

# EXTANT

June 2005

#4

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## VIE PROJECT UP-DATE

*As of June 20 the news from Milan is as follows:*

- ◆ The remaining Wave 2 crates have been loaded in a container for shipping, and will soon go to sea.
- ◆ The 2d printing volumes have all been printed, gathered and sewn, and are ready for casing. The covers, however, are at different stages, with stamping and deluxe cover ridges the main obstacles. It has been arranged that some of this work be contracted out to the excellent bindery, Rigoldi, approved by Biffi, who will oversee the work. Until a few days ago Stefania Zacco believed the Deluxe sets (about 6 for 2d printing, or 264 volumes) as well as some Readers volumes, would be ready when the June packing team arrives. As of today it seems that only some Readers books will be done. The June team includes Thomas Rydbeck, Jurriaan Kalkman, Misi Mladoniczky, Wilma and Phia Bouwmeester, and myself. We will be staying at the Blu Inn in Colognio Monseese. Work begins on June 27, and continues until July 1.
- ◆ The situation at Toriani remains problematic. The strikes are constant, though some work continues sluggishly. As mentioned above, we are looking into alternate solutions. It is, at present, impossible to plan a final packing trip, but eventually it must be organized. If you wish to put on my Packing Volunteer Alert mail list, please contact me.

## EXTRA VIE SETS ANYONE ?

There are, as of now, 2 full extra sets: one Readers and one Deluxe. Once our full inventory of extra volumes, post 2d printing packing, is made, there may be more.

\* These letters were written at the invitation of a magazine editor but not published.

There have been ongoing requests from late would-be subscribers for these sets. In the interests of promoting the work of Jack Vance as well as strengthening the action of the VIE project, I am eager these sets find homes. For understandable reasons we may use a special price schedule, though the actual prices are not yet set. I have proposed the following:

Readers: \$3000.00

Deluxe: \$5000.00

These numbers are not official! They are merely my proposition to the deciders.

Anyone interested in extra sets is invited to contact me that I may better help coordinate this matter.

Here is the current waiting list. If you want to be included, or if the information below is not correct, please contact Suan Yong or myself.

*Seeks Special Collection* (please specify!): Mike Braunlich, Rutger van der Vleuten.

*Seeks Readers set*: Paul Reiche III, Philip Foster, Grisha Alexiev, Kyle DeBord, Faith Cronk, Jennifer Chung, Matija Vidmar, Timothy Weatherill, Hugh Rance, Max Headroom, Stuart (Tumor?), Miles Kotay, Frank Wokke, Alan Hollander, Karl Kugel, Narendra Kanuru, 'elnseer', Bryson Powell, Chris Maslunka, Marc Szeftel Gordon Stenning, Dominic Bennett.

*Seeks Deluxe set*: R.E. Lumpkin.

## RHOADSIAN ELUCUBRATION REDUX?

I am currently assessing my stock of Vance commentaries with a view to re-organization, revision and publication. Such a book, perhaps a 2 book set, would not include all my COSMOPOLIS material, only matter directly related to Vance's work. The category 'directly related' as my fans will appreciate, is perhaps larger than a typical definition of the word 'related' might suggest, but much triage has already occurred. No font material, for example, or topical articles (such as the *letters from France* in this issues of EXTANT) would be included.

Before launching into such an adventure, however, I need to know if sufficient interest exists to justify it. A minimum of 50 potential orders is needed. Format will depend upon interest. Paperback or hardcover, however, the price to the buyer would be approximately the same, or somewhere from \$30 to \$60. Being fundamentally an artisan, not a writer, I would rather create a nice hardback, in a format similar to VIE volumes. This means investment in cover stamps, sewing and better cover material. The differential with paperback cost, however, is not extreme since the paper and printing costs are identical, and even paperback binding must be paid for. Such a volume would not be ready before sometime in 2006. Please notify me this summer if interested.

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page: 1

# Frederico Bodoni,

*Skelar Hast, with eyes conditioned by the precision and elegance of the hoodwink configurations, considered the script crabbed, sinuous and cryptic; he was annoyed by its lack of uniformity, even though he recognized and was a connoisseur of the unique and individual style that distinguished each Master Hoodwink.*

VIE VOL. 16, PAGE 8.

Bodoni was once considered the greatest typographer of his time, and all time, and some still consider him so. It has been objected that he was less an artist than a masterful borrower; this judgement is not fair. Bodoni may not be the inventor of the Modern Face style, of which his fonts are the most famous exemplars, but our Modernist emphasis on originality is exaggerated. Bodoni's relation to the Modern Face style is less significant than the sheer power of his artistry. And since that style, despite its flaws, should be considered the high point of typographical development the traditional judgement in favor of Bodoni is not unreasonable. In any case Modern Face is less the invention or innovation of any one creator, than the result of a natural development. The most extreme examples of the Modern Face style are post-Bodonian but its characteristic elements may already be found in the Transitional Style of a century before.\*

An important aspect of this development is technical, as opposed to

Appresso si fa  
modo. Si sceglie  
Contemporary Italian type  
a book printed in Milan in  
Note the vertical shading,  
contemporary Italian type  
next sample, below.

expliqua, et S  
incrédule, et e  
ça ! Ce sont les

Contemporary French type  
of Old Style on Modern I  
legible despite much hom  
or 'o'), but slab serifs are  
of the 'l'. Note also the s  
the Italian sample) and th  
letters harder to distingui  
problem of digital typogr

many stay with me always: C  
Howard Alan Treesong and W

Typical Old Style contemporary American fo  
*Stories*). This font has some good features: sh  
much too light for the size used (12pt)—a ty  
some efforts at clarity and non-homogeneity  
'd'), by contrast to the Italian example it is n

aesthetic; smoother paper and more precise presses. These allowed skilled letter carvers to indulge in feats of finesse the older technologies could not transmit to the printed page, and favored the emergence of a clean, mechanical aesthetic, in accord with 18th century Rationalism. Romanticism, however, eventually undermined the intellectual mood supporting Modern Face style; in the latter half of the 19th century Old Style, a nostalgic return to cursive forms based on penmanship, characteristic of 16th century typography, became popular, in English speaking countries particularly.

Ironically the Old Style return to more graceful, or humanist, forms turned out to be only superficial. The underlying rationalist tendency to rigid, mechanical and homogenous forms remained subtly vigorous, and the Old Style aesthetic, now dominant thanks to the influence of digital

technology, suffers more than ever from these underlying faults. It should be noted that, in France and Italy Modern Face in its original forms continues to exert a certain influence.

The characteristic Modern Face forms are exemplified in vertical and extreme shading\* and slab serifs†. In Modern Face the diagonal shading which earlier typography borrowed from penmanship is rejected in favor of an orderly verticality, and greater contrast between the narrow and thick elements—the latter permitted by the technical advances mentioned above. Slab serifs are neatly rectangular, as opposed to the more curvaceous or pen-like serifs of older typography. If these aesthetic elements

may justly be characterized as 'mechanical' and 'rational', and if it is true that this tendency eventually made Modern Face typography somewhat pedantic and humorless, it is also true that Modern Face makes liberal use of gracious elements less common in later styles, such as ball-serifs and spiral forms.

Bodoni's typography, however, should be seen in a larger perspective than letter form style. It is an integrated aesthetic of text presentation, a philosophy of book making

one might say, which includes not only letter and line spacings but a whole decorative sense at once bold and delicate. Indeed,

Bodoni's leading quality seems to be a fervent and baroque imagination. His fonts, for all their rationalistic sobriety, display at the same time an decorative verve and variety which I am tempted to call Mozartian. Like Mozart Bodoni took the art of his age much as he found it but used it to unprecedented expressive results.

In the two volumes of his *Manuale Tipografico*, in addition to a 29 non-latin alphabets, usually given in 2 sizes only<sup>‡</sup>, an set of titling capitals, in both roman and cursive style, plus several pages

\* The swells and narrows of the lines which constitute the letter parts.

† The curvets and dogs which terminate or decorate stems and corners of letters.

‡ Except cyrillic, given in a full gamut of sizes.

\*\* I thank Nicola di Angeli for the use of his facsimili *Manuale Tipografico*, originally published in 1818, from which the Bodoni font images are drawn. Images on this page shown actual size.

Appresso si fa l'olio di grano, il qual si  
modo. Si sceglie il puro granello da ogni

Contemporary Italian typography: a pure Modern Face font used in a book printed in Milan in 1968, from the *Classici Rezzoli* collection. Note the vertical shading, slab serifs and well spaced letters. Most contemporary Italian typography, however, and alas, is more like the next sample, below.

expliqua, et Sklar Hast en fut d'abord  
incrédule, et enfin indigné. « Comment  
ça ! Ce sont les Premiers ! Nos ancêtres !

Contemporary French typography: a typical example of the influence of Old Style on Modern Face. This font is dark, handsome and fairly legible despite much homogeneity. Note the diagonal shading (in 'e' or 'o'), but slab serifs are retained for the capital 'P' and at the foot of the 'l'. Note also the suppressed fantasy of the 'c' (compared to the Italian sample) and the high horizontal 'e' bar, making these letters harder to distinguish. Note also the squeezed words, a typical problem of digital typography.

many stay with me always: Cugel, Madouc, Navarth the Mad Poet, Howard Alan Treesong and Wayness Tamm, for instance. Besides the

Typical Old Style contemporary American font: Underwood-Miller, 1986 (*The Augmented Agent and Other Stories*). This font has some good features: short stems and a mix of vertical and diagonal shading, but it is much too light for the size used (12pt)—a typical Old Style digital typographical error. Though it displays some efforts at clarity and non-homogeneity (the somewhat low ‘e’ bar, the short ‘l’ top serif compared to ‘d’), by contrast to the Italian example it is numbingly homogenous and confusing.

[illegible]

PUNIC, given in one size only.\*\*

$\neg \exists m: m \text{ is a } \neg \text{prime}$   
 $: \neg \exists n \exists z \exists w : n \text{ is a } \neg \text{prime}$

SAMARITAN, given in 2 sizes, of which this is the 2d.

$$m \cdot 9 \cdot 10^3 = : 3 \cdot 10^4 \cdot m$$

SAMARITAN, 1st size. Note the radical difference in character styles.

\* See Cosmopolis #6 for an illustrated presentation of this history.

of decorative doo-dads, Bodoni proposes a single roman font, associated with an italic and small caps, as well as 2 cursive font. These 5 fonts are offered in dozens of finely calibrated sizes. For each size, in addition to re-making or modifying the letter forms for that given size, Bodoni introduces other sorts of variations.

Unable to read Italian I was unable decipher what Bodoni explains in his introduction, particularly regarding his font names; his roman book-font for example seems to use names to designate size ranges rather than style changes.† Look at this basic roman, or 'book' font, in 6 of its many sizes. It is a pure example of Modern Face; simple and sober. Note the signature Modern Face Q, with its tail almost reduced to a dog.

At first glance we seem to have an identical font at various sizes, almost as if it were scaled digitally. This impression, however, is dissipated upon closer inspection. Note, to begin with, how Bodoni treats 'leading' (line spacing) and letter spacing at different sizes; the 2 lines of PARMIGIANINA are much farther apart, in proportion to the letter size, than the lines of LETTURA for example. Such differences are the essence of the true art of font scaling, and this variety of treatment is equally true when it comes to the letter forms themselves.\*

What may be called the mood of this font, if it partakes of Modern Face rationalism, is also marked by a quiet grace, with its tastefully wide letter spacing and settled, roundly designed forms. The contemporary samples of the previous page seem, by contrast, not only crude but strange, even grotesque or barbaric and, above all, unpleasantly illegible. The Italian font, by far the best, suffers from lack of darkness, an error Bodoni's letters, at each size, never have. The French font has good darkness but, a bastard agglomeration of Modern Face and Old Style moods, lacks both force of conception and formal grace. Compare Bodoni's roman *a*, with its tapering upper part and authoritative upper limb

† There are several mysterious aspects to Bodoni's font names. The roman book font sizes, for example, have 2 names, the latter being a city name. The place where the letters were carved? Where their use is preferred? Where they were commissioned?

\* See Cosmopolis #51 for a discussion of the problem of letter proportions at different sizes.

† Font sample images on this page are not shown at 150% times their original to make study of letter forms easier. It should be kept in mind, however, that actual size of the letters is a crucial typographical factor, obscured by this enlargement.

serif, to the boxy *a* of this font, or it's messy *e* to Bodoni's understatedly efficacious vowel.

To begin to appreciate Bodoni's technical mastery note that SILVIO, at 7 points, is the 64th size at which his font is offered, but its letters are less than 2.5 times larger than those of PARMIGIANINA 1, the smallest size. The x height (vertical measure of *a*, *c*, *e*, etc.) of the latter is about 2mm, and of Silvio 7 about 5mm; Bodoni uses 62 gradations in a 3mm range, or differences of .05mm! This is over 400 per inch. Microsoft Word, between its extreme possibilities, 8 and 72 points, covers 12mm, with gradations of a mere .166mm. Consideration of the cursive and capital fonts, to follow, will more clearly illustrate Bodoni's creative verve but, to the alert eye, the roman samples already show how he introduces variation at each size. This, it will be objected, is a natural tendency in the absence of automated photographic or digital scaling, but in Bodoni's case it is no slipshod, approximate or haphazard result. His creative intelligence is evident in each part of each letter at each size. Such profligate imagination may seem like gratuitous variation to our impoverished habits of mind; charm and grace in all aspects of life, including reading and information storage, has even practical importance is important. We love better, and protect more, what is appealing.

If in his romans Bodoni keeps his visual imagination under rigid control, in the associated italics he relaxes. Note, for example, the difference between the LETTURA 5 italic *d* by contrast with CONONCINO 5, where typical 18th century penmanship makes a splashy intrusion. At a more subtle

level the same sort of thing occurs in the romans. Note the DUCALE 2 point *e*, with its diagonal shading—compare the vertically shaded CANNONCINO 5 *e*. Note the *a*-stem ball-serif of the latter font compared to the flattened version in the former. Note the more open form of the GARAMONCINO '?', or its low *t* loop. At an even greater level of subtlety, in GARAMONCINO 2 note the proportionately longer stems and wider letter forms than LETTURA 5 (including the relative height of the *i* dot) though in general—per the natural rules of typographical scaling—stems tend to be longer as a font gets bigger. Bodoni, however, keeps such variation within its natural bounds.

Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? ubi ille te nocturnum

PARMIGIANINA: 1 point, 'Parma'.†

Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit au-

NOMPARIGLIA: 3 points, 'Marsiglia'.

Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos eludet? quem ad finem sese effre-

LATINAE ELOQUENTIAE

GARAMONCINO: 2 points, 'Amsterdam', with its associated 'small capitals'.

Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos

ad finem sese effrenata jactabit

LETTURA: 5 points, 'Massina'.

*fuertis, quos convocaveris, quid*

LETTURA: 5 points italic; an example of the italic, or slanted version, associated with each size. These associated italics are to be distinguished from Bodoni's independent cursive fonts. Note the unusual *v*.

Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, patientiâ nostrâ? quamdiu etiam furor iste tuus nos

SILVIO: 7 points, 'Vercelli'.

patientiâ

*det? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit au-*

CANONCINO, 5 points, 'Carmagnola', roman and italic.

patientiâ

DUCALE, 2 points, 'Bitonto'.

*furor*

DUCALE, 2, italic.



In his cursives Bodoni's fantasia is revealed in full extravagance. His main cursive font is CANCELLERESCO, apparently named for the 'papal chancery hand' upon which italic fonts had been based since the 16th century. As Bodoni carved size after size of this font, letters alternate between different basic forms and more and less cursive, modes. If there is a pattern to this mixing and dosing I could not discern it. The progressions seem obedient only to some deliciously mysterious caprice.

Like his roman fonts, which Bodoni offers with complementary italics and small caps, the cursive fonts are accompanied by a complementary 'finanziera'. At the smallest size, CANCELLERESCO 1, we already see how the the 'finanziera' opens a perspective of aesthetic exuberance. Note the *d* (*tandem*) and the old f-style *s* form (*Quosque*) plus the more cursively seriffed *q* and *t* of the 'finanziera'.

By contrast note how the CANCELLERESCO 1 'finanziera' *p* is a somewhat less cursive form, if one ignores the latter's curvaceous stem. The 'finanziera' quality is even more apparent in CANCELLERESCO 3 where the long *e* stem is a fine end-of-page panache. The 6 point 'finanziera' shows a greater development of this *e* panache as well as the introduction of a similar form for the *a*. Note the peculiar *p* stem of this font. It is a very personal sort of form to which Bodoni returns, as we shall see.

In the 6 point regular, by comparison to the 1 and 3 point versions, note the evolution of *Q*, which switches to an open form at 11 points. The 11 point *b* closes its bowl compared to regular 6. The *b* stems, looped and unlooped, may be compared in all the samples. The 6 point regular introduces an *l* loop first seen in the 1 point 'finanziera'. Note also, at 6 points, the introduction of a backward slanted *f*, by contrast with of CANCELLERESCO 1 (see *furor*).

Moving up the sizes Bodoni's transformations are by no means always in favor of greater extravagance. He oscillates between cursive, invented and classical forms, so that, at each size, a particular atmosphere is generated. In CANCELLERESCO 10, 11 and 12, for example, note the development of the 'finanziera' *d*. At 11 points a linking serif on the right of the bowl is introduced, and the terminal stem ball serif, which first appears in 'finanziera' 10 points, is fully developed. But at 12 points this exuberant form

is replaced by a more restrained one, retaining, however, the stem ball, now almost demure. The 18th venetian painter Canaletto wrote with beautiful *d*'s of this type. The variations between more and less decorativeness may be very conveniently traced in the capital *C*. The 1 and 6 point versions of this letter, if essentially similar, go from more primitive, open and nearly vertical, to more refined,

slanted, closed and shaded. At 11 and 13 points a new form is introduced. It harks back to the crude quality of

*Quousque tandem abutère, Catilina, pati-*  
CANCELLERESCO, 1 point regular, 'Testo'. *furor*

*Quoufque tandem abutère, Catilina, patien-*  
CANCELLERESCO, 1 point *finanziera*.

*fefe effrenata* *uibilue te*  
CANCELLERESCO, 3 points *finanziera*, 'Parangone'

*Quousque tandem abutère, Catili-*  
*finem sese effrenata*  
CANCELLERESCO, 6 points regular, 'Parangone'.

*ad finem fefe effrenata*  
*audacia? nihilne te*  
*praesidium Palatii,*  
CANCELLERESCO, 6 points *finanziera*.

*ad finem fefe*  
CANCELLERESCO, 10 points *finanziera*, 'Palestina'.

*Quousque tandem abutère, Ca-*  
CANCELLERESCO, 11 points regular, 'Canoncino'.

*Quoufque tandem abutère, Ca-*  
CANCELLERESCO, 11 points *finanziera*.

*Quousque tandem abutère,*  
CANCELLERESCO, 12 points, 'Canoncino'.

*Quoufque tandem abutère,*  
*fefe effrenata jactabin*  
CANCELLERESCO, 12 points 'finanziera'.

informal and untamed, the 12 quite decorous.

Finally, note the extremely graceful *f* of the 10 point 'finanziera' (in *finem*) which returns, at 12 points, to the more familiar spiky form which we have already seen at 3 points.

*Canale che si avimanda*

2 samples of the hand of venetian painter G. Antonio Canal, called 'Caneletto', 1697-1768. Cross on 'd' stem is a comma from the line above. Compare C and G with Cancelleresco.

*del Canal Grande*

the 1 point form uses the slant and closedness of the 6 point form; the ball-serif is eliminated. At 16 points (see following page) we find a new combination, a return to the 1-6 basic form, but in a more refined mode with the upper curl almost a spiral, and no ball-serif. The 17 point version follows the 11-12 scheme but with the tight spiral of 16. Note how, at 16 points, the font does not become more extravagant compared to 10 11 and 12, but returns to a more sober over-all approach characteristic of 6. Note the almost roman *d* in particular. We remain in the same font; the variations are like a suite of dances.

Another aspect of form variation between point sizes in Bodoni's fonts is illustrated by the shortness of the descenders (*q*, *f*, *j*) in CANCELLERESCO 12 points (only the *q* is shown in the sample), as compared to 11 points. The result is a subtle but distinct difference of mood between these two versions; the 11 is more

That such variations occur in one and the same font throws into contrast the poverty of contemporary typography. The proportional adjustments Bodoni makes to each point size, to say nothing of his formal variations, are typographical features which, today, fail to exist. Bodoni, if he did not reject it outright for more basic reasons, would consider 'Adobe Garamond' useful at but a single size, probably about 23 points. Scaling it up and down digitally from there results only in fluttering and spidery forms at smaller sizes, or heavy yet insufficiently contrasting forms at larger ones.

Bodoni introduces a great degree of transformation without creating a new font. When he wants to do so the effect is distinct, as we see with INGLESE. But 'create' is an abusive term. Bodoni certainly felt he was working with base materials: roman letters, chancery letters, or gothic letters. Within these categories of pre-existing letter styles, each the result of particular and regional evolutions, he exercised his own fantasia. His capitals in particular reveal the full scope of his imagination, as we shall see in the MAJUSCOLO samples further down. In CANCELLERESCO, only the *Q* and *C* may be compared in the samples given—though the 6 point 'finanziera' *P* hints at the baroque elaborations of which Bodoni is capable. It is remarkable that Bodoni, exemplar of the Modern Face style, so famous for its restraint and orderliness, should turn out to be such a fervent exuberant inventor.

*Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina,*

INGLESE, 1 point, 'Palestina'.

*effrenata*

*Quousque tandem abutere*

INGLESE, 5 points, 'Doppio Testo'.

*praesidium*

*Quousque tandem abutere*

INGLESE, 6 points, 'Sopracanoncino'.

MARCUS TULLIUS

MARCUS TULLIUS

MAJUSCOLO at 7 and 62 points. Note the difference in shading contrasts; at 7 points the contrast between thick and thin parts of the letters are much less than at 62 points, going from about 2/1 to about 6/1. This important characteristic of typography is obliterated by digital scaling.

IJK

JKL

PQRS

MAJUSCOLO, 89 points. MAJUSCOLO, 89 points, italic. MAJUSCOLO, 90 points.

\* Cancelleresco 16 and 17 are shown at actual size. All other samples on this page are shown at 150%.

*ad finem sese effre-*

CANCELLERESCO, 15 points; 'Trismegisto'. Note the variety of 'e' forms within the font!

*Quousque*

*P*

In the 16 point *p* note the delicious lower junction between bowl and stem, how a curled and ball-serifed lower limb just touches the stem. This elegant feature also occurs in the 16 point *a* and *d*.

*Catilina,*

*tandem*

CANCELLERESCO, 16 points, 'Doppio Canoncino'.\*

*Quousque*

*Catilina,*

*tandem*

CANCELLERESCO, 17 points, 'Doppio Canoncino'.

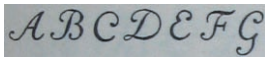
Note the sobriety of CANCELLERESCO 16 as compared to 17. Underlining this mood is the darkness of the former, particularly notable in the *Q*, where the thinnest lines are thicker than the corresponding lines of the 17 point version.

Shown are 3 examples of Bodoni's other cursive font, INGLESE, characterized by verticality, angular lines and a Gothic flavor. The 5 point version, 'Doppio Testo', however, seems to escape this rule and return to the CANCELLERESCO mode. But this is only partly true. The 5 point *m*, for example, shares fundamental characteristics of the INGLESE model: it is 'thread-written', 'connected' and, relatively speaking, minimalist. There is has some 'connection', or hints of it, in the CANCELLERESCO 17 *m*, and there are some thread-written CANCELLERESCO *ms*, (see 1, 11, or even 12). Generally however the CANCELLERESCO forms use what might be called a 'double stroke' style (such as the *m* in *tandem* at 17) where we feel several separate pen strokes creating the form, as opposed to the sinuous INGLESE 5 *m* shape which feels created by a slithery pen never leaving the page. This is in harmony with the distinctly connected manner of INGLESE 1 and 6. This font may have been made with German printers in mind. To this day they favor both a Gothic style and minimalist forms, evident in the stark INGLESE descenders and ascenders. Bodoni revisits his *Q*; even if the 5 point capital is almost identical to CANCELLERESCO 11 and 12, the INGLESE 1 and 6 version is a significant variation.

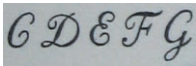
The last font is MAJUSCOLO, which Bodoni presents in both roman and cursive forms. After the dozens of exotic alphabets, the full range of book romans—with associated italics and small caps—and his two cursive fonts, this font completes his grand collection, making possible a great range of titling consonant with the romans and cursives.

The first two samples are MAJUSCOLO, roman, at 7 and 62 points, which highlight the true art of shading at various sizes (see caption). Note also the treatment of the slanted *R* limb, which uses the classic French form at 7 but a Bodonian upward curl and suggestion of ball-serif at 62. The 89

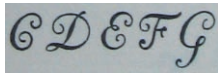




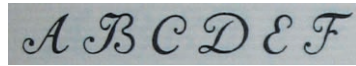
MAJUSCOLO, 1 point.



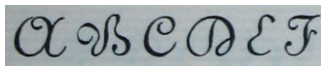
MAJUSCOLO, 2 points.



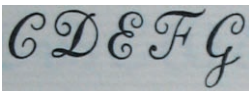
MAJUSCOLO, 3 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 4 points.



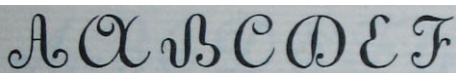
MAJUSCOLO, 5 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 6 points.



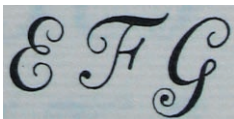
MAJUSCOLO, 7 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 8 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 10 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 11 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 12 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 13 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 14 points.

point version is a sober roman and mere slanted italic, with wink in the decorative ball serif of the *J*, while 90 points uses dressed-up the slab serifs in an amusing manner. Here the 62 point *R* treatment invades the whole font.

Cursive MAJUSCOLO is perhaps Bodoni's most outrageous creation. It is intensely entertaining to trace the evolution of each letter though the various sizes. Even the few samples given here are too rich for a full commentary. I invite the reader to study in particular the *G*, which, in the 8 samples shown, suggests an infinity of variations on a basic set of forms, a set of pyrotechnic improvisations.

Note also the 5 and 8 point versions which recall the unusual *p* form encountered in the *finanziaria* of CANCELLERESCO 6 points. These are the most personal forms in Bodoni's repertoire. Note how their capital *C*s, with their vertical stance, strong diagonal shading, generous and simple top-loop (a form which becomes a spiral at 12), are perhaps less sober than the 7 point *C*, and yet how the latter font, overall, is more overtly baroque, as exemplified in the strange slash-serifs topping off its *B* and *D* stems.

Note the weird 3 point low-limb-only-curl *C* and, in a contest of the unexpected, the 5 and 8 point *B*s, and also the 12 point *B* which, with its double stem, presents another new idea.

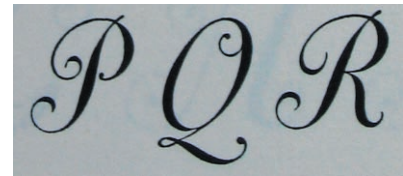
The 13 point version takes up where the roman 90 point had to leave off; upon a simple and massive cursive ostinato skeleton he proliferate his beloved ball-serifs. His decorative verve achieves an apotheosis in such letters as the 14 point *G* which, though still legible, becomes a symmetrical arabesques such as some penman might idly doodle in a moment of reverie with no idea of forming a letter.

If the 15 point capital *Q* is our old friend carried to a spiralling extreme (note also the *S*!), the 16 point capital references the CANCELLERESCO 1 and 6 point form, with its suggestion of an overlapping pen-line fillip in the bowl. But here it becomes a pure decorative addition, switched from the natural 12 o'clock position to the purely aesthetic 2 o'clock position, given its own little ball-serif, and, above all, with its direction reversed!

At 15 and 16 points we encounter the apotheosis of a game Bodoni has already played with the



MAJUSCOLO, 15 points.



MAJUSCOLO, 16 points.

With the larger fonts the whole alphabet is not given. These three letters are the last line of the sample on the page, so it is not possible to compare the *J*.

capital *D* stems which sometimes rise only to fall short (4, 7 and 12 points), sometimes to meet (1, 5, 8), and sometimes to cross (2, 3, 6, 17) the curve. In the *P* and *R* (as well as the *B* and *D*, not shown) of 12 points, the stem not only crosses the curve but terminates in a semi-ball-serif. Compared to 15, the stems of 16 and 17 are both straighter and un-seriffed, though most of the minor curvets are as pronounced. In 15 note the un-shaded *P* and *R* stems, generously shaded by contrast in 16. In harmony with the straighter, or stiffer, lines of 16 the lower right *R* limb is thinner and its curvet is truncated compared to the 15 point *R*. Compare also the *P* bowls of 15 and 16. The latter's right limb lower ball-serif is reduced to the merest nubbin, and the strong shading of the 15 point version, at 16 seems to have drained away to the other side of the letter, into the curvet, as meager as possible at 15.

I leave it to the reader to savor, the many other contrasts these samples provide of Bodoni's marvellous artistry. When will the digital revolution restore to us such typographical vigor?



MAJUSCOLO, 17 points.



*Response to the letter of Derek W. Benson in COSMOPOLIS 63.*

I mean no disrespect to other editors of COSMOPOLIS when I say that, in my opinion, Derek was the best. He was longest at the post, and extremely conscientious. Each month Derek brought up questions and problems regarding my contributions—as I assume he did with the other contributors—in a constant unprejudiced effort to maintain excellence in COSMOPOLIS. This work was not in vain. Derek's editorship was the golden age of the *792-year-old magazine devoted to the life and affairs of the civilized universe*.\*

Derek made no secret of his disapprobation of some of my points, and more than once I changed certain wording at his suggestion. I see no reason not to work with, and be friends with, people who have opinions and attitudes different from my own. If we restrict our relations to those whose thinking is identical to ours we condemn ourselves to a society of one. By the nature of things we are all more or less wrong about everything. Our opinions, under constant pressure of reality and experience, do not cease—it may be hoped—to evolve or change. Unwillingness to recognize and respect varieties of opinion is a refusal, and a perversion, of the inevitable process of learning and growing. But mere respect is not enough. The search for Truth, as Plato makes so beautifully clear, depends on actual friendship. A man alone cannot progress. Our imagination, our logic, our experience, is too limited. To grow intellectually, to say nothing of spiritually, we must try our ideas with others, who must be friends. If not, the dialogue—or 'dialectic' as Plato calls this search for truth—is weakened and stifled by indifference, or deformed and polluted by malice.

Friendship may be cooperation of two, but not at first. Its foundation is the individual heart. We must begin by unilaterally treating each other as friends if a bilateral relationship is to develop.

The history of the VIE has been famously tainted with controversy. For some there is only one cause: my COSMOPOLIS articles. If I had refrained, it is claimed, from expressing controversial opinions, from exploiting what some insisted should have been a neutral information bulletin to 'promote' my 'doctrines', everything would have gone smoothly. I have debunked this stingy contention too many times to repeat the arguments; suffice it to recall three facts. 1) The great font hullabaloo reached its acme in January 2000, before either COSMOPOLIS or Amiante even existed. 2) The accusation that I was subverting COSMOPOLIS into a instrument of religious proselytizing was seconded by people who never even read COSMOPOLIS. 3) Though I am responsible for a not insignificant part of total COSMOPOLIS verbiage, if it should not be claimed that my contributions were the cause of its continually growing popularity neither can it reasonably be argued that this occurred despite me.

In the controversies which have dogged the project I have, again and again, been accused, by friend and foe alike, of a thin skin. Because I sometimes riposte to attacks,

rather than maintaining what is called 'dignified reserve', an attitude some argue I am duty-bound to assume, it is advanced that I act from personal hurt, that I 'lash out' like a wounded animal, causing further perturbation and ill-will, and solving nothing. The patient explanations I have offered of why certain response is needed to certain attacks have often been dismissed in such terms, even when the project was, in my view, clearly at issue and when such response proved effective. My protests that creepy persons saying and doing creepy things are not a personal issue for me no matter how serious the personal consequences or how much mud my name is dragged in, have likewise been dismissed. In short; my attitude of Churchillian militancy, which I claim is crucial to a project such as the VIE, fails to be universally understood and appreciated.

This is not a complaint. It is in the nature of things that different folks see things different ways, and there are lots of different folks in the VIE. Furthermore, even assuming what I claim of my personal reactions is true, nothing can compel others to credit the unprovable. After all, I could be incorrect; the problem of understanding ourselves is famously ancient and thorny. However, I am also permitted to doubt the explanations people give for their actions, and among the motives of some who thus accuse me is, I say, the futile hope that if we close our eyes ugly things will disappear. Another is that terrible problems are made to appear less so by deciding that their true nature is other than it is.\*

Incomprehension, reproach, argument and remonstrations are inevitable, even among friends, and must be bourn, gladly or philosophically. A quite different matter is personal attacks, not from enemies but from friends, whatever the differences or even disputes. In the last few months I have had the misfortune to receive private communications from certain among the hundreds of project people I thought I had a certain right to consider friends. They were of a hurtful nature and I have duly felt hurt. Derek's letter in COSMOPOLIS 61 is not even private. It is a coyly veiled and gratuitous slap in my face. Weather or not I ought to be ashamed of the admission, the fact is it hurts.†

If Derek feels that the articles about Vance's work which I have written over the years for COSMOPOLIS contribute nothing to his, or other people's, understanding or enjoyment of the work of Jack Vance, or to the VIE project, there is nothing wrong with that. I am gratified that some people claim to have found them enriching but perhaps Derek is right; perhaps my ideas are wrong and my efforts, despite the success of the VIE, have been not only wasted but destructive. I may be misguided in my thinking but I protest that my motives were honest.

\* It is easier, for example, to accuse America, or George Bush, of creating terrorism than to face up to the Islamo-fascism which has been building up a head of steam for decades (see *The Man in The Cage*, vol. 14), because America and George Bush are things which fall within our direct sphere of influence, while the Islamo-fascists do not.

† I hasten to add that I have also received private communications of an opposite type, and that I am gratified by the various public expressions of friendship of which I have been the object. To those for whom the *raison d'être* of this response is not evident I will point out that in the absence of friendship the success of the VIE, or any such collective endeavor, is impossible. Good will is a precious thing; it is a sacred duty to cultivate and protect it.



I offered my views not to hurt anyone, not in some bid at self promotion (where is the gain, even if my views were universally applauded, which they obviously are not?) but in the hope they might be of profit to others, contribute to strengthening the project and regard for Vance's work, and to reflect back to the world some of the light I feel that work has shed upon my mind. I was, furthermore, not merely interested in speaking. I also wanted to listen. I constantly solicited other views. When they were expressed I sought to engage them. Perhaps, after all, these efforts contributed nothing; is that a reason to deride them? Why does Derek not offer his own interpretation of Vance rather than ridiculing, without engaging, mine? If Derek and I had not worked, in various ways, on the VIE project together for so many years, if Derek were merely one of my declared enemies, I might, or might not, amuse myself, and perhaps others, by showing-up the malice which he has publicly indulged. As matters stand I find it not at all amusing to contemplate what Derek has written. It is therefore with a heavy heart, or for serious reasons, that I make the following points.

Derek's indulges the fiction that he failed to recognize *Wyst* when Vance defined its message as: *socialism, the welfare state, is debilitating*. This is a fiction because, to say nothing of how unlikely such a lacuna would be in a VIE manager, Derek ironically claims that his mistake occurred *because throughout the years reading COSMOPOLIS I have learned much about these matters included in Jack's works*, and goes on to demonstrate exactly that vancian familiarity we expect of him, as he presents a litany of stories, with pertinent details, which he claims to have thought Vance was referring to, according to what he pretends to have learned in COSMOPOLIS, namely, per my alleged doctrine, that socialism is the unique evil of the world. His litany included the following points:

1) *It must be the Cadwal books, with those evil Peefers who believe in Life, Peace, and Freedom: evil socialist values all. And at the end they commit this huge mass murder or act of war against those in power whom they despise . . .*

2) *. . . since no one throughout history has ever committed acts of mass murder or war other than evil socialists . . .*

3) *. . . But then I thought: It must be Tschai, with the four alien master races, enslaving men for their evil purposes; through the generations these men evolving closer to their master race as if through genetic engineering. Now this might seem like an element of Nazism, but as I have learned earlier in the pages of Cosmopolis, the Nazis were socialists, they're almost one and the same; so the four master races must be evil alien socialists.*

In regard to 1; are we to understand that Derek disagrees with Vance's understanding of the so-called 'peace' and 'freedom' movement which, through the 20th century, concerned itself exclusively with alleged American and Western turpitude while practicing hypocritical and irresponsible indifference to, and occasional complicity in\*, the

\* I refer, of course, to such things as the Hitler-Stalin pact, Western leftist Stalinism in the 1950s, and the current silence regarding criminal Communist tyrannies in various eastern areas. Does this mean I ignore alleged 'crimes of the right'? Must I join my voice to a deafening chorus of condemnation of the West to have any legitimacy?

suffering of millions upon millions of slaves and victims of Communist imperialism, hegemony and persecution? If so his problem is with Jack Vance not with me. In regard to 2; the point I have made is specific. It is not that *no one throughout history has ever committed acts of mass murder . . . other than . . . socialists*. My point is narrow and contextual. My view of evil, which I have never dissembled, is the classical Christian view: the cause of evil is sin. However, in tactical response to those who pretend that the cause of evil is not sin but, to the contrary, that which designates sin, namely the Church, and that eradication of that which designates sin will cure the evils of the world or, to use the less sweeping formulation of Baron Bodissy, that religious wars are *sores and cankers infecting the aggregate corpus of the human race*, one might consider the implications of the rest of this Bodissian pronouncement:

*Of all wars, these are the most detestable, since they are waged for no tangible gain, but only to impose a set of arbitrary credos upon another's mind.*

VIE VOL. 25, PAGE 14.

Passing over the suggestion that wars waged for material gain are somehow redeemed, if Derek—or my sworn leftist enemies such as Martin Read and Bruce Yergil—would like to make the argument that the unprecedented millions of Communist murders were committed in the name of anything else than imposing a set of arbitrary credos upon another's mind, or that Socialism, by this standard, is anything else than a sort of 'religion', I would like to hear it.\* Such an argument has only one reasonable vector, that Socialism is not an arbitrary credo but *the* golden path to paradise on earth. To the objection that the century long effort to reach this alleged paradise not only failed but resulted in horror such as humanity has never known, the reply remains unsatisfying. The tears of those who mourn the failer of Socialism dilutes to no perceptable degree the ocean of innocent blood and woe wrought upon the world by their ex-champions. Hysterical claims that Stalin, as well as Lenin, Trotsky, Mao, Ho Chi Minn, Pol Pot & etc., betrayed the Marxist ideal begs the question: which real-world would-be effectuator of this ideal has not betrayed it? And even more to the point; is it really a worthy ideal? The other claim, pressed with volume and repetition rather than reasoned argument, is that Hitler and Fascism were, in any case, worse than Communism. But this worn-out trick evades the dire matter of sheer numbers. Hitler's essential crime—programed genocide with industrialized zyklon gas—achieved but paltry slaughter, only 6 million, a mere worm-feed 5% of the estimated Communist score. Which brings us to point 3.

Derek may not agree with the thoughts I have offered regarding Heidegger (COSMOPOLIS 49, 58, EXTANT 2, 3) and the consequences I draw regarding Modernism

\* *Wyst*, I have taken pains to demonstrate, is an anatomy of the state of the soul under collectivism, on the one hand, and in the Hobbsian state-of-nature on the other (the southern 'Weirdlands'). The golden mean between these extremes is personal freedom and responsibility with collective rights and duties. This is the message of *Wyst*, an ancient lesson of civilization.



and the relation of Communism, Nazism and contemporary Leftism. This would be his absolute right which no one can be more eager to respect than myself. Still, rather than merely expressing contempt for me, and the efforts I have made, often with his aid, to share my views, he might have tried to help me by offering his own ideas, better ideas, from which I might have learned.

Derek and I have worked together, personally and directly, as well as in general in the project, for several years. This creates, or should create, a bond. I have always tried to treat Derek as a friend, and to do him the justice of remembering, and speaking of, the important contributions he has made to the project. Derek, however, chooses to treat me as an enemy; with contempt and gratuitous ridicule.

*Derek, if you seek to hurt me, you have succeeded! Your derision stings my heart and oppresses my soul. Why do you not prefer to be my friend?*



## APOLOGY AND CORRECTION

On page 14 of EXTANT #3, I wrote:

*On the other hand, assuming one disagrees with Martin Read's Progressivism, Modernist art, beginning in the early 20th century with the Russian suprématist or the Italian futurist movements, which are fundamentally linked to Communism and Fascism, mark the beginning of the end of the representation*

*Ficht finds crucial to higher art, and coincide with actual European de-Christianization.*

The first phrase should have been: 'assuming one disagrees with Bad Ronald's Progressivism'. I apologize for this mistake, and for having misrepresented the views of Martin Read. Martin Read, a prompt reader of EXANT, did not point out this error exactly, but objected to other points, on the 'Paul Rhoads excoriation message board'. Martin Read wrote:

*I am . . . in the estimation of Paul Rhoads, a "modernist" . . . Mr Rhoads considers himself to be a traditionalist of unimpeachable rectitude. Therefore anyone who doesn't agree with Mr Rhoads must be a "modernist." Unfortunately Mr Rhoads egocentric opinion is completely wrong.*

*If I were to use one word in describing my general attitudes and interests that would be "antiquarian," and certainly not "modernist." My major non-professional interests are in dead languages, ancient and medieval history and the minutiae of historical warfare. I collect antiquities and write articles on the military history of the Napoleonic period. When I paint and draw I most often do so in the manner of the Renaissance, not Jackson Pollock. Even my political views are Whiggish and draw on a continued tradition back to the birth of party politics in Britain.*

*Am I a modernist? No I am definitely not.*

*Can I recognise injustice, the abuse of a position of influence, the articulation of unpleasant opinions, the use of censorship? Oh yes I can recognise those; being a modernist is not a prerequisite for that.*

My ongoing injustice toward Martin Read appears to go beyond mixing him up with Bad Ronald; I abuse my influence,

and articulate unpleasant opinions. As for Martin Read, his antiquarianism has apparently not made him indifferent to the fascist menace he implies in one of his characteristically allusive constructions: 'unpleasant opinions'. But if antiquarianism is love of the past, and if fascism is a 'conservative' phenomenon, or prolongation of the bad past into the present, as the proponents of a sort of equivalence or connivance between Monarchy, Christianity and Fascism imply, then Martin Read is not the perfect antiquarian. If, on the other hand, and as I have argued, Fascism is the essence of Modernism, then the basis of antiquarian opposition to it would seem to be traditionalism, or favoring the past over the present, namely things like Monarchy and Christianity, which Martin Read apparently fails to do. So what is the content of Martin Read's 'antiquarianism'? It may turn out to be more of a proqueerianism.



## WHAT ART IS

The following is my attempt to put into words what I have discovered about what I am doing. At first all this was "instinct" for lack of a better word, and it still is, but now instinct is encouraged by a more certain sense of direction.

As a child I often visited the Art Institute of Chicago. I was always drawn to a big room full of the paintings of George Inness. These paintings formed my idea of what painting is, though I had no idea how to do anything like Inness did. In *George Inness and the Visionary Landscape*, by Adrienne Baxter Bell, I found a quote from him: "You must suggest to me reality—you can never show me reality." By "reality" I am sure he meant the reality behind the illusion that is this world. Ms Bell quotes a critic writing about Inness's work in the Boston Globe in 1875: "color and effects seem to be in great measure the result of instinct; they produce themselves instead of being sought after. They come as naturally as a beautiful thought is born of a poet."

Jorge Luis Borges, in *Seven Nights*, said that when writing, he had the feeling that his words had already been chosen; his task was, somehow to reveal them. He described this phenomenon as "the aesthetic event" and the experience "as evident, as immediate, as indefinable as . . . the taste of fruit, of water."

Images are the flotsam and jetsam of mind. A painter's mind (mine anyhow) is an avenue for the passage of a stream of images—some beautiful, others hideous. To seize upon and glorify any of these images, and call it art, is to increase one's bondage to illusion. The world (or nature) is here for us to enjoy, and nature is a gateway to reality. One could say that painting is simply a sort of distillation of nature designed to open wider that gateway. But let's not confuse the gateway with that to which it leads. Worldly purposes have no place in art. Propaganda and huxterism can only adulterate art.

"Conceptual Art" is an oxymoron. Conceptual Art is not art, it is ideas. They may be good ideas, but ideas are not art.

Eckart Tolle, in his book *The Power of Now*, explains this: "Because we live in such a mind-dominated culture, most modern art, architecture, music, and literature are devoid of beauty, of inner essence, with very few exceptions. The reason is that people who create those things cannot—even for a moment—free themselves from their mind. So they are never in touch with that place within where true creativity and beauty arise. The mind left to itself creates monstrosities, and not only in art galleries. Look at our urban landscapes and industrial waste lands. No civilization has ever produced so much ugliness."

Painting does not arise from the mind. It comes out of inner silence—total attention to what is happening in the present, in the mind and through perception. As Tolle says: "Mind cannot either recognize nor create beauty." For those "artists" who do not recognize beauty as a value I feel pity.

In a private session in 1973, Seth, a disembodied spirit for whom Jane Roberts spoke, said this to me: "Art is meant to be a bridge from one world to another; from an unseen world to a seen one . . . the artist must understand that he is a bridge, a translation. You translate your inner lives outward. You speak for people who cannot speak . . ."

George Rhoads, 5/26/05



## LETTER FROM FRANCE #1

### *The Coronation of Benedict XVI and the Demise of Intellectual Terrorism*

Who would have thought that the death of one pope and the election, as his successor, of the most predictable candidate would capture the rapt and reverent attention of the world? Anti-clerical Leftist whining about media bias (no kidding!) scored zero; the media elite itself was too delighted (why?) to indulge in what they have the habit of calling, no doubt laughingly, 'balanced reporting'. One had the impression Benedict XVI was elected king of the world, by the Holy Spirit no less, and that a delighted world celebrated in joyful chorus. Ten years ago, even five years ago, even one year ago; who might have imagined such a thing?

Thoughtful Catholics had worried that John Paul II's star status was a media personality effect, even a pernicious one, and anyone might have been excused for suspecting that, after the death of the man who will probably be remembered as the greatest pope of all time, anything would be anti-climactic—particularly the election of an arch-anti-leftist Vatican regular. But no. Popular fervor only grew, while anti-Catholic attacks remained muted or non-existent.

Reasons for wonder do not end there. Commentators

turned themselves inside out spinning Benedict XVI as a reformer, but after writing so many books, so many years as Catholic doctrinal 'hatchet man', no one really thinks that a miter will turn the 'panzer cardinal's' head to the left. And, with the majority of Catholics now African, Asian and South American, a pope of these origins was wished for with multi-culturalist passion, but the Holy Spirit had very different ideas; move over Pius XII, Benedict XVI was actually a member of the Hitlerian Youth Brigades!

The world has turned up-side down and sideways. Since Reagan, Thatcher and John Paul II the elan of Modernism is broken. With the fall of the Berlin wall the artistic blitzkrieg of abstraction, minimalism and conceptualism petered out and swallowed itself up in post-modernism; even Socialists and Communists have been forced to favor private enterprise, free trade and personal liberty. The stench of the Modernist behemoth, in sporadic outbursts of homosexual marriage and euthanasia, may not yet be cleared away, but the beast's lumbering progress is stopped. Continued perturbations are merely shock waves from its massive collapse. They won't end tomorrow, but each one is more feeble.

Ever since the West's tactical alliance with uncle Joe in World War II, the Left has promoted itself using the Stalinist tactic of denunciation and exclusion of unorthodoxy, or tarring with the Hitler brush. What they don't want anyone to think about is how the philosopher Heidegger, a member of the Nazi party, is also the last word in Modernism—soldiers of the faith like Sartre and Derrida were mere epigones—and that the real struggle is not against a 'right' they have invented to denounce but between, not Modernism and Traditionalism, but the former and anti-Modernism. This struggle has been called the Culture War. Its fundamental battles do not occur in the political arena but in each human heart. On one side is the pride that would reduce the universe to proportions man can comprehend and dominate, so we don't have to search for, but can dictate not only Truth but Reality itself. On the other side is the recognition that we are not only weak but lost before an infinite Truth and Reality which escape us decisively. The political spectrum does not reflect this dichotomy. Man is naturally proud and inevitably lusts for mastery of his situation. Thus everyone is a Leftist—those said to be 'on the right' only somewhat less so. The real dichotomy is philosophical. Expressed in its most extreme and simplified forms it is: Man versus God; wishful thinking versus Reality, Relativism versus Truth; Modernism versus Christianity; or, if you will, Modernist philosophy versus Catholic Doctrine.

As the broken behemoth huffs its last gasps, the Left plays its final card; multi-culturalism, or the fag-end of Existentialism. Heidegger's message is that human existence and human culture are not sub-types of existence itself, but that human existence is a function of culture. Well tutored by Heidegger's epigones, we all know that beauty and ugliness, like goodness and evil, are cultural. They are not inscribed in a Natural



or Universal Law which is above culture, an ideal model of which each particular culture or society is a variety, interpretation or more or less faithful copy. In the latter case there might be meaningful and fruitful exchange between cultures. They would have something to offer each other because each would own part of a common puzzle, as a group of friends circled around a complex object might help each other understand it by describing what each saw from their perspective. Aside from excluding this rich possibility, relativistic multi-culturalism imposes a dire consequence: the beauty and goodness proclaimed by each culture are not merely mutually exclusive, they are, for their respective members, the stuff of human consciousness itself; and when the difference between good and evil is defined by culture, the man who steps outside his culture loses the perception of this difference. It ceases to exist for him and, with it, his human specificity evaporates. He can no longer be consciousness of his own existence for to perceive shapes and commit acts without a way to differentiate them as beautiful and ugly, good or bad, is to descend to the animal level. Like a cat he indifferently cuddles or kills.

Multi-culturalists, even German multi-culturalists, do not agree with Hitler that Aryan culture is superior; Heidegger was indifferent to such a paltry question in the face of an infinitely more important one. His own existence depended, he thought, upon being within his culture, being in its movement and life. That culture was doing what it was doing at the time. In the absence of Natural Law it could only be judged on its own terms, for, again, Heidegger taught that cultures have no common ground, that there is no Natural Law, no Eternal place from which particular cultures might be judged. Multi-culturalists yammer that all cultures are equal, but from what Eternal place do they make this claim? It is easy to see they inhabit no such place; it does not bother them, for example, that, like Aryan culture, Islamist culture sees itself as superior. The triumph of Islamism is a menace which is invisible, or unreal, when you are preoccupied with eradicating first western culture and then reality itself in an infinite quest for power, however coddled in generous intentions. We may judge him harshly for his errors but at least Heidegger believed in his culture. The epigones of his epigones proudly believe in Nothing.

Why did Ratzinger choose the name Benedict XVI? The proposition for a European federalist constitution has been rejected by French voters despite almost universal support from French elites. During the writing of that predictably doomed document the only question debated in Europe was whether or not to include the word 'Christian'. The American constitution is a short instrument restricted to defining powers and electoral terms and procedures. It includes a 52 word preamble, familiar to all Americans, and almost everyone else, in which the absence of the word 'Christian' has never been remarked. An American, however Christian, is understandably confused by this European debate. But he

begins to catch on when he learns that the proposed European Constitution is hundreds of pages long, includes both a Preface and a Preamble, and that the latter is five times as long as its American counterpart and manages to use each of the following words twice: *culture, values, progress, civilization*. An enervating indigestible mass of Leftist boilerplate, it is a slap in the face to the historical and cultural intelligence of those Europeans not lobotomized by what passes for higher education:

*Conscious that Europe is a continent that has brought forth civilization; that its inhabitants, arriving in successive waves from earliest times, have gradually developed the values underlying humanism: equality of persons, freedom, respect for reason.*

*Drawing inspiration from the cultural, religious and humanist inheritance of Europe, the values of which, still present in its heritage, have embedded within the life of society the central role of the human person and his or her inviolable and inalienable rights, and respect for law.*

*Believing that reunited Europe intends to continue along the path of civilization, progress and prosperity, for the good of all its inhabitants, including the weakest and most deprived; that it wishes to remain a continent open to culture, learning and social progress; and that it wishes to deepen the democratic and transparent nature of its public life, and to strive for peace, justice and solidarity throughout the world.*

*Convinced that, thus "united in its diversity", Europe offers them the best chance of pursuing, with due regard for the rights of each individual and in awareness of their responsibilities towards future generations and the Earth, the great venture which makes of it a special area of human hope. . .*

Tooth and claw they refused to slip the word 'Christian' in there somewhere, because that's the point. Jacques Chirac explained that, after all, Islam is as important a foundational aspect of European civilization as Christianity. Folks who wanted the word 'Christian' in the constitution were called Nazis. A few months prior to the vote a European commissioner, Bustiglione, a personal friend of John Paul II, was driven out of Brussels because he held a view of homosexuality, the Christian view, the overwhelming majority of Europeans have shared since time immemorial. And after they managed to chase him out (he went with very good grace) they trumpeted a 'triumph of Europe'. This is a *deepening of democracy*?

The Europeans were not fooled. The rest of the Christian world, as represented by its cardinals, was not fooled. The Holy Spirit was not fooled; Ratzinger, the staunchest champion of anti-Modernism, was crowned pope, a man not only from the heart of Europe but from a country suffering the greatest spiritual wound a country has ever suffered in the history of humanity; the Nazi legacy. The Left has shamelessly kept this wound open since 1954. Censorship by means of Stalinist name-calling and disqualification, has been the fundamental leftist

tactic in its quest to spiritually bleed the West to death.

Since the Apostle Peter became the bishop of Rome fifteen popes have chosen the name Benedict. St. Benedict himself is the founder of the Benedictine order, the key figure of Christian monasticism. He remains a fundamental source of Christian life. He is also the patron saint of, guess what? Europe.

All this means many things, but one of them is this; the Leftist game is up, and the Germans, at last, are to be relieved—and with them all victims of intellectual terrorism. No one likes to admit guilt but those Germans who were guilty either did admit it, are dead, or are without influence. Meanwhile three generations of Germans have grown up under an opprobrium orchestrated by Hitler's true spiritual heirs, many of whom were allied with him until 1942. The anti-German pitilessness has been such that no German gesture, no cry for pardon, no extreme of pacifism, no excess of xenophilia, has earned them respite. But we are living in a new world.



## LETTER FROM FRANCE #2

### *The French No*

With few exceptions the French politico-media elite counseled, then ordered, then menaced, and finally begged the French to adopt the new EU constitution, the elaboration of which was presided over by Valéry Giscard d'Estagne, ex-president of France. But nothing would do; the French people asserted the ragged remnant of their sovereignty.

President Jacques Chirac, at a time when approval of the constitution led the polls, and not to be out done by Spanish prime minister, the Socialist Zapatero\*—better known for scrambling capitulations to al Caida—had called for a referendum. When it became clear that this tactic to further enhance French EU prestige might come a cropper, his last minute damage control was promise to 'hear the voice of the people', and give a 'new impulsion to his action'.

What action, and what new impulsion? When the time came Prime minister Jean Pierre Raffarin, declaring that the 'chain of fidelity' (to Chirac) has not been broken, announced his resignation and replacement by poet, novelist and popular hero of French obstruction of the war in Iraq: Dominique de Villepin, a.k.a. 'the Eveready Bunny'. Of course it is unheard of to be a member of the French elite without having published books—an army of 'negres' exist to write them. I don't say de Villepin did not write his, but if he did he probably should not have.

If it all were not all so predictable it would seem like a surreal dream. Raffarin, a robust and successful regional politician, is certainly more competent than the ideologue-

bureaucrat de Villepin. If only Chirac had allowed Raffarin to carry on as he initially wished, starting 3 years ago, things might be different today. But no. Always ready to capitulate before any internal pressure, the 35 hour work week was not tossed out. Confiscatory business taxes, the real levels of which hover around 80%, were not lowered. The ever growing storm of capricious and punitive regulation was not eased. The ban against firing incompetent or dishonest employees was maintained.\* Capitalist rats jump the sinking ship *France* as fast and often as possible, leaving the famous 'people' high and dry on the shores of Globalization, in a metaphor as confused and incoherent as the French situation.

A loyal member of what Parisian wiseguys call the 'Chiracy', proud foiler of 'Bush's war', the most important act of de Villepin's career was urging Chirac to call for early elections in 1998. The result? 5 years of Socialist government under the Trotskyite Jospin, now threatening a come-back in the confused aftermath of the EU referendum.

The 'non' camp included the extreme left: communists, troskists and 'altermondialists', who get about 100 times the press time their numbers merit. It also included the 'extreme right' (read 'Nazi'), and a tiny club of dissidents from the mainstream, mostly Socialists. The latter pulled the rug out from under their party leaders by carrying 60% of the Socialist vote. Chirac's ruling 'center right', which by American standards is to the left of John Kerry, voted about 80% 'oui'.

But Chirac was not the only one who didn't get it; neither did the kings of the French media hill. For them the victorious 'non' is a 'non de gauche' (a leftist no). To the French media nothing is interesting but the left: what the leftist parties are thinking, planning, the personal relations among their stars! Everyone else, without much exaggeration, is more or less overtly treated as a contemptible bunch of racist, capitalist, fundamentalist neo-nazis not to be taken seriously.† As for the 'non', after proclaiming the obvious, that it shows a gap between the elites and the people, the media persists in interpreting it in terms proposed by this elite. The 'non' advocates used two basic arguments. Legible statistics are not being presented but my reading is that, in fact, the 'non' is equally divided between left and 'right'. The left, which is the conservative force in contemporary France, voted 'non', against '*Anglo-Saxon capitalism savage*' allegedly hard-wired into the constitution; they want an EU where French style tax levels and employment protection are the norm. This gripe is not as stupid as their opponents claim. Of course a federal EU cannot simply declare western standards and prosperity into

† There is an emerging French 'liberal' media (meaning 'economically conservative' in American terms), called LCI, a sort of low-watt France only CNN. They treat the left with exaggerated respect but mainly favor the ideas of the 'center right' (read 'left of John Kerry'). They are, however, in the so called 'Gaullist tradition' anti-American. For example, they are convinced that Iraq is a demonstrated fiasco and that Chirac was totally correct.

\* In favor of post-Communist suspicion of the boss. The only way to fire someone in France is to pay 2 years of salary. French workers, among the most productive on the planet, earn low wages, but employment taxes double the price to employers.

\* The Spanish, in a feeble turnout, voted 'yes'. Since they are net-beneficiaries of EU largesse, unlike France, this is not necessarily amazing.



existence in Bulgaria, Poland and Estonia, to say nothing of Romania and Turkey later on, and the only way a federal EU can be real is if inter-state movements of money and people is permitted. So the left is not wrong: the 'dangers of globalization', if only on an EU scale, are enhanced by EU expansion (no one asked the French voters permission to expand so far!) and would be officialized by the proposed constitution. On the 'right' the basic argument was against loss of national sovereignty. This is not an anti-EU position but cleaves to the original 'Europe of Nations' conception. As the most lucid, and almost unheard, French politician, Charles Pasqua, puts it; the proposed EU constitution is not simply bad, it is pointless, since it flies in the face of reality and could never function. Indeed; when the wind started to turn and a 'non' became a worry, Chirac lost no time successfully bullying the EU into scrapping the 'Bolkenstein directive', which had been negotiated, agreed and signed by his own government, and regulated the privatization of public services. He did something similar to the 'Stability Pact' which, depending on how you look at it, obliges EU member states to fiscal responsibility or removes their freedom to run up a few debts if their situation requires it. Of course the French situation always requires it, because of the apparently un-opposable pressure, and boundless appetites, of mafiosi and thuggish pressure groups which proliferate like vampires. Sure, everyone likes a few hand-outs, and certainly the nations of Europe are willing to make reasonable sacrifices in a good cause, but is France, or any other nation, really going to roll over and play dead, or actually die, when the Eurocrats nod in their direction? Unemployment in France, counting those on permanent assistance, is about 15%, and 25% of the (abnormally small) active population is employed by the government. In Germany it's just as bad. As the EU economy sloughs toward collapse, as demographic weakness persists, as people work less and less, retire earlier and earlier, and are attributed greater and greater public benefits, something's gotta give.

I say there is a deeper and unifying force behind the 'non', and even more clearly behind the Dutch 'nee'. It is what is delicately called the 'problem of European identity'. Anyone could have seen it coming years ago. As Giscard and the other nameless framers scribbled away, the only point which was publicly debated was the refusal of those framers to use the word 'Christianity', just once in their 400 pages of tepidly ambiguous gobledy-gook. Of course most Europeans no longer think of themselves as Christians. Some Europeans are even sunk into actual paganism. But most of them are at least post-Christian. A post-Christian does not have a clear idea who he is, thus the 'crisis of identity'. He is unarmed in the face of anti-Christian rationalist rhetoric. But he retains notion, perhaps vague, perhaps only a glimmer, of who, or what, he is. He may be glad to agree that George Bush is a moron slaughtering innocent Muslims so Americans can drive SUVs. He may be glad to think that the Crusades and the Spanish Inquisition prove that, if all religions are bad, Christianity is the worst. He may even be ready to swallow the proposition that Guantanamo Bay is the Gulag. But

when you remind him of certain things which have occurred, recently, in the world he actually lives in, he may not know what to say but he knows how he feels.

The problem with the Europocrats is not denial of history but denial of the present. The 'oui' voting elite may be post-post-Christian, but most of their electors are not. To give just one example: the so called 'workers', which the Left still dreams of piloting\*, won't stand still for homosexual marriage.

Look for the following: confused waffling and ineffectiveness from the new French government and, none-the-less, the ongoing triumph of Reality. Europe, and France in particular, has not yet fallen into actual tyranny. The remnants of democracy may yet save it. I do not know if a Charles Pasqua might eventually, incarnate a true reformation of this extenuated nation. Probably not. The French political system is in the grip of a mafia. For several decades Pasqua's opponents, using slander and influence, have out-maneuvered him, but each time he emerges two things happen: he talks such sense such as is heard from no one else of his stature, and he is indicted for high crimes, though never convicted of them. I have watched a parade of these accusations over 15 years. They come, but they never go. They are just never mentioned again. He is now being accused of playing footsie with Saddam, or being thrown at Bush as a sacrificial offering. Yet Pasqua, of all the participant of the debate on the EU constitution, was the only one to point out that the eastern European countries, now members of the union, would never sanction a unified EU anti-American, or 'anti-Atlantist' policy, that they looked to America, not Europe, as their savior and guarantor of their future freedom. Given the tiny slice of talking time he was allowed, this is inspired courageousness and the finest point made during the whole campaign.

In 1998 Pasqua created a party critical of the EU, and won an overwhelming victory in the EU elections, trouncing, notably, Chirac's party. In 2002 he was unable to get the 500 mayoral signatures (there are tens of thousands of mayors in France!) required of presidential candidates. The 'Chiracy', controlling the majority party, was at it Mafioso work. Le Pen, with a strong party organization, only got his signatures at the last minute. Had Pasqua gotten into the race the run off might well not have been Chirac-Le Pen but Jospin-Pasqua.

However it is with Pasqua, the French system is currently in the process of break down. Eventually it will be reformed or democracy will evaporate in favor of one of the technocratic tyrannies sniffing at its heels like hungry wolves. Southern France, like southern Italy, does most of its business on the black market. The black market is also current in the north. Everyone does part of their business that way. No one could survive otherwise. The man most likely to be the next president of France, Nicolas Sarkozy, used a 'oui'

\* It's a fact! I heard them yammering about it at a colloquium in Paris on June 19th.

argument popular 10 years ago; the EU will force France to necessary reforms. With Chirac flicking Bolkenstein aside, this is demonstrably untrue. Just as each man must ultimately reform himself, so each nation must reform itself. The vision of a Europe of Nations, where proud, prosperous and wise neighbors cooperate for their good and the good of the world, thanks to the French people, and the Dutch people, may yet come to be.



## LAST AND LEAST

It seems that COSMOPOLIS will be closing up shop in July, with #63. It is my view that, since project work is not over, and since it is likely that, even by mid-July, hundreds of VIE subscribers will still not have received their books, and that hundreds, if not thousand, of 2d printing volumes may not yet be bound, to say nothing of the *Ellery Queen* volume, for which we are holding thousands of subscriber dollars, that COSMOPOLIS should continue as before. However, as impotent as I have always been to censor anyone either in or out of COSMOPOLIS, being neither the editor of that grand publication nor it's Editor Emeritus, and since I respect and support the authority of those posts, as well as the prudence of the men who occupy them, I accept this development, as we all must accept what we cannot control, with the best grace I can. EXTANT, however, will continue, at least until project work is complete—with every last volume delivered to every last subscriber—though almost certainly no longer. This means, I would estimate, at least into October.

For EXTANT #5 I am at work on an essay about *Blue World*. Since EXTANT #5 will come out after the compromised June packing trip, I will take the occasion to offer an update.



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