



The Conservative Underground



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“Printing what they don’t want you to see, 24 February 2009

Teaching what they don’t want you to know”

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This week, Ken Martin reminds us of all the dirty tricks the news media does to us – and what we should do about it. Joe Clarke urges us not to support the Democrats by not supporting unions, and Jamie Freeze calls for us to be civil. Mike Payne pours out his wrath upon those in our society who would rather take from others instead of working for themselves. Tim Dunkin offers some advice for Black History month, and Charles Welty's *Ameristan* continues to thrill us with the threat of an Islamic takeover of America.

Newsies

By Ken Martin

In analyzing what happened to us during the last election year, I am struck by the thought that it's a mistake to focus only on the events of one election.

Yes, the press coverage was poor to awful, the press lynching of Sarah Palin was shameful. But none of that was surprising. As I read the complaints by my conservative brethren, and their dismay at the unfairness of news coverage, I am more struck by the naiveté of the complainers than I am by the frank and unapologetic bias of the news writers and news readers.

And, yes, it was bad. But it goes far beyond the Palin coverage, think back to the primaries. Remember the debates, in which conservative candidates would stand there all night fielding maybe one question? The conservatives were frozen out, leaving the way clear for McCain, who was the candidate favored by the press.

Sure, its frustrating. But let's go back further. Remember the last eight years of journalistic malpractice in which one classified operation after another was blown on page one of the New York Times? Surveillance of Bin Ladin's communications, surveillance of his lieutenant's cell phones, tracking of Bin Ladin's money transfers, CIA safe houses, CIA secret air flights,

and on and on, exposed in the press. By now it should be obvious that this is how espionage is done in the new millenium. If you have secrets to deliver, why bother with secret codes and secret handshakes and secret drops, when all you really have to do is publish it in the newspaper. Your handler back in Tehran can read it with his morning tea and there is no risk to you. If, in the unlikely event you do get caught and prosecuted, you will be a hero and a whistle-blower, not a spy.

If Aldrich Ames had thought of this, if Jonathan Pollard had done it this way, they'd both be free men today, enjoying their retirements playing golf instead of doing hard time for life. They'd be like "Deep Throat", lionized for their courage, Hollywood movers and shakers would be bidding for the movie rights to their stories. Probably the Sundance Kid would play Ames and Serpico would play Pollard. It would be box office gold.

Then there is the non-stop drumbeat of defeatism where the war is concerned. According to the news writers, this war has been lost from the beginning. The only hope you have of knowing what is really happening in the war zone is if you maybe have a relative who is deployed there, writing letters home. Or maybe you read one of the very few writers who report from the front lines. The number of real war correspondents we have can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and none of them work for the big news agencies, they are mostly independents taking all the risks of front-line reporting for no money whatsoever.



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There is a shocking lack of curiosity on the part of journalists when it comes to any story that doesn't fit. The drumbeat is that there is no connection between Saddam and Al Qaeda, for example, and again the number of journalists digging into the connections between all the various terrorist groups around the world, and their ties with Iraqi intelligence, can be counted on one hand. Granted, this kind of story is dangerous, it can get you killed. But it also goes against the headline that the front office has already published, and that can get you canned.

We were treated to a couple of years worth of accusations against the Bush crowd that they were out to destroy a patriotic CIA officer for exposing their lies in Niger. The fact that Valerie Plame was exposed by Richard Armitage has been soft-pedaled to the point of silence. It's not interesting. It doesn't fit, and it's therefore not news. The newsies assured us for years that Niger couldn't possibly have been dealing in contraband uranium, but they have been completely incurious about the source of Libya's uranium.

Throughout the Bush administration, and the Clinton administration before him, if you got your news from the news industry, you didn't have a clue what was happening. You only knew what was happening if you had an internet connection, and you could actively compare the coverage of

half a dozen or a dozen news sources side by side, and pull up stories from three months ago for comparison. For these last two decades, trying to extract truth from the newsies has become almost like Kremlinology, as you compare this story to that one to see what's been air-brushed out and what's been air-brushed back in.

Were you ashamed or angry at what they did to Sarah Palin? You should be. But its old hat. They did it to Judge Bork, they did it to Dan Quayle. They did it to Judge Thomas. And they did it to Bush and Cheney. Our usual response when someone is under fire is to want to back away from them. Maybe they really are as bad as the media says they are. If that's the case, we don't want to be put in the position of defending someone like that. But if you'll stop and look at the record, the targets of their most irrational and most dishonest smears have been in almost every case good and decent people. They didn't hate Bork, or Thomas, because they were evil people, they hated them because they were some of the most decent and qualified men ever to be nominated to the bench. They didn't hate Quayle because he didn't know how to spell, they hated him because he was decent, and outspokenly moral. They don't hate Cheney because of Halliburton, they don't know the first thing about Halliburton. They hate him because he stands for what we stand for. They hate Sarah Palin for the same reason.

It's us they don't like. When they dump on some well-known conservative, the tendency is to run away, find some reason why maybe the press is right, maybe we should have chosen someone who wasn't such a lightning rod for criticism. But that person doesn't exist on our side of the philosophical line.

Few of us could withstand the withering barrage of criticism these people have faced - Bork, Thomas, right down to the present. Most of us would run for the tall weeds if they turned their venom on us. But we don't have to face it ourselves, all we have to do is stand with the people who are under fire. Give them the benefit of the doubt. When you are under the media's microscope, when you are being served up for dinner by journalism's goon squads, its awfully nice to know your own people are still with you.

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Why Should I Buy Union?

By Joe Clarke

I have bought, mainly, only Ford cars for so much longer than I can remember. I have done so for over forty years, because I have become familiar with repairing Fords, my grandpa had a two tone, blue/white '56 Ford Fairlane which was a beaut, my Dad owned Fords, and they have been among the dwindling "All American" cars.

At present, Ford cars and parts may be assembled almost anywhere in the world, but I still buy them because of their *American* name brand. Buy them while you can until we nationalize the car industry and only be able to buy Obamobiles which will probably be below the par of the fabled Edsel and Trabant.

Ford Motor seems to be more viable than GM and Chrysler, which is another reason to buy Ford, but with the government favoring the competitors with Billions of Bailout Bucks, it may

be harder for Ford to compete with the government-favored car makers. As the Queen's Parfumeur knocked out competition because she chose a particular perfume maker, Uncle Sam is picking and choosing which industries it will bless with billions of printed dollars it does not own yet, or may never own. This is among the many things which drive the stock market crazy - and downward. However, look for windmill companies and solar panel makers to have a boom. Oh, and Gold, because of the cheapening of the dollar and U.S. Securities.

Unions paid big time into the Obamacrat campaigns. They are getting amply rewarded. The Coal Union endorsed Obama, so they will be rewarded with no job - even after Obama threatened to "bankrupt" them! (oh, those Dems, who can figure?).

President George W. Bush saved the U.S. steel industry by imposing tariffs on imported steel in 2002, and so the Dem Steel Union, of course, voted Obamacratic. They will be rewarded with a deepened recession.

Government Unions, like AFCSE and every other local, state, and federal government entity which hires, joyfully endorsed Obamacrats and have been amply rewarded with being fired - because the above governments have not been able to afford their way above average-joe-bagodonuts wages and benefits.

Teachers Unions comprise the few jobs which are genuinely fireproof. They are so powerful (except in teaching skills) that their numbers increase, even as student enrollments and proficiency decline. They vote Obamacratic and have billions in taxpayer money to support the Obamacracy. California owes much of its debt to over-funding education and has less than nothing to show for it. I believe Governor Arnold is fighting Teachers Inc. in California, trying to persuade them to allow over 20 students in a classroom. No way, they say.

I don't have to explain how Lawyers' Associations have been paid off. The Lilly Ledbetter Act is just one.

Although the vast majority of African-Americans voted Democrat, only a small percentage of them will go to college and/or be granted government-mandated employment opportunities. Sadly, most blacks will continue to

suffer government-mandated poverty, unwed motherhood, and a life of crime in the big Democrat cities in which they reside.

Back to cars. Although I have been a humble and proud American - until Obama - buying only American cars, I cannot justify buying anything from unionized auto companies when it is a matter of me paying these gluttons with my money, after they so enthusiastically support Obamacrats and the ruination of America.

“Each of us, Leonard Read said, must become candles of liberty in the darkness of collectivist ideas. The brighter we each shine through our understanding and ability to articulate the meaning of freedom, the more we will be beacons that can attract others.” - Richard M. Ebeling

Divided Ways to Spread the Good Word

By Jamie Freeze

For the past few weeks, you'd probably have noticed a small crowd gathered at the cul-de-sac in front of the library here at UNC-G on various afternoons. As you edged closer to the crowd, you would notice a man (or men) standing on the sidewalk with a small Bible in hand "preaching" to students. You would also notice students heckling the preacher. Last Thursday, I walked over to the event and stood there quietly and simply observed what was going on. After 10 minutes, I walked away disgusted - both at the preachers and at the students.

Now, I freely admit that I am one of those "crazy" independent fundamental Baptists that your professors mock and that your parents warned you about. I believe in literal creationism, the inerrancy of the Bible, and the complete redemptive work of Jesus. I know what I believe, and I refuse to apologize for it. After all, I have the freedom of religious expression, right?

However, I am deeply disgusted (and frankly embarrassed) by the tactics that the preachers who come to our campus use. First of all, they shouldn't be called preachers, because they don't preach - they argue. They all sport a Bible, but I've never seen them open one. I suppose they are too busy calling women whores to bother reading and preaching from the Bible.

They really aren't interested in saving people from hell so much as they are interested in condemning people to hell. They shout at students telling them they are going to hell, but they never say how to avoid hell. That would be like having a river guide tell you that a huge waterfall is up ahead but never telling you how to miss the drop-off.

As a Christian, I cringe when I hear these preachers on campus. I cringe because they love to preach about God's judgment, but they neglect to mention God's love. The God I believe in (and the one I read about in my Bible) is just and cannot tolerate sin, but He is also love.

These preachers do more for the destruction of Christianity than almost any other force I can fathom because they eradicate the Christian message of redemption. They convey to people that Christianity is a religion of hate and condemnation. In reality, Christianity is a religion of love and salvation. However, people hear the angry preachers and they reject Christianity because of how it was presented.

While I was primarily disgusted with the preachers, I was also disgusted with the students who mocked the preachers. No matter how much you disagree with someone, you should remain mature and not sink to the opposite party's level. Students who condemned the preachers for preaching hate were returning hate to the preachers. Fighting hate with hate is never effective. All it does is confirm to the preachers that you are the sinful reprobate on the road to hell. All it confirms to me is that you have not matured to the point of tolerating opposing views and treating people with respect (even when they don't seem to deserve it). My dad always told me that if you roll around with pigs, you're going to get mud on you. You lose the moral high ground when you take the low road of mocking these men.

Despite my disgust for both parties, I do not wish to prevent the preachers from coming to campus. The preachers' First Amendment right is just as valid as yours or mine. I want students to act like the adults they want to be perceived as and not engage in disrespect with the preachers. However, my utmost desire is that students will not equate true Christianity with the perversion the preachers proclaim.

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Envy and the Intellectual Deficit of the Collectivist

By Michael J. Payne

[Editor's Note: This piece is reprinted from *The Individual*, the in-house publication of the British libertarian [Society for Individual Freedom](#), after having appeared in series at [The Hostile Opposition](#).]

“Sin” and the Condition of Man

Man's life can be summed up as the never-ending desire to fulfill certain basic needs. As I am sure that the majority of the readers are familiar with Maslow's hierarchy of needs, I will not waste my time in recalling all of the various nuances involved when discussing these motivating factors. It shall suffice to say that man is driven by want, in his most elemental form he is compelled to quench his desires by the means at his disposal, whether it be by industriousness or villainy. The yearning to calm this insatiable beast that forever hounds mankind lends itself to frustration, in part due to its never-ending pull on the soul of mankind. The end result of this frustration manifests itself in that emotion all too common to man - envy.

Much has been written about envy and the power it possesses over man - its ability to blind a person with lust or its detrimental effect on everyday social relationships. Although envy is counted among Christianity's seven deadly sins and universally condemned by religious institutions of all denominations for its adverse affect on the human spirit, the positive effects of envy on man are often ignored, despite its beneficial service to those in possession of a superior intellect.

The purpose of this discussion is to not only touch upon the negative affects of envy on man - and they are legion - but also the power it possesses to motivate man to strive towards a better existence, as well as the root mechanisms inherent in the human psyche which manifest this emotion. The negative effect produced by the presence of envy is most pronounced in the man of a lesser intellectual character and the poor who, despite their potential, often fall prey to its devices.

As it is, most men fall under these categories, lacking not only the intellectual but also the moral understanding of the most effective

and satisfying manner in which to gratify their primal needs. It is in these poor wretches that envy takes on its most insidious character, driving men to the depths of moral depredation. This sort of man, instead of utilizing his own means to procure the fulfillment needed to satisfy the urges of the will, often resorts to nefarious means to thwart his frustrations. As a substitute for industry, he turns to the numerous depravities open to him - gambling, intoxicants, theft, violence, and the sensual pleasures are all that he feels are available to quench the thirst of his will.

I am of the opinion that this is where the perception of envy as sin originates - not in the actual act of envy, but in man's resultant actions. Men are generally lazy creatures and will often seek the path of least resistance in their drive to fulfill their wants and needs. Therefore, in the expedition of life undertaken by every man to stoke this fire within, those who lack that rare balance of will and intellect often succumb to more easily obtained methods to satisfy their desires. Resulting from his lack of intellect he will often pursue means deemed socially and religiously immoral.

While the end result may truly be detrimental to the social order and deemed a sin in the eyes of those who profess to be religious, the bare emotion of envy is not to be blamed for the despicable action itself. This is a misguided verdict on the part of theologians and moralists of all denominations, as the will to action does not lie at the root of man's sin. It is the misguided deed, resulting from the absence of the tempering character of the intellect, functioning as a moral guide, which is the true source of his corruption. Men predisposed to these means are just as guilty of the sin of ignorance and malice of forethought as they are to any number of condemnations pronounced by the clergy. To blame it on envy alone is to deny that the emotion, or reaction, provoked by envy has no redeeming character in the slightest.

Envy as a Force for Good

What of the morally righteous man? How does envy affect those among us who possess a superior intellect enabling him to apply reason and rationality in his quest to satisfy his will? In men of this stripe we remarkably find that envy produces an effect that is the complete polar opposite to that of the wretch. In the man of intellect we see that envy causes him not to

indulge in the ills of society, but instead provides the impetus to increase his production thereby elevating society as a whole. When he encounters others who possess more than he, rather than fall into a state of frustration that leads to anger, he determines to eclipse them through the exertion of his will, combined with intellect, as opposed to succumbing to it. This pursuit in and of itself extinguishes some degree of desire induced by the will, for he feels satisfaction in the quest itself and what desire remains is pleased upon the attainment of his goals.

Envy serves as a motivational force in this man, as opposed to the destructive or malicious compulsions we observe in the lesser. In the superior man of intellect, envy is not a vice, but a virtue, one capable of compelling man to achieve his dreams and in turn elevating the overall plight of society. He depends not upon others to provide the satisfaction his will requires, and instead seeks out methods of his own accord to provide what he needs.

In men with this character, the will is balanced against the intellect and both form the complementary elements of a symbiotic relationship. The will thrives as its desires are met and fulfilled while the intellect is free to guide man through his undertakings. Through his pursuit to satisfy his will and its resultant desires he is bound by the tempering effects of the intellect and the moral impetus it places on one's actions. It is precisely at this point that the differences between the educated man and the man of meager intellectual powers become most evident as it produces a stark difference in the course of action each respectively assume.

The intellect serves to modify the behavior of the will through the previously mentioned faculties of reason and rationality, elements sorely missing from those lacking in intellect. It allows him to judiciously evaluate various courses of action and determine the one best suited to soothe the will while holding true to his responsibilities to society as a whole, and his

fellow man as individuals. He is bound through the power of the intellect to act in a morally responsible manner while at the same time he is driven to pursue his self interests through a similar approach.

Sadly, because of the huge disparity in numbers between those who are subject to the woes of envy and those who are among the benefactors of its influence, the general tendency is to ascribe to it a negative connotation. In a general sense this could be true, but to do so vanquishes the positive effects it often carries and causes the inspiration inherent to its positive character to be ignored.

The Malign Influence of Collectivism

The only excuse that can be made for those present day philosophers and moralists who openly condemn and harangue the virtues of envy lies in the realization that they simply cannot recognize it from within their own ideologically determined frame of reference. To the collectivist, envy lies at the heart of all the evils inherent in capitalism, and all those who accede to its positive characteristics must be blinded by their greed and lack of concern for their fellow man. While pointing this crooked finger of accusation squarely at the motivations of the individual, the collectivist fails to see the contradiction produced by his faulty logic. All of his actions are the end result of the negative characteristics of envy and its domination over the intellect. The entire premise of the collectivist philosophy, both root and branch, demonstrates for all to see the malignant attributes from which envy, in its unrestrained form, derives its malevolent reputation. Collectivism is simply envy on a political scale, for it seeks to right the perceived deficiencies of want on a social level through the immoral act of unjustly confiscating property from the individual and redistributing it across the social strata. Here most assuredly lies the underlying reason envy is held in such contempt by those who have been ordained as today's great thinkers, as it lays before all free thinking men the hypocrisy of their position.



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It also betrays the general powers of the intellect possessed by those who adhere to collectivist philosophies, as it presents the central truth that emotion - chiefly that of envy - can easily overwhelm and disarm the powers of the intellect at their disposal. Emotion often trumps the intellect in men of this strip as they often seek to assuage the self-imposed guilt resulting from an overindulgence of the will by relying on emotion as a moral compass. The intellect is left to wither on the vine, so to speak, and the will is nourished by any means at their disposal. Its ability to motivate far outweighs what meager resistance the intellect may still possess. In reality, all of their miseries and torments are self-inflicted as they neglect any inner yearning or calling to develop the intellect and instead focus on satisfying the primal urges of the will. As a result, the mechanism of moral reasoning inherent in the expression of the intellect is absent from the decision-making of the collectivist. Emotion, that spiritual residue exuded by the will, influences every action while rationality and reason, the twin progeny of the intellect, have only marginal influence, if at all, in the matter.

No Pity for the Poor

It is for this reason that I harbor no pity for the poor in the world today, and in fact hold the vast majority of them in great contempt. The act of neglecting the intellect is reprehensible on many levels, but for the sake of our discussion we must focus on its effect on the motivation of men who suffer from its deficiencies. Please forgive me, but I no longer have the patience to deal with those who wish to remain mired in the lowest depths of the social order. Are there not means available to these people who perpetually contend for the scraps from the table of those who contribute to the betterment of our world? This is not to say that I have no compassion for those who are infirmed, whether it be in a mental capacity, those suffering permanent injury to their persons, or those who are now beset by the ravages of old age and have fallen into poverty. No, it is not these poor souls of whom I am speaking when I condemn the poor. It is those in our society who do not crave advancement or a better life for themselves, but are content to permanently siphon wealth from the upper reaches of the ladder. These dregs are, in my opinion, to be held in the highest form of contempt.

In the lives of the poor, the intellect is universally sacrificed at the expense of the impetus

of the will. To those who are mired in the depths of poverty, the intellect is of no concern, for they have been taught through various nefarious devices that the powers of the intellect are reserved only for those upon whom nature has endowed with a powerful mind and who possess the inherent ability to cultivate it. They all too often fail to understand that they alone possess the ability to strengthen the intellect, as the force of their will is all but irresistible.

The drive to feed the will becomes all-encompassing as its appeasement is artificially achieved through physical pleasures easily obtained in the modern world. They become creatures of their will as it becomes stronger. All the while, through their self-imposed disdain for any stimuli that might energize the intellect, their minds become all the weaker. They, as a social class, suffer from a chronic deficit of self-respect and lack the motivation to elevate themselves and develop the means by which they can succeed and contribute to society.

What affliction causes a man to sit for hours on end idly passing the time, caring not for what he can contribute to our world and instead expending a tremendous amount of effort into devising new and original ways to defraud the rest of us? Has he no self respect, no drive that motivates him to succeed? The tools are there if he were to only seize them with his own hands and use them in a constructive manner. How sad it must be to lack the basic motivations inherent in the simplest creatures who determine to not provide for themselves and instead depend upon others to provide their basic sustenance. But does the blame rest solely upon their shoulders, or are there more treacherous actions afoot?

Collectivism: The Enemy of the Poor

The argument could be made that those capable of productive contributions to the social order are bound to their dire circumstances by forces that are content to exploit their misery for political gain. Yes, in a sense the poor are victims, but not of the sort most in positions of power would have you believe. They are victims not of exploitation by the wealthy, but by those of the collectivist mindset who wish to manipulate their suffering into successes at the ballot box. The collectivists are more than willing to talk from both sides of their mouth. One voice cries out for compassion and government sponsored charity, while the other whispers behind the closed doors

of the party offices that these people are their path to power and control, and that they must keep them subjugated long enough that their corpses will line their road to power. They promise everything and deliver nothing, again and again. Strangely enough, the poor continue to flock to these charlatans, believing every lie that they are told, despite the fact that they have been told the same thing time and time again, yet they remain in their desperate situation.

Absent from all of this are reason and rationality, and in their place exist only unfettered envy and hatred for those who possess slightly more than they themselves possess. This represents the most vivid example of the negative characteristics of envy, as it exists within a moral vacuum devoid of the intellect. The poor are not in possession of the tools necessary to reach the realization that they are simply objects by which the collectivist can fashion their misguided utopian delusion. Those in power will never lift a finger to help elevate the poor, either economically or in matters of the intellect, as they are too valuable for the pursuit of their end goal. To break free of the philosophies that hold them in their position of poverty and misery, the poor must not only strengthen their intellect but, more importantly, begin to question the basic premise of the collectivist ideology. Without this individual rebellion against what they incorrectly perceive as justice, they will forever remain bound in their deplorable state and entertain no possibility of rectifying it.

It is for this reason that the poor deserve contempt. This is not due to the sheer fact that they possess no wealth, but instead because they do not possess the wherewithal to realize a lie when it is told to them, even more so when it is told to them multiple times. Blinded by unrestrained envy for those among us who produce and consume by the sweat of our brow, they are unwilling to break free from the collectivist chains that bind their minds shut and seek a way other than state-sponsored assistance to alleviate their suffering. These poor wicked fools deserve everything that they have - nothing - and despite all of the promises made by their masters, that is all that they will ever have.

I do not shed a tear for their plight. No, I shed a tear for their idiocy and lack of self respect. I pity the poor not because of what they lack, but for what they cannot see. Before them lie untold opportunities available to all men in a free society, yet they are unwilling to seize upon them because it is all too easy to sit and wait for the productive members of society to pull them along. They sit and consume promises of equality and wealth if only they continue to despise those who possess

more, but these dreams are never fulfilled. Until these hapless simpletons desist from their self-inflicted misery, I shall offer no compassion and continue to heap contempt upon their plight.

Breaking the Shackles

It must be made clear to all that while the deficiencies of the intellect that plague the collectivist, and those who they seek to influence, are responsible to a considerable degree for the error in their philosophy, it alone cannot account for their delusion as a whole. Other factors - stemming from their defective epistemology as well as their flawed logic - produce any number of foolish assumptions about society and man in general. That being said, their deficit in intellect does lie at the root of their affliction and dissatisfaction for it clouds their ontological perspective while at the same time it corrupts their moral understanding of the world in which we live. They are content to live under the cloud of false assumptions and emotionally driven morality and seek no cure for their malady.

To the collectivist there exists no deficit in intellect, for from their perspective they are the sole repository of intellectual thought in the world today. Sadly, it is this false premise which prevents them from developing and nurturing the intellect to a degree with which they could construct and implement a sound moral structure that will free them from the shackles of ignorance and deliver them into enlightenment.

“A businessman who can create useful, well-paid and secure jobs is doubly blessed, by the individual he makes self-supporting and by the society he renders more secure. He helps himself, too, for, as Maimonides says, there is joy in lifting people out of want, not by alms but on a permanent basis.” - Paul Johnson



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Black History Month – Who They Ought to be Celebrating

By Tim Dunkin

As you most likely know, February is Black History month. And as you also most likely know, the treatment which this will receive from both black Americans and white leftists will be completely misdirected and wasteful in the good which could be accomplished. Black History month, as with pretty much everything else that makes up the face of black American public participation, has become the province of race-baiting no-goods like Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton, and their cadre of local emulators in every major city across America. Instead of taking the opportunity to celebrate the great strides that have been made by blacks in America, this month becomes just another excuse to crank up the grievance machine, extort money and guilt from gullible whites, and continue to hold black Americans back from being able to enjoy the fruits of the sacrifices made by their forefathers.

I, for one, think this is a shame. Instead of this month being an excuse to foment racial discord and to make blacks comfortable with submitting to self-imposed limitations, *real* contributions and *real* sacrifices ought to be recognized. This is why I have chosen to devote my column space this week to celebrate Black History month by pointing the reader to the life and example of someone who black Americans would do well to imitate – Booker T. Washington.

Booker Taliafero Washington was born into slavery on April 5, 1856 on a plantation in northeastern Virginia. He was of mixed parentage. His mother, whose name we know as Jane, was a slave on the plantation. His father was a white man, but Booker barely knew him. Because of his mixed race background, Booker was considered black, and was therefore also a slave. He, along with the rest of his race, was emancipated from slavery with the defeat of the Confederacy in 1865 and the passage of the Thirteenth Amendment outlawing slavery.

If there are two words which would characterize Booker T. Washington, they would be “diligence” and “energy”. As a young man, Washington spent several years working in the salt furnaces and coal mines of West Virginia, obtaining a reputation as a hard worker and trustworthy employee. Dissatisfied with where he was at, young Booker set out to change his station in life by means of obtaining an education. At the age of 16, he enrolled in the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute, in Hampton, Virginia. Because he was poor, he had to work to pay for this education. This continued as he further his studies after Hampton,

going to Wayland Seminary, in Washington, D.C. After graduating, he returned to Hampton, this time as a teacher, helping to further the educational opportunities of other black youths.

It was at this time that Washington drew the favorable attention of Samuel C. Armstrong, the president of Hampton Institute. Armstrong tapped Washington to be the first principle of the Tuskegee Institute in Alabama, a new school being organized along the pattern of the Hampton Institute.

The Tuskegee Institute is the source of much of Booker T. Washington's fame, for he remained as its head until his death in 1915. Washington's philosophy was this: blacks needed to be educated more than they needed anything else. Under his leadership, Tuskegee focused on providing blacks in the South with practical skills that would enable them to “prove their worth” to the racist Southern white society that they lived in. Washington also sought to instill into his students a sense of diligence and industry, that with hard work they could overcome any obstacles that society placed in their way. He believed that by doing so, “blacks would eventually gain full participation in society by showing themselves to be responsible, reliable American citizens.”

This approach on Washington's part likely sprang from his Christian convictions. He wasn't just working for himself, or even for his fellow blacks, but for the Lord Jesus Christ. In everything he did, he did it to the glory of God, doing it heartily as unto the Lord. It is not surprising, then, to learn that a 2006 examination of his medical records showed that he likely died of hypertension contributing to congestive heart failure. He had a blood pressure twice that of normal, testifying to a lifetime of hard work and energy.

Booker T. Washington's contribution to American life was that he pointed the way, and led many IN that way, for black Americans to escape the poverty, ignorance, and degradation which a prejudiced American society in that day forced upon them. His contributions were recognized by many whites in that day – many wealthy industrialists contributed to Tuskegee's endowments, and for his labors he was awarded an honorary Master's degree from Harvard in 1896, and an honorary Ph.D from Dartmouth in 1901. That same year, Washington was invited to the White House by President Theodore Roosevelt – the first time this honor had ever been extended to a black American.

Booker T. Washington went to be with his Lord on November 14, 1915, having lived a full life devoted to a worthy cause. A fitting tribute to his life is carved into the base of the monument dedicated to him at the center of Tuskegee University's campus, "He lifted the veil of ignorance from his people and pointed the way to progress through education and industry."

If only his example had been followed by later generations. Even in his day, Washington was not without critics within the black community. Many, like W.E.B. DuBois, who founded the NAACP, criticized Washington for being "accomodationalist" for preferring the route of education over and against more direct action. This continued into the modern civil rights movement, when people like Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael succeeded in becoming the standard bearers of the movement.

And so it continues today. Education and industry are about the last things being preached to black Americans by their leaders today. Instead, the message is that blacks are "owed" something by whites, that not getting this something is racist and selfish, and that the way for the black man to get ahead is to have a hand out instead of a leg up. The message that permeates black culture is that getting a *useful* education (as opposed to one that involves being trained for grievance-mongering) is "acting

white", it's being an Uncle Tom and an Oreo. Black Americans who work hard, overcome tremendous obstacles, and become successful (without the help of affirmative action) - people like Clarence Thomas and Condoleeza Rice - are perceived as sellouts.

Let's be frank here, Booker T. Washington would be astounded – in a negative way – by the state of much of black America today. The black family has been all but destroyed. Welfare dependency, illegitimacy, and crime run rampant. Education in the sciences and the arts is despised, and many young black men pin their hopes in life on being able to run a ball or shoot one through a hoop. The popular entertainment is dominated by a thug culture that defies authority, objectifies women, and glorifies wickedness and violence. No, Washington wouldn't recognize the bulk of today's "black culture" as anything he wanted to have a part of.

My advice – take it or leave it, it's your choice – would be for black Americans to consider going back to the roots that Booker T. Washington tried to lay down so long ago. The present course being followed, with Jesse Jackson manning the wheel, and Al Sharpton tugging the rudder, is on a self-destruct course that is doing anything but endearing the rest of the country to them. No matter how many race cards get played, this will be the case. Ironically, the "civil rights movement" is going to destroy the future of race relations in America. Mr. Washington would not have wanted it to be that way.

Fight FOCA

Sign the Fight FOCA Petition
at FightFOCA.com



FOCA Would Wipe Away Every Restriction on Abortion Nationwide!

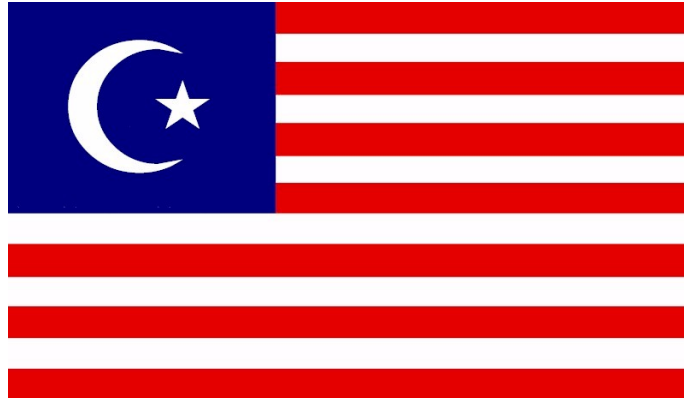
This would eradicate state and federal laws that the majority of Americans support, such as:

- ◆ Bans on Partial Birth Abortions
- ◆ Requirements that women be given information about the risks of getting an abortion
- ◆ Only licensed physicians can perform abortions
- ◆ Parents must be informed and give consent to their minor daughter's abortion

FOCA (the Freedom of Choice Act) would erase these laws and prevent states from enacting similar protective measures in the future!

Find out how to fight FOCA – go to <http://www.fightfoca.com>, sign the petition, and get involved!

Charles Welty's *Ameristan*



To order the full novel *NOW*, visit <http://www.lulu.com/content/475490> and get your copy today! If you'd like to order the newly published screenplay of *Ameristan*, then go to <http://www.lulu.com/content/5779867>!

Now, *Ameristan* continues from last week....

Surah 8 – The Allahu Akhbar

The high-pitched scream of electronic feedback looped out of the big speakers and into Darryl Harb's ears, forcing him to wince. "Is it on?" Tariq Saeg tapped the microphone. Another harsh boop brought a sound technician running. "Oh. Sorry." Tariq said as the technician bent the microphone flex-tube so it faced away from the speakers.

Darryl had separated himself from local newspaper and TV reporters and strategically sat near the back of the room—where he had a good view of Abu Kareem's seat in the second row. Kareem was dressed casually, in khaki slacks and a light blue dress shirt. Perhaps the fiery Muslim leader was content to let Saeg take center stage this time.

Darryl found the Harris County School District meeting room impressive, dominated by a semicircle of stately, polished redwood desks that served as gigantic thrones for the board members.

Rising behind the semicircle, on either side of what must be the superintendent's chair, were two flagstuffs—the colors of the United States to the left and the great Lone Star of Texas to the right.

The peasants were to sit on simple oak benches that reverently faced the thrones. Between the peasants and thrones stood a lonely lectern for anyone who dared come forward and address the school board. The fool would be placed in the center of the semicircle so each board member could look down on him. The imagery gave Darryl a small, sad smile.

But there was no board meeting on this night, so the redwood thrones sat empty, and the lectern had been turned around to face the benches, which were filled nearly to capacity with high school students and their parents. Standing behind the lectern, Tariq Saeg appeared nervous enough, even without the glare of incumbents. Three of his fellow candidates stood a few feet away, to Tariq's right.

“Hello? Can you hear me in the back?” Tariq was bending down so his lips were almost touching the mic. “Yes? Too loud?”

He straightened up, smoothed out the papers in front of him and began to read.

“My name is Tariq Saeg, and these are my friends. My colleagues.”

As Tariq held his arm out toward his fellow candidates, strobes flashed amid the click-click-click of motor-driven cameras. Darryl noted Abu Kareem’s self-satisfied smile.

“We are here to announce that we are candidates for the Harris County Board of Education,” Tariq said. “All of us are citizens of this great country. We love our community here in Houston. And we love our children. But...”

Tariq looked up, then back down at his paper, then back up again. He blinked, folded his paper and pushed it away. He was going to speak from the heart.

“We do not like what has been happening with the education of our children. Everything in our schools is... how do you say it? Out of control?” Tariq seemed encouraged by murmurs of agreement from the crowd. “Yes. Out of control. Students defy their parents. They do not listen to their teachers. And when they do listen, what they are taught is lawlessness and... hooliganism. Just last week, a bunch of students stole beer and candy from my store....right in front of me. They take it and run.”

Saeg made eye contact with a cute young blonde in the front row. Darryl recognized her as Bobbie Sue Fisher, the school-lunch prayer girl, and he figured the group of teens around her had to be her friends and classmates. Saeg smiled at them and took a breath.

“But there is hope. There are some good students, and they deserve our support. A few days ago, this young lady here refused to give up her right to pray in school,” he said, gesturing toward Bobbie Sue. “I am not a Christian, but I stand behind Miss Fisher’s decision.”

His Muslim fellow candidates nodded in agreement while Saeg picked up a book from the lectern. Darryl recognized it as the same textbook

that Abu Kareem had used in his talk at the Houston mosque.

“My...how would you call it? My *pastor*? Yes, my pastor,” Saeg said, nodding toward Abu Kareem, “showed me this school book. It teaches our children that they are just the sons of monkeys. My friends, do you believe this to be true? If we tell our young people that they are descended from animals, why are we surprised when they *behave* like animals?”

Laughter rose from the crowd, most of it from the area where members of the press were seated.

“We the people have a duty....yes, a *duty* to reject any government funding that restricts our rights as parents,” Saeg said, “and as men of faith, we have the duty to see that our young people are educated rightly. Not wrongly. I say that if the government gives us money to make us teach what we do not want to teach, then we will say no to their money. We will do without it! This is our right!”

Darryl had to admit that Saeg, for all his nervousness, sounded powerfully sincere after he stopped reading his prepared text.

Abu Kareem stood and clapped loudly, prompting many in the gathering to join in applause. As approval washed over the room, Kareem came forward and pinned a campaign button on Tariq’s suit lapel. It bore photos of all four Muslim candidates.

Reporters took the cue to begin shouting out questions, and Abu Kareem assumed the role of moderator for the press conference. Darryl simply sat in the back and wondered....he felt like he was witnessing the beginning of something, but he wasn’t quite sure what.

• • •

A flush of pride filled Ibraim Aziz as he watched all the youngsters in their brown Boy Scout uniforms mingling and chattering with friends and parents inside the meeting room of the Houston Community Center. The sun had set, leaving the room pleasantly cool.

Ibraim scanned their faces, from the peach-fuzz cheeks of 11-year-olds to the moustaches and even a few scraggly beards of

those at 17. These scouts presented Ibraim with the gift of bright and able American Muslim males as they came of age.

We do so much good here with these boys. No matter what happens in the next few weeks, this troop has been a success. We have taken the soft clay of their young minds and bodies and molded them into strong, faithful followers of Allah.

He loved the discipline and obedience that was built into the Boy Scouts' structure more than a hundred years earlier. Ibraim tucked in his own starched scout shirt, stood tall in the front of the large room and put that discipline to the test.

“Atten-*shun!*”

The clicks of boot heels instantly snapping together, dozens and dozens of them, filled Ibraim's ears, and the corners of his thin moustache turned upward. The boys' shoulders were snapped back smartly, and on every thrust-out chest he could see the scout badge bearing the words, “In the Name of God.”

“Very impressive,” whispered Alford Dickinson, standing alongside Ibraim.

“Thank you, Congressman.” Ibraim then nodded to his guest of honor, standing next to Dickinson, and said softly, “Mr. Saeg, welcome.”

As he faced the Boy Scouts, still standing stiffly, Ibraim smiled and spoke with power and authority.

“You may all be seated. As most of you know, I am Ibraim Aziz. I am Scout Master of this, the largest Muslim scouting troop of the whole Houston area.”

The parents and scouts applauded politely as they took their seats. “Tonight, we welcome our friend and supporter, Mr. Tariq Saeg, and we salute our local Congressman, the honorable Alford Dickinson, who I am told is here with an exchange student from Yemen. This is right?” Ibraim looked to Dickinson for confirmation, and the Congressman nodded. “Yes, an exchange student named Shahid Rachman, who is here with a member of his host family, Miss Bobbie Sue Fisher.”

From her seat in the first row, Bobbie Sue waved a hand in acknowledgment.

“This is a very special occasion,” Ibraim said, reaching to take from Congressman Dickinson's hands a fist-sized jewel box covered in deep blue felt and trimmed in gold. He opened the box and pulled out a gleaming scouting medal: a large pendant embossed with a crescent and star hanging from a white ribbon.

“The *Allahu Akhbar*. This is Muslim scouting's highest award,” he said, holding the medal high. “The white bar of Jihad, the source of Muslim peace. A crescent moon... the origin of our Muslim faith. A five-pointed star... the five pillars of Islam.”

The audience, including Congressman Dickinson, applauded graciously.

“The *Allahu Akhbar* is not easy to earn,” Ibraim continued. “No. One must demonstrate in a practical way what Jihad means to the recipient.” Aziz turned to Saeg and began to pin the medal to his gray suit coat lapel.

“Tariq Saeg has shown his commitment to Jihad as he leads his companions in a fight for seats on the local school board. And he has donated time and money to help our troop. For this, and for completing the requirements as I have described them, we bestow on you...the *Allahu Akhbar!*”

Tariq shook Ibraim's hand and waved to the applauding scouts and parents. Ibraim saw Tariq lock eyes with Bobbie Sue and mouth the words, “Thank you.”

☪ ☪ ☪

The mystery that seemed to be unfolding in Houston left Darryl Harb troubled, but he felt he'd captured the essence of it in his write-up for the editor. He knew the story still had holes, but he felt certain that Internet World News would be interested enough to let him pursue it.

As he carried a folder overflowing with printouts from his research, Darryl spotted Shawna Wellman crossing the busy IWN newsroom, headed in his direction. Her clingy tan dress was a rare treat - she usually wore pants - and her blue eye shadow looked stunning on her caramel skin.

He felt his pulse quicken and told himself to calm down.

“Hey, Darryl!” she cooed. “How about that Houston heat?”

“It was only about eighty degrees.”

She brushed up against his shoulder and spoke into his ear: “I wasn’t talking about the weather.”

“Huh?”

Shawna pointed a long, pink fingernail toward the editor’s office. Through the glass, Darryl saw Billy Edwards simmering with a dour, red-faced scowl as ominous as any he’d ever seen. And with Billy, he’d seen plenty.

“Drat.”

“Mmmmm-hmm.” For once, Shawna didn’t object to the vulgarity. She retreated toward her desk, leaving Darryl to slay Jabba the Hut alone. Darryl dumped his research file on his desk, picked up his reporter’s notebook and glanced out the window at the crescent moon rising over the Capitol dome. All he wanted to do was go home and sleep.

“Might as well get it over with,” he muttered, flipping open the notebook and taking a black Bic pen from his breast pocket.

“So,” Darryl said, entering through the glass doors with false bravado, “what do you think?”

Billy leaned forward and jabbed an angry finger in the air.

“There’s no story there, Harb.”

“Oh, c’mon, Billy! Four underdog candidates against the establishment....with a religious twist.”

“People don’t want to hear it.”

“Billy, the times, they are a’changin.’”

“Well, *you* sure as heck aren’t changin’ with ‘em! See that?” Billy pointed to the HDTV monitor. It displayed several Internet ads and animated banners. “It’s called *advertising*. A

magic word around here. And do you know what those ads do, Mr. Harb?”

Darryl rolled his eyes. He’d heard this all before, too many times. “You don’t have to lecture me, Billy.”

“They pay the bills. And you know how? When the stories we report bring in readers through that electronic door, they see our ads.”

“Yeah, well, they won’t come—”

“They click on our ads.”

“—if they don’t find stories that they believe are important.”

Billy waved it all away with both hands. “No, they’ll read what I *say* is important. So now *you’re* the editor?” Billy rose, lifted from his desk a steel nameplate bearing his “editor” title and held his back stiff, obviously trying to make his comically short, round frame look imposing. He held out the nameplate for Harb to see.

“You wanna tell me what *this* is? Let’s see,” Billy said, mockingly answering his own question. “Ed-i-tor. Gee. Now, just what could that mean? *You....*” He pointed to Darryl and waited for an answer.

“I research the story,” said Darryl, trying to remain calm. “Then I write the—”

“Bzzzzzzt! Wrong! You don’t write. Not yet. I *assign* the story. *You....*” He pointed and waited again, giving Darryl another chance.

“Research the story.” Darryl was tiring of this game.

“Very good. Then *I*,” Billy said, pointing to his nameplate, “*review* the story. *You....*” Another expectant gesture and pause.

“*Write* the story?” Darryl didn’t like where this was going.

“I think we are communicating now, Mr. Harb.” Billy wiped a bit of spittle from his mouth and plopped back into his oversized desk chair. “Then *I approve* the story. Now, to approve the story means that, occasionally, I might....what?”

“Disapprove the story. But—”

“Ding, ding, ding! The man wins a cigar!” Billy slammed the nameplate back onto his desk.

“One Muslim man bucks an entire Texas community. That’s news.” Darryl knew the story had potential. He couldn’t understand why Billy was so ticked off about it.

“One man does not *necessarily* a story make, Mr. Harb.” The editor’s jowls were starting to regain their normal pasty color.

“Believe me, Billy. I *know* Muslims—”

“Do you now?”

“Yes, I do. Three other men, *also* Muslims, join him. And some agitator, one....” Darryl flipped through his notes. “One Abu Kareem is behind the whole thing, encouraging these guys to run for office.”

Billy eyed Darryl a moment before continuing. “You know what you are? You’re a bigot.”

“No!” Darryl felt like he’d been slapped. “You have to look past the surface with these people.”

“*These* people, Mr. Harb? It’s a *local* story. We’re a national and *world* news portal! As in, Internet *World* News.”

Darryl’s defensiveness finally turned to anger.

“You’re the one who sent me to Houston in the first place, to cover that Bobbie Sue Fisher school prayer story.”

“That was completely different. Girl wants to pray in school, nobody will let her, it’s news. But I’m killing this one. The story’s dead. Gone. Buried. And there ain’t gonna be no resurrection, Mr. Harb!”

Billy spun his chair back toward his computer monitor. It was a dismissal.

Darryl sat for several long heartbeats before realizing he couldn’t think of anything else to say. He stood and walked out slowly, taking a deep breath to make sure he wouldn’t slam the

glass doors. But he couldn’t stop himself from smacking his notebook down on his desk and storming off toward the elevator.

Shawna cut him off just before he punched the down button and placed a gentle hand on his arm. In her soft brown eyes, Darryl could see that she understood everything. She knew what Billy had done, and she knew exactly how he felt about it.

“Shawna—”

“Don’t let it get to you, Darryl. I don’t see a Pulitzer Prize sitting on *his* desk.”

He could have kissed her.

“Get me an e-ticket to Houston,” Darryl said, settling for a soft squeeze of her hands. “Would you? Please?”

“You know I’d do anything for you. Besides, I’m just a little ol’ cub reporter.”

As she turned to go, Shawna gave Darryl a coy look out of the corner of her eye that stayed with him long after the elevator doors closed.

☪ ☪ ☪

The Boy Scout meeting and award presentation to Tariq Saeg had gone very well. After nearly a decade in the United States, Ibraim Aziz was feeling more confident with his command of the language and culture than ever. These events always went so much better whenever he didn’t have Yusef Achim looking over his shoulder. Sometimes, the pushy old man just got in the way. And he looked so silly in those Boy Scout shorts.

Ibraim, who preferred to wear dress slacks with his Scout shirt, was paying his respects to a few of the parents after the Scout meeting broke up when Congressman Dickinson tapped him on the shoulder.

“Ibraim, my old friend,” Dickinson said, “there’s someone I’d like you to meet. This is Shahid—”

“We have already met,” said Shahid Rachman. He gestured with open arms to all the Scouts and parents still lingering in the meeting

room. “Most impressive, Mr. Aziz. A very large.... company.”

“Troop. We call it a troop,” Ibraim said. “And there’s room for one more.”

Bobbie Sue Fisher, close behind Shahid’s shoulder, brightened. “Ya *think?* Cool!”

“Oh, yes. We have a special training week coming up next month. Would you like to join us, Shahid?”

The young man thrust hands into his loose-fitting gray slacks and looked at his black loafers. “I have a deadline for the art show. My entry is a sculpture....in clay. Very difficult....the work takes a long time.”

“C’mon, it’s only one week,” Bobbie Sue said, playfully shoving Shahid in the back. “Maybe they have an art program!”

“We do, as a matter of fact. Clays and plastiques.” Ibraim’s dark eyes bored deeply into Shahid’s. “You would enjoy it. And we can provide everything you will need.”

“Yes!” Bobbie Sue seemed excited about everything. “Your supplies, too! And just one week!”

“Just one week,” Ibraim echoed.

Shahid shook his head. “I cannot. Deadlines. I must find some extra clay. I need a lot, maybe....four hundred pounds.”

“I think I can arrange that for you.” Ibraim placed a hand on the lad’s shoulder. “Then perhaps you would have time for our camp. Where would you like it shipped?”

Shahid turned to Bobbie Sue, who nodded vigorously.

“Overhill Baptist Church,” Shahid said. “Right here in Houston.”

“Consider it done.”

Bobbie Sue mussed Shahid’s black hair. “This is gonna be *so* cool!”

Shahid accepted Ibraim’s offer by offering his right hand. “I would be happy to visit your camp.”

“Muslim Boy Scouts shake with their left hands,” Ibraim said, extending his. “And we always help our own.”

Congressman Dickinson placed both of his hands over their clasped left hands. “Marvelous! Is there someone here to take our picture?”

“I’m afraid we did not invite members of the press here tonight,” Ibraim said.

“No matter. Listen, when your camp is over, would your troop like to come to Washington next month? How about a private tour of the House of Representatives?”

“You are very gracious. And the Washington Monument would be nice, too,” Ibraim said. He stroked the stubble of his beard for a moment, then continued. “Perhaps our camp director, Mr. Yusef Achim, can attend. Do you think we will be allowed to walk the stairs?”

“That’s a long walk. Nine hundred steps, they say. But sure, I’d be happy to arrange it. Alford Dickinson knows how to get things done in Washington.”

“Allahu akhbar.”

Next Week – Surah 9 – The Domain at War