A Christian Apologist: Practicing What We Preach (Screwtape Revisited)

Why America *Isn’t Great Again*

Small disclaimer (opening statement): I’m weird. Despite the harsh cultural critique forthcoming (for the record) - I don’t “hate” white nationals or religious people. I actually have immense “respect” for white nationals and their strange bedfellow (Christian fundamentalism). Not in the same way I respect Martin Luther King or Gandhi: but how a Red Sox fan begrudgingly respects the lore of the Yankees. The way a Blood respects a Crip. A most worthy foe, I humbly respect nationalism like an up-and-coming boxer respects his longstanding opponent (while tapping gloves in center ring). Like a school boy respects the neighborhood bully- I can’t help but to acknowledge (and marvel at) the *sheer gangsta*.

Indeed, I respect xenophobia (false patriotism) like a Native American respects the artillery (Gatling gun) of Infantry Calvary. Like a gladiator respects the menacing roar of the lion in the Roman coliseum: I respect my savage nemesis the way a slave respects the overseer’s whiplash… the way a civilian respects the billyclub of a meathead cop… the way a contrite defendant respects the wooden gavel of a stoic judge. I respect white supremacy like a Jedi respects Evil Empire. I battle the *Death Star* (of white male privilege) - not with arrogance or cockiness- but with *fear and trembling… with all due respect*. For I (a warrior and street solider), above all else, will never underestimate an adversary. For I (the outcast, the underdog, the rebel) - know more than most- the cruelty the white Anglo-Saxon male is capable of. Alas (for better or for worse), my father is a white national.

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Before I delve further into the murky water of race relations –I need to backtrack a bit (I apologize in advance for the abbreviated history lesson). With that being said, I recognize that any puritanical or derogatory reference to “race” is a gross misnomer (or huge misunderstanding). To discuss “black” or “white” (in scientific terms) is actually the height of *mental midgetry*. In reality, no valid (universal) distinction in “race” exists (as in other species). Black and white animals aren’t fundamentally dissimilar (like types of hounds). Doberman Pinchers and German Shepherds are both dogs, but (characteristically) different specimens. Poodles and Pit Bulls are the same animal, but completely different breeds (or races). Conversely, there is no such distinguishable separation in genetic trait (or literal race) between “black” and “white” people (I’m not an eagle to your pigeon). In humanity, there is only slight “variances” (in color of the skin or shape of the nose, etc.). Likewise, this “human variance” (or modest differential) is capitulated in three taxonomies (or categories). Negroid (Black), Mongrel (Asian) and Caucasian (Latino and Indian are mixtures).

Sardonically, of the three “primary taxonomies”, the Negroid is (biologically) the higher classification (or dominant gene). Whereas, despite the prevailing, top-of-the-food-chain innuendo (of mainstream society): the Caucasian taxonomy is actually the more recessive (weaker) gene pool (or lower life form). Thus, 250 thousand years after the modern caveman, the “least common” human trait on earth is now red hair & blue eyes (less than 1% of the populous). Nevertheless, regardless of our “modest differences”, we all come from a “common ancestor” (or Adam), originating in East Africa over 250 thousand years ago. This “Original Man” or Homo sapien (Latin for “wise man”) diverged from the Homo erectus (Latin for “upright man”); and is personified by an astonishing increase in brain size (or cerebral capacity) - that still cannot be adequately explained (logically, in principle) by modern science. This special prototype or Original Man (with its humungous, three-pound brain) then migrated across the globe- *being fruitful and multiplying*- assimilating with the various Neanderthals (Cavemen) - forming the different shades and hues that we now call “ethnicity” (or “race”).

Thus (at the risk of stating the obvious), “race” is an artificial (man-made) construct. A deviant misconception or “*little white lie*” (evolutionarily speaking). The disingenuous idea of “race” (at best) embodies a lingering form of tribalism (or primitive cultural identification). Race (in essence) only matters because of our fake (biased and self-serving) perceptions. Race only matters because of our “incredible ignorance”… because of our astounding “information deficit”. In truth, the full spectrum of humanity (in our never-ending quest to subdue the planet): is less about “clashing hostiles” or the “polar opposites” of black and white (per se) –but rather- the distorted narrative of human evolution (via western civilization) is really an intimate tale of *kissing cousins*… of *sublime interconnectivity*. From a scientific viewpoint, racial tensions are nothing more than an invalid *sibling-rivalry*. A petty, globalized *family-squabble* (or Oedipal power struggle). In fact, the entire concept of “race” only matters because we (you and I) believe it does. Race (for all intents and purposes) is simply a figment of our imagination (both friend and foe). The “reality” (or untruth) of race exists only in our demented, shallow minds. Therefore, any serious discussion involving the falsity of “race” (beyond social conditioning) is somewhat ridiculous. Thoroughly beneath us (in an information age). Childish.

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Before I was old enough to remember, my father gave me Drambuie (sweet liquor) in my baby bottle (to help me sleep). Although we lived in the Fort Hill section of Roxbury (a black section of urban Boston) my blonde–haired, blue-eyed father drove great distances outside of the city limits to various shooting ranges and gun clubs. At six years old, I had a little 32 caliber revolver that I shared with my older sister Valencia. My tiny pistol popped-off like a toy cap-gun (with very little kickback)-as opposed to my dad’s hammers (that boomed like mini- cannons). My father always seemed to be “conscientiously-apologetic” amongst his Clint Eastwood (Machiavellian) peer group -especially in regards to my four-foot, frizzy afro: often pardoning the fashion faux pas by telling his buddies that my mother wouldn’t let him “cut the damn thing off”. Although the Afrocentric symbolism seemed to irritate my pops- it certainly didn’t perturb the gun aficionados in the least. His NRA pals were always extra-friendly and accommodating to me regardless. The tough guys shrugged-off my father’s excuses and called me *little Loren* (affectionately); routinely shaking my hand or gently rubbing my shoulder blades or giving me a can of soda or candy bar (as my father meticulously unpacked and loaded the weapons).

Looking back, my father took me fishing and hunting before I could read and write. I only lived with my father for eight years- but in that short time- I saw my father club fish, kill deer, ducks and pheasant with the reverence of a Seminole. By five, I could disassemble, clean, oil and properly store his cache of weaponry (rifles, shot guns, revolvers and automatics). Thus, at a very tender age, I learned that alcohol and guns are a big part of the initiation process (apprenticeship) for the typical white national. But alas, my father was anything but your run-of-the-mill, garden-variety white national. My father was exceptional. My father was a *super national*.

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The first time I heard the name “Jesus” wasn’t from some prissy church or mild-mannered pastor, but from my foul-mouthed father. In fact, for the first decade of my life, I thought Jesus’s middle name was “H. Fucking”. The first time I recall hearing the full name resonate in my eardrums: my father was referencing a guy dressed as a woman in a local supermarket *(“*a flamer*”*). My sisters and I were entrenched in a bitter tug-of-war in the cereal aisle: arguing over selection between a box of Apple Jacks, Fruit Loops or Crunch Berries. As we threw our tantrum, a muscular man with a wig, lipstick and pastel dress passed by us- as my father simultaneously bellowed - “Jesus H. Fucking Christ” (crying out in utter disgust, supplicating the heavens above).

Unbeknownst to myself, everything under the sun was that *hippy dude’s* fault. It was the early seventies, most people sported long hair, and the country was still smarting from Vietnam and the tumultuous Sixties. Richard Nixon was president, but was facing impeachment for something called “Watergate” (although my father called him *Tricky Dick*). At the time, there was severe inflation and high unemployment (people were actually siphoning gas out of parked cars with rubber tubes like bandits). Apparently, everything was either irrevocably-doomed or totally falling apart. To my clean-shaven, ex-military pops- the seventies was “the beginning of the end”. *The end of days (*of life as we knew it). And, as a direct result, everything- from rising food prices to inner city crime- was Jesus’s doing. Everything- from commuter traffic to acid reflux- warranted a *Jesus H.* or *Holy Fucking Christ*. To my father, it seemed therapeutic. A woo–sah of sorts. Although it wasn’t quite the same as a halleluiah or amen: the profane usage of Jesus was still a miraculous release nonetheless. As a child, I saw nothing wrong with my Dad venting. My father’s blasphemies were actually much better than him pulling out his 44 Mag or Rambo knife and whacking someone over the forehead.