

University and Rutgers University, as well as visiting professorships at the University of Michigan Law School, the College of William and Mary, Tulane University, Cambridge University, Yale University, and Columbia University. Since 1990, he has been Distinguished Scholar-in-Residence at the University Center in Georgia.

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* * *

As for other news, David R. Slavitt's translation of *The Fables of Avianus* is due out this fall from Johns Hopkins University Press. The complete work of

this early fifth-century Roman writer, comprising 42 elegiac fables, has been rendered into contemporary English verse by the *Chronicles* contributor. Johns Hopkins University Press calls Slavitt's translation "splendid" and says this volume reveals Avianus as "a shrewd poet who can unmask hypocrisy and overcome adversity every bit as well as his savvy master Aesop."

We would also like to note that the date of the National Carrying Capacity Network conference announced in our September issue has been changed to November 5, 1993. For more information, contact Ed Lytwak at 800-466-4866.

Principalities & Powers

by Samuel Francis

People of a Different Stripe

Precisely when it first occurred to Illinois Senator Carol Moseley-Braun to lay her traps for the United Daughters of the Confederacy and its iniquitous insignia containing the Confederate "Stars and Bars" we are not given to know, but certainly it was well before the senator, invariably described in the press as the "Senate's first black female member," splashed into American living rooms with her now-famous tantrum on the Senate floor last summer. As early as April, Mrs. Moseley-Braun, who had arrived in the Senate only a few months before, announced her intention to oppose renewal of the congressionally approved patent for the UDC insignia when the matter came before the Judiciary Committee. This announcement, like most of what issues from Mrs. Moseley-Braun's lips, generally passed unnoticed, though some Southerners and not a few Northerners who care about their country's history tried to sound the alarm that mischief was afoot.

By late July, the mischief was up and galloping. Sometime in the spring, the committee yielded to Mrs. Moseley-Braun's unique blend of threat, whine, and smear and voted overwhelmingly not to renew the patent for the insignia that had received unanimous and non-controversial assent in every Congress

that had considered it since 1898. That would have been the end of the matter, had not Senators Strom Thurmond and Jesse Helms contrived in July to offer an amendment to slip the patent through. As in the days of yore, their amendment passed, but then someone alerted the First Black Female Member of the Senate, who perched herself in the path of the legislation and once again began to emit her characteristic noise.

In what the *Washington Post* the next day described as "a speech bristling with outrage," Mrs. Moseley-Braun, whose "voice was eloquent and angry," denounced and insulted the flag, the Confederacy, the UDC, the senators who proposed the amendment, the senators who supported the amendment, the senators who opposed the amendment, and the Senate itself. Finally, after consuming an inordinate amount of time that could have been used for raising taxes, declaring war on harmless countries, or swelling the belly of the state, the Senate, like the committee earlier, yielded to her imprecations and by a vote of 75 to 25 undid what it had just done by defeating the Thurmond-Helms amendment.

Whatever "anger," "outrage," or "eloquence" the First Black Female Member of the Senate evinced, it cannot be said that she exhibited much command of elementary logic, nor was the conduct of her senatorial colleagues much better.

It was her argument that for the Senate to grant a patent to a seal that contained a depiction of the Confederate flag was to give what she called an "imprimatur" to racism. Since the Confederacy was itself racist, its flag was and is a symbol of racism, and therefore anyone who displays the flag or uses it as a symbol at all is also a racist, as is anyone who votes for a patent for a seal that uses the flag. This line of reasoning set off a predictable chain reaction of senators professing their own abhorrence of racism, the most ridiculous and repellent link in the chain being the ponderous Howell Heflin of Alabama, who waddled forward to bleat about his own Confederate ancestors and how today they would certainly join him in voting against the UDC patent. Not to be outdone, Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan managed to remain sober long enough during the debate to lisp that "for the Senate to endorse it [the Confederate flag] is something I do not think we had any idea we were capable of." That, of course, was a bald-faced lie, since Mr. Moynihan knew very well that the UDC patent comes up for renewal every 14 years and has been unanimously "endorsed" by the Senate, including him, each and every time.

There seems to have been little or no challenge to the premise of Mrs. Moseley-Braun's argument that the Confederacy was racist. It might have been interesting, did we possess senators capable

of debating that or any other postulate, to hear some back-and-forth on this. Not only might it have illuminated our contemporary understanding of what the Civil War means but it might even have yielded some definition of the now-vacuous term "racism." But, barring that, the senators who voted for the flag amendment might also have explored other aspects of the issue. Mrs. Moseley-Braun herself, for example, represents a state that in 1848 adopted, by a popular vote of two-to-one, an amendment to its constitution to forbid any free blacks from entering its territory, and for all I know today's Illinois state flag is the same one that graced the Land of Lincoln at that time as well as a decade later, when the state's foremost political figures sallied up and down its length professing their commitment to white supremacy. It would be of no small interest to know what Mrs. Moseley-Braun has done or plans to do to rid Illinois of its racist heritage and its continuing imprimatur of such explicit symbols of racism as Mr. Lincoln and his cult.

Then there is the small matter of the American flag, which, no less than the Stars and Bars, flapped over a nation that not only tolerated slavery but extended the protection of federal laws to the slave trade and slave owners. Mrs. Moseley-Braun, were she calm enough, might respond that the American flag stood and stands for other things besides the protection of slavery, but so, for that matter, did the Confederate flag, a concept she does not appear to be able to entertain with equanimity. By her own logic, she ought to burst into hysterics every time she spies Old Glory waving over the Capitol, and indeed, perhaps she does.

The Senate's patent for the UDC insignia, however, was never intended to be an endorsement of the Confederacy or even of its flag. It was an endorsement of the UDC. Opponents of the patent pointed out, correctly, that the UDC could protect its insignia by instruments other than the rather unusual means of a congressional resolution. So it can, but the special senatorial "endorsement" of the UDC has historically been intended to express the gratitude of the federal government to a private organization that has donated to the American people untold millions of dollars in Civil War memorials and monuments, land for public parks, scholarships, work in veterans hospitals, and charitable services generally. As some defenders of the

UDC and its patent suggest, maybe the Daughters should start asking for their contributions back, or maybe they should stop offering them. There is no reason why they should continue to bear the burden of their charities when all they receive for their labor are insults from the human refuse of the Senate.

Yet despite the ignorance, hypocrisy, ingratitude, mendacity, and cowardice exhibited by most of the senators, and despite the fanaticism and self-obsession revealed by the First Black Female Member of the Senate, Mrs. Moseley-Braun has one point in her favor. Unlike most of her colleagues, she understands the value and meaning of symbolism to the identity of a nation—that is why she chose to make such a fuss about a "mere" symbol in the first place—and it is precisely because she does understand it while many of her colleagues do not that the fuss she made represents something important. What it represents is the first wave of assault on the national identity as most Americans have historically understood it, and unless the kind of attack she mounted is repulsed and the social forces behind it reversed, the Confederate flag will be only the first casualty in the cultural war she and her allies are waging.

One who perceives the real meaning of Mrs. Moseley-Braun's assault is Jonathan Yardley, book review editor and columnist at the *Washington Post*, who expatiated on the meaning of it all a few days after the First Black Female Member of the Senate's outburst. Mr. Yardley is himself a Southerner of the tribe that advances itself by making certain the enemies of the South know he's on their side. There was a name for this tribe in the days of Reconstruction and even a means of dealing with it properly, but sadly those times are done. Mr. Yardley seized the occasion of the flap over the flag to make sure his bosses at the *Post* and his readers within the Beltway knew what he thought of the UDC, the flag, and those who came to their defense.

"The day has long since passed," he wrote, "when the UDC had the power to inject its genteel poison into the communal bloodstream. It now limps toward the end of the millennium a mere shade of its former self, the object of little except ridicule and neglect in all save those outposts of small-town Southern insularity in which it has always found a gentle welcome . . . the UDC is little more than a foolish relic of a past by

now so distant as to seem prehistoric." So visible is Mr. Yardley's personal resentment at the symbols of the old Southern class system that it's fairly easy to guess in which corner of the barnyard his own forebears disported themselves. The ladies of the UDC, he sneers, "for far too long have enjoyed the favor of the U.S. government," and they "must now look for a new image with which to adorn their scented letterheads and lace doilies; in their present mood, a violated maiden recumbent upon a bed of straw, with Atlanta afire in the background, might be appropriate." Actually, burning cities and raped women would be more appropriate symbols of the present-day United States that Mr. Yardley prefers than they are of the Old South, which, for all its flaws of romanticism, generally understood how to prevent such things.

Mr. Yardley writes about the UDC like a blackballed freshman would write about the fraternities that declined the pleasure of his company. Yet whatever it is in his psyche or personal background that leads him to spit his own poison about a charitable organization that is at worst harmless and at best a generous source of historical, educational, and philanthropic service, Mr. Yardley correctly grasped the historic meaning of the First Black Female Member of the Senate's onslaught.

"The election of 1992," he writes, "changed the Senate—and, by extension, American politics—in ways we can only now begin to understand . . . The old boys' club is breaking up, not merely the boys' club of the Senate but the boys' club of leadership and power. What is most significant about the election of Carol Moseley-Braun, Ben Nighthorse Campbell, Patty Murray and others in the Class of '92 isn't that they are politicians of a different stripe but that they are people of a different stripe. They speak for backgrounds and experiences that until now have been quite unknown—and thus unrepresented—in the halls of power; inevitably, this will change the way business is done in those halls."

Precisely. What we are seeing in the UDC episode is the first evidence at the level of the national government of the demographic changes and their cultural consequences that American society is experiencing and will continue to experience. Those changes, the direct result of a rising nonwhite birth rate reinforced

by massive immigration from non-Western societies, will, as Mr. Yardley perceives, “inevitably” change the way business is done in this country, and not just in the Senate. The change is inevitable because it is inconceivable that people who are not, and whose ancestors were not, part of the historic defining core of the American nation will adopt the same norms, values, and beliefs and adhere to and respect the same political and social institutions that that core supported, and neither will they embrace the same symbols.

As the historic nucleus of American civilization finds itself overwhelmed numerically—indeed, well before it is overwhelmed numerically—it will find that it can no longer elect political leadership willing and able to offer the protection and sanctions of the state to the norms and symbols that define its civilization. It will find that new leaders, more representative of the new demographic composition of the nation, will seek to redefine the norms and institutions of American life and that they will not hesitate to use political power to do so, and the only response that the new leadership will offer the older norms and institutions is exactly the one offered by Mrs. Moseley-Braun to the Confederate flag. In short, when the country is com-

posed of Mr. Yardley’s “people of a different stripe,” it will be a country of a different stripe, and the Confederate flag is merely the first symbol of the “racist” and “repressive” old civilization to be struck from the mast.

As the Census Bureau has shown in a recent report, within 60 years the majority of the American population will no longer be white. By that time, the change will certainly have been completed so far as the old American civilization is concerned, but we probably will not have to wait that long to witness it. One reason we won’t is that the revolution will enjoy the active assistance of renegades like Senators Heflin and Moynihan and Mr. Yardley. They will not only welcome the revolution but will eagerly seek to clamber onto its back, and, as Mr. Yardley’s own column about the UDC suggests, they will be among the first to help the enemies of the old civilization round up and hunt down the dwindling number of Americans who defend it.

Of course, they may not succeed in this tactic. If the demise of American civilization through racial and cultural revolution is already apparent on our horizon, in South Africa it has nearly arrived. Last summer, just about the time Mrs. Moseley-Braun was blubbering

about the Confederate flag, some 12 white churchgoers in an affluent suburb of Capetown were butchered by a gang of black terrorists. The church was Anglican, which has been one of the most adamant foes of apartheid, and its congregation was racially mixed, a rarity in that country. Not for the first time in history the apostles of progress were among the first of its victims, and the same pattern can be expected to occur in this country as our own apostles of “inevitable” change see their prophecies come to life.

Yet the revolution Mr. Yardley perceives and welcomes is “inevitable” only if its demographic and ideological premises are granted. I happen to subscribe to the quaint belief that it remains possible for Americans who do not welcome the revolution to challenge and reverse those premises. But to do so would require more than congressional resolutions and more than the monuments and memorials the Confederate Daughters so generously bequeath. As to whether the historic core of American civilization understands what would be required and whether it can still muster the strength to undertake it, I make no prediction.

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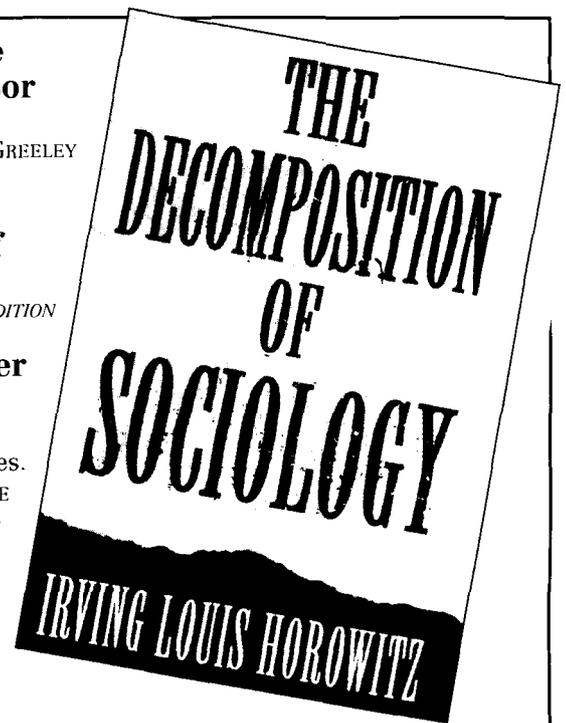
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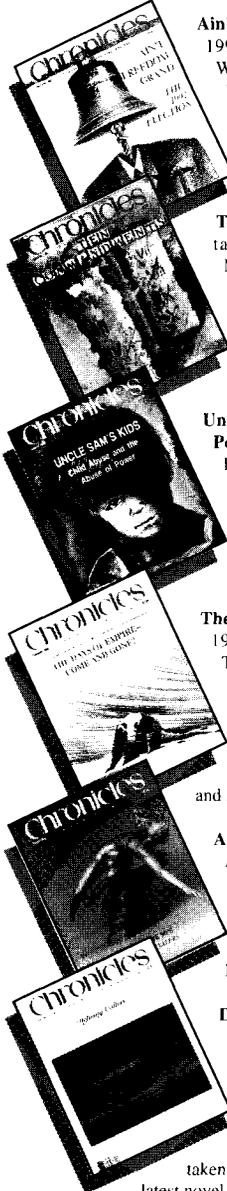
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Ten Commandments—December 1992—A roundtable discussion on the Decalogue—by Thomas Molnar, Gary North, F.W. Brownlow, Allan Carlson, Jacob Neusner, Theodore Pappas, Murray Rothbard, E. Christian Kopff, Harold O.J. Brown, and George Garrett. Plus Philip Jenkins on the panic over priestly pedophilia and Sally Wright on Malcolm Muggeridge.

Uncle Sam's Kids: Child Abuse and the Abuse of Power—January 1993—Allan Carlson on the parenthood of the state, Thomas Fleming on the tragedy of making children common property, Philip Jenkins on the "Believe the Children" ideology, and William N. Grigg on a case of abuse in Lehi, Utah. Plus Samuel Francis's response to William Buckley's "In Search of Anti-Semitism."

The Days of Empire—Come and Gone?—February 1993—F.W. Brownlow on American imperialism, Tomislav Sunic on Europe's New Right, Mihajlo Mihajlov on the future of Radio Liberty and Radio Free Europe, and Richard Vedder and Lowell Gallaway on the importance of the invisible hand in the post-Cold War era. Plus Thomas Fleming on what America can learn from Italy and Andrei Navrozov on the contagion of totalitarianism.

Art in the 90's: Visions and Values—March 1993—Alexandra York on Romantic Realism, Mary Elizabeth Podles and Leon J. Podles on politically incorrect cartoons, and Thomas Fleming on museums as warehouses of art. Plus Alan R. Turin on the unreported story of Hurricane Andrew and Robert Knight's encounter with Queer Nation.

Defining Culture—April 1993—Speeches on the tenth presentation of the Ingersoll Prizes: Edson I. Gaylord's "Observations After Ten Years," Muriel Spark on "Living With Culture," and Walter Burkert on the "Classics—Past Ideology and Persistent Reality." Plus John B. Thompson on Janet Reno, Jeffrey A. Tucker on Jack Kemp's mistaken identity, and an excerpt from Chilton Williamson's latest novel.

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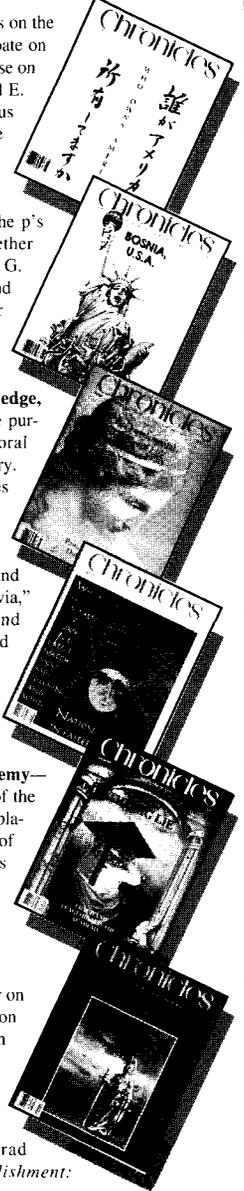
Bosnia, U.S.A.—June 1993—Garrett Hardin on the p's and q's of immigration, Peter Brimelow on whether America can survive an open-border policy, Claes G. Ryn on the Balkanization of American culture, and Paul Gottfried on the therapeutic politics of never saying no. Plus Momcilo Selic's "Letter From Serbia: Notes From the Front, Part I."

The Fundamental Things of Life: Pain, Knowledge, Duty, and Sex—July 1993—Patrick Reilly on the purpose of pain, George Watson on combating moral skepticism, and John Lofton on sex and the military. Plus Momcilo Selic's "Letter From Serbia: Notes From the Front, Part II."

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Revolutions in Law—October 1993—Jared Taylor on the revolution in civil rights law, Philip Jenkins on the feminist legal revolution, Bruce W. Burton on the line item veto, and Greg Kaye on the war against Joe Occhipinti. Plus Thomas Fleming on the tyranny of human rights, Egon Richard Tausch on the revolution in Waco, and Chilton Williamson's review of Joseph Conti and Brad Stetson's *Challenging the Civil Rights Establishment: Profiles of a New Black Vanguard*.



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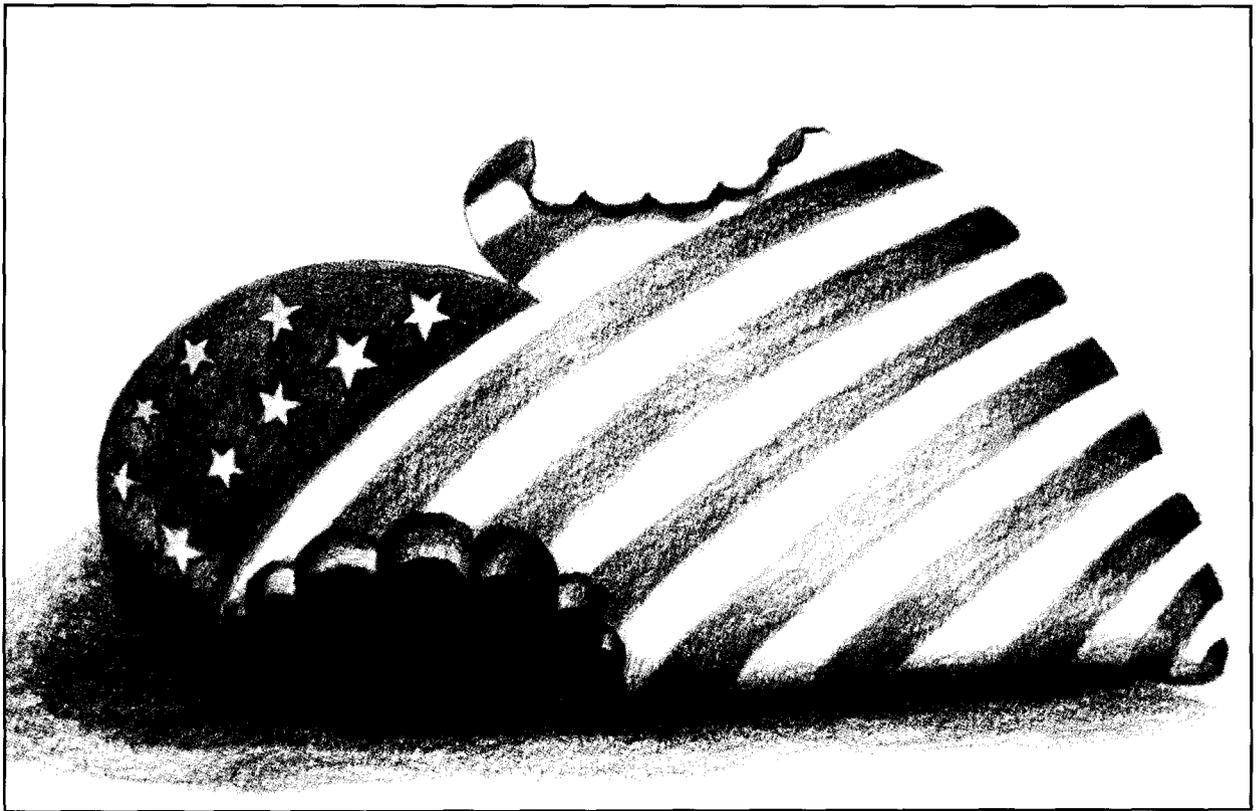
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Anna Myreck-Wodecki

Italian Lessons

by Thomas Fleming

“*Una Gaffe su Ciampi all’apertura del G-7*” ran the headline in *Corriere della Sera*. Italy’s pro-Clinton “newspaper of record” went on to describe how the American President greeted Carlo Azeglio Ciampi, the Italian prime minister, when they met at the Tokyo economic summit: “Good morning President Skahlfahroh,” apparently confusing the prime minister (the president of the council) with President Scalfaro, whose name he mispronounced. Bad staff work is the explanation given.

It was an embarrassing moment for Prime Minister Ciampi, but in his life of public service he must have met lots of American business and political leaders who think Andreotti is a driver who races at Indianapolis and who cannot name a French President since Charles de Gaulle. Besides, what recent American Presidents have been able to pronounce (much less speak) any foreign language? Jack “*Ich bin ein Berliner*” Kennedy? Jimmy “I studied Spanish” Carter? Bill “I was a Rhodes Scholar” Clinton (or is it *Clintone*?) has enough trouble with English. James Garfield, among the least of American Presidents, could compose Greek and Latin simultaneously with different hands. The state of our current leadership is exemplified by Senator Edward Kennedy, who, despite all the influence and advantages his father’s ill-gotten wealth could buy, was expelled from Harvard for cheating on a *Spanish* exam.

Who cares, some of my readers will ask. Several of them

wrote kind letters asking if all our coverage of Yugoslavia was not a volte-face for an isolationist magazine. I will not quibble over the “isolationist,” although I believe we are the opposite of that, but isolation is not the same as ignorance, and if we believe that the United States should not imprudently interfere in the relations of other sovereign states, it does not mean that we should ignore them. America only makes sense as a province of Europe, albeit a province that became the center, and as we begin to lose contact with our European cousins, living as well as dead, we begin to get ingrown and strange, like an incestuous mountain village where all the children are born with six toes and two-figure IQ’s. Cut off from our roots, we develop tastes for paleolithic rap and oriental gibberish.

One of the signs that we are still provincial is the alacrity with which Americans leap at outdated foreign fads. The time was when Europeans all excoriated the United States for its failure to provide cradle-to-the-grave health care and social services. Now, at last, when the French and the Germans and the Swedes have begun to realize the devastating costs of their welfare systems, we are about to repeat their mistakes, even though our comparatively lower welfare costs constitute the most important competitive advantage we have in the international marketplace.

The point Europeans used to score against us was American nationalism or chauvinism, symbolized by efforts to promote