

problems that homogeneity cannot cure, and Japan has its own special troubles. My point is not that Japan has built a society that Americans or anyone else would necessarily find congenial. It is that they have built a society that *Japanese* find congenial.

There is much about it that only a Japanese could love. Japanese men have a nudge-and-wink attitude about sex that most Americans leave behind in junior high school. When they are drunk — and even when they are not — they can be some of the most childish, self-indulgent people on earth. Difficult as it may be to imagine, Japanese television is even more vulgar and inane than American television. A roomful of tittering women and leering men passes for a talk show, and on an especially unlucky evening one might find oneself watching a group of men trying to see who can break wind the loudest.

Only now are Japanese getting over their post-war sense of inferiority towards Caucasians. There is still a ritualized and increasingly empty admiration for the “American way of life,” and older Japanese still believe that America is a mighty nation that can do anything it sets its mind to. Younger Japanese suspect it no longer has much of a mind. Still, one undiminished object of admiration is the Caucasian esthetic. White models help sell everything from diamond rings to instant noodles. Plastic surgeons take the slant out of eyes and enlarge noses, and never the other way round. Some of those half-white children that America left behind have

traded on their looks and become models and actors.

One of Japan’s most serious problems is one that a healthy society

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should not have: It has one of the lowest birth rates in the world. Each Japanese woman has an average of only 1.53 children, well below the replacement level of 2.1. At a rate of 1.5, each generation is 25 percent smaller than the one before, and morbid statisticians have been trying to figure out how many generations it will take before there are no Japanese left.

It is important to note that neither this low birth rate nor an acute labor shortage have gotten anyone but socialists talking about immigration. There is some discussion of the possibility of bringing in carefully supervised work gangs from South East Asia, but most Japanese are against the idea. Instead, there is talk of raising the retirement age from 65 to 75.

The Price of Nationhood

From a conventional American perspective, this is foolishness. Without immigration, Japanese labor costs will be higher, and some things will be more expensive. That, however, is the point. Nationhood has a

price. What sets the Japanese apart from Americans is their willingness to pay it.

No doubt there are many talented Japanese women who are frustrated to stay home with children rather than run companies — but each new generation of Japanese is more carefully reared than perhaps any other in the world. No doubt Koreans are unhappy to be disfranchised — but Japan does not have a foreign policy that is paralyzed by different internal ethnic groups. No doubt it is a misfortune to lose one’s house to a bridge pylon — but the whole nation may benefit from the bridge. No doubt there are Malays digging ditches in Sumatra for 25 cents a day, who could afford indoor plumbing and a motorscooter if they dug ditches in Japan — but long-term national cohesion requires that Japan’s ditches be dug by Japanese.

To be sure, there is frustration in Japan. Cohesion has its costs, and some Japanese will always be out of step. Nevertheless, this is a small price to pay for the blessings that today’s Japanese can expect to pass on to their grand children: unity, cultural integrity, family ties, love of country, and a uniquely Japanese national character. Japan is certainly “racist,” “sexist,” “homophobic” and “nativist” — and perhaps the most successful society on earth. ●

Seven Howell is the pen name of a consultant to American companies doing business in Japan.

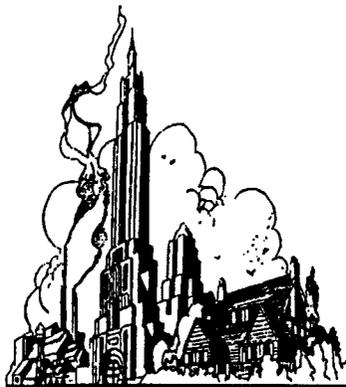
Summer in the City

In New York, “racial tension” is just another name for black lawlessness.

by Marian Evans

David Dinkins, the black mayor of New York, likes to call his city “a gorgeous mosaic” of races and cultures. The city has had a particularly gorgeous summer.

The excitement began, just up the Hudson River, in Albany. Like many



cities, Albany tries to buy peace in the summer by staging events designed to divert minorities. One such effort was the Empire State Black Arts and Cultural Festival, held on July 20th. Leonard Jeffries, chairman of the African-American Studies Department at the City College of New York, was invited to speak, and speak he did.

In a two-hour lecture, he explained that American blacks were suffering because Russian Jews in Hollywood had combined with the Mafia to “put

together a financial system of destruction of black people." He later broadened his theme to say, "The white boy can't be trusted . . . these white folks, even the good ones, you can't trust. There's a devilishness out there when it comes to this African thing." Prof. Jeffries' speech was broadcast, state-wide, at public expense.

Although the professor has long been known as a white-hater, these remarks seem finally to have touched a nerve. New York papers launched a full-scale campaign against him, and for a week or so Prof. Jeffries became the columnists' punching bag. His theories of black superiority were trotted out, as was his claim that if it were up to him, he would wipe all white people "off the face of the earth." One of his more choice observations was reported to be that the space shuttle explosion was "the best thing to happen to America in a long time," because it might prevent whites from "spreading their filth through the universe." These were not private, unguarded remarks; this is what Prof. Jeffries teaches his students.

New Yorkers were unhappy to learn that Prof. Jeffries is paid \$71,000 a year by the state of New York. A Jewish member of the state assembly gathered signatures for an open letter condemning the professor's "extreme anti-Semitism and anti-white bias." Other assemblymen threatened to cut City College's funding if it didn't fire Prof. Jeffries.

It is unusual for whites to make such a fuss over blatant anti-white remarks, but whenever they do, blacks rally to defend their own. All sixteen black assemblymen refused to sign the letter condemning Prof. Jeffries. On August 11th, 500 blacks marched through Harlem in a show of support. James Small, who manages the student center at City College, told the crowd that "the people trying to silence our teachers' voices are trying to silence our voices." Dr. Edward Scobie of the athletic department claimed that "everybody who hates Dr. Jeffries hates us and hates Africa."

On August 15th, a crowd of 1,000 gathered in a black church in Brook-

lyn, to cheer a videotape of Prof. Jeffries' speech. Afterwards, in a rousing finale, Rev. Herbert Daughtry brought the roaring crowd to its feet as he waved clenched fists and shouted: "Up, you mighty race! Fight, you mighty race!"

Four days later, blacks in the Crown Heights section of Brooklyn did exactly as they had been told. A Hasidic Jew, driving in convoy, fell behind his party and ran a red light in an attempt to catch up. His car was hit by cross traffic, jumped the sidewalk, and smashed into two black children. When the driver got out of the car to see what had happened, he was immediately beaten by angry blacks, who then robbed him.

Two ambulances—one from a private, Hasidic service and the other from the city—arrived almost simultaneously. Police directed the Hasidic crew to take care of the beaten driver, and the city ambulance took the black children to the hospital. One of them died.

Blacks began to converge on the scene, and spread the rumor that the Hasidic para-medics had given the Jewish driver first aid but had deliberately ignored the badly injured black children. A mob started throwing rocks and bottles at police, who were trying to restore order. Twenty blacks were arrested and 26 police officers were injured. Three hours after the accident, rampaging blacks fell upon a Jew dressed in classic Hasidic garb. Twenty or so surrounded the hapless Yankel Rosenbaum and chanted "Kill the Jew," while a 16-year old stabbed him to death.

The next night, black rioters were out in force. They looted stores, burned buildings, and destroyed parked cars. Ten more police officers were injured before a heavy rain finally cleared the streets. Both New York's black mayor and its black police chief seemed to think that the trouble was over. The next evening they went to Crown Heights to spread calm, and were met with volleys of bricks, bottles, and obscenities. They narrowly escaped being caught up in a third night of rioting.

This time, a Hasidic man was badly slashed with a knife, and police were

peppered with shotgun pellets. More cars were burned, shops were looted, and at least six white journalists were attacked. Gangs of blacks pulled white motorists from their cars and thrashed them. One of their targets was columnist Jimmy Breslin, who had taken a taxi to Brooklyn to see what was happening. A shout went up that there was a white in the car, and a horde of black children smashed the windshield and poured into the taxi. The black driver took to his heels while Mr. Breslin was robbed, beaten, and stripped to his underwear. He was knocked down, and would probably have had his brains dashed out with a baseball bat if a large black man with a knife had not appeared and told the young robbers to leave. They snarled but obeyed.

The next evening, noting that "diplomacy" had failed, Mayor Dinkins ordered 2,000 police into the area and told them to arrest all rioters. Brooklyn was finally quiet again—at a

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cost of \$4 million in police overtime. By strange coincidence, this was the second anniversary of the death of Yusuf Hawkins, who was shot by whites in the Bensonhurst section of Brooklyn. Mayor Dinkins proclaimed the day "Yusuf Hawkins Day."

After the rioting was stopped, the *New York Times* editorialized piously about the need for "continuing efforts to ease race relations." It urged the city to "foster communication between blacks and Hasidim.

The problem is not a lack of communication. The problem is the inevitable friction of two very different groups living side by side. Crown Heights is 80 percent black and ten percent Hispanic. The remaining ten percent are virtually all members of the Jewish Lubavitcher sect, which established its headquarters in Crown Heights decades before it went black. Most whites moved out long ago.

There is no "racial tension" in Crown Heights, in the sense that both



sides have grievances. There is simply black lawlessness. It is true that a black child was run over by a Jewish driver. As it happens, in October 1989, a black driver—with no insurance and a suspended license—ran over and killed a Jewish child. In January 1990, a black man ran over and killed an 89-year-old Jewish man who was crossing the street. In neither case was the driver beaten. There was grieving but there were no disturbances.

This time also, a pedestrian was killed by accident. But the death of Yankel Rosenbaum, the Hasidic Jew, was murder. The looting and arson that followed were the exclusive work of blacks. What possible lack of "communication" from Hasidim could provoke or justify it? What justifies beating and robbing motorists simply because they are white?

As a 13-year-old later explained to the *New York Times*, "it was fun throwing bottles at the cops." As a 12-year-old put it, "It made me feel strong because we were with a lot of black people." Most of the black residents of Crown Heights are recent immigrants from the Caribbean. They do not even have the excuse that white Americans enslaved them. What went on for three days in Crown Heights was not racial tension but typical black

behavior—behavior that is encouraged by blacks and excused by whites.

The chairman of the City College African-American Studies Department says that whites should be wiped off the face of the earth. When whites object, blacks rally to his defense and a minister urges on his congregation with shouts of "Fight, you mighty race." Whom is the congregation supposed to fight? The clear message is that blacks are justified in hating whites and in getting whatever they want by, according to the popular phrase, "any means necessary."

Even if whites object to the idea of being exterminated, liberal dogma virtually supplies justifications for it. Slavery was the greatest evil ever done by man. Blacks are "victims" of poverty. They are beset by "hopelessness" and "underprivilege." America is "institutionally racist." White liberals seem to think that telling blacks how wicked white people are will make blacks love them. Naturally, it does the opposite. Any black who listens to white liberals long enough will think that beatings were too good for whites.

Mr. Breslin is entirely typical. His assailants were actually caught and he was asked to identify them. He reported that he was saddened by the "hopelessness" of their lives. He ex-

plained that he went through with the complaint as a kind of civic obligation. "It's like jury duty," he explained; "You're a citizen, and you've got to do it." Two of Mr. Breslin's assailants were 14 years old. The other was eleven. Mr. Breslin seems to have forgotten that they tried to kill him—simply because he was white.

The riots in Crown Heights lasted three days. They came to an end only when 2,000 riot police appeared on the streets. There will be more black uprisings. There will be more affirm-

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ative action. There will be more editorials about the need to "foster communication" and "defuse racial tensions." Prof. Jeffries, who cannot be removed because he has tenure, will keep saying that whites do not deserve to live. Rev. Daughtry will keep urging the mighty race to fight. We can be sure that Mayor Dinkins will never proclaim "Yankel Rosenbaum Day." And America will go on pretending that a multi-racial society is not only possible but desirable. ●

Second-Rate Nation and Third World Country

Art Carey, *The United States of Incompetence*, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1991, 203 pp., \$17.95

reviewed by Thomas Jackson

Art Carey, an editor at the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, woke up one morning to find that a bridge he crossed to get to work every day was closed. The Pennsylvania Department of Transportation had let it deteriorate so badly it was no longer safe. For 16 months, as Mr. Carey took a long detour to work, he cursed the rotting bridge, which had become a symbol for what he calls "a disease that's consuming the soul of America . . . an epidemic of incompetence that is turning the United States into a second-rate nation and Third World country."

In *The United States of Incompetence*, Mr. Carey vents the frustra-



tion he feels as he watches his nation decline. He also tries to explain its decline, and to point a way out of the morass. The book is in fact an impressive collection of horrifying tales about a once-great nation gone wrong. But no cure is possible without correct

diagnosis. Mr. Carey refuses to accept the conclusion to which his own evidence points—that the most obvious cause of decline is that welfare and immigration policies are filling America with incompetent people.

Mr. Carey defines his problem broadly: "Incompetence has become a catchword for a larger malaise. Simply stated, we have lost our purpose, our moral ambition, our sense of social obligation." The bulk of his book is an account of the five factors he says are responsible for America's failures: a decline in morals, which undermined the family, which led to bad education, which produced a slipshod work ethic, which resulted in the disappearance of quality. Whether or