

I've lost a neighbourhood - we have lost a world

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Erster Teil.

THE OTHER DAY, I drove through the section of town in which I grew up. During the period I knew it best -- the late 40s to the mid 50s -- it was a lovely, well-kept middle-class area, totally self-contained and virtually self-sufficient.

It had its own schools, drug and grocery stores, bowling alley, theater, gas station, bakery and barber shop. There were half a dozen mainstream Protestant churches, and a small Catholic chapel for those whose antecedents had come from central rather than northern Europe. I never heard of any non-Christians anywhere in the community and once overheard my Welsh Baptist grandmother say that deed restrictions and housing covenants prohibited such people from "drifting in with us."

It would be superfluous to mention that blacks were totally excluded. Crime was practically nonexistent. Even as late as 1964, it was possible for a woman or child to walk anywhere at any time of the day or night without fear.

Police patrolled the area and escorted away all those who obviously did not belong. I can recall young couples pushing strollers up and down the sidewalk in the twilight. How could anyone imagine that this placid way of life would ever be disrupted! It was so totally right.

For some reason, the town park stands out most vividly in my mind. I remember going there with my parents on an Easter Sunday, when the park was at its best. As the churches emptied, families, especially those with children, everyone dressed in their spring finery, would fill the sidewalks.

There were parades and various competitive events, but the highlight of the day was the egg hunt. Along with my sister, I joined in the annual scramble of joyous, squealing, incredibly good-looking white kids surrounded by beaming parents, friends and neighbors.

Not one dusky Third Worlder, not a single yarmulke in sight. Since this was our community, our culture, our faith, we neither wanted nor needed the presence of outsiders with their oddball antics and behavior.

Zweiter Teil.

It was only later that the U.S. government, prodded by the corrosive force of American Jewry, decided that we had to "share" our lives with those who, for one reason or another, couldn't create their own orderly neighborhoods, parks and festivities.

Trouble was, those who were so eager to grab pieces of our social fabric gave nothing in return except ingratitude, for they were genetically incapable of creating anything we could possibly want. Later, however, we would discover that they did give something in exchange for our living space, traditions and way of life. Our integrated neighborhood became "enriched" with drugs, crime, porn shops, rock music and miscegenation.

Despite their bleating about brotherhood and constitutional rights, Jews knew all along where America would end up once the Majority had been betrayed to the dark hordes. It's the same shell game they have played many times before in their history. We hear endless whining and gnashing of teeth; we witness eternal hand-wringing and breast-beating about the sufferings of nonwhites. Never a whisper about the inestimable physical and mental suffering we have endured at their hands when they violated our living space.

Our neighborhood, like countless others throughout the West, was extremely quiet, something we took for granted. Sitting on my grandmother's front porch in the golden silence of an early afternoon, it was possible to hear no sounds at all. Except for the occasional car, the only movement came from mothers watering their plants or butterflies sailing over the lawns and flowers. It was all so indisputably right. Though the butterflies and flowers are still around -- in reduced numbers, of course -- the silence of this once Northern European enclave has long ago passed into history.

It was foreseeable that with changing demographics in such crucial areas of the country as Washington and New York, the neighborhood I knew was doomed. Threatening our neighborhood on one side was a sprawling, burgeoning Mexican population. Having crowded themselves out of their own areas by refusing to practice family planning, seething in quiet convulsions of sullen rage and resentment at WASP exclusiveness, it was more than apparent to any white who took the time to look that this was a ready-made opportunity for vote-hungry politicians. When the two forces got together in the mid 60s, aided and abetted by a degenerate Supreme Court, the dark tide began flowing away from what they had created, toward what we had created.

On the other side of town was a concentration of blacks, smaller in number but equally voracious and aggressive. The two alien races, pushing from opposite ends, created a pincer effect on our community which would eventually kill it, just as weeds choke out a flower bed. As I drove through the old neighborhood,

I was reminded of the joke about the difference between a rich Mexican and a poor one: the rich one has two cars up on blocks. Judging from what I saw, quite a few rich ones had moved in.

Our neighborhood had been safe, clean and quiet, because our people were safe, clean and quite. The minorities built their neighborhoods in their own likeness, while coveting ours. It was obvious their behavior would not change simply because they moved from one part of town to another.

Dritter Teil.

The first Mexicans arrived in 1965. To this day, I honestly don't know if their arrival coincided with the passage of some civil rights law or if, assured of federal backing and anxious to flex their newly acquired social muscles, they had decided the time had finally come to strike.

At any rate, our people were soon convinced there was nothing to be done, no way we could stand up for our racial and property rights against the power of a federal government gone mad. Except for grumbling, we did nothing.

At first, the older residents hardly noticed the newcomers squatting in their midst. They were reasonably quiet and kept to themselves.

But what started out as a creeping cancer soon metastasized. More and more mestizo kids raced beat-up bikes on the sidewalks, while their parents seemed to do little but procreate. Instead of white couples with their single strollers, broods of wailing hijos and hijas trailed their mothers down the street. Property values began to decline as more and more of our people found it impossible to live in such surroundings and sold out at rock bottom prices. All the buyers were black and brown.

A decade after the first nonwhite appeared, the neighborhood looked like a better-class barrio in Latin America. My old elementary school is now 90% mestizo, with a soup :on of black tossed in. Whites are down to less than 2%. Few, if any, of the ninos and ninas are aware that most of their ancestors were back in Mexico when "their" school was built in 1930.

The Mexicans who were in this country at that time were, along with the blacks, far removed from our turf. The Easter egg hunts were a neighborhood affair from the 20s to the 60s a typical manifestation of Northern European culture and tradition. Today, even if the egg hunts were still held (they aren't), it wouldn't be the same. Legions of black and brown children romping over lawns, which would have to be replanted, don't have the same appeal. The brightly colored eggs matched the brightness of the fair-haired children who sought them.

Our once beloved park is a weed-choked rendezvous point for drug dealers. During the day, gangs of dusky "youths," with visions of becoming future "Magics," "Doctors" and "Icemen," shoot basketballs at rusted hoops erected by former white residents. At night, couples thrash around in the bushes, guaranteeing an endless supply of welfare recipients. Today graffiti-covered walls greet the returning native. Rape crisis numbers are scrawled in the vandalized phone booths. Young thugs lounge at street corners. If a white dares to make eye contact, he invites a confrontation. ("Hey, dude, wha' chu be lookin' at?")

The local variety store where I bought candy from old Mrs. Gibson is today a Vietnamese-owned laundromat. The theater, built in the late 20s, was mercifully pulled down before it became a porn palace. My grandmother, after spending the better part of her 85 years in the town, was finally forced out by bands of vagrants and petty thieves. She was the last white on the block.

This crime against white humanity was largely engineered by the loud, abrasive, abusive minority which had clamored for it for decades. The tragedy is, it could have been prevented, if we had met these sworn and dedicated enemies of our race, culture, society and religion head on, if those who have always envied and detested us and our civil ways had been stopped dead in their tracks when they first began their incessant agitating for unrestricted Third World immigration and open housing.

Vierter Teil und Schluß.

It has been a soul-grinding experience. Our neighborhood, our self-respect, the way of life we knew and relished --all is as dead as the antebellum South. The freedom to associate with our kind is no more. Since minorities now have the legal right to confront us in our only remaining retreats --our homes the meaningless rhetoric about freedom of choice and association is both false and hypocritical.

This small portrait of my lost community --a subdivision transformed from white to brown virtually overnight - should make anyone of our race mad as hell. Few will be. We have lost our fighting spirit --our will to live.

Martin Luther King Jr. had a dream which, from its conception, turned into a living nightmare for whites, for Northern European whites in particular.

I have a dream, too, one that gives the lie to Thomas Wolfe's, "You can't go home again." Some day, some way, somehow, the nightmare must end, and the old ways and places restored to those to whom, by birthright, they belong.