

SIDE 5: ACTOR TEN

ACTOR TEN/MATHEWS. I soon settled down to marriage, clearing my land, and reading. Reading became an obsession with me. I consumed volume upon volume on subjects dealing with history, politics and economics. My knowledge of ancient European history started to awaken a wrongfully suppressed emotion buried deep within my soul. That of racial pride and consciousness. The stronger the love for my people grew, the deeper became my hatred for those who would destroy my race, my heritage. The more I came to love my son, the more I realized that unless things changed radically, by the time he was my age, he would be a stranger in his own land. I came to learn that this was not by accident. That there is a small, cohesive group within this nation working day and night to make this happen. A secret war has been developing between the regime in Washington, and an ever growing number of people who are determined to regain what our forefathers discovered, explored, conquered and died for. Until now, we have been doing nothing more than growing and preparing. The government, however, seems determined to force the issue.

SIDE 11: ACTOR TEN

ACTOR TEN/SKINHEAD. This is Oi. This music. We call it Oi. O-I, O-I, O-I. Jump cut me. Jump cut me. Oi is not punk rock. Oi is not hardcore or heavy metal. Oi is Warrior music. The System has tried to steal it to play in their elevators. The System has tried to destroy it because it is a threat to their tyranny. Both attempts have failed. Jump cut me. Don't let the left hand know. Don't let the left hand know. Oi is the music of the White Warrior. Our minds are clear. Our fists are strong. Our heads are shaved for battle. Skinheads of America, like the dynamic Skinheads of Europe, are working class Aryan youth. We believe in hard work. We believe that Motherhood is the most noble position to which any white woman can aspire. We believe that a family with a dominant male and a proud female is the only way to insure proper reproduction of our race. Eight eight, we say. Eight eight. Don't let the left hand know. We are at WAR with the System: the traitors, the cowards, the mud people, the apathetic, the limp-wristed queers. THIS BATTLE WILL RECEIVE OUR FULL ATTENTION. We are the heirs to the Revolution. The parasitic pacifists have leeches off our land for far too long. Our future has been bargained. Our future has been sucked through the status quo and left to rot on the headlines of the Capitalist West and the bread lines of the Communist East. Jump cut me. A *white* woman -- panhandles to feed her baby, and Reagan sleeps soundly. And Reagan sleeps soundly. Eight eight, we cry. EIGHT EIGHT. The eighth letter in our language: the letter "H." The letter "H," we cry: Eight. Eight. HEIL HITLER. Our fists are strong. Our heads are shaved for battle.