

The
Nationalist
Movement



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Mrs. Jamie Fine
US Senate Judiciary Committee
Senate Office Bldg.
Washington DC

Dear Mrs. Fine:

Thank you for your call. Enclosed please find the text of the statement you kindly allowed me to present in regard to the pending Thomas nomination to the Supreme Court.

I would appreciate your acknowledging it and sending me a copy of the record, when it is available.

With regards, I am

Yours sincerely,

RICHARD BARRETT

rb:hs
Encl.

September 23, 1991

"AN AMERICAN SEAT"

On August 7, 1991, Richard Barrett asked the United States Senate Judiciary Committee to be placed on the agenda to speak on the subject of the Clarence Thomas nomination to the Supreme Court. On September 19, 1991, permission was given for a statement to be submitted for the record. The following is that statement presented on September 25, 1991 by the Honorable Richard Barrett in behalf of The Nationalist Movement, PO Box 2000, Learned, Mississippi.

Mr. Chairman:

The debate is not just who will occupy a seat on the United States Supreme Court, but: Who will be the office holders, the team captains, the shop foremen, of this nation. No, in the larger sense, the question is: Who will man the trenches, pilot the space ships and forge the steel of this country. Indeed, whose days will be long upon this land?

As I rise in behalf of a better court, a nobler justice, a greater day, I sheathe the sword of ill-will toward any man. Cognizant that the course of the nation may as well be set by what proceeds from my lips as by the didactic of my opponents, I endeavor to dust off from my coat any lint of ignorance so that I may present myself to you clothed entirely in the linen of logic.

A SINGLE THREAD BINDS TOGETHER

Mr. Chairman, it is not meanness to insist that a single

thread bind together the fabric of America. Rather, it is upright to urge that every hole be patched, every rip be sewn, by that miraculous yarn spun by Puritans and pioneers, Pilgrims and patriots, knitted at beachheads, dyed on battlefields, and handed down to us as that incomparable strain, the American Way of Life.

Some looking back on this day will find it strange that the perfume of Nationalism and democracy fills the air abroad, while the mold of sectionalism and privilege scents this place. Come now. Should a Russian present himself as a candidate for, say, the Lithuanian Supreme Court, what sentiments leap from your lungs when he is rejected in favor of a Lithuanian? Do you cheer on popular government? Do you shout that the Spirit of '76 impels independence and self-government for our friends even as for our ancestors? Do you fete majority rule as you would a most welcome guest?

And well you should.

Well, then, if Henry Kissinger presented himself for the Presidency of the United States, would you not remind him that our own codification of nationality, the Constitution of the United States, prohibits one foreign-born from serving in the highest office in the land?

LOVE OF AMERICA IS NOT HATRED

Is it hatred of Mankind to cleave to American nationality?
To love the American Way of Life?

Of course not.

For if one foreign-born -- no matter how magnanimous his

temperament, no matter how stellar his exploits -- were given sway over us, a shuddering sense of loss would replace our bubbling spirit of opportunity. Forbid it, Mr. Chairman; the littlest American engine must be given to climb not only to this hilltop or that, but to reach the highest plateau, under its own steam.

If it is conceded, therefore, that a resident of a row house may become a denizen of the White House, the Clarence Thomas nomination begs the question: Why not be considered for a seat on the Supreme Court, here and now, as well?

I did not say, at some future time, after the storm of controversy has passed. I said, now. At the very moment when an Iowa farmer, looking out over fields plowed by his forbearers, fenced out by interests far away and beyond, signals his discontent and dispossession. As a Pennsylvania factory worker, surveying stilled engines fueled by his forbearers, padlocked out by cliques afar and aloof, beckons his displeasure and desperation.

ALIEN IN WORTH

One need not be foreign in birth to be alien in worth.

O, mothers of America, nurturing and now presenting your sons who have never abused a trust, never broken a law, never shunned a duty: May the tremors of your discontent become the earthquakes beneath our feet, until every idol of privilege, each graven image of dispossession, quivers and falls before your own heroes of the American Way of Life, your own bearers of the American Dream.

Champions spreading our language and learning. Gladiators

contending for our morals and progress. Titans lifting up our work ethic and freedom.

What an opportunity, Mr. Chairman, to debunk the notion that only the few are fit to govern, that only the favored may occupy this very seat. Spread, instead, the banquet of American opportunity before American farm boy and American factory worker here, alike, declaring: This land is your land, these jobs are your jobs, this court is your court, this seat is your seat.

An unhappy populace did not always have such an enviable choice as you do. Witness, through tear-filled eyes, the blood, the rivers of blood, of the Old World in its wars of royalty and dynasty.

ARISTOCRACY VERSUS CITIZENRY

Kings draped in purple upon golden thrones who spoke not a word of the language of the people, in the name of nobility. And peasants storming castle walls to wrest their country from such tyranny. Glittering coronations of louts and ignoramuses who propped up gilded courts, in the name of aristocracy. And the common people forging moats with fists of fury to carve their name "citizen" above the inner sanctums where "subjects" could not tread.

One would have thought that Providence had spared the New World such "wars of the roses" when the Spirit of Union accepted the unconditional surrender of nullification, when the flags of antebellum "peculiar institutions" were struck down from the ramparts of power.

Good men were given to hope that America would be one resplendent nation, one transcendent people, one incomparable Way of Life.

Forward-striding men were given to expect that the pathway of the common good was swept clean of the rusty nails of privilege and parochialism, leading upward to the greatest good for the greatest number.

Until now.

For Clarence Thomas presents himself for confirmation to the highest court in the land.

Mr. Chairman, the American people is entitled to office holders who reflect, in every way, the glistening facets of the gem of its nationality. Its virtues. Its values. Its justice. Its morality. Its language. Its religion. Its work. Its families. Its hopes.

Such a nominee is then qualified to serve.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR CONFIRMATION

The nominee must be an American -- not a minority -- for the American people is the majority of this, a democratic nation.

He must be a family man -- not a divorcee -- because the stable home is central to the morality and aspirations of the majority of the American people.

He must be a military man -- not a draft shirker -- because patriotic service at the risk of one's own life is the offering laid upon the altar of the nation by the majority of the American people.

He must be of stellar character -- not a marijuana user -- because respect for the law is the hallmark of the majority of the American people.

He must be law-upholding -- not a supporter of Malcolm X -- because the majority of the American people reject violence and hate.

He must be exemplary -- not a miscegenationist -- because the majority of the American people practices traditional American family values.

He must be a product of the commonweal -- not a quota -- because the majority of the American people achieves by work and merit.

He must be honest -- not a hypocrite -- because the majority of the American people is straight-forward, fair and just in dealings between our countrymen and all mankind.

MINORITY CAN DO NO WRONG?

Mr. Chairman, any one of these defects would seemingly call forth the three nails -- social pervert, political misfit or moral pariah -- which you would drive into the coffin of any other nominee. But instead of the ghoul of privilege reposing, it arises, and lifting the crown of favoritism to its own head, intones: "The minority can do no wrong."

Such a horrible wail cannot be confined behind these walls. It echoes out across the land, summoning free men to the proper armaments of stable and democratic government: the spoken word, the voice of reason.

The fisherman at his net, the carpenter at his bench, shout back: "No favors for the few." You can hear them even now -- in the happy whistles from the trucker joking beside one who speaks his same American language, who follows his same American work ethic. Or in the cheery jibes from the mother prattling beside one who practices her same American morality, who cherishes her same American family values.

But they were not invited to speak here, today. So, I must and I shall raise their voices, too, and, in doing so, I may surprise you, but I will not deceive you.

WHAT DID HE DO; HOW DID HE DO IT?

May I, therefore, ask the Watergate conundrum, so often repeated in Congressional hearings nowadays: "What did he know and when did he know it?"

What of Clarence Thomas' drug use? When did he do it and how did he do it? From whom did he make his illegal purchases? Or, did he grow the unlawful weeds himself? Did he pander his perversion to others? Who were they and how have their lives been corrupted, as a consequence?

What of his blank military record? Why did he not serve in uniform and what did he do, instead? Was he a pacifist opposed to all wars or only the Vietnam War? Were his convictions the result of deeply held religious scruples, cowardice or sympathy for the Viet Cong? What good works did he undertake as an alternative or were his motives purely self-serving?

But, it is said, "The seat of Thurgood Marshall is a minori-

ty seat which must be filled at all costs by a minority."

The nuances of such a premise were placed before the voters of New York State when it was claimed that the Senate seat of Jacob Javits was a "Jewish seat," and rejected. The Massachusetts electorate faced a like decision when the Senate seat of Edward Brooke was characterized as a "Negro seat," and likewise rejected.

AN AMERICAN SEAT

A seat on the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Chairman, is an American seat.

You say, but "Mr. Barrett, you are in the minority here today." Then, Mr. Chairman, I appeal directly to the American people, saying: Arise. Arms embraced. Tongues united. Hands clasped. Hearts entwined.

Down with favors.

Up with freedom.

Perhaps Clarence Thomas, himself, could add a tail of character to the comet of his controversy. He could excuse himself from consideration by renouncing the very inconsistency which thrust his nomination upon you. Let him candidly say that his appointment was the result of the very quotas he opposes and that, consequently, he withdraws.

School children would immediately be given to candor, not compromise, on their examinations. Enlivened professors would increase their instruction on the values of honesty over hypocrisy. And Clarence Thomas could join the ranks with Robert Bork, bidding the American people to weigh his words and judge his

opinions: not as one lording over the citizenry with a gavel, but as one speaking with integrity to persuade the commonwealth.

I prepared to persuade you, today, Mr. Chairman, not by delving in some clammy library, but by walking through the piney woods, out back of the house in rural Mississippi. Some songbirds flew overhead, momentarily distracting me, but their melodious strains perked up my ears and lifted my spirits. O, to sing the sweet songs of honesty with the least of our people, rather than to join the dour chorus of hypocrisy with the most exalted of the powerful.

THE CAUSE: MAJORITY RULE

Nonetheless, Mr. Chairman, I choose to inveigh in the fury of the desert storm for the cause of majority rule, suffering even some sand in the eye, rather than to calmly contemplate the circuits of larks in some solitary forest.

And so, I extend the choice: The ruinous policies of the past -- to be swept aside, or the inspiring agenda for change -- to be energized.

The more sluggish will exclaim, "But transformation of the court cannot be so sudden. Perhaps over time Americanization can be put in place."

Wait? Suppose you concede to continuing the "minority seat" on the grounds that Clarence Thomas says he rejects the "minority agenda" of increased favors, privileges and largess for the few? What shall be your response should an atheist be presented: That he is acceptable if he expresses no objection to Christianity?

Or, what if a homosexual is offered? Shall he be confirmed if he says he is neutral on the subject of men marrying men?

TOWARD A HAPPY PEOPLE

By voting to reject the Thomas nomination, you debunk the notion of "group" happiness and you advance the very foundations of happiness itself: the cleaving together of a kindred people, the ennobling of a common spirit, the perfecting of a national union.

The American people. Tranquil within its borders. Safe upon its streets. Joyful in its opportunities. Free in its institutions. Merry in its adventures. Confident in its government. Singing on its journey. Bountiful in its livelihood. True in its justice. Rejoicing in its abundance. Prolific in its beneficence.

Mr. Chairman, one generation chafed under the concept that the state is secure in the hands of royalty, alone. But the crown of princely privilege was toppled by the common men of the American Revolution. In so doing, they poured their measure into the chalice of the Universal Rights of Man, overflowing, with the promise: Not by birth, but by worth.

The cup was passed. But ardor cooled.

The next generation grappled with the notion that government is safe in the hands of businessmen, alone. Then the sand castle of wealthy privilege was pushed over by the laboring men of the New Deal. And, thereby, they added still another measure to the vessel of true equality, brimming, with the pledge: Not by gold,

but by goodness.

The cup was passed, again. And, again, ardor cooled.

Today, it is suggested that the court is secure in the hands of a minority, alone. But the shell game of minority privilege is being knocked aside by the working men of a Nationalist Resurrection. And, should you join them, you will add your portion to the cup of American Opportunity, profuse, with the credo: Not by status, but by merit.

May your cup run over.

AN AMERICAN IS ENOUGH

Two civil servants were passing by a new government office building one day. One turned to the other and asked: "How many work there?" His friend quipped back: "About half of them."

Some, though with decided less felicity, would ask you the same question, "How many work there?" but expect your reply in numbers of minorities, with seats reserved for the "Black Caucus", "Gay Advocates" or "La Raza." Some call it affirmative action. Or "civil rights." Or quotas.

The majority calls it oppression.

So, may you split the sky with the thunder of your vote, by the lightning of your reply.

"Who works in that building?" "Who sits on that court?"

"Americans."

It is enough.

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