

#107 – Sanders Of The River, Edgar Wallace BOOK REVIEW

Krauser PUA | 24 November, 2018 | by krauserpua



Bad ju-ju, yesterday

I would hazard a guess that one of the most well-documented and blindingly obvious conclusions in the social world is this: *don't let Africans into your country*. Look at what it did to the United States. I'm pretty sure if Americans **[1]** realised just how much damage Africans would do to their country, they'd have picked their own cotton **[2]**. Britain was severely undermined by the Commonwealth immigration of the 1950s onward, and need I go into the raping/murdering/genital-mutilating recent wave of African savagery to sweep Europe?

So, keep the cunts out.

Don't let the above tirade be misconstrued as some kind of anti-African sentiment. I'm very much in favour of letting Africans have Africa to themselves without any European meddling, and I think all those doctors, brain surgeons and engineers that the Soros NGOs tell us are in the migrant boats should stay home and **Make Africa Great Again**.

Anyway, this lead-in brings me to a debate currently raging inside my own head, that of the **White Man's Burden**. To what extent does the white man owe his black fellow the benefit of his superior intellect, technology, long time-preference, high-trust organisation, and lack of cannibalism? To wit, **civilisation**. Is it a good or bad thing that Europe colonised Africa and severely meddled with their customs, law, economy, and borders?

I think we can immediately rule that in the case of Belgium and Germany, the European colonisation of Africa was a very bad thing for the natives. The Huns ran brutal concentration camps, [tried to genocide Namibia](#), and were generally total cunts **[3]**. The Belgians ran the rubber trade out of Congo and committed the worst atrocities of the lot. I'm not much versed on how the French did in Africa. My guess is they just sat around eating onions and going "ohey ohey ohn".

Britain did a really good job civilising the Caribbean and India, leaving both areas with a good infrastructure, rule of law, and a quashing of murderous ethnic conflicts. If you are to believe Edgar Wallace's *Sanders Of The River*, we did much the same in Africa. So, the obvious question is *are we to believe Edgar Wallace?*

Well, this gets us into a rather deeper question of epistemology. Who are we to believe? How to we obtain our knowledge of the world?

Ayn Rand fans will immediately jump in and screech **[4]**, "as first-handers!", to mean we should strive to acquire our knowledge of the world through a direct personal experience of it. I'm inclined to agree. But sitting on my arse in a Macedonian restaurant in 2018 is not a firm base from which to directly experience Africa of the nineteenth century, is it? No, it is not. I must rely on other people's experience. So, whose?

Lets ask ourselves first, what is the general consensus opinion of Britain's colonisation of Africa? It's mostly negative. The standard narrative is that the British Empire was a very bad thing both for its subjects in ~~shithole countries~~ the third world and for the poor working class lads sent overseas to enforce it. We brutalised the natives, plundered their resources, and set them up for misery such that we now thoroughly deserve their descendants invading Europe and raping all our white women. Or something.

That sounds awfully Marxist to me. Wherever you smell the foul odour of Marxism, you know it's built on a foundation of lies. The popular narrative is pushed by the BBC, academia, and the mainstream

media. Therefore we can safely conclude that whatever the truth of the British Empire is, it's not *that*.

But who do we believe?

Edgar Wallace was sent out to Africa as an 18yr old reporter on the Second Boer War. He spend considerable time in the Belgian Congo reporting on King Leopold's atrocities there, and then upon his return to Britain became a novelist. In this sense, Wallace was a first-hand of the British Empire in Africa. He didn't learn about it from The Morning Star newspaper, or KGB-funded Oxford academics, or the BBC. He was there. He saw it.

Heroes should be tall and handsome, with flashing eyes; Sanders was not so tall, was yellow of face, moreover had grey hair. Heroes should also be of gentle address, full of soft phrases, for such tender women who come over their horizon; Sanders was a dispassionate man who swore on the slightest provocation, and had no use for women anyway.

That's why *Sanders Of The River* is so fascinating. It's a collection of fifteen anecdotes centred around a British administrator in West Africa as he deals with various palavers created by the simple-minded and nefariously mischievous savages under his dominion. He rules an area of 17 tribes of which most stories concern the wickedly warlike Akasava and the comically pacifist Ochori. Some game will be afoot in the jungle and then Sanders heads out in his steamboat (with two maxim guns and an escort of hussar riflemen) to sought it out through craft, force, and deep understanding of local cultures. It's a surprisingly subtle work which could only have been written by a man with a deep personal experience of Africa.

Sanders is under orders to diffuse war between tribes and suppress tribal practices of murder, sacrifice, and cannibalism. He mostly succeeds, though a few tribal chiefs need to have their necks stretched on nearby trees to ensure this [5].

True to his prearranged scheme, the chief began the inevitable bargaining over terms. The presents offered were too small. The girl was worth a hundred thousand rods – nay, a thousand bags of salt.

"You were mad," said Sanders calmly; "no woman is worth a thousand bags of salt."

The stories are all told as if the author was a correspondent relaying each anecdote back to a central authority, such as Wallace himself reporting to his wire service about Sander's exploits. Tales include a rascal conman Bosambo of Monrovia who lies and schemes his way into becoming king of the Ochori, and Sanders tolerates it in return for Bosambo putting fighting spirit into the previously enfaggoted tribe. There's a white doctor who goes rogue, running a witch-doctor service to help angry wives poison their husbands. Plus there's the usual inter-tribal raids for goat- and women-stealing. It's a colourful cast of characters and considerable variety between the stories.

Considering it was written in 1911, there's not the slightest political correctness. See here:

Chiefest of the restrictions placed upon the black man by his white protector is that which prevents him, when his angry passions rise, from taking his enemy by the throat and carving him with a broad, curved blade of native make. Naturally, even the best behaved of the tribes chafe under this prohibition the British have made.

There's lots of paternalism in that quote. But, then again, I used to live by Elephant & Castle so I know what Sanders had to deal with. I thoroughly enjoyed *Sanders Of The River* and will likely read the next of the eleven Sanders books. It's so much more believable than all that noble savage nonsense.

If you haven't yet reported me to the police for hate speech, you're probably the type who will very much enjoy [my memoir series](#) and [my daygame textbooks](#) available [here](#).



[1] And by that I mean actual Americans, i.e. the British, who created the country and everything good about it. Not the Fake Americans of questionable skin colour who carry papers declaring themselves American.

[2] Although the Atlantic slave trade was mostly a Jewish-run scam, so it baffles me why white people feel guilty about it. Or at least I think so. I haven't bothered looking too deeply into it.

[3] Nothing new there, then.

[4] autistically

[5] A policy I strongly suggest we implement in migrant centres until we have deported them all.

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