

"I blame the blacks and the bitches," Edgar Bison says, "and especially the black bitches."



We tried to speak over the hubbub of the lunchtime crowd at the Golden Puffball donut shop in the sleepy mountain town of Vernonia, Oregon. Although a kind man (he paid for the donuts), Edgar Bison radiated a vague sense of menace and desperation. His pores exuded a reddish oily substance not unlike hippo sweat. His waxy dandruff flakes fell softly to the floor whenever he shook his

WHITE MAN

blames women, nonwhites for his problems...

Auto mechanic EDGAR BISON of Vernonia, Oregon, isn't your average racist. You might even call him an extra-special racist.

What separates Bison from the ordinary white racist...what pulls him ahead of the pack, if you will...is that he blames blacks and women not only for his general belief that America's culture is rapidly declining, but he also accuses them of causing his everyday personal maladies.

For instance, Bison suffered a toothache a few weeks ago that he blames on "radical Canadian bulldykes." And he has filed a personal lawsuit against feminist author Andrea Dworkin, blaming her for the fact that he is "still on the goddamned waiting list for a parking space in my condo building."

Bison also fingers women and blacks for causing seemingly unrelated global events. He insists that the World Trade Center terrorist attacks were orchestrated by the Crips street gang as vengeance "against White America" for rapper Tupac Shakur's murder. He claims that his favorite football team, the Buffalo Bills, have never won a Super Bowl due to "the scourge of interracial dating."

However repellent I find Edgar Bison as a human being—and, c'mon, people, he *is* a human being, despite the fact that he needs reeducation, forcibly if necessary—I'm intrigued by his mind. What sort

head or moved suddenly. And his face was so pinched, it almost appeared to have been altered using Adobe Photoshop's new "Liquify" filter.

So, Edgar—*exactly what classifies someone as a "nonwhite?"* I asked him as I licked a hardened morsel of white donut cream from my denim jacket's wrist sleeve.

"That's easy," Bison replied. "They're *nonwhites*. They're the people who ain't white. They ain't got no white in 'em. And they're the ones who cause my problems. Them, and the women. I don't have a single problem I can't blame on blacks and women!"

I think you blame blacks and women in order to escape responsibility for your own problems and shortcomings, I boldly countered, proud of myself.

"But I would take responsibility for my problems," Bison retorted, "if blacks and women weren't responsible for them!"

TAWANA FULANI IS A BLACK WOMAN who moved to Vernonia with her family from South Carolina a little over a year ago. For nine months now, she's worked as a parts clerk at the same auto shop where Bison works. He initially ignored her entirely (although she suspects he's the one who placed the "Urkel" doll in her locker only a week after she began working there), but she says now he's softened and will nod at her "every so often if he isn't in too bad a mood."

Fulani, an amiably freckled black woman, complicates matters: not only does she refuse to accept blame for Bison's problems, she turns the tables and blames Edgar Bison for all *her* problems.

"Edgar's a very sloppy employee," she notes as we dance the *lambada* at an interracial strip club/juice bar just south of Vernonia. "He never cleans up his mess in the lunchroom when he's done eating lunch there. There are wrappers and french fries and pickle slices all over the place. It's a big pain in the ass cleaning up after him. So he's wrong. I should be blaming white men like *him*, rather than the other way around. White men like him have been getting away with this sort of shit for five thousand years."

"How do you know it's been five thousand years?" I ask.

"I don't know," she shrugs. "I guess it sounded good."

"I should be blaming white men like him, rather than the other way around."

—Tawana Fulani



of person would entertain such horrible thoughts in this day and age? My heart racing at the thought of forbidden, long-suppressed racial thrills, I called Bison at his auto-repair shop and tried to arrange an interview. After an initial rough patch in the conversation (he threatened to kill me if I turned out to be a black woman, and I assured him I wasn't), he agreed to a brief chat over donuts and coffee.

...and his black female coworker blames HIM for all of HER problems!