact—all apart from social & political prejudice—there indisputably is such a thing as a Nordic subdivision of the white race, as evolved by a strenuous & migratory life in Northern Asia & Europe. Of course, very little of it remains Simon-pure at this date—after all the mixtures resulting from its contacts with other stocks—but anyone would be a damn fool to deny that certain modern racial or cultural units remain predominantly & determinately Nordic on blood, so that their instincts & reactions generally follow the Nordic pattern, & differ basically from those of the groups which are predominantly non-Nordic. Anybody can see for themselves the difference between a tall, straight-nosed, fine-haired dolichocephalic Teuton or Celt (be he blond or dark) on the one hand, & a squat, swarthy Latin, aquiline Semite, or brachycephalic Slav on the other hand. And even if a Teutonic or Celtic group happens to pick up & assimilate substantial numbers of Latins, Semites, or Slavs, it will continue to think & feel & act in a characteristic Nordic fashion as long as the old blood remains predominant, & the culture-stream remains unbroken. It is of course true that the cultural heritage is more influential than the biological, but only a freakish extremist would reduce the biological to negligibility. Separate lines of evolution have certainly developed typically differing responses to given environmental stimuli. As for the question of superiority & inferiority—when we observe the whole animal kingdom & note the vast differences in capacity betwixt different species & sub-species within various genera we see how utterly asinine & hysterically sentimental is the blanket assumption of idealists & other fools that all the sub-species of Homo-sapiens must necessarily be equal. The truth is, that we cannot lay down any general rule in this matter at the outset. We must simply study each variety with the perfect detachment of the zoologist & abide by the results of honest investigation whether we relish them or not. And what does such a study tell us? Largely this—that the australoid & negro races are basically & structurally primitive—possessing definite morphological & psychological variations in the direction of lower stages or organisation—whilst all others average about the same so far as the best classes of each are concerned. The same, that is, in total capacity—though each has its own special aptitudes & deficiencies. The races are equal, but

infinitely different—so that the cultural pattern of one is essentially unadaptable to any other. The ancient civilisation of China is not inferior to ours—yet it could not possibly suit us, any more than ours could suit a race of essentially Mongol descent. And that is where the need of realistic intelligence as opposed to idealistic & sentimental flapdoodle in matters of racial policy comes in. The fact is, that a need for a certain rational amount of racial discrimination exists apart from all questions of superiority or inferiority. The effective development of a civilisation depends largely upon its stability & continuity; & these factors cannot be ensured unless (a) the culture-stream remains relatively undiluted by alien traditions or irrelevant & traditionless innovations, & (b) the race-stock remains approximately the same as that which evolved the culture & institutions now existing. The first point is of course, very obvious. The second becomes so after a moment's thought. To take a concrete instance—we live in a social group & nation whose ingrained, hereditary folkways & types of thought & feeling are emphatically an outgrowth of a Teutonic-Celtic race-stock. That is, our institutions were evolved to fit the particular biological & psychological needs of persons who are predominantly Nordic Aryans, so that they cannot fit other races except in such respects as those others may happen to resemble ours. In many cases other race-stocks have decidedly different needs & feelings—hence if they try to settle en masse in our country they create a situation of mutual discomfort. They do not feel at home among us--& when they try to bend our institutions to fit themselves they make us uncomfortable, destroy our cultural equilibrium, & permanently weaken, dilute, & set back our whole civilisation. This should not be! Therefore just this much of Hitler's basic racial theory is perfectly & irrefutably sound: namely, that no settled & homogenous nation ought (a) to admit enough of a decidedly alien race-stock to bring about an actual alteration in the dominant ethnic composition, or (b) tolerate the dilution of the culture-stream with emotional & intellectual elements alien to the original cultural impulse. Both of these perils lead to the most undesirable results—i.e., the metamorphosis of the population away from the original institutions, & the twisting of the institutions away from the original people.....

All these things being aspects of one underlying & disastrous condition—the destruction of cultural stability, & the creation of a hopeless disparity between a social group & the institutions under which it lives. Now this has nothing to do with intrinsic superiority & inferiority. That is what the howling sentimentalists & faddists can't get through their thick beans. It doesn't matter whether a race is our equal—or even our superior (as, in all probability, the ancient Greek race—a Nordic-Mediterranean blend—was); if it is in any way radically different from ours, then its blood ought not to pour by the wholesale into our nation, & its institutions (made to fit it, not us) ought not to be allowed to twist & dilute our own. Even superior importations can harm our culture if they break up the equilibrium existing between the people & the institutions under which the people live. Remember that a people cannot change its institutions lightly. These things, to be valid & satisfying, must be a deep-seated hereditary growth--& must above all be suited to the peculiar aptitudes of the race in question. Thus I sympathise warmly & completely with the general principle that northern nations like Germany & the United States ought to be kept predominantly Nordic in blood & wholly Nordic in institutions. This is not because Nordic blood & culture are necessarily superior to any other, but simply because the given nations happen to be essentially Nordic at the outset. I believe just as strongly that Japan ought to be kept predominantly Japanese; & would resent a wholesale influx of Japanese into an Aryan nation. Indeed, I agree with those Japanese scholars who lament the existing dilution of Japan's art & folkways with European elements. As for this flabby talk of an "Americanism" which opposes all racial discrimination—that is simply goddamned bull****! The ideal is so flagrantly unsound in its very essence, that it would be a disgrace to any national tradition professing it. It is an ignorant, sentimental, impractical, & potentially dangerous delusion--& any sophisticated person can realise that it belongs only to the insincere pseudo-Americanism of the spread-eagle illiterate or the charlatanic word politician. It is what superficial Americans proclaim with their lips, while actually lynching *****s & selling select real-estate on a restrictive basis to keep Jews &

Dagos out. In other words, it is not a part of any “Americanism” which has any real existence. It is merely part of the cheap American bluff--& indeed, is not even nominally professed in that southern half of the country which was once the most important half & which will probably become so again. Ever since 1924 American immigration legislation has, under the very thinnest of veils, discouraged the immigration of racial elements radically alien to the original American people & I do not believe this sound policy will ever be rescinded. We had this much of “Hitlerism” before we had ever heard of Handsome Adolph!

But now to give the other side its due. Certainly the Nazis are guilty of fantastic & sentimental error in assuming that small doses of alien blood have the same undermining effect as vast influxes, as well as in claiming that individuals are unfitted for participation in a given culture because of the possession of an alien blood-strain. Actually, the inherent traits of a race are those of all its members, taken on the average. This average is of course struck by the inclusion of all sorts of individual variants; & it is an obvious fact—in view of human uniqueness and variability—that many individuals in any culture depart vastly from the group average in the direction of the averages of other groups. Thus there are hundreds of individual aliens perfectly fitted to mingle with our civilisation on that civilisation’s own terms—a circumstance the more marked because, after all, a good part of the individual’s personality is a matter of culture-heritage rather than biology. The absorption into our fabric of a few aliens can hardly produce any genuine harm. These people are not necessarily any more misfits than some of our own people. Their absorption merely increases slightly the inevitable misfit proportion; & in view of the overwhelming pressure of our culture tradition, their descendants (with alienage constantly thinning through blood-admixture, just as the alienage of our own dark Iberic ancestors of southwestern Britain was thinned through submersion in the Nordic blood of Celtic Britons, Saxon conquerors, & Danish & Norman invaders) stand every chance of becoming completely assimilated to our national type. Thus the old Spanish families of St. Augustine are completely assimilated to the American type—the Seguis, Sanchezes, Garcias, &c. being absolutely indistinguishable in speech, manners, thought, & feelings from the Smiths & Joneses among whom they dwell. So also with the colonially settled Jews of various cities. Nine-tenths of their blood is indistinguishably lost in the native-American stock.--, as, for instance, that of the Franks family of Philadelphia, one of whose daughters married the celebrated Andrew Hamilton (designer of Independence Hall & advocate in the famous Zenger trial in N.Y. in 1735) & became the mother of a thoroughly Anglo-American line. It would, obviously, be foolish to insist on classifying the St. Augustine Sanchezes with the jabbering Cubans of Aviles St. rather than with the general American population of the town, or to segregate the Hamilton descendants of David Franks with the loathsome scum Philadelphia’s ghetto instead of acknowledging them as genuine old Philadelphians. Hitler, in effect, would practice such an absurdity—hence to that extent he is freakishly unsound. But at the same time we must not forget that the normal & successful assimilation (full assimilation of to our culture, without any compromise or concession on our part) of a few Spaniards & Jews has nothing to do with the totally different problems presented when hundreds of thousands of Cubans, Mexicans, & South Americans, or stinking mongrels from Central & Eastern European ghettos begin pouring in & actually changing the predominant blood-composition of whole sections of our territory (today Key West is no longer in any sense a fully American city, but a place where Spanish influences dilute & alter everything; whilst the utter and repugnant Semitism of New York is a matter of common knowledge); or when certain powerful cliques of superior aliens enter our territory without relinquishing their own traditions, & commence using their influence to distort our fabric in the direction of their own (As the Jews do in New York, & the Italians to some extent in Providence). Thus both pure Hitlerism & rabid anti-Hitlerism are almost equally absurd. On the one hand it is sheerly asinine to claim (as Hitler does) that the thoroughly German & Roman Catholic Mme. Schumann-Heink is “not a

German” because research reveals a Jew in her ancestry; but on the other hand it is equally puerile to pretend that the utter submersion of New York by Jews, the wholesale flooding of New England by Latins, & the subtle capture of the avenues of American expression by alien influences are not unqualified calamities tending to make us feel uncomfortable in our own country & ultimately to weaken our civilisation. I can certainly appreciate the need for racial & cultural conservation which lies behind Hitler’s crude ethnic policy--& that need is not a bit less real or pressing because of the unscientific extravagance of Hitler’s specific concepts & methods. What is truly to be desired is some moderate middle course which shall exclude all large influxes of alien blood, & curtail the political, social, literary, & financial influence of persons directly belonging to alien culture-groups; yet without depending on unsound biological theories or applying ridiculous & unnecessary ancestral tests to persons obviously belonging to the dominant culture. Of course, the question of the inferior races is a wholly different one--& one which does not exist in Germany. That is the peculiar burden of the American, the Cuban, the South-African, the Australian, the Anglo-Indian or Brahmin, & the West-Indian. I still seem to feel that the absolute colour-line represents the course of greatest wisdom wherever white people are in contact with vast hordes of australoids & negroes. Indeed—I would expand that view to include not only white people but other superior races like the Mongols. If Japan ever conquered Australia or the United States it would be necessary for the Japanese to draw a rigid colour-line against the black fellows & *****s. Wherever superior races have absorbed large doses of inferior blood, the results have been tragic. Egypt is one case--& India presents a still more loathsome extreme. The Aryans in India were too late in establishing their colour-based caste system, so that today the culture of the Hindoo is probably the most thoroughly repulsive on our planet. The more one learns about India, the more one wants to vomit. Aside from a few professional minds, the Indian people represent such an abyss of degeneracy that extirpation & fumigation would seem to be about the only way to make Hindoostan fit for decent people to inhabit. As a final word on the Nordic—no responsible person wishes to represent him as intrinsically superior to any other white race. In pure intellection he is surpassed by the Semite, & in aesthetic delicacy & sensitiveness he ranks below the Mediterranean. His great contribution to mental life is his sense of symbolism—his mysticism & his poetry. Here he has no competitor. All the supreme poetry of the world since Graeco-Roman times is Nordic, & we know that only the dream-inspired minds of Celts & Teutons could ever have evolved the imaginative triumphs of Gothic architecture from the few hints of pointed-arch treatment picked up in the East during the Crusades. So much for that. It is not on the purely intellectual-aesthetic side that the Nordic bases his claim to prime merit. What the Nordic primarily is, is a master in the art of orderly living & group preservation. He is the only social & political adult since the fall of the Roman Empire. His is that peculiar strength which sweeps all before it, & makes safe from aggression or decay the institutions he evolves. Stamina is the great contribution of the Nordic to the modern world. He has a natural code of ideals which places self-respecting freedom & courage toweringly above all other human qualities (that is why he can never reach common ground with the crafty, sensuous Latin, or cringing, ethics-worshipping Jew)--& this causes him to erect strong, permanent, & orderly fabrics which nothing can sweep away & which therefore form the places where civilisation can best achieve the unbroken continuity it needs for mellowing. Not that other races of the past & present lack kindred qualities—but simply that the Nordic is the most typical surviving example. He fosters those qualities most necessary to survival, & avoids the pitiful and contemptible messes of crawling parasitism & servile degeneracy into which other superior races tend to fall (Cf. Greeks under the Roman Empire—Jews of all ages—pseudo-Romans under the Gothic kings, &c.) It is genuinely difficult today to see how our Western civilisation can survive unless the Nordic race (i.e., the mixtures in which Nordic blood & culture remain reasonably predominant)—or ideals closely akin to those of the Nordic race—remain emphatically in the saddle; hence no excuse is needed for any attempt to preserve or strengthen the Nordicism of such groups as already possess it. But of course, the primary reasons for such attempts is simply a sensible wish to keep every settled culture (Nordic or not) true to itself for

the sake of the human values involved. No one wishes to force Nordicism on the non-Nordic—indeed, a real friend of civilisation wishes merely to make the Germans more German, the French more French, the Spaniards more Spanish, & so on. However—as a silent witness of the superior stamina of the Nordic in old days of fluid barbarism, just note how he forced his language & institutions on others without ever having alien speech or customs forced on him. It is now recognised that all languages & cultures known as “Aryan” are traceable to that tall, blond, dolichocephalic stock which we call “Nordic”. It is this blond fighter & ruler who evolved the whole lingual-cultural pattern--& yet look at the infinite diversity of modern races which speak Aryan tongues & follow Aryan folkways! The dark turbaned Hindoo, the swart, squinting Armenian, the hysterical brachycephalic Slav, the squat, mongrelised new-Italian, the proud, explosive Iberian, & so on....to say nothing of the savage races (Indians, negroes, blackfellows, Polynesians) who have had Aryanism forced on them by European conquerors in modern times. All of these diverse races have had to take their speech & traditions from the blond conqueror--& yet to this day there is not a single Nordic group which has any language or institutions other than its ancestral Aryan. Whenever we find a predominantly Nordic which has suffered linguistic replacement (as the Celts of Gaul who acquired Latin speech), we discover that the replacing language is also Aryan, & that the replacing people were (at least in part, as in the case of the Romans) essentially Nordic. This power, persistence, & stability mean something, & it is simply puerile to try to argue them away. To recognise them frankly involves not attempt to rob other races of their special merits. The Latin’s sense of beauty & the Semites keen mind all deserve our praise—but we must not ignore the Nordic’s stamina, genius for order, & leadership in the art of unbroken survival.

Now as to the non-ethnic features of Hitlerism—the attempt to guide cultural expression in certain channels by exiling authors & suppressing books antagonistic to the desired tradition—here again it is possible to sympathise with basic aims while deploring & ridiculing specific methods. No impartial friend of civilisation can help seeing, as Hitler does, that contemporary culture is in a state of vast rotteness—with weak, unhealthy concepts flourishing like weeds & constantly imperiling our survival against external foes & internal dissension. All the loudest aesthetic & philosophic voices of the hour are howling & whining doctrines & values which can lead to nothing save disintegration, chaos, & the death of all the background-factors which give life the illusion of being worth living. It is a pitiful epidemic, & requires treatment like any other disease—hence one cannot but sympathise with any man courageous enough to attempt its cure. Of course, poor Adolf has the wrong cure in mind. He wants to dethrone reason & substitute blind faith & mystical exaltation instead of backing up reason to the limit & forcing the pseudo-intellectuals to destroy themselves by the sound process of thinking things through to the conservative bitter end—hence he directly attacks a civilisation by curtailing that freedom of thought & expression on which it primarily rests. All this is unfortunate & ridiculous—and yet no really sober analyst can help liking & respecting the poor devil for what he is blindly & bunglingly trying to do. He is fighting a real evil--& at worst he can’t do a sixteenth of the irreparable harm that bolshevism would do. In these days we must be damn charitable toward any force which can save a large & important section of the western world from communism. This isn’t to excuse his extravagances—but merely to give him the benefit of a proper perspective. As for his international policy, which alarms so many—here again we may clearly understand & sympathise with his motivations, even while deploring the possible consequences. He wants to get rid of the gross inequalities in the Versailles Treaty--& there is absolutely no question but that this treaty is a rotten piece of greed & hypocrisy. That is where the decadence of our whole western civilisation comes in. The great war as a whole was one of those natural & inevitable struggles which human greed now & then makes necessary, & which can never be wholly eliminated even though they may be vastly reduced in number through the exercise of

reason. In this general mess Germany was certainly among the most eager to start something, yet was assuredly not the lone & unique criminal represented for four hysterical years in our grotesque & puerile propaganda. The systematic effort of our Allied nations to reduce a normal & largely 50-50 war to the status of an unprecedented & final “moral crusade” with Germany in the role of leper & antichrist was a piece of morbid, shrill effeminacy which reeks of the stink of modern decadence. It made me sick at the time, & makes me sick today—although gawd knows I was no pro-German. I saw the struggle as a natural clash between powerful equals—Germany glad enough of a chance to swing into first place & secure a grip on the seas & on a colonial empire, & we glad enough of an excuse to give Germany a push backward in order to eliminate a potential peril & almost certain rival. The crisis having come, I had no question of allegiance. As an Anglo-Saxon, every drop of my blood is at the service of any movement designed to defend Anglo-Saxondom & keep it in the first place, so that only my health prevented my serving under the Union Jack or American flag in the field. I would have been as glad as any other man to mow down a bunch of Germans or anyone else arrayed against my civilisation. But—I did not find it necessary to call a normal adversary a “Hun” or emissary of the devil, or to assume that his position in general alignment differed essentially from that of my side. Each for his own—fight for your blood & traditions, but realise that the other fellow is honourably doing the same for his! This was always the accepted attitude in less decadent days. In our wars with the French we never assumed that King Louis was a monster or that Quebec people at little children alive. On the other hand, we had a genuine respect for men like Comte de Frontenac & Marquis de Montcalm--& all through the Hundred Years War Englishmen travelled freely as civilians in France without either insulting their technical “enemies” or being insulted by them. Contrast this with the insane treatment accorded peaceful German civilians in America & England during the late upheaval! Through the insincere swallowing of impossible humanitarian ideals, decadent nations are forced to camouflage their wars as religious crusades--& at what a loathsome cost to sound policy & common honesty! The worst tragedy of this rotten pseudo-piety came after the war was over. Then was the time to call off the bluff & get down to realities—recognising the similarity of purpose of both victor & vanquished, & having the victor seize only a reasonable advantage from his prostrate foe. Any fool ought to know that the utter crippling of a vast nation is a standing menace to the world’s equilibrium. Suppose we had not only seized Canada in the treaty of 1763, but had bled France dry with forcibly extorted reparations? George III’s ministers, with all their soon-to-be-revealed shortcomings, were better realists than George V’s! To my own utter & dumbfounded surprise, the hypocrisies of 1914-18 were carried over into 1919 & dictated the major terms of the Versailles Treaty. Germany was solemnly & officially declared “guilty” of something of which the other powers were “innocent”, & loaded down with penalties so exacting & burdensome that no nation could meet them without a disastrous financial collapse & general cracking of morale. The rest is history. Friends of mine & my aunts who travelled in Germany last year were shocked & depressed by the apathy, misgovernment, threats of communism, & general atmospheric menace in the air—a compound of lethal stagnation dispelled only in those rare moments when Hitler would sweep up in a motor & deliver a speech whose essential vagueness was lost amidst the revivifying electricity of his voice & gestures.....not a cultivated voice or graceful gestures, but things touched with the inexplicable, paradoxical magic peculiar to ignorant & low-born leaders of men. Rather on the Jesus idea, if any one person such as Jesus actually existed—or like Mohammed...perhaps more so because of the essential militancy of Hitlerism. Well—the gist of Adolf’s harangues was a patriotic revolt against the unjust burdens of Versailles--& when one thinks of those burdens, & of the morbid psychology behind them, one does not have to be a bad Englishman to feel that the fellow was telling the truth & urging the course demanded by the soundest patriotism. If Germany had whipped & crippled us, we could have thrilled to any voice urging us to rise up & repudiate the disproportionate disadvantages heaped upon us. And as good sports, we can’t but admire Der Schone Adolf when he does the same. However—don’t for a moment fancy that I view with complacency all the possibilities of Hitler’s foreign policy. His vision is of course romantic & immature, & coloured with a

fact-ignoring emotionalism. Bad as the Versailles mess is, it involves a certain complex equilibrium which cannot be lightly disturbed; so that any too-forward & precipitate attempt to upset it might conceivably set off an endless chain of bellicose complications. There surely is an actual Hitler peril—yet that cannot blind us to the honest rightness of the man's basic urge. Brown—though hopelessly biased by his New York & radical contacts—is of course right when he points out the ridiculous features of Nazism. Assuredly, a good laugh based on a sound sense of proportion would leave very little indeed of the solemn, detailed & extravagant programme of the bob-moustachio'd savior. And yet I repeat that there is a great & pressing need behind every one of the major planks of Hitlerism—racial-cultural continuity, conservative cultural ideals, & an escape from the absurdities of Versailles. The crazy thing is not what Adolf wants, but the way he sees it & starts out to get it. I know he's a clown, but by God, I like the boy! He has all the blind, bull-headed qualities of force & persistence which cause tribes & nations to pull out of hopeless impasses & muddle through seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Common sense ought to show people that no utter ass could wield the power he wields. It is not merely the flighty who are with him—he is supported by thousands of intelligent, scholarly, & patriotic Germans who fully recognise his comic aspect & grotesque extravagances, yet who nevertheless see in him an amorphous force constituting the least of all available evils. It is not every nation that can evolve a real Mussolini. Incidentally—the ancient gentlewoman who lives downstairs in this house (a Yankee teacher of German, & life-long Germanophile, who—though the daughter of a Baptist minister—became an ardent Catholic a decade ago) has just returned from a three-months' tour of Germany & Austria, & finds that the morale & general condition of Germany are infinitely better than they were last year. Reports of "barbarism" are incredibly magnified—life in general going on much as usual. She was treated with uniform courtesy everywhere—though the anti-German touchiness over the Czecho-Slovakian border amused her. They spurn German & Austrian money, & refuse to guide tourists to monuments or historic sites connected with Teutonic celebrities or events. And so it goes. I am far from a Nazi, & would probably get kicked out of Germany for my opinions regarding the universe, the facts of science, & the rights of free aesthetic expression—but at the same time I refuse to join in the blind herd-prejudice against an honest clown whose basic objects are all essentially sound despite the occasionally disastrous extremes & absurdities in his present policy. It may be that Hitlerism's function will be to point out certain needs which wiser heads & hands will ultimately rectify in a more moderate way—not only in Germany but in other nations where similar needs or problems exist. But hell! how I am filling up space!

>from a letter written September 25, 1933

...As for the Nazis-of their crudeness there can be no dispute, yet in many ways the impartial analyst cannot help having a certain sympathy for some phases of their position. They are fighting, in their naive & narrow way, a certain widespread & insidious mood of recent years which certainly spells potential decadence for the western world-& one can't help respecting that intention, however ugly & even dangerous some of their methods may appear to be. Hitler is no Mussolini-but I'm damned if the poor chap isn't profoundly sincere & patriotic. It is to his credit rather than otherwise that he doesn't subscribe to the windy flatulence of the idealistic "liberals" whose policies lead only to chaos & collapse. As for his much-advertised & hysterically condemned Jew policy-there is something to be said for one phase of it. Of course it is silly to

ban Jewish books, to impose disabilities on Germanically cultured Jews, or to assume that—biologically speaking—a dash of Semitic blood unfits one for Aryan citizenship. That is generally conceded. But after all, there is a very real & very grave problem in the presence of an intellectually powerful minority springing from a profoundly alien & emotionally repulsive culture stream, defying assimilation as a whole, & using its keen mentality & ruthless enterprise to secure a disproportionate hold on the mental and aesthetic life of a nation. In such a case it is foolish to quibble about "rights" & "principles". The question is whether an enormous Aryan nation, with all the innate feelings & perspectives of Aryan culture, is going to allow its formulated expression (literary models, art, music &c) to bely & embarrass it by reflecting an altogether different & sometimes hostile set of feelings & perspectives through gradual & perceptible Semitic control of all the avenues of utterance. It is needless to point out that a nation's literary & artistic utterance depends very largely on those who control the periodicals, schools, colleges, publishing-houses, galleries, theatres, & so forth—this control largely determining what works & types of art shall receive preference in presentation to the public & in treatment by critics, & what attitudes shall receive official recommendation. If such control be gradually seized by a culture-group profoundly foreign to the natural culture-stream of the nation, the result is bound to be tense, awkward, & finally intolerable. In Germany I rather think such a state of things had almost come about. The loudest Cultural voices were those of persons whose basic ideals & sense of values were not German. In books, education, drama, art, philosophy, &c., the voice of real Germany was almost drowned out by a voice which pretended to be German but was not. To say that nothing ought to be done about this is rash. If a minority-overridden culture has any vitality at all, it will revolt in the end—& of course crudely at first. In my opinion, all nations ought to take quiet & moderate steps to get such pivotal forces as education, large-scale publishing, legal interpretation, criticism, dramatic management, artistic control, &c. into the hands of those who inherit the respective mainstreams of thought & feeling of those nations. Chinamen ought not to let American missionaries dictate & interpret their policies—& by the same token Aryans ought not to leave their guidance & interpretation to persons of an irreconcilable Semitic culture. Of course, this does not mean that the crudities of Hitlerism are to be copied. It is absurd to think that a man of complete Aryan culture ought to be squelched because he has a quarter-share of Semitic blood, or anything like that. But it is not absurd to feel that something ought to be done to keep expression true to the real psychology of the nation involved. We really face the same problem in America—where the city of New York is virtually lost to the national fabric through its tragic & all-pervasive Semitisation. Our literature & drama, selected by Jewish producers & great Jewish publishing houses like Knopf, & feeling the pressure of Jewish finance & mercantile advertising, are daily getting farther & farther from the real feelings of the plain American in New England or Virginia or Kansas; whilst the profound Semitism of New York is affecting the "intellectuals" who flock there & creating a flimsy & synthetic body of culture & ideology radically hostile to the virile American attitude. Someday I hope that a reasonably civilised way of getting America's voice uppermost again can be devised. Not that I would advocate violence— but certainly, I can't regard the Nazis with that complete lack of sympathy shewn by those who take popular newspaper sentiment at face value. By the way—it's hardly accurate to compare the Jewish with the negro problem. The trouble with the Jew is not his blood—which can mix with ours without disastrous results—but his persistent & antagonistic culture-tradition. On the other hand, the negro represents a vastly inferior biological variant which must under no circumstances taint our Aryan stock. The absolute colour-line as applied to negroes is both necessary & sensible, whereas a similar deadline against Jews (though attempted by Hitler) is ridiculous.

...As for the Scottsboro case—it seems to me that the idealists & negrophiles are a little hasty in getting excited about it. Naturally nobody wants to kill the poor *****s unless they were

guilty—that is, nobody who needs to be taken into account—but it doesn't seem to me that their innocence is at all likely. This is no low-grade lynching incident. A very fair court has passed on the case--& if the culprits were mere white bums, who hadn't happened to excite the sympathy of the radical element, there would be no stir at all about the matter. The fact that the victims were low wenches is wholly immaterial except so far as their credibility is concerned. And so far as their now clashing stories go, it seems to me that their first account is more likely to be true than is the second & changed story of the one whom the radicals of the defence very clearly bought over to their side. However, in view of the lack of testimony corroborating that of the women, it might be just as well not to execute the blacks. I think their conviction ought to be sustained, but that the sentence ought to be commuted to life imprisonment—preferably in some remote prison where mob violence need not be feared. Then if any new evidence comes up in their favour, it will not be too late to rectify any mistake which may have been made...

>from a letter written May 29, 1933

...As for Handsome Adolf—in saying he is sincere, & that there is a certain basis behind some phases of the attitude he represents, I do not mean to imply that his actual programme is not extreme, grotesque, & occasionally barbarous. His attempt to banish arbitrarily all literature he does not like is of course essentially uncivilised—while his ethnological theories (as distinguished from any defence of a purely Aryan culture) are contrary to the maturest beliefs of science. I doubt if he is actually a Jew, though—for that sort of story follows a familiar folklore pattern. It would be too aptly dramatic if he actually did represent the group he opposes.

>from a letter written August 14, 1933

Theoretically - and as a matter of universal acceptance in pre-Reformation times - the function of religion is primarily to exalt and serve some mystical and intangible entity or group of entities outside mankind. It has relatively little to do with human conduct and character - hence in classical and pre-classical antiquity we find religion largely ritualistic and orgiastic, whilst conduct (based on reason) remained the province of the non-religious philosopher. Christianity - or rather, the Judaism on which it was based - was the first religion to take a primary interest in ethics and assume a responsibility for conduct and character. That was the unique contribution of the Semitic temperament to western civilization - a very doubtful gift, since it removed ethics so completely from the aesthetic and logical field, transferring it to the jurisdiction of a mythical belief, that order and good taste threaten to vanish upon the ultimate and inevitable decline of the mythology. It would have been far better if we had kept our classical conception of ethics as a matter of beauty, good sense, and taste - the province of the non-supernatural philosopher - for its survival would not then have been so imperilled by the decline of religion. As Aryans, lacking the almost savage ethical sense of the desert-bred Semite, we are vastly better adapted

to the conception of character as related to beauty, reason, and pride, than to the notion of divine moral law. Meanwhile our dominant religion has always been torn between two tendencies - one to return to the Aryan concept and become a system of mystical adoration. Today religion is on the decline as an influence—necessarily so on account of what we have learned about the workings of the cosmos and of our own minds and emotions.” letting morals more or less slide or putting them on a bargaining and excusing basis, and the other to live up to the specifically Christian ideal and mould better and more harmonious characters in the immediate world around us. The first tendency breeds the Catholic psychology, and the second the Protestant. As a result, Catholics are more purely religious - since Protestants, being after all Aryans to whom the feverish Semitic religio-moralism is impossible save for brief periods (such as that of intensive and literal Puritanism in England and New England), tend to lay more and more stress on human character and good deeds as opposed to mystical adoration, and therefore exercise the functions of the classically conceived philosopher rather than the classically conceived priest.

>from a letter written October 17, 1933

...Now the trickiest catch in the negro problem is that it is really twofold. The black is vastly inferior. There can be no question of this among contemporary and unsentimental biologists—eminent Europeans for whom the prejudice-problem does not exist. But, it is also a fact that there would be a very grave and very legitimate problem even if the negro were the white man's equal. For the simple fact is, that two widely dissimilar races, whether equal or not, cannot peaceably coexist in the same territory until they are either uniformly mongrelised or cast in folkways of permanent and traditional personal aloofness. No normal being feels at ease amidst a population having vast elements radically different from himself in physical aspect and emotional responses. A normal Yankee feels like a fish out of water in a crowd of cultivated Japanese, even though they may be his mental and aesthetic superiors; and the normal Jap feels the same way in a crowd of Yankees. This, of course, implies permanent association. We can all visit exotic scenes and like it—and when we are young and unsophisticated we usually think we might continue to like it as a regular thing. But as years pass, the need of old things and usual influences—home faces and home voices—grows stronger and stronger; and we come to see that mongrelism won't work. We require the environing influence of a set of ways and physical types like our own, and will sacrifice anything to get them. Nothing means anything, in the end, except with reference to that continuous immediate fabric of appearances and experiences of which one was originally a part; and if we find ourselves ingulphed by alien and clashing influences, we instinctively fight against them in pursuit of the dominant freeman's average quota of legitimate contentment. Naturally, if a race wants to submit to the fantastic martyrdom of mongrelisation for an agonising period of centuries, there will emerge a new composite race and culture whose members will have attained a new homogeneity—and therefore a new and satisfying equilibrium. But who cares to sacrifice himself for the sake of this hypothetical future race—a race as genuinely foreign and meaningless to him as the Peruvians would have been to the Greeks, or as the Thibetans are to ourselves? All that any living man normally wants—and all that any man worth calling such will stand for—is as stable and pure a perpetuation as possible of the set of forms and appearances to which his value perceptions are, from the circumstances of moulding, instinctively attuned. That is all there is to life—the

preservation of a framework which will render the experience of the individual apparently relevant and significant, and therefore reasonably satisfying. Here we have the normal phenomenon of race-prejudice in a nutshell—the legitimate fight of every virile personality to live in a world where life shall seem to mean something...

Just how the black and his tan penumbra can ultimately be adjusted to the American fabric, yet remains to be seen. It is possible that the economic dictatorship of the future can work out a diplomatic plan of separate allocation whereby the blacks may follow a self-contained life of their own, avoiding the keenest hardships of inferiority through a reduced number of points of contact with the whites. This, indeed, is grudgingly and pragmatically seen by the author of your negrophile extract. No one wishes then any intrinsic harm, and all would rejoice if a way were found to ameliorate such difficulties as they have without imperilling the structure of the dominant fabric. It is a fact, however, that sentimentalists exaggerate the woes of the average negro. Millions of them would be perfectly content with a servile status if good physical treatment and amusement could be assured them, and they may yet form a well-managed agricultural peasantry. The real problem is the quadroon and octoroon—and still lighter shades. Theirs is a sorry tragedy, but they will have to find a special place. What we can do is to discourage the increase of their numbers by placing the heaviest possible penalties on miscegenation, and arousing as much public sentiment as possible against lax customs and attitudes—especially in the inland South—at present favouring the melancholy and disgusting phenomenon. All told, I think the modern American is pretty well on his guard, at last, against racial and cultural mongrelism. There will be much deterioration, but the Nordic has a fighting chance of coming out on top in the end.

>from a letter written January, 1931

While of course the demand for more than 0.75 Aryan blood in full citizens is an excessive one except where the diluting blood is biologically inferior—as with Negroes and Australoids—it remains a fact that many modern nations need to take steps to preserve the integrity of their own native cultures against shrewd and pushing alien influences. One must view such problems realistically—without patriotic sentimentality like Hitler's on one hand, and without idealistic sentimentality on the other hand. Certainly, a dash of alien blood of a superior race (among which a large section of Jews as well as Mongols must be included) does not harm another superior stock so long as the culture is unimpaired. But that's where the rub comes. When the alien element is strong or shrewd enough to menace the purity of the culture amidst which it parasitically lodges, it is time to do something. So far as Jews are concerned, it would't hurt a nation to absorb a few thousand provided they were not a physiognomically aberrant type and provided they left their culture and folkways behind them so that the new generation would hold no memories except of the dominant racial tradition. Palgrave's Golden Treasury is no less golden because the anthropologist's old man was an ex-Cohen. So far, Hitler is wrong...A man brought up in the real German tradition, with early impressions confirming the virile pagan and Protestant psychology which belongs to the nation and excluding any of the hereditary teachings peculiar to another culture, ought certainly to be a full citizen and potential officeholder even if ¼, ½, or fully Jewish in genealogy. But no man who inherits Jewish feelings and perspectives ought

to hold a pivotal post in any Aryan nation. That's no insult to intellectual Jews—it's simply common sense. If the Jews had a nation of their own, (as they would if they had our guts and self-respect) I'd be the first to insist that it be kept free of Aryan influences. As it is, I honestly regret the Aryan taint (and infusion is a "taint" if it's where it doesn't belong) in the noble and ancient culture of Japan. Hitler merely applies the wrong test. A real colour-line needs to be drawn only against certain definitely alien physical types—chiefly the biologically underdeveloped black races. Within the truly Caucasian race the test ought to be cultural—depending on each individual's personal history and natural reactions, as determined by proper psychological and other investigations. If any undoubted Caucasian thinks and feels like an Aryan, then let him hold office in an Aryan nation. This would not only cut down the unpleasant foreign percentage in power, but would speed up the assimilation of the whole alien element. (Of course, no new members of an alien culture ought to be admitted to a nation except in small quantity.)...

Incidentally—all these newspaper discussions of recent months miss the one great point of the age-long and ineradicable Jew-Aryan line of cleavage. It isn't religion—all religion is a negligible factor today. It is only slightly race—half the Jews in existence are of very superior stock, as their ability to undermine our culture shews; and only a fraction are more physically repulsive than many races whom we hate less. The real, impassible barrier is cultural. Our whole system of values differs utterly and irreconcilably from the Jewish system, even though (and this is what obscures the real problem) our absurd pretence at harbouring the silly, alien, decadent Jewish by-product called Christianity makes us pretend to endorse the Hebrew slave-psychology. The Jew is a worshipper of the sort of intellectual-ethical adjustment which his superstitious ancestors interpreted as cosmic "righteousness". His supreme test of value is the degree of perfection of this adjustment—to other things he is relatively indifferent. We are Aryan pagans by heritage, and our deep, instinctive code of ultimate values is completely antipodal to the Jew's. Twenty centuries of flabby Christian fakery have not succeeded in changing our real natures one jot. Our code is not that of hair-splitting old slave-women. We are men—free men—and the one sole thing that supremely matters to us is the maintenance of our own unbroken freedom and dominance. In our hearts--whatever our lips say—our sole definition of a man as distinguished from a crawling reptile is a person who possesses a maximum of freedom of action, who lives under the government he chooses, and who unhesitatingly accepts death in preference to servitude. If a group of us is weak, it fights until it is either free or dead. It is never broken or cowed. It may die and vanish, but it never lives to be kicked around. What we can't forgive the Jew is not the tone of his prayers or the size of his nose, but the fact that he is willing to survive under the conditions he accepts. Being weak may not have been his fault—but it is his fault that he is alive and not free and dominant. If we were as weak as he, and could not fight our way to self-respect, we would perish utterly—taunting our foes, virile and unbroken, as the last man fell...

Good Jew-Aryan relations can only come after these plain truths are recognised on both sides. In the end, there will have to be a separation of the cultural Jew from the body politic, plus a complete absorption—with abandonment of hereditary traditions—of thousands of other Jews. That will call for concessions on both sides—the Jews will have to realise that they can't drag their folkways into our national patterns, while we will have to abandon the tight race-lines of the Hitlerites. That ought not to be a hardship either way. The Jews are used to subordinate positions, and good governments need impose no hardships on their unassimilable faction. And on the other side—Aryan nations have taken on varying doses of Semitic blood in the past (Spain has oceans of it; England and America since Cromwell's time have absorbed a trickle)

without any unfavourable results whatsoever. Give and take...

>from a letter written June 12, 1933

The next day—Saturday the 4th—said to be a provincial holiday in these parts—I was up in the early afternoon and accompanied S H on an excursion to a place neither had previously visited—Pelham Bay Park, high up in the Bronx in the shore opposite Long Island. We had often heard of it, and the fact that the B.P.C.'s next meeting will be a picnic near there had called our attention to it afresh. So we went—taking the East Side Subway and changing at 125th St. It took an hour to get there; and since the train was uncrowded, we formed the highest expectations of the rural solitudes we were about to discover. Then came the end of the line—and disillusion. My Pete in Pegana, but what crowds! And that is not the worst....for upon my most solemn oath, I'll be shot if three out of every four persons—nay, full nine out of every ten—weren't flabby, pungent, grinning, chattering n****s! Help! It seems that the direct communication of this park with the ever thickening Harlem black belt has brought its inevitable result, and that a once lovely soundside park is from now on to be given over to Georgia camp-meetings and outings of the African Methodist Episcopal Church. Mah lawdy, but dey was some swell high-yaller spo'ts paradifyin' roun' dat afternoon! Wilted by the sight, we did no more than take a side path to the shore and back and reenter the subway for the long homeward ride—waiting to find a train not too reminiscent of the packed hold of one of John Brown's Providence merchantmen on the middle passage from the Guinea coast to Antigua or the Barbadoes.

>from a letter written July 6, 1925

At heart I despise the aesthete and prefer the warrior -- I am essentially a Teuton and barbarian; a Xanthochoric Nordic from the damp forests of Germany or Scandinavia, and kin to the giant chalk-white conquerors of the cursed, effeminate Celts. I am a son of Odin and brother to Hengist and Horsa...Grr...Give me a drink of hot blood with Celtic foes skull as a beaker! Rule, Britannia...GOD SAVE THE KING!

>from a letter written October 6, 1921

Nothing must disturb my undiluted Englishry -- God Save The King! I am naturally a Nordic -- a chalk-white, bulky Teuton of the Scandinavian or North-German forests -- a Vikinga berserk killer -- a predatory rover of Hengist and Horsa -- a conqueror of Celts and mongrels and founders of Empires -- a son of the thunders and the arctic winds, and brother to the frosts and the auroras -- a drinker of foemen's blood from new picked skulls -- a friend of the mountain buzzards and feeder of seacoast vultures -- a blond beast of eternal snows and frozen oceans -- a prayer to Odin and Thor and Woden and Alfadur, the raucous shouter of Niffelheim -- a comrade of the wolves, and rider of nightmares -- aye -- I speak truly -- for was I not born with yellow hair and Blue eyes -- the latter not turning dark till I was nearly two, and the former lasting till I was over five? Ho, for the hunting and fishing in Valhalla! Who knows..? The Phillipses come from the borderlands of Wales, that mystic Machenian land. May there not be in them some trace of blood from some Roman prepraetor of Britannia Secunda, whose capital was Isca Silurum with its walls, its noble amphitheatre, its Etruscan-columned Temple of Diana, its Pons Saturni, its tessellated pavements, its inscriptions of the Septimii Severi, its Via Nympharum and Via Julia,...Io triumphe! S.P.Q.R.!!...Yes, Sonny, the Mediterranean world isn't so bad when when one goes back to Pelasgic times and takes the Graeco-Roman races! After all, I have dark hair and eyes now, no matter what I used to have; and it is quite as good to be a sanguinary Roman consul as a Norse pirate. Long live the Pantheon! Vivat M. Agrippa! By being a Roman, I can quite logically prove a good grandfather to such as my small boys Belnapius and Alfredus ...Latins all! But as a classical and ancient Latin, I enjoy cheese, which was a leading feature of the Graeco-Roman diet. Therein our souls are separated by the impassable gulf of the Dark Ages, O Francisco Borgia, Prince of Arsenic-Sharks and Stiletto hounds!

>from a letter written May 3, 1923

Anent the Fascist problem -- assuredly we approach it from radically different directions. Galpinus and I have been discussing democracy a lot lately, and we agree that it is a false idol -- a mere catchword and an illusion of inferior classes, visionaries, and dying civilisations. Life has no ultimate values, and our proximate values can be little more than what we like to see or possess. "Right" and "Wrong" are primitive conceptions which cannot endure the test of cold science. Now Galpin and I maintain that, logically, man of taste should prefer such things as favour strong and advanced men at the expense of the herd. Of what use is it to please the herd? They are simply coarse animals -- for all that is admirable in man is the artificial product of special breeding. We advocate the preservation of conditions favourable to the growth of beautiful things -- imposing palaces, beautiful cities, elegant literature, reposeful art and music, and a physically select human type such as only luxury and a pure racial strain can produce. Thus we oppose democracy, if only because it would retard the development of a handsome Nordic breed. We realise that all conceptions of justice and ethics are mere prejudices and illusions -- there is no earthly reason why the masses should not be kept down for the benefit of the strong, since every man is for himself in the last analysis. We regard the rise of democratic ideas as a sign of cultural old age and decay, and deem it a compliment to such men as Mussolini when they are said to be "XVth century types. We are proud to be definitely reactionary, since only a bold repudiation of the word "liberal" pose and the progress illusion can we get the sort of authoritative social and political control which alone produces things which make life worth living. We admire the old German Empire, for it was a force so strong that it

almost conquered all the combined forces of the rest of the world. Personally, my objection to Germany in the late war was that it formed a menace to our English Empire -- an empire so lamentably split in 1775-83, and so regrettably by effeminate ideas of liberty. My wish was that we English reunite into one irresistible power and establish an hegemony of the globe in true Roman fashion. Neither we nor Germany will ever be really strong till we have unified imperial control.

Our modern worship of empty ideals is ludicrous. What does the condition of the rabble matter? All we need do is to keep it as quiet as we can. What is more important, is to perpetuate those things of beauty which are of real value because involving actual sense-impressions rather than vapid theories. "Equality" is a joke -- but a great abbey or cathedral, covered with moss, is a poignant reality. If is for us to safeguard and preserve the conditions which produce great abbeys, and palaces, and picturesque walled town, and vivid sky-lines of steeples and domes, and luxurious tapestries, and fascinating books, paintings and statuary, and colossal organs and noble music, and dramatic deeds on embattled fields -- these are all there is of life: taken them away and we have nothing which a man of taste or spirit would care to live for. Take them away and our poets have nothing to sing -- our dreamers have nothing to dream about. The blood of a million men is well shed in producing one glorious legend which thrills posterity and it is not at all important why it was shed. A coat of arms won in a crusade is worth a thousand slaving compliments bandied about amongst a rabble.

Reform? Pish! We do not want reform! What would the world be without its scarlet and purple evil! Drama is born of conflict and violence...god! Shall we ever be such women as to prefer the blond-bearded warrior? The one sound power in the world is the power of a hairy muscular right arm!

Yah! How I spit upon this rotton age with its feeble comforts and thwarted energies -- its Freuds and Wilsons, Augustines and Heliogabali,--rabbls and perversions! What these swine with their scruples and problems, changes and rebellions, need, is a long draught of blood from a foeman's skull on the battlements of a mountain fortalice! We need fewer harps and viols, and more drums and brasses. The answer to jazz is the wild dance of the war-like conqueror! Don't complain of the youth's high-powered motor-car unless you can give him an horse and armour and send him to conquer the domains of the neighboring kings! Modern life my gawd! I dont wonder that literature is going to hell or chaos! What is there to write about now? Before we have literature we must have life -- bold, colourful, primitive, and picturesque. We must change a George V for a Richard Coeur de Lion -- a Platagenet!.

>from a letter written February 10, 1923

As for the negro question—I think that intermarriage ought to be banned in view of the vast number of blacks in the country. Illicit miscegenation by the white male is bad enough, heaven knows—but at least the hybrid offspring is kept below a definite colour-line & kept from vitiating the main stock. Nothing but pain and disaster can come from the mingling of black & white, & the law ought to aid in checking this criminal folly. Granting the negro his full due, he is not the sort of material which can mix successfully into the fabric of a civilised Caucasian nation. Isolated cases of high-grade hybrids prove nothing. It is easy to see the ultimate result of the wholesale

pollution of highly evolved blood by definitely inferior strains. It happened in ancient Egypt--& made a race of supine fellaheen out of what was once a noble stock...

As for New York—there is no question but that its overwhelming Semitism has totally removed it from the American stream. Regarding its influence on literary & dramatic expression—it is not so much that the country is flooded directly with Jewish authors, as that Jewish publishers determine just which of our Aryan writers shall achieve print & position. That means that those of us who least express our own people have the preference. Taste is insidiously moulded along non-Aryan lines—so that, no matter how intrinsically good the resulting body of literature may be, it is a special, rootless literature which does not represent us. The feelings & ideals presented are not our feelings & ideals—so that today our newest authors are as exotic to us as the French symbolists or Japanese hokku-writers. This, of course, applies to literature as a whole. Naturally, a good deal of representative stuff manages to get published. It is not difficult to point out what is meant by this insidious exoticism. What is happening is that books are preferred when they reflect an emotional attitude toward life which is profoundly foreign to the race as a whole. The preferred writers are detailedly interested in things which do not interest us, & are callous to the real impulses & aspirations which move us most. Anderson & Faulkner, delving in certain restricted strata, seldom touch on any chord to which the reader personally responds. We recognise their art, but admire them at a distance—as we admire Turgeniev & Baudelaire. Whether our own representative authors do as well in their art as their foreign-influenced types is beside the question. If they do not—as is entirely possible—then the thing to do is to stimulate better & freer expression among them; not to turn away from them & encourage expression in exotic fields. This can be done without injustice to the admitted intrinsic excellence of the exotics & decadents.

>from a letter written July 30, 1933

Americanism

by Howard Phillips Lovecraft

It is easy to sentimentalise on the subject of “the American spirit”—what it is, may be, or should be. Exponents of various novel political and social theories are particularly given to this practice, nearly always concluding that “true Americanism” is nothing more or less than a national application of their respective individual doctrines.

Slightly less superficial observers hit upon the abstract principle of “Liberty” as the keynote of Americanism, interpreting this justly esteemed principle as anything from Bolshevism to the right to drink 2.75 per cent. beer. “Opportunity” is another favourite byword, and one which is certainly not without real significance. The synonymousness of “America” and “opportunity” has been inculcated into many a young head of the present generation by Emerson via Montgomery’s “Leading Facts of American History.” But it is worthy of note that nearly all would-be definers of “Americanism” fail through their prejudiced unwillingness to trace the quality to its European

source. They cannot bring themselves to see that abiogenesis is as rare in the realm of ideas as it is in the kingdom of organic life; and consequently waste their efforts in trying to treat America as if it were an isolated phenomenon without ancestry.

“Americanism” is expanded Anglo-Saxonism. It is the spirit of England, transplanted to a soil of vast extent and diversity, and nourished for a time under pioneer conditions calculated to increase its democratic aspects without impairing its fundamental virtues. It is the spirit of truth, honour, justice, morality, moderation, individualism, conservative liberty, magnanimity, toleration, enterprise, industriousness, and progress—which is England—plus the element of equality and opportunity caused by pioneer settlement. It is the expression of the world’s highest race under the most favourable social, political, and geographical conditions. Those who endeavour to belittle the importance of our British ancestry, are invited to consider the other nations of this continent. All these are equally “American” in every particular, differing only in race-stock and heritage; yet of them all, none save British Canada will even bear comparison with us. We are great because we are a part of the great Anglo-Saxon cultural sphere; a section detached only after a century and a half of heavy colonisation and English rule, which gave to our land the ineradicable stamp of British civilisation.

Most dangerous and fallacious of the several misconceptions of Americanism is that of the so-called “melting-pot” of races and traditions. It is true that this country has received a vast influx of non-English immigrants who come hither to enjoy without hardship the liberties which our British ancestors carved out in toil and bloodshed. It is also true that such of them as belong to the Teutonic and Celtic races are capable of assimilation to our English type and of becoming valuable acquisitions to the population. But, from this it does not follow that a mixture of really alien blood or ideas has accomplished or can accomplish anything but harm. Observation of Europe shows us the relative status and capability of the several races, and we see that the melting together of English gold and alien brass is not very likely to produce any alloy superior or even equal to the original gold. Immigration cannot, perhaps, be cut off altogether, but it should be understood that aliens who choose America as their residence must accept the prevailing language and culture as their own; and neither try to modify our institutions, nor to keep alive their own in our midst. We must not, as the greatest man of our age declared, suffer this nation to become a “polyglot boarding house.”

The greatest foe to rational Americanism is that dislike for our parent nation which holds sway amongst the ignorant and bigoted, and which is kept alive largely by certain elements of the population who seem to consider the sentiments of Southern and Western Ireland more important than those of the United States. In spite of the plain fact that a separate Ireland would weaken civilisation and menace the world’s peace by introducing a hostile and undependable wedge betwixt the two major parts of Saxondom, these irresponsible elements continue to encourage rebellion in the Green Isle; and in so doing tend to place this nation in a distressingly anomalous position as an abettor of crime and sedition against the Mother Land. Disgusting beyond words are the public honours paid to political criminals like Edward, alias Eamonn, de Valera, whose very presence at large among us is an affront to our dignity and heritage. Never may we appreciate or even fully comprehend our own place and mission in the world, till we can banish those clouds of misunderstanding which float between us and the source of our culture.

But the features of Americanism peculiar to this continent must not be belittled. In the abolition of

fixed and rigid class lines a distinct sociological advance is made, permitting a steady and progressive recruiting of the upper levels from the fresh and vigorous body of the people beneath. Thus opportunities of the choicest sort await every citizen alike, whilst the biological quality of the cultivated classes is improved by the cessation of that narrow inbreeding which characterises European aristocracy.

Total separation of civil and religious affairs, the greatest political and intellectual advance since the Renaissance, is also a local American—and more particularly a Rhode Island—triumph. Agencies are today subtly at work to undermine this principle, and to impose upon us through devious political influences the Papal chains which Henry VIII first struck from our limbs; chains unfelt since the bloody reign of Mary, and infinitely worse than the ecclesiastical machinery which Roger Williams rejected. But when the vital relation of intellectual freedom to genuine Americanism shall be fully impressed upon the people, it is likely that such sinister undercurrents will subside.

The main struggle which awaits Americanism is not with reaction, but with radicalism. Our age is one of restless and unintelligent iconoclasm, and abounds with shrewd sophists who use the name “Americanism” to cover attacks on that institution itself. Such familiar terms and phrases as “democracy,” “liberty,” or “freedom of speech” are being distorted to cover the wildest forms of anarchy, whilst our old representative institutions are being attacked as “un-American” by foreign immigrants who are incapable both of understanding them or of devising anything better.

This country would benefit from a wider practice of sound Americanism, with its accompanying recognition of an Anglo-Saxon source. Americanism implies freedom, progress, and independence; but it does not imply a rejection of the past, nor a renunciation of traditions and experience. Let us view the term in its real, practical, and unsentimental meaning.

>from the United Amateur, July 1919

In A Major Key

By Howard Philips Lovecraft

It was lately the good fortune of The Conservative to receive from The Blue Pencil Club a pamphlet entitled In A Minor Key, whose phenomenal excellence furnishes emphatic evidence that the old National still retains some members who would have done it credit even in its palmiest days. But great as may be the literary merit of the publication, its astonishing radicalism of thought cannot but arouse an overwhelming chorus of opposition from the saner elements in amateur journalism.

Charles d. Isaacson, the animating essence of the publication, is a character of remarkable

quality. Descended from the race that produced Mendelssohn, he is himself a musician of no ordinary talent, whilst as a man of literature he is worthy of comparison with his co-religionists Moses Mendez and Isaac D'Israeli. But the very spirituality which gives elevation to the Semitic mind partially unfits it for the consideration of tastes and trends in Aryan thought and writings, hence it is not surprising that he is a radical of the extremest sort.

From an ordinary man, the acclamation of degraded Walt Whitman as the "Greatest American Thinker" would come as an insult to the American mind, yet with Mr. Isaacson one may but respectfully dissent. Penetrating and forgetting the unspeakable grossness and wildness of the erratic bard, our author seizes on the one spark of truth within, and magnifies it till it becomes for him the whole Whitman. The Conservative, in speaking for the sounder faction of American taste, is impelled to give here his own lines on Whitman, written several years ago as part of an essay on the modern poets:

Behold Great Whitman, whose licentious line
Delights the rake, and warms the souls of swine;
Whose fever'd fancy shuns the measur'd pace,
And copies Ovid's filth without his grace.
In his rough brain a genius might have grown,
Had he not sought to play the brute alone;
But void of shame, he let his wit run wild,
And liv'd and wrote as Adam's bestial child.
Averse to culture, strange to humankind,
He never knew the pleasures of the mind.
Scorning the pure, the delicate, the clean,
His joys were sordid, and his morals mean.
Thro' his gross thoughts a native vigour ran,
From which he deem'd himself the perfect man:
But want of decency his rank decreas'd,
And sunk him to the level of the beast.
Would that his Muse had dy'd before her birth,
Nor spread such foul corruption o'er the earth.

Mr. Isaacson's views on race prejudice, as outlined in his Minor Key, are too subjective to be impartial. He has perhaps resented the more or less open aversion to the children of Isreal which has ever pervaded Christendom, yet a man of his perspicuity should be able to distinguish

this illiberal feeling, a religious and social animosity of one white race toward another white and equally intellectual race, from the natural and scientifically just sentiment which keeps the African black from contaminating the Caucasian population of the United States. The negro is fundamentally the biological inferior of all White and even Mongolian races, and the Northern people must occasionally be reminded of the danger which they incur in admitting him too freely to the privileges of society and government.

Mr. Isaacson's protest is directed specifically against a widely advertised motion picture, "The Birth of a Nation", which is said to furnish a remarkable insight into the methods of the Ku-Klux-Klan, that noble but much maligned band of Southerners who saved half of our country from destruction at the close of the Civil War. The Conservative has not yet witnessed the picture in question, but he has seen both in literary and dramatic form *The Clansman*, that stirring, though crude and melodramatic story by Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., on which *The Birth of a Nation* is based, and has likewise made a close historical study of the Klu-Klux-Klan, finding as a result of his research nothing but Honour, Chivalry, and Patriotism in the activities of the Invisible Empire. The Klan merely did for the people what the law refused to do, removing the ballot from unfit hands and restoring to the victims of political vindictiveness their natural rights. The alleged lawbreaking of the Klan was committed only by irresponsible miscreants who, after the dissolution of the Order by its Grand Wizard, Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest, used its weird masks and terrifying costumes to veil their unorganised villainies.

Race prejudice is a gift of Nature, intended to preserve in purity the various divisions of mankind which the ages have evolved. In comparing this essential instinct of man with political, religious, and national prejudices, Mr. Isaacson commits a serious error of logic.

The conservative dislikes strong language, but he feels that he is not exceeding the bounds of propriety in asserting that the publication of the article entitled "The Greater Courage" is a crime which in a native American of Aryan blood would be deserving of severe legal punishment. This appeal to the people to refuse military service when summoned to their flag is an outrageous attack on the lofty principles of patriotism which have turned this country from a savage wilderness to a mighty band of states; a slur on the honour of our countrymen, who from the time of King Philip's War to the present have been willing to sacrifice their lives for the preservation of their families, their nation, and their institutions. Mr. Isaacson, however, must be excused for his words, since some of his phrases shew quite clearly that he is only following the common anarchical fallacy, believing that wars are forced upon the masses by tyrannical rulers. This belief, extremely popular a few months ago, has received a rude blow through the acts of the Italian people in forcing their recalcitrant government to join the Allies. The socialist delusion becomes ridiculous when its precepts are thus boldly reversed by facts. Bryan is out of the way at last, and in spite of Mr. Isaacson and his hyphenated fellow-pacifists, the real American people, the descendants of Virginian and New England Christian Protestant colonists, will remain ever faithful to the Stars and Stripes, even though forced to meet enemies at home as well as abroad.

>from *The Conservative* Vol. I, No. 2, (1915)

It appears that *The Conservative's* review of Charles D. Isaacson's recent paper was not

accepted in the honestly critical spirit intended, and that Mr. Isaacson is preparing to wreak summary verbal vengeance upon the crude barbarian who cannot appreciate the loathsome Walt Whitman, cannot lose his self-respect as a white man, and cannot endorse a treasonable propaganda designed to deliver these United States as easy victims to the first hostile power who cares to conquer them. In view of The Conservative's frank and explicit recognition of Mr. Isaacson's unusual talent, the predicted reprisal seems scarcely necessary; yet if it must come, it will find its object, as usual, not unwilling to deliver blow for blow. The Conservative possesses very definite opinions on the questions involved, and has by no means exhausted all his armoury of darts in their defence. Owing to the uncertainties of the press, Mr. Isaacson's contemplated screed may have appeared ere this; in any case The Conservative may with propriety announce his attitude in the words which Colley Cibber, reviser of Shakespeare, puts into the mouth of King Richard:

"Hark! The shrill trumpet sounds, to horse, away,
My soul's in arms, and eager for the fray!"

>from The Conservative Vol. 1, No. 3, 1915

The Triumph of Nature over Northern Ignorance
Lines Dedicated to William Benjamin Smith, Tulane University, La.,
Author of "The Colour Line: a Brief in Behalf of the Unborn".

The Northern bigot, with false zeal inflam'd,
The virtues of the Afric race proclaim'd;
Declar'd the blacks his brothers and his peers,
And at their slav'ry shed fraternal tears;
Distorted for his cause the Holy Word,
And deem'd himself commanded by the Lord
To draw his sword, whate'er the cost might be,

And set the sons of Aethiopia free.
First with the South in battle he engag'd;
And four hard years an impious warfare wag'd,
Then, deaf to Nature, and to God's decree,
He gave the blacks their fatal liberty.
The halls where Southern justice once had reign'd
He now with horrid negro rites profan'd.
Among the free in cursèd mock'ry sate
The grinning Aethiop, conscious of his state.
But reckless folly can no further run;
The will of Nature must in Time be done.
The savage black, the ape-resembling beast,
Hath held too long his Saturnalian feast.
From out the land, by act of far'way Heav'n,
To ling'ring death his numbers shall be driv'n.
Against God's will the Yankee freed the slave
And in the act consign'd him to the grave.

>written sometime prior to 1906

The Teuton's Battle-Song

The mighty Woden laughs upon his throne,
And once more claims his children for his own.
The voice of Thor resounds again on high,
While arm'd Valkyries ride from out the sky:

The Gods of Asgard all their pow'rs release
To rouse the dullard from his dream of peace.
Awake! ye hypocrites, and deign to scan
The actions of your "brotherhood of Man".
Could your shrill pipings in the race impair
The warlike impulse put by Nature there?
Where now the gentle maxims of the school,
The cant of preachers, and the Golden Rule?
What feeble word or doctrine now can stay
The tribe whose fathers own'd Valhalla's sway?
Too long restrain'd, the bloody tempest breaks,
And Midgard 'neath the tread of warriors shakes.
On to thy death, Berserker bold! and try
In acts of Godlike bravery to die!
Who cares to find the heaven of the priest,
When only warriors can with Woden feast?
The flesh of Schrimnir, and the cup of mead,
Are but for him who falls in martial deed:
Yon luckless boor, that passive meets his end,
May never in Valhalla's court contend.
Slay, brothers, slay! and bathe in crimson gore;
Let Thor, triumphant, view the sport once more!
All other thoughts are fading in the mist,
But to attack, or if attack'd, resist.
List, great Alfadur, to the clash of steel;
How like a man does each brave swordsman feel!
The cries of pain, the roars of rampant rage,
In one vast symphony our ears engage.
Strike! Strike him down! whoever bars the way;

Let each kill many ere he die today!
Ride o'er the weak; accomplish what ye can;
The Gods are kindest to the strongest man!
Why should we fear? What greater joy than this?
Asgard alone could give us sweeter bliss!
My strength is waning; dimly can I see
The helmeted Valkyries close to me.
Ten more I slay! How strange the thought of fear,
With Woden's mounted messengers so near!
The darkness comes; I feel my spirit rise;
A kind Valkyrie bears me to the skies.
With conscience clear, I quit the earth below,
The boundless joys of Woden's halls to know.
The grove of Glasir soon shall I behold,
And on Valhalla's tablets be enroll'd:
There to remain, till Heindall's horn shall sound,
And Ragnarok enclose creation round;
And Bifrost break beneath bold Surtur's horde,
And Gods and men fall dead beneath the sword;
When sun shall die, and sea devour the land,
And stars descend, and naught but Chaos stand.
Then shall Alfadur make his realm anew,
And Gods and men with purer life indue.
In that blest country shall Abundance reign,
Nor shall one vice or woe of earth remain.
Then, not before, shall men their battles cease,
And live at last in universal peace.
Thro' cloudless heavens shall the eagle soar,
And happiness prevail for evermore.

Just now—as I sit in the sun on Charleston’s Battery, I am being pestered by dozens of coal-black pickaninnies of the average age of eight, who want (a) to dance a jig for my benefit in exchange for a penny, and (b) to black my already-blackened boots. Dey des nochally ca’n’t un’erstan’ wha de gennum ruther write letters than improve his personal appearance or advance his choreographic education! Damn hard little wasps to shoo off—but one doesn’t want to be cross with them...

>from a letter written June 8, 1935

Cats And Dogs

by H. P. Lovecraft

Being told of the cat-and-dog fight about to occur in your literary club, I cannot resist contributing a few Thomastic yowls and sibilants upon my side of the dispute, though conscious that the word of a venerable ex-member can scarcely have much weight against the brilliancy of such still active adherents as may bark upon the other side. Aware of my ineptitude at argument, a valued correspondent has supplied me with the records of a similar controversy in the New York Tribune, in which Mr. Carl van Doran is on my side and Mr. Albert Payson Terhune on that of the canine tribe. From this I would be glad to plagiarise such data as I need; but my friend, with genuinely Machiavellian subtlety, has furnished me with only a part of the feline section whilst submitting the doggish brief in full. No doubt he imagines that this arrangement, in view of my own emphatic bias, makes for something like ultimate fairness; but for me it is exceedingly inconvenient, since it will force me to be more or less original in several parts of the ensuing remarks.

Between dogs and cats my degree of choice is so great that it would never occur to me to compare the two. I have no active dislike for dogs, any more than I have for monkeys, human beings, tradesmen, cows, sheep, or pterodactyls; but for the cat I have entertained a particular respect and affection ever since the earliest days of my infancy. In its flawless grace and superior self-sufficiency I have seen a symbol of the perfect beauty and bland impersonality of the universe itself, objectively considered, and in its air of silent mystery there resides for me all the wonder and fascination of the unknown. The dog appeals to cheap and facile emotions; the

cat to the deepest founts of imagination and cosmic perception in the human mind. It is no accident that the contemplative Egyptians, together with such later poetic spirits as Poe, Gautier, Baudelaire and Swinburne, were all sincere worshippers of the supple grimalkin.

Naturally, one's preference in the matter of cats and dogs depends wholly upon one's temperament and point of view. The dog would appear to me to be the favorite of superficial, sentimental, and emotional people -- people who feel rather than think, who attach importance to mankind and the popular conventional emotions of the simple, and who find their greatest consolation in the fawning and dependent attachments of a gregarious society. Such people live in a limited world of imagination; accepting uncritically the values of common folklore, and always preferring to have their naive beliefs, feelings, and prejudices tickled, rather than to enjoy a purely aesthetic and philosophic pleasure arising from discrimination, contemplation, and the recognition of austere, absolute beauty. This is not to say that the cheaper elements do not also reside in the average cat-lover's love of cats, but merely to point out that in ailurophily there exists a basis of true aestheticism which kynophily does not possess. The real lover of cats is one who demands a clearer adjustment to the universe than ordinary household platitudes provide; one who refuses to swallow the sentimental notion that all good people love dogs, children, and horses while all bad people dislike and are disliked by such. He is unwilling to set up himself and his cruder feelings as a measure of universal values, or to allow shallow ethical notions to warp his judgment. In a word, he had rather admire and respect than effuse and dote; and does not fall into the fallacy that pointless sociability and friendliness, or slavering devotion and obedience, constitute anything intrinsically admirable or exalted. Dog-lovers base their whole case on these commonplace, servile, and plebeian qualities, and amusingly judge the intelligence of a pet by its degree of conformity to their own wishes. Cat-lovers escape this delusion, repudiate the idea that cringing subservience and sidling companionship to man are supreme merits, and stand free to worship aristocratic independence, self-respect, and individual personality joined to extreme grace and beauty as typified by the cool, lithe, cynical and unconquered lord of the housetops.

Persons of commonplace ideas -- unimaginative worthy burghers who are satisfied with the daily round of things and who subscribe to the popular credo of sentimental values -- will always be dog-lovers. To them nothing will ever be more important than themselves and their own primitive feelings, and they will never cease to esteem and glorify the fellow-animal who best typifies these. Such persons are submerged in the vortex of Oriental idealism and abasement which ruined classic civilisation in the Dark Ages, and live in a bleak world of abstract sentimental values wherein the mawkish illusions of meekness, gentleness, brotherhood, and whining humility are magnified into supreme virtues, and a whole false ethic and philosophy erected on the timid reactions of the flexor system of muscles. This heritage, ironically foisted on us when Roman politics raised the faith of a whipped and broken people to supremacy in the later empire, has naturally kept a strong hold over the weak and sentimentally thoughtless; and perhaps reached its culmination in the insipid nineteenth century, when people were wont to praise dogs "because they are so human" (as if humanity were any valid standard of merit!), and honest Edwin Landseer painted hundreds of smug Fidoes and Carlos and Rovers with all the anthropoid triviality, pettiness, and "cuteness" of eminent Victorians.

But amidst this chaos of intellectual and emotional groveling a few free souls have always stood out for the old civilised realities which mediaevalism eclipsed -- the stern classic loyalty to truth, strength, and beauty given a clear mind and uncowed spirit to the full-living Western Aryan confronted by Nature's majesty, loveliness, and aloofness. This is the virile aesthetic and ethic of the extensor muscles -- the bold, buoyant, assertive beliefs and preferences of proud, dominant, unbroken and unterrified conquerors, hunters, and warriors -- and it has small use for the shams and whimperings of the brotherly, affection-slobbering peacemaker and cringer and sentimentalist. Beauty and sufficiency -- twin qualities of the cosmos itself -- are the gods of this

unshackled and pagan type; to the worshipper of such eternal things the supreme virtue will not be found in lowliness, attachment, obedience, and emotional messiness. This sort of worshipper will look for that which best embodies the loveliness of the stars and the worlds and the forests and the seas and the sunsets, and which best acts out the blandness, lordliness, accuracy, self-sufficiency, cruelty, independence, and contemptuous and capricious impersonality of the all governing Nature. Beauty -- coolness -- aloofness -- philosophic repose -- self-sufficiency -- untamed mastery -- where else can we find these things incarnated with even half the perfection and completeness that mark their incarnation in the peerless and softly gliding cat, which performs its mysterious orbit with the relentless and obtrusive certainty of a planet in infinity?

That dogs are dear to the unimaginative peasant-burgher whilst cats appeal to the sensitive poet-aristocrat-philosopher will be clear in a moment when we reflect on the matter of biological association. Practical plebeian folk judge a thing only by its immediate touch, taste, and smell; while more delicate types form their estimates from the linked images and ideas which the object calls up in their minds. Now when dogs and cats are considered, the stolid churl sees only the two animals before him, and bases his favour on their relative capacity to pander to his sloppy, uniformed ideas of ethics and friendship and flattering subservience. On the other hand the gentleman and thinker sees each in all its natural affiliations, and cannot fail to notice that in the great symmetries of organic life dogs fall in with slovenly wolves and foxes and jackals and coyotes and dingoes and painted hyaenas, whilst cats walk proudly with the jungle's lords, and own the haughty lion, the sinuous leopard, the regal tiger, and the shapely panther and jaguar as their kin. Dogs are the hieroglyphs of blind emotion, inferiority, servile attachment, and gregariousness -- the attributes of commonplace, stupidly passionate, and intellectually and imaginatively underdeveloped men. Cats are the runes of beauty, invincibility, wonder, pride, freedom, coldness, self-sufficiency, and dainty individuality -- the qualities of sensitive, enlightened, mentally developed, pagan, cynical, poetic, philosophic, dispassionate, reserved, independent, Nietzschean, unbroken, civilised, master-class men. The dog is a peasant and the cat is a gentleman.

We may, indeed, judge the tone and bias of a civilisation by its relative attitude toward dogs and cats. The proud Egypt wherein Pharaoh was Pharaoh and pyramids rose in beauty at the wish of him who dreamed them bowed down to the cat, and temples were built to its goddess at Bubastis. In imperial Rome the graceful leopard adorned most homes of quality, lounging in insolent beauty in the atrium with golden collar and chain; while after the age of the Antonines the actual cat was imported from Egypt and cherished as a rare and costly luxury. So much for the dominant and enlightened peoples. When, however, we come to the groveling Middle Ages with their superstitions and ecstasies and monasticisms and maunderings over saints and their relics, we find the cool and impersonal loveliness of the felidae in very low esteem; and behold a sorry spectacle of hatred and cruelty shown toward the beautiful little creature whose mousing virtues alone gained it sufferance amongst the ignorant churls who resented its self-respecting coolness and feared its cryptical and elusive independence as something akin to the dark powers of witchcraft. These boorish slaves of eastern darkness could not tolerate what did not serve their own cheap emotions and flimsy purposes. They wished a dog to fawn and hunt and fetch and carry, and had no use for the cat's gift of eternal disinterested beauty to feed the spirit. One can imagine how they must have resented Pussy's magnificent reposefulness, unhurriedness, relaxation, and scorn for trivial human aims and concerns. Throw a stick, and the servile dog wheezes and pants and stumbles to bring it to you. Do the same before a cat, and he will eye you with coolly polite and somewhat bored amusement. And just as inferior people prefer the inferior animal which scampers excitedly because someone else wants something, so do superior people respect the superior animal which lives its own life and knows that the puerile stick-throwings of alien bipeds are none of its business and beneath its notice. The dog barks and begs and tumbles to amuse you when you crack the whip. That pleases a

meekness-loving peasant who relishes a stimulus to his self importance. The cat, on the other hand, charms you into playing for its benefit when it wishes to be amused; making you rush about the room with a paper on a string when it feels like exercise, but refusing all your attempts to make it play when it is not in the humour. That is personality and individuality and self-respect -- the calm mastery of a being whose life is its own and not yours -- and the superior person recognises and appreciates this because he too is a free soul whose position is assured, and whose only law is his own heritage and aesthetic sense. Altogether, we may see that the dog appeals to those primitive emotional souls whose chief demands on the universe are for meaningless affection, aimless companionship, and flattering attention and subservience; whilst the cat reigns among those more contemplative and imaginative spirits who ask of the universe only the objective sight of poignant, ethereal beauty and the animate symbolisation of Nature's bland, relentless, reposeful, unhurried and impersonal order and sufficiency. The dog gives, but the cat is.

Simple folk always overstress the ethical element in life, and it is quite natural that they should extend it to the realm of their pets. Accordingly, we hear many inane dicta in favour of dogs on the ground that they are faithful, whilst cats are treacherous. Now just what does this really mean? Where are the points of reference? Certainly, the dog has so little imagination and individuality that it knows no motives but its master's; but what sophisticated mind can descry a positive virtue in this stupid abnegation of its birthright? Discrimination must surely award the palm to the superior cat, which has too much natural dignity to accept any scheme of things but its own, and which consequently cares not one whit what any clumsy human thinks or wishes or expects of it. It is not treacherous, because it has never acknowledged any allegiance to anything outside its own leisurely wishes; and treachery basically implies a departure from some covenant explicitly recognised. The cat is a realist, and no hypocrite. He takes what pleases him when he wants it, and gives no promises. He never leads you to expect more from him than he gives, and if you choose to be stupidly Victorian enough to mistake his purrs and rubbings of self-satisfaction for marks of transient affection toward you, that is no fault of his. He would not for a moment have you believe that he wants more of you than food and warmth and shelter and amusement -- and he is certainly justified in criticising your aesthetic and imaginative development if you fail to find his grace, beauty, and cheerful decorative influence an aboundingly sufficient repayment for all you give him. The cat-lover need not be amazed at another's love for dogs -- indeed, he may also possess this quality himself; for dogs are often very comely, and as lovable in a condescending way as a faithful old servant or tenant in the eyes of a master -- but he cannot help feeling astonished at those who do not share his love for cats. The cat is such a perfect symbol of beauty and superiority that it seems scarcely possible for any true aesthete and civilised cynic to do other than worship it. We call ourselves a dog's "master" -- but who ever dared call himself the "master" of a cat? We own a dog -- he is with us as a slave and inferior because we wish him to be. But we entertain a cat -- he adorns our hearth as a guest, fellow-lodger, and equal because he wishes to be there. It is no compliment to be the stupidly idolised master of a dog whose instinct it is to idolise, but it is a very distinct tribute to be chosen as the friend and confidant of a philosophic cat who is wholly his own master and could easily choose another companion if he found such a one more agreeable and interesting. A trace, I think, of this great truth regarding the higher dignity of the cat has crept into folklore in the use of the names "cat" and "dog" as terms of opprobrium. Whilst "cat" has never been applied to any sort of offender more than the mildly spiteful and innocuously sly female gossip and commentator, the words "dog" and "cur" have always been linked with vileness, dishonor, and degradation of the gravest type. In the crystallisation of this nomenclature there has undoubtedly been present in the popular mind some dim, half-unconscious realisation that there are depths of slinking, whining, fawning, and servile ignobility which no kith of the lion and the leopard could ever attain. The cat may fall low, but he is always unbroken. He is, like the Nordic among men, one of those who govern their own lives or die.

We have but to glance analytically at the two animals to see the points pile up in favour of the cat. Beauty, which is probably the only thing of any basic significance in all the cosmos, ought to be our chief criterion; and here the cat excels so brilliantly that all comparisons collapse. Some dogs, it is true, have beauty in a very ample degree; but even the highest level of canine beauty falls far below the feline average. The cat is classic whilst the dog is Gothic -- nowhere in the animal world can we discover such really Hellenic perfection of form, with anatomy adapted to function, as in the felidae. Puss is a Doric temple -- an Ionic colonnade -- in the utter classicism of its structural and decorative harmonies. And this is just as true kinetically as statically, for art has no parallel for the bewitching grace of the cat's slightest motion. The sheer, perfect aestheticism of kitty's lazy stretchings, industrious face-washings, playful rollings, and little involuntary shiftings in sleep is something as keen and vital as the best pastoral poetry or genre painting; whilst the unerring accuracy of his leaping and springing, running and hunting, has an art-value just as high in a more spirited way but it is his capacity for leisure and repose which makes the cat preeminent. Mr. Carl Van Vechten, in "Peter Whiffle," holds up the timeless restfulness of the cat as a model for life's philosophy, and Prof. William Lyon Phelps has very effectively captured the secret of felinity when he says that the cat does not merely lie down, but "pours his body out on the floor like a glass of water". What other creature has thus merged the aestheticism of mechanics and hydraulics? Contrast this with the inept panting, wheezing, fumbling, drooling, scratching, and general clumsiness of the average dog with his false and wasted motions. And in the details of neatness the fastidious cat is of course immeasurably ahead. We always love to touch a cat, but only the insensitive can uniformly welcome the frantic and humid nuzzlings and pawings of a dusty and perhaps not inodorous canine which leaps and fusses and writhes about in awkward feverishness for no particular reason save that blind nerve-centres have been spurred by certain meaningless stimuli. There is a wearying excess of bad manners in all this doggish fury -- well-bred people don't paw and maul one, and surely enough we invariably find the cat gentle and reserved in his advances, and delicate even when he glides gracefully into your lap with cultivated purrs, or leaps whimsical on the table where you are writing to play with your pen in modulated, seriocomic pats. I do not wonder that Mahomet, that sheik of perfect manners, loved cats for their urbanity and disliked dogs for their boorishness; or that cats are the favorites in the polite Latin countries whilst dogs take the lead in heavy, practical, and beer-drinking Central Europe. Watch a cat eat, and then watch a dog. The one is held in check by an inherent and inescapable daintiness, and lends a kind of grace to one of the most ungraceful of all processes. The dog, on the other hand, is wholly repulsive in his bestial and insatiate greediness; living up to his forest kinship of "wolfing" most openly and unashamedly. Returning to beauty of line -- is it not significant that while many normal breeds of dogs are conspicuously and admittedly ugly, no healthy and well-developed feline of any species whatsoever is other than beautiful? There are, of course, many ugly cats; but these are always individual cases of mongrelism, malnutrition, deformity, or injury. No breed of cats in its proper condition can by any stretch of the imagination be thought of as even slightly ungraceful -- a record against which must be pitted the depressing spectacle of impossibly flattened bulldogs, grotesquely elongated dachshunds, hideously shapeless and shaggy Airedales, and the like. Of course, it may be said that no aesthetic standard is other than relative -- but we always work with such standards as we empirically have, and in comparing cats and dogs under the Western European aesthetic we cannot be unfair to either. If any undiscovered tribe in Tibet finds Airedales beautiful and Persian cats ugly, we will not dispute them on their own territory -- but just now we are dealing with ourselves and our territory, and here the verdict would not admit of much doubt even from the most ardent kynophile. Such an one usually passes the problem off in an epigrammatic paradox, and says that "Snookums is so homely, he's pretty!" This is the childish penchant for the grotesque and tawdrily "cute" which we see likewise embodied in popular cartoons, freak dolls, and all the malformed decorative trumpery of the "Billikin" or "Krazy Kat" order found in the "dens" and "cosy corners" of the would-be-sophisticated yokelry.

In the matter of intelligence we find the caninities making amusing claims -- amusing because they so naively measure what they conceive to be an animal's intelligence by its degree of subservience to the human will. A dog will retrieve, a cat will not; therefore (sic!) the dog is the more intelligent. Dogs can be more elaborately trained for the circus and vaudeville acts than cats, therefore (O Zeus, O Royal Mount!) they are cerebrally superior. Now of course this is all the sheerest nonsense. We would not call a weak-spirited man more intelligent than an independent citizen because we can make him vote as we wish whereas we can't influence the independent citizen, yet countless persons apply an exactly parallel argument in appraising the grey matter of dogs and cats. Competition in servility is something to which no self-respecting Thomas or Tabitha ever stooped, and it is plain that any really effective estimate of canine and feline intelligence must proceed from a careful observation of dogs and cats in a detached state -- uninfluenced by human beings -- as they formulate certain objectives of their own and use their own mental equipment in achieving them. When we do this, we arrive at a very wholesome respect for our purring hearthside friend who makes so little display about his wishes and business methods; for in every conception and calculation he shows a steel-cold and deliberate union of intellect, will, and sense of proportion which puts utterly to shame the emotional sloppings-over and docilely acquired artificial tricks of the "clever" and "faithful" pointer or sheep-dog. Watch a cat decide to move through a door, and see how patiently he waits for his opportunity, never losing sight of his purpose even when he finds it expedient to feign other interests in the interim. Watch him in the thick of the chase, and compare his calculating patience and quiet study of his terrain with the noisy floundering and pawing of his canine rival. It is not often that he returns empty-handed. He knows what he wants, and means to get it in the most effective way, even at the sacrifice of time -- which he philosophically recognises as unimportant in the aimless cosmos. There is no turning him aside or distracting his attention -- and we know that among humans this is the quality of mental tenacity, this ability to carry a single thread through complex distractions, is considered a pretty good sign of intellectual vigour and maturity. Children, old crones, peasants, and dogs ramble, cats and philosophers stick to their point. In resourcefulness, too, the cat attests his superiority. Dogs can be well trained to do a single thing, but psychologists tell us that these responses to an automatic memory instilled from outside are of little worth as indices of real intelligence. To judge the abstract development of a brain, confront it with new and unfamiliar conditions and see how well its own strength enables it to achieve its object by sheer reasoning without blazed trails. Here the cats can silently devise a dozen mysterious and successful alternatives whilst poor Fido is barking in bewilderment and wondering what it is all about. Granted that Rover the retriever may make a greater bid for popular sentimental regard by going into the burning house and saving the baby in traditional cinema fashion, it remains a fact that whiskered and purring Nig is a higher-grade biological organism -- something physiologically and psychologically nearer a man because of his very freedom from man's orders, and as such entitled to a higher respect from those who judge by purely philosophic and aesthetic standards. We can respect a cat as we cannot respect a dog, no matter which personally appeals the more to our mere doting fancy; and if we be aesthetes and analysts rather than commonplace-lovers and emotionalists, the scales must inevitably turn completely in kitty's favour.

It may be added, moreover, that even the aloof and sufficient cat is by no means devoid of sentimental appeal. Once we get rid of the uncivilised ethical bias -- the "treacherous" and "horrid bird-catcher" prejudice -- we find in the "harmless cat" the very apex of happy domestic symbolism; whilst small kittens become objects to adore, idealise, and celebrate in the most rhapsodic of dactyls and anapaests, iambics and trochaics. I, in my own senescent mellowness, confess to an inordinate and wholly unphilosophic predilection for tiny coal-black kittens with large yellow eyes, and could no more pass one without petting him than Dr. Johnson could pass a sidewalk post without striking it. There is, likewise, in many cats quite analogous to the reciprocal fondness so loudly extolled in dogs, human beings, horses, and the like. Cats come to

associate certain persons with acts continuously contributing to their pleasure, and acquire for them a recognition and attachment which manifests itself in pleasant excitement at their approach -- whether or not bearing food and drink -- and a certain pensiveness at their protracted absence. A cat with whom I was on intimate terms reached the point of accepting food from no hand but one, and would actually go hungry rather than touch the least morsel from a kindly neighbour source. He also had distinct affections amongst the other cats of that idyllic household; voluntarily offering food to one of his whiskered friends, whilst disputing most savagely the least glance which his coal-black rival "Snowball" would bestow upon his plate. If it be argued that these feline fondnesses are essentially "selfish" and "practical" in their ultimate composition, let us inquire in return how many human fondnesses, apart from those springing directly upon primitive brute instinct, have any other basis. After the returning board has brought in the grand total of zero we shall be better able to refrain from ingenuous censure of the "selfish" cat.

The superior imaginative inner life of the cat, resulting in superior self-possession, is well known. A dog is a pitiful thing, depending wholly on companionship, and utterly lost except in packs or by the side of his master. Leave him alone and he does not know what to do except bark and howl and trot about till sheer exhaustion forces him to sleep. A cat, however, is never without the potentialities of contentment. Like a superior man, he knows how to be alone and happy. Once he looks about and finds no one to amuse him, he settles down to the task of amusing himself; and no one really knows cats without having occasionally peeked stealthily at some lively and well-balanced kitten which believes itself to be alone. Only after such a glimpse of unaffected tail-chasing grace and unstudied purring can one fully understand the charm of those lines which Coleridge wrote with reference to the human rather than the feline young -- page eleven

".... a limber elf,

Singing, dancing to itself."

But whole volumes could be written on the playing of cats, since the varieties and aesthetic aspects of such sportiveness are infinite. Be it sufficient to say that in such pastimes cats have exhibited traits and actions which psychologists authentically declare to be motivated by genuine humour and whimsicality in its purest sense; so that the task of "making a cat laugh" may not be so impossible a thing even outside the borders of Cheshire. In short, a dog is an incomplete thing. Like an inferior man, he needs emotional stimuli from outside, and must set something artificial up as a god and motive. The cat, however, is perfect in himself. Like the human philosopher, he is a self-sufficient entity and microcosm. He is a real and integrated being because he thinks and feels himself to be such, whereas the dog can conceive of himself only in relation to something else. Whip a dog and he licks your hand - frauth! The beast has no idea of himself except as an inferior part of an organism whereof you are the superior part -- he would no more think of striking back at you than you would think of pounding your own head when it punishes you with a headache. But whip a cat and watch it glare and move backward hissing in outraged dignity and self-respect! One more blow, and it strikes you in return; for it is a gentleman and your equal, and will accept no infringement on its personality and body of privileges. It is only in your house anyway because it wishes to be, or perhaps even as a condescending favour to yourself. It is the house, not you, it likes; for philosophers realise that human beings are at best only minor adjuncts to scenery. Go one step too far, and it leaves you altogether. You have mistaken your relationship to it and imagined you are its master, and no real cat can tolerate that breach of good manners. Henceforward it will seek companions of greater discrimination and clearer perspective. Let anaemic persons who believe in "turning the other cheek" console themselves with cringing dogs -- for the robust pagan with the blood of Nordic twilights in his veins there is no beast like the cat; intrepid steed of Freya, who can boldly look even Thor and Odin full in the face and stare with great round eyes of undimmed yellow or

green.

In these observations I believe I have outlined with some fullness the diverse reasons why, in my opinion and in the smartly timed title-phrase of Mr. Van Doren, "gentlemen prefer cats." The reply of Mr. Terhune in a subsequent issue of the Tribune appears to me beside the point; insomuch as it is less a refutation of facts than a mere personal affirmation of the author's membership in that conventional "very human" majority who take affection and companionship seriously, enjoy being important to something alive, hate a "parasite" on mere ethical ground without consulting the right of beauty to exist for its own sake, and therefore love man's noblest and most faithful friend, the perennial dog. I suppose Mr. Terhune loves horses and babies also, for the three go conventionally together in the great hundred-per-center's credo as highly essential likings for every good and lovable he-man of the Arrow Collar and Harold Bell Wright hero school, even though the automobile and Margaret Sanger have done much to reduce the last two items.

Dogs, then, are peasants and the pets of peasants, cats are gentlemen and the pets of gentlemen. The dog is for him who places crude feeling and outgrown ethic and humanocentricity above austere and disinterested beauty; who just loves "folks and folksiness" and doesn't mind sloppy clumsiness if only something will truly care for him. (Tableau of dog across master's grave -- cf. Lanseer, "The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner.") The guy who isn't much for highbrow stuff, but is always on the square and don't (sic) often find the Saddypost or the N.Y. World too deep for him; who hadn't much use for Valentino, but thinks Doug Fairbanks is just about right for an evening's entertainment. Wholesome -- constructive -- non-morbid -- civic-minded -- domestic -- (I forgot to mention the radio) normal -- that's the sort of go-getter that ought to go in for dogs.

The cat is for the aristocrat -- whether by birth or inclinations or both - who admires his fellow-aristocrats. He is for the man who appreciates beauty as the one living force in a blind and purposeless universe, and who worships that beauty in all its forms without regard for the sentimental and ethical illusions of the moment. For the man who knows the hollowness of feeling and the emptiness of human objects and aspirations, and who therefore clings solely to what is real -- as beauty is real because it pretends to a significance beyond the emotion which it excites and is. For the man who feels sufficient in the cosmos, and asks no scruples of conventional prejudice, but loves repose and strength and freedom and luxury and sufficiency and contemplation; who as a strong fearless soul wishes something to respect instead of something to lick his face and accept his alternate blows and strokings; who seeks a proud and beautiful equal in the peerage of individualism rather than a cowed and cringing satellite in the hierarchy of fear, subservience, and devolution. The cat is not for the brisk, self-important little worker with a mission, but for the enlightened dreaming poet who knows that the world contains nothing really worth doing. The dilettante -- the connoisseur -- the decadent, if you will, though in a healthier age than this there were things for such men to do, so that they were the planners and leader of those glorious pagan times. The cat is for him who does things not for empty duty but for power, pleasure, splendour, romance, and glamour -- for the harpist who sings alone in the night of old battles, or the warrior who goes out to fight such battles for beauty, glory, fame and the splendour of a land athwart which no shadow of weakness falls. For him who will be lulled by no sops of prose and usefulness, but demands for his comfort the ease and beauty and ascendancy and cultivation which make effort worth while. For the man who knows that play, not work, and leisure, not bustle, are the great things of life; and that the round of striving merely in order to strive some more is a bitter irony of which the civilised soul accepts as little as it can.

Beauty, sufficiency, ease, and good manners -- what more can civilisation require? We have them all in the divine monarch who lounges gloriously on his silken cushion before the hearth. Loveliness and joy for their own sake -- pride and harmony and coordination -- spirit, restfulness

and completeness -- all here are present, and need but a sympathetic disillusionment for worship in full measure. What fully civilised soul but would eagerly serve as high priest of Bast? The star of the cat, I think, is just now in the ascendant, as we emerge little by little from the dreams of ethics and conformity which clouded the nineteenth century and raised the grubbing and unlovely dog to the pinnacle of sentimental regard. Whether a renaissance of power and beauty will restore our Western civilisation, or whether the forces of disintegration are already too powerful for any hand to check, none may yet say, but in the present moment of cynical world-unmasking between the pretence of the eighteen-hundreds and the ominous mystery of the decades ahead we have at least a flash of the old pagan perspective and the old pagan clearness and honesty.

And one idol lit up by that flash, seen fair and lovely on a dream-throne of silk and gold under a chryselephantine dome, is a shape of deathless grace not always given its due among groping mortals -- the haughty, the unconquered, the mysterious, the luxurious, the Babylonian, the impersonal, the eternal companion of superiority and art -- the type of perfect beauty and the brother of poetry -- the bland, grave, compliant, and patrician cat.

>written November 23, 1926

Old England and the "Hyphen"

Of the various intentional fallacies exhaled like miasmatic vapours from the rotting cosmopolitanism of vitiated American politics, and doubly rife during these days of European conflict, none is more disgusting than that contemptible subterfuge of certain foreign elements whereby the legitimate zeal of the genuine native stock for England's cause is denounced and compared to the unpatriotic disaffection of those working in behalf of England's enemies. The Prussian propagandists and Irish irresponsibles, failing in their clumsy efforts to use the United States as a tool of vengeance upon the Mistress of the Seas, have seized with ingenious and unexpected eagerness on a current slogan coined to counteract their own traitorous machinations, and have begun to fling the trite demand "America first" in the face of every American who is unable to share their puerile hatred of the British Empire. In demanding that American citizens impartially withhold love and allegiance from any government save their own, thereby binding themselves to a policy of rigid coldness in considering the fortunes of their Mother Country, the Prusso-Hibernian herd have the sole apparent advantage of outward technical justification. If the United States were truly the radical, aloof, mongrelised nation into which they idealise it, their plea might possibly be more appropriate. But in comparing the lingering loyalty of a German-American for Germany, or of an Irish-American for Ireland, with that of a native American for England, these politicians make their fundamental psychological error.

England, despite the contentions of trifling theorists, is not and never will be a really foreign country; nor is a true love of America possible without a corresponding love for the British race and ideals that created America. The difficulties which caused the severance of the American Colonies from the rest of the Empire were essentially internal ones, and have no moral bearing on this country's attitude toward the parent land in its relations with alien civilisations. Just as Robert Edward Lee chose to follow the government of Virginia rather than the Federal Union in 1861, so did the Anglo-American Revolutionary leaders choose local to central allegiance in 1775. Their rebellion was in itself a characteristically English act, and could in no manner annul the purely English origin and nature of the new republic. American history before the conflict of 1775-1783 is English history, and we are lawful heirs of the unnumbered glories of the Saxon line. Shakespeare and Milton, Dryden and Pope, Young and Thomson, Johnson and Goldsmith, are our own poets; William the Conqueror, Edward the Black Prince, Elizabeth, and William of Nassau are our own royalty; Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt are our own victories; Lord Bacon, Sir Isaac Newton, Hobbes, Locke, Sir Robert Boyle, and Sir William Herschel are our own philosophers and scientists; what true American lives, who would wish, by rejecting an Englishman's heritage, to despoil his country of such racial laurels? Let those men be silent, who would, in envy, deny to the citizens of the United States the right to cherish and revere the ancestral honours that are theirs, and to remain faithful to the Anglo-Saxon ideals of their English forefathers!

Since the establishment of a republic by the Englishmen of the American Colonies, millions of non-British persons have been admitted to share the liberty which English hands created. In many cases, these immigrants have proved valuable accessions, and when accepting fully the ideals of the Anglo-American culture, those of them who are of North European blood have become completely amalgamated with the American people. Germans, in particular, being of identical racial stock, are able to fuse quickly and wholly into the Colonial population. But as they become Americans, so must they also, in a sense, become Englishmen. When the Elector of Hanover, a thorough German, acceded to the English throne, it was his duty to become an English monarch; and in a similar way it is an obligation of all other non-English individuals, princes or peasants, to adopt Anglo-Saxon ideals when they come to reap the advantages of an Anglo-Saxon nation. That millions of virile Germans have done so, is a gratifying fact to consider.

But since alien immigration has far exceeded normal proportions, it is but natural that we have among us an alarmingly vast body of foreigners from various countries who are totally unable to appreciate Anglo-American traditions. If not still attached to their respective nations, they are at least prone to regard the United States as a sort of spontaneously evolved territory without previous history or ancestry. Forgetting the Saxon inheritance that gave us language, laws, and liberty, they speak of America as a composite nation whose civilisation is a compound of all existing cultures; a melting pot of mongrelism wherein it is a crime for a man to know his own grandfather's name. They prate of Americanism as something of autochthonous growth, neglecting or unwilling to assign England the credit for its origin; and presuming to blame any citizen who is more just than they in his appreciation of the Mother Land.

More guileful immigrants use their "Americanism" as a blind for treason. Leaving their own countries in dissatisfaction, they assume the cloak of American citizenship; organize and finance conspiracies with American money; and finally, with an audacity almost ironical, call upon the

United States for help when overtaken by justice! Half the detestable violence of the Irish “Fenians” and “Sinn Fein” ruffians was hatched in America by those who dare drivel about such a thing as “neutrality”! Others continue to serve their own countries under the all-enveloping American mantle. Prussian-American patriots deep in the sanctimonious circles of “Americanism” and pacifism are at the same time secretly destroying American property for the benefit of the Prussian cause. And these are the sort of worthies who compare their treacherous anti-American acts with the traditional affection of a real American of the land which gave birth to the American nation!

The very small surviving flock of native Fourth-of-July England-haters must not be charged with that moral delinquency which attaches to the foreign agitators. These belated Revolutionists mean well, and are to be tolerated with kindness. They head that amusing element which applauds every Englishman who becomes naturalised in the United States, but which denounces with unmerciful inconsistency every American who, like the late Henry James, renews ancestral ties with Great Britain.

Summing up, we may well declare it folly to taunt the American lover of Old England with the cry of “Hyphenate!” His passion is not, like that of the Prussian or Irish “hyphenate”, based exclusively on personal ancestry; in his affection for the parent Kingdom he is but reiterating his devotion to the ideals of the daughter Republic; he is giving to his country a double loyalty!

>from The Conservative Vol. 2, No. 3, 1916

An American to Mother England

England! My England! can the surging sea
That lies between us tear my heart from thee?
Can distant birth and distant dwelling drain
Th’ ancestral blood that warms the loyal vein?
Isle of my Fathers! hear the filial song
Of him whose sources but to thee belong!
World-Conquering Mother! by thy mighty hand
Was carv’d from savage wilds my native land:
Thy matchless sons the firm foundation laid;

Thy matchless arts the nascent nation made:
By thy just laws the young republic grew,
And through thy greatness, kindred greatness knew.
What man that springs from thy untainted line
But sees Columbia's virtues all as thine?
Whilst nameless multitudes upon our shore
From the dim corners of creation pour,
Whilst mongrel slaves crawl hither to partake
Of Saxon liberty they could not make,
From such an alien crew in grief I turn,
And for the mother's voice of Britain burn.
England! can aught remove the cherish'd chain
That binds my spirit to thy blest domain?
Can Revolution's bitter precepts sway
The soul that must the ties of race obey?
Create a new Columbia if ye will,
The flesh that forms me is Britannic still!
Hail! oaken shades, and meads of dewy green,
So oft in sleep, yet ne'er in waking seen.
Peal out, ye ancient chimes, from vine-clad tower
Where pray'd my fathers in a vanish'd hour:
What countless years of rev'rence can ye claim
From bygone worshippers that bore my name!
Their forms are crumbling in the vaults around,
Whilst I, across the sea, but dream the sound.
Return, Sweet Vision! Let me glimpse again
The stone-built abbey, rising o'er the plain;
The neighb'ring village with its sun-shower'd square;
The shaded mill-stream, and the forest fair,

The hedge-lin'd lane, that leads to rustic cot
Where sweet contentment is the peasant's lot:
The mystic grove, by Druid wraiths possess'd,
The flow'ring fields, with fairy-castles blest:
And the old manor-house, sedate and dark,
Set in the shadows of the wooded park.
Can this be dreaming? Must my eyelids close
That I may catch the fragrance of the rose?
Is it in fancy that the midnight vale
Thrills with the warblings of the nightingale?
A golden moon bewitching radiance yields,
And England's fairies trip o'er England's fields.
England! Old England! in my love for thee
No dream is mine, but blessed memory;
Such haunting images and hidden fires
Course with the bounding blood of British sires:
From British bodies, minds, and souls I come,
And from them draw the vision of their home.
Awake, Columbia! scorn the vulgar age
That bids thee slight thy lordly heritage.
Let not the wide Atlantic's wildest wave
Burst the blest bonds that fav'ring Nature gave:
Connecting surges 'twixt the nations run,
Our Saxon souls dissolving into one!

>January, 1916

Linkage with the long continuous history of the race is a thing with a genuine poetic value in itself, and the joy we take in even the ugliest and most grotesque of traditional objects is not a false one. It is not directly such objects even when intrinsically unbeautiful, form an invaluable sort of springboard for the imagination. I can dream a whole cycle of colonial life from merely gazing on a tattered old book or almanack..... aesthetic—that is, it does not proceed from the decorative beauty of line in the objects themselves—but it is none the less truly aesthetic in an indirect way; through the flood of unspoken poetic imagery and epic race-memory released in our minds by the historic and cultural symbolism of the objects.

>from a letter written between February 25, 1929 & March 1, 1929

The population (of New York) is a mongrel herd with repulsive Mongoloid Jews in the visible majority, and the coarse faces and bad manners eventually come to wear on one so unbearably that one feels like punching every god damn bastard in sight.

>from a letter written November 19, 1931

.....Real America had the start of a splendid civilisation—the British stream, enriched by a geographical setting well-calculated to develop a vital, adventurous, and imaginatively fertile existence...What destroyed it as the dominant culture of this continent? Well—first came the poison of social democracy, which gradually introduced the notion of diffused rather than intensive development. Idealists wanted to raise the level of the ground by tearing down all the towers and strewing them over the surface—and when it was done they wondered why the ground didn't seem much higher, after all. And they had lost their towers! Then came the premature shifting of the economic centre of gravity to the relatively immature west; which brought western crudeness, "push", and quantity-feeling to the fore, and accelerated the evils of democracy. Sudden financial overturns and the rise of a loathsome parvenu class—natural things in a rapidly expanding nation—helped on the disaster; whilst worst of all was the rashly and idealistically admitted flood of alien, degenerate, and un-assimilable immigrants—the supreme calamity of the western world. On this dangerous and unstable cultural chaos finally fell the curse of the machine age—a condition peculiarly adapted to favour the crude and imaginationless and to operate against the sensitive and the civilised. Its first results we behold today, though the depths of its cultural darkness are reserved for the torture of later generations. Whether an intelligent minority can still escape it, and keep alive real American civilisation as a parallel stream, is at this date an open question. I am not pessimist enough to say that it cannot be done; indeed, I think that persons of retiring tendencies (like myself) can always manage to eke along in a quiet antiquarian way—living imaginative inner lives based on the true hereditary civilisation. It is the man who is at once civilised and highly social or gregarious who has the worst time. He will have to live abroad unless the prevailing darkness can be modified.....

>excerpts from a letter written between February 25, 1929 & March 1, 1929

I guess it is true that homosexuality is a rare theme for novels—partly because public attention was seldom called to it (except briefly during the Wilde period) until a decade ago, & partly because any literary use of it always incurs the peril of legal censorship. As a matter of fact—although of course I always knew that paederasty was a disgusting custom of many ancient nations—I never heard of homosexuality as an actual instinct till I was over thirty...which beats your record! It is possible, I think that this perversion occurs more frequently in some periods than in others—owing to obscure biological & psychological causes. Decadent ages—when psychology is unsettled—seem to favour it. Of course—in ancient times the extent of the practice of paederasty (as a custom which most simply accepted blindly, without any special inclination) cannot be taken as any measure of the extent of the actual psychological perversion. Another thing—many nowadays overlook the fact that there are always distinctly effeminate types which are most distinctly not homosexual. I don't know how psychology explains them, but we all know the sort of damned sissy who plays with girls & who—when he grows up—is a chronic “cake-eater”, hanging around girls, doting on dances, acquiring certain feminine mannerisms, intonations, & tastes, & yet never having even the slightest perversion of erotic inclinations. All his romantic & sexual feelings are in the right direction—toward women--& yet he tends to reflect the personality of the women he admires. He makes a good husband & father, & seems to dislike other men in the long run—never being much for stag gatherings, & never seeming to understand thoroughly the general masculine reaction to life. It is curious how this type of sissy seems to be forgotten amidst the modern wave of interest in homosexuality. I have come across many in my time--& it would certainly be absurd (in view of their constant interest in girls & lack of any even friendly feelings toward men & boys) to assume that the basis of their peculiarities is deeply sexual. These people hardly represent a real problem, although they are distinctly ridiculous & repellent. In my youth they were caricatured frequently on the stage; their representation being (because of the general ignorance of homosexuality's existence) wholly free from smut, & altogether in the “good clean fun” class. Poor devils—the modern wave of sophistication must be damned hard on them, since nowadays everyone must suspect them of perversion! Your Bonner may possibly belong merely to this harmless type. There are, too, undoubtedly many masculine women whose masculine manners & outlook are equally free from actual homosexuality...

>from a letter written August 14, 1933

On the Creation of Niggers

When, long ago, the gods created Earth
In Jove's fair image Man was shaped at birth.
The beasts for lesser parts were next designed;
Yet were they too remote from humankind.
To fill the gap, and join the rest to Man,
Th'Olympian host conceiv'd a clever plan.
A beast they wrought, in semi-human figure,
Filled it with vice, and called the thing a nigger.

Advancing to the question of collective conduct as involved in problems of government, social organisation, etc.—I fully see your side of the matter, and would be the last person in the world to advocate any course of civic or economic policy which might tend toward the destruction of the existing culture. In accordance with this attitude, I am distinctly opposed to visibly arrogant and arbitrary extremes of government—but this is simply because I wish the safety of an artistic and intellectual civilisation to be secure, not because I have any sympathy with the coarse-grained herd who would menace the civilisation if not placated by sops. Surely you can see the profound and abysmal difference between this emotional attitude and the emotional attitude of the democratic reformer who becomes wildly excited over the “wrongs of the masses”. This reformer has uppermost in his mind the welfare of those masses themselves—he feels with them, takes up a mental-emotional point of view as one of them, regards their advancement as his prime objective independently of anything else, and would willingly sacrifice the finest fruits of the civilisation for the sake of stuffing their bellies and giving them two cinema shows instead of one per day. I, on the other hand, don't give a hang about the masses except so far as I think deliberate cruelty is coarse and unaesthetic—be it toward horses, oxen, undeveloped men, dogs, negroes, or poultry. All that I care about is the civilisation—the state of development and organisation which is capable of gratifying the complex mental-emotional-aesthetic needs of highly evolved and acutely sensitive men. Any indignation I may feel in the whole matter is not for the woes of the downtrodden, but for the threat of social unrest to the traditional institutions of the civilisation. The reformer cares only for the masses, but may make concessions to the civilisation. I care only for the civilisation, but may make concessions to the masses. Do you not see the antipodal difference between the two positions? Both the reformer and I may unite in opposing an unworkably arrogant piece of legislation, but the motivating reasons will be absolutely antithetical. He wants to give the crowd as much as can be given them without wrecking all semblance of civilisation, whereas I want to give them only as much as can be given without even slightly impairing the level of the national culture. When it's an actual question of masses versus culture, I'm for giving the masses as little as can be given without bringing on the danger of collapse. Thus you see that the reformer and I are very different after all. He has a spontaneous enthusiasm for reform and democracy, thinking it imperative to urge these things. I,

on the other hand, have no enthusiasm at all in this direction; thinking it the best policy not to urge concessions, but merely to grant such things when the safety of the civilisation demands it. He is a democrat at all times, and because he wants to be. I am only one occasionally, and when I have to be...I would frankly prefer a landholding aristocracy with a cultivated leisure class and a return to the historic authority of the British crown, of which I shall always be spiritually a subject. But as men of more or less rudimentary sense, both the reformer and I know that we can neither of us get what we respectively want—hence last autumn he compromised on Smith whilst I compromised on Hoover. And that's the way of it. We want different things, but have enough sense of reality to take what we can get.....

>excerpts from a letter written between February 25, 1929 & March 1, 1929

...The cardinal virtue of Asia is its sane and philosophic timelessness. Whenever I contemplate that side of the Oriental nature, with its easy handling of centuries and millennia and its patrician disregard of momentary stirs and bustling, I am tempted to weep at the futile tail-chasing and clock-groveling of the hectic West; and to wish that the virile Nordic had never left his homeland in the Hindoo-Koosh to merge his fortunes with the restless, fever'd, machine-driven European chasers after mutable nothingness. Had we stuck to Asia, we might have founded a permanent world-empire of unrivalled splendour and irresistible strength—as mighty and puissant as Rome, and as stable and enduring as antique Aegyptus or deathless Sinae. We might have kill'd off all the slant-eyed yellow folk, and have had long camel-trains of slaves and gold and ivory and strange crystals sent us as tribute by the dark-eyed vassals and cringers of Ind, of Persia, of Africk, of Europa, and of the empires Cuzco and Uxmal beyond the monstrous River Ocean. Glory to the Aesir! A bullock to golden-bearded Odin, and a fat buck Negro to hammer-wielding Thor! Long life to Astahahn, our capital on the Yann—for here we have fetter'd and manacled Time, who wou'd otherwise slay the gods. Eheu—the things that might have been!

>From a letter written April, 1932

I dislike to see great cultural fabrics split up, & am a sincere Tory in my regret for America's separation from the British Empire. I think the differences of 1775 ought to have been settled within the empire. I admire Mussolini, but think Hitler is a very inferior copy—led astray by romantic conceptions & pseudo-science. At that, though, Hitler may have formed a necessary evil—saving his country from disintegration. In general, I think any nation ought to keep close to its original dominant race-stock—remaining largely Nordic if it started that way; largely Latin if it started that way, & so on. Only in this manner can comfortable cultural homogeneity & continuity be secured. But Hitler's extremes of pure racialism are absurd & grotesque. Various race-stocks differ in inclinations & aptitudes, but of all of them I consider only the negro & australoid

biologically inferior. Against these two a rigid colour-line ought to exist.

>from a letter written February 13, 1934

Do you attempt to account for the magnitude of the present depression? In surveying the effects of mechanis'd industry upon society, I have been led to a certain change of political views. Formerly I favour'd the concentration of resources in a few hands, in the interest of a stable hereditary culture; but I now believe that this system will no longer operate. With the universal use and improvement of machinery, all the needed labour of the world can be perform'd by a relatively few persons, leaving vast numbers permanently unemployable, depression or no depression. If these people are not fed and amused, they will dangerously revolt; hence we must either institute a programme of steady pensioning—panem et circenses—or else subject industry to a governmental supervision which will lessen its profits but spread jobs amongst more men working less hours. For many reasons the latter course seems to me most reasonable—especially since the vast accumulations of the commercial oligarchs are not now used to any great extent for cultural purposes. Therefore (deeming both democracy and communism fallacious for western civilisation) I favour a kind of fascism which may, whilst helping the dangerous masses at the expense of the needlessly rich, nevertheless preserve the essentials of traditional civilisation and leave political power in the hands of a small and cultivated (though not over-rich) governing class largely hereditary but subject to gradual increase as other individuals rise to its cultural level...

>from a letter written October 27, 1932

The Providence Journal has virtually declared war on Germany, and has well-nigh exhausted Roget's Thesaurus in looking for adjectives wherewith to denounce th' embattled Goth; but the editor scarce dares breathe a word against the slippery sons of Saint Patrick who violate American neutrality just as flagrantly as any German ever did, and who have been consistently doing so for many century. These migrated Micks have not scrupled to use the United States so far as they can as a weapon against their lawful King and Empire, and the "Sinn Fein", revolt is not the only one financed largely with American-gathered capital.

>from a letter written June 4, 1916

The Providence Journal has virtually declared war on Germany, and has well-nigh exhausted Roget's Thesaurus in looking for adjectives wherewith to denounce th' embattled Goth; but the editor scarce dares breathe a word against the slippery sons of Saint Patrick who violate American neutrality just as flagrantly as any German ever did, and who have been consistently doing so for many century. These migrated Micks have not scrupled to use the United States so far as they can as a weapon against their lawful King and Empire, and the "Sinn Fein", revolt is not the only one financed largely with American-gathered capital.

>from a letter written June 4, 1916

Lucubrations Lovecraftian

Of the various unsolved mysteries of the American public mind, none is more baffling than the persistent failure of the people to awaken to the menace of Irish rebel propaganda. Proud as this nation seems to be in most matters respecting its independence, it has again and again suffered seditious minorities of Hibernian malcontents to affront its dignity and imperil its tranquility through their criminal attempts to use it as a tool in effecting their own selfish ends. We have condemned in terms of unmeasured scorn the Germans, both citizens and non-citizens, who abused our hospitality by plotting in our midst and seeking to exploit us to Germany's advantage. These vipers we called "hyphenates", and denounced as un-American, justly abhorring their service of a foreign master whilst enjoying the advantages of residence here. We said much, in fact, concerning the impossibility of a divided allegiance. Yet through it all we have supinely tolerated a serpent a thousandfold more hateful than the Prussian hydra; a monster which owes us more loyalty because of longer American heritage, yet which gives us, if anything, less—the odious dragon of Fenianism and its successors, which has for over sixty years crouched in the United States, never accepting Americanism or placing our interests first, but working stealthily and unceasingly to employ our giant strength in fomenting rebellion in that alien and distant Ireland which it values to much more than the America which has given its adherents protection and prosperity for so long.

The bare facts of the case hardly need re-stating in these columns. We have all viewed with disgust the tactics of the Fenian organisation and of the more recently formed Sinn Fein; the subtle of campaigns of hatred against our Mother Nation, whose friendship is so important to us and to the world's equilibrium; the creation of a solid and unscrupulous "Irish Vote" to intimidate our weaker politicians into passing legislation favouring Irish rebellion and endangering Anglo-American harmony; the open and unashamed employment of every sort of power, civil and ecclesiastical, to fill our public offices with disloyal Irishmen; the aid, both tacit and unconcealed, given to Germany at a time when war with that country was a duty of honour on our part; and the open insults to a friendly power which have compelled our Secretary of State to tender needed apologies to its ambassador. Such things cannot be endured forever, for they are increasingly dangerous. If our personal pride of Anglo-Saxon blood and American nationality is not enough to stir us to resentment against the trouble-makers who defame the one and seek to

use the other as a lever for foreign political manoeuvres, we must at least concede that action is necessary when these malefactors approach the point of actually embroiling us in a nefarious war with our British kinsfolk over a question which concerns us not at all. Let us not be deceived. A small but darkly potent Sinn Fein minority in America is striving day and night to commit America to an endorsement or recognition of the mythical "Irish Republic" which cannot but strain Anglo-American friendship to the utmost. It is striving to place America in the anomalous position which England would have occupied had it recognised the Confederate States over half a century ago. Is America ready to be plunged into a new war; a war in which she will be in the wrong, and which her decent inhabitants will loathe and wage only with the leaden heart and consciousness of error which spell defeat? If not, let her crush with iron heel the noxious head of the thing that has crawled upon her soil since 1858, and dismiss in everlasting disgrace the political forces whose eyes, focussed on Ireland, see the United States only as a pawn.

Who shall awaken us? Around what standard shall we rally in our combat against the foe within our gates? An answer to these questions, so long wanting, has at last been supplied by an organisation formed at Boston a year ago, and known as The Loyal Coalition. Growing out of the Boston committee formed to receive the Ulster clergymen who lectured on the truth about Ireland in 1919-20, the Coalition has crystallised into permanent form and national scope; conducting an educational campaign both through printed matter and public speakers, and seeking to found branches in every part of the United States. Sponsored by patriotic men and supported by voluntary contributions from loyal American citizens of every kind of belief, it is giving organised utterance to the hitherto inarticulate majority who demand that foreign agitators—foreign by allegiance if not by birth—keep their hands off the American government. In supporting the Loyal Coalition, the members of the United Amateur Press Association should take a prominent part. As beneficiaries of an undivided Anglo-Saxon civilisation, it is our particular duty to advance its interests and oppose its enemies; and we should not regard contributions to the Coalition's treasury as any less important than the contributions which we made so cheerfully to the various war activities three or four years ago. Our enemies are contributing freely to the "bond issue" of the scoundrel De Valeria; shall we be less loyal to the right, than they are to the wrong? The address of the Loyal Coalition is 24 Mount Vernon St., Boston 9, Massachusetts. Membership may be secured by any contribution of a dollar or more, and this dollar entitles the donor to a goodly amount of Coalition literature for distribution. Several of the best-known members of the United are already active Coalitionists, and it is to be hoped that the majority will emulate their example; joining the new society, spreading its doctrines, and if possible forming local branches. Let us play our part in this silent war—a war in many ways as significant in its potentialities as the horrible cataclysm from which we are just emerging.

Though the actual facts of the Irish problem do not concern us as Americans, and could not, even if justifying rebellion in Ireland, justify interference by our country, it may be well for us to glance at the situation and appreciate the utter emptiness of the Sinn Fein's claims. Ireland, never a separate nation, has been part of the British dominations since 1172; prior to which time it was merely a battle-ground of half-barbarous chiefs. It is as integral a part of our Mother Land as Texas is of our own land. The early "English oppression" over which Sinn Feiners wax so eloquent and incoherent was never as severe as is popularly stated, and was not so much an isolated case as a type of all provincial government in the somewhat distant past. Ireland suffered no more "wrongs" than dozens of provinces which are today staunchly loyal to their respective governments, and in modern times there has been nothing even remotely resembling oppression. Ireland is today the spoiled child of the British Empire, and the political repressions now practiced by the government are merely temporary emergency measures designed to meet a sedition indescribably flagrant. The Sinn Feiners in Ireland are criminals of nearly the lowest type—traitors, slackers, pro-Germans, murderers, maimers, rioters, and cattle-thieves—and in

dealing with them the British authorities are as lenient as they can be. Here in America such creatures would be lynched by an indignant citizenry. These are the folk who talk of their legendary "republic", and make themselves absurd by comparing their island to the various subject nationalities of the Continent which are now undergoing repatriation. Ethnically and linguistically Ireland is not a separate unit, but a part of the British fabric. Its race-stock in the East and North is as Teutonic as that of England and Scotland, and its only real language is English. The effort of the Sinn Feiners to learn and speak the nearly obsolete Gaelic jargon of the ancient tribes adds a comical touch to a grave situation. And when the spectre of "self-determination" is brought up, we are forced to smile again; for perhaps the most complete conceivable negation of this much-discussed principle is that contained in the secessionist Sinn Fein's attitude toward loyal British Ulster. Ulster, says the Sinn Fein, must secede whether it wants to or not! Ireland is not a separate nation, and could not exist apart from the Empire. Only a fatal defect in the reasoning powers of some of its people keeps alive the tradition of Anglophobia and secession. Sooner or later the Sinn Fein must calm down and accept the advantages afforded by a section of the British Empire which is not only free from all persecution, but especially blessed with favours.

Perhaps this final word on Ireland as a world problem may not be amiss, as a hint why this troubled region can never safely be set adrift as a separate "nation". To approach this matter, we must brush aside the deliberately and maliciously circulated lies of William R. Hearst and other poisonous publicists concerning England's alleged acquisitiveness, and recognise frankly that the whole maintenance of the far-flung civilisation we know depends absolutely on the power and integrity of the British Empire, sustained by the strength of our own kindred nation. We Anglo-Saxons have founded a civilisation undoubtedly greater than any other in existence. In justice, morality, progressiveness, and general effectiveness, that civilisation leads all others so conspicuously that comparison is useless. Only a keen imagination can picture the deplorable state of the world if such an immense and beneficent influence were to weaken, be dethroned from world-wide supremacy, and suffer replacement by another culture. It is a calamity which we cannot really visualise, since we instinctively accept Anglo-Saxonism as something to be taken for granted; something natural and eternal. Yet the secession of Ireland would in an instant enfeeble the whole body of Anglo-American power by placing at England's very gate a separate and dangerous enemy; one which has by past actions proved itself ready to intrigue and ally itself with the worst foes of civilisation. Given complete independence, a Sinn Fein republic would prove the ready weapon and strategic base of any alien power operating against Great Britain, America, or both. The safety of our enlightened ideals and institutions, the safety of the civilised world itself, depends upon the retention of Ireland within the British Empire. The Sinn Fein seeks to use America as a tool toward the destruction of the widespread cultural edifice of which America is itself a part; seeks to use the great national exponent of law and order as an abettor of chaos and disintegration. Let its answer come in unmistakable accents from the Loyal Coalition!

>written April 1921

Eroticism belongs to a lower order of instincts, and is an animal rather than nobly human quality. For evolved man -- the apex of organic progress on the Earth -- what branch of reflection is more

fitting than that which occupies only his higher and exclusively human faculties? The primal savage or ape merely looks about his native forest to find a mate; the exalted Aryan should lift his eyes to the worlds of space and consider his relation to infinity!!!!

>from a letter written January 23, 1920

“The Philippine Question”, by Earl Samuel Harrington, aged 15, is an excellent juvenile essay, and expresses a very sound opinion concerning our Asiatic colonies. It is difficult to be patient with the political idiots who advocate the relinquishment of the archipelago by the United States, either now or at any future time. The mongrel natives, in whose blood the Malay strain predominates, are not and will never be racially capable of maintaining a civilised condition by themselves.

>from an article in the United Amateur June 1916

No one thinks or feels or appreciates or lives a mental-emotional-imaginative life at all, except in terms of the artificial reference-points supply'd him by the enveloping body of race-tradition and heritage into which he is born. We form an emotionally realisable picture of the external world, and an emotionally enduringly set of illusions as to values and direction in existence, solely and exclusively through the arbitrary concepts and folkways bequeathed to us through our traditional culture-stream. Without this stream around us we are absolutely adrift in a meaningless and irrelevant chaos which has not the least capacity to give us any satisfaction apart from the trifling animal ones. Pleasure and pain, time and space, relevance and non-relevance, good and evil, interest and non-interest, direction and purpose, beauty and ugliness—all these words comprising virtually everything within the scope of normal human life, are absolutely blank and without counterparts in the sphere of actual entity save in connexion with the artificial set of reference points provided by cultural heritage. Without our nationality—that is, our culture-grouping—we are merely wretched nuclei of agony and bewilderment in the midst of alien and directionless emptiness. Apart from his race-stream, no human being exists, mentally, as such. He is only one of the hominidae—the raw material of a human being. Therefore a native culture-heritage is the most priceless and indispensable thing any person has—and he who weakens the grasp of a people upon their inheritance is most nefariously a traitor to the human species. Of course, our heritage comes in layers of different intensity, each being more vital and potent as it comes closer to our immediate individuality. We have an Aryan heritage, a Western-European heritage, a Teuton-Celtic heritage, an Anglo-Saxon heritage, an Anglo-American heritage, and so on—but we can't detach one layer from another without serious loss—loss of a sense of significance and orientation in the world. America without England is absolutely meaningless to a civilised man of any generation yet grown to maturity. The breaking of the saving tie is leaving these colonies free to build up a repulsive new culture of

money, speed, quantity, novelty, and industrial slavery, but that future culture is not ours, and has no meaning for us. Its points of reference and illusions are not any points of reference and illusions which were transmitted to us, and do not form any system of direction and standards which can be emotionally realisable by us. It is as foreign to us as the cultures of the Sumerians, Zimbabweans, and Mayans. Those who will be authentick parts are the boys being born right now in the larger and more decadent American cities—they, and those who will be born after them. Possibly the youngest generation already born and mentally active—boys of ten to fifteen—will tend to belong to it, as indeed a widespread shift in tastes and instincts and loyalties would seem to indicate. But to say that all this has anything to do with us is a joke! These boys are the Bedes and Almins of a new, encroaching, and apparently inferior culture. We are the Boethii and Symmachi and Cassiodori of an older and perhaps dying culture. It is to our interest to keep our own culture alive as long as we can—and if possible reserve and defend certain areas against the onslaughts of the enemy. Any means will justify such an end; and since observing the effect of the Catholick Church upon Quebec, I am half become a Papist in sympathies, tho' not in intellectual belief.

Now as to how all this correlates with my intellectual view of a meaningless cosmos—I truly cannot see where you find inconsistency except through the use of very conventional and non-analytical standards of judgment. It is because the cosmos is meaningless that we must secure our individual illusions of values, direction, and interest by upholding the artificial streams which gave us such worlds of salutary illusion. That is—since nothing means anything in itself, we must preserve the proximate and arbitrary background which makes things around us seem as if they did mean something. In other words, we are either Englishmen or nothing whatever. Apart from our inherited network of English ideas, memories, emotions, beliefs, points of view, etc., we are simply bundles of nerve-centres without materials for coherent functioning. Unless there exists an English world for us to live in, our total equipment of interests, perspectiveness, standards, aspirations, memories, tastes, and so on—everything, in short, that we really live for—at once becomes utterly valueless and meaningless and uncorrelated; a nightmare jumble of unsatisfiable outreaching, without objective linkages or justification, and forming only a source of illimitable misery. Of supreme importance, then, is the secure preservation of an English world around us.

>from a letter written November 6, 1930

Conceivably, of course, an English world might well exist without legal connexion with the government of Great Britain. In Hellenic times, for example, there was no one Greek nation; but merely a world of Greek culture extending in separate city-states from Massilia in Gaul to the coast of Asia Minor. This arrangement worked because there were no enviroing influences calculated to break down the culture of any part—yet the disunion was a vast disadvantage; and was instrumental in laying the Greek world open to an external conquest highly injurious to its psychology and morale. Thus in the English world—America has suffered, so far, in only a limited degree; because the forces of ancestral culture have continued to function despite the severance of the political link. But we now have deteriorative agencies—mechanisation, foreigners, etc.—more hostile to continuity than anything which the disunited Hellenic world had

to face; so that our ability to preserve a culture of satisfying significance depends greatly on the exact degree of closeness of our linkage to ancestral sources. Nowadays we need more than the mere fact of being English in heritage and speech in order to keep so. We need the added and positive factors of being consciously and symbolically so, in order to offer the tangible resistance (a vigorous back pull, and not mere inertia) necessary to check decadence. When we fight the ideal of quantity and wealth, we must have the positive English ideal of quality and refinement to pit against it. We must have a rallying point of our emotional life in order to prevent the disorganising influences around us from recrystallising our milieu into definitely hostile and repulsive shapes. It is useless to fight meaningless recrystallisation unless we have a strong hold on the meaningful order behind us, and a solid coordination with the other surviving parts—especially the recognised centre and nucleus—of that order. What little of our past we merely passively harbour, we can lose with tragic ease. We must get a firm and virile grip on it—must recognise and cherish it, and seek solidarity with those parts of the world where it is most strongly entrenched. Possibly you may admit this, yet say that political union is not necessary in order to achieve it. To this one may not reply dogmatically—though one may say that political separation is at least a very evil sort of symbolism, and that in practice it has worked hellish tragedy with the life and standards of the ill-fated, power-and-money bloated, mongrelised United States...that is, the life and standards of such social or territorial parts as have really departed from their inheritance. Of course, vast sections are still English—Vermont, South Carolina, Virginia, the old hill in Providence, and so on. Indeed, I must confess that your mention of Nova Scotia as a neighbour—that is, as anything except a continuous and indistinguishable part of the fabric to which we now belong—is almost incomprehensible to me; involving as it does a distinction which I find totally meaningless. I am a part of any region where English people live in an English manner...be it R.I., Charleston, Devonshire, Australia, Nova Scotia, or any where else. My own position in insisting on unpolluted Englishry is purely selfish and cynical. I want a good time—hence I work for the only environment which can give me a good time. As for the intensity of my emotions about the matter in a cosmos where nothing really counts—I will merely remind you that emotion is not a matter connected with reason. I have the emotions I do, simply because accident has given me a certain sort of glandular systems and filled my subconscious mind with a certain set of images and impressions. I hate the rebels of 1775 because they commenced a wreckage which is making their territory unfit for their descendants to live in. God Save the King!

>from a letter written November 6, 1930

As for his (Kopp-Davis) criticism of my allusion to Jewish newspaper control in New York—he missed the whole point. I didn't say that Jews own all the papers, but merely that they control their policies through economic channels. The one great lever, of course, is advertising. Virtually all the great department stores of New York (except Wanamaker's) are solidly Jewish even when they deceptively retain the names of earlier Aryan owners; & a clear majority of the large shops of other sorts are, as well. These Semitic merchants are clannish & touchy to the very limit, & will arrange to withdraw all their advertising at once whenever a newspaper displeases them. And, as Mencken has pointed out, their grounds of displeasure are limitless. They even resent the frequent use of the word "Jew" in the news, so that papers speak of "East Side agitators", "Bronx merchants", "Russian immigrants" &c. Let any N.Y. paper try to refer to these

people in the frank, impartial, objective way a Providence or Pittsburgh or Richmond paper would, & the whole pack of synagogue-hounds is after it—calling down the vengeance of heaven, withdrawing advertising, & cancelling subscriptions—the latter a big item in a town where 1/3 of the population is Semitic in origin & feelings. The result is, that not a paper in New York dares to call its soul its own in dealing with the Jew & with social & political questions affecting them. The whole press is absolutely enslaved in that direction, so that on the whole length & breadth of the city it is impossible to secure any public American utterance—any frank expression of the typical mind & opinions of the actual American people—on a fairly wide & potentially important range of topics. Only by reading the outside press & the national magazines can New Yorkers get any idea of how Americans feel regarding such things as Nazism, the Palestine question (in which, by every decent standard, the Arabs are dead right & both England & the Jews intolerably wrong), the American immigration policy, & so on. This is what I mean by Jewish control, & I'm damned if it doesn't make me see red—in a city which was once a part of the real American fabric, & which still exerts a disproportionately large influence on that fabric through its psychologically impressive size & its dominance both in finance & in various opinion-forming channels (drama, publishing, criticism, &c.). Gawd knows I have no wish to injure any race under the sun, but I do think that something ought to be done to free American expression from the control of any element which seeks to curtail it, distort it, or remodel it in any direction other than its natural course. As a matter of fact, I don't blame the Jews at all. Hell, what can we expect after letting them in & telling them they can do as they please? It is perfectly natural for them to make everything as favourable for themselves as they can, & to feel as they do. The Italians & French Canadians in Rhode Island try the same thing (with less success, though the Dagoes are making alarming gains in Providence, where they must form nearly half the population despite their deceptive isolation in one vast quarter), & I blame them just as little. I criticise not Mr. Bernard Kopp-Davis—nor Sig. Giambattista Scagnamiglio nor M. Napoleon-Francois Laliberte—but merely the condition brought about by a *reductio ad absurdum* of the flabby idealism of the “melting pot” fallacy. Within the lifetime of people now middle-aged, the general tone of our northern cities has so changed that they no longer seem like home to their own inhabitants. Providence is something of an exception because of the continued pure-Yankeedom of the residence section atop the hill—but the downtown business section shews all the stigmata of Latin mongrelisation....Italian & Portuguese faces everywhere. One has to get down to Richmond to find a town which really feels like home—where the average person one meets looks like one, has the same type of feelings & recollections, & reacts approximately the same to the same stimuli. The loss of a collective life—of a sharing of common traditions & memories & experiences—is the curse of the heterogeneous northeast today. There is no real solution--& all the American can do is to forget about the foreigners as much as he can, be on guard against alienation from his own tradition (apart from which he is lost & deprived of that normal adjustment to a coherent fabric & continuous historic stream which is everyone's right), & do his part toward cutting off further unassimilable immigration. I'd hardly advocate Nazi tactics, but I certainly would welcome a greater assertiveness & independence among the native stock. I think the (probable) 100,000 Yankees in Providence ought to be able to say what they choose about Italy without making apologies to Federal Hill (our local Nuova Napoli), & that the (perhaps) 1,000,000 Americans in New York ought to be able to discuss Hitler & Palestine & pork chops without glancing fearfully over their shoulders at a horde of fortune-seeking Yiddish newcomers...

>from a letter written November 8, 1933

...I have to hand it to the French-Canadians for putting up a fight for their language & institutions. While naturally I oppose their cultural encroachments outside their own Quebec province—their fights to make all Canada bi-lingual, & all that—I admire them down to the bottom line—as Gen. Murray & Sir Guy Carleton did at the very outset—for their staunch resolution to keep up the fabric of their forefathers. They were on the ground first, & by the time we licked them in 1759-60 their land was normally a French one—a spacious area with a thoroughly adjusted population, cultivated French towns, & a century & a half of local traditions. Clearly, they had every aesthetic right to demand the perpetuation of their own folkways instead of ours—yet how few have shewn any real guts in similar situations! Where is the spoken French of Louisiana, the spoken Dutch of New-Netherland, or the spoken Spanish of Texas, today? But the Canucks, by god, did have the guts! They kept an unbroken front, used every dignified in Parliament, & finally secured the passage of the Quebec Act of 1774, securing them an inviolate perpetuation of their laws, language, & religion. We respected their rights as the Romans respected the rights of the conquered Greeks--& today Quebec is still the cultivated French city it was in 1750.....just as Athens & Alexandria were still cultivated Greek cities after centuries of Roman rule. Of course, there are troublesome connotations. When the French overflow into other regions like Ontario & New England they carry their solidarity & unassimilability with them, remaining aloof & cohesive, & refusing to adopt the English speech they have so long fought on their own soil. They cannot understand why the tolerance & protection of French in Quebec Province cannot be duplicated in places only a few hours ride from Quebec—like Vermont or Ontario or Rhode Island. In this state they have overrun certain cities & villages & made them just as French as anything in Quebec or Normandy. When I first visited Quebec in 1930 I saw nothing I had not known all my life from travels in my own state. Here, as there, one can strike towns dominated by ornate French steeples; containing statues Erice par Societe Jacques-Cartier; sporting shop signs such as Elphege Carou, Epicier, or Hormisdas Bilodeau, Cardonnier; having Maison a vendre, Chambres a louer & Salle a louer window cards; displaying Gallic posters of some such cinema as Sous la Lune du Maroc; adapte de la Nouvelle par Andre Reuze. Les Cinq Gentlemen Mandite at Le Theatre Laurier; & harbouring crowds of black-clad parochial school children led by hooded nuns or shovel-hatted cures & jabbering in the French of their forefathers.....all the hereditary things of France undiluted by transplantation & expansion. These Rhode Island French fight like hell whenever any attempt is made to deracinate them or to substitute English for French in their parochial schools. In other local foreign colonies one sees a gradual Americanisation—a younger generation speaking English, & a falling off of ancestral ways—but nothing of that pervades these French centres. The French newspapers continue to flourish, & every parent strives to keep his children true to La Tradition. It is really ironic to reflect that—despite all the utterly alien blood which has been dumped on New England—the one really persistent foreign challenge should come from none other than our oldest & most historic rival—the Frenchman of the North against whose menace old Cotton Mather thundered his Catonian invectives from Boston pulpits in the 1680's. Did Wolfe fall in vain? Today, just as old Cotton feared, the spires & syllables of France rise thickly from the banks of New England's rivers! But much as I hate any foreign influence, I'm damned if I don't admire those tough little frog-eaters for their unbreakable tenacity! You can't make a dent in them!.....They'll probably still be French, albeit on alien soil, years after we are hopelessly Italianated or Portuguesed or Yiddified or Polacked in our own back yards! If they'd only lend us a little of their guts, I wouldn't begrudge them the New England towns they've overrun! Shake, Pierre mon frère! You may be a rival, but you're nobody's football!

>from a letter written November 8, 1933

Isaacson's predilection for obscenity has robbed him of all delicacy inherent in real white men, & he views Nature without its beauty & its refining adornments. It is a mistake to allow Jews to mingle with Aryans as social equals. I have never been forced to do this, & at high school I drew the colour line at Jews as well as negroes, though of course there is no racial comparison between the two classes of undesirables. How diabolically Isaacson tries to compare different classes of prejudices, & trace to one source those arising from race, religion, & politics. As fellow sufferers with himself he groups races both above & beneath him; he calls everyone "persecuted", from the masterful Aryan German, representative of the world's highest racial stock, to the bestial n****r, link between man & the apes! If this be radicalism, let me thank heaven I am a conservative!.....

But radicals are "above" all truth & science, so let them rave on—Nature is too strong to be hurt seriously by their mistakes!

I suppose you think me altogether too vindictive about the Jew; but remember, that Dr. Johnson liked a good hater. I look upon Izzy much as the Doctor looked on the Ossianic faker—Macpherson.

Sometimes I think of racial combinations as chemical reactions; for instance, I believe that certain stocks have greater assimilative powers than others. The Gallo-Basque stock with Latin infusion, which constitutes the bulk of the French population, is much more receptive to alien blood than is our colder and more Teutonic stock. That is, the French type seems more easily attainable by inferiors than is the straightforward Teutonic type. This is probably because France is more mongrelized to start with. Many eminent French have the Israelitish taint without apparent detractation from the Occidentalism of their mental type—Sarah Bernhart owns the touch of Judea—so does Henri Bernstein, the dramatist. But among English, Germans, & Americans, a Jew is a Jew, & is in no wise to be confounded with the dominant people amongst whom he dwells.

>from a letter written November 25, 1915

Morton has just sent a new (but unconvincing) instalment of our friendly n****r argument. He is so loftily humanitarian that he cannot see the plain facts. The whole U.S. negro question is very simple. (1) Certainly the negro is vastly the biological inferior of the Caucasian. (2) Therefore if racial amalgamation were to occur, the net level of American civilisation would perceptibly fall, as in such mongrel nations as Mexico--& several South American near-republics. (3) Amalgamation would undoubtedly take place if prejudice were eradicated, beginning with the lowest grades of Jews & Italians & eventually working upward until the whole country would be poisoned, & its culture & progress stunted. (4) Therefore the much-abused "colour line" is a self-protective measure of the white American people to keep the blood of their descendants pure, & the institutions & greatness of their country unimpaired. The colour line must be

maintained in spite of the ranting & preaching of fanatical & ill-informed philanthropists. The genius of a few individuals is never an index of collective racial capacity. In spite of all the Booker Washingtons & Dunbars we can see that the negro as a whole has never made any progress or founded any culture. We cannot judge a man sociologically by his own individual qualities; we have the future to think of. Two persons of different races, though equal mentally & physically, may have a vitally different sociological value, because one will certainly produce an incalculably better type of descendants than the other. We must see that the best retain social & political supremacy, in order that our best traditions may be preserved. Therefore, to me, racial prejudice is not irrational or unexplainable; nor in any way unjustifiable. It has awkward phases, but its benefits immeasurably outweigh its disadvantages.

>from a letter written January 18, 1919

The Providence Journal has virtually declared war on Germany, and has well-nigh exhausted Roget's Thesaurus in looking for adjectives wherewith to denounce th' embattled Goth; but the editor scarce dares breathe a word against the slippery sons of Saint Patrick who violate American neutrality just as flagrantly as any German ever did, and who have been consistently doing so for many century. These migrated Micks have not scrupled to use the United States so far as they can as a weapon against their lawful King and Empire, and the "Sinn Fein", "Finn Stein" or "Feinstein" revolt is not the only one financed largely with American-gathered capital. (That name of theirs sounds more Hebraic than Hibernian!) I regard the Celts as an inferior race, but little better than Mexicans, & but little more capable of self government. They could never maintain an orderly existence save under the domination of some branch of the Teutonic master race--if they could leave England, they would have to take Germany as a master, in fact, I am not sure but that they need a few Prussian methods to curb their ebullient & seditious emotions. They would like to secure German aid in a rebellion--& then trick & cheat Germany as badly as they have tried to trick & cheat England! Ireland has produced some notable individuals, but the aggregate population is a miserable mass of treachery & drunkenness. Savages--confound 'em.

>from a letter written June 4, 1916

Of course they can't let n****rs use the beach at a Southern resort – can you imagine sensitive persons bathing near a pack of greasy chimpanzees? The only thing that makes life endurable where Blacks abound is the Jim Crow principle, and I wish they'd apply it in New York both to n****rs and to the more Asiatic types of puffy, rat-faced Jews! Either stow 'em out of sight or kill 'em off—anything so that a white man may walk along the streets without shuddering nausea!

>from a letter written February 26, 1925

I certainly hope to see promiscuous immigration permanently curtailed soon—Heaven knows enough harm has already been done by the admission of limitless hordes of the ignorant, superstitious, & biologically inferior scum of Southern Europe & Western Asia.

>from a letter written December 13, 1925

And speaking of eccentric theories, my sense of humour impels me to enclose for your perusal & amusement a negro advertisement which appears each day in the Providence News. Behold! from the humblest of races springs the greatest of prophets—Justus J. Evans, D.G., The Founder, Constructor, and Archbishop of the Only & Original 'Almighty Church'—modestly described by himself as 'the WISEST TEACHER that there is now in creation, so far as man is concerned.' Yea, verily, the African is a peculiar animal! I suppose Evans is a typical black "exhorter" who has saved up enough money to break into print—and he has certainly 'broken in' with commendable vigour! The negro mind is a singular thing—a centre of grotesquely distorted ideas & extravagant conceptions that would brand any Caucasian brain as idiotic or insane. I wonder how even so plebeian a paper as the News can bring itself to accept such ludicrous advertising. Rev. W. Sunday must look to his laurels, now that this ebony victim of megalomania & exaggerated ego hat dawned above the theological horizon!

>from a letter written May 30, 1917

Your anecdote of the literary dandy who claimed Solomon as a racial brother was very entertaining. But after all, many are puzzled by the old-fashioned use of the word "black" in describing a dark Caucasian. I am sending the latest & perhaps most amusing of Brudder Evans' advertisements. Uncle Justus is gittin' to be a great prophet, even though he be "common in looks"! What, I wonder, goes on inside those thick, wool-clad skulls? The negro is obviously a link betwixt apedom & man; though all species do not show equal affinity to the beast. The Bantu of Central & Western Africa (The Guinea Coast n****r) is the most gorilla-like; whilst the tribes of Eastern & Southern Africa are more or less permeated with blood from other races. The Bantu is undoubtedly the purest negro type—the ape-man in all his sweet simplicity. Canoe migrations from India & the Indies have probably given the Hottentot his superior

qualities; while a steady trickling of Jewish & Arabic blood is doubtless responsible for the good traits of the East Coast blacks. There is no doubt but that Semitic whites once had colonies far down the African coast—along the Red Sea & Indian Ocean.

>from a letter written June 22, 1917

Speaking of poetical reviewers—I have not yet recovered from the shock the newspaper gave me last night! At the First Baptist Church in this city, on Friday evening, there occurred the annual ceremony of the award of the “Spingarn Medal”, which is given to that member of the negro race who achieves the most notable success in ‘any field of elevated or honourable human endeavor’ during the year. At these impressive exercises, Gov. Beeckman of Rhode Island gracefully awarded the badge of African supremacy to the Boston poet, critic, & literary editor—William Stanley Braithwaite!!!!!!!!!!!!!! Think of it—chew upon it—let it sink into your astonished & outraged consciousness—the great Transcript dictator, the little czar of the Poetry Review, is a nigger—a low-born, mongrel, semi-ape!—Ye gods—I gasp—I can say no more! Aid me, ye benign elves & daemons of anticlimax! So this—this—is the fellow who hath held the destinies of nascent Miltons in his sooty hand; this the sage who hath set the seal of his approval on vers libre & amy Lowellism—a miserable mulatto! To think of the years I have taken this nigger seriously, reading his critical dicta as though he were a Bostonian & a white man! I could kick myself! William’s picture is printed in the Bulletin beside the news item, & from the likeness given I can deduce no visible sign of his black blood. A heavy moustache droops down over what may be thick negroid lips. But after all—I suppose he has only a slight taint of the beast. No n****r blacker than a quadroon would be likely to attain the intellectual level he has undoubtedly reached. I am not minimizing what the fellow knows, but I think it monstrous bad taste for the Transcript to foist a black upon its literary readers.

>from a letter written May 5, 1918

Of the Prussian tactics in suppressing art and music amongst the Belgians, no word of contempt is sufficiently strong to speak; in fact, the Huns seem to have lost track of all historical perspective in their disregard for the civilisation of Western Europe. In the formation of modern civilisation it is always the Latin, heir to classical antiquity, who has contributed art and culture; the Teuton’s mission is to contribute his own racial stock, which is the highest so far evolved by Nature. From this point contribution of Latin culture and Teutonic blood springs all the glory of modern Europe, culminating in England, whose civilisation contains all the best precepts of the Greeks and the Romans, and whose blood is predominantly Teutonic. It is this transference of older culture to younger and better races which maintains the uninterrupted progress of mankind. The Roman assumed that which was the best (and alas—sometimes that which was the worst!) in Hellenic culture. The Gaul assumed Roman culture, with its Greek elements, like a

mantle. It now remained for the Teuton, highest race of all, to succeed to this mighty heritage. This he did in England, and this he began to do in Germany. Eighteenth century Prussia wisely adopted the Polish of the court of Louis XVI, and Frederick the Great became a disciple of Voltaire. But the egotism consequent upon the brilliant success of 1870 and the consequent absorption of the other German states has distorted everything in Prussian eyes, and led Continental Teutons to place full reliance in their racial superiority, regardless of older cultures. France and Italy deserve vast respect, not for the biological grade of their present inhabitants, but for their wonderful traditions of artistic accomplishment. In condemning the Huns, one should not make the common mistake of denying their claim to biological supremacy. They are perfectly correct when they place the Teutonic stock at the head of the human race. Their faulty reasoning is in forgetting that England also is Teutonic, and that their own racial qualities cannot make up for the vastly older culture of the Latins, which they despise, but which England has adopted and adapted. Germany without Latin influences would be like Rome without Greek influences. The race is superior, but the traditions are less refining because they are too recent. Our ancestors were drunken, swinish barbarians at a time when the Graeco-Roman world was ablaze with intellectual and artistic splendour. The Norman Conquest was all that raised us from the level of sots and gluttons. To tell the truth, our forefathers wrested Britain from the Celts by very Hunnish methods—so Hunnish that the Celt well nigh disappeared—but that is far in the past! England now knows how to wage war with equal valour and honour, and it was undoubtedly the chivalrous traditions of France which caused the change. British glory, in its truest sense, dates not from the conquest of the island in 450, but from the fusion with the Normans after the year 1066. So let mankind cease to despise the legacy of the past. It were folly to try and set up new traditions to replace those whose uninterrupted—or only slightly interrupted—flow has gradually but firmly moulded the life, manners, and ethics of Western Europe. Humanity will not permit the coldly scientific and artificial code of the Prussian to displace the dominant ideals of civilisation without the bloodiest struggle in history.

>from a letter written October, 1916

Concerning the work of assimilating foreigners to the American people, a problem in which Mr. Mo hath lately taken an increased interest, I must remark that whilst the eradication of disloyalty is much to be desired, it should nevertheless be provided that certain stocks may never come to taint the original blood of the colonists. The English race, to whom is due the founding and maintenance of the States, and on whose ideals the greatness of the country depends, is a basically Teutonic stock with a slight Celtic admixture. In order to preserve the character of the population, and to avoid that deterioration of manners and morals which is ever consequent upon mongrelism, it is absolutely essential to erect an impassible barrier against the disgusting Italians, Jews, Slavs, Armenians, and other nondescript offscourings of Southern Europe and Asia. In a word, the only immigrants who are real acquisitions, and who can well enter wholly into an American race are those of older type—Germans and Scandinavians as Teutonic elements, and Irish as the Celtic element. It is lamentable that we can secure no more English and Scotch, but the other colonies of the Empire, which are still loyal to the Motherland, seem to gain the best blood which emigrates from the ancestral isle. The assimilation even of the more recent German and Irish elements will take an incalculably long while, since European conditions tend to antagonise them toward the Anglo-Saxon ideal. Singularly—or

naturally—enough, the better classes are vastly more difficult to assimilate than the peasantry; since, having been persons of consequence in their own countries, they are less disposed to alter their allegiance. But however we may admire their ancestral loyalty, they are none the less dangerous to this nation. Prof. Camillo von Klenze, lately a professor at Brown University in this city, is now advocating, in his lectures, a departure from the strictly Anglo-Saxon standards in America. Such ideas should be suppressed before they gain ground. If we have created a haven of refuge for those of other lands, it at least behooves the immigrants and refugees to adopt our standards without attempting to infuse their own. It is an ironical truth, that those foreigners who most desire to become thorough Americans, are generally those who are least fitted for amalgamation out of reverence to his vaterland; but the greasy Jew from Russia impudently assumes a pseudo-Americanism to which his race does not entitle him. In considering matters of this sort, the student must free himself from tons of sticky sentimentalism about “broad humanitarian ideals”, “America the land of equality”, “down with the race prejudice”, and other nonsense of like tenor. The question is; do Americans desire to remain a vigorous, clean moraled Teutonic-Celtic people; or do they desire to transform their country into a sordid, amorphous chaos of degradation and hybridism like imperial Rome? Jews, Italians, Slavs and their like must somehow be segregated or gotten rid of before they rise to taint the better classes. Jews have a tendency of keeping to themselves, and of refraining from mixture with the Aryans amongst whom they dwell, provided they exist not in over great numbers. In the mother country they have held and still hold, many important public places. But this condition becomes altered when Semites pour into a nation by the million, as they have into our unfortunate city of New York. I am assured by persons who have seen that city, that the foreign appearance of the populace is at once manifest even to the stranger. Swarthy faces and hook noses affront the aesthetic sense of the passer-by on every street and avenue, save in the better parts of the town. New York is no longer American. It does not belong to the Aryan civilisation of the Western world at all. It has succumbed to the taint of the Orient, and faces the same fate that threatened Europe before the battle of Tours—or earlier in history, before the fall of Carthage. It faces that same Semitic ascendancy which Aryans have been trying to avert since the days of the Phoenicians, or of the Caliphs. That Semite are unfit for Aryan culture is only too manifest. Their own autochthonous civilisation has never risen above the level of the mediaeval Saracen Empire under Haroun al Raschid.

>from a letter written October, 1916

No anthropologist of standing insists on the uniformly advanced evolution of the Nordic as compared with that of other Caucasian and Mongolian races. As a matter of fact, it is freely conceded that the Mediterranean race turns out a higher percentage of the aesthetically sensitive, and that the Semitic groups excel in sharp, precise intellection. It may be, too, that the Mongolian excels in aesthetick capacity and normality of philosophical adjustment. What, then, is the secret of pro-Nordicism amongst those who hold these views? Simply this—that ours is a Nordic culture, and that the roots of that culture are so inextricably tangled in the natural standards, perspectives, traditions, memories, instincts, peculiarities, and physical aspects of the Nordic stream that no other influences are fitted to mingle in our fabric. We don't despise the French in France or Quebeck, but we don't want them grabbing our territory and creating foreign islands like Woonsocket and Fall River. The fact of this uniqueness of every separate

culture-stream—this dependence of instinctive likes and dislikes, natural methods, unconscious appraisals, etc., etc., on the physical and historical attributes of a single race—is too obvious to be ignored except by empty theorists. I dwelt on that point in my preceding epistle. Now how about us? Well, our stock had a hardy and adventurous history and under highly unfavourable sub-arctic conditions, and in conflict with relentless natural enemies. Survival depended on the exaggeration of those glandular reactions tending toward dominance, freedom, boldness, assertiveness, and the retention of a boyhood restlessness in our attitude toward the external world. Those of us who managed to survive at all, had these qualities in more than the common degree; and of course they became for us the supreme subconscious criterion of human character. It is too late in the day to change this set of feelings, even if there were any reason for change. They are as fixed as our white complexions, tall stature, and other racial attributes. We must simply recognize the fact that, to be congenial for us, a civilisation must be founded on the ideals of unbroken freedom, haughty dominance, executive competence, (“*excudent alii spirantia mollis aera*”, etc.) personal dignity, emotional discipline and economy, and the various other things which historic experience has taught and forced us to cherish above all else. We don’t despise art and intellect—indeed, we feel the need for them very acutely and go after them with Nordic determination; but the fact remains, deep down within us, that we don’t consider these things such utterly essential parts of any tolerable conception of human character as we consider our racial unbrokenness. We can like a fool or a boor even when we laugh at him. There is nothing loathsome or monstrous to us in weak thinking or poor taste. But for the cringing, broken, unctuous, subtle type we have a genuine horror—a sense of outraged Nature—which excites our deepest nerve-fibres of mental and physical repugnance. Upon this proportioning of instinctive attitudes all our folkways—laws, customs, art, literature, language, sports, working religion, manners, dreams—are exclusively based; so that the inapplicability of these folkways to any group or individual far removed from the Nordic standard is quite self-evident. What we mean by Nordic “superiority” is simply conformity to those character-expectations which are natural and ineradicable among us. We are not so naïve as to confuse this relative “superiority” (we ought to call it conformity or suitability instead) with the absolute biological superiority which we recognise in the higher races as a whole as distinguished from the negro, australoid, neanderthal, rhodesian, and other primitive human and humanoid types both living and extinct. We know perfectly well that the Italians excel us in the capacity to savour life and beauty—that their centres of taste are better developed than ours—but they annoy us and fail to fit into our group because their gland-functionings and nerve reactions do not correspond to what our own heritage has made us expect. We do not call them inferior, but simply admit that they are different beyond the limits of easy mutual understanding and cultural compatibility. If we wisely kept vast masses of such foreigners out, we could regard them with a more impersonal appreciation. It would be wholly possible, too, to assimilate a few to our own fabric. But when we get so damn many of them that a wholesale test of strength betwixt their ideals and ours starts up on our soil—well, forget your idealism for a second, use your horse-sense, and guess what will happen! It isn’t that our unbrokenness and stamina are any more valid a form of “superiority” than the Italians beauty-sense or the Jews mental sharpness; but simply that these masculine qualities happen—purely by historic chance—to constitute our particular main standard in so deep-seated a way that we cannot help feeling a profound, crawling, physical-emotional aversion toward individuals and groups whose different scales of value-emphases may cause these qualities to be, as we view them, underdeveloped. The plain, honest fact is, that no individuals and groups can live harmoniously together as long as some members are moved by a scale of feelings, standards, and environmental responses radically different from the natural scale of other members. Living side by side with people whose natural impulses and criteria differ widely from ours, gets in time to be an unendurable nightmare. We may continue to respect them in the abstract, but what are we to do when they continue to fail to fulfil our natural conception of personality, meanwhile placing all their own preferential stresses on matters and ideals largely irrelevant and sometimes even repugnant to

us? And don't forget that we affect alien groups just as they affect us. Chinamen think our manners are bad, our voices raucous, our odour nauseous, and our white skins and our long noses leprously repulsive. Spaniards think us vulgar, brutal, and gauche. Jews titter and gesture at our mental simplicity, and honestly think we are savage, sadistick, and childishly hypocritical. Well, we think Chinamen are slimy jabberers, Spaniards oily, sentimental, treacherous, backward, and Jews cringing. What's the answer? Simply keep the bulk of all these approximately equal and highly developed races as far apart as possible. Let them study one another as deeply as possible, in the interest of that intellectual understanding which makes for appreciation and tolerance. But don't let them mix too freely, lest the clash of deep and intellectually unreachable emotions upset all the appreciation and tolerance which mental understanding has produced. And above all, don't get led off on a false trail through observing the easy comraderie of a few cosmopolitan intellectuals and aristocrats in whom similar manners or special interests have temporarily overridden the deep wells of natural feeling ineradicable from the bulk of each of the divergent race or culture groups represented.

>from a letter written January 18, 1931

It was the other night my privilege to hear and see a bit of slum reform of a different sort. A speaker belonging to the Prohibition Party and clad in the vestments of the ecclesiastical rank (Episcopal) had stopped his motor-car in a public square, and was holding forth to a great assemblage of men made up of every rank and condition of society. Gentlemen waiting for street cars, and riff-raff from the corner saloons, together with every intermediate grade of humanity, were thickly represented. The speaker was a grey bearded man of fifty-one, who described his early and varied career. He had begun as a New England farmer's boy, and had soon commenced to drink in moderation; but after his early youth had become disgusted with liquor and relinquished the vice voluntarily. Later on he had served as a sailor aboard a square-rigger, and still later (as Co will learn with interest) as a cowboy all the way from Montana to Texas. His clerical duties were taken up later on. This man spoke in a voice marked equally with ease, fluency, dignity, and refinement, and expounded the workings of prohibition in the various states which have adopted that it hath indeed no excuse for existence. When a slot near his car declared in uncertain tones that beer was a monstrous valuable food, the speaker quietly contrasted the bloated physique of the heckler with his own spare, wiry strength, remarking without boastfulness that no drinking man had ever excelled him either in the rigging of a brigantine or astride a cow-pony. Without the "aid" of rum he had comported himself with distinction in two of the manliest vocations in American life. It was with admiration that I attended his words, and only the lateness of the hour induced me to leave the scene before he had completed his lay sermon.

But scarcely less interesting than the speaker were the dregs of humanity who clustered closest about him. I may say truly, that I have never before seen so many human derelicts all at once, gathered in one spot. I beheld modifications of human physiognomy which would have startled even a Hogarth*, and abnormal types of gait and bodily carriage which proclaim with startling vividness man's kinship to the jungle ape. And even in the open air the stench of whiskey was appalling. To this fiendish poison, I am certain, the greater part of the squalor I saw is due. Many

of these vermin were obviously not foreigners—I counted at least five American countenances in which a certain vanished decency half showed through the red whiskey bloating. Then I reflected upon the power of wine, and marveled how self-respecting persons can imbibe such stuff, or permit it to be served upon their tables. It is the deadliest enemy with which humanity is faced. Not all the European wars could produce a tenth of the havock occasioned among men by the wretched fluid which responsible governments allow to be sold openly. Looking upon that mob of sodden brutes, my mind's eye pictured a scene of different kind; a table bedecked with spotless linen and glistening silver, surrounded by gentlemen immaculate in evening attire—and in the reddening faces of those gentlemen I could trace the same lines which appeared in full development of the beasts of the crowd. Truly, the effects of liquor are universal, and the shamelessness of man unbounded. How can reform be wrought in the crowd, when supposedly respectable boards groan beneath the goblets of rare old vintages? Is mankind asleep, that its enemy is thus entertained as a bosom friend? But a week or two ago, at a parade held in honour of the returning Rhode Island National Guard, the Chief Executive of this State, Mr. Robert Livingston Beekman, prominent in New York, Newport, and Providence society, appeared in such an intoxicated condition that he could scarce guide his mount, or retain his seat in the saddle, and he the guardian of the liberties and interests of that Colony carved by the faith, hope, and labour of Roger Williams from the wilderness of savage New-England! I am perhaps an extremist on the subject of prohibition, but I can see no justification whatsoever for the tolerance of such a degrading demon as drink.

>from a letter written October, 1916

In 1903-4 I had private tutors, but in the autumn of 1904 I mingled with the world once more—to the extent of entering Hope St. High School. Here I was confronted for the first time with cosmopolitanism. Slater Avenue school is public, but it is rather a neighborhood affair, with most of its pupils drawn from the old families. But Hope Street is near enough to the “North End” to have a considerable Jewish attendance. It was there that I formed my ineradicable aversion to the Semitic race. The Jews were brilliant in their classes—calculatingly & schemingly brilliant—but their ideals were sordid & their manners coarse. I became rather well known as anti-Semitic before I had been at Hope Street many days.

>from a letter written November 16, 1916

From your hint regarding Isaacson I imagine that my reply will differ very much from the apologetic form! A Jew is capable of infinite nastiness when he seeks revenge, & I believe I shall have ample grounds for making this particular Israelite the hero of a spirited Dunciad. I can almost predict his line of attack. He will call me superficial, crude, barbaric in thought, imperfect in education, offensively arrogant & bigoted, filled with venomous prejudice, wanting in good

taste, &c. &c. &c. But what I can and will say in reply is also violent & comprehensive. He will ask why I am an advocate of war, yet am not at this moment in the British army. I shall not stoop to explain that I am an invalid who would certainly be fighting under the Union Jack if able, but shall have plenty to say about the decadent cowardice responsible for the propagation of peace ideas. Peace is the ideal of a dying nation; a broken race. Isaacson belongs to a stock wholly broken & emasculated by two thousand years of cringing at the feet of Aryan masters. But I, thank the Gods, am an Aryan, & can rejoice in the glorious victory of T. Flavius Vespasianus, under whose legions the Jewish race & their capital were trodden out of national existence! I am an anti-Semitic by nature, but thought I had concealed my prejudice in my remarks concerning Isaacson. I showed him every consideration in my article, carefully saying that I attacked not the man, but the ideas. However, if Jerusalem wishes to start trouble, he will find in me a new Titus, eager to inscribe on my eagles the triumphant legend IVDAEA CAPTA! I might here remark that my anti-Semitism is not entirely due to blind prejudice. The Jews are fundamentally Orientals, whilst the rising civilization of the world is Western—Teutonic—Anglo-Saxon. The struggle between the East & the West dates back to Marathon & Salamis, & it is the West which has ever represented progress & superior culture. The Jew is an adverse influence, since he insidiously degrades or Orientalizes our robust Aryan civilization. The intellect of the race is indisputably great, but its nature is not such that it may be safely employed in forming Western political & social ideas. Oppressive as it seems, the Jew must be muzzled. Wherefore Isaacson has reason to expect a warfare of the bitterest kind if he uses his revengeful sarcasm on me. I shall not utter the first word, but shall hold the CONSERVATIVE until the serpent strikes. Then—LET HIM BEWARE. Like old Marcus Fabius on his mission to Carthage, I come with folded toga, ready for peace or war.

>from a letter written August 10, 1915

"At The Root" by H.P. Lovecraft

To those who look beneath the surface, the present universal war drives home more than one anthropological truth in striking fashion; and of these verities none is more profound than that relating to the essential immutability of mankind and its instincts.

Four years ago a large part of the civilised world laboured under certain biological fallacies which may, in a sense, be held responsible for the extent and duration of the present conflict. These fallacies, which were the foundation of pacifism and other pernicious forms of social and political radicalism, dealt with the capability of man to evolve mentally beyond his former state of subservience to primitive instinct and pugnacity, and to conduct his affairs and international or inter-racial relations on a basis of reason and good-will. That belief in such capability is unscientific and childishly naive, is beside the question. The fact remains, that the most civilised part of the world, including our own Anglo-Saxondom, did entertain enough of these notions to relax military vigilance, lay stress on points of honour, place trust in treaties, and permit a powerful and unscrupulous nation to indulge unchecked and unsuspected in nearly fifty years of preparation for world-wide robbery and slaughter. We are reaping the result of our simplicity.

The past is over. Our former follies we can but regret, and expiate as best we may by a crusade to the death against the Trans-Rhenane monster which we allowed to grow and flourish beneath our very eyes. But the future holds more of responsibility, and we must prepare to guard against any renaissance of the benevolent delusions that four years of blood have barely been able to dispel. In a word, we must learn to discard forever the sentimental standpoint, and to view our species through the cold eyes of science alone. We must recognise the essential underlying savagery in the animal called man, and return to older and sounder principles of national life and defence. We must realise that man's nature will remain the same so long as he remains man; that civilisation is but a slight coverlet beneath which the dominant beast sleeps lightly and ever ready to awake. To preserve civilisation, we must deal scientifically with the brute element, using only genuine biological principles. In considering ourselves, we think too much of ethics and sociology—too little of plain natural history. We should perceive that man's period of historical existence, a period so short that his physical constitution has not been altered in the slightest degree, is insufficient to allow of any considerable mental change. The instincts that governed the Egyptians and the Assyrians of old, govern us as well; and as the ancients thought, grasped, struggled, and deceived, so shall we moderns continue to think, grasp, struggle, and deceive in our inmost hearts. Change is only superficial and apparent.

Man's respect for the imponderables varies according to his mental constitution and environment. Through certain modes of thought and training it can be elevated tremendously, yet there is always a limit. The man or nation of high culture may acknowledge to great lengths the restraints imposed by conventions and honour, but beyond a certain point primitive will or desire cannot be curbed. Denied anything ardently desired, the individual or state will argue and parley just so long—then, if the impelling motive be sufficiently great, will cast aside every rule and break down every acquired inhibition, plunging viciously after the object wished; all the more fantastically savage because of previous repression. The sole ultimate factor in human decisions is physical force. This we must learn, however repugnant the idea may seem, if we are to protect ourselves and our institutions. Reliance on anything else is fallacious and ruinous. Dangerous beyond description are the voices sometimes heard today, decrying the continuance of armament after the close of the present hostilities.

The specific application of the scientific truth regarding man's native instincts will be found in the adoption of a post-bellum international programme. Obviously, we must take into account the primordial sub-structure and arrange for the upholding of culture by methods which will stand the acid test of stress and conflicting ambitions. In disillusioned diplomacy, ample armament, and universal training alone will be found the solution of the world's difficulties. It will not be a perfect solution, because humanity is not perfect. It will not abolish war, because war is the expression of a natural human tendency. But it will at least produce an approximate stability of social and political conditions, and prevent the menace of the entire world by the greed of any one of its constituent parts.

.>written in the United Amateur 17, no. 6 (July 1918)

As for your aesthetic conception of the history of all human branches as a single pattern or continuous process in which you can take a citizen-like pleasure and pride—of course, the picture is a pretty one, and was much cited in the naïve and non-analytical Victorian days when

sentimental over-extensions of the evolutionary idea took the place of the disinterested anthropology of the XXth century. It is, as an emotional attitude, perfectly sound and historically interesting—and is even comprehensible to me, since it bears analogies with my own sense of the whole cosmos rather than the earth as a working unit. But unfortunately it deals too much in unrealities, and in subjective illusions based on primitive and obsolete value-conceptions, to have a vital relationship to the problem of environment for the individual in real life. The actual individual—apart from a small group of theorists who specialise in this kind of feeling and derive certain artificial emotional-imaginative satisfactions from it as I do from my “infinite-cosmicism”—can form no more of a satisfying conception of himself as a member of an hypothetical biology-stream than a hen-louse can form satisfying conceptions of himself as a proud unit in the whole pedicular pageant cat, dog, man, goat, and sand parasites. It all may be theoretically so—all men certainly have a vague common origin in one or two earlier primate species, while a few isolated culture-ideas are occasionally passed along—or taken over in a more or less garbled and fragmentary way—from one group to another—but, from the point of view of the normal member of any existing human group, what the hell of it? It simply doesn't mean anything. All our feelings and loyalties are based on the special instincts and inherited values of our immediate racial and cultural group—take these away, and absolutely nothing remains for any average person to anchor his sense of direction, interest, or standards to. What do you care about the mean annual temperature of Jupiter? Or I about the welfare of some lousy Chinaman or god damn negro? Nothing but artificial sentiment, of a thin, unreal sort insufficient to hold any but a few imaginative individuals like you or me, could make any normal terrestrial Aryan care a hang about either Jupiter and Saturn's rings on the one hand, or Chinamen and negroes on the other hand. Nothing means anything vitally to us except something which we can interpret in the light of conditions we know. Empty words and their similarities mean very little—and we are very much mistaken if we think, upon reading the precepts of some ancient and exotic sage, that these words mean the same to us that they did to the people whose minds and feelings were fed from the same background as the Sage's. Spengler points this out with tremendous force—though it was highly apparent to me long before I ever heard of Bre'r Oswald. We live, always, by two codes—the external and professed code based on an artificially cosmopolitan culture; and the inner, real, and motivating code, based on the true response of our instincts to their habitual stimuli. It is all very well to theorise decoratively from the outer code—but we must apply the inner code when we wish to calculate actual results. Stripping off the mask of nineteenth century euphemism and decorum, we know damn well that the human race is divided into many groups whose whole instinctive conceptions of what is desirable and what is undesirable are so antipodally apart in half to three-quarters of the affairs of life, that they cannot possibly be thought of as having any goal or complete set of standards in common. And to pretend that such a community can exist, is to complicate the matter all the worse. We misunderstand all the more, when we feign to understand what we do not understand.

>from a letter written October 30, 1929

Half the tragedies of history are the result of expecting one group to conform to the instinctive reactions of another, or to cherish its values. One of the worst examples of this is the cringing Semitic slave-cult of Christianity which became thrust upon our virile, ebullient Western stock through a series of grotesque historic accidents. Obviously, we whose instinctive ideas of

excellence centre in bravery, mastery, and unbrokenness, and whose ultimate fury of contempt is for the passive, non-resistant, sad-eyed cringer and schemer and haggler, are the least fitted of all races for the harbourage of a Judeo-Syriac faith and standards—and so the whole course of history proved; with Christianity always a burden, handicap, misfit, and unfulfilled mockery upon our assertive, Thor-squared, Woden-driven shoulders. We have mouthed lying tributes to meekness and brotherhood under Gothic roofs whose very pinnacled audacity bespeaks our detestation of lowliness and our love for power and strength and beauty, and have spouted hogsheadfuls of hot air about “principle” and ethics, and restraint at the same time that our hobnailed boots have kicked around in utter loathing the broken Jews whose existence is based upon these principles. That is the hypocrisy of the altruistic and humanitarian tradition—talking and theorising against Nature as she actually works within us. From our attempts to assimilate Semitism we have gained nothing but misery—and the attempt itself has not succeeded, because it was based upon impossibility. Far more sensible is it to recognise that such an alien tradition has nothing for people of our blood and inheritance—that it presupposes goals and instincts which we do not and cannot possess; exalting that which we must always despise, and condemning that which we must always cherish as the supreme criterion of respect—worthiness. It is found by experience that Aryan and Semitic individuals and groups cannot get on side by side until one of the two has thoroughly obliterated its heritage and instincts and value-sense—and yet some idealists still think that an Aryan culture can really feel the Semitic ethics it outwardly professes; or that, more absurd still, it can have understanding and sympathy with still remoter racial and cultural streams.

>from a letter written October 30, 1929

The question of relative status among different cultures is of wholly minor importance—it is the difference which makes cultural amalgamation a joke. China of the old tradition was probably as great a civilisation as ours—perhaps greater, as Bertrand Russell thinks—but to fancy that more than a tenth of the emotional life of China has any meaning for us, is as foolish as to think that more than a tenth of our emotional life has any meaning for a Chinaman. Each can take over isolated points from the culture of the other; but these are always subtly altered in the process of naturalisation—never meaning the same thing in the adopting civilisation that they meant in the one which developed them. And when such adoptions exceed a certain limit of safety, the result is always culturally disastrous to the nation attempting them. More is bitten off than can be chewed—and the outcome is a slackening or dispersal of the feelings and creative imagination which can lead only to sterility, unrest, and dissatisfaction. China and Japan are in the midst of this danger now—happy the one which knows how to beat a retreat! Even those people who maintain the gesture of universalism and cosmopolitanism would—ironically enough—suffer as much loss and bewilderment as the rest if such a chaos were actually to exist. Every one of them is, unknown to himself, a holder of an illusion fashioned wholly in the manner of his own especial culture; so that when he talks with a cosmopolitan from another culture he is only exchanging words, not deep feelings and image-perceptions genuinely shared. If the especial culture of any one of these idealists were to vanish, he would find himself just as lost as anybody else—and would realise at last—too late—just how much of his emotional life and sense of comfortable placement really was due to the existence of his own background as a setting for his life and thoughts; however much he may have verbally repudiated that background in favour of a

theoretic, meaningless hash made up of fragments of that and everybody else's backgrounds. There is no more reality in anybody's primary attachment to a mythical world—stream of all mankind, than there is in my primary loyalty to the whole cosmos as distinguished from our galaxy and solar system and planet. It sounds all right as an abstract principle—but there is no ponderable and authentic instinct to back it up so that it means nothing in the real alignment of groups. The doctrine can be admirably interesting to the one who decoratively holds it, so long as he keeps it free from application to the real world of events—just as a doctrine of cosmic feeling can be admirably interesting though of comparatively slight terrestrial significance. But it all belongs to aesthetics rather than to history or sociology. Its unreality is always manifested in the retinue of sentimental illusions and bursts of artistic expansiveness found around it. You can't pick a case that isn't cluttered up with grandiose emotion and naïve beliefs in such illusions as good, evil, unified human nature and goal, justice, etc., etc. This delusion is the nineteenth century's expression of the same feelings that the seventeenth expressed in the delusion of religious faith, the eighteenth century in the delusion of ethical rights, and the twentieth in the delusions of mysticism (on the part of aesthetes) and industrial democracy. It is all part of an eternal comedy, at which the gods would laugh uproariously if they existed.

>from a letter written October 30, 1929

Wiggam, like Prof. J. B. S. Haldane, believes that much will be done in future toward the artificial development of Homo sapiens; but I doubt very much whether such development can ever reach more than a tiny fraction of the extremes they postulate. In the first place, the complexity of the laws governing organic growth is enormous—so enormous that the number of unknown factors must always remain hopelessly great. We can discover & apply a few biological principles—but the limit of effectiveness is soon reached. For example—despite all the advances in endocrinology & all the experiments in glandular rejuvenation, there is no such thing as a permanent or well-balanced staving-off of senescence & dissolution. And in the second place, the fact that human beings live by emotion & caprice rather than by reason will probably prevent the widespread application of any unified plan of eugenics. Resistance to organised effort will be tremendous—and can be overcome only in a few instances....mainly in strongly centralised fascist nations. In the United States, for example, the silly & criminal sentimentality arrayed against any rational racial discrimination is of appalling magnitude. What is more—there really is no one idea of racial excellence. Even if the principle of eugenic control were accepted by a nation, there would remain a constant struggle among various factions advocating different goals of development. One group would advocate the cultivation of this or that group of emotions, or the establishment of this or that blood mixture, while another would campaign ceaselessly for a directly opposite result. Thus the Nazis in Germany want to get rid of every trace of Jewish blood, while other groups believe that the highest intellectual qualities in all races come through prehistoric & forgotten infusions of Semitic blood! Amid such a confusion of objects, what single policy could ever gain an effective ascendancy? However—this is not to say that eugenics will remain utterly neglected. There are, of course, certain lines of action where virtual unanimity exists; & along those lines considerable progress may be expected. It is, for example, agreed that hereditary physical disease & mental inferiority ought not to be transmitted—hence within the next half-century the sterilisation of certain biologically defective types will probably become universal throughout the western world, thus cutting down on the prevalence of idiocy, epilepsy,

haemophilia, & kindred inherited plagues. The Nazis have already put such a policy into effect. There may, too, be local efforts (like the present anti-Semitism of the Nazis) to direct the ethnic strain...in cases where a certain approximation of unanimousness exists within single nations. The rise of the inferior stocks at the expense of the superior is becoming so obvious & alarming, that some countries may be veritably scared out of their mawkish equalitarian idealism. Some way of checking the increase of alien elements within nations ought to be devised, & the multiplication of the sound stock ought to be encouraged through a planned economy making it practicable for persons with civilised living standards to rear larger families. As it is, the only persons who can rear large families are either a negligible sprinkling of millionaires, or—at the other end of the scale—low grade proletarians (in America, mainly negroes & foreigners) who do not care what squalor they live in. Under unsupervised capitalism, it is absolutely impossible for the average citizen of good stock to rear more than one or two children with the social & educational advantages which he himself enjoyed, & which are necessary for the maintenance of the great tradition of civilisation. The result in four or five generations is obvious—a complete engulfing of the high-grade stock by the fertile & squalid masses...

>from a letter written November 22, 1934

Regarding the negro—I don't know what the outcome will be. But I greatly doubt whether any general assimilation will occur in the United States. Fortunately the American people seem to have no wavering in their determination to keep African blood out of their veins, so that nothing could precipitate such a mongrelisation as occurred in Egypt, & and in later years in Brazil & the Caribbean nations. It is no novelty for Aryans to dwell as a minority amidst a larger black population—such has been the case in Alabama & Mississippi for decades, & the upper part of South Africa is having a similar experience. But the effect of this condition is generally to heighten rather than relax the colour-line. The white minority adopt desperate & ingenious means to preserve their Caucasian integrity—resorting to extra-legal measures such as lynching & intimidation when the legal machinery does not sufficiently protect them. Of course it is unfortunate that such a state of sullen tension has to exist—but anything is better than the mongrelisation which would mean the hopeless deterioration of a great nation. Naturally, the negro resents his relegation to inferiority—but I doubt if he can do anything dangerous about it. Much as he may increase in the United States, his numbers will never be enough to give him a military advantage over the united white population. And his intelligence could never be equal to a contest with the strategic skill & experience of a massed Caucasian nation. Tragic overturns like that of Haiti could occur only in isolated & ill-protected colonies. All that could make a negro uprising succeed, would be the ardent cooperation of a large faction of the white population itself--& in America there is no white element aside from the numerically insignificant fringe of Marxian communists which advocates complete racial equality. The second generation of European immigrants seem to share the anti-negro attitude, while substantial sections of the Indian population—such as the Osage nation—are beginning to put up the bars against the black blood which has measurably tainted the so-called “civilised” tribes of Oklahoma—Creeks, Choctaws, Chickasaws, &c.--& the pitiful aboriginal remnants (like the Seminoles of Florida, or our handful of Niantics & Narragansetts in southern Rhode Island) of the Atlantic coast. The Osages inflict the most drastic penalties on all members of the tribe forming alliances with Africans. Even if some desperate social crisis were to sweep America into communism, I doubt if

the racial-equality plank of the Marxist programme would survive. Blood is thicker than doctrine—the reason the Russians can accept an equality programme with equanimity is that they are already largely mongrelised with Mongol blood, & also that they are not faced with the practical problem of dealing with vast hordes of beings as widely & utterly aberrant as the negro. Of the complete biological inferiority of the negro there can be no question—he has anatomical features consistently varying from those of other stocks, & always in the direction of the lower primates. Moreover, he has never developed a civilisation of his own, despite his ample contact with the very earliest white civilisations. Compare the way the Gauls took on the highest refinements of Roman culture the moment they were absorbed into the empire, with the way the negroes remained utterly unaffected by the Egyptian culture which impinged on them for continuously for thousands of years. Equally inferior--& perhaps even more so—is the Australian black stock, which differs widely from the real negro. This race has other stigmata of primitiveness—such as great Neanderthaloid eyebrow-ridges. And it is likewise incapable of absorbing civilisation. In dealing with these two black races, there is only one sound attitude for any other race (be it Indian, Malay, Polynesian, or Mongolian) to take--& that is to prevent admixture as completely & determinedly as it can be prevented, through the establishment of a colour-line & the rigid forcing of all mixed offspring below that line. I am in accord with the most vehement & vociferous Alabaman or Mississippian on that point, & it will be found that most Northerners react similarly when it comes to a practical showdown, no matter how much abstract equalitarian nonsense they may spout as a result of the abolitionist tradition inherited from the 1850's. If a Russian-inspired communist dictatorship ever tried to force negro equality on the U. S., there is scant question but that the descendants of Wendell Phillips, Charles Sumner, & William Lloyd Garrison would stand side by side with those of Jefferson Davis & John C. Calhoun in fighting its ultimate implications to the death.

>from a letter written November 22, 1934

Other racial questions are wholly different in nature—involving wide variations unconnected with superiority or inferiority. Only an ignorant dolt would attempt to call a Chinese gentleman—heir to one of the greatest artistic & philosophical traditions in the world—an “inferior” of any sort...& yet there are potent reasons, based on wide physical, mental, & cultural differences, why great numbers of the Chinese ought not to mix into the Caucasian fabric, or vice versa. It is not that one race is any better than any other, but that their whole respective heritages are so antipodal as to make harmonious adjustment impossible. Members of one race can fit into another only through the complete eradication of their own background-influences--& even then the adjustment will always remain uneasy & imperfect if the newcomer's physical aspect forms a constant reminder of his outside origin. Therefore it is wise to discourage all mixtures of sharply differentiated races—though the colour-line does not need to be drawn as strictly as in the case of the negro, since we know that a dash or two of Mongolian or Indian or Hindoo or some such blood will not actually injure a white stock biologically. John Randolph of Roanoke was none the worse off for having the blood of Pocahontas in his veins, nor does any Finn or Hungarian feel like a mongrel because his stock has a remote & now almost forgotten Mongoloid strain. With the high-grade alien races we can adopt a policy of flexible common-sense—discouraging mixture whenever we can, but not clamping down the bars so ruthlessly against every individual of slightly mixed ancestry. As a matter of fact, most of the psychological race differences which

strike us so prominently are cultural rather than biological. If one could take a Japanese infant, alter his features to the Anglo-Saxon type through plastic surgery, & place him with an American family in Boston for rearing—without telling him that he is not an American—the chances are that in 20 years the result would be a typical American youth with very few instincts to distinguish him from his pure Nordic college-mates. The same is true of other superior alien races including the Jew—although the Nazis persist in acting on a false biological conception. If they were wise in their campaign to get rid of Jewish cultural influences (& a great deal can be said for such a campaign, when the dominance of the Aryan tradition is threatened as in Germany & New York City), they could not emphasize the separatism of the Jew but would strive to make him give up his separate culture & lose himself in the German people. It wouldn't hurt Germany—or alter its essential physical type—to take in all the Jews it now has. (However, that wouldn't work in Poland or New York City, where the Jews are of an inferior strain, & so numerous that they would essentially modify the physical type.)

>from a letter written November 22, 1934

As for Japan—that is still a third kind of problem....not that of inferiority, & not merely that of difference, but that of difference plus tremendous military power & ambition. None of the other alien race-stocks involve this factor of aggressive physical might. The Chinese are hopelessly divided, & the other dark races have no coherent national fabric behind them, but the Japanese form one of the greatest & most influential nations in the modern world. Indeed, Japan would probably form a major international problem even if no racial angle existed. As a nation—aside from all ethnic aspects—Japan represents a first-rate power hitherto balked in its quest for a field of expansion. To sustain its own economic life, it has got to overflow & dominate lands with necessary raw materials, & has got to participate in foreign commerce as freely as the other great powers. Coming late on the international scene, it finds colonial domains & trade routes all preempted—so what is it to do? Here is a case of logical ambition opposed by the equally logical ambitions of the western powers. Not a race question at all. And I fear the solution will have to be a military one sooner or later....unless the western nations will give Japan an absolutely free hand in the Far East. This they are reluctant to do for two reasons: concern for their own Far Eastern interests, & fear of the upbuilding of Japan as the supreme nation of the world. Of these two reasons I deem the first invalid (for commercial tentacles are not worth defending at too high a cost) but believe the second is sound. Therefore I would advocate acting on the second reason alone—giving Japan all she wants on the Asiatic mainland, but blocking all attempts on her part to secure the highway of the Pacific. That would postpone the final showdown for generations—perhaps for centuries—for if Japan had China to exploit, she would not be thinking about Australia & New Zealand & California for a long while. But the integrity of Australia & New Zealand & California as parts of the Anglo-Saxon world most always be maintained—as long as Western civilisation has the strength to maintain it. In the end—as we grow weak & decadent & self-indulgent—Japan will probably dominate the world; but I'm hoping that that period will be thousands of years in the future. She will probably fight Russia again in the next few years—but if the western world is wise, it won't get drawn into that mess.

>from a letter written November 22, 1934

As for the times—I don't see that they're getting any worse. They're merely not getting any better. It may be a good lesson for the "rugged individualists" to see the bankruptcy of their cherished pre-machine principles—for sooner or later they will have to begin building on a basis with greater chances for stability & permanence. Some would like to see a war with Japan because of the stimulus to munition & other industries & the disposal of surplus population--& also, because such a war will probably be necessary in any case sooner or later in order to ensure Anglo-Saxon security in the Pacific. But I rather doubt whether such will materialise just yet. Japan is doing to China only what all the other nations have been doing ever since the 1840's, & I fancy the Western powers will be content to hold off as long as there is no danger of Japan's getting full control of China. It would be the latter step—at once limiting Western trade in China & making Japan a dangerously powerful foe in the Pacific—which would cause Great Britain & the U. S. to consider a Japanese war. But before that time Japan may be heavily crippled by its virtually inevitable war with Soviet Russia. Japan got a late start, hence is doing its high-handed aggression today—whereas the other nations did theirs in the past & are now ready (having got what they want) to sit back loftily & preach 'high ideals' to younger & less established nations....

....In my opinion the paramount things of existence are those mental & imaginative landmarks—language, culture, traditions, perspectives, instinctive responses to environmental stimuli, &c.—which give to mankind the illusion of significance & direction in the cosmic drift. Race & civilisation are more important, according to this point of view, than concrete political or economic status; so that the weakening of any racial culture by political division is to be regarded as an unqualified evil—justifiable only by the most extreme provocation. Greece suffered from lack of unity—Athens & Sparta, Syracuse & Thebes, &c. &c., being all separate city-states which acted together only under the most exceptional circumstances. They managed to stand unitedly against Persia, but could not do it against Rome. Rome itself, on the other hand, was always admirably united—hence stood firm against all comers till dissolved by internal decay. The English civilisation has so far stood up successfully on both sides, & with good luck can probably continue to do so; but whenever an external menace appears one wishes that a coordinated defence by Britain & America were firmly guaranteed instead of merely probable. In addition, the state of culture in America would have been greatly improved by continued solidarity with Great Britain. It is unlikely that the vulgar financial & quantitative ideals of the American majority today would have been quite so paramount had the region remained true to its rightful sovereign—nor would the spirit of lawlessness have been so general & deep-seated. Some foreigners would have entered, but probably not in such vast quantities; & the machinery of assimilation would have been better. The policy of inviting "oppressed" races is fatal to national welfare, since these elements are almost always biologically inferior & therefore unfit to uphold the institutions established by elements of greater stamina. When a race or group is oppressed, it is usually because of its own inherent inferiority--& we do not want a nation of inferior cringers on the soil settled by sturdy Englishmen. I think the "melting pot" delusion is about played out, & doubt if any immigrants of non-Nordic stock will ever be welcomed on a large scale again. To fancy that the posterity of Slavs, Jews, & Latins can approximate the instinctive emotional life of sturdy, fighting Teutono-Celtic peoples is to subscribe to a fatal fallacy....

....Meanwhile I myself remain in the position of those who reluctantly took the oath of abjuration in 1783. I am too attached to my native soil to leave it bodily, yet am unreconciled to the revolt that separated it from a Sovereign & national mainstream to which I cannot but feel a continued personal allegiance. I may yet move to Jamaica or Barbadoes or some other tropical colony in order to die under the old flag.

>from a letter written February 26, 1932

Whether any real decadence has indeed overtaken the Aryan race is another matter demanding separate consideration. It so happens that the last few generations have witnessed profound changes of thought and custom through the progress of human knowledge and mechanical technology; and some of these changes have undeniably tended toward the breakdown of traditional inhibitions. Absence of religious restraints has operated adversely on those lacking aesthetic standards and practical sense, while the multiplication of material luxuries (we must not confuse this growth of luxury with the possible future growth of security. It does not hurt a man to know that his old age is provided for, but it may soften him to ride on cushions where he used to walk—and so on) has certainly promoted a trace of softness and effeminacy in the race. On the other hand, I do not regard the rise of woman as a bad sign. Rather do I fancy that her traditional subordination was itself an artificial and undesirable condition based on Oriental influences. Our virile Teutonic ancestors did not think their wives unworthy to follow them into battle, or scorn the dream of winged Valkyries bearing them to Valhalla. The feminine mind does not cover the same territory as the masculine, but is probably little if any inferior in total quality. To expect it to remain perpetually in the background in a realistic state of society is futile—despite the most feverish efforts of Nazis and Fascisti. However—it will be some time before women are sufficiently freed from past influences to form an active factor in national life. By the time they do gain influence, they will have lost many of the emotional characteristics which now impair their powers of judgment. Many qualities commonly regarded as innate—in races, classes, and sexes alike—are in reality results of habitual and imperceptible conditioning.

>from a letter written October 28, 1934

Really, the great question in any immigration policy is not so much the effect on the remote future as the maintenance of enough congeniality of population to save the legitimate natives of a place from feeling like strangers on their own hereditary sod. Only a damn fool can expect the people of one tradition to feel at ease when their country is flooded with hordes of foreigners who—whether equal, superior, or inferior biologically—are so antipodal in physical, emotional, and intellectual makeup that harmonious coalescence is virtually impossible. Such an

immigration (policy?) is death to all enduring existence, and pollution and decay to all art and culture. To permit or encourage it is suicide—as you can clearly see in that hell called New York, where a chaos of scum has raised a stench intolerable to any self-respecting white man. Biologically, the Nordic is probably not superior to the best Mediterranean stock, or the unbroken and now almost Semitic white stock; but just as the Chinese culture ought to be preserved where it once entrenched, where the Nordic culture is once entrenched, it must be preserved.

>from a letter written September 27, 1926

The fact is, my instinctive loyalties and area of interest seem to follow cultural rather than biological lines...a tendency directly opposed to the Nazi tribal ideal. Undeniably, my own blood kinfolk on the continent interest me less than my cultural kinfolk—whose blood diverges sharply from my own as the stream recedes in time. The northern nations—biologically akin to me—seem foreign and of minor interest; whilst France, Italy, and Greece—the successive cultural precursors of the Anglo-Norman civilisation around me—seem close, ancestral, and of vital personal interest. To me the Roman Empire will always seem the central incident of human history—and this perspective cannot but colour (both consciously and unconsciously) my national interests and literary appreciations in connexion with the modern world. Incidentally—this perspective was quite typical of the 18th century, to which I am so inextricably bound. The conflicting inclinations and tastes of a composite civilisation—where race and artistic-intellectual heritage spring from different sources—form a curious study. Conscious, objective interests tend to follow the line of culture rather than of race; but inward mental and emotional processes (ethical concepts and compulsions, social-political preferences, trends of imagination, modes of every-day living, &c) gravitate toward the line of race. An Anglo-American can talk art and history and philosophy with a Frenchman better than with a German...yet his unconscious habits and outlook and way of life make him vastly closer to the German in practical, everyday matters.

>from a letter written June 13, 1936

Democrats invariably ape the grotesque crudities of the lower orders and make conspicuous clowns of themselves; jeering at civilised speech, manners, and standards of accuracy and beauty instead of respecting these things and urging their beloved masses to work up toward them. As long as they persist in this position, they will win nothing but the distrust and hostility of men well-disposed toward civilisation and the fullest realisation of the human personality.

>From a letter written November 9, 1929

As for the Republicans — how can one regard seriously a frightened, greedy, nostalgic huddle of tradesmen and lucky idlers who shut their eyes to history and science, steel their emotions against decent human sympathy, cling to sordid and provincial ideals exalting sheer acquisitiveness and condoning artificial hardship for the non-materially-shrewd, dwell smugly and sentimentally in a distorted dream-cosmos of outmoded phrases and principles and attitudes based on the bygone agricultural-handicraft world, and revel in (consciously or unconsciously) mendacious assumptions (such as the notion that real liberty is synonymous with the single detail of unrestricted economic license or that a rational planning of resource-distribution would contravene some vague and mystical 'American heritage'...) utterly contrary to fact and without the slightest foundation in human experience? Intellectually, the Republican idea deserves the tolerance and respect one gives to the dead.

>From a letter written in August, 1936

The race whose genius gave rise to the glories of Rome is, unhappily, not now in existence. Centuries of devastating wars, and foreign immigration into Italy, left but few real Latins after the early Imperial aera. The original Romans were a blend of closely related dolichocephalic Mediterranean tribes, whose racial affinities with the Greeks could not have been very remote, plus a slight Etruscan element of doubtful classification. The latter stock is an object of much mystery to ethnologists, being at present described by most authorities as of the brachycephalic Alpine variety. Many Roman customs and habits of thought are traceable to this problematical people...

...We come now upon one of the most distressing spectacles of human history. The mighty empire of Rome--its morals corrupted through Eastern influences, its spirit depressed through despotic government, and its people reduced to mongrel degeneracy through unrestrained immigration and foreign admixture--suddenly ceases to be an abode of creative thought, and sinks into a mental lethargy which dries up the very fountains of art and literature. The Emperor Constantinus, desirous of embellishing his new capital with the most magnificent decorations, can find no artist capable of fashioning them; and is obliged to strip ancient Greece of her choicest sculptures to fulfil his needs. Plainly, the days of Roman glory are over; and only a few and mainly mediocre geniuses are to be expected in the years preceding the actual downfall of Latin civilisation.

>From The Literature of Rome, November 1918

In the matter of disfranchising certain classes--I simply said that it would do no harm it would work. The country was governed just as well as it now when certain classes were disfranchised--women everywhere, Catholics and Jews here and there, and men below a certain property level in places. All that has happened is that such cases of disfranchisement have not been found possible as matters of direct legislation. There is nothing to crow about--nothing to get excited or complacent about. The change hasn't done anybody any good, and we are no better because we do grant universal franchise, than were our ancestors because they didn't. Each of us--ancestors and contemporaries--has really done exactly the same thing; 'gotten away with' as much as possible. If anything, our ancestors deserve the more credit, because they 'got away with' more. Certainly, we could make government a neater and more effective thing, and more of a preservative of our best culture, if we could apply the same restrictions that our forefathers did. Apparently we can't--but that's nothing to brag about. No need of spilling slush and sentimentality because we have to retrench. Our modes of life and feeling are very distinctly a product of the English Protestant culture--taken as a culture apart from matters of actual belief. It would be of infinite benefit to the tone of our national life and the growth of our legitimately hereditary arts and letters if none but the English-descended Protestant element were given a share in the government--and only the best and best-chosen part of that element. That we can't establish such a restriction at this date, after our abysmal folly in admitting all sorts of immigrant elements, I am willing to concede as a practical fact; but I am not willing to pretend that this condition is a benefit to the nation. I'm damned sorry that it's so, and would do almost anything to get rid of the non-English hordes whose heritages and deepest instincts clash so disastrously with ours, and do so much to frustrate the fruition of our 300-year-old cultural stream. Therefore I'm for any workable policy which will throw power toward the old-American stock and take power away from the immigrant stock. The longer we can keep the strangers from tangibly tampering with our culture, the better our chance of finally assimilating those which are here (provided we have the sanity to keep others out) and of making them conform to our standards of civilisation. I don't say I'm for any more circuitous measure which will accomplish something of the same thing. My reason is plain and concrete--that it's oppressively unpleasant to live in a country where the customs, folk-ways, literary and artistic tone, and governmental forms are makedly unlike those natural to one's own race and civilisation. English civilisation was here first, and established itself by virtue of its strength. If we beat off Indian influences, we ought to be able to beat off other alien influences. Constant strength and resolution are the price of racial-cultural integrity. Do I make myself plain? You say that the idea of Catholic-Jew-atheist disfranchisement is "monstrous". I say that it is merely impracticable at this date. The parallel of red-haired and cross-eyed massacres is not quite valid, because red hair and cross eyes have no symbolic significance in the composition of the civilisation--but so far as abstract principles go, I had as lief as not see carrot-topped and strabismic folk quietly put out of the way. I'd merely think it was more impracticable than Papist-Jew-infidel disfranchisement, and would languidly question the aesthetic status of such a violent measure--inquiring whether or not the incident had an artistically adequate object. Another thing--in the past, men have been disfranchised because of blood, heritage or belief, whereas adults have never been slaughtered en masse because of individual physical peculiarities. This would argue that the instinctive make-up of mankind does not necessarily protest against blood-culture-creed distinctions, whereas it does seem to discourage less clear-cut discriminations in matters of selection for survival. And so it goes. Nothing is "monstrous"--but some things will work while some things won't, and some things are aesthetic according to our cultural canon while some things aren't. There's really nothing in the whole matter to get excited about. Grant outsiders as little influence and privilege as we safely can, and let it go at that. If we can't make disfranchisement work, all right; but don't

let's pretend to be glad about it, or egg the foreigners on toward still further demands....

>from a letter written February 25 - March 1, 1929

I believe it is a childish & absurd fallacy to fancy that American literature & aesthetics either ought to be or conceivably could be other than a normal prolongation of the original English stream, with such local modifications as geography, social conditions, & historic experience may naturally introduce. The whole idea that a section of the Anglo-Saxon world ought to (or could) have a separate, autochthonous culture of its own is sheer flimsy nonsense--the product of a febrile, irresponsible radicalism of thought conjoined to a naive disregard of actual (as distinguished from theoretical) history. A culture or civilisation is a profound, pervasive thing--producible only through long centuries of continuous & homogeneous life, & having nothing whatever to do with political nationality. We recognise, very properly, only one Greek world & Greek culture--though this world was divided into a great number of absolutely separate & often hostile political states, whose interests & modes of life in many cases differed far more than do the interests & modes of life of the old & of the new English nations. There were local variants, corresponding to local differences in social & political conditions; yet no one was ass enough to fancy that Athens & Pergamus, Syracuse & Tarentum, ought to have separate cultures in the sense that the cultures of Persia & Egypt & Phoenicia & Rome were separate from that of Greece. And even today there are few fools blatant enough to claim that Austria & Germany have different civilisations. If North America has any civilisation at all, it is certainly that of the mother land whence came all its institutions, perspectives, language, & determinant pioneering stock. That culture, & that alone, was carried over bodily by the men who made the wild continent a settled abode for the white race. For 300 years it has carried on as before, adapting itself to local conditions & crystallising into a definite local variant. It is a natural, organic growth--as profound, ingrained, & inevitable as our typical physiognomies & mental processes. We could not shed it if we wanted to--& no American of sense would want to. It is pitiful to see a fad-ridden American try to disavow what is deeply & naturally his, & transparently & unconvincingly pretend to be a synthetic Frenchman or Russian or general conglomerate or god knows what.....theatrically labelling his new character "New American." The new pose is shaky, false, & meaningless because it has no possible foundation. It postulates conditions which are necessarily lacking--a new culture-basis which does not & cannot exist, plus the absence of a real culture which does & must exist, & cannot be argued away. No culture but our own English one extends behind us or behind our native soil--if we want to find another we must go north to French Quebec or south to Spanish Cuba & Mexico.

>from a letter written May 29, 1933

Altogether too much is made by radical theorists of the foreign immigrant influence. It is true that hordes of persons of non-English heritage have entered the country--but that has nothing to do with the seated culture of the region. These foreigners did not make the nation. They merely flocked in later to enjoy what others had made. Our own civilisation was irrevocably seated here long before they came, & it would be silly to suppose that we shall allow these crumb-snatchers to disturb the foundations which we laid for our descendants. They can either conform to the native culture which they find, or get the hell out of here. We made this nation, & if any of the skulking Jews & Dagoes who crawl after us to eat the fruit we laboriously planted think they can dictate to us, they'll soon learn better by means of a heavy-shod boot applied to their rear ends. Most of them are only the scum & dregs of their own countries, anyhow--the weaklings who couldn't keep on top among their own people. We welcome any biologically & culturally assimilable newcomers who are willing to abide by our institutions, but if any crawling peasants & ghetto bastards expect to troop in here & mould us their own direction, we'll shew them in short order where they get off!

It is also a vast mistake to fancy that the original foreign minorities in the colonies--the Dutch of New York, the Germans of Pennsylvania, the Huguenots of various sections, &c.--form a basis for a special non-English culture. The plain fact is that these elements were not sufficiently numerous to affect the general fabric. Most of their members were absorbed with absolute completeness into the English mainstream, while the remaining unassimilated nuclei were not large enough to leaven the general culture. The most they did was to engraft a few new words or architectural forms or trivial customs upon the Anglo-Saxon fabric--just as the Indians did. While they gave a few faint touches of unique colour to the surface of the local culture-stream, we cannot justly say that they actually wrenched that stream from its Anglo-Saxon sources. The same is true of those later waves of sturdier pioneer immigration--the Germans & Scandinavians who settled the mid-west with a constructiveness akin to our own--which must be differentiated from the modern locust-pest of Slavs & Semites & Mediterraneans. Solid & admirable as these people were, they could not alter the seated civilisation of the nation; hence came eventually within the Anglo-Saxon cultural radius. As acute a contemporary observer as Andre Siegfried attests the continued dominance of the native English tradition despite all the influences which seek to vitiate it.

>from a letter written May 29, 1933

Still less do I see any sense in the claim that the peculiar economic & social conditions of America, all apart from the derivation of the population, have successfully founded a new "civilisation" distinct from the old. That is a self-evident fallacy, because real civilisations are things of slow, natural growth, which cannot be established offhand, or in the course of a few decades. It may indeed be true that the local conditions in America--the hard scramble for material wealth & power, & the consequent worship of size, speed, & ostentation in place of quality, together with exaltation of crudeness & a contempt for refinement, sensitiveness, & traditional beauty--are gradually undermining our civilisation (except in certain spots of perfect preservation) & laying the foundations for a future machine-age variant; but this does not mean either that our culture is yet dead, or that the future culture is yet born. Cultures neither die nor

are born in a single day. What is more--the new culture, if it ever does develop, will not in any sense be ours. The only one we can possess is the old Anglo-Saxon one which our fathers transmitted to us. When the future machine culture finally crystallises, it will be as alien to us--to our innate standards & perspectives & impulses--as the cultures of China, Nineveh, & Easter Island. It will have nothing to do with anything we now inherit or know or feel.....& one may add that it will probably, because of callously quantitative & utilitarian basis & its cheaply plebeian ideals, be vastly inferior in richness & inspiration to any of the leisurely & highly developed European or Asiatic cultures now dominant. I have some hope that the growth of this usurping rabble-culture may be substantially checked by intelligent effort, & by the sobering influence & possible social-economic consequences of the present depression. Our own culture is still strong in New England & the old tidewater South, & if we fight hard to preserve it we may yet defeat the machines & the mob & the Calvertons.

>from a letter written May 29, 1933

Meanwhile, of course, part of our upheaved generation is all at sea, & ready to swallow any cultural nostrum. Young pedants who note the moderate & legitimate contributions of foreign artistic streams to our own are ready to announce that we have abandoned our heritage & gone over altogether to one--or several--or all--of these contributing streams. Illiterate coachmen's sons who try to write & are unable to get the feel of a descent English style proceed to limp along in a graceless jargon which their ignorance & egotism proclaim as "new & superior" & purely American mode of utterance. City-bred clods with too little imagination to appreciate natural beauty devise epics of their native slums & blatantly repudiate our natural rural heritage. Myopic little Jews, insensitive to the majestic pageantry of history & tradition (for our pageantry is not theirs), repudiate the past & proclaim that the sole logical province of the poet & novelist is the pathology of neuroses & the sewer system of New York City. That is the "new Americanism". The real truth is, of course, that these radical innovators represent anything at all--i.e., merely represent the absence of something. What they lack is any coordinated background & unified antecedents whatsoever. Having nothing of their own, they try to assemble a hodge-podge of new & suddenly-born culture. Actually, what they achieve is merely an unplaced & unplaceable chaos. If that is new-Americanism, I thank the powers of the cosmos I am a Rhode-Island Englishman of the old tradition! Even if my culture-stream be a thinned & effete one, it is at least something as distinguished from nothing at all. At least I have not exchanged my one possible heritage for an expansive confusion which I could never truly possess & which would never be able to express anything worth expressing. In a time of decadence it is often better to stand by the old--which still has possibilities--than to plunge into the hapless welter of unformed barbarism which is the sole available alternative. I had rather be a Symmachus or Boethius than an Odoacer or Theodoric.

>from a letter written May 29, 1933

Prominent amongst [the] actual symptoms of human progress is the graduation of the Temperance Movement from the dreamland of evangelism and academic morality to the more substantial field of science and government. For nearly a century the twin propaganda of Temperance and Prohibition have suffered from the excessively idealistic character of their advocates, but at last the problems involved are receiving the rational and practical consideration they have long deserved. It is no longer necessary to preach sonorously of the sinful and deleterious effect of liquor on the human mind and body; the essential evil is recognised scientifically, and only the sophistry of conscious immorality remains to be combated. Brewers and distillers still strive clumsily to delude the public by the transparent misstatements of their advertisements, and periodicals of easy conscience still permit these advertisements to disgrace their pages; but the end of such pernicious pretension is not remote. The drinker of yesterday flaunted his voice before all without shame; the average drinker of today must needs resort to excuses. Meanwhile the governmental authorities of the world have not been blind to the facts which science has proved. Prohibition, either complete or partial, either normally or as a military measure, is spreading steadily and rapidly throughout Europe and America; proving the universal and conclusive recognition of alcohol as a foe of national efficiency and prosperity...

...As yet, certain sociological aspects of Temperance leave much to be desired. Rational and voluntary abstinence prevails amongst the intelligent middle classes, whilst compulsory prohibition will probably come to the aid of the lower strata; but the realm of wit and fashion is sadly underrepresented in the scheme of general reform. Following polite custom rather than scientific principle, the cultivated man of the world still waxes red-faced, loquacious over his time-honoured convivial glass; and regards his continued use of wine with an aristocratically tolerant super-morality which equals in folly the cheap "personal liberty" delusion of his social inferiors. Such expressions as "a gentleman's wine-cellar", "brandy and soda", "a rare old vintage", and the like, possess a sort of unctuous smack which appeals strongly to the refined tongue and ear, and which causes most of the exquisites of the grand monde to follow approved precedent, rather than consider any ethical niceties which may have grown up since the establishment of the artificial code of taste and good breeding. The basic belief is evidently that whilst a churl is not to be trusted in his cups, a gentleman is scarce harmed by liquor, provided he retain a certain poise, and observe certain conventional restrictions. That experience has demonstrated the fallacy of this maxim, never occurs to our gentle Bacchanals. A pernicious feature of this elegant sanction of wine is the readiness with which the upper middle classes seize upon bibulous habits through imitation. The presence of liquor on the sideboards of a certain type of "solid citizen" is as distressing as it is incongruous. Obviously, these phases of the temperance problem are not readily approvable through legislation or compulsion. The social prestige of wine at table and at the club must be destroyed through lofty example and polite ridicule; forces which are not always available, and for whose successful operation much time will be required.

But the outstanding fact remains, that the world has come to regard liquor in a new and clearer light. Our next generation of poets will contain but few Anacreons, for the thinking element of mankind has robbed the flowing bowl of its fancied virtues and fictitious beauties. The grape, so long permitted to masquerade as the inspirer of wit and art, is now revealed as the mother of ruin and death. The wolf at last stands divested of its sheep's clothing.

>from The Recognition of Temperance, Little Budget of Knowledge and Nonsense 1, No. 1 (April 1917)

When the historian of the future shall look back upon the stupendous events of this age, it is likely that he will find, aside from the general defence of civilisation, no event of greater magnitude and significance than the new understanding which is daily being cemented between the two political divisions of Anglo-Saxondom.

The war has stripped many shams and delusions from the social and political life of the world; and paramount amongst these is the pernicious fallacy, fostered by and for the unthinkable immigrant rabble, that America's path must lie apart from that of the Mother Empire.

The strongest tie in the domain of mankind, and the only potent source of social unity, is that mystic essence compounded of race, language, and culture; a heritage descended from the remote past. This tie no human force can break, whatever political revolution may by such an agency be effected. It may be temporarily submerged by the base prejudices of passion and the detestable contamination caused by alien blood, but rise it must when overwhelming stress calls out man's deeper emotions, and sweeps aside the superficialities of arbitrary modes of thought.

Today we know that, as in the beginning, England and America are spiritually one; one undivided rampart of liberty and enlightenment ordained by the Fates to defend for humanity the priceless legacy of classical civilisation.

>from In the Editor's Study, The Conservative 4, No. 1 (July 1918)

When I said that Germany is not typical of western civilisation I was not thereby attacking it, since there is no reason to consider western civilisation superior to the culture of China or ancient Egypt or perhaps other groups. I was merely stating a fact involving neither praise nor dispraise. If I said that Germany is less civilised than England (not merely less typical European), I was speaking too strongly; for I am certainly not one of those emotional thinkers who praise everything about their own group and condemn everything about others. As a matter of fact German culture is distinctly superior to English in many ways—I wish we could borrow points here and there. The German mind has a searching and systematic thoroughness probably unparalleled in the modern world, so that its scholarship in most fields is wholly unapproached. No one can get at basic facts and ultimate relationships like a German, and no

one else has half the capacity for patient and accurate detail. In music too, the Germans hopelessly outdistance us—so that no comparison is possible. They have a keen, adventurous spirit in aesthetics, so that they anticipate many modern developments—whether or not one likes the latter. In science they have never really lost the lead, though the United States is their strong rival there. Even in the practical application of science they are very hard to parallel in ingenuity. In education—until very recent times—no one else could come near them. Half the cultivated men in Providence whose college years fell in the '80's finished off at some German university. In short, just as I said during the war, when I'd have been glad to knock the whole bunch to hell, there is no sense in trying to picture German culture as other than absolutely first-class.

>from a letter written November 5, 1933

But the fact remains that German civilisation, high as it is, is not typical of the western world. It has an underlying adolescent or sentimental quality which stems from its tribal heritage instead of from the classical stream which touched virtually all the other western nations. It is probably a result of Germany's having never—except for the Rhineland strip—been part of the Roman Empire. All nations which spring from Rome have a balance and adulthood obtainable nowhere else. We nearly lost it through the Saxonisation of Roman Britain, but the Norman conquest brought it back to us at second or third hand. France has more of this quality than we—which is perfectly natural considering her closer connexion with Rome. What we have inherited so especially is only one side of the Roman culture—the sense of political order. It is not a matter of egotism and biased perspective to say that we have this quality developed to a maximum, because we know that other races have other qualities more highly developed. Germany excels us in intellect, France in general taste, Italy in artistic capacity, China and Japan in decorative tastes, Russia (pre-war) in literary depth, and so on. Political genius simply happens to be our strong point (that and poetic feeling are the two great English qualities), and Frenchmen and other foreigners admit it as freely as we assert it. Germany's lack of equal maturity in this field argues no general inferiority. If we beat her there, she beats us in scholarship, historical research, music, and dozens of other fields. Germany's difference from the western world proper is shown in subtle little ways—in naïve psychological appraisals, heavy-handed state policies, odd misconceptions of the really western nations, and a tribally Teutonic attitude toward war. One has only to look at the Nazi's uncivilised extremes—the destruction of books, the attempted suppression of scientific truths distasteful to the government, and the naïve ethnology of the Jew-baiting circus—to realise that performances like this could never occur in the western world. It isn't that only England and America wouldn't stage such a thing. France, Italy (even with Mussolini's strongest extremes), Spain, Holland—none of these countries could even imagine such a negation of the liberal thought which means civilisation. Even Austria, part of the original German fabric, will be very slow in falling into line—for Austria has been extensively westernised. Both pre-war Kaiserism and present Nazism display something entirely non-western.

However—it remains to be seen whether these peculiar differences represent unmitigated evils. It may be that they are attributes of a genuine cultural youthfulness involving a stamina and resilience we have lost. Time will tell. Germany's culture is too deep to be permanently hurt by

Hitlerian restrictions, and I for one will forgive Der Schon Adolf much—even that moustache—if he can act as a focus of national feeling and help to stave off a collapse into communism.

>from a letter written November 5, 1933

All this ought to shew you that I had no intention of calling the long-settled Anglo-Saxon domains the only civilised regions. What I said or meant to say was simply that these regions have most maturely developed the political side of civilisation...only one of many sides, of course. The great accomplishment of the Anglo-Saxon when he has a chance to settle down is that he can manage his affairs without shouting and stabbing and shooting and knocking people over the head. He is adult in the art of self-management. But of course, in other arts the Frenchman or the Dutchman is more adult than he. For example—we are congenitally unable, as a group, to face the real facts of human motivations. We pompously drape everything in a cloak of moralistic hypocrisy, so that when we steal Indian lands, it's always 'for the savage's own good', when we snatch half of Mexico it's to 'free it from oppression', etc. Our unwillingness to recognise the stark unmoral forces of the universe as they are proves us children in an important phase of life—just as the Germans are children in another phase. It's all 50-50—no one culture-group in all Aryandom is really superior to another when all the points are reckoned, and we can't afford to look down on the Chinese or Japanese, either. What makes some nations more prosperous or successful than others is largely the circumstance that their special aptitudes chance to be of a practical instead of abstract or imaginative sort.

>from a letter written November 5, 1933

OBJECTIONS TO ORTHODOX COMMUNISM

(a) It is founded on a basic philosophy and metaphysics whose erroneousness is virtually certain—a system involving false and artificial values, postulating non-existent linkages and interdependencies between different fields of human consideration (as economics, literature, science, and art), and maintained with just as emotional and unintelligent dogmatism as is the supernatural religion it repudiates.

(b) It aims at extreme and international goals which are not only incompatible with the normal situation of mankind in Nature and in the present world of groups and races, but which

violate profound psychological principles (such as the maintenance of a certain continuity of folkways, attitudes, aesthetics, intellectual discipline, etc., and the exercise of independent thought and art without restriction or ulterior motives) on which the basic happiness, proper adjustment, and maximum life-rewards of sensitively organised persons depend.

(c) It sanctions and encourages methods so violent, unlawful, illiberal, arbitrary, intellectually unsound, and irresponsibly destructive, that any application of them is likely to produce infinitely more harm than good—a harm to be measured not merely in cultural and material damage, but in a subtler and more irreparable damage to human habits in thought, emotion, ethics, and social polity.

>1936

And so Charleston has come down to our own melancholy age of decay, to meet the greatest test of all as the engulfing barbarism of mechanised life, democratick madness, quantitative standards, and schedule-enslaved uniformity presses in upon it from every side and seeks to stifle whatever of self-respecting humanity and aristocratick individualism remains in the world. Against all the inherited folkways which alone give us enough of the illusion of interest and purpose to make life worth living for men of our civilisation, there now advances a juggernaut of alien and meaningless forms and feelings which cheapens and crushes everything fine and delicate and individual which may lie in its path. Noise—profit—publicity—speed—time-tabled convict regularity—equality—otentation—size—standardisatio n—herding..... The plague has swept all before it, saddling old New England with unassimilable and corrosive barnacles, extinguishing once-proud New York with a foetid flood of swart, cringing Semitism, and sapping even at old Virginia and the Piedmont Carolinas with a tawdry industrial Babbitry all the more blasphemous because working through normal Anglo-Saxons. Values evaporate, perspectives flatten, and interests grow pale beneath the bleaching acid of ennui and meaninglessness. Emotions grow irrelevant, and art ceases to be vital except when functioning through strange forms which may be normal to the alien and recrystallised future, but are blank and void to us of the dying Western civilisation. James Joyce...Erik Dorn...Marcel Proust...Brancusi...Picasso...The Waste Land...Lenin...Frank Lloyd Wright...cubes and cogs and circles...segments and squares and shadows...wheels and whirring, whirring and wheels...purring of planes and click of chronographs...milling of the rabble and raucous yells of the exhibitionist..."comic strips"...Sunday feature headings...advertisements...sports...tabloids...luxury...Pal m Beach..."sales talk"...rotogravures...radio...Babel...Bedlam...

>July 1930

BOLSHEVISM

The most alarming tendency observable in this age is a growing disregard for the established forces of law and order. Whether or not stimulated by the noxious example of the almost sub-human Russian rabble, the less intelligent element throughout the world seems animated by a singular viciousness, and exhibits symptoms like those of a herd on the verge of stampeding. Whilst long-winded politicians preach universal peace, long haired anarchists are preaching a social upheaval which means nothing more or less than a reversion to savagery or mediaeval barbarism. Even in this traditionally orderly nation the number of Bolsheviks, both open and veiled, is considerable enough to require remedial measures. The repeated and unreasonable strikes of important workers, seemingly with the object of indiscriminate extortion rather than rational wage increase, constitute a menace which should be checked.

To a certain extent, our government will probably meet these conditions with legislation affecting seditious speech and treasonable acts; but if a permanent cure is to be accomplished, something deeper and more educational will be needed. It will require propaganda to combat propaganda. The present agitation undoubtedly arises from false belief in the possibility of a radically altered social order. The workers who strike, and the shouters who incite to crime, are obviously possessed of the notion that the property of the wealthy could practicably be shared with them; that even if they were to seize the things they covet, they could continue the enjoyment of civilised existence and of protection against violence.

We need a new Menenius Agrippa to proclaim and demonstrate widely the total fallacy of such an illusion. Our present social order, whilst capable of some degree of liberalisation, is the product of the natural development of human relations. It is not ideal, nor could anything on earth be ideal—but it is inevitable. Just as long as some men are more intelligent than others, so long will there be inequality of wealth. The type of persons who indulge in strikes and socialism seem never to realise how much they depend on the brains of their hated “economic masters”. They do not reflect that if they were to seize the factories and governments as they desire, they would be totally powerless to run them. The lawless I.W.W. [Industrial Workers of the World] sometimes boasts of its prospective ability to overthrow orderly government and substitute a sanguinary reign of the so-called “proletariat”. Perhaps such a catastrophe will come, just as the Russian catastrophe came; but how little will the blind anarchists gain therefrom! With the intelligent element removed, the rabble will use up the resources of civilisation without being able to produce more; cities and public works will fall into decay, and a new barbarism arise, out of which will spring in time the natural chieftains who will constitute the “masters” of another era of capitalism. Far better that the impressionable and inflammable masses be taught these things before they embark upon a futile revolution which will ruin all civilisation, themselves included, without helping anyone.

>from Conservative 5, No. 1 (July 1919)

