

American Renaissance

There is not a truth existing which I fear or would wish unknown to the whole world.

— Thomas Jefferson

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What We Call Ourselves

“Race realist” is good but there is better.

by John Ingram

One of the difficulties we have as a movement is that racially conscious whites do not have a satisfactory name. The general public likes to have handy categories into which it can put movements and ideas, and because we do not have a commonly accepted label for ourselves, people have little choice but to use the names chosen for us by our enemies. These are, of course, the usual epithets, such as “racist,” “white supremacist,” and “hate-monger.”

The trouble, as Jared Taylor pointed out in these pages long ago (see “The Racial Revolution,” AR, May 1999), is that what we think about race was so taken for granted by previous generations that they never needed a word for it. Virtually all white Americans, prominent or otherwise, from George Washington to Dwight Eisenhower never had to label their views about race because, to them, they were as natural and normal as breathing.

It was the culture that changed—not the facts about race—and what had been basic common sense for centuries suddenly became known by a slew of ugly names. The word “racist,” for example, wasn’t invented until the 1930s and didn’t become common in the United States until the 1960s. No one would have dreamed of saying Abraham Lincoln had immoral views about race, much less that he was a “racist.” Yesterday’s common sense is now today’s

crime, and we have yet to find a generally accepted term that could displace the dishonest formulations others have tried to pin on us.

It is possible to imagine a comparable situation in a collectivist future in

“kinder-phobes,” “haters.” What word would these “kin-supremacists” come up with to refer to people who love their own children more than the children of strangers? They would face the same problem we do because no previous generation ever had to invent a word to describe people with normal, healthy feelings.

The media’s insistence on the term “white supremacist” for anyone who departs from multiracial dogma is especially annoying. It evokes—as it is meant to—whip-cracking slave drivers, lynch mobs, and Jim Crow, and only maliciousness or ignorance explains its current use. I have spoken to editors who admitted they haven’t considered why they use the term—only that they have done so in the past, and keep doing so out of habit.

The media invariably call a criminal with swastika tattoos a “white supremacist,” especially if he barks “white power” while being arraigned. Even then, what does the term really mean? Does any white person in America really want to rule over people of other races, as the term “white supremacist” suggests? People who shout “white power” mostly just want to get away from non-whites.

Of course, by reserving the term “white supremacist” for anyone who dissents from racial orthodoxy, the left tries to give the impression that readers of *American Renaissance* are all dying to tattoo themselves, march around in jackboots, and beat up immigrants, but manage barely to restrain themselves through a colossal act of will that could fail at any time. The clear implication is that people who study racial differences in IQ or care about the survival of whites

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A band of vicious kin-supremacists.

which people with children are required to join group-rearing camps where adults must treat all children equally.

We have yet to find a term that can displace the dishonest formulations others have tried to pin on us.

Parents who care more about their own children or just want to spend more time with them are shunned and called names: “kin-supremacists,” “familists,”



Letters from Readers

Sir — Christopher Jackson's "A White Teacher Speaks Out" in the July issue is eye-opening and disturbing. Please thank him on behalf of all of us who are never likely to set foot in a majority-black school.

I can't help thinking there must be some measure of exaggeration in Mr. Jackson's account, but if there is not, it is clear that there is not much hope for blacks as a group. The country has no more patience for expensive uplift programs, so conditions for blacks are about as good as they are going to get. The small number of capable blacks Mr. Jackson writes about will be snapped up by white society and treated like geniuses and royalty, but what about the rest? I suppose some of them will labor usefully at service jobs, but it sounds as though half the boys will end up in jail and half the girls on welfare.

Are we really to see no end to this self-perpetuating underclass?

Dorothy Calden, Hoboken, N.J.

Sir — I enjoyed reading Christopher Jackson's account of his school-teaching adventures in the July issue, and I thought your recent series on the "Dangers of Diversity" (see March, April, and May issues) was spot-on. I'm from a small mountain community that is nearly all-white, so I'd never been around blacks or other races, and didn't give much thought to race.

Unfortunately, at the age of 18, I ended up in state prison, and it is here where I got a taste of diversity. At first I couldn't see why everyone self-segregated. I also didn't understand why the majority of white inmates were so full

of hostility towards the non-whites, especially blacks. After about six months of living in a dormitory where whites were the minority, I began to understand. Blacks are probably the most disrespectful people one can meet, and they view kindness and respect as weakness. Needless to say, I have soured on diversity. The only good thing that has come out of this is my newfound racial consciousness.

Regarding Sarah Wentworth's letter in the July issue about the article on black boxer Jack Johnson from the June issue, since when did men like Johnson become "remarkable"? The guy cheated on his wife, beat her so badly she had to be hospitalized, and was reportedly so abusive she killed herself. Yet Miss Wentworth writes, "Like it or not, Johnson must have been a remarkable man." Wow!

Shawn Rodenbeck, Kern Valley State Prison, California

Sir — Christopher Jackson cannot have been serious when he wrote on page 3 of the July issue that black students commonly dance *under* chairs, can he? The photograph on page 4 suggests this would be difficult. Perhaps he was using a figure of speech—one not known in British English. Then, on page 7, Mr. Jackson asserts that teaching blacks year after year destroys a teacher's *pathos*. Pathos? That cannot be what Mr. Jackson intended to say, can it? Still, I like the whole July issue so much that I will be buying extra copies for friends (and opponents).

Anthony Young, London, England

Sir — In your June issue, you ran an

item discussing the relationship between South African president Jacob Zuma and the Afrikaners. Accompanying the item was a photo showing Mr. Zuma prancing on stage with one of his several wives. Mr. Zuma's first name, Jacob, is Hebrew in origin. In the photo, he and his wife are wearing white track shoes, and Mr. Zuma is sporting a pair of designer eyeglasses. They are also wearing what looks to be traditional African leopard-skin garb. It always amazes me how blacks can take what they want from the decadent West while claiming to be "authentically" black. Is this not a contradiction?

Name Withheld, Oregon

Sir — As the father of sons who love amusement parks, I have spent far more time in them that I would like. However, from an anthropological and racial point of view there is much to be learned in such places. White patrons are mostly fat, badly dressed, tattooed, and pierced in surprising places. However, they are polite and behave themselves.

Blacks are different. They cut in line, yell, and smoke where they shouldn't. Many of them dress outlandishly. I suspect black behavior sours the staff, who are mostly white but seem harried and impatient. The contrast in behavior between blacks and whites is a good lesson in racial differences for my sons, but can be so extreme it can begin to spoil their fun.



Recently I had a completely different experience at an amusement park and animal preserve called Parc Safari just north of the New York state line in southern Quebec. Virtually all the customers were white—the usual down-market types, but well-behaved and polite. The staff were overwhelmingly white, and uniformly friendly and helpful. I think it must be because they do not have to spend their time telling surly blacks to follow the rules. As the day wore on, a phrase kept running through my head: "What a difference a race makes."

Alden Ellis, Annapolis, Md.