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"The Days Have Come Down in the West"



Part I

In his magnificent trilogy, "The Lord of the Rings", JRR Tolkien, through King Theoden of Rohan, ominously observed that, "The days have come down in the West."

This was terribly prescient of Tolkien who, 50 years ago, began to see the light of the West pass its zenith. The King's sword, Anduril, the "Flame of the West", is shattered, and Minas Tirith, City of Kings, is Kingless, the throne occupied by a negligent and wicked Steward who would keep it for himself and deny "The Return of the King". The armies of Mordor, many times more numerous, and with Haradrim from the South, press on to the city's destruction. In the words of the hero Aragorn, "They are an army bred for a single purpose: the destruction of the world of men."

The great city has fallen into desuetude, neglect and disrepair. It no longer numbers its children.

Outside her walls gather erstwhile quarreling factions among the people of Middle Earth: Men, Elves, Dwarves – who, in light of this impending disaster that will "cover all the Earth in shadow", find common purpose, put aside grievances of old, and, clinging to what they love best, form an alliance unto to death to defend "what is good in this world". In one particularly stirring sequence, King Theoden of Rohan, is advised that his small army cannot possibly defeat the immense, barbaric, and merciless army of Mordor that converges at the gates of Minas Tirith, a city not his own. "No, we cannot", he concedes. "But we will meet them in battle nonetheless."

WILL WE?

A stirring, a riveting drama to be sure: a vastly outnumbered remnant of a moribund society countenancing numberless hordes at the very gates – but in the end it is a fiction.

Or is it?

Who among us, in the dark hours of the night, has not asked himself, "Are the days coming down in the West? Are we at the terminus of a civilization, a culture, that staggers on the edge of extinction?" After we pause, we ask ourselves a more terrible question still, "And have we not brought it on ourselves? Is it not the work of our own hands? The logical culmination of illogical choices?"

No, you say?

Consider this:

The renowned Historian, Niall Ferguson, Professor of History at NYU and Senior fellow at the Hoover Institution, commenting on the demographics of the self-induced depopulation of the West, flatly states that the West has not encountered such a tremendous and, "*sustained reduction in European population since the Black Death of the 14th century.*" Elsewhere he speaks of, "... *a new Dark Age of waning empires and religious fanaticism ... and a retreat by civilization into a few fortified enclaves.*" It certainly *sounds* a good deal like Helms Deep ... or Minas Tirith ... this fiction ...

Nevertheless, consider the following:

No European country – **none** – has a *replacement* level birth rate, largely due to contraception and abortion. *18 have negative birth populations.*

Do you remember the mantra of Margaret Sanger, Planned Parenthood, and today's absurdly lucrative abortion industry? "**Over-population.**"

However ... according to the "*Muslim News*"
(www.muslimnews.co.uk/news/print_version.php?article=8582):

"Germany may lose the equivalent of the population of the former East Germany in the first half of the 21st century. By 2050, Spain's population will decline from 40 million to 31 million while, in Italy, 42% of the population will be over the age of 60 and almost 60% of the Italian people will have no brothers, sisters, cousins, aunts or uncles."

What is more, *"In France, even if no more Muslims were to arrive, the Islamic population would double in one generation, and quadruple in two. Bearing in mind that immigrants tend to have children at a younger age than their European counterparts, those generations will reach maturity in a relatively short time."*

We are a Capitalist culture. We have a penchant for numbers – These are sobering.

More sobering still is the unremittingly doctrinaire, liberal mentality, legally sanctioned, that pushes a culture – *the very matrix within which it was permitted to propagate* as in a federally funded Petri dish – a mentality so rigidly disciplined to self-absorption, a cadre so hardened, as to mandate its own extinction because it is ideologically correct – and fails to see the madness in it.

It was Malcolm Muggeridge, however, who summarized these days best at a speech at Stanford:

"So the final conclusion would seem to be that whereas other civilizations had been brought down by attacks of barbarians from without, ours had the unique distinction of training its own destroyers at its own educational institutions and providing them with facilities for propagating their destructive ideology far and wide, all at the public expense. Thus did Western man decide to abolish himself, creating his own boredom out of his own affluence, his own vulnerability out of his own strength, his own impotence out of his own erotomania; himself blowing the trumpet that brought the walls of his own city tumbling down. And having convinced himself that he was too numerous, labored with pill and scalpel and syringe to make himself fewer, until at last, having educated himself into imbecility and polluted and drugged himself into stupefaction, he keeled over, a weary, battered old brontosaurus, and became extinct."

Indeed, "They are an army bred for a single purpose: the destruction of the world of men."

Part II: At the Gates

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