

## RAW WHITE RACISM

This poem is addressed to and dedicated  
to Ms. Dana Canady, a Black female,  
Pulitzer Administrator  
and also dedicated to  
Jericho Brown  
“The Tradition”  
58 poems

that won the 2020 Pulitzer Poetry Prize

by beating out my

3400 pages of 4000 poems  
over 50 years  
“Dr John WorldPeace JD  
Complete Poems 1972-2019”

My submission the committee never read.

Mr. Brown’s submission really only deals  
with gay Black love

My expectation of a Black man Pulitzer Poetry Prize winner  
would be James Weldon Johnson  
James Baldwin  
how far the Pulitzer has fallen  
Ms. Canedy ! Any Black will NOT do.  
and no Black will do if his or her  
poetry does not merit it

Ms. Canedy, let me give you a wake-up call  
The hatred of people for Peace and WorldPeace  
and moreso those like me who advocate it  
is right up there  
with racial hatred.  
I was illegally imprisoned all of 2008  
for my political activism 2000-2002

in my run for governor of Texas  
Oh yes people hate peace  
look around America  
hatred for Blacks and Peace  
are siblings in conservative politics globally  
and Donald Trump is the leader of the  
American White band  
– without apologies

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The following is my record  
of experiences with  
Blacks during my 72 years  
beginning in Houston Texas  
in 1948

Black is the word I use  
when on the very few  
occasions I need to  
distinguish African-Americans

I started out in life  
knowing the world N.ger  
then Colored, then  
Black and then African-American  
and then N.ga in prison  
in 2008  
as a political prisoner

A redneck mechanic named  
R. D. Jones (R-ah D Jones to old school Blacks)  
rented out an apartment  
with his wife Nita  
on the top floor  
of my great grandmother's  
home in 1947, and who became  
life long friends with my parents who lived  
across the hall.

RD told me that

N.gers should be called Negroids  
which rhymed with Hemorrhoids  
which are a pain in the ass.

RD late in life

trapped raccoons, possums,  
skunks, squirrels out of homes  
in and around Houston

and sold them to Blacks

in N.gertown  
on the other  
side of Pinemont Road  
from where I and the White folks lived  
as well as RD.

RD had several Black

women friends

who were his customers

Outside the time he spent with

his Black lady friends

he was a typical

Southern racist.

I suspect he

he had witnessed a lynching  
or two back in his home state  
of Tennessee.

The Jones' and my parents

were all born in the late 1920's

and lived into their mid 80's

I always wondered

why so many people

used the word N.ger

(until the 1960's)

N.ger or Colored

after all the Civil War  
was 93 years in the past  
when I was born in 1948

Then I connected  
up with all the WWII vets  
in my neighborhood  
in the 1950's who had  
killed Krauts and Japs in WWII  
they said

I realized  
that in the beginning of the 1900s  
when my grandparents  
were born  
there were lots of Confederate Veterans  
who lost the war but  
not their contempt for Blacks

My mother's mother  
was a child in Houston  
hearing that talk -  
so N.ger was just  
the common term  
all around.

One of the  
last Confederates veterans to die  
was carried around the South  
in the 1950's and put on display  
in the county courthouses

I did not attend  
I had no interest

My best friend's father at that time  
who was raised in Austin  
was always saying,  
'Save your Confederate money boys  
the South will rise again.'

My parents used the word N.ger  
like just about everyone else.  
My mother grew out of it  
My father used it  
more in hate  
especially with his  
redneck companion in his  
last 25 years –  
she is an ignorant low rent  
big mouth fat  
coal miner's daughter  
from West Virginia  
and she stoked my father's racism daily  
with her own.

All the kids in my  
neighborhood told me  
often they wished their  
dads were like mine  
who was involved in my life

The father I knew  
growing up did not  
use N.ger very often  
but 10 times a day when  
he died in 2013

My dad was raised  
90 miles west of Houston  
in El Campo

I don't ever recall  
his parents using  
the N.word

They did refer to N.gertown  
as Oxblood.

The community of cotton farmers

around El Campo  
did not seem as  
prejudice as the people who  
lived in Houston.

When I was about 6  
I was sitting on the front lawn  
close to the street  
watching the Blacks  
collecting the garbage

One big truck with wooden side boards  
and those muscular Black guys moved  
quickly down the street  
1 in the truck  
2-3 in the back  
4-5 walking

The walkers would grab the metal cans  
and sling them up 10 feet  
over the sideboards  
with ease and the men  
up top caught them  
in one hand and  
with a graceful movement  
emptied them and  
sent the can back  
down like a ballet dancer.

My mother called me  
into the house  
and said those N.gers  
would love to grab me  
and call me coconut ball  
and cut my throat  
- so stay away from them

I would go to Sears  
with my mother about the same age

and noticed the water fountains had  
white and colored  
on placks above them  
everywhere

I was confused why  
the bathrooms had  
White male – White female  
and Colored  
with no distinction for  
male and female Colored

Like many things in my life  
I just made note of it  
and asked no questions  
I figured some adult near me  
would mention it  
sooner or later

A few times one or two blacks would visit our church  
They would sit in the back.  
No one talked to them  
and they never came twice.

In 1963, I came home, I was in Jr High then,  
and MLK was on the TV. Both my parents  
were in the house but not in front of the  
TV. They wanted to know what  
King was going to say but  
not be accused of watching him  
or have to admit to it  
I saw him and stopped to watch.  
My mother said, “Why are you watching  
that Nigger.”  
I said, “because I want to hear  
what he has to say”

I found the speech incredibly  
inspiring.

My parents never came into the room  
and they did not tell me to turn it off  
- they were listening.

My first wife's parents  
were from Louisiana  
not cajuns or coonasses per Texans  
upper White class  
racist of course.  
Hazel was raised on the Atchafalaya River  
behind a levy on a farm  
Tiger lived on the coast  
in Franklin.

The Snake (my first ex) and I would go out  
to eat at a place called  
Angelo's Fisherman's Wharf  
with Hazel and Tiger's friends  
Tiger who was a tall man  
with a booming voice  
would ask,  
"Where is the N.ger  
with my water?"  
I mostly refused to go  
to these events.

Tiger was a very personable guy  
in public and only used  
N.ger at work  
when only White males  
black help  
were around.

He was a very high placed  
White male in the  
oil business

He told me two stories  
about his childhood.



One: When he was in his  
mid-teens probably 1940  
riding in the open back seat  
with his father and uncle  
coming from market  
going home

He saw a N.ger  
coming at them  
on the road and he  
had been massaging  
a tomato next to him  
when he eyed the man

When they got close  
he jumped up with the tomato  
and hit the man with it  
basically as an automatic  
reaction forgetting he was  
not with his friends

His father stopped the car  
and they all got out and  
“Big Pop” made Tiger apologize  
“Big Pop and his brothers owned  
a hardware store and half  
their business was Black.

That was in Franklin, Louisiana  
population 1600.

Two: When Tiger was about 13  
a Black man ran in  
front of him and his friends  
and stole a woman’s purse off her arm  
and ran like a rabbit

Problem was this guy  
ran right by the sheriff

he had not seen.

Tiger and his friends  
knew exactly where  
this guy was going  
- across the tracks  
and home  
to Colored town

Tiger and his friends  
took off down an ally  
and the sheriff calmly  
got in his car  
he also knew  
where this guy  
was running to

Tiger and his friends, the Black thief  
and the sheriff all emerged from their  
respective allys at the same time  
the Black guy was  
running down the tracks

The sheriff get out of his car  
yelled to the thief to stop  
he didn't and the  
sheriff killed him  
- a rifle shot  
I suppose

My father's father who lived in El Campo, Texas  
was a man of few words  
very few

I quit asking him questions  
little boys ask  
because he would not respond  
I got the impression that  
my questions were too

stupid to bother with

My father said  
    grandpa probably didn't  
        know the answers  
I never believed that  
    because I often heard  
        grandpa talk to his friends  
            and he was not stupid

He told me after WWI  
    a Black was hired out  
        to someone he knew  
            chopping or picking cotton  
                I assume

Taking a break  
    the Black man took a drink  
        out of someone's water jug  
            not asking

The next day the sheriff rode up  
    on his horse and asked he Black man  
        if he drank out of the  
            White man's jug

The Black said yes  
    and said it was a  
        common thing in WWI  
            in the trenches

The sheriff told him  
    he was in Texas, pulled out  
        his pistol and killed him  
            and rode off

I lived in a  
    middle class new home  
        from 5 in a neighborhood  
            of WWII vets who bought  
                them under the GI Bill

post WWII

I lived in the same neighborhood  
my whole childhood. I always  
went to new schools that  
were built just as I  
was ready to move  
up to Jr High and Sr High

I graduated high school with  
713 kids  
maybe a dozen kids of color  
but no Blacks

The common redneck term now  
not then - was “muddy people”

I had no interaction  
with Blacks  
until I went to work part time  
after High School  
and went to college  
at the University of Houston  
and worked full time  
- this was June 1966

My only real exposure to Blacks  
was seeing maids and yard men  
in the neighborhood  
who arrived  
mostly by bus  
and old beat up cars

My mother's father  
who was born in Missouri  
and moved to Houston just  
before WW I think

used to tell me how he and

his friends would throw  
rocks at the N.gers  
from a bridge  
over White Oak Bayou  
in downtown Houston  
at the Blacks who were fishing there

He would always tell me  
Blacks smelled like billy goats

He also was careful to instruct  
me and my cousin that  
some of the N.gers  
looked White  
To know for sure you  
had to look at the hair on  
the backs of their necks to  
see if it was kinky  
that was the  
only way to tell if they were  
Whites or not

Grandpa Ellis  
had a lot of health issues  
9 major operations  
4 times he was told he  
was a dead man walking  
and survived all  
of it and died at 77

One day  
a Black kid was walking  
in front of his house  
and he grabbed a  
baseball bat he had  
and chased the kid down the block  
calling him names and telling  
him not to let the sun  
set on his head in his  
neighborhood

Every guy I knew  
when they would share a coke  
would be sure to tell  
each other not to  
N.ger lip it.  
In high school  
some of the guys would  
ask me to go to  
a KKK rally that  
had come to town  
I never did  
I had no interest  
in that

Common joke in the South  
“How do you get a N.ger  
out of a tree?  
“Cut the rope”

My mother’s mother  
was pure Scot  
her family went back before  
the Revolutionary War

One of my grandfathers  
was a sergeant in that war

His father’s will  
listed about 10 slaves  
he willed to his kids

His veteran documents and  
his fathers will is on my  
main website

My mother’s mother’s great great grand father  
on her fathers side  
was a surgeon in the Civil War  
from Mississippi

and discharged at Allen's Landing  
in Houston.

Another grand father on  
her mother's side  
was a private in the Civil War  
from Georgia”

The Revolutionary War and  
Civil war participation  
was a source of  
family pride

I started working  
in 11<sup>th</sup> grad  
in a grocery store  
no Blacks employed there  
and very few Black customers

I worked full time  
9 out of 10 years of college  
no loans for me

June 3, 1966, I found  
a full time job as an  
inhalation therapist  
and changed jobs in January 1967  
to M. D. Anderson Cancer Institute  
in Houston

There was a Black guy working there  
queer as a 3 dollar bill as they used to say  
He was always coming on to me  
I did not respond  
he knew I was not gay.

His name was Aaron and  
was a nice guy and did his work.

There was another Black guy there

in the department  
Deckmon MacMillian

Deckmon was a Black Panther  
or some such gang member  
about 6' 2"  
a real scary guy  
he had the look  
of serious harm

One day he got into my face  
about a joke I told  
and cornered me  
and subtly made serious  
threats to me

I did not respond  
In 1967, the job he had  
was too valuable  
to kiss off  
by bothering me

So I was safe  
but certain Black males  
were damn tired  
of being called N.ger  
and disrespected  
I understood that -  
all my friends were rednecks  
from redneck families

My next job was at Exxon  
as an accounting clerk  
I met Victor there  
he was working on his PhD  
in classical music  
Always making everyone laugh  
he was vouched for as OK  
with all the Whites



and he was invited to White parties

In the Army in 1970 -

I was drafted after college  
6 weeks after graduation  
and taken away

There was about 10%

Blacks in my company  
By 1970 a lot  
of White guys had run out  
of draft deferments

So my company in boot camp

and Advanced Infantry Training  
was half college grads  
and half rednecks  
combed out of  
the deep South woods  
and the hills of Arkansas

The Blacks and Whites

did not mix too much  
the Blacks were seriously  
out numbered

I had a friend across the street as a kid who would

talk about going N.ger knocking  
on Friday nights  
but most like him did not  
really do anything more  
than ride along

In the Army, there were some real

Mississippi crackers who  
I am sure had been  
to a lynching or two and  
had left some Blacks  
bloodied and broken up in a ditch

Not quite as bad as the Texans who dragged  
a Black man behind their truck until dead  
about 20 years ago.

Most Blacks knew not  
to face down young White males

The one no-no was  
a Black and White  
couple

Not many integrated lovers dared  
go public with their relationship  
the girl would get  
a bad reputation  
and become forever  
tainted  
the Black guy  
would get seriously hurt

There was always  
some Whites always  
looking for trouble

I married in 1969  
to a Louisiana girl  
who in high school would go every  
weekend to  
the Black clubs  
down in the bayous  
I called her the Snake after the divorce  
19 years after the wedding  
for her many bad acts

But she had the Black dancing down  
in the 60's little White girls dancing in  
Black clubs was pretty safe  
If anything happened

to them  
there would be  
beat up and dead  
Black guys in the swamps  
it would not matter if they were  
the guys involved

I thought it was  
stupid for the Snake  
to have done that  
It did not bother me  
hearing about it after the fact  
Her father was too much  
a redneck for her  
to let him find out  
One thing you did not do  
with Tiger was to  
embarrass his White status

He was a LSU guy  
and at the college football games  
after integration  
his big mouth would yell out

“Did you see that N.ger  
hit that fine Colored gentleman”  
Then laugh his ass off

After 20 weeks  
of Infantry training  
I was sent to NCO school  
at Ft Benning Georgia  
for 12 more weeks of sergeant training  
then back to Ft Polk Louisiana  
for 12 more weeks as an assistant  
drill instructor in an  
infantry unit.  
So 44 weeks of being  
taught how to kill

Vietnamese

One afternoon after  
being in the field all day  
I took a shower  
with the men under me  
no big deal but  
sergeants did not usually do that.

I was shaving  
but naked  
and this big mouth Black  
from New Orleans named  
Lejander  
walked by and slapped  
me on the ass

I just thought  
what a stupid son-of-a-bitch  
I just looked at  
him in a way he understood  
and let it go

About 2 hours later about 6 or 7  
Whites came by  
to verify what happened  
they were pissed  
and had been drinking

They asked me what  
I wanted to do about  
Lejander

One guy asked if I wanted  
him dead  
or just put into  
the hospital  
for a few months

Times were tense racially in 1971  
and I did not want to  
deal with an investigation  
so I clearly told them to leave  
him alone

Those guys were looking for trouble

A couple of weeks after  
I did not see  
LeJander anymore  
I asked no questions  
no one spoke about him

If he had been killed  
there would have  
been chatter but  
since I told them to  
leave him alone  
they would not have  
talked about it around me

I remember in 1972  
I saw the first Black man  
with his girlfriend  
in a new Toyota  
That was a first for me  
I was shocked  
most Blacks had  
old junker boat cars

I remember as a kid  
a whole lot of Black men  
would have very  
expensive leather shoes  
the older Blacks would  
have slits on the sides  
of the shoes mostly  
next to their little toes

the shoes were  
just too small  
but they were top line

I was sent to Italy to be part  
of the NATO forces  
lucked out,  
1 in a million shot  
I did not get sent to Vietnam  
by the grace of God is all I can say  
In my NATO company of 1000  
I only remember a few  
Blacks and they  
were all lifer sergeants

After the Army  
I started a family  
was working full time  
and going to college  
full time  
I did not have time  
to socialize

The were not many Blacks  
in night school  
Within a mile  
of the U of Houston  
was Texas Southern University  
a Black university  
Both state schools  
I think TSU kept the U of H  
Black student population low

I had to go over to TSU  
now and then for a seminar  
and I was shocked  
to see thousands of Blacks  
in one place  
and only a few dozen Whites

I thought about how it would be  
to be Black and for the most part  
always be in the minority  
everywhere

I was not afraid  
I know how racists the cops  
were in Houston.  
no tolerance  
for uppity N.gers  
or incidents involving Whites

There were more than a few known  
cops with more than a few  
Black deaths associated  
with them

I was selling life insurance  
after the Army  
in people's homes  
in the evening

I was always amazed  
that in the Black homes  
they had a picture of Jesus  
and one of MLK

The MLK portraits  
were significantly bigger  
and better quality

I compared those homes  
with comparable White homes  
where it was Jesus  
and Elvis  
on the living room wall  
It always made me smile.

My children  
are like their mother  
liars all 4  
and other defects  
and a negative view of me  
due to their mother  
She came from money  
that hid her White trash aspects  
embedded in her  
I speak to none of them now

But there is one major accolade  
for me regarding my kids  
They do not do drugs  
and they are all colored blind  
and N.ger has never  
crossed their lips.

Racism never took root  
in their reality

Tiger used to say  
the two shortest  
books he ever read were  
“N.gers he had as friends  
and Jews who had been to his home.”

When the Snake had a boy in 1974  
her father, Tiger, had 3 girls,  
the Snake was on high

Tiger came to the hospital  
happy – on a cloud  
the first grandson

Then he asked the name  
the Snake said Nathan Edward Wolter  
Tiger shut down  
completely



and he and Hazel left in  
about 30 minutes  
after he made the  
announcement that  
he would disown the grandson if  
given that name

Nathan was the name of  
a friend of the Snake and I in Italy  
where I was stationed  
in 1971-2  
Edward my birth middle name  
Wolter my German family name  
(I changed my name to John WorldPeace 1988)

I left the hospital  
and a depressed Snake  
an hour later  
to get to the  
bottom of the matter  
with Hazel and Tiger  
(both dead now)  
I sat down and asked  
what the fuck is  
wrong with you people  
what is the problem  
with the name

Says Tiger  
“I will not be accused  
of having a Jew bastard  
grandson”

Nathan a Jew name  
Wolter a German name  
together Nathan Wolter  
the Jew  
That's how his friends would work it out

I have no Jews in my family that I know of  
so it was just the name

People talk about racism  
in America

The Blacks have no concept  
how significant and deep  
those roots in White males

MLK and the Kennedy's  
drove racism into tight  
White groups

I am a "White Anglo Saxon Male"  
and I can walk up to any group  
of White males and they  
keep talking their racism  
assuming I must be one of them

I do not tell them my name is WorldPeace  
Being WorldPeace is right in there  
N.ger

When I had  
my walk-in tax biz  
in the 80's  
I had a lot  
of Hispanic clients

Not so many Blacks  
because in Texas  
Blacks and Browns  
don't mix in the neighborhoods

I would have some Hispanics  
(everyone then called them Mexicans or Mescans or  
worse. There were about a dozen slang words for Blacks and  
Hispanics)  
come in and start ranting

about the N.gers  
almost on par  
with my dad  
in later years

A lot of Hispanics  
changed their names  
because they had  
a look of Spanish  
blood and looked White  
So Mr. Martinez  
would be Mr. Martin.

When these racists  
Hispanics would rant  
all I could think  
is hey guy

Most Texans see  
Hispanics as just  
Brown Blacks

Texans had a field day  
at the Alamo  
130+ Texans against 5000 Mexicans  
it was a target rich  
environment as they say

All the Texans died  
Juan Seguin  
who was a major  
Texas patriot  
- but after San Jacinto  
which followed the Alamo  
and brought Texas Independence  
they took his land  
and drove him  
out of Texas

The big talk is Black reparations  
these days  
makes me laugh

Not a single pro-Black Reparation advocate  
speaks of Native American reparations

Not even that lying  
Liz Warren  
who claimed a  
thimble full of Native Blood

The Blacks had value  
the Indians were considered vermin  
the Whites griped  
about the cost of  
bullets to kill Indians

But as regards to Black reparations  
I want to know the metric  
for the Indians murdered by  
the Buffalo Soldiers?

I am Dr. John WorldPeace JD  
Advocate for Peace and WorldPeace and no one  
wants to hear  
what I have to say  
I am just a crazy man

I am told we just  
need to wait on Jesus  
to sort it out  
and deal with the Jews  
and others -  
you know – muddy people

Well I talked to Jesus  
and he said he is not  
coming back – in the flesh

Of all those  
    many he healed  
        none were at the cross

If there were any  
    who were grateful  
        they would still be  
            standing at the cross

Only fools want Jesus  
    to return and send them to hell.  
        Not a bad deal since that is where  
            all there friends will be  
    Jesus said, “Lo I am  
        with you always.”  
    so how do you return  
        if you never left

Perfect Peace  
    Jesus told me what  
        that is –  
    Turn everyone into stone  
        no interaction  
            now that is  
                the supreme  
            perfect peace

For the most part  
    my education at the U of Houston  
        and my building my own  
            businesses, and raising  
    a family and attending  
        family functions left  
            no time to socialize

Just minding my own business  
    I just did

not interact that much with Whites  
and very few Blacks

Looking back,  
Houston was a segregated city

I was an upper level  
White guy and always  
lived in White  
neighborhoods

There was one incident  
in 1980 when my wife  
demanded we move  
into a larger home  
I told her to find 3 she liked  
and I would agree on  
one of them

She did as I requested  
I chose the first one  
she showed me  
it was almost 3500 sq ft  
we had been living  
with 4 kids in about 1400 sq ft  
for 8 years since I was  
discharged from the Army

I was always working  
never time to go to kid functions

The house we bought  
was a mile from where  
I grew up and where  
we had been living

My kids were going to the same  
schools I went to

My daughter was in the band  
at F. M. Black Jr High  
(funny thing about names)  
and one night she came  
home from a band  
event and my wife  
said she had been  
harassed by some Black kids

I was shocked  
there were no Blacks at Black  
when I went there  
The more questions I asked  
I found out that Black  
was 80% Black

I said we are moving  
I was not going to have  
my kids in schools  
where they were minorities  
That would give them a distorted social view  
considering that America was 70%  
White

The house we were living in  
had no children  
in the neighborhood  
and that was  
bothering me.  
even before the school event

I grew up with a lot of kids  
in my neighborhood

So I told the wife we  
were going to move South to NASA  
on Clear Lake  
into a smaller house  
in a neighborhood

with lots of kids

The houses we could afford  
were in the neighborhoods  
where all the kids had  
grown up and  
moved away

So we were living below  
our means but every other  
house had children

NASA is White  
the area where the  
astronauts live

We could have moved North of Houston  
to the same conditions  
but more rednecks  
Clear Lake had a lot of  
professionals

I also wanted to be around  
the water – Galveston  
was only 40 miles South  
but Clear Lake was only  
3 miles away and connected by water  
to Galveston Bay

Life was good  
until 1986 when the  
wife out of nowhere  
wanted a divorce  
I gave her what she wanted  
a year later she gave  
me the childrens  
proving she never wanted them  
as I alleged when she said she wanted  
a divorce



I met Kay, wife 2, who had two sons  
just a few years older  
than my kids

I worked a deal  
with a client for a house  
North of Houston about  
4500 sq ft

and we all moved in

Then to get away from the Snake  
we move about 70 miles South  
of Dallas  
to Kay's father's 125 acre farm  
in Groesbeck Texas.  
3500 population

Kay's dad died a year later as expected  
we settled the estate a year after he died  
and moved back to Clear Lake  
with my two sons who  
had not graduated from high school

After 6 months  
due to constant harassment  
from the Snake

we went to Colorado  
10 miles east of Denver  
in Broomfield

1000 miles was far enough  
to keep the Snake away  
That was 1993  
we lived in an apartment  
we were not going to be there  
but for 3 years

My youngest son  
became good buddies  
with a Black kid  
who was light skinned

That did not bother me  
The point is when  
you are White and  
raised in the South  
you are schooled to  
notice skin color

In America, 1% Black and you are Black  
In the Caribbean 1% White and  
you are White

Whites were always  
concerned about Blacks  
who could pass for White  
They don't want any Black babies  
popping out by surprise

As I said above  
my grandfather schooled  
my cousin and I  
about the acid test for Black genes  
- the hair at the base of the neck

It makes me laugh now  
Both my grandfathers  
only went to the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade

So the thing that made  
me laugh, actually smile  
was that my mother's father  
only had a 3<sup>rd</sup> grade education  
but he had self studied  
a PhD in Black genetics

Of course, I knew  
that what he was telling my cousin and I  
about Blacks was bullshit.  
we would nod our heads  
and go back  
to having fun

Boulder Colorado is a high end city of about 50,000  
at the base of the mountains  
and it is radically racist  
upper educated Whites  
with high end jobs

There are two low rent racist  
small towns in Texas  
one on the Eastern border  
and one on the West  
about 500 miles apart

The Black population is  
a few 100 in both.

Laredo in the West is Hispanic  
Vidor in the East is White  
with a double capital W

What is true of one racewise  
is true of the other  
Vidor had a sign  
“N.ger don’t let the sun  
set on your head.”

Oh yes, Rick Perry, the ex-governor of Texas  
and Trump’s Energy Secretary  
had a hunting lodge for many years  
named Niggerhead  
sort of a landmark in the area  
around Austin

Boulder is a rich little city  
of educated Whites  
and Laredo and Vidor  
are blue collar cities

My son's friend's father was a nice guy  
He was hired out of Florida  
to come and run the circulation  
for the Boulder newspaper  
this was 1993

He was on the job about  
a week before he found a note on his desk  
with a death threat  
to quit or else

He and his family  
had arrived in Colorado  
about a month before  
Kay and I

Well the threats  
quickly rose to the level  
of No Joke Nigger !!!  
GET OUT !!!

So he got the message and quit  
He found another job  
in Denver I think  
but continued to live in Broomfield

See you don't have to live  
in the South to encounter  
bastions of White racism

I really think the South is better for Blacks  
because there is 400 years of defining  
proper and acceptable  
interaction between B & W

The Whites need the Blacks  
in the South  
but there has to be  
protocols

People in Colorado  
hate Texans of any color  
They will not kill a prairie dog  
Texans hated prairie dogs but there  
were too many to kill off.

In Texas horses and cows  
can break their legs in prairie dog holes  
Can't have that

In the South  
the Ws & Bs know the rules  
In Boulder there is only one rule  
If you are Black get out

Remember the 60s; if you're White alright,  
Brown hang around, Black get back

Now here is the what is interesting  
I live in Albuquerque,  
I had to get out of Texas  
ABQ is about 400,000 if you add  
neighboring Rio Rancho

50 miles North of ABQ is Santa Fe  
the oldest city in the USA  
founded by the Spanish in 1604  
Actually founded by the Pueblo Indians  
about 1000 years earlier  
but since when did Indians count  
until they built casinos

Same same Santa Fe and Boulder  
Vidor and Laredo

The first two big-money White racist towns  
the second two blue-collar racists

Oh yes,  
Blacks are not really  
welcomed in Italy either

In 1996, with my three sons all in the Marines  
Kay and I went back to Houston  
and I opened up  
another law business  
lived in the high rent area  
not super high just high

In November 1999, Dubya Bush  
was elected President  
and there was no clear  
Republican or Democrat  
guaranteed to be  
Governor of Texas

So now was my chance  
to get into politics  
I was 48

A friend of my daughter's  
daughter had been living  
with him and his wife  
in Guatamala  
and she had  
graduated from high school  
She was 18 and wanted  
to try living with  
her mother again in Houston

That did not work out  
so after about 4 months  
she moved in with  
Kay and I  
and worked for

us and started college

She was greased lightning  
on the computer. Her dad  
taught high school computer science  
and LeAnne had been  
using computers  
since she was 3

She lived with us until 2005  
moved out  
declared herself a lesbian  
and joined the Army.

In time she married  
and adopted a Black child  
with her wife

I knew nothing about the reality of politics  
in January 2000 when Dubya left Texas  
for Washington

I had a Political Science degree  
and a law degree  
and had kept up  
with politics  
since the 1960  
Kennedy – Nixon debates

In March, 2000, I met a Black guy about 30,  
named Kurtyce Cole, a Morehouse graduate  
single, smart, personable  
and was running for  
City Council in Houston

He had no significant political experience either

His election was in November 2001  
my primary was in March 2002

So for about 15 months  
Kay, LeAnne and I and Kurtyce  
traveled the State campaigning

Kurtyce was the campaign manager  
He set up a lot of Black County Chair  
events and speaking dates  
in Black churches  
mostly in Houston

Now here is my short hand rendition  
of my Texas political campaign  
for Governor of Texas  
I learned about Blacks  
learned from Kurtyce  
saw with my own eyes

Kurtyce kept repeating two quotes from MLK  
1) There is nothing so tragic as to know right  
and not do it  
2) The most obvious is the most hidden

In the Texas governor's race  
2000-2002  
John Sharp was a Texas A&M  
classmate of Rick Perry  
both were state reps  
Both ran for Lt Governor of Texas  
and Sharp lost to Perry.

When Dubya Bush went off to Washington  
to be president, Perry moved up to  
Governor of Texas

Texas like the rest of the South  
went Democratic after the Civil War  
But Texas was always Republican  
at heart



Liberals and Conservatives  
squared off in the Democratic Party  
You could not get elected  
dog catcher as a  
Republican

In the late 1980's  
Texas began go Republican  
from Blue to Red

So John Sharp  
comes up with this plan  
to reach out significantly  
to the Hispanics to vote  
Democratic and keep  
Texas blue

But it was a lie  
Sharp was a traitor  
working for Karl Rove  
Bushes No. 1  
to make Texas totally Red

Karl Rove was very effective  
like that creep Mitch McConnell

Sharp was running for Lt Governor

The plan was to bring in the Hispanics  
But the lie was that in Texas  
the white collar Hispanics were  
Republicans  
and the blue collars were  
Democrats  
So if you brought in a million Hispanics  
to the election  
they would cancel  
each other out  
So nothing gained.

It was just a dog and pony show

The State Democratic Chair  
was Molly Beth Malcolm  
a former Republican.

The Democratic Party was pushing  
Tony Sanchez a 5' 2"  
creepy little guy  
new to politics  
Tony was a Bush pioneers which means  
he gave \$500,000 to Bush's campaign  
for governor.

He is a little crook who owned  
Tesoro S & L and made  
all kinds of bogus loans  
that went south in the  
S & L scandal  
and the average  
American wrote the check  
moving money from the poor on the  
bottom of the economic pyramid  
to the rich thieves at the top

Tony had also been loaning  
the Mexican Mafia money and was  
being pursued by the FBI  
He in the nick of time  
moved \$25 million  
of the Mafias money  
out of Texas the night before  
the S&L crash

Tony promised a big-bucks campaign  
Before Sanchez ran for governor  
the cost of the governor's campaign  
was \$8 million  
Sanchez spent \$64 million

and as I predicted lost the race  
with only 40% of the vote

I chased him all over Texas  
during the campaign and he  
always ran away  
I never debated him  
If he was somewhere  
and I showed up  
he left

All his speeches  
he read without emotion  
from 3 x 5 cards

I signed up to run for governor  
and that creeped out the Democrats  
Any White could beat Sanchez  
fortunately my name was WorldPeace  
I only used robo calls  
that prevented people from  
seeing my face

But the Democrats were afraid  
not because of losing the election  
but the Democratic chairs  
were expecting big payoffs

So on the last day for Registration  
ex Attorney General Dan Morales  
signed on to  
run against Sanchez

The word was the Hispanics  
were going to take over Texas  
and they also picked a  
corrupt ex-Black mayor  
from Dallas to run  
for U S Senator

this was to get the Blacks to  
vote for Sanchez for Governor

(This was 18 years ago  
and I have not written  
my book about it as of yet  
so I may have a few facts wrong)

Dan Morales was the first state Attorney General  
to sue the tobacco companies  
and win a \$1 billion settlement

But then he tried to steal  
\$230 million of it

So the FBI was after Morales  
just like Sanchez

Dan eventually went  
to jail for about  
5 years

I don't think he  
served the whole sentence

The whole State  
hyped the Sanchez & Morales race  
Morales was given a deal  
on his crime to join  
the governors race and block me  
The Democrats could not afford  
a governors race with just  
Sanchez and WorldPeace

Telemundo was going to put on  
some debates between  
Morales and Sanchez  
but would not let me participate  
They wanted a pure  
Hispanic debate

I sued and a corrupt  
Federal Judge poured  
out my case

The FBI & CIA had been  
watching me closely  
since I changed my name  
in 1988  
The thinking was I was another  
David Koresh of Waco fame  
- how stupid

I never had desires  
to lead a bunch of  
fools for any cause

Well I would not shut up  
about the two Hispanics criminals  
and in addition the fact that  
Morales had married  
a stripper

No way in hell  
a stripper was going to  
be the First Lady of Texas.  
Texas being a Bible Belt state

Well the Democrats shut me out of the race  
and a year later illegally  
took my law license  
The State Bar had sued me in Law for money  
not in Equity for disbarment  
So the Disbarment is void  
for lack of jurisdiction  
I ran out all the State appeals  
all the way to the  
Supreme Court of Texas  
and was preparing to file in the  
Federal court  
when a lying U S Deputy Marshal

swore that I knocked him down  
and kicked him  
when he tried to serve a Civil Bench warrant  
for me to be a witness in my mother's  
bankruptcy.  
The Bench warrant was a ploy  
to get me into court  
so the State Bar could  
put me in jail for six months related  
to the disbarment.

I went to jail  
as a political prisoner  
for a year  
(another story  
that will be published shortly)

Now I went to a lot of  
Democratic Black events  
to speak as a candidate for governor  
and to support Curtis  
in his race for City Councilman

Bottom line  
I got good reception  
at the Black gatherings  
but all those  
Black Democratic Chairs  
has already taken the money  
from Sanchez.

All career politicians are corrupt  
not just Blacks.

Now what was more dynamic to me  
were the Black churches I visited

I don't remember how many  
churches I spoke at

maybe 7- 10 large ones

Some after I arrived  
would not let me speak  
even though they promised  
Curtis I could

Kay, LeAnne and I  
were the only White faces  
among 100s of  
Black worshipers

This is what I noticed  
80% of the attendees were women  
mostly well dressed  
powerful Black women  
who day to day run the  
Black communities in the South  
I am talking about maids to  
to professional Black women

I also noticed about  
10 Black male elders who sat on  
the front row and  
flanked the preacher

Most of these guys  
had a handful  
of women they  
paid special attention to

I got a good reception  
mainly because White politicians  
don't bother going  
to Black churches  
They don't want to cater  
to the Blacks  
unless absolutely  
necessary

I would have never  
gone to these churches or  
the Black Political  
rallies without  
Kurtyce to lead the way

There was an  
on the face curtesy  
but I never believed  
I was not considered the enemy  
The successful White lawyer  
businessman

Toward the end of the campaign  
Kay, LeAnne, Kurtyce and I  
were in Arkansas and after the event  
we found a Mexican food  
restaurant.

There was sign on the door  
stating that if you do not speak English  
keep out.

We all entered and immediately were aware  
that something was wrong.  
It was Kurtyce being Black  
I did not immediately snap to  
what was going on  
We were seated in a back corner  
and the waitress was not friendly  
We ate anyway. Kurtyce was the only Black in there  
but I did not feel unsafe  
but I did feel anger directed at me  
a White guy  
that I would bring a Black guy  
in there.

I went to jail in late December 2007



for a year for a Federal misdemeanor  
for resisting arrest

The first 6 months were in  
the Harris County Jail, Houston, Texas  
because my son was a high-end cop  
and I had been an attorney  
I was in a 24 room cell block  
for relatives of cops.

I wrote 7 books and read 55  
during 2008. I was not going  
to come out of jail  
with nothing to show  
for that year

About 1/3 in the cell block  
were Blacks. It was safe  
all those guys had  
high ranking cop  
families  
or were attorneys  
there was only one guy, White, making  
trouble acting up  
They called him Bullethead because he had  
a 44 slug in his neck his neighbor put  
there when he found Bullethead  
in his bedroom  
(before he was bullethead.)

They put him in general population  
for a while, he got beat up  
a lot but no personalty change

One thing I saw  
was that 90% of Blacks  
call each other N.ga

I did not pick up on the nuance

of the N word  
no Black called  
a White or Hispanic N.ga

I was talking to a Black guy named Corey  
who had done 62 face to face robberies  
both parents were high-end cops

One day I felt comfortable  
callim him N.ger  
He did not get mad  
he just looked at me  
and said the word was N.ga  
not White boy N.ger

I never said the N word again  
I was just experimenting when I  
said it in the first place  
trying to understand  
why Blacks hated the word  
and used it all the time  
to addresss each other.

After six months  
I was sent to a Federal contract prison  
in South Texaas  
Hard time  
to most

There were 500 inmates  
all but 7 immigration or  
drug offenses

5 White skins including me  
4 raised as Hispanics

I was the exception  
and they put me in

solitary for my  
protection

5 months in solitary  
13 hours out of my cell  
I was supposed to be outside  
1 hour each day

The contract prisons  
are set up as political pay offs  
90% of your guaranteed  
federal prisoner rights  
are denied in those prisons  
very corrupt  
(Another book about to be  
published – 600 pages)

There were 5 Blacks there  
They were in one cell for  
their protection  
the Mexicans and Hispanics  
would have killed them  
just for being Black

I was in several solitary cells  
10 x 15 toilet sink shower  
steel bed steel desk  
cement floors  
cinder block walls  
cement ceiling  
65-68 degrees all the time  
to cut down the violence  
It was safe and  
I was very productive  
because I was safe  
meals came in a steel slot  
in the heavy metal door  
like the zoo

Most of the Blacks were trustees  
so they would mop the halls  
and pass out food  
run errands

This one Black guy  
liked me for some reason  
and would bring me  
food from extra  
trays due to  
miscounts

Blacks eat more than Whites  
I knew that from my  
grocery store days

I think it is because  
they work manual labor  
and need the calories

Solitary cells have small windows  
to the hall so the guards can check on you  
One of my cells  
was across from a  
65 man  
general population cell  
The guards would go in there and  
deliver some kind of order  
then those gangs would  
break up into about 5-6 groups

the gang leader would  
pass on the new rules  
the top gang leader  
was the main liaison with the guards  
and with the lesser  
gang leaders

My year in jail

was one of the most productive  
of my life  
Like Gandhi, King  
Mandela  
I wrote and read  
and exited with my  
political prisoner bona fides

When I was a little boy, I had a copy  
of little Black Sambo  
I looked at that book a lot  
it had great graphics

When I was older  
in the early days of TV  
I watched Amos and Andy

An all-Black cast  
I seldom watched or watch comedy  
never cared for it  
too frivolous  
but I never got tired  
of Amos and Andy  
it moved fast and it  
was funny very funny

especially the main characters  
Kingfish – He was a  
small time Trump  
always lying and manipulating  
and getting caught in his lies

TV in those days was more  
like plays. The actors  
were much more experienced  
like stage actors

When I was in the Army

in training there was a Black guy  
named Woody Woodfork

He was from Carolina  
and a lumberjack

He was the funniest guy I  
have ever known  
Lights out about 2130  
and he would tell  
back to back jokes  
for an hour or more  
every night

I have never heard  
any comedian as funny as he was  
the whole barracks  
would have belly cramps  
and tears listening to him

We were tired  
and wanted to sleep  
but no one wanted  
to tell him to  
shut up

I became a Mason  
at the same time as my dad in 1975  
I quit all memberships  
in 1988 when I  
changed my name  
All associations are elitist and  
exclusionary and anti-all inclusive  
and democratic

in a word - they decrease the level of peace  
in the world human society

The Blacks have a

Masonic Logdge  
In the 20s  
many Texas men were masons  
and KKK members

It was hard to get elected  
to a significant office  
without being a mason

The White masons  
do not recognize the Black Masons

Schools began to be integrated  
and the way it was done  
was to starting kindergarden  
and move up one grade each year.  
They were integrating one year  
behind my sister  
so neither of us went to integrated classes

The Whites would always make fun of the Blacks  
when they asked them where they lived  
The Blacks would say,  
“I stays over at \_\_\_\_”  
never said they lived anywhere.

In about 5<sup>th</sup> grade in Ms. Lee’s class,  
she was a descendant of Robert E. Lee  
we would have joke time  
I got up and told a mild black joke  
and everyone laughed even Ms. Lee

My cop son had a Black partner named Emory  
and he would try to stop by on his rounds  
and talk to my dad  
But my dad would  
talk his N.ger talk  
So my son finally  
got the message not to bring  
Blacks around.

My daughter was always  
babysitting Black kids in her home.  
When she took them around my dad  
he would not make  
an ass of himself.

I have a lot of contempt  
for Uncle Toms

These guy have no self-respect  
I can see a need to be  
careful around  
Whites but Uncle Toms  
go way over board with it

These are some examples  
Clarence Thomas, Ben Carson,  
Neil Degrasse Tyson,  
and Lee Brown the ex mayor  
of Houston

These are smart men and  
moreso than most of the Whites  
they deal with  
but they still back slide into that  
“Step and Fetchit role”

I never trusted an Uncle Tom,  
much less respected one  
Still don't.

With everyone I meet,  
I evaluate them based on the  
way they speak  
If they talk illiterate  
I have no respect for them  
This includes Melania Trump



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