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Frederick "Son of Sinai" Cook

**Introduction:**

[Stock footage of busy city streets, Philadelphia]

**Fred narrates**:

I grew up in the city of brotherly love, but love isn’t exactly what I had gotten from or gave to the streets. My father left when I was two, I was raised by my mother, grandmother, and my two uncles. I was raised without an identity, I was told “we’re probably German,” by my mother and grandmother, and I grew up in a predominantly Laotian, Cambodian, and Vietnamese area of South Philly… needless to say, I didn’t fit in.

We then moved to a predominantly Irish neighborhood, I was often told, “You don’t look Irish,” and when I’d tell them I’m German, I was made to feel like I didn’t fit in again…

I struggled as a kid; I saw a lot of death, and from age five until age 18 I’d seen seven friends die, and in-between all of that death, I because an animal.

[black screen fades to dark hoody wearing visage of my zoomed in face]

This is my story, the story of a long time Neo-Nazi, turned peacemaker and convert to Reform Judaism!

[Music and introductory credits]

[Screen shows “**part 1: the early years**”]

**Part 1**

[Words fade to black screen that starts fading into some baby pictures]

I was born Frederick William Cook in 1978, in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, to Anna and Grayson Lee Cook. My Father left when I was two-years old and my mother, grandmother, uncle bill and uncle bob helped raise me. I was a happy kid, even when things were falling apart around me, drugs and alcohol abuse was a constant, and all but my mother and grandmother partied, they were too busy cleaning for the wealthy.

I grew up around the corner from Little Cambodia, I didn’t fit in and in school, I was almost a pariah, by all but a couple of kids. At age five, a kid I played with every day, Tony “Bologna,” we used to call him, was murdered by someone trying to steal a car. Tony was unfortunately the first of many…

[Me sitting in a dark room in a folding chair with a light on me]

I was kind of lost in my early years, the Cambodian kids would say, “Hey white boy, what are you?” and when I’d ask my mother and grandmother they’d say, “I think we’re German I don’t really know.” When I’d tell my friends that, they’d laugh or snicker or make a remark about Adolf Hitler being a family member.

I lost my left eye in a freak accident at five; I opened a freezer and a frozen popsicle fell out and lodged itself into my eye cutting apart the cornea. Having to wear an eye patch to school for months didn’t help me fit in any better… I was the Pirate of Philadelphia… “Yaaar matey,” was something I heard a lot of.

[Segway into young adult pictures]

It was difficult to make friends early on, and when I would make friends, within a few years they’d move away or would die. Worse still, my grandmother was physically and mentally abusive towards me… it’s funny, every picture I have with her she looks disgusted and miserable.

[Show easter picture with grandmother]

I was bullied at school, I didn’t fit in with my Cambodian classmates, I had no identity of my own, then I’d come home and get yelled at or hit. I did well in school, I was a bright kid, and I was very overweight, both of which also put a target on my back for being harassed and bullied. I remember having to get “Huskie,” sized clothing they called it. Eventually, something snapped in me, something had to give either at school or at home, either I ended the bullying, or I would do something drastic at home like run away.

One day while in class, one of the few white kids, one of my bullies who sat behind me, kept hitting the back of my head when my teachers back was turned. I finally said, “stop it,” loudly.

[show a classroom with the words “stop it,” written largely on it]

The teacher turned around and told me to be quiet I was disturbing the class. The kid behind me laughed and continued to slap the back of my head when the teachers back was turned. I again said, “Stop it!” more forcefully and again the teacher turned around and told me, “One more outburst I was going to the principal’s office.”

[show a second stop it over the same picture]

He hit me one more time in the back of the head and something snapped, I lost control and shoved my desk back into his pinning him. I picked up my wooden and metal chair and smashed him across the face with it… his scream and fear caused all of the other kids to jump up and move away from me in fear that I’d hurt them too. The teacher screamed and rushed over, grabbing me by my arms, but I didn’t resist, I knew it was over at that point and had no reason to hurt her or my bully anymore.

[screen fades black and then returns to me in the dark room and chair]

I wasn’t bullied after that, in-fact, I became a bully to a lot of the kids who once bullied me. I’m not proud of that, but a kid can only take so much before they snap. I caught the eye of another kid in school, basically the most feared kid there Neil Fromm and he and I became friends and terrors to others.

I didn’t have a positive male role model growing up, one of my uncles was always away at college, my other uncle was partying all the time and away for summers. My uncle who partied I remember seeing him throw up and pass out drunk, once my mother had to literally sit on him to stop him from leaving to go get more coke.

[Screen fades to a drive-up Franklin Street]

This is where I grew up, this little street in the heart of south Philly. It’s hard for me to even be on this block, let alone driving up to the old house.

[Stops at 2412 south franklin street for a minute]

This was the house I grew up in, this is where the monster I was to become was born.

[footage of little Cambodia]

Right around the corner, less than a minute walk is little Cambodia, though the area has changed a bit, it is still recognizable.

[Fade back to me in the chair]

I started going out a lot, hanging out at the park at 6th and Wolf Street where a lot of the other misfits in the neighborhood hung out. The kids I hung out with weren’t good kids, and I was young maybe 6 or 7 years old. We got into a lot of fights, some with weapons, always group on group as the black kids started moving into the area starting trouble with Neil, me, and the Cambodian kids.

The black kids started wearing blue all of the time and called themselves the crips, so we wore red and called ourselves bloods. I was cut, stabbed, shot once in the shoulder by a .22, but we held our own for years.

[Fade to stock footage of agoraphobia representation]

I was maybe nine years old, and it was Mother’s Day, I don’t remember much of the day, but something felt like an invisible barrier keeping me inside. I felt like if I left the house I was going to die. My heart raced and felt like it was going to explode from my chest. My Grandmother told me to go buy my mother a card for Mother’s Day and I told her I can’t, I’ll make her one.

[Fade back to my face in the chair]

I don’t know if she was just having a bad day or what, but she met me at the top of the steps in the house, grabbed me by my throat and threw me down the stairs. At the bottom of the steps there was this heavy white decorative table and I hit my shoulder on it and began crying. My Grandmother yelled at me, “Go get your mother a card before I give you something to cry about!”

Out of all the time spent with my grandmother, that one memory is the only one I vividly remember the most. I went and grabbed the first card I could find at the store and if memory serves me correct it just said “Mother,” on the front, the words inside of it didn’t matter to me at that moment.

It was after that, that video games became my life and if friends wanted to hang out, they came to the house, and we played games and listened to music. I started to feel sick to my stomach and feverish at the thought of going to school or having to go out, and I missed a lot of school because of doctor’s appointments.

I went from being considered gifted and being skipped grades in school, to missing a lot of days due to the issue.

[stock footage of Philadelphia]

At 11 I was taken to a psychiatrist and was diagnosed as agoraphobic with extreme social anxiety disorder that can lead to explosive rage. I felt like a switch clicked off in my head and that I was broken somehow. Meanwhile friends kept dying or moving away…

[screen fades to **Part 2: a new life]**

**Part 2**

[Drive through Jackson Street, past the playground to show mom’s house, before fading back to me in the chair]

My mom began dating a man who owned a local deli, a man who we quickly moved in with and the man named Danny and my mom brought a house together after he sold his deli. The new house was in a predominantly Irish neighborhood, I thought to myself “Finally people I’ll fit in with better,” but I quickly learned I was wrong.

I was away from my grandmother, the beatings stopped, and my new stepdad was a truly caring, giving, and kind gentleman. It was odd at first, having a father figure around, but I was twelve years old and didn’t have a male role model to look up to before. New surroundings, a new guy in my life ala my stepfather, a new life away from my grandmother, I thought it was all going great.

…Then I attended my new school…

I was one of two or three non-Irish kids there and one of them was black. I was told, “You don’t look Irish,” often, but by this time I was big and had a reputation for violence, even in this new area. It became clear, I didn’t fit in here either and most of the kids who were “friends,” were just scared of me.

[Stock footage of Philadelphia streets and kids hanging out]

The poor black kid got picked on daily, me, kids stayed away from me or wanted to hang out for protection from bullies, which I didn’t mind. I had already left Christianity by ten years old, and was an occultist at this time, which only led to other kids fearing me more and treating me like an outcast.

… but just when I’d given up on making friends, as most died or had moved away, a kid named Pauly, a mutual friend of another outcast came by my house to hang out. Pauly was a little older than me, but said, “Come hang out with me and my friends, you’d fit in and they’d really like you.”

[stock footage of South Street]

I had no identity, next to no friends, so although I didn’t wholly trust Pauly, I agreed to meet with his friends on South Street and hang out a bit. We hung out, talked a bunch, and they made me feel like I finally fit in with them… like they were my tribe. I remember one kid saying, “If you’re white, you’re alright,” and I just sort of went with it.

[Fade to me sitting in the chair]

It turns out Pauly and his friends were Neo-Nazi Skinheads and although I didn’t know much about them, they made me feel like I belonged… like I was one of them. I’d been involved in martial arts for several years already, I was big, and had a reputation for violence… but so did all of Pauly’s buddies. I’d get picked up or would walk to South Street and we’d all hang out every weekend, we’d go to concerts and shows and being with them gave me an identity, I was white, just like them.

We would drink, smoke pot sometimes, hung out, and at this time two major things happened; One, the HBO documentary skinheads: soldiers of the race war was on television and it emboldened us, and two I was online via America Online in chatrooms meeting other racialists. I listened to and parroted what they’d tell me, but I wasn’t serious, I didn’t hate anyone.

[Stock photos of Klansmen]

I met a guy on there who went by Klanmanny, who ran a Klan group and was involved in outlaw biker clubs in New York. He’d taught me Klan kraft, a coded method of speaking that they’d used to communicate various messages to one another without outsiders knowing what was said. Things like SANBOG or strangers are near be on guard, and KIGY Klansman I greet you were commonplace phrases used.

I’d met Klanmanny a couple of times and even got to ride on the back of his Harley Fat boy, and my Skinhead friends I knew through Pauly thought I was getting hardcore. I was well respected with both groups, even though I didn’t join the Ku Klux Klan, all the while I was maybe thirteen or fourteen years old. After school I would spend time online talking to Klanmanny and his friends in the KKK, on the weekends I would hang out with Pauly’s crew of neo-Nazis and at times, we’d fight the SHARPS skin heads against racial prejudice on South Street.

[photos of the national alliance logo, the turner diary cover and hunter, and pierces picture fade onto the screen]

Another person I met online put me in contact with William Luther Pierce the Physicist, founder of the National Alliance, and author of the Turner diaries and Hunter (White racialist fiction). I would chat with Pierce on the telephone sometimes for hours on end and I was sent his racist cassette tapes by the dozens. Pierce liked me, he would often tell me that I’m too smart to hang with the Klan or Skinheads and warned me about what would happen if I continued working alongside them… the words dead or in jail, were frequently used.

Pierce was different, he was an intellectual, he had a vision and a clear mission in his work, and I admired him greatly.

[pictures fade to me in the chair]

I listened to those tapes from Pierce, and I read his books the turner diaries and hunter and was feeling like the ideology was sinking in and I stopped parroting and started having my own ideas. I read Mein Kampf by Adolf Hitler and The international Jew by Henry Ford, and I took it all in and used a highlighter to mark sections I found most significant. I was studying the ideology like it was a class in school, and I was an apt student. Though Pierce had a profound effect on me, I didn’t stop hanging out with Pauly or his friends.

Fast forward a little bit…

[show fast forward effect and stop with me still in chair talking]

I was fifteen years old, in tenth grade in high school, that was about sixty percent black with the rest being a mix of Latino, white, and Asian. I still didn’t have hatred for anyone, and in fact was dating a Vietnamese girl named Judy at the time. This is a point where everything changed for me, this is crucial to what would lead me from just needing an identity and finding a group who accepted me, too full on extremism.

I sat next to a black girl in class, I was friendly with everyone, and no one knew that I was hanging out with skinheads or suspected anything. The girl next to me ask if I’d go out with her and I told her, “I’m seeing someone already I can’t.” The girl then told a bunch of kids that I called her a “N-word whore,” and the court of public opinion ruled that I was guilty.

I left school that day just like any other, but when I walked outside, I was immediately jumped by eleven to thirteen black kids and hit in the head with a brick fracturing my skull and leaving me in a coma for three days, waking up with a small plate in the back of my head.

[show stock photo of a hospital bed and room]

Pauly and a few of the skins visited me in the hospital when I woke up, bringing me cards from everyone to heal up and a few with our battle cry “around blacks, don’t relax,” inside. When I got released from the hospital, I was full of hate, full of anger, some of the black kids who jumped me were kids I played basketball with days before the accident and were supposedly school friends.

Pauly came over to the house and said, “We’ll walk you to school and pick you up, all of us because we’re family,” and they did just that for several weeks. They walked with me to school, waited right outside of the doors of the school to pick me up and it was at this time, that I became a ride-or-die racist and national socialist.

[Show another picture of William Pierce]

…back to William Pierce

Pierce loved me, he’d tell me stories of racialist legends like George Lincoln Rockwell, David Duke, Tom Metzger, and many others and we stayed in contact for years. Pierce often told me, “Skinheads are grunts, they’re fodder in the movement, don’t hang around them unless you want to get hurt, killed, or go to jail,” but I hadn’t listened. I didn’t know he was the author of the turner diaries and hunter, and when I found out, I was a bit star struck to add to my admiration.

I began finding email addresses online for those who were famous leaders in the movement, and I began working with them. Tom Metzger and W.A.R. White Aryan Resistance, David Lane the man who coined the phrase “We must secure the existence of our people, and a future for white children,” known infamously as the fourteen words, and David Duke through a man we knew as Mr. Weiss.

I was passing out flyers and putting them on lawns, I was handing out stickers and putting them on telephone poles and walls throughout Philadelphia, I was handing out newsletters, I was passing out Pierce’s tapes, I was heavily recruiting for multiple groups. I hadn’t hung out with Pauly and the crew in months because I was too busy waging a war of ideologies and didn’t have time to drink, smoke pot, or fight against SHARPS.

I was actively spreading the ideology of fear and hatred that those leaders I worked with espoused, online and offline. It was like a full-time job for me, it became my passion, my life’s mission, even my hobby aside from martial arts, which I felt I’d needed to combat the evil that the ideology taught was everywhere.

[Screen fades to show Part 3: tragedy and truth]

**Part 3**

[part 3 intro fades to a sky slowly turning dark]

I hate to say it, but Pierce turned out to be right all along and, in a way, he saved me from staying down the path of hanging out with the skinheads. One day, I was around 16 years old, Pauly ran to my house with a box in his hands, out of breath and scared of something, he said to me;

“I was at the lakes, this black dude came over to me and started hitting on me, I stabbed him and I need to stash this here at your place, the cops are looking for me.”

I was in shock and freaked out and emphatically told Pauly “no,” and he ran out from the house and that was the last I saw of him or the skinheads. I found out later he was arrested and convicted of attempted murder with a deadly weapon, aggravated assault, and several other charges and was given a 15 year sentence total.

[Fade to me sitting in the chair]

Pierce’s words played over and over in my head during that time, I was grateful to him for warning me about what and who I was affiliated with. I told Pierce what had happened, and he told me I did the right thing, and though I felt like I betrayed Pauly and the old crew, Pierce’s words sadly rang true about the skinheads. At seventeen my best friend Neil died of a heroin overdose and that hurt me so bad that I could hardly get out of bed for days after the funeral. Pierce told me, “It’s life where you are, this is why we need a clean white homeland,” and that struck a note with me and cemented that thought in my mind for years to come.

…this further cemented and hardened me in the racialist movement, I was in it, I lived for it, and I would have died or killed for it.

[Show picture of me with David Duke]

Mr. Weiss contacted me, he had someone very special holding a rally in Philadelphia David Duke, and I was to be his secret security, sitting right in front of the stage and coming up with the “audience,” questions for him. I attended and the event went off without a hitch and was aired on CNN. I then learned that Duke hated most of the other leaders in the racialist movements, it was kind of funny, that between all the different individuals I worked for, all of these racialist leaders, none of them liked one another, and they were all led by their ego more than ideology.

[fade back to my in the chair]

I ended up working as personal security for several others visiting the city after that, all unpaid, and all in an undercover capacity. Though I would not count Duke amongst those I considered friends at the time, it showed those I did consider friends in the movement, my seriousness. Metzger would ask me to type something up for him for one of his projects, Lane would ask me to pass out flyers for him here in Philly, Pierce remained a confidant and friend and would ask me to distribute tapes of his lectures to local friends and groups. I was putting in a lot of work, for various figures and factions in the movement, I felt like I was making a difference in the world, doing good.

Fast forward a little more, I was 23 years old when my wife at the time wanted to move back to Tucson, Arizona and during the move I lost a lot of my things, including my phonebook, and thus, I lost contact with many in the movement. I took up the mantle of being a lone wolf, as I refused to hang around most skinheads and that was a majority of what comprised the movement in Arizona.

Then came the culture shock!

[Stock footage of Tucson Arizona]

We moved to a barrio, Southside Hollywood barrio to be exact and I quickly realized two things, I needed to learn Spanish for one, and two, that a lot of Mexicans in Arizona idolized Adolf Hitler. There were two schools of thought there, one, that Mexicans were white, or two, that they were brown and didn’t like many white people, it was quite shocking and very confusing. There was a skinhead group out there with a Mexican leader, that really blew my mind!

I stayed outside of the movement while in AZ, just keeping contact with those I knew from back in Philadelphia. Then, I separated from my wife in 2008/2009 and met my current wife online and a year later I moved from Arizona to Gastonia, NC so that we could be together.

[fade back to me in the chair]

My wife knew about me, my past, and who I was, she didn’t fully understand everything, but she wanted to support me in any way possible. Now back on the east coast, with two children ages 1 and 2, I didn’t want my focus to be all over the place, I wanted to focus on the work of only one organization. I missed being active in the movement and began looking for a serious organization to join and begin working with. I researched several groups and if anything, I was extensively thorough in my work to find a group that was active, had a decent roster of members, and who did a lot of work.

I found the National Socialist Movement (the N.S.M.) headed by then Commander Jeff Schoep!

I emailed the Commander and after a few back-and-forth emails, I knew I wanted to become a member and was invited to a meet and greet in Georgia. Meeting Jeff was like meeting a rockstar there, he was charismatic and knowledgeable and there I met another guy William who lived near us in North Carolina who became one of my best friends. I told Jeff I wanted to be a member and I was setup with probationary membership status.

The N.S.M. was the largest and in fact most active national socialist organization in the USA, and its membership filled nearly every state in America. Soon after joining, we had a meeting in North Carolina…

[Show photo of the meeting group in NC]

At the meeting Jeff told me he wished he could give me my patch as a full member early, but there was a six-month period as a probate, this was a huge honor. I started hanging out with William who I met in Georgia more as well and he became like a brother to me. The NSM filled every requirement I had of an organization, and I began working a lot on passing out flyers and helping the North Carolina state leader set up meetings and events.

[fade to picture of the four of us at the rally spot]

I received my patch and was working hours on in everyday with the NSM, atop attending every rally and event I possibly could. I soon moved up the ranks due to my work, to state leader, to region 3 leader, and finally all the way up to Chief of Staff, just under Jeff, the Commander himself.  I set up numerous rallies, I had a website promoting national socialism, I came up with numerous ideas and concepts to help move the organization forward, managed members lists and contact information… I was very busy!

During this time, I also moved into the SS division of the NSM, helping with security concerns and doing patrols around hotels we’d stay in during rallies. I dealt with dozens of NSM members each and every day and I began getting hounded by the FBI, which if you know anything about extremist groups, you know they distrust any law enforcement.

[Fade to picture of my marching with the flag]

My wife and I setup the large march and rally in North Carolina, a stone’s throw from where we lived, with my buddy William I met who became the Region 3 leader. Klansmen marched alongside of us fully robed, and we all gave speeches, me included. In my talks today, I refer to it as the great North Carolina hate fest.

[fade to Part 4: doubts and changes]

**Part 4**

[intro fades to me in the chair]

My phone was always ringing, I was constantly making phone calls, I was answering thirty plus emails most days and for a time, William was staying with me, my wife, and our kids. It was exceedingly busy, and I was putting in eight or more hours into my work everyday with the National Socialist Movement. I’d told Sam my wife about Philadelphia often over the years together, and she and I decided we’d move there from North Caroline.

Sam was pregnant at the time, and we packed up and moved back to my hometown, the city of brotherly love, Philadelphia. It was a rough move for us, but I continued my work with the NSM throughout it…

…but all was not well.

[stock footage of someone looking angry on a phone]

You see, I was receiving tons of calls from NSM members suspicious of other members. I’d get a call saying, “so and so has a black friend on Facebook, I think they’re a plant,” and “this guy has a Hispanic sounding name, he is infiltrating the organization.” This was literally a constant in my daily work that I had to deal with, and we were supposed to be sticking together to fight an external enemy, meanwhile everyone seemed focused on looking for internal enemies. No one trusted each other, some completely disliked each other to the point of me talking several down from getting into altercations.

[fade to me sitting in the chair]

The illusion of unity, the illusion of brotherhood, the very fabric of cohesion and as the original crew back when I was a kid put it, “If you’re white you’re alright,” illusion was crumbling. Having kids of my own, I began working with the hacker collective Anonymous to find and out pedophiles online at this time, especially on the dark web. I posted online about the operation with Anonymous and my working to fight pedophilia… guess who was the next target of NSM’s suspicion?

On the day of my oldest daughter’s birth, I got a phone call from the SS leader congratulating me on my new baby… but that wasn’t his only reason for calling.

[flyover footage of Philadelphia]

After his congratulations, his exact words were, “You’re working with the enemy now, you’re Anonymous?” I was so angry, but I told him that I was working to stop pedophiles, not working with a perceived enemy. I hung up from the call and went back to my wife and baby still in the hospital for a while, before calling the Commander and letting him know what was said and how sick of it I was.

[fade to zoom in on my face]

This was the beginning of the end for me in the white racialist movement. The movement eats itself, it looks for enemies all over in an attempt to perpetuate white victimhood. When you look for anything hard enough, you will find it…

[stock footage and pictures of NSM one after another]

That one brick was broken in the wall of the ideology, I’d left the movement and wanted to see what else was false about my beliefs. This was just over eight years ago as of 2021…

This sent me through a whirlwind of emotions, self-doubt, anger, and a desire to discover the truth. Twenty-two years I lived that ideology, for twenty-two years I lived a lie and I wanted to see the world through different eyes, I wanted to live in the truth!

I was tired of the hate, the fear, the lies, feeling like I had enemies around every corner, feeling like I was being hunted by invisible nefarious entities. I began the work of dismantling my beliefs, I wanted to be able to let go of my fears, to be free of my hate and my anger. With the first illusion destroyed, I began wondering what else wasn’t exactly true, was a half-truth, or was a complete lie. Several weeks I struggled to try to come to grips with the realizations falling into my brain like a million drops of rain, and soon enough there was a deluge.

I looked online and in copious amounts of books for information to dissect the ideology I’d clung to for so long, and it was not easy. I began deeply delving into retrospection and introspection on my every belief. I wrote a list of everything I held as true, every belief that led me into the life I was in, and then investigated each one rationally and without bias.

I’d destroyed a lot of what I once held as true, but I still held so much lingering fear that I was wrong, I just couldn’t trust myself or my decision making, after all I chose the life and beliefs I had. I wanted so badly to just be normal, to get along with others, to not feel trepidation or hate or to look for enemies… I didn’t want enemies period.

[images of social media icons fly across the screen]

I set about to use social media to help me, and it was the best choice (seconded only to my wife) that I’d ever made in my life. I befriended Hispanic people, black people, white people, people from other countries, Asian people, trans people, gay people, Jewish people, all with the goal of becoming genuine friends with everyone… and it worked. It was a concentrated effort, stepping outside of my comfort zone, exposing myself to cultures and people I’d spent a good deal of my life demonizing. It took genuine work on my part to defeat the beast I was, to find love, empathy, and genuine compassion for all types of people. To destroy every stereotype I held, and to learn to treat every person as an individual, instead of as a type. I’d like to say I did this all alone, but honestly, a black friend of mine I met Brian “Bee” Stevenson played a major part in it.

Bee changed my life forever!

[Fade to Part 5: Bee and me]

**Part 5**

[fade to images of Bee]

I became an admin of a firearm group on Facebook, I love target shooting and being able to protect my family if the need arises. Another admin there named Brian, who we all called Bee, messaged me and we immediately hit it off. We talked every day, about everything and had an agreement, no getting mad, no fighting or arguing, just talking.

See, Bee used to be a black nationalist, I was an ex-white nationalist, so we both had things to work through and we did this together. Bee got me back into listening to hip hop, he helped me to find who and what I am, outside of my past, and in all truth, he helped me to have the strength to finally destroy the old me and to be my genuine self. We were both involved in martial arts and we’d made so many plans to spar and roll, I sold him one of my firearms he wanted, and he got me membership in a predominantly black gun club that he was a part of founding.

I shared a lot of metal and rock with him, he’d share a lot of hip hop with me, we’d talk about books we were reading, how our days were going, issues we were facing in life… everything. I have a lot of friends of all colors, nationalities, religions, and cultures today, but you’ll always hear me mention Bee, because he was an absolute best friend of mine.

I remember him one time telling a member of the gun club who asked who the “white boy,” was in the group, that I was chocolate too, white chocolate and I swear the reactions were hysterical. We joked around a lot and even made fun of what we used to believe, it helped us both break the seriousness of the work we helped each other accomplish.

[Fade to zoom in of my face]

Then about four years ago I woke up and logged onto Facebook to some of the hardest news I’d gotten. Bee was fighting a custody battle with his ex, trying to 50/50 custody of his kid, we’d talked about our kids often and how much of a role they played in our choices to leave our hate behind. It was a messy case… one that Bee didn’t win.

A day or two later, Bee shot and killed himself…

I was devastated, and it was honestly the first time I’d ever wept for a person of color in my life. I didn’t do much in the days that came after the news, I couldn’t, every time I would try to do something, I’d cry like a baby. We had plans, we wanted to open a cultural center to unite everyone under the banner of exposing people to different cultures and foods, we wanted to train together in martial arts… all gone in a heartbeat.

After a period of grieving, I’d decided to pursue helping others leave a life of hate, to hopefully one day have that cultural center we’d planned, in honor of Bee and in honor of all the work we’d done together. Other than me leaving the movement, the work I did with Bee and the friendship we forged was the most important part of my fully leaving my past in the past in every way.

[fade to Part 6: Revelations]

**Part 6**

[fade to stock video of animals shedding their skin or butterflies coming out from the cocoon]

Since leaving the movement, I’ve gotten a handful of others to do so too, including William, and have been on a personal crusade against hate, hate groups, and extremism. I’ve done interviews, have written articles, and am always trying to atone for the decades of hate and animosity I put on the people I’d demonized for so long. Then, in January of 2021, my life changed once again…

In January I received my Ancestry DNA results and they were quite shocking to me, to say the least. Firstly, I found out I’m a majority Scottish and Irish, 52% in fact, therefore all of the time feeling like and being treated as an outsider living in an Irish neighborhood, was for nothing. Secondly, I’m estimated at 15-20% Ashkenazi Jewish!

I was shocked, happy to know, but also it deepened the sadness for my past actions and beliefs, as I was the very ethnicity and people, I once levied so much hate towards. The feelings that flowed through me when I read that was powerful. I’d demonized my own people for over twenty years of my life and didn’t know it…

[fade into me sitting in the chair]

…by this time, I’d already rekindled a surprising friendship too, Jeff who was the commander of the National Socialist Movement when I was a member, left that life behind as well and we’d reconnected. A joke I liked to tell him is that “I’m proof that the Jewish people control everything, I was even a leader in the neo-Nazi movement!”

[fade to pictures of Israel and Judaism oriented images and stock footage]

I wanted to explore my Jewish roots and didn’t know where to turn… I was afraid that I’d be shunned or treated like an enemy, but in fact it was just the opposite. I contacted the Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia and their head director set up a zoom meeting with me. She was a secular Jew, and I had no plans on converting to Judaism, I was a well known occultist and author already, I just wanted to know about the people and culture and such.

They introduced me to a Rabbi of a conservative synagogue here in Philadelphia, Rabbi David and we’d talked quite a bit. The Jewish Federation also sent me a large box of books, my first Kippa, a Shabbat candle holder from Jerusalem, a Hanukkah menorah, and other assorted Judaica. It was so kind, the people I’d met were so loving and caring and I began reading through all the books that I was sent.

I was dead set on just learning about the Jewish people and culture, after all, I’d been an occultist for 33 years, had books published, gave lectures online in front of literally millions of people, I led the Church of Lucifer and am credited with bringing Hellenic Luciferianism out of obscurity. The more I read, the more I was introduced to the Jewish concept of G-d, and Judaism itself, and I soon found myself buying books on the religion of Judaism as well.

Through my studies of my Jewishness, I’ve learned a lot of history, a lot of what makes someone truly Jewish, and about the religion of Judaism. I’d begun falling in love with all things Jewish!

[fade back to me in the chair and I pull out my star of David necklace from my shirt, pull off my hood and put on my Kippa]

I didn’t realize just how different Judaism was to everything else I’ve studied in the past and so I attended a few Shabbat services online during the Covid lockdown. From the food to the culture, to the religion it is absolutely a feeling of coming home. Every time I learn something, it just makes me want to learn more, every book I read just makes me want to read more. It’s become my obsession, my identity, my religion, my home…my people.

I’d studied the different movements in Judaism and found a home in the Reform Jewish movement and currently my whole family is in the process of conversion. We’re a part of Congregation Rodeph Shalom here in Philadelphia, one of the oldest active synagogues in the western world. Our house is set up as a Jewish household, we celebrate the Shabbat and holidays, I’m as observant as possible and I even have a website about my journey sonofsinai.com.

Remember Jeff, the guy who used to be the Commander of the National Socialist Movement and left the life of hate like I did? He founded an organization to combat Extremism called Beyond Barriers and I am now the Associate Director under him once again but on the side of good this time around.

[TV static in-between a clip montage from the Beyond Barriers podcasts]

[fade to Part 7: Everything is different]

**Part 7**

[Me standing, walking back and forth while talking]

My life is entirely different today, for one, I don’t hate anyone… even racists, anti-Semites, extremists, they’re misled like I was and I believe in the power of change. Two, I’m a pacifist and violence actually makes me sick to my stomach today, a big change from the kid people were afraid of. Three, I’m converting to Judaism with my whole family, I live a Jewish life, from music, to culture, to food and I’m studying Hebrew.

[fade to pictures of me back in the NSM days leading into pictures of me now]

Fourth, I’m actively working to combat extremism through dialog, dissolving ideology, interventions with extremists, helping former extremists break free from their indoctrination and reintegrating them as productive members of society. Fifth, I’m happy, like genuinely and fully happy in life and at peace with myself, my family, and with the world. Sixth, I look very different today from I did; I don’t want people afraid of me like I used to.

Everything in my life is different and better for those differences, one thing I could never do back when I was in the movement was show emotion, just smiling could make people look at me as weak and I couldn’t have that. Now, I smile 90% of the day, I hug my family nonstop, I let my emotions out when they need to come out… I’m a whole person today. My kids even tell me I’m so different and that the feel like they could tell me anything…

…and they can!

Two years ago, my son Gabe who is now twelve, told my wife and me that he likes boys and girls and thinks he’s bisexual. The old me would have lost my mind, but being the new me, we told him we love him regardless of who he likes or falls in love with. He’s still bisexual and we still love him all the same!

[fade back to me standing there]

Today, I live a life of love, acceptance, generosity, and kindness, and I try to be the man in my kids lives that I needed when I was little. Today, if I could say any one thing to any extremist watching this… There’s a life out there, living for hate and fear is a half-life, there’s a life of love, kindness, and acceptance waiting for you, and there’s no nobler cause than that of humanity, as one. Today, is the time to start making that change, today is your day to change, and if we all changed for the better, imagine what the world would be like.

I have hope, as I’ve seen the power of change firsthand, in myself and in those around me. Today can be your day to make a change, for yourself, for your kids, for your family, for the future. I know it’s hard, but anything worth doing is hard… hate is easy, succumbing to fear is easy, but leaving hatred and fear behind you, stepping out from the ease of your comfort zone can be difficult, but is truly transformative.

Here’s some amazing individuals who’ve made the change, who live lives of love and acceptance today… let them speak for themselves.

[short segments from various formers on their transformations]

[Questions Formers should think about:

* How did you get involved with extremism?
* What made you leave extremism?
* How is life different today?]

[fade to Part 8: my new world]

**Part 8**

[footage of me getting ready for and performing morning prayers]

Everything is different, after my decades of being a neo-Nazi, after 30 plus years as a household name in the occult, everything ran anathema to who and what I am today. I thank G-d for my moments of clarity, meeting Bee and leading me to this point, I owe them both everything that brings me joy today in my life. I’m new, my life is new, my views are new, my entire world is new now.

I wake up grateful for another day of life, instead of fearing and hating people, ready to fight any perceived enemies.

[Footage outside of RS with us walking up to the building, followed by a segment from Shabbat service if possible]

Hashem, my family, my friends, my congregation, these are worth more than gold to me today, and I have a spirit of gratitude for them being in my life. I fell in love with Hashem, Judaism, the Jewish people, I passed the Church of Lucifer onto another and made a public declaration of my faith in Judaism. The son of Sinai website was born to express my past, to talk about my current, and to chart my journey into converting to Judaism. I’ve been on this quest, this journey for a long time now, and even if it takes forever, I’ll be here forever.

[fade back to me sitting in the chair]

I have been to hell and back through the years, I’ve seen a lot of death and a lot of life…

[fade to pictures of our family]

… I believe I had to go through what I did, I had to be who I was, so I have the knowledge of how to defeat it, for a better world, a better future for all of our children. Combating who I was is a big part of my life today, it’s a part of me seeking teshuva or repentance, and my work in tikkun olam or repairing the world. I want to leave a better world, a better future for my family, for your family, for all of us…

Fear and hate no longer drives me, love does, and that love pushes me day in and day out to try to do and be a better person. My days are filled trying to make a positive difference in peoples lives, that’s why I work with Beyond Barriers and am a multidiscipline therapist today. After walking free from the shackles of indoctrination, after losing Bee, I wanted to help and give back to the world some positivity. Our kids deserve it…

[fade back to me in the chair]

The best part of all of this… is that I’m not alone…

[Pictures of formers both in extremist attire and today slowly fading into one another]

Change is powerful… it moves mountains and is a testament to humanity defeating the inhumanity of demonizing and hurting other people. I am but one of many, E’ Pluribus Unum who has seen the light of empathy and humanity and left behind a life of fear and hate. These are people who broke free like I did… these are real people making real change in the world, healing others while still healing themselves.

These men and women are some of the bravest people I know, some of the kindest people you’ll meet.

[Fade back to me]

I didn’t make this documentary for self-aggrandizement, I’m making it because I want people to learn from it, to learn from my mistakes and to let others who might be involved in extremism know that it’s never too late to change or find hope. It’s never to late to start over, to love others, to be someone and something better. It’s never to late to decide not to hurt others, to stand up for something greater than yourself and recognize our shared humanity.

[footage of me getting my tattoo covered up]

This is the last visage of my past, the final piece to my own healing that needs to be gone forever. It says blut und boden, blood and soil, the motto of the SS farmers division… When I got it tattooed, I was a very different person, I hated everyone, even myself. Now, I spill my blood to see to it that the constant reminder of that era is erased for good. This is the last remnant of my past that still haunts me, that I haven’t reconciled with until now.

[fade to Part 9: what have I learned?]

**Part 9**

[Fade to me pacing back and forth]

I’ve learned more than I could ever have from anyone outside of the groups and movements or that a degree could ever teach me. That is, through my own journey from hate, I’ve garnered an amazing understanding of what made me tick, and what makes these groups appeal to people… I know because I was one of them and I helped recruit others!

First, if you’ve made it this far and know anything about human nature or the human mind, you’d realize I was a person without an identity and that made me an outsider in every place I lived growing up. I didn’t fit in and wasn’t welcomed by anyone who wasn’t a very specific type of person. Cambodian, Irish, even in school I didn’t fit in with the other kids.

The movement gave me a false identity, I was white, and I was a brother to all of those within the groups, this was my initial lure to it all. I was white, it didn’t matter if I knew what ethnicity I was, white was good enough and they gave me a place I fit in. I also lacked any form of community, those groups became my foster community, with a culture based around whiteness and perpetuating an ideology and what amounts to myths and revisionist history about every other race. The movement made me feel like whites were facing genocide and only those within the movement were the good guys, this too was the identity I was given.

[fade to a sun rising and setting slowly]

Second, I had no purpose in life, the movement gave me a purpose, albeit a bad one, based around a simple phrase by David Lane, which read; “We must secure the existence of our people, and a future for white children.” This made it seem less like a hate group and more noble a cause. We felt as though we weren’t hurting others, we were protecting our race from all the degeneracy and evil in the world. In the radical realm, this fueled our work, in the extremism realm, this gave justification to commit horrible acts on others, such as we have seen in the Oklahoma City bombing, the tree of life synagogue shooting, the Charleston church shooting, and countless other senseless acts over the years.

Thirdly, I learned that extremism fuels extremism; nothing brought us all together more than when Antifa was around, nothing made us feel more like we were soldiers in RaHoWa or the Racial Holy War. When Antifa would find our meeting locations, hotels etcetera, we’d all quickly gather, go out armed and ready, and at times patrol the area all night long in shifts. This united those in our movement unlike anything else!

[Fade to scenes from neo nazi marches]

Fourth, those joining non-KKK groups, often do so not out of hate, they’ll join for many reasons.

* From a feeling like things in the world are changing too fast.
* To wanting to protect their kids.
* For “Americanism,” and a feeling like America is losing itself.
* Preferring to live in a bubble without anyone different.
* For fear of anti-white sentiment and a fear of “white genocide.”
* Feeling like being in a group gives them a sort of pseudo personal army.

In truth, many join these movements out of fear, not hate, fear of change, fear of “their,” America becoming different, fear of their kids being hurt or influenced by others, fear of feeling disconnected and being without an identity or friends. Hate is often bred within these groups but is seldom the reason so many people initially join them. While the media and other outsiders only see hate, those interested in stopping hate groups and extremist groups should look deeper. When I first heard the fourteen words many moons ago, I didn’t think about hate, I feared for the future of white people, for my future kids and their future. Fear is a much more powerful feeling than most give it credit, it makes the irrational seem rational, it makes evil seem good, and it makes hate feel natural.

[fade to scenes of famous racialist speakers as I talk over them]

Fifth, the movement is not unlike a cult, in-fact it has more in common than not with being in a cult. You dress a certain way, think a certain way, you live in an insular bubble and cannot truly express who you are, you cannot be emotional, you have to stay on guard always, you cannot have friends or family of another race who you stay in contact with, you cannot question ideology, you must believe the myths (such as the Jews run everything and hate gentiles). If you show emotion, you’re seen as weak, if you aren’t on guard or ready to fight at the drop of a dime, you’re seen as a coward. Everything you hear and see is filtered to fit the narrative of the ideology, from news to the media you digest, this just reinforces everything that is believed within the movement.

Trying to leave these groups can also be difficult (like in a cult), people who a week before called you brother, will call you a traitor, you’ll be asked if you’re some government informant, you’ll be threatened, etcetera. Those who leave that life, do so at their own potential peril, as those who once “had your back,” now may see a target there. Long-time insiders often require starting life over from scratch, giving up friends, connections, identity they once had, and much more.

Sixth, many who join these groups are poor and thus an ideology saying the government wants whites to be poor and attributing the individuals suffering to the Jews, who they see as controlling the government and finance. There is a deep well of poor whites who when they are given boogeymen to scapegoat their problems onto, quickly latch on. This ideology from a normal perspective is ridiculous, when you’re poor and given that boogeyman and told all the ways that the Jewish people control everything, you forget that Jewish people have poor people too. If I told you 2=1, you’d laugh at me, now if I said 2=1 because 3-2=1 (3 being one number, 2 being another) well that’s exactly how the ideology is spread and substantiated among these groups.

The other thing that’s told to poor people which gets them riled, is that immigrants are coming here and taking all the American jobs. This coupled with what I’d already mentioned above, is enough to quickly recruit and radicalize the average individual into the movement.

[fade back to me standing there]

Seventh, the media and news often radicalizes individuals with their sensationalization of just about everything. Any publicity is good publicity and often when major networks covered something about a group or organization, even if it’s disparaging, calls and emails asking to join came in. Many news outlets will write their stories and reports in a way that demeans the individuals involved, instead of anything that might call out to these people to change because they don’t want them to change, they’ll lose content to write about. The fact is, none of the media or reporters care to learn the “Why’s,” of extremists, they don’t care, all they care about is the bottom line, readers, viewers, ad revenue and ratings. As Malcolm X said, “M.E.D.I.A. most effective devil in America!”

[show extremist album covers, DVDs, and books slowly fading to one another]

Eighth, there’s extensive media within the movement, everything from videos, DVD’s, music, books, and more, all of which can and does find its way into the hands of new recruits and even children. Those who are already impressionable or have already read something that they liked by one of these groups, will be more apt to buy the media put out by them and be further emboldened by it. The internet is nearly flooded by the media of various movements, which makes it more difficult to de-escalate someone already radicalized.

[fade back to me]

Nine, all changes in the American landscape, especially if not understood well, is used to demonize groups and subgroups. Large or growing minority groups, refugees, gay and transgender people gaining acceptance, people taking pride in their cultures that are outside of the homogenous American landscape (unless non-Jewish European), these things are all demonized. There is little to no understanding within the movement, nor desire to understand anything about those changing the portrait of America, but America is a constantly changing landscape and has always been. Even within the European trope throughout history, Germans, Irish, and Italians have faced resistance to their being accepted into American life, often forming insular communities to look out for one another.

Once one learns to see through the eyes of those they don’t understand, fear of the changing landscape dissipates, and acceptance can be manifest. This is easier writ than done, especially when these movements frown on members having outside contact with people unlike them. In my honest opinion, youth need to be targeted to be educated on acceptance of that which I mentioned above, adults already involved in the movement need to be taught how to use their empathy towards others. The entirety of this can be done through open and honest dialog, without the threat of violence or yelling which always shuts down dialog.

There’s so much more I know and could share, but one documentary isn’t enough for everything. All of the interviews I’d given I tried my best to elucidate more and more, on the son of Sinai website, I write almost daily, but there’s not enough time in the day or money in my bank account to spend the amount of time I’d need to go over everything.

[Fade to an American flag waving]

Knowing what I know, I have some ideas about how we can end the hate, how we can move forward, and further marginalize these types of extremist groups. In the existing American landscape, whereas everything is consistently and rapidly changing, we need to combat extremism with equal fervor and on the left and right side of it. This must come about in a way that appeals to the base human empathy and curiosity, or else it will be met with extreme resistance. As a united American people, separate but equal, united but also apart, this is the mindset that will forge understanding. A nation of many identities, a nation of pluralistic culture, but in the end, we’re all Americans.

So, the question I’ve heard asked quite a bit over the nearly decade I’ve been out is “what can we do,” and I’ve thought long on this, as someone who had a spontaneous epiphany and what truly broke me and rebuilt me as the man I am today. I have more than a few ideas…

* Exposure to other cultures and people through open and honest dialog, helping people to express themselves and their feelings freely and without judgment. This can be made fun by the inclusion of cultural food exchanges, songs, traditions from the various cultures being celebrated together.
* A safe place to discuss all things race and culture, this would need to be a physical location possibly even combined with the first point one, as doing it online lacks the expression of human contact. One thing Bee and me wanted to do since leaving the movement is to open a cultural exchange center, where it’s fun, educational, and a safe place for expression of all forms. A place devoid of hate, whereas even if someone is a “Nazi,” they would be welcomed to come without being called names, without the threat of violence… this is how you wake people up. The only difficulty herein is getting people to come to it!

[Fade to children of different races playing together]

* Less media coverage unless something serious occurs during an event, this is whereas I previously stated, a good deal of recruitment comes from. There is no bad publicity, only publicity and even if a headline says something like “Racist neo-nazi group to hold a rally,” it will get those who have an inkling toward that interested. If something serious like a riot or shooting occurred, of course, that should be covered, but on average that is not the case.
* Appeal to logic and reason, not degrade. Let me ask you something, if I said, “you Nazi pigs need to die,” or if I said, “we’re all human facing our own internal and external struggles and crisis,” which would gather more empathy or calm attention and less resistance?
* Have a lifeline open for those who leave the movements to enter into and to break the cult-like indoctrination. Create the camaraderie and feeling amongst those involved, like when they were in the movements, but working towards the opposite aims. Oftentimes a person will leave one group for a time with the intention of getting out, only to join another, give them the option of joining something better, something bigger than themselves.
* Dissolving the fears and realizing everything in the movement comes from a place of fear first and foremost. Once fear has been eliminated, the walls of the bubble crumble and with it, much of the ideology of the movement.

[fade to Part 10: Deepest regrets]

**Part 10**

[fade to me sitting in the chair]

Aside from the demonization of people, I have some regrets that haunt me worse. Don’t get me wrong, I regret every ounce of my past… but some regrets I’ve never really talked about before.

I regret giving up so much of my life to fear and hate, anger and scapegoating. I regret that I let the actions of a few people dictate how I saw whole groups of people for so long. I regret all the friendships I could have had if I didn’t hate other races and shut them out. I regret not getting to know more people who were different than me, sharing myself and having them share themselves with me sooner.

I regret giving my loyalty away to people and ideologies that didn’t deserve it and to the secrets I swore to keep that still haunt me and that I’ll have to take to my grave. I regret being a pawn in a game of hate and trying to live up to others’ expectations of me instead of G-ds and my own.

[stand up from the chair]

I regret seeing other people as less than myself, less than human and treating them in a way that I wouldn’t want to be treated. I regret all the years my heart was filled with fear, hatred, and anger, and that I welcomed it and took comfort in it. I regret those years wasted on lies, half-truths without context, and denying the truth even in the face of evidence.

I regret making people feel fear, sadness, and anger, because misery loves company, and I was miserable. I regret a lot of things from my past, but I’m working on it, and I’m still working on myself nearly a decade later and I’ll be working to seek Teshuva…redemption until the day I cease to be. I don’t beat myself up over these things anymore, instead I use it to motivate me to do as much as I can to combat who and what I was and to help others who have faced that hate or who are leaving that life I led behind.

My regrets help me to understand what and who we face today when combating organizations and people on the side of extremism. Our war isn’t one of blood and land, it’s a war of ideologies, a war of and for the whole of humanity, a war of love versus hate. Each of us who sees the humanity in everyone else, every single one of us who says no to hate and division, is a soldier in this war, and love is our weapon.

Common decency and respect for our differences, while seeing that we all share more in common as one race, the human race… that’s what’s most important and it’s the greatest lesson I’ve learned throughout all of this. You watching this now, you’re my brother, my sister, I don’t care about your skin color, your nationality, your religion, or lack thereof. I don’t care about what language is your first, or how you dress, what music you listen to, or your age… you are my brothers and sisters. So my biggest regret out of the life I led…

[Quickly zoom in on my face]

… is not telling you that I love you.

[quick transition to me sitting back in the chair]

I chose to give up my victimhood mentality and replaced it with a victorious one, I chose to make a change and to be a better person and to fight for humanity… and you can too. We’re all in this together; we have one earth, one life, and one moment in that life to choose to do better. The time for silence is over, the time for complacency is through, now… now is the time to learn from each other, to love each other and to do right by each other.

[fade to a slowly spinning earth]

Nearly 8 billion people are on this planet right now, each and every one of them is different in some way. We’re all unique, but yet, we are also all the same… some say we’re all human, others that we’re all made in G-ds image, but what this means is that at our core, we’re not so different. We all want to succeed, none of us want our loved ones to suffer, we all want the best for those we love, we all want to be safe and to see our loved ones safe and happy.

No one has ever woken up in the morning and said, “Today I want to be broke, I want to struggle and not get ahead.” We all bleed red, we all feel pain, we’re all playing the same game of life, just at different levels. Can you honestly tell me that skin color, nationality, religion, or sexual preferences changes any of that?

I regret not seeing these things sooner, not allowing myself to open up to these realizations.

[fade to Part 11: talking with an old friend – Funding permitted meet in person – Otherwise via zoom]

**Part 11**

[fade to me and Jeff talking]

Me: Man, it’s still surreal working together again, this time on the right side of history.

Let Jeff respond

Me: We’ve both come a long way, tell everyone watching this just how difficult it is leaving that life behind.

Let Jeff respond

Me: We talked about it before, how you have to be an emotionless robot in the movement, you can’t be yourself, what are some realizations about yourself that you’ve learned since leaving?

Let Jeff respond

Me: I’ve done a lot of talking throughout this documentary, but I want you to leave its viewers with a couple of thoughts;

If people are watching this saying how in the heck could anyone get involved in that, could you explain to them a bit about they different types of people and reasons. Second, if anyone out there watching this is thinking of leaving that life behind them, what would you say?

Let Jeff respond

Me: Thanks again for doing this brother, as always keep fighting the good fight against extremism and doing all we do with Beyond Barriers!

[Fade to Part 12: conclusions]

**Part 12**

[scenes of the hustle and bustle of the city]

My story is one of thousands of stories, some leave that life, some stay in it and each person is different in who they are and why they got involved in the first place. It’s a far cry from the Media stereotype of the toothless redneck who rides in the back of a pickup truck with a shotgun in one hand an a noose in the other. Members can be anyone, anywhere, college educated, military, police, doctors, lawyers, literally anyone. William Pierce had a PhD in Physics, so don’t believe that you’ll recognize an extremist by what people tell you they believe they are.

Hate lives, it is a very real thing and it’s not mutually exclusive to any one type of individual or movement. As tirelessly as those who promote hatred and fear work, we must work to promote love and unity.

[fade to show quote on screen “Darkness cannot drive out darkness, only light can do that. **Hate cannot drive out hate, only love can do that**.” Martin Luther King Jr.]

[fade to me sitting in the chair]

I don’t want people watching this to feel sorry for me, regardless of my life, I made the choices I did. Instead, I want you to take away from this something more, that change can and does happen, that hope is as powerful as the sword, and that anyone can be swayed to do things and believe things that are absurd.

It’s my hope that this documentary makes the rounds to young adults, who might avoid the pitfalls I had in life. I hope extremists watch this and it gives them some food for thought and helps them make the right decisions. I hope parents watch this, to give their kids what I didn’t have to keep them from doing what I did. All in all… I just hope…

Shalom!