

**WHITE**

## ***Republican Party***

The Party of Lincoln. Ennoble oneself through usurpation. Incongruous, but predictable. **THE AUDACITY!** Pushed one step further with the preamble: “American Exceptionalism!” (The Coin Of The Realm).

Pre-existing conditions are denied. You have to be dead before you can die. The author recalls Senator John McCain with his Facebook thumb inverted: **NO!** John was a POW during the Vietnam Fiasco, but he wasn't going to be taken prisoner by that Fat Son Of A Bitch.

Schizo!

As you might suppose, what follows is not intended as revelation, but more as an assertion into matters little understood, but prevailing, nonetheless.

Most of what is written, and will be written, is preceded by and predicated on stuff that the author learned in the classroom. We pledged, we saluted, we were told of our exemplary status in the world, and la dee dah. So quite naturally, being drilled and faith driven, we assumed a lot (stupid mistake #1), then we had expectations based on those assumptions (compounding stupid mistake #1). They didn't tell us that our form of government was riddled with influence peddling. And some pretty stoopid assholes.

To this author, understanding the Party, per se, is like trying to understand the ambience when suddenly finding oneself in another country. The only comparisons this author is able to offer is his exposure in Iceland, Mexico, or Canada, to people who might speak a different tongue, or exhibit nationalistic posturing when confronting an alien or a foreigner; in one particular case, projecting xenophobic prerogatives.

The Republican Party is foreign to this author. While nominally aligned with the Democratic Party, flawed in own its extensions, he has reservations regarding the politics of any party, or any party politics. When public servants open their mouths to speak as though one should be listening to them, the listener is placed in the position of accepting or rejecting what is being said, or, at least, being wary of the hidden meanings in what is being declared, and not declared. We have been so conditioned. While one seeks to believe what he hears, because he wants

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to believe, he may be at his most vulnerable to various vague, euphonious utterances. When one hears 'we are all in this together', he feels that someone understands a recognition for common interests, not in the sense of 'united we stand, divided we fall', but in humanitarian concerns, reverence for life concerns, equality, fairness, and justice concerns. Yes, and 'sharing the wealth' concerns. Sadly, nobody fits the bill.

This author cannot even hear these concerns when individuals claiming identity with the RP, speak, speak obliquely, in a foreign tongue. In their alien phonetic harangue, we sense glibness, guile, disingenuous soundings, equivocation, dissembling, evasiveness, obfuscation, doubletalking, disinformation, misinformation, and a host of devious meanings, mostly talking down to others (we the plebes) in the manner of W., Hank Kissinger, Dick Cheney, Colin Powell, Condoleezza Rice, Donald Rumsfeld, Mitch McConnell, Lindsey Graham, Newt Gingrich, Kevin McCarthy, Don Johnson, Josh Hawley, Jim Jordan, William Barr, Hippopompeo, Ashcrafft, Crrewzzz, Gunzaleezze (the UN is a quaint) and a host of rank and file public servants so aligned, and (only to allude to the most Gargantuan lying baboon of all time), as though what we didn't know, we didn't know deliberately, or what was being said, involved phony national security issues beyond the reach of the consenting citizen; in other words, a smoke screen. OR implying, the citizen, or constituent, was too damned stoopit to get the message in any language. Dismissed!!! Its all in the conditioning. If you swoon and sway to the music, you are in for some pretty sour notes.

The latest dissonance emanates from the State Legislatures where the RP is attempting, by any means possible, to disenfranchise (deprive, suppress, shackle, even castrate, and deafen), off-~~White~~ voters (tainted beige, sienna, ochre, jaundiced, noir [complete with physical characteristic]). You gotta know something is cacophoniously out of tune. Bad vibes, bad faith. Disunity does not begin to describe the dilemma. Dominance by the one over the other is the name of the game. Violent brutal clashes of the symbols will result, and the drum roll of civil war will resonate and echo throughout the land. One is mindful, not of our civil war, but of the Spanish Civil War. We are becoming viscerally prepared for such an event; brace yourself. The huge kettle drum and his assshit pipers are both symbol and symptom of a raging storm out of control, raising the visceral ire to the threshold of mayhem and

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destruction. Not to bring them to their senses, which are lacking, or to their knees, which will not bend, but to annihilate them. All are suffering and all will suffer. They bring us to this. They cannot win because the negative cannot win. They must confront their own ambivalence if they intend to be spared, even though the ossification of their gray matter will have turned them into boneheads.

This all may sound loud and precipitous coming from this author, who has always sought reasonable (perhaps passive) means to various ends. He has truly lost faith in the word, as he should, after hearing the soundings of that party. He thus proceeds with grunts and ughs.

The RP has become the White Supremacy Party which does not square with the Party Of Lincoln. Lincoln, like T. Jefferson before him, struggled with the slavery question. He had initially thought that the slaves should have their own country, and that the Federal Government should compensate slave owners for giving up their chattel in order to make free men/women of them. This would not be feasible. For one thing, there was no country for them. Freeing them, meant freeing them completely, and integrating them into the extant nation. As we know this turned into a can of worms, and continues to this day to release venom into the society as a whole, even after kicking the can down the road for 150 years (lots of dents; lots of worms!) Then, the Carnival Barker came along. He turned the can opening into a bloody circus. Meanwhile the Party, that Party was still shutting the door on the freed ones, attempting to prevent them from voting (not for dogcatcher). So see how it is, party-goers; Abe is restless in his grave.

The author does not claim to be a pious do better. He grew up in the northeast, in an essentially white community. In The Military (USN) the services were not fully integrated at that time, so there were few blacks, but while stationed in Memphis, and Jacksonville, certain areas were off limits, as was an area in Iceland off limits because of a Communist cell. Not that blacks were communists. They were black (stigmatized). To continue, the author lived in NYC for over a year without encountering blacks, even if he had, his love life, involving a white girl, was his eminent preoccupation at the time. Eventually he ended in the West in one of the whitest communities in the entire nation. He had no reference point for racial conflict. All of the civil rights activity escaped his notice. It was happening somewhere else. An example of the tone prevalent in the whitest community was registered when its Mayor Cone had returned

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from a sister city visit to South Africa, the headline appearing next day: Apartheid Works.

This did not mean the author was unaware of certain events happening in the south, and elsewhere. Still it was not his problem, even as a self-proclaimed proponent of equality, fairness, and justice for all (obviously the author was part of the all-inclusive 'all'). Still one is confronted with an unresolved conundrum. While stationed in Jacksonville, the author met and formed associations with the locals, white folk, who, while acknowledging the rational basis for integration of the races, could not assent to the notion of equality. They were just not equal. This was a prejudicial assessment based on unproven factors, but doubtlessly valid to those who believed them. This ambient culture prevailed from birth. It translated into whites were superior to blacks. Many people throughout the US, and the rest of the world, still believe this to be true. Winston Churchill opined that negroes were inferior. Well, you know, that's just Winnie, a Sunday Painter like W. A question arises, is it that whities are superior, or is it that darkies are inferior?

This author is, by inclination, and by disposition, remote from feeling himself part of a larger equitable universe. Because he knows that he is invisible in the mass (8 billion), he knows of his inconsequentiality. Each and every other individual is privileged to feel the same way. Mindful of Ortega Y Gasset's observations, and proposals, in *The Self And The Other*, one asks, 'what is the other'? How much does one's uniqueness matter? Gasset is interested in the most primal, primitive, or elemental encounters and interactions with individuals meeting other individuals from other tribes. They may be very much look-a-like, but still tribal, extending very little outreach to any another tribe. He boils it down to one tribe wanting to raid the other to capture virgin princesses. Well, nobody is going to stand for that. To extrapolate to more modern interactions, and assessments, we find white folk resenting black folk inseminating white folk. This may involve a very hypocritical conundrum where the practice has been white folk inseminating black folk (even though they are inferior). The resentments go deeper than we are willing to admit.

Can we work it out? Is the RP the party to work it out? Is the DP the party to work it out? More importantly, 'can the author work it out'? Looting and Vandalism should be shared equally.

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As it stands, the author would assess the RP as the least likely to work it out. While primitive, and democratically adverse, 'white supremacy' is to be considered a visceral issue; it is not a 'rational' issue.

Some of us have the luxury of meditation without repercussion. The author is able to conjure something without being a participant. Mugabe, a participant, thought that all the whites needed to take a powder. There would be no accommodation, or compensation. You can't compensate somebody for stealing back something he stole from you. Truth and reconciliation was a waste of time, at least it appeared to be so. A white idea perhaps.

One cannot discuss 'Party' without recognizing what it stands for, whether declared or not, and whether or not the author is an effective participant. Giving them the benefit of the doubt is so outweighed by their vocalizations, which turn the author's stomach.

But don't judge the author yet. He knows that members of the other party, despite their expressed sentiments, are guilty of the 'talking down to' syndrome. In other words, they treat the public in a manner learned in the halls of government. Don't let on what you are thinking, and skirt any issue with Klains of national security. Yeah! So that hurts. The Russians, Iranians, Chinese, and North Koreans already know what dumb shits we are; so there is not a big secret, after all. What this author wants to know is what he wants to know, so when he asks a public servant a question he wants an answer, a truthful answer; no evasive bullshit, no pie in the sky, no hunky-dory busshitt. No play acting. No fucking secrets.

Oh Yeah back to that.