

It's A Wonderful Race ! ... By James Bronson

There once was a college freshman named George who thought he knew it all.

One night over dinner, George got into an argument with his father. The argument began when the young student tried to explain to his father that as White people, they should be held accountable for all the evils that they had inflicted upon non-Whites throughout history.

George explained:

"Because of European racism, we stole the Indians' land, we held blacks in slavery, we persecuted the Jews, and we plundered the environment. We've been oppressive racists for thousands of years so it's only fair that we pay economic reparations for all the harm we've done to the world.

I'm pleased to see that we are ending our political and economic domination of the oppressed peoples."

George's dad was shocked to hear such talk. "Who put such commie-pinko nonsense into your head, boy? Did one of your sandal-wearing hippie college professors teach you that?" the father asked. To which the son replied: "That's the truth dad. My anthropology professor, Dr. Irving Silverstein, says so. He ought to know. Dr. Silverstein is a well-respected Ph.D. People of your generation just don't understand because you were raised in a White supremacist racist society. That's why I've come to admire Dr. Rev. Martin Luther King as the greatest man in American history.

He stood up to the racists of your generation. Because of him, my generation of White kids is completely colourblind."

The father angrily replied: "That's bullshit! I've always been fair-minded and tolerant of people from all backgrounds and races. I haven't 'oppressed' anybody, and furthermore there's nothing wrong with being proud of one's own people, including the European race of people. Your race is in your blood. It's like an extension of your biological family and you ought to be proud of your European heritage and identity, just like every other racial group in America is proud of its. Why is it OK for them to have a strong sense of racial identity but it's evil for us Europeans to feel that way?" The young "intellectual" laughed at his father. "Come on dad, that's the kind of crap Hitler tried to peddle. Those racist attitudes were discredited years ago. There's only one race and that's the human race. Diversity is our greatest strength. Differences in so-called "race" are as insignificant as

differences in belly buttons. And besides, UN statistics now show that low White birth rates, along with the fact that we live in a multicultural society, will mean that Europeans and their ethnocentric and racist culture will have died out by the end of the century," young George said. Turning red with anger, the father yelled: "You are a walking cliché? You know that boy? And you think it's a good thing that the European peoples of the world will have faded out and ceased to exist?" Young George replied; "I think it's great! It will mean the end of racism and the end of hate. The oppressed peoples of the world would have been better off if us racist Europeans had never existed to begin with."

Suddenly there was a blast of cold wind, an explosion, and a huge smoke cloud.

When the smoke had settled, George found himself alone and lost in a cold open field. An angel named Clarence then appeared to him and said "Well George, you've got your wish." George asked: "Where am I? What's going on here? And who are you?"

The angel answered, "George, I'm Clarence the Angel. I was sent here to show you what the world would have been like if Europeans, or Whites, had not existed. You now live in a world where Europeans never existed." "Oh. That's cool. I'll have no problem adapting because there's not a racist bone in my body. And when I get back to my world, I'll be able to tell my professor and my friends how great this non-racist world was. Say, I'm freezing my ass off out here. Where's the nearest motel?" "Motel?" replied the angel. "There are no motels here in what was once called North

America. But there are some caves up in those mountains where you can find shelter." "Caves? No way man. I want a nice warm bed to sleep in." "I don't think you understand George. There are no buildings here in non-white America because the evil Europeans never came here to build them. Whites never existed, remember? The natives live in tents. Would you like to go meet some local Indians? Perhaps they'll let you stay in a tent."

"A tent? But it's 10 degrees outside?...Oh well. It's better than a cave I suppose.

Let's go talk to these Indians. Wait a second, are these Indians friendly or hostile?" "Why, George, that's a racist question to ask. Just because some Indians were brutal savages who scalped their victims alive, it doesn't mean they all were" said the angel sarcastically. "I know that Clarence. And I'm not a racist. I hate racism. Nonetheless, I'd feel safer if I could have a gun to defend myself if they turn out to be violent."

"Gun?" replied the angel.

"There are no guns for you to defend yourself with. Firearms were invented by evil Europeans. Though we could make a spear with those twigs over there." "That's too much work. Give me a telephone then. I'll call the Indians to ask if it's OK." "Telephone?" replied the angel. There are no telephones here. Alexander Graham Bell was another evil white man, so he never existed. No Europeans remembered?" "Forget it then" replied George. "I'll sleep in the damn cave." Upon arriving at the cave, a shivering George asked the angel for a lighter so that he could light a fire. "A lighter?" replied Clarence.

"There are no lighters here, and no matches. Those are European gadgets and evil Europeans never existed remember? If you want to get warm, you need to do like the locals do and start rubbing twigs together." "Oh come on man! I mean to tell me these people still rub sticks together for fire?" "That's right George. The Indians live exactly as they did before the evil pilgrims arrived from Europe just a few centuries ago." said the angel sarcastically.

"I refuse to stay in this cold cave and I damn sure ain't gonna light a fire with twigs, and I refuse to sleep in a teepee. I'll go to South America. I can make it in a warmer climate and I'll adapt quickly to the great Incan civilization I learned about at college.

Since European racists like Columbus, Cortez and Pizzaro never existed, the Incans will still be there. ... I need a car?" "Car?" replied the angel. "There are no cars here. Daimler and Benz, the evil German inventors of the internal combustion engine, were never born...nor was Henry Ford. There are no paved roads either. This is a world without evil Europeans remember?" "No cars! Oh. I'll just have to take a train." "There are no trains in this world either George. Evil Europeans weren't here to build locomotive engines or to discover the many uses of coal, oil and gas, or to build trains or lay tracks. But I'll allow you to cheat just a bit. Grab hold of my magic robe and we'll fly south." George touched the angel's robe and they flew south until they arrived in an abandoned mud hut in the midst of Incan territory.

George was grateful for the warm weather but it wasn't long until he began to complain about the heat and humidity. "Clarence, this hut is a little shithole and I'm sweating up a storm here. Get me an air-conditioner please." "Air-conditioner?" replied the angel. "There are no air-conditioners here. Air conditioning and refrigeration were inventions created by evil White men." "What?!? You mean to tell me that in the year 2002 these people still haven't figured out a way to keep themselves or their food cool?" a frustrated George asked. "No George, they haven't. And they never will." "This is ridiculous. Let's go to the main city to see the Emperor. I can't live like this.

Where's a car...oh I forget... no cars! Dammit I'll walk. Let's go." After walking through the jungle for about an hour or so, it began to get dark. George then asked Clarence to give him a flashlight so that he could see. "Flashlight? Sorry George, but Thomas Edison was an evil White man too...and he was never born. There are some branches over there if you want to make a torch." "Never mind that!" George shouted back.

By morning time, Clarence and George had arrived at the temple of the Incans. A bloody human sacrifice was in progress. George turned to Clarence and cried, "They're going to butcher that poor soul! Somebody has got to stop this.

What horrible murdering beasts! Can't anyone stop them?"

The angel replied "I'm afraid not. Ritual killings are common place here. "Those evil European racists like Columbus, Cortez and Pizzaro never existed so the Incans just continued their brutal ways. In fact, it was the oppressed peoples themselves who made up the bulk of the Spanish armed forces. The people saw the Spaniards as liberators who would rid them of the oppressive Incan and Mayan rulers and give them a better life." "I can't blame them for helping the Spaniards then. This is a horrible place. Get me out of this shithole now!" said George. "Where would you like to go?"

Clarence replied. George said: "Take me to Africa, maybe there's a more advanced and humane civilization there that I can fit into. Where the nearest airport?" "Oh, I forgot...no Wright Brothers." George said. "How about a boat?" "Boats?" replied the angel. "I'm afraid the most seaworthy rafts available to you won't be of much help in crossing the vast Atlantic Ocean.

The great Viking sailors and European navigators never existed.

No Phoenicians, no Leif Erikson, no Henry the Navigator, no Columbus, no Magellan, no Hudson and no Robert Fulton. Even if you could build your own ship, there would be no compass for you to navigate with and no sextant either. I'm afraid you're stuck here George." "Can I touch your robe and fly to Africa then" asked George. "You're cheating again George, but all right. Touch my robe and we'll fly to Africa." When they arrived in Africa, George saw thousands of half-naked African tribesmen being herded along a dirt path. They were guarded by other Africans with spears. "What are they doing to those poor men?" George asked Clarence. "They are being enslaved by another tribe. Slavery was common in Africa long before the whites arrived." Clarence said. "In fact, most of the slaves who were shipped to the Americas were sold to the slave traders by African tribal leaders." "That's so sad." George said. "I want to meet Martin Luther King. Since his White assassin never existed, this great man should still be alive. He's probably a great tribal chief somewhere and leader of an advanced civilization. He will free these slaves from their African masters. Take me to him Clarence." Clarence led George to a little hut deep in the heart of Africa. The naked women and children roamed in and around the spiritual leader. The young men were out on a hunt but the older men stayed behind. George was led to the dingy little hut of the tribal witch doctor and witch doctor. There he saw a wild-looking man with a necklace of teeth around his neck and a huge ring pierced through his nose. "What the hell is that? George asked. "Meet Witch-doctor Matunbo Lutamba Kinga" Clarence said. He never became Reverend Martin Luther King because there were no universities or seminaries built to educate him. Europeans weren't there to create such opportunities. But he did become the tribe's spiritual leader. He specializes in casting evil spells. Perhaps he can help you?" The witch doctor gazed in wonder at George. Then he motioned to his henchmen to seize young George. The tribesmen grabbed hold of George and tied him to a nearby tree. "Stop it! Let me go. What are they going to do to me?" cried George hysterically. "They're going to perform a ritual killing on you George. The good doctor King...I mean King -- believes that by cutting your heart out while you are still alive, it will bring good fortune and fertility to his tribe," laughed Clarence. "Clarence! Clarence! Help me Clarence! Help me! "But George, you told me that you wanted to go to Africa and to meet your hero Reverend King."

George said: "This part of Africa has not developed yet.

I can see that now.

Take me to North Africa where Egypt and Carthage established great civilizations. Just get me out of here, please." Just as the witch doctor's spear was about to carve out George's heart, George vanished into thin air. He then found himself on the banks of the river Nile in Egypt. "Thank you Clarence. Thank you," George said.

"I don't understand it Clarence. Why does so much of the world remain so brutal and primitive? I learned during Black History Month about many talented black inventors and scientists. Garrett Morgan, George Washington Carver, Benjamin Banneker, Granville Woods. Then there's Dr. Carson, the preeminent brain surgeon in all of America. Where are these men?" Clarence replied: "Don't you understand yet? America, and Africa, exist exactly as they did before the Europeans discovered them. Civilization as you had known it, had only been introduced to these people just a few centuries ago by the Europeans. There are no universities, no hospitals, no means of transportation other than animals, no science, no medicine, no machines. In fact, the wheel hasn't even been discovered in Sub-Saharan Africa! Those black scientists, inventors, doctors, athletes, and entertainers you speak of were never given the opportunity to realize their full human potential because Europeans weren't around to introduce higher civilization and learning to them. There are no George Washington Carvers in this non-European world, no Dr. Carsons, no Booker T. Washingtons, no Benjamin Bannekers, no Michael Jordans, no Oprah Winfreys, no Bill Cosbys, no..."

"Stop it! That can't be!" cried George.

"Let's walk over to the great pyramids of Egypt right now and I'll show you one of the great wonders of the worldbuilt by non-Whites" They walked a few miles before George stopped and asked where the nearest toilet was. "Toilets?" replied the angel. There are no toilets or urinals in this world. Plumbing was developed by evil Europeans. The people in this non-White world still relieve themselves in open fields." Clarence turned around so George could do his business. "I need some toilet paper." George said. "Toilet paper?" replied the angel. "There..." "I know. I know. Toilet paper hasn't been invented yet. Just hand me a rag then". Clarence obliged and the two of them went on their way. "I don't understand. According to my recollections from Geography class, the great pyramids should be near this very spot. We ought to be able to see them from miles away," said George.

"Well, George, I'm sure your professors at the college never told you this, but the ancient Egyptians were not black or brown.

They were Caucasians. The anthropologists who examined the Egyptian mummies confirmed this fact. There are no pyramids and no Sphinx either.

And the Carthaginians were White too."

George became depressed, but he was determined to prove his beliefs.

"What's in Europe?" he asked. "Europe became populated by Huns and other Asiatic tribes. They've settled down a bit but life is much the same as it is in North America. A nomadic existence based on hunting and food gathering. No great cities, no science, no buildings, no culture, no fine art - just a hard daily struggle against life and the elements of nature. In a Europe without evil Whites, the Roman Empire never existed nor did the Greeks. There was no Renaissance either." "Take me to Asia then. Surely the great civilizations of Persia, India, China, and Japan will suit me" George said. "Clarence, to the Taj Mahal please." "The Taj Mahal?" replied the angel. "Don't you know that the ancient Persian and Indian civilizations were established by ancient Indo-European tribes who crossed the Himalayas? They are the ones who civilized India and built the Taj Mahal. Those are the great civilizations that Marco Polo, Columbus, and others were searching for. Did you know that Iran is Persian for "land of the Aryan?" George said: "Don't tell me that the Indians were White men! That can't be. In the world I came from, I knew many Indians and they were not White!" Clarence explained: "As the centuries passed, the Indo-Europeans who created Indian civilization intermarried with the native majorities who populated the Indian subcontinent. Gradually there were less and less evil White people until they faded out completely, along with the advanced civilization they had built. You will notice that there are still a few white-skinned and fair-haired Indians and Pakistanis around today -- in the world you came from that is. George became worried. He knew he could never fit into the harsh primitive world he had been thrust into.

Suddenly he thought of Japan. "Japan! I'll show you now Clarence.

Take me to Japan. If the Japanese can make TVs and cameras then I'm sure I'll find a decent civilization that I can live in."

Clarence transported George to Japan.

George observed that Japanese society was the most orderly, advanced and civil that he had seen, but it seemed as if almost everyone was either a rice farmer, a fisherman, or a soldier. There were no cars, no skyscrapers, no lights, no stereos, no sciences, no technologies, no universities. It was a stagnant agricultural society that seemed to have reached its high water mark and was incapable of moving forward. George knew he could not live here either. Clarence explained to George: "Even the industrious Japanese and Chinese peoples had to rely on the evil Europeans to build the modern Asia that you had in mind. In this world, Japan exists exactly as it did before Commodore Perry's American naval ships arrived in Japan in the 1850s. There's no industry, no technology, no Fuji film, no Sony, no Hitachi, no Panasonic, no Toyota, no Sushi bars, no baseball...none of the trappings or comforts of modern life. These things don't exist in Japan or anywhere else because Europeans weren't there to create them and share them with the rest of the world. Would you care for a bowl of rice George?" George began to feel sick in both his body and his mind. Not only was he depressed, but exposure to the harsh elements of nature had left him physically ill.

"Clarence, I seem to have contracted some type of sickness. I must have some antibiotics." "Anti-biotics? There's no... "Oh Shut up already! Then just take me back to the world as it was!"

"Sorry George. I'm not authorized to do that. Only my boss can make that call." Clarence said to him:

"You see George. Your father was right. You really had a wonderful race. Don't you see what a foolish mistake it is to be ashamed and guilty about your own people, and to let them die out? This is what the world would be like without the creative spark of Edison and Ford and Pasteur and Marconi. No great scientists, or mathematicians, or inventors or fine artists. No Archimedes, no Aristotle, no Socrates, no Alexander, no Renaissance, no Newton, no Kepler, no Goddard, no Mendel, no Tesla, no Faraday, no Guttenberg, no Shakespeare, no Dickens, no Twain, no Mozart, no Beethoven, no Da Vinci, no Michelangelo, no Galileo, no Copernicus. No Venice, no Paris, no Lisbon, no Madrid, no Zurich, no Berlin, no St. Petersburg, no Budapest, no Rome, no Milan, no Vienna, no London, no New York, no Rio, no Sydney. No orchestras, no museums, no universities, no hospitals, no libraries, no theaters, no radio, no books, no television, no electricity, no refrigeration, no heating, no plumbing, no houses, no steel, no stadiums, no vaccines, no cars, no planes, no trains, no ships, no dentists, no surgeons, no computers, no telephones, and most important - there's no creative genius to be found that could create and sustain such a high level of civilization. There's nothing for the people of this world to build upon. It's just a daily struggle for subsistence. A brutal planet where the few people who aren't mired in eternal ignorance and darkness have reached their peak of civilization and are advancing no further." Clarence went on to lecture the broken and depressed young man for seven days straight. He covered everything. History, science, economics, philosophy, art, literature, fine music, architecture, medicine, politics, agriculture, religion, and all the creations and contributions that the European peoples had made in every conceivable field of human endeavor.

George listened closely to every word.

He felt like a man who had been reborn. After his lecture, Clarence the Angel floated away towards heaven.

"I hope you have found all this to be educational, and I hope you have learned an important lesson. Enjoy your world George!" mocked the departing angel.

George began to sob like a baby. It was the year 2002 and he was alone and hungry in a backwards world where Europeans had never existed. He cried out to the stars:

"Please God. I see what a fool I've been.

I understand now what my father was trying to tell me. I want to go back to the world that I came from.

A world where Europeans not only existed, but blessed the rest of humanity with their unique creative ability. I want to live in a civilized world. "Please God!...take me back!...take me back! ...Oh God....please."

Suddenly George was transported back to his college dormitory.

Drunk with joy, George jumped into the showers before he could even take his clothes off!. "Warm water! and soap! Life is beautiful!" he screamed. George's floor mates looked at him as if he was crazy. "George! Have you gone crazy?" asked a bewildered schoolmate. "No my friend. I haven't taken leave of my senses. I've come to them!" George replied. George then began to sing classic European folk songs in the shower. Miraculously, he was able to sing in many different languages. He sang O Sole Mio in Italian, Amazing Grace in English, Gloire Immortelle in French, Das Ist Der Tag in German, and also Belgian, Spanish and French ballads and waltzes. Tears of sheer joy began to stream down his cheeks. The degenerate music of Hip-Hop and Rap lost all of its appeal to young George. After his shower, George drove to a nearby restaurant and ordered two whole entrees. One was Lasagna and the other was a delicious Veal Marsala. With his Italian food he had a Greek salad with Spanish olives and Russian dressing, drank a whole bottle of French wine, followed by a German pastry for dessert. He finished his meal off with a hot cup of English tea and a Cuban cigar.

George said out loud: "Oh those European peoples and their delicious cuisine. Clarence was right after all. What a wonderful race!" George was happy, but at the same time he realized there was much work to be done. He thought of all those poor whites in Rhodesia and South Africa who were being murdered and raped ever since they gave up control of those once-European nations. He thought of the many thousands of qualified Whites who were passed over for good jobs and college entrance because of racial quotas that discriminate against Europeans. He thought about the declining birthrates among all the European nations of the world. He remembered that Europeans everywhere were dwindling in numbers every year even as their own nations were being flooded with third world immigration. He recalled the O.J. Simpson verdict and how millions of blacks in America cheered when that brutal double murderer was set free by a black jury after he stabbed two Whites to death. He remembered the Los Angeles riots of 1992, where dozens of Whites were dragged out of their vehicles and killed like dogs in the streets by packs of White-hating monsters who were never even punished! He remembered the time when Jesse Jackson led a cheer at Stanford University: "Hey Hey Ho Ho, Western Civ. has got to go!" His European blood began to boil in righteous indignation when he recalled how Jesse Jackson once said he had spit in White people's food when he was a young restaurant worker.

George now understood that his people were on a collision course with worldwide disaster and genocide.

George realized that this great people must not perish from the face of the earth. George could not wait to see his father. He longed to embrace him and apologize for all of the foolish and disrespectful things he had said to him. But first, George had a score to settle with a certain college professor. He walked into Dr. Silverstein's auditorium and quietly took a seat in the back row. The nasal voiced Silverstein was lecturing on and on about racial and gender inequalities in European-centered civilizations. It was vintage Silverstein. George's impressionable White schoolmates, with their baggy pants, hip-hop clothes and backwards baseball caps, were swallowing Silverstein's poison pills hook, line and sinker. After letting Silverstein spew his cultural poison for about 15 minutes or so, George raised his hand so that he could give the professor a piece of his newly educated mind. "George? Is that you? I remember you from last semester. I wasn't aware that you were here today. I failed to recognize you in that shirt and tie, and without your earrings. You must have enjoyed my course so much that you signed up again eh? Class, I'd like for you to meet George. He was one of my brightest students last semester. He truly has a thorough grasp of the ideas presented in this course. George, would you be so kind as to tell my class about that brilliant term paper you wrote about European racism, imperialism, and the need for monetary reparations?" That's when young George let loose on the unsuspecting Professor. "ENOUGH! You scheming devil! You mendacious fabricator of falsehoods! You pusillanimous purveyor of pinko propaganda! How dare you try to corrupt and manipulate our young minds when your filthy lies. We Europeans have nothing to be ashamed of, nothing to apologize for, and everything to be proud of.

And most of all, we don't owe anybody jack- shit - not one thin dime!

To the contrary, it is the rest of humanity that owes us a debt which can never be repaid! We are the rightful heirs and protectors of a rich cultural heritage. You vile manipulator! We are the sons of the Romans, the sons of the Greeks, the Celts, the Vikings, the Normans, the Saxons. Why do you inflict shame and guilt upon us?

We Europeans didn't just contribute to civilization... WE ARE CIVILIZATION !

And I declare that I will no longer tolerate you shit head "intellectuals" trying to tear our people down.

Never again will we walk on eggshells when we speak, always fearing that we might be called "racist." I no longer care what people think. All that matters is the truth which you have sought to pervert!" "What are you up to anyway? Why do you try to corrupt my young peers by shoving false heroes down their throats. Enough of your Marxist games of divide and conquer, you commie pinko subversive! I don't want to learn anymore about Martin Luther King, Jesse Jackson, Al Sharpton or Black History Month. They would not have amounted to anything without the institutions of high civilization created by the European peoples. I'm going to set this class straight about who the truly great men of history are - the European statesmen, scientists, explorers, monarchs, navigators, conquerors, inventors, artists, writers, philosophers - the innovative giants of history that you and your ilk have erased from our collective memories. You speak of a world liberated from European influence? Permit me tell your students about such a world, Silverstein, because I can speak from personal experience, you wretched little conspiring monster!" Silverstein turned white as a ghost. He was shell shocked and rendered speechless for the first time in his career! Never in all of his years at the University had a student dared to so boldly challenge his falsehoods. Speaking from the heart as well as the mind, and with an eloquence he never thought he could muster, George broke out into a 60-minute monologue on history, science, philosophy, culture, and all the other attributes that constitute high civilization. The young students were captivated by George's brilliant oratory. Many were moved to tears. By the end of his tirade, George's reawakened classmates were thundering their approval of his speech. The class gave George a standing ovation and they thanked him for helping them rediscover and reclaim their own sense of pride and lost identity. The unstoppable power of truth had melted away years of Marxist guilt tripping, self hate, wishpishness and cultural brainwashing in just one unforgettable hour. The inspired students proceeded to storm out of Silverstein's class, throwing their hip-hop baseball caps and nose earrings at him as they stampeded out and vowed never to return. They lifted George up upon their shoulders and carried him into the auditorium like a conquering hero. With a glint in his eye, George glanced up towards the sky, winked and said "Thank you, Clarence." Dr. Silverstein was left humiliated and visibly shaken. He knew that these reawakened European kids could never again be brainwashed with "political correctness" and White guilt. Silverstein's greatest fear was that more of these proud European youths would one day reawaken and take their country and civilization back from the Silversteins of the world. Silverstein was worried, but he remained confident that most young men and women would never learn the truth about their glorious past and unique creative abilities. After all, the mass media, Hollywood, the music industry, the colleges, and the public schools are all controlled by "liberals" like Dr. Silverstein. With the power of political correctness in their hands, they can continue to tear down our European ancestors, destroy our institutions and traditions, instigate blacks and other races against the whites, flood America with third-world immigration, and push "hip-hop" music, homosexuality, and other garbage onto a weak, confused and morally degenerate youth.

After reflecting upon these facts, Silverstein smiled a devilish grin and muttered to himself:

"A few of these European sheep may wake up to what's being done to them, but the majority of these idiots never will."

And he smiled again....and laughed with diabolical Marxist glee.

Then he repeated to himself "No...they will never figure it all out until it's too late."

Or will they ?

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