

A skinhead interruption:

8-year-old TE, as 'priestess' in her mom's night-gown, stood impatiently before the coffee table spread with a pillowcase. On it, she and her older sister had set a vinegar flask of water and a metal serving bowl of breadcrumbs. The girls were about to offer 'communion' to their mother and me.

MT, her assistant priestess, also in in long gown, waited on the love seat along with her 3-year-old brother.

"Please, dad. We're ready," said MT. "You said you were only going to be 15 minutes."

Meanwhile, their mom and I on the sofa were morbidly absorbed in *'Cry Hatred'*— a CNN documentary about white power heavy metal music. Shaved head slammers bounced off one another's bodies. Whipping he microphone cord, a singer taunted: *'N____— you're at the end of my rope!'*

Pleeze," TE rolled her eyes, "turn off the T.V.!"

"These people hate us," said T. "These children should see this. They need to know what they are up against when they grow up."

The biker-pirate singer sneered from the screen. The video then cut away to footage of the torchlight parade of the Nuremburg Rally, the ocean of raised fists and the Fuhrer's face, absorbing the lightening.

My daughter's frown of impatience vanished as she caught the fear in my eyes.

1995, May



Cosily on the liquidation list:

"Look at that bad man on the TV," T. cooed to MH squeezed between us. "He would kill you."

"No," said our 4-year-old sleepily.

"Yes, he would," breathed T. into his ear.

Cuddled with all 3 of our fledglings, we were watching Mike Wallace's '60 Minutes' interview with William Pierce, a late middle-aged physicist notoriously known as the author of 'The Turner Diaries.'

We learned that his apocalyptic fantasy of a future race war has apparently inspired legions of white power nationalists including Oklahoma bomber, Timothy McVeigh.

When pressed by Wallace to compare his current political views to those embedded in his work of fiction, *Doktor Pierce*, was wary about being about pinned down:

"I can't subscribe to the exact policies or the program of the German Nazis in the 1930s," he said. "We are in a different time which requires policies suited to our own circumstances."

Turner was not nearly as guarded when asked about the chapter in his underground novel called 'Day of the Rope'. It depicts mass hangings of blacks, "mixed-race mongrels" and white "race traitors"—the latter apparently deserving of the most ruthless vengeance...

"Race mixing is one of the worst things that is causing alienation the breakdown of the American society," said stone-faced Pierce, "and causing the growing alienation from the government."

"He'd have me killed first," I mumbled.

"Yes, he'd probably go for daddy first" chimed in T., kissing MH's forehead.

"NO!" MH buried his head in her lap.

"Stop scaring him," I tsked.

"Better he knows about these bastards sooner than later," my wife said.



Pulling the sleepy MH under my arm, I thought of a moment at the Columbia Skytrain Station just 2 weekends ago. The kids and I were on our way to the Children's Festival in Vancouver while T. worked on some course assignments. As we waited for the train, a skinhead with stringy beard stared at us. For several minutes, the skinhead unrelentingly gawked from across the platform. Even when I glared over, he did not break his venomous stare. The telepathic message was impossible to ignore:

'When the Aryan revolution comes, scum like you will be the first to be liquidated!'

I was shuddering in that thought when Pierce held up his prized original edition of *Mein Kampf*.

"So, you really are an admirer of Hitler," probed Wallace.

"Well, I can say there is a lot in Hitler's thinking that I do agree with," the would-be horseman of the apocalypse cryptically smiled.

Oddly enough, the chills seemed to make the family night in front of the TV even more cosy.

1996, May



A stake in the corpse:

After sending off emails to friends in Brunei, Seoul and Anchorage, I flipped back to the ‘*New York Times*’ website to check whether white smoke had yet emerged from the chimney of the papal conclave.

It was a mild shock to see the banner headline proclaiming that Cardinal Ratzinger would be the new pope. The predictions and profiles in the last few days had all named the German Cardinal as a favourite of late Polish pope but suggested that he was probably too far-right even for the reactionary College of Cardinals.

There was also mention of his involvement in the Nazi youth— assumed to be a disqualifier. For an instant—I wondered if the announcement was a belated April Fool’s prank. If not, the geriatric cardinals seemed to be thumbing their withered noses at progressivism— even defying the inevitable attack by the western media...

With the selection confirmed by CBC radio, I searched on Yahoo for more information on Ratzinger who has taken the title of Pope Benedict, rather than that of the predicted ‘John Paul III.’ In the ‘*New Internationalist*’ I found some darkly amusing information on Ratzinger’s solid reactionary creds:

Apparently no advocate of ‘*kumbaya*’ with other world religions— Ratzinger wrote that Hinduism was based on a “morally cruel” concept of reincarnation that was essentially “a continuous circle of hell”. More oddly the German Cardinal described Buddhism as “auto-erotic spirituality” that offers ‘transcendence without imposing religious obligations.’ He predicted this within the century, Buddhism would replace Marxism as the Catholic Church’s main enemy.

One might assume the era of the war on terror would hardly be a time for the Catholic church to so antagonize large swaths of humanity. Yet that would be to assume that a majority of the ecclesiastic gerontocracy were not tone-deaf... Indeed, it is no surprise that the Rock of Gibraltar fortifications against modernism should be maintained—and probably strengthened—by the reactionary John Paul II’s own anointed successor...



I wondered how certain old friends and acquaintances were taking this news of the papal succession. I thought particularly of the Spanish-speaking Catholics known from Tanzania, (circa ‘80-’81)...

I imagined Padre Pepe on the Simanjero mission turning in his shortwave radio. Adriana B., now in Puerto Montt, Chile, would probably be cursing at the radio. Both were devout Catholics and exceptionally selfless human beings inspired by 1960s liberation theology for '*los pobres de la tierra*'... Both will probably take this news as the final shuttering of the hope that that the Catholic church would ever officially support a gospel of social change...

I also thought of the portrait of John Paul II, bedecked with palm fronds, on the living room wall at the farm of *Baba* and *Amai* M. my ex-wife's parents in Zimbabwe. Without any regard to his politics, he was revered as the spiritual leader anointed by God. Is if that was not despairing enough— imagine that portrait now replaced by one of a Pope who (appropriate to his dogma) resembles a vampire...

2005, April
