

On Hyenas
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A couple of days ago, I received a very nice e-mail from someone who had read a news report highly critical of my activities and writings related to the status and fate of white gentiles. In our time, anyone writing from the perspective of respect and concern for European heritage, white gentiles is going to come under fire, and I've taken some hits in the media, on the Internet, and from organizations. Particularly interesting to me, much of it has come from other white gentiles. This email correspondent's message pointed out how this journalist had inaccurately portrayed my activities, associations, and writings, and me as a person (he had painted me as misguided, malevolent, and a menace, and got it across that due consideration should be given to firing me from my job). My correspondent's analyses were detailed and perceptive, and I very much appreciated his support. It boosted my spirits and increased my resolve to go public about race from a white perspective and to do it openly.

The approach and tone of this correspondent's writing were characteristic of how racially conscious white people tend to respond to the shots we take. We stop in our tracks and give extended and serious attention to the hit and those dishing it out; we soberly, reasonably, and respectfully explain and defend ourselves; and, not infrequently, we try to win over those coming after us--perhaps if we can get through to them they'd like us, and even come over to our side. That's fine, I guess. Some of the time it is, anyway. I just personally don't want to be stuck in this mode of response and engagement, plus it isn't resonating well with my basic posture these days.

Our white brethren who reject and attack us love to think of themselves as in the know, on the inside, and righteous and true--oh-so-laudable are they in their own minds. Less and less do I feel like playing along with that fiction. I've come up with ways to perceive and deal with these people that I think are closer to reality than the exalted image they have of themselves. These days, I'm seeing these people as:

Suckers. They have been fast-talked into turning on their own, how pathetic. How dumb to you have to be. Imagine a group of black people listening to a black speaker. He says, "I think we have to look at how we are doing as a race, and we need to get together and look out for ourselves." And the blacks in the audience immediately respond, "Stone him! We need to focus on how white people are doing!! What's wrong with this guy?" To their credit, you'd never get blacks to do anything like this, but, sadly, if you are half way slick you can get gentile whites to do it. Saps.

Zombies. There can't be more mindless, robotic creatures on earth than fully-conditioned white gentiles. You can predict exactly what they are going to say and do around race. They're brain dead, spooky.

Opportunists. More than a few whites that suck up to those in power and play the race game currently on the table know how it pays off for them: security; approval and respect; inclusion; grades, jobs, awards; and even sex (these days, being a racially conscious white person, or siding with people who are, is not the best way to enhance your love life). Self-seekers cutting in at the front of the line to get handouts. Yuck.

Hyenas. An image from a National Geographic special: A pack of hyenas swarming around a dead zebra about to gnaw away at its flesh. In comes a lion and the hyenas slither away. Pack animals, vicious, ugly creatures, cowards.

I'm getting tired of playing my life to the people of the sort my gracious email correspondent wrote about. The hell with them. To the degree I have to deal with them at all, I treat them as suckers, zombies, opportunists, and hyenas, and, as quickly as I can, get on with what I'm doing.

