

# A MODEST PROPOSAL\*

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In the many decades I have toiled in the vineyards of American racial nationalism, I have heard very few solutions offered to our people. We have been long on problems and negativity, and very short on solutions. This is a failure of leadership.

Instead of real leadership, some in the movement have adopted what I call the “Ain’t it awful?” strategy, which is simply to report one racial outrage and horror after another, or spin out ever-worsening doomsday scenarios, always trying to outdo the one before. One day it is a horrible massacre in Wichita. The next it is a brutal killing in Knoxville. The purpose of reporting these horrors suppressed by the media is to wake our people up. And once they wake up, then *they* will do something.

Well, *they* are not going to do anything unless they are led to do something, unless concrete, workable solutions are suggested. That is what I want to talk about.

We must state what we want. We must offer a solution to this problem. What I want is a homeland for my race, on this continent, and homelands for our people in Europe, in our lands of ancestral origin.

I am not talking in terms of culture. Because, as Confucius said, the first step towards correcting problems in the state is to call things by their real name. “Cultural” conservatism, like “multiculturalism,” is a bad term, because it conceals what we are really talking about. Culture is important; religion is important. But the critical thing is race. I am talking about a racial state.

There is a poem entitled “An Old Woman of the Roads” by the Irish Catholic Republican poet Padraic Colum (1881–1972). This poem was written before Irish independence during the drive for land reform. Very few people in Ireland owned their own houses. The Irish Republicans wanted their people to have their own homes and not merely be tenants, paying money to predominantly Protestant landlords. But I read this poem as a metaphor for the suffering of our whole race.

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\* From an address to the 2008 American Renaissance Conference, in Herndon, Virginia, on February 24, 2008.

O, To have a little house!  
 To own the hearth and stool and all!  
 The heaped up sods upon the fire,  
 The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains  
 And pendulum swinging up and down!  
 A dresser filled with shining delph,  
 Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day  
 Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
 And fixing on their shelf again  
 My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night  
 Beside the fire and by myself,  
 Sure of a bed and loth to leave  
 The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
 And roads where there's never a house nor bush,  
 And tired I am of bog and road,  
 And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,  
 And I am praying Him night and day,  
 For a little house – a house of my own –  
 Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

Like the old woman of the roads, our race is longing, our American people are longing, for a home of their own. Is it extreme for us to ask for a homeland for our own people? Is this a hateful proposal, as those who desire our genocide tell us?

We need to understand that as far as the establishment that misrules our people all over the world is concerned, the only acceptable position on the future of the white race is genocide.

To those of you who think this is a nutty comment, I would suggest that you attend the next town hall meeting of your local Congressman or Senator. He need not be a liberal, not some crazed Methodist on Marx or a Marxist on meth, like Hillary Clinton. He could be a white Christian Southern conservative Republican Congressman. During the

question and answer period, go to the microphone and say: "Congressman, I am concerned about the tide of non-white immigration, and the low white birthrate in this country and around world. I'm concerned that our race might become extinct."

And just see the reaction of that Christian, Southern, conservative member of the establishment. See how you will be shouted down by his followers. See how the guard will be instructed to come and take you out of the room, because you have committed an act of hate by suggesting that your race should be anything other than exterminated.

It is considered *per se* immoral to advocate the survival of our race. We need to think about that when weighing the claims of our enemies to be the voices of love and tolerance.

The proposal of a homeland of our own *is* a modest proposal. It has been made several times in my lifetime. Two examples come immediately to mind. One is a book, *The Ethnostate*,<sup>1</sup> by the late, esteemed Wilmot Robertson, my great friend of many decades. The other was made by Michael Hart at the second American Renaissance conference.<sup>2</sup>

Why is this a modest proposal? Seventy percent of the people in this country are white Europeans. There is ample space for a generous partition and settlement with the other races in our society, in which they can be given homelands capable of a very comfortable standard of living, if they can sustain it. We wish them well, that they might sustain it.

They themselves tell us, in the politically correct version of history, that their involvement with us has been an unbroken saga of suffering at our hands. Surely they too should wish a divorce.

This sort of homeland existed within living memory. This is not something that you have to go back to the time of the Franks to find. Why is it unthinkable for white Europeans to have a homeland? Yet it is considered unthinkable in our society.

I am sure many of you remember the horrifying statement made by the American general Wesley Clark, in the course of our attack upon Serbia, a nation that has never done us any harm. Clark stated on CNN on April 24, 1999: "Let's not forget what the origin of the problem is. There is no place in modern Europe for ethnically pure states. That's a nineteenth-century idea, and we are trying to transition into the twenty-

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<sup>1</sup> Wilmot Robertson, *The Ethnostate: An Unblinkered Prospectus for an Advanced Statecraft* (Cape Canaveral, Fl.: Howard Allen, 1992).

<sup>2</sup> Michael H. Hart, "Racial Partition of the United States," in Jared Taylor, ed., *The Real American Dilemma* (Oakton, Va.: New Century Books, 1998), 107–18.

first century, and we are going to do it with multi-ethnic states.”

This is the policy of our American government. And, like me, I’m sure it makes you ashamed to be an American.

Yet those who misrule us are not consistently against such proposals. I can think of two notable exceptions, one quite recent, and one of longer standing.

The most recent example is that the American government helped to birth a Muslim state of two million people in the middle of the Balkans. I am referring to Kosovo.

There was no outcry by the American establishment that it was unthinkable for Kosovar Muslims to have their own state. No, there was no outcry at all. Instead, the United States hastened to recognize them, and to pressure European nations to recognize them.

We are not talking about two hundred million European Americans, on a continent with ample space to settle generously with other people. Kosovo is an enclave of two million. But our establishment, which would have moral conniption fits about my modest proposal, had no difficulty at all in supporting Kosovo’s independence.

But it didn’t take the establishment long to find its bearings again. Because when the predominantly Christian area of northern Kosovo proposed yet another secession, so that they could join Serbia, our President and our Secretary of State immediately made it known that we cannot tolerate partitions like this.

The other example, a stunning and inspiring example of racial idealism, is the Zionist movement. When Theodor Herzl proposed the creation of a homeland for the Jewish people, as a solution to the tensions of Christian–Jewish relations in Europe, there was virtually no Jewish presence in Palestine.

There had been no Jewish state since the time of Titus, and even before, really since before the birth of Christ. There was already a population in place, which would have to be expelled to create this state. But within fifty years the state of Israel came into being. A Jewish state that had been gone for two millennia was recreated. A dead classical language was resurrected and made the official language of a modern society. Israel was recognized by the United Nations and world-wide. Support for Israel and acceptance of Israel’s right to exist are now absolute necessities for any politician or political movement to succeed in the European world today.

But our proposal is far more moderate than the Zionist project. We do not propose the conquest and colonization of a small country belonging

to another people. We are proposing the separation of races that already occupy this land, and the partition of a territory so vast that we can afford to be generous and fair to the other races who occupy it. We are not proposing a form of society that has been unknown for two thousand years, but one that has existed within living memory.

Our proposal of an ethnostate, along the lines suggested by Wilmot Robertson and Michael Hart, is sensible. It is fair. It is just. And it is moderate. It will enable the different races to live side by side on this continent in peace.

As we know, the mixing of peoples does not bring greater brotherhood and love. As seen in Lebanon and Sri Lanka and all around the world, the greater the diversity, the greater the tension and hatred. Therefore, wise men making decisions for the peace and welfare of the world will work to limit and diminish the mixing of peoples that leads to tragedies like we see in Sri Lanka.

So how do we bring this modest proposal about? How do we create our homeland? I can deal here only with the first step. It is perhaps the hardest step, although it is also something we can all do right away, for both the problem and the solution lie within each individual. It is a matter of morale: we have to believe that victory is really possible.

There is always a debate between pessimism and optimism. I have to confess that I am genetically predisposed to pessimism and depression. Not being a recovering liberal like Jared Taylor, or a jolly Englishman like Michael Walker, it is easy for me to be pessimistic. But I would suggest to you that, contrary to Spengler, it is pessimism, not optimism, that is cowardice.

You have all heard T. S. Eliot's famous lines from "The Hollow Men":

*This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper.*

Well I would prefer to end this talk on an entirely different tone, set by another great literary light, William Faulkner, the product of what is to the liberal mind, darkest Mississippi, the state that had to be dragged kicking and screaming into the twentieth century, as all the glitterati like to giggle to each other at their cocktail parties.

When Faulkner was given the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1950, times were grim. It was the time of the Korean War, the nuclear arms

race, and Stalin's consolidation of power in Eastern Europe. In those dark times, Faulkner made a very short and memorable speech of acceptance, which concluded as follows:

I believe that man will not merely endure: he will prevail. He is immortal, not because he alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because he has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. The poet's, the writer's, duty is to write about these things. It is his privilege to help man endure by lifting his heart, by reminding him of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of his past. The poet's voice need not merely be the record of man, it can be one of the props, the pillars to help him endure and prevail.

Times are even darker today. We need to steel ourselves against pessimism, even as things are going against us. We need to embrace optimism as the course of the courageous man. We need to say, paraphrasing Faulkner:

We believe that our race will not merely endure, it will prevail. It is immortal, not because our race alone among creatures has an inexhaustible voice, but because it has a soul, a spirit capable of compassion and sacrifice and endurance. Our duty is to speak and write about these things. It is our privilege to help our race endure by lifting its heart, by reminding it of the courage and honor and hope and pride and compassion and pity and sacrifice which have been the glory of our race's past. Our voice need not merely be the record of our race, it can be one of its props, the pillars to help our race endure and prevail.

I believe no matter how dark this night is, no matter how much we are bullied and threatened, no matter how much we feel that we are marginalized, no matter how much we see that the resources available to our enemies who desire the extinction of our race exceed our own, that our race will not end with a whimper. It will not end, but will triumph.

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