

American history august 2006

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The Europeans made themselves what they are through their incessant wars. In the dark ages, for 2000 years they warred against themselves. It is in our history, and depending on your place of birth, there are varying accounts, and limited access to the known history of the workings and wanderings of the European man upon this globe. Here in America, history seemed to have started when the white man arrived. Before this, history is really shrouded in mystery. There is a gap in historical information, which is normal when a territory is overtaken by conquering peoples. The history of the conquerors is known, while that of the conquered is wiped away.

What is to be done now? How can reparations be properly made, or is the white man doomed to die for his past, for his un-reconciled indiscretions? I don't think so. And what, truly, is white man anyway? Is it blonde hair, blue eyes, pasty skin? Or is it more Mediterranean, with a dash more melanin? Is it a moot point altogether?

It is our attitude which will seal our fate. Do I turn my back on my ample light, because my colored brothers don't want it from me, because I am white? I'm white. White governments the world over are hated today. Hatred is never the answer. Hatred is what gets us into these messes in the first place. Hatred will merely slough off the responsibility to future generations. There are so many misunderstandings; is it my aim to set them aright? Well it must be. It must be, because it is I who see, I who write, and therefore it becomes my duty. Why me? Well, why anybody? Why Madonna, why Michael Jackson, why Tom Cruise? You see, we are all really men, no more. I have an angst inside my chest, an anger. It is all the lies, the misinformation they have forced me to ingest. It burns a hole in my entrails, like an ulcer. But I let it out. It is this that I am doing here, with this exercise.

They don't want me here. They think I've done enough damage, and it's best if I just leave. I can't say that I blame them. Rather, I feel their claims quite justified. It is we who are at fault for our myopic blindness. It is not they, nor their impurity, nor their inferiority. It is we. I see us, we are dead wrong. Before, I used to think to myself "Where

can all these lies and deceptions lead to? Surely not to a nice place.” Now I see where they lead us, we all see.

Is it too late? It may be too late for the Americans, or even for all humanity, for all I know, but it’s not too late for me. Never too late for me. Never too late for any man. For the true warrior, the time is always now. Oh my friend, you better believe this is a battle we wage. It is life. It is what we are here to do.

It’s a dirty game we’ve played. Do we expect to play it forever? We are all but ethnic tribes. There is no difference among us, only in how we were trained. And although we are not all created equally, the distinguishing factors should not be based on color, ethnicity, race or any other outward physical manifestation in man. It is, always has been, and always will be the invisible that counts.

We have spread our disease, it is rampant. The Americans have lost all sense of identity. We are a people of mixed race, and have as a result lost all sense of perspective on cultural and racial impulses. The world is angry. We dig our hole deeper. Oh my friend, do you think I am against you? I am not. If I were, would I not let you burn in your iniquity in utter darkness? Today, as the world increases in its involutory spiral of hatred, is the time for love. To love today is to do the right thing. It is the planting of the seed of the future.

A man may never know what is going to happen, but a man may prepare for every eventuality. A wise man understands, an ignorant man is indignant. Europe is the place where the great wars have taken place. They have earned their stripes. They are now onto other phases of life. It is here, in my lands of the Americas, where the great battles of the future will be fought. Much, oh so much has transpired.