

THE MOONLIGHT SYMPHONY

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[This Monday's Archive was first published on July 1, 2005. It has particular relevance today, as America is under assault from predators from within our borders, with the Woke Biden-Soros Left unleashing a horde of criminal rapist murdering illegal aliens, and a genocidal tsunami of Chinese Communist fentanyl mass slaughter, in all-out psychopathic effort to destroy our country. As you know, I just returned from a month in the Serengeti. So I was taken aback on how what was written on safari in Africa 19 years ago applies to America right now.]

TTP, July 1, 2005

MORU ROCKS, SERENGETI PLAINS, TANZANIA, AFRICA. It is at night that Africa becomes most alive – especially when there's a full moon.

The most restful night's sleep one can have, it seems, is when you are lulled by the cackling whine of hyenas, the incessant barking of zebras, the coughing of lions, the grunting of hippos, the bellowing of Cape buffalo, the stomach rumblings of elephants, the flutter of Guinea fowl roosting in the trees, and the soft chirp of the tiny Scopes owl. The Moonlight Symphony of the Serengeti.

It is so soothing, perhaps, because these sounds accompanied our emergence upon this earth. The plains of East Africa are where such proto-hominids as Australopithecus and Homo habilis became us, human beings. It is where we came out of the trees, onto the plains, and became predators.

The dominant life form on these plains is mammals, and as you witness their vast numbers divided into a myriad of different species, you see there are two kinds: predators and prey. One way to distinguish between the two is the eyes.

Prey, such as Thompson's gazelle, topi antelope, zebras or wildebeest, have eyes on either side of their head.

They see in two dimensions only but two directions simultaneously. They can only notice something when it's moving.

Predators have both eyes on the front of their head. They see in stereoscopic focused three dimension, to track and hunt down their prey on the run, or when it's frozen still in fear. Predators such as lions, leopards, cheetahs, and us.

For going on two weeks now I have had no contact with the outside world. Not a single phone call or email, not a newspaper or short-wave radio. I'll be posting this once I reach the town of Arusha, which is the jumping-off spot for safaris to the Serengeti, but as of now I haven't the faintest idea of what's been happening in the world.

I'm writing this on the veranda of my tent overlooking a grassy plain and trees along a nearby stream. Herds of zebra and wildebeest are grazing, a few giraffe are munching on a huge umbrella acacia tree, and two elephants are happily stripping the bark off a yellow fever tree with their tusks for an afternoon snack.

It is a peaceful and restful scene. In the distance is a rock outcropping that's the home of a pride of 11 lions, a mommy with four cubs, two other females, and two males with gorgeous golden manes. They're sleeping off last night's repast of a young wildebeest.

It is the world we came from, yet can no longer be a part of. Each of these animals evolved into their "ecological niche," the particular way they use their environment to survive. We evolved out of ours.

The ecological niche we evolved into here in Africa was hunting big animals in packs. (This is why we have a vestigial hatred and fear of wolves, as for eons wolf packs and human packs competed for this niche.) This was the way man survived for hundreds of thousands of years.

This is the ecological niche we have evolved out of. There are almost no human societies on earth today that survive by hunting big animals in packs. The only exceptions I can think of are a few groups of Inuit Eskimo in the Arctic hunting whales and bands of Bushmen in the Kalahari hunting giraffe and eland. Not any tribe in the Amazon or New Guinea. Not the Masai, who live in the Serengeti and are cattle herders. American Indian tribes in the Great Plains reverted to it in the 18th and 19th centuries, with horses provided by Europeans.

Thus one key to understanding human nature is that the human species, *Homo sapiens sapiens*, as distinct from all other species of life on earth, does not have an ecological niche. We do not adapt to our environment. We adapt the environment to us. We have learned to survive in any environment – and not just on earth but above it, in space.

Survival for human beings is not a program, it is a question. For all other species, they have a hard-wired genetic program they automatically and unselfconsciously follow. They have no capacity to be aware of it, to reflect upon it, to consider alternatives to it, to choose to alter it. If the environment cooperates they survive; if the environment changes too radically or abruptly, they die.

We no longer have any such program. We have to figure out how to survive, how to flourish and prosper. This is a question that must be answered by every human society and every individual human being. Some choose to answer it by being predators on their fellow man.

Islam, for example, was founded by a bandit chieftain, who gained power through a series of several dozen Bedouin razzias or caravan raids, who demanded that everyone that came under his power must either believe that his commands were sacred or pay him a jizya unbeliever's tax, and who decreed that the proper punishment for an apostate who stopped believing in him was death.

Predators on the Serengeti do not prey on themselves. Two prides of lions, say, may occasionally compete for territory, but they never attempt to survive upon the other, and it would never occur to them to do so. Only man has the capacity to choose to prey on his fellow man.

In our time there have been three great predations upon civilization: Nazism, Communism, and Islamism. The first was defeated entirely, and that by military force. The Soviet version of the second was defeated by a combination of military threat and guile. The Chinese version remains. The struggle continues with the third.

There is a lesson to be learned here in the Serengeti about how to conduct this struggle, and it is taught by the Masai. They are the humans who have lived among the lions of the Serengeti for eons, armed only with spears and rungu clubs. You would think that with such puny weapons, especially when alone or in small groups, the Masai would be easy meals for lions.

But no. A Masai male is trained from childhood how to kill a lion with a spear, by planting his spear in the ground, angling it at 45½, impaling the lion when it charges, then cracking its skull with the rungu.

The Masai wear robes of bright colors to make sure lions can see them – for whenever a lion spots one single Masai warrior, he runs away. The lions are afraid of the Masai, not the other way around. And thus the Masai are left alone.

The way to deal with predators, human or otherwise, is to make them afraid of you, afraid enough to leave you alone. The lesson of the Serengeti we must learn is to make the Chicoms and the Islamist Moslems as afraid of us as the lions are of the Masai.

It is a necessary lesson which they must be taught, a lesson liberals are incapable of teaching. Appeasement is always the preferred strategy of a liberal when faced with a predator – which is why there are no liberals among the Masai. Uneaten ones, that is.

Only when human predators who prey on their fellow man are taught the danger up to lethality of doing so can they learn another and more peaceful answer to the question of survival. As we discussed in Baghdad Memes last week, the way to provide this answer is through the technique of meme substitution, implanting the “democracy meme” in Arab/Moslem and Mainland China cultures.

This has been successfully done with other former enemies of America's, such as the Japanese and the Germans. Democratic societies may have any number of disputes and disagreements, but they are almost always solved peacefully. It is very difficult to cite a historical case of a war between two democracies. Democracies living together in the world form something like a Moonlight Symphony.

The Chinese Communists and Islamist Moslems will never be able to join this symphony. To do so they must stop being Communists and Islamists. It is America's job through force and guile to accomplish this. And for the liberal Democrats who get in our way, we need to send them to live in a Masai boma (encampment), so they can learn what it takes to survive surrounded by predators – if they survive at all.

Here's what the fellows whom they'll be living with look like:



In the background are their living quarters, a mud-wattle hut insulated with cow dung:



Here's the guy they'll have to take on with a spear:



And here's the obligatory Serengeti sunset:



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