

For White Boys Who Think of Suicide



by Sidney Secular

“Even Satan presents himself as an angel of the Light.” – 2 Corinthians 11: 14

I was born in the last years of the segregated South, and I remember both the period before integration and the period afterward. I was born to a father who was an electrical engineer, and a mother who was a waitress, and we had a comfortable, placid life until my father sustained severe brain damage in a car accident, requiring that he be retrained as a barber. That was around the time when my mother had to begin waiting on tables, to keep our finances afloat, and things became hard scrabble. Looking back, I can see now that we lived in what many people would consider poverty. My mother had seven children, too many even for those times, and the financial and psychological stress became more than she could handle. She buried herself in Christian fundamentalism, seeking solace, but instead became more unstable and volatile. In time, she began to suffer from extreme religious delusions, believing Jesus had returned to the earth and could be sought out if a sufficient effort was made. Our home became increasingly violent, dysfunctional and broken, until it disintegrated midstream in our childhoods. My father went to his parents' home, where he died in a dark back bedroom, whimpering about his undying love for my mother. For her part, my mother wandered away, stark raving mad, to search for her Messiah in unlikely places, and in the intervening four

decades I have had no contact with her.

My parents' ancestors had not had easier paths, even though their people were all from once prominent and wealthy Southern families. Their families had obeyed the law in owning slaves, but had never abused their servants; instead they had considered them to be extended family members. While I'm sure horror stories existed, I believe my own family's lore recounting symbiotic and amiable relationships generally reflected the norm of those times. In any event, both families had ended up landless and scattered as a result of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. No one has ever talked about reparations for what many of them suffered: bankruptcies, suicides, malnutrition, rooming house lodgings in their dotages, and early deaths. Generations later, some of my ancestors were still living in shantytowns, occasionally being roused out of their squatter villages by the police or military.

Out of these origins, we watched with familiar misgivings as soldiers with bayonets integrated public schools during the Civil Rights Era. I remember that the school hallways soon stank from the odor of our fear, as our new peers pummeled, kicked and stomped their way into our hearts. The Media invariably portrayed timid black children entering schools through crowds of jeering and aggressive whites, but our experience was somewhat the opposite: we accommodated our government's directives warily but meekly, and still got our asses handed to us. Prior to integration, there had been order, discipline, optimism and a sense of community. Afterward, we occupied institutions that were intimidating jungles, so much so that the frequent physical and sexual assaults that we experienced were usually not even reported. We had been told what side history was on, and we were loath to disagree by making complaints.

Long before there were terms like "Media bias," or "virtue-signaling," or "Libtards," we learned their meaning. During

the urban riots of 1968, a liberal teacher decorated our classroom's bulletin boards with photos of black rioters shot dead on the sidewalks by the police in Detroit and Watts.

"This will cause them to attack us more in the hallways," a few of us pleaded.

The teacher was nonplussed by our comment. "We have to demonstrate that we're on the side of the civil rights movement" he responded with bewilderment. "You must think of the greater good of our society, and make an effort to be team players."

In my mind, this response was irresponsible gibberish, unconnected to the realities of the school hallways we were required to navigate. Yet, throughout my life, in response to my reservations in similar situations, the respondents have always deferred to God, morality, or the greater good. And none of the answers I have received have been logical or sufficient.

I tried to play the game. I tried to believe I would be treated fairly in the newly emerging integrated and "Diverse" America. I soon realized this society will ultimately exclude the melanin-deficient, despite their delusions about having a place in this country's future. I had new lessons to learn, and after college I joined a federal agency, one divided into agents and support personnel. The agents held a large majority of the higher grade positions, and to achieve upward mobility it was clear that one should attempt to become an agent. I applied to get into the agent training program, and was repeatedly turned down for admission. It did not matter that I had two advanced degrees, one of which specialized in our agency's mission. It did not matter that I had known poverty via the misfortunes of a brain damaged father and a mother who was a violent lunatic. There were no slots on the application to present that information, and, while I was shut out of the academy, it was common knowledge

that others walking in off the street received preferences based on race and ethnicity. "This is a non-issue," I was told, in response to my complaints. "Most of the applicants hired to be agents are still white." I appealed to my work colleagues, and quickly discovered that whites who succeeded in getting admitted to the academy were indifferent to those of us who got left behind; they simply concluded that we must be deficient in some manner and thus worthy of our designation as lesser mortals.

It did not help to point out other corruptions in the selection process: the family members of agency officials were admitted into the academy in statistically impossible numbers, and the children of slain agents were simply waived in if they met the minimum admission requirements. Someone's father catching a bullet did not seem to create more merit than my father having scraped his head down a highway; sometimes a death is a vastly more merciful fate than the fate of those who go on living. Be that as it may, for fifteen years of doing the agency's skut work, I received the same consideration as any external applicant doing similar office work elsewhere, and the rationale for this was, ironically, stated to be "the necessity for all applicants to be treated equally." The problem with the rationale presented was that I could not expect the same reciprocity from other employers if I sought to be hired by them – they would be loyal to their own employees in ways that mine had not been to me. Between the racial preferences and the partial nullification of my labor investment, I'd received a double whammy.

No one gave a hoot about any of this. I filed grievances, and quickly discovered that the grievance process was intended to channel and smother dissent, not to deliver justice or meaningful redress. There was also an Ombudsman, whose position was ostensibly intended to help mediate grievances like my own. This possibility for recourse looked promising,

until it was discovered that her husband's job consisted of maintaining the agency's Affirmative Action statistics and monitoring the success of the agency's Diversity Programs. I sued, and a judge ordered the head of our Legal Counsel Division to attend a mediation meeting to seek a resolution for my suit. The gentleman declined to put in an appearance, and instead sent an Assistant U.S. Attorney, who was openly hostile toward me. She stated that I would be offered career counseling, absolutely nothing else, and proceeded to deride me in my presence with descriptive terms like "snob," "elitist," and "malcontent."

"Appeal their decision," a petite and usually passive coworker urged when I phoned her with my results. "Don't be afraid of them. They're not competent enough to be scary."

My coworker was wrong. They were plenty scary, and I was aware that the agency had unlimited time, personnel, and tax money to fight my lawsuit in the courts. I was also aware that there were few other venues for the airing of my grievance – no lawyer would even touch it – and that most of the people similarly victimized are not even fully aware of their plight, inasmuch as diligent efforts are made to keep the discrimination covert. What I had experienced was not today's often imagined "systemic discrimination" allegedly directed at nonwhites, but instead the real McCoy – a de facto discrimination against whites that is now codified, institutionalized and commonplace. It is discrimination sanctioned and promoted by our government, academia, the Media, and the private sector, and there are no advocacy groups for its victims, no support groups for its survivors, and no films or books created to pull heartstrings over their suffering. The victims, if they are perceived at all, are looked upon as being inconsequential damage, unworthy of acknowledgement because they had their injuries coming. For its part, my agency, and countless others like it, generally grind up their victims as invisibly as possible, ruthlessly,

silently, insidiously, without genuine compassion or interest, licensed to do damage by goals they believe to be noble. I had even at one point done a Freedom of Information Act request to obtain statistics for the racial preferences, and the agency had released printouts of numbers that no one could decipher. When asked for an interpretation, the bureaucrats simply ignored me.

I had spent ten years jogging down icy highways in February, to meet the academy's physical requirements. I had specifically obtained a second advanced degree because it was in our agency's field of expertise. None of it mattered one iota. "You are being treated fairly," I was told firmly. "No one is mistreating you." That was no doubt their opinion, but I left the mediation meeting feeling thoroughly violated, and, for the first and only time in my life, I contemplated an impromptu suicide. The agency had a cafeteria many floors above street level. It had an open air balcony, and I spent two hours there that day with a hastily scribbled note in my pocket, trying to summon the nerve to step from the seat of my chair onto the balcony's railing. In time, my angst was interrupted by a cafeteria worker, visibly annoyed by my long presence. I had loved ones waiting at home, and it took less courage to live than to jump. I went back to my office.

My unit supervisor was a pleasant black man, and I was later told to meet with him for my lawsuit's reward, the career counseling. He waited until the last day of the deadline for providing the counseling, and then called me into his office and turned on his computer. For an hour and a half, he read the agency's job postings to me, the job vacancies listed on the agency's website. When he was done, he gave me a sincere pat on the arm and uttered familiar words: "Go back to work now, and try to be a team player." One of his white underlings was far less diplomatic. "We are trying to be tolerant of you," he said. "We know it is important to keep our friends close, and our enemies closer." This same

gentleman, during a previous time of friction, had once reassured me that he had been taught how to kill adversaries within five seconds with merely a pencil.

My black boss, not long after my career counseling, brought into our career ladder two semi-illiterate black janitors, and hired them to do the same work I was performing. The career ladder brought them inevitably up the rungs until they were one grade level below my own. I remained one grade level above them only because I was their supervisor, and I spent my last years at the agency laboriously correcting the work that they could only go through the motions of performing.

Things got even more gruesome. I never saw another promotion in the agency, during the remainder of my tenure. Meanwhile, the black agents in our agency had previously had a discrimination lawsuit against it. Most of these people were mediocrities who had achieved their positions only through the racial preferences dispensed to them, but, not satisfied with that largesse, they had then become disgruntled when their advancement through the management ranks was slow. They had sued, received financial settlements, and, as part of the settlements, the agency had agreed to reeducate all of its managers through diversity training seminars.

In the seminars we were taught that Affirmative Action preferences were necessary in order for America to keep pace with its rapidly changing demographics. White Americans would soon be a minority, and the emerging America would contain a new but historically disadvantaged nonwhite majority. White America had debts to pay, for its mistreatment of nonwhites, and it should pay its debts in a good-natured manner. In the meanwhile, our democratic principles of government, we were told, along with consumerism and good will and the English language were destined to keep the country glued together.

In these seminars, we were told not to pose questions or to contradict the speakers. "If you have questions or comments,"

the facilitators said, "you may approach the stage with them only when the seminar is concluded." It was in this milieu that I first began to have epiphanies that when they keep telling you to be a team player, it means you're about to get raped. It was in this milieu that I had the epiphany that when they keep telling you to get on the right side of history, it means eventually they're going to get around to killing you. First they destroy books, careers, icons, statues, graves, and memorials. Emboldened by their success, they will inevitably move on to their actual targets. You, in the flesh. The initial request is an appeal for access to institutions. The subsequent request is a demand for dominant power in the institutions. The final request is for us to be complicit in making ourselves irrelevant and extinct, in a country that our ancestors explicitly built for themselves and their descendants. Indeed, the New America gives every indication of gleefully capitalizing on the founding stock's own democratic principles, documents and institutions, to achieve that end.

In the seminars, listening to their sophistry, I found myself brimming with many questions I had been directed not to articulate. If all cultures, groups, and nations are to be respected and accommodated, why was my own being so visibly assaulted and dissolved through social engineering and mass immigration? Why was our demographic and political displacement described as something desirable, when no non-Western nation or people would interpret it in such a manner? If previous discrimination against minorities was so damnable, how was justice achieved by routinely penalizing whites through Affirmative Action discrimination? Did this not merely redirect the discrimination against a new group of innocents? Why should we be expected to cheerfully fund and facilitate our own society's reinvention through social and governmental policies? Why are we forbidden even to describe our displacement and replacement with those same terms – when they accurately describe what is being done to us? Most of

all: How did it become completely impermissible for anyone to ask these questions?

Once again, I noticed an absence of meaningful redress. Once again, I found there are no avenues for meaningful dissent; there can be no meaningful dissent when there are no venues in which it can be heard. To pose objections in spite of this reality is to be designated as a braying jackass in a wilderness, even worse, it is to be designated as morally suspect, as being illogical, indeed, as being evil. Once again, we are to be the dehumanized collateral damage of the "arc of moral justice," and our moral worth depends on the extent to which we submit to that condition silently and willingly. Our own group's need for self-perpetuation, for self-determination, for equality under the law – these things have all been rendered irrelevant, meaningless, in a society in which all things are now politicized and polarized.

Yet, to reiterate, America's founding documents and founding institutions were created to first benefit the descendants of the European founding stock. They clearly proclaimed that they existed for the benefit of the founders' progeny. It is thus folly to contend that they were intended to be tools for the dissolution of the nation-state created by those ancestors, and for four centuries America, with the exception of eight states in the South, was largely an ethnostate with an identifiable and relatively homogeneous culture and people. All of that is now being destroyed in the name of an ill-defined largesse or the purely mercenary desire to import cheap labor, consumers, or votes. The resulting metamorphosis will achieve the destruction of all that is familiar to us in the span of a single human lifetime, a lifetime of a mere seventy years, spanning from the gutting of our immigration laws in 1965 to the year 2035, the earliest date at which whites are predicted to become a minority in the U.S. And the year 2035 is tomorrow – an eyeblink away. The currently emerging American society will be characterized by the end

goal of many of the forces arrayed against us; we will evolve into a society characterized by one-party rule, rule by the Democratic Party, a political entity that is increasingly anti-status quo, anti-white, and radically socialist in its leanings.

Reacting to this with a shrug is the purest kind of madness. Acquiescence to it is collaboration with a fate that will strip us of the right of self-determination, because other groups vote in blocs and we will, quite simply, be outnumbered and outvoted. It is collaboration with the dispossession of our culture and our history, because both will be inevitably pushed into America's margins. It portends the confiscation of our wealth, because our wealth will need to be taxed away from us to subsidize the poverty of the incoming hordes. Most importantly, all of this will dispossess us of our future as a people, because we will have become the Boers of North America and our future will be determined by others. If the histories of the Tutsis of Rwanda, the Uyghurs of China, the Christian Armenians of Turkey, and European Jewry are indicators of the dark proclivities of human nature – as indeed they are – it may ultimately cost many of us the greatest price of all.

Are these notions beyond the pale for contemplation? I think not. We live in a time in which many nations guarantee their citizens' rights in their constitutions, yet those rights are routinely disregarded. We live in an era that is characterized, like all of the human history that preceded it, by purges and genocides, an era in which billions of humans are entirely content to live under the tyrannies of Communism, radical Islam, or authoritarianism. These are the dark and dangerous waters into which our politicians cheerfully plan to cast us adrift on a raft built from blind faith, a hodgepodge raft constructed from scraps of the ideologies promoting globalism, universalism, racial egalitarianism, reverse racism, and other "isms." It will be a vessel unfit for any approaching storm, a craft that will

easily upend in a vast and tumultuous human sea, and one where there is every reason to believe that our adventure will finalize with our disappearance.

In response to this predicament, for the largest part, our own countrymen are fat and comfortable and happy. They are far too relaxed and stupid to entertain any notions involving fear, and the cynic in me no longer believes that what remains of America can be saved without upheaval, radicalism, and violence. While I would never advocate violence, nor will I condemn it, not while my country is being gleefully and unnecessarily butchered all around me. And in the face of today's unrelenting turmoil, there have been, of late, clarion truisms that keep ringing in my mind. One is the statement of Mr. Trump, on January 6, 2021, that "If you don't fight like hell for your country, you're not going to have one." Another sadly resonating truism is the one allegedly made by the Capitol Breach rioter Riley June Williams, a seven word sentence that sums up our predicament: "There are no longer any political solutions." An even more disturbing insight that keeps entering my consciousness is one attributed to the writer Guillaume Faye: "When you are forced to choose between violence and extinction, regrettably, the only correct moral choice is violence."

How sad, even to have been placed in the position to need to contemplate such thoughts. This is the corner into which our idiot leaders have now painted us, and most of us will no doubt live to see the fruits of their folly. I am aging fast, and I may be spared such a fate; even so, I know where my ghost will abide when its time comes. I will be at the running track at my agency's academy, the academy where I never got admitted. I will be running in the brutal cold of February, running as I used to run, groaning to push forward with a clenched jaw into the wind. I will be catapulting around the track, believing against all of the available evidence that this country still has a future for my children,

believing in a future in which an uncorrupted justice will yet prevail.

Believing anyway.

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