

## SIDE 1: ACTORS FOUR & FIVE

**ACTOR FOUR/MUELLER.** Directing your attention to approximately September of 1983. Did there come a time when you began discussing, with Robert Jay Mathews, future political activities of any kind?

**ACTOR FIVE/PARMENTER.** Yes. We came to discuss the white movement's non-activity as far as actually doing some of the things we had been talking about and we began to discuss the possibility of setting up an organization to begin showing force.

**ACTOR FOUR/MUELLER.** What action did you take in that respect?

**ACTOR FIVE/PARMENTER.** Bob Mathews decided to form the organization and he got some people together and we met.

**ACTOR FOUR/MUELLER.** What happened at the meeting?

**ACTOR FIVE/PARMENTER.** Bob had a set of goals and objectives for us. We agreed upon them. We took an oath and formed The Order.

**ACTOR FOUR/MUELLER.** Did the name The Order come from any particular publication that you were aware of?

**ACTOR FIVE/PARMENTER.** Probably *The Turner Diaries*.

**ACTOR FOUR/MUELLER.** What were *The Turner Diaries* as you understood them?

**ACTOR FIVE/PARMENTER.** *The Turner Diaries* was a book written by William Pierce under a pen name and it was basically the blueprint to revolution by the white movement.

## SIDE 12: ACTORS BOY, TWO, FOUR & SIX

**ACTOR TWO.** What should an Order member carry at all times?

**BOY.** An Order member should carry \$500 cash with him at all times.

**ACTOR SIX.** What numbers should he know?

**BOY.** He should know the Bear Trap number. He should only call this number if his cover is blown and he is arrested.

**ACTOR FOUR.** What other numbers should he know?

**BOY.** He should know the Message Center number. He should only leave messages for other members between four and five p.m. Mountain Standard Time.

**ACTOR TWO.** Who will relay the messages?

**BOY.** Carlos.

**ACTOR FOUR.** Who is Carlos?

**BOY.** Robert Mathews.

**ACTOR SIX.** What are phones to an Order member?

**BOY.** Phones are poison. They are monitored by ZOG.

**ACTOR TWO.** What words should not be used on the phone?

**BOY.** Right-wing. Guns. Feds. Money. Dollars. Agents. Warrants.

**ACTOR SIX.** Why?

**BOY.** ZOG is listening. There is always a more discreet word that can be substituted.

**ACTOR FOUR.** How does an Order member confuse ZOG?

**BOY.** He makes two misleading phone calls each week to various parts of the country, then hangs up. ZOG will have to use extra manpower to follow these false leads.

**ACTOR TWO.** If ZOG launches an offensive against The Order, what should be done?

**BOY.** Inflict maximum damage. Go for the brain, not the foot. Go for the throat, not the hand. An individual Aryan Warrior is capable of inflicting great harm to ZOG.

**ACTOR SIX.** How does a man become an Aryan Warrior?

**BOY.** By earning one full point under the Point System.

**ACTOR TWO.** How are points earned?

**BOY.** Assassinating members of Congress -- one-fifth of a point; Judges -- one-sixth; FBI agents and Federal Marshals -- one-tenth; journalists and local politicians -- one-twelfth.

**ACTOR TWO.** Is there a way to earn a full point?

**BOY.** Yes. By assassinating the President of the United States.

**ACTOR SIX.** What is the ultimate end of politics?

**BOY.** The ultimate end of politics is war.

**ACTOR FOUR.** And whose country is this?

**BOY.** This is God's country which he has given to me.

## SIDE 13: ACTOR FOUR

**ACTOR FOUR.** I move to the kitchen and open the fridge. The joke is there next to the milk. The cabbage is laughing and nudging the cheese. An avocado guffaws. I move to the bathroom and the hand towels are in hysterics. My hosts -- the chimney sweep and his wife -- are taking a milk bath and reading *The Late Great Planet Earth*. The kleenex is wiping its eyes. I move to a bedroom and tum on a TV. The weatherman is howling with glee, his veins bursting his neck. He is writing the JOKE with his black marker across the continental United States. Across the room, a baby sleeps on a king-sized bed. As I lean close to see its face the bed opens its mouth and laughs. A light bulb snickers and flickers out. The baby is gone. I race back into the main room and the laughter has subsided. Waiters in tuxedos carry silver trays. On the silver trays are construction helmets with our names monogrammed on the front. I take mine, place it on my head, and accept a refill of burgundy. As we stand at the party, clustered in groups of threes and fours . . . it begins to rain appendages. Arms . . . and legs . . . and feet . . .and hands . . . bounce off our hard hats and come to rest in the plush pile carpeting. Conversations continue, unabated. The suited man with ill-fitting teeth has caught a finger in his wine. We smile and tastefully reward him with golf applause. He steps to the center of the room as the appendages pile up around him. He is, he says, reminded of another joke. We lean forward to listen as the rain continues to fall, the bones beating on the bones.