



CLASSIC DECEMBER 5, 2024

Richard Weaver's South

ALLEN MENDENHALL

Weaver's *Southern Essays* provide a beautiful and tragic vision of a world that has passed away.

RECENTLY, OVER DRINKS, WILFRED MCCLAY VOICED disappointment about the absence of a distinctly Southern perspective in today's conservative movement. "Where is the next Richard Weaver?" he asked me, the only Southerner at the table.

I couldn't offer much of an answer. Weaver's influence has waned over time. He has no living counterpart. Now and then a young conservative might toss out the phrase "Ideas Have Consequences"—the title of the 1948 book that brought Weaver renown—but his prominence has undeniably diminished. And with that loss, something essential has slipped away: a certain quality of thought, a way of understanding the world, that seemed to spring directly from the soil of the American South.

In his foreword to *The Southern Essays of Richard M. Weaver*, published in 1987, the late George Core declares that a theme in Weaver's work was "his commitment to the American South and its civilization." Indeed, this devotion to the South—steadfast and unembellished—has come to define Weaver's legacy, remaining the most enduring feature of his *oeuvre*.

In our fractured culture and politics, when the meaning of conservatism feels up for grabs, redefined and re-contested with every news cycle, Weaver's reflections on the American South—its lingering attachment to chivalry and insistence on an individualism rooted in community—have gained an unexpected relevance.

The essays in this volume, culled from various literary journals and spanning from 1943 to 1964, carry a style and sharpness that make them as enjoyable to read as they are thought-provoking. The quality of the prose, in contrast to the dryness of typical academic texts, animates the underlying ideas. In these meditations, Weaver crafts a compelling portrait of Southern intellectual and cultural distinctiveness at a time when America struggled to reforge its national identity after the sectional strife that had defined it since its founding.

Such time has passed that Weaver is occasionally misidentified as one of the Southern Agrarians, though he was their intellectual successor, not their contemporary. The opening essays here—"The Tennessee Agrarians," "The Southern Phoenix," and "Agrarianism in Exile"—provide a brief and colorful historiography that underscores this distinction while highlighting the intellectual thread connecting Weaver to the twelve contributors of *I'll Take My Stand*, the manifesto published in 1930 when Weaver was just twenty and still completing his bachelor's degree at the University of Kentucky.

He says these twelve men "drew up a now classic indictment of the industrial society and its metaphysic 'Progress.'" They recognized the South as "a continuation of Western European culture" while the North "was the deviation" or "aberration," and they prioritized the ethical and aesthetic (rather than merely the legal or political) quality of their region. Weaver calls their project a "vital religious aesthetic movement" diverging from "our modern scientific-technological order."

By Weaver's account, the agrarian social order offered a conservatism distinct from capitalism and socialism. He saw the former as overly fixated on utopian

ideas of progress, with its celebration of industrial disruption and endless innovation. Socialism, on the other hand, suffered from what he considered the hubris of central planning and pursued an impossible (and ultimately destructive) egalitarian ideal. The agrarian alternative—pastoral, traditional, measured, rooted in place, and wary of grandiose schemes—avoided these extremes. It was metaphysical, Weaver insisted, and not sociological, representing “the general retreat of humanism before universal materialism and technification.”

The South’s literary character, as Weaver understood it, emerged not through imitation but resistance—a cultural flowering born of siege. The region discovered its voice not by absorbing Northern influences but by defining itself against them. Weaver noted this ironic triumph: “A people derided for its illiteracy now furnishes much of the literature of the nation.” Southern letters tracked the humanistic tradition and refused both blind optimism and crude determinism, in his view. Whereas Northern “naturalists” reduced man to circumstance and Emersonians elevated him to godhood, Southern writers carved a middle path that honored human limitation and dignity. Weaver, in his fierce critique of Transcendentalism, condemned what he saw as its essential “arrogance” and “egocentrism,” though perhaps he pressed too hard against Emerson’s more nuanced understanding of tradition (he correctly dubbed Thoreau a “teacher of an extreme philosophical radicalism”).

His critique of Transcendentalism did not extend to the transcendental itself. He notes, “The basis of the South’s culture, like that of all true cultures, is transcendental.” Southern literature, in Weaver’s estimation, achieves what lesser writing merely attempts: a clear-eyed confrontation with reality that simultaneously acknowledges the transcendent. This foundation enables Southern authors, in his view, to explore the specific while remaining attuned to the universal. Their characters inhabit what Weaver describes as “an incarnate world,” a realm where the physical and spiritual are inseparably intertwined.

The South’s literary tradition, far from being merely regional, offers what he calls a “truer image of the world and truer image of man.” What distinguishes this tradition is its unflinching embrace of complexity. Weaver claims that in Southern literature “nothing is crudely simplified into merely this or that.” Instead, he maintains, “the meanest actions somehow remind us of highest expectations.” This dual vision—earthbound yet reaching toward heaven—

characterizes the work of writers like Faulkner, Warren, Welty, and Thomas Wolfe.

This literary tradition's power lies partly in its rhetorical mastery, according to Weaver, though not in service of mere persuasion. Rather, he contends that Southern rhetoric shows "the world under some aspect of motivation, as it appears to a character in a story," yielding psychological depth while maintaining moral clarity.

The decline of the Southern literary tradition that Weaver once personified has left a void now filled, not by robust ideas, but by an array of “redneck” signifiers.

Perhaps most importantly, Southern literature refuses to flinch from tragedy. In an age prone to deny life’s darker aspects, these writers insisted on confronting them. Their vision, derived from “observation, history, traditional beliefs older than any ‘ism,’” offers what Weaver considers a fortification against dehumanizing ideologies. The ultimate triumph of Southern literature may be its growing influence on American letters broadly. As Weaver suggests, this tradition once dismissed as regional now offers resources for resisting those who would reduce human experience to mere ideology. The South’s gift to American culture may be precisely this: an unflinching realism that never loses sight of transcendent truth.

Bold interpretations of key Southern figures shape Weaver’s analysis. Robert E. Lee appears not simply as a military commander but as a philosopher-warrior whose observation of war at Fredericksburg that “it is well this is terrible; otherwise we should grow fond of it” exemplified Weaver’s belief that “the touchstone of conduct is how one wields power over others.”

Weaver found particular inspiration in John Randolph of Roanoke, whom he admired for championing what he termed “social bond individualism,” a concept markedly different from the egocentric individualism of Emerson and Thoreau. Weaver praised Randolph as “a political conservative individualist” for his defense of limited government and local autonomy against centralizing forces. In Randolph’s resistance to the Northern-championed tariff system and the American System, Weaver saw a principled stand against the mass nationalism he associated with the French Revolution and Rousseau’s collectivizing tendencies.

On matters of faith, Weaver highlighted the South’s distinctive religious character. While the region hosted various Protestant denominations, they coexisted more harmoniously than in the contentious Northeast. Weaver observed that “the Southern gentleman looked upon religion as a great conservative agent and a bulwark of those institutions which served him.” He noted that Southern spokesmen frequently criticized Northerners for transforming religion into a vehicle for social and political reform, preferring instead what he called “natural piety.”

Through his analysis of Albert Taylor Bledsoe, Weaver explored the relationship between liberty and order, arguing that they reinforce each other: “When a state has gained in order, the foundation for more liberty is laid.” This perspective informed his view that the Civil War had fundamentally altered the American government’s foundation “from compact to conquest.”

Weaver drew provocative but substantiated connections between historical events and contemporary challenges. He argued that General Sherman’s tactics provided a template for Nazi “total war” strategies, marking what he saw as “the greatest affront to Western Civilization.” This observation supported his broader argument that the South, with its preference for traditional social orders over mass state structures, recognized the dangers of fascism earlier than other regions.

The South’s “metaphysical instinct,” as Weaver termed it, evolved from its experience with tragedy and its resistance to excessive diversity and creative destruction. He argued that radical democracy, ironically, could trend toward fascism and the mass state—a danger he believed Southern thinkers uniquely understood because of their grounding in tradition and local bonds.

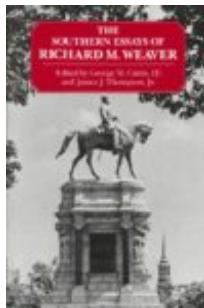
Weaver’s essays thus present the South as a repository of valuable political and cultural wisdom, offering a critique of centralization and mass democracy that remains relevant. His work suggests that the South’s traditional skepticism toward consolidated power and its emphasis on local autonomy might be a valuable counterweight to modern tendencies toward centralization and standardization. The present erosion of Southern identity might surprise Weaver, as Southerners are less vocal about the homogenizing pressures that jeopardize regional traditions and local character.

Perhaps it’s the absence of a vibrant literary right—where is our T. S. Eliot, our Flannery O’Connor, our Walker Percy, our Tom Wolfe, or an American Evelyn Waugh, even a Houellebecq?—that contributes to the growing disregard for figures like Weaver. Their combination of intellectual rigor and literary flair made their ideas resonate with readers of disparate beliefs and convictions.

The decline of the Southern literary tradition that Weaver once personified has left a void now filled, not by robust ideas, but by an array of “redneck” signifiers: the romance of pickup trucks, the rituals of hunting and fishing, the ubiquity of blue jeans, the roar of NASCAR, the pageantry of tailgating and rodeos, and the

fashion of camouflage garb. There is nothing inherently wrong about these markers of contemporary Southern identity, but their ascendancy speaks to a decline in standards and priorities. The dissolution of Southern high culture may reflect a broader decline across the West, but in the context of the South, it is particularly poignant because it represents the final curtain for an entire way of life and being, one in which honor, grace, gentlemanliness, reputation, knowledge, and refinement were harmonized in pursuit of something greater than oneself.

The South was once steeped in theological insight, literary refinement, and a devotion to books and ideas that elevated leisure into something educational and even transcendent. These pursuits were not simply diversions but philosophical inquiries into permanent truths. Today's Southern symbols are essentially recreational—vehicles for passing the time, not transforming it. The South has traded Faulkner for football and Jefferson for Ford F-150s. What's saddening is not only the fading literary convictions but also the extinction of a mindset that once considered leisure as the catalyst for thought rather than an escape from it.



REVIEWED

The Southern Essays of Richard M. Weaver

by Richard Weaver

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Allen Mendenhall is Associate Dean and Grady Rosier Professor in the Sorrell College of Business at Troy University and Executive Director of the Manuel H. Johnson Center for Political Economy. You may visit his website [here](#).

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