Baltimore Afro-American

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1987 is crucial

The year 1987 will be a very decisive one for the citizens of Baltimore. Gone is four term mayor William Donald Schaefer. His elevation to governor leaves a huge political vacuum in the city that will see a bitter struggle to fill it.

The city has lost two councilmembers to higher office leaving vacancies that will see a multitude of challengers for the seats. The presidency of the City Council will be up for grabs as well.

A tremendous wave of new leadership and new ideas could emerge in Baltimore before the year 1987 is through. With so much change and uncertainty and political ambition mixing it a year in which the voters of this city must be extremely careful.

There is a distinct possibility that leadership on the federal level will be incapacitated through 1987 with the Irangate Scandal bleeding the Reagan Administration that basically has had no urban policy for the last six years anyway.

Baltimore can expect little more than the bare necessities from the Schaefer Administration in Annapolis. The new governor will have to prove to the General Assembly that his run for governor was not a conspiracy to put the mayor of Baltimore in charge of the state treasury and so his ability to provide substantial aid increases to Baltimore City will be circumscribed for at least two years.

The leadership that Baltimore elects in 1987 will have to be very creative in managing the city's affairs.

Kwanzaa

Dec. 26 begins the seven day holiday Kwanzaa. Kwanzaa which is the festival of first fruits, has been growing rapidly in popularity is a recent creation but one that seems to strike a responsive chord in millions of black people.

The holiday was founded as a nonheroic, national holiday that can be celebrated by Afro-Americans regardless of their religious beliefs because the holiday involves no religious ideas.

In 1966, Dr. Maulana Karenga founded the holiday as an alternative holiday for the members of his black nationalist organization US. The holiday spread into the larger population rapidly.

The seven days of Kwanzaa correspond to the Nguzo Saba (7 Principles) which Dr. Karenga says are minimum values that are necessary for black progress. Dec. 26 is Umoja (unity); Dec. 27 in Kujichagulia (Self-determination); Dec. 28 is Ujima (Collective work and responsibility); Dec. 29 is Ujamaa (Cooperative economics); Dec. 30 is Nia (purpose); Dec. 31 is Kuumba (Creativity); and Jan. 1 Imani (Faith.)

Kwanzaa is a time of reflection on the black struggle for equality. It is a time for assessing the failures and celebrating the victories. Kwanzaa is a time to rededicate ourselves to the education and growth of black children because the only presents associated with Kwanzza are those for children who by their merits deserve such gifts.

Happy Kwanzaa to all our readers and may all your efforts bear fruit that will lead to the growth and positive development of the black community.

Ohhhhh-Sex

"Teens are sexually active but ignorant"
"Panel says reducing teen pregnancy should be the top priority"
"Bennett calls the proposal 'dumb' "
"Teenage girls are lonelies."

These are some of the headlines on the problems of teenage pregnancy which have appeared in the Washington AFRO-AMERICAN over the last couple of weeks.

More than 1 million teenage girls become pregnant each year. Some 400,000 of these have abortions while 470,000 give birth.

According to a recent Harris poll which questioned 1,000 teens between the ages of 12 and 17, most of the young girls walking around with babies are from low - income families, have poor grades in school, live with only one parent or have parents who are not college graduates.

This survey, and others like it, have lead to appeals for public school clinics where contraceptives could be made available to students as part of an effort to eliminate the problem. This is the proposal that William J. Bennett, the education secretary, has called "dumb."

No, Mr. Bennett, this proposal isn't dumb. What's dumb is that the U.S. teenage birthrate is higher than that of most other developed countries; that 57 percent of all 17-year-olds have had sexual intercourse, but only one-third of all sexually active teens use contraceptives; that on any given night, television programs show couples in all sorts of sex poses but at the same time networks refuse to show contraceptive advertising.

It is time that smart Americans put the dumb things in the right category to save our future generation from being buried by----ohhhhhh sex.

LETTERS:

Protests 'Child Watch'

We are some women of the "so-called underclass blacks" who are determined to let you know that on the above issue of "teen-age pregnancy" nor any other do we accept you as spokesman of Afro-Americans in U.S. today. Now regarding the likes of Barbara Jordan and Maya Angelou as models for young "black" mothers, tell that to your white or decadent "black leaders," but not to us. Although we have no press or rather what passes as the Negro press is so full of half-truths and disinformation that we turn now to appeal to you to speak for yourselves while we decide our destiny.

Adult black women such as the above cannot help brighten the future of our next generation as mentors because like yourself they are far removed from our hopes and aspirations now. Have you not heard or learned that it was the black girls and women who reproduced our own and brought them through the storms of life. How many Negroes/"blacks" would there be today in the U.S. had they aspired to be like Jordan, Angelou and the many other "blacks" of your kind serving as models?

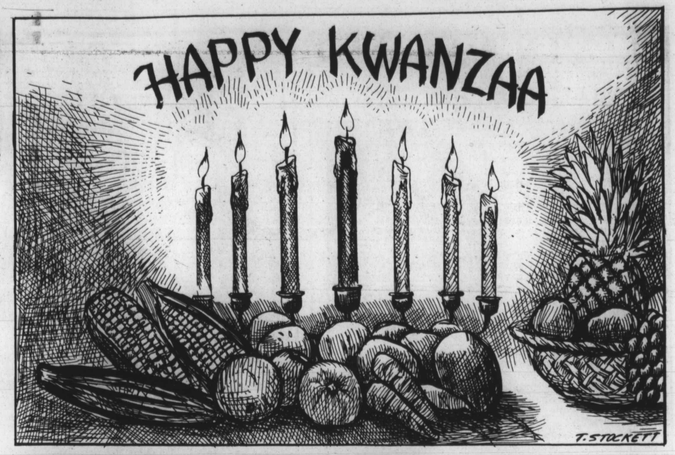
Frankly Mrs. Edelman, we see all of you as models to be avoided with a life style far removed from what we aspire and what we experience. From your vantaged position why not direct your advice and models of womanhood to your own sons and integrate them as yourself into the white community.

We need neither yourself nor your recommendations. We advocate that you commit yourself openly to serve those who sponsor and finance and approve you; we of the Welfare class and one-parent homes have integrity, courage and talent which go untouched today as it did under chattel slavery and segregation and discrimination not because we wish it that way but because of the circumstances over which we have no control and because of traitors such as yourself.

Although the "black" press appears to have given you their full support in total disregard to the victims of oppression still, the end is not yet and the world will little note in the future what the likes of you are saying now. As long as you fail to acknowledge "cause and effect" from chattel slavery to present social decadence, you nor your descendant nominees will stand for long misrepresenting and betraying our genuine efforts.

Though we are being stripped of our just earned efforts we have hope in the reproduction of our own — married or unmarried—like the Indians as a lasting investment and a just one.

STRIVING UNDERCLASS
NEGRO WOMEN



Bloodnotes

R. B. Jones

The three wisemen

Who isn't familiar with the story of the Three Wise men in the Bible who supposedly showed up on Christmas to bring gifts to the newborn baby at Bethlehem?

It is a sentimental story that is very fitting for this time of year when sentimentality and alienated gift-giving combine to make a strange brew.

The three wise men are analogous to the three announced Democratic candidates for mayor. You have St. Yale, known prior to his elevation as Kurt Schmoke, Silk Stockings, otherwise known as Robert Embry and Old Go Along, otherwise known as Clarence Du Burns.

The prize that these three wise men are seeking is not a messiah in a manger, Baltimore's putative political messiah has departed for the governor's mansion in Annapolis, but rather the abandoned throne.

Old Go Along has an advantage over the other wise men, because he has been close to the throne for a number of years. He has faithfully served the departed messiah for years, never uttering a discouraging word and never openly opposing the messiah.

He openly declared that he was the messiah's man. When the unruly head of black nationalism appeared, Old Go Along was quick to attack what he termed was harmful rhetoric.

No utterance from the gone but not forgotten messiah brought out the indignation of Old Go Along no matter how vile. Go Along only had ire for those black "black advocates," not foul-mouthed vindictive messiahs.

Old Go Along, by virtue of the fact that he will now be able to sit on the edge of the throne for a year, has the advantage for the moment. he will be able to dispense some patronage and some favors. His fundraiser, scheduled for the night of his inauguration, will probably be a rousing success.

People interested in doing business with the city, and people who are by nature submissive, will automatically kiss the derriere that occupies even a few inches of the throne. Old Go Along will be lulled into a fatal sleep of overconfidence that will eventually be his downfall.

Old Go Along will be done in by racism which is alive and well in Baltimore voting booths; his image as an orderly instead of a general and his lack of polish.

If there is a choice between Silk Stockings and Old Go Along, white folks will invariably choose Silk Stockings for reasons of race and polish.

Silk Stockings is white and used to traveling in elite circles, so he wins the white race vote hands down. Silk Stockings also has built a formidable reputation as an urban expert and innovator.

His development business is reputedly doing well, and so he has the aura of a winner.

Old Go Along has the aura of a man so grateful that he can sit on the edge of the throne, albeit the shadow of Emperor Nasty I still falls on Old Go Along from the distant shores of Annapolis, that he gives the impression that just being the first black mayor would be enough to crown his political career.

He has done nothing to leave his mark on this city during the interim period so far. He allowed King Willie Don I (Emperor-elect Nasty I) to set the legislative agenda for the city and appoint members to the school board. Essentially, he will have to preside literally, over the last year of the previous regime.

In contrast, Silk Stockings will be able to lay claim to being the brains behind the illusory Baltimore Renaissance. He will be able to compaign on the platform that he was the brains and that King Willie Don I was only the public relations man.

Silk Stockings will be able to raise a boxcar full of money from the prefab skyscraper set if he can wrest an endorsement from Emperor Nasty I, he may need two boxcars for his money.

It is not impossible. The departing king said he would support Old Go Along for election if he proved to be a good mayor, leaving an escape clause in his statement. He may very well support Silk Stockings, illustrating the rewards of loyalty in the political game.

Silk Stockings will hurt Old Go Along tremendously in the 1987 election in terms of money and in terms of carrying the banner of King Willie Don I.

Everyone is anxious, however, about exactly what St. Yale would do as mayor. He is the mystery figure in the race. Is he a closet black radical or a cleverly packaged tool of the white establishment? Is he something in between?

Aside from his antiseptic reputation and the fact that sugar won't dissolve in his mouth and raindrops carrying dirt from the atmosphere fall respectfully around him, not much is known. The mystery of St. Yale makes him such a difficult political target.

Old Go Along accuses him of not having paid any dues and of not having any experience. This objection was brushed aside easily in 1982, and it will carry even less weight in 1987.

Old Go Along made a glaring amateurish mistake when he launched a war against Nathan Irby and lost it in his home base, thereby bleeding his troops and tarnishing his reputation for savvy at a time he needs it most.

St. Yale has the kind of impressive credentials educationally, that black people love. He symbolizes the fruition of the struggles of James Meredith, Charlayne Hunter-Gault and others who integrated American higher education.

The sainted one represents aspirations of countless black parents who want their children to do just as well as he has. He is the son the whole family can be proud of and that is heartwarming and will make a fine public service commercial for the black family, but the question is what kind of agenda does St. Yale have for the city of Baltimore?

Does his loyalty lie with the black majority of this city or with a new generation of elites in Baltimore? Does he have the will and the stamina to withstand the pressure that the white power structure can bring to bear on an assertive, pro-black mayor?

Can education and intellect be translated into wisdom?

Religious figures are often inscrutable and their intentions shrouded in mystery, but since St. Yale has descended into the foul-smelling muck of politics, he needs to bare his intentions and weapons like any other good mudwrestler.

The city needs to examine its three wise men closely to see if they really are wise. By the way, there is reputedly a fourth wise man at the first Christmas, but like candidate Ray Haysbert, he got lost in the wilderness and was never heard from again.

Anthony Armstrong

The day after

The day after Christmas is probably one of the least cared about days in the year. Like the end of a particularly long novel or the day after you complete the bar examination, the day after Christmas is a definite letdown.

So, what to do? Consider this list of things for some suggestions on how to handle the anticlimax presented by the day after.

Remember that 1987 is coming in just a few days, and in that regard this list could serve as a checkpoint calendar of things that 1987 might well bring. Here is my list:

1. Do not make the normal year-end promises to yourself, about the coming year. There's simply no point in your starting the new year losing to yourself. Instead, set some reasonable goals about yours and the health of your family.

Even if you're successful with just one of your objectives, you'll feel better than you would if you only made promises, and then did nothing to make them come true.

2. Remember the Shakespearean tragedy Othello? In that forceful play about deceit, jealousy, and self destructive rage, Othello, the black Moor, winds-up killing his beloved wife, Desdamona.

He did so because of his own weaknesses that allowed him to become prey to the cunning and envious Iago. Please don't beat or kill your wife or anyone else, in 1987.

In the same regard, beware of the Iago's of the world; they will do anything to get you to destroy yourself and what you've worked so hard to build. In the same vein, don't allow your own greed to make you into a Macbeth. Jealousy and greed, just as they did in the Bard's time, still have the power to bring down the strongest person.

Leave them alone, in the coming year, and you can keep your Desdamona and not ruin your life with greed either.

3. Many of us don't know when we've won. Even after we get what we say we want we just keep-on messin' with the issue; and like an inexperienced salesman, we continue talking until we've lost what it is we've just gained.

This admonition will prove vitally useful also, in the coming political races of 1987. Now that we've got what we say we've wanted for a long time, let's not talk ourselves out of it.

As the old phrase goes, we shouldn't allow anyone to "talk holes in our clothes," and we certainly shouldn't fall guilty to rendering ourselves naked, of political power.

4. William Donald Schaefer spent more than a decade earning the reputation as the finest mayor Baltimore has ever had. Now he's gone. Let's let him go. This is not to suggest that Mr. Schaefer has done anything negative; it is, however, to suggest that Baltimore is not a one man show.

The point is clear: the future is out there, and we're not going to be able to successfully meet it if we're using our collective energy to look back to the past. Let's keep our criteria for measuring quality; let's, however, let bygones be bygones.

Let's use the day after Christmas as the first day of the continuing future of Baltimore.

5. A little housekeeping is necessary here. The day after Christmas might, then, become the day we all decide to do some rather boring things like clean the areas in the front and backs of our own homes.

Sure, we could wait for the city to do it but making the effort ourselves will go a long way toward making Baltimore the cleanest city in America. People just happen to think better in a clean house; and, in a sense, this city is as much each of our home as is the place where we actually lay our heads.

6. Talking about home, let's see if we can get our churches to provide more shelter for the homeless in the coming

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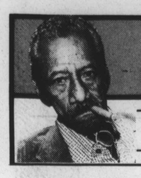

Max Johnson

Political Viewpoint

For those who are sending "best wishes for a happy new year" greetings to Baltimore's in-coming Mayor Clarence Du Burns, a seemingly appropriate suggestion here is that reverent prayer might be included, in respect to the political buffers he faces in his pending interim service in office.

The man is going to need all the spiritual uplift he can get, along with whatever political savvy he can muster, to make a creditable showing as this city's first black mayor.

There is nothing new about the situations. Earlier press reports have revealed them. This comes with a somewhat angled, projected scenario.

Basically and briefly, out-going Mayor William Donald Schaefer has quite forceably and dramatically exerted top control over Baltimore, though he will in a month be Maryland's new governor.

He has recently made some city School Board appointments on his own, without Burns' recommendations, though Burns will have to live directly with these nominees.

He got the city's General Assembly delegation together and presented them with a batch of proposed city fiscal bills he wanted enacted.

Burns had little more prior knowledge of them than the delegation. None of especial note of his own surfaced.

All of this should strongly indicate in essence from the Burns standpoint he is left without advancement or corrective programs of his own to forward and, more importantly, make some creditable mark as Baltimore's first black mayor.

This is not necessarily to be construed as a political condemnation of either Schaefer or Burns. Young oldtimers will recall that this city has not had a real forceful mayor since the longtime reign of Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr. '47-'59.

Somebody burned down the Eutaw St. rat-infested, antiquated Lexington Market under his regime, sparking a city rejuvenation drive, that has continued to this day intermittently.

There is certainly nothing wrong, if so considered in some areas, with Don Schaefer exerting his political clout for Baltimore's sheltered movement forward.

He has veteran Sen. Paul Sarbanes, newcomer Sen. Barbara Mikulski and Congressman Kweisi Mfume, who succeeds the retiring Parren Mitchell, all Baltimoreans with whom Schaefer is fortunate to have in Congress with roots here.

So, there would logically seem to be nothing politically offbeat really in Burns' reluctance to force his in-coming mayoral role on the governor-elect.

He needs Schaefer more than Schaefer needs him. And Schaefer might well influence whether he or another Schaefer choice becomes Baltimore's next elected mayor next fall.

Burns faces formidable Democratic primary opposition from State's Attorney Kurt Schmoke, a very visible and proven city-wide vote-getter, and Robert Embry, liberal-minded former school board president and longtime friend of Don Schaefer.

Then, standing in the wings another friend and organizational supporter of the governor-elect is the expected Republican candidacy of Raymond Haysbert, Parks Sausage Co. top executive.

A longtime Democrat, the personable, business-wise competent Haysbert is being viewed as a Schaefer winning candidate, should a cold-Schaefer entrant survive the primary next September.

Don Schaefer has been chief instrumentalist in a number of black projects' developments and economic expansion in Baltimore City. They are providing increasing stability to the black community. They are high-key visible, establishments of expanding record.

This, however, it could be reasoned, doesn't give the governor-elect carte blanche over Baltimore City in particular — though his undisputed development is still bringing him national acclaim.

Yet, political personal monuments are so made in many jurisdictions — and have risen and fallen down through the years.

Viewed from this overall perspective, Clarence Du Burns might quite easily be understood in not pressing authority in this transient period for him and Gov.-elect William Donald Schaefer.

In politico jargon — he would be fighting with a short stick.

It's as simple as that.

—AFRO SURVEY—

What New Year's resolution did you make?

Bill Brown

John Christian

Alma Miller

Ron Joyner

This week the question to the man and woman on the street was, what resolutions have you made for the New Year?

Deacon Bill Brown, 39, painter, "To seek a closer walk with the Lord. Because without him he can do nothing and time is winding up."

John Christian, 38, car salesman, "I would like to set a positive role model for the children. The children are killing each other and have no good in their lives.

Alma Miller, 39, state employee, "No smoking it's bad for your health, plus I'd like to set an example for my daughter."

Ron Joyner, 20, salesman, "Not to put things off until the last minute. Stop procrastinating because it has hurt me so much in the past."

Sandy Rampersad, 21, student, "To buy a car. A new car. I definitely need one.

Wilhelmina Green, 38, office worker, "I haven't made any yet. Maybe it should be to stop procrastinating.

Candace Easterling, 25, instructor, "To stop putting things off until the last minute. To be more diligent and to take the initiative on things that are important.

Keith Alexander, 15, student. "To do better in school. I'm doing alright, but I want to do better."

Sandy Rampersad

Wilhelmina Green

Candace Easterling

Keith Alexander

—Armstrong

(Continued from page 4)

year. Why the churches? Well, because those big buildings are the Lord's house, and I'm sure he wouldn't mind a few of his children sleeping in his houses. I'm sure the preachers wouldn't mind either; will your preachers?

7. In 1987 why not have commercials for condoms shown on T.V.? After all, everything you need a condom for is shown on T.V., isn't it? It seems silly to me that a society, that on the one hand, tells us to do-it, do-it, do-it wouldn't, on the other hand, tell us how to do-it without paying for it all the rest of our lives.

8. In 1987 let's go back and reclaim more of our own character as a people. If we did there would be no more child abuse, no more murdering of each other, and no more walking around with our whole estate around our necks.

In 1987 let's remember more of our glorious history, so that we are less likely to repeat the unsuccessful parts of that history. If we do so, 1987 could be the year of kings and queens — of Hannibals, Shebas, of Marcus Garveys, of Clarence Mitchell, Jrs., of Rosa Parks, of your mother and my mother.

Remember how great they were; if not the day after Christmas would be a great time to recall.

9. We need to raise some money next year. Starting the day after Christmas set-up a saving plan. Keep it simple. You'd be surprised how much money you could save by just taking the loose change, you accumulate everyday, and putting it away someplace.

By the end of 1987 you'd have a nice little piece of change. Collectively, such a project could mean millions of dollars in investible money, for black America. Just being able to do this would make a major change in our attitudes about ourselves; for once we could start seeing ourselves as potential financiers of our own fate.

Having that much control over our own lives has got to make the day after Christmas one to be remembered for a long time.

10. Leave the drugs alone! What else can I say?

11. Leave the failure alone, too! By this I mean begin to think in terms of success. Understand that success is a planned phenomenon; those who plan for it, and execute their plans, usually get just what they want — success.

Don't be ashamed of it either; success will not bite you, nor will it cause you pimples. The day after Christmas, then, ought to be called "success day." It could become a yearly thing.

12. Keep your socks and underwear clean, you'll never know what might hit you as you walk the streets.

Finally, make everyday Christmas, and everyday will be good — especially the day after.

Tony Brown's Comments

We done good

The end of the year forces you to take stock of yourself and your world. As a member of an oppressed group, it also forces you to assess the relative progress or defeats of your people.

Columnists spend most of their time on what we did not do right. I know my year was spent mostly complaining of the wasted resource black people make of their $200 billion income; the rest was spent on complaining of our lack of a consciousness that can lead to your equality.

But in all fairness, blacks do a lot more things correct than we do incorrect. And we've got some pretty dedicated people who lead our struggle and get paid mostly in criticism. Our struggle succeeds, however, because of the tenacity of black people who are not necessarily in the leader classification.

For example, boxing promoter Butch Lewis and Michael Spinks, the heavyweight champion, came up with over one-half of the $15,000 needed to save the life of Lucille "Cindy" Swing.

This Wilmington, Delaware woman is literally dying because she cannot afford a kidney transplant operation. Lewis and Spinks responded to my column, asking the black community to save one of its own. Thanks to Margaret Scrivens' leadership and her committee in Wilmington, we did.

But my profound and deep gratitude goes to the readers of this column. You responded beautifully to the call to save Cindy's life and your five, ten and twenty dollars added up to close to $1,500. You made the difference.

Last week, another plea for help came from me to save the Keisha Doll Company (524 W. 175th St., New York, NY 10033; Phone (212) 927-3729) from bankruptcy and white department store treachery.

I ordered my doll to help, but when I received it I was pleasantly surprised. This professionally packaged little lady, standing two feet high, in a plaid wool dress and red bow at the neck, opened her eyes as I raised the box. Keisha is her name.

She also brought along a dainty flowered dress and a two-piece casual outfit (pants and jersey).

Also included were instructions for combing Keisha's cornrowed hair and a pattern to make additional clothing for herself.

And most of all, the splendid beauty of her brown face — looking like the dream girl of every black family — made me feel good because she belongs to my family.

Speaking of her family, she has nine other brothers and sisters ready and willing (for only $39.95) to brighten up to your child's life.

The readers of this column did it again. Mother Hale who runs a home for drug-addicted babies in Harlem bought 10 of Helen Steward's precious little ones; Anna Horsford's (Anna stars on NBC's "Amen") sister in Hollywood, California bought a dozen; and Earl Smith from Kenna, Louisiana bought four Keisha dolls.

Three neighborhood ma and pa stores ordered 10 each; Yvonne Brown of Buffalo, New York bought six; and a school in Indianapolis wanted a catalog for possible future buys.

Along with these orders were phone calls from all over the country, encouraging Steward to hang in there. Then, of course, there is this black newspaper that makes our messages possible.

"I read what had happened to you by the department stores and I was fuming mad. Yes, I will buy a doll or dolls from you. Just send me the order form and pictures of the dolls.

"If there is any type of way that I could help you sell them here in Fort Worth, Texas, please let me know," Mr. Tommie Carter, Jr. wrote.

"I cannot thank you enough," Steward wrote to all who have helped and wished her well.

"Cindy" and "Keisha" will survive because we loved them. We done good, my beautiful brothers and sisters.

And think of the wonderful Christmas those dolls are going to provide for the lucky children who receive them — and grow up learning to love the little black doll who holds "Keisha" as much as she loves the black "Keisha" doll in her arms.

And just think — this love will come back in the future to save another black life.

Letters

The handwriting on the wall

The handwriting is on the wall, and Black America must read the message. As we come to the close of 1986, there is a strange fruit being harvested in our country today.

One can see manifestations of it on the faces of the homeless; in the lines of the unemployment office; in the increase in black suicide; in the building of new jails for our youth; in the growing hopelessness in the American dream, and the resurgence of a Ku Klux Klan mentality.

People are hurting as never before, and the only word from the actor-turned president is, "I'll look into it!"

While disenfranchised blacks wait for an answer, whole families are being wiped out by a system which simply does not care.

Yes, there is a peculiar fruit being harvested, and it is corrupt to the core — it is the growing insensitivity toward the "have nots," "the least of these," "the unfulfilled!"

But as 1987 approaches, we blacks must plant a different fruit, and thereby reap a better harvest. This fruit must be of compassion for those who, because of mind-crushing forces, ended up on the ash-heap of life.

If we fail to heed the writing on the wall, we may overlook a final opportunity to save ourselves.

REV. LEON M. SHADE, SR.

War of Ideas

By Alexander R. Jones

Communism masquerades as an ideology that will bring freedom and equality to all, yet once it is safely entrenched in the minds of a people, they discover too late they have accepted and given power to a stark, materialistic idea that has enslaved them.

The late Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. explained in one of his sermons that "Communism is based on a materialistic and humanistic view of life and history. According to Communist theory, matter, not mind or spirit, speaks the last word in the universe . . . Under it, God is merely a figment of the imagination, religion is a product of fear and ignorance . . ."

Vladimir Lenin, the man who gave life to Russian Communism, put it even more bluntly: "Every religious idea, every idea of God, even flirting with the idea of a god, is unutterable vileness of the worst kind. Millions of sins, filthy deeds, acts of violence and physical contagious are far less dangerous than the subtle spiritual idea of God."

In his book, "Science of Survival," best-selling author and philosopher, L. Ron Hubbard, explains that "Communism has an endless patience in tearing down by subtle propaganda a society or an idea which it never openly opposes in all that time, and an unwillingness ever to use open methods which would betray interest or activity."

According to a 1958 public attack on Communism by then U.S. Congressman Edgar Hiestand, the underhandedness and anti - religious nature of the ideology can be seen in its use of psychiatry and psychology to obtain political ends; a tactic termed psychopolitics.

According to Hiestand's entry into the Congressional Record of August 12, 1958, a lecturer on psychopolitics told a group of students in Russia in 1936 that "Psychopolitics is a solemn charge. With it you can erase our enemies as insects. You can cripple the efficiency of leaders by striking insanity into their families through the use of drugs . . . However, you labor under certain dangers. It may happen that a public hue and cry may arise against mental healing. It may thus occur that all mental healing might be placed in the hands of ministers and be taken out of the hands of our psychologists and psychiatrists."

There are many indications that the Congressman's charges were correct. For example, in a 1946 speech, psychiatric leader and co - founder of the World Federation of Mental Health, Communist Brock Chisholm, called for the "eradication of the concept of right and wrong." Twenty - four years later, during its annual convention, the American Psychiatric Association honored Soviet psychiatrist Andrei V. Snezhnevsky, the official responsible for implementing psychiatric persecution of Russian dissidents. Today, there are psychiatrists and psychologists in the U.S. and elsewhere who are actively working to take counseling out of the church and place it solely in the offices of "mental health" practitioners.

The key thing in all of this is to understand that the war between Democracy and Communism is a war of ideas. Its primary conflicts are being waged not on any battlefield, but in the minds of men.

Alexander R. Jones is the Director of Minority and Third World Affairs for the Church of Scientology International.

DEC 1986