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Epilogue to a proposed Swedish language version of *The Fame of a Dead Man's Deeds* by Robert Griffin. The book was never published.

Epilogue

Dr. Pierce hadn't returned my e-mails for two weeks, or was it three? Not like him.

And then his weekly radio program was a repeat. That gave me pause. I hadn't remembered that ever happening before. I thought about how several times he had said to me, "I have no idea what I am going to do for the radio show this week. There is not one thing in my head." "Put on a repeat," I had suggested. "I can't do that," he immediately came back. Getting out that radio broadcast every week was his responsibility and he was going to carry out his responsibility no matter what. And besides, the radio program gave him great personal satisfaction. No, no repeat shows.

And then another repeat. My stomach churned. I've got to call down there. A Jeff Cotton answered the phone, no one I knew. Jeff told me about the cancer that had been diagnosed just the month before and how bad it was, the very last stage. Oh, no. The day, I know now, was July 22, 2002.

The next day at my office at the university, my secretary buzzed: "It's a reporter from CNN. He wants your comment on someone who died."

My heart sank.

A few weeks after Dr. Pierce's death, I visited the West Virginia property. Irena wasn't there-the Pierce's marriage had dissolved earlier in the year and she had moved to Chicago. I took a walk alone and went past the headquarters building, the new building housing Resistance Records, and the meeting hall under construction that will seat four hundred people. I thought back to Dr. Pierce telling me of when he first moved onto the property and arranged for a used trailer to be hauled in, the modest low-ceilinged dwelling he lived in for the rest of his life. I thought

about how much this man had created from the time in 1970 when all he had was himself and something called the National Youth Alliance, which was just him, really. I recalled his description of how in the beginning he would sleep on the couch in the Alliance office and get by on fifty dollars a week. I thought about how he had left a tenured faculty position at a university to do this, and about all the people whose lives he had touched so deeply. Truly remarkable, truly exemplary.

Since his passing, I am increasingly coming to realize the great impact Dr. Pierce has had on my own life. The Fame book, as it has come to be called, is my story as well as Dr. Pierce's. I was different at the end of the book in significant ways from what I was at the beginning. So much more than before I knew Dr. Pierce, I am conscious of my racial identity and heritage. I am now aware of my finiteness and the need to do what is really important and lasting in whatever time I have left. So much more than before, I am committed to living publicly--in the mainstream of life, not on the periphery--and fully as the racial person I truly am. I won't be silent or controlled by fear, not now, not after knowing him. I seek to live with the courage he demonstrated. In my own unique way, I want to live as he lived, as an honorable white man. William Pierce was an honorable white man.