
THE NATURE OF THE ENEMY

***The Thinking Man's
“Turner Diaries”***

The Nature Of The Enemy

***The Nature Of The Enemy* was written in the early 1990s by a dedicated conspiracy theorist and White Racial-Nationalist who wished to remain anonymous. With his limited contacts he was unable to secure publication. That has now changed; with the inception of the Internet, anyone and everyone can publish a book, or at any rate a book length text.**

Be that as it may, it is published here for the first time in hard copy. Although the author has long since departed this world, I, we, have respected his wishes. His identity will remain forever a secret.

The text was delivered to me in modified ASCII format and has been reset in *Word 2007*. As well as typesetting it I have edited it very minimally; this was purely a case of dotting the I's and crossing the T's, correcting the odd spelling mistake, and improving punctuation and layout generally.

Neither myself nor the publisher has made any significant material alteration to the text in any way, manner, shape or form. This work is being published here as a tribute to a man of vision who saw through not only the egalitarian pseudo-humanitarian fantasies of the loony left, but beyond the petty bigotries of the so-called far right.

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Chapter One

Benjamin was the sort of person you might describe as a likeable headcase. Although he was only twenty-four, he had succeeded in picking up no less than eight convictions for violence and public order offences, mostly of a very trivial nature. It wasn't that he was naturally a violent person, it was just that he was both very emotional and easily roused. He was also a shade on the gullible side and tended to take people at face value, even when they didn't sound particularly sincere.

His sister despaired of him, she had given up trying to find him the job his probation officer was so insistent that he should take. "Benjamin has to work, Mrs Baker, he has to find a job."

"Why?" Sheila had asked.

"Everybody has to have a job; he can't go through life without a job and no money."

Sheila had explained that money was never likely to be a problem for Benjamin. When their father had died in 1982 he had left both his children considerable sums of money, enough to provide them both with an income for life. George Catesby had recognised his young son's limitations even then, so he had arranged for the greater part of his inheritance to be placed in trust. Benjamin had been allowed by the terms of the trust to withdraw a sum sufficient to take out a mortgage on a flat, but apart from that, he would receive only a monthly cheque until he was thirty-five.

The solicitor who had been the executor of George Catesby's estate told him that if he were to contest the terms of the will it was very likely that the court would rule in his favour. Fortunately, Sheila had managed to persuade both Benjamin and Mr Salter that to do so would not be a good idea. In addition to his personality disorder and his frequent clashes with the law, Benjamin was something of a soft touch, especially where women were concerned.

"But he still has to find a job, Mrs Baker," said Mrs Wright, "everyone has to have a job. You don't want your brother to keep getting into mischief, do you?"

"I think the more Benjamin keeps away from people the better will be his chances of staying out of trouble", she'd replied. "When he's on his own he doesn't get into trouble."

"But it's such a waste, he's really a very likeable young man, he has a lot of good qualities. He's very good with animals, you know."

"Yes, I did know, but not with people."

Benjamin was certainly very good with animals; when he was a boy he had always been bringing home stray dogs, stray cats, injured birds...where he'd found them neither she nor their father had had any idea. Unfortunately, Benjamin's relationships with people were anything but very good. He'd had a few girlfriends, but the fact that he had a certain amount of money in his own right always led to him attracting the wrong sort of women, principally gold diggers.

It was all very tragic really, in spite of his fluctuating moods and his occasional scraps there could be no denying that he meant well. If you did a good turn for Benjamin Catesby you had a friend for life. Benjamin liked everyone really. Except Pakis. When he was growing up, he and his sister had lived with their father in the country. June Catesby had died when he was very young; he hadn't remembered her at all. Sheila, although only three years older than her brother, had mothered him to a great extent. Her maternal instinct had grown over the years, and it was always her he turned to in times of crisis, or when he was confused. It had been Sheila he had asked when he had seen his first Asian.

"Sheila, why's that man wearing a bandage on his head? And why is he a different colour?"

"Because he's a Sikh," Sheila had replied.

"What's a Sikh?"

"Ask Dad."

This was a reasonable enough response, unfortunately, although their father had been a remarkably unbigoted man in most other respects, he had got it into his head that Sikhs were a particular form of lowlife that should be avoided like the plague. It may have been that he'd once had a bad experience with one, certainly he didn't like the way they had bought up all the shops in Great Westbury and then hiked up the prices by a good twenty percent.

He hadn't been against all Asians and was most definitely not against West Indians, but Benjamin had interpreted his father's loathing of anything in a turban as a sure sign that all Asians and blacks were *persona non grata*. Later, he'd changed his mind about blacks when he'd become very chummy with a couple of black kids at his school, but they had been the only two non-whites with whom he had ever fraternised as a youngster, and his theoretical dislike of Indians and Pakistanis had hardened into a practical one when at the age of fourteen he went on his first Paki bash.

The leader of the gang had been a thickset, ginger-haired kid named Carey. They hadn't called themselves anything, although they were called a number of names by the residents on the nearby Westbury Road council estate. They had set out with the intention of keeping Westbury white. Paradoxically, two members of the gang had been Benjamin's black schoolfriends, but this had been rationalised away by making them honorary whites. It was the smell of curry more than anything else most of the gang's members had hated about Asians. Although West Indians were unquestionably more primitive than the equally unwanted immigrants from the sub-continent, their common language and musical heritage gave them a certain cultural similarity. Also, the few blacks who lived in and around Westbury were distinctly middle class, a far cry from the *canaille* and rampaging *untermenschen* who, by the time Benjamin left school, were rioting in the inner cities with monotonous regularity.

This irrational hatred of all things Indian was something that had never quite left him, though it had lain dormant for all these years. But one Saturday afternoon, three weeks before his twenty-fifth birthday, it was to resurface with fateful consequences. The incident which triggered it off was a chance meeting with a Nationalist Party skinhead in the *Railway Arms*. Many years before, this had been a regular watering hole for the local chapter of the Party, which had about twenty youthful members. Strangely enough, Benjamin had never met an overt Nationalist Partyer before. He'd heard of them of course, but only from the mass media, and always in a derogatory fashion.

Carl was a typical stereotype NP skin. He sported a black swastika on his left arm, a Union Jack on his right, and wore an assortment of badges on his sleeveless denim jacket. They got talking over

football; Benjamin was not a fan of this particularly brutal and pointless sport, but he was always garrulous, and this particular Saturday afternoon he'd been feeling lonely. After about half an hour, a friend of Carl's had walked into the pub and sat down at the same table. He introduced himself as Rick, and although he was not a skinhead, he was quite clearly cast from the same mould as his denim-clad, bovver-booted crony. He had a carrier bag with him.

"Ow'd the sell go, Rick?" asked Carl.

"Done about fifty."

"That's good. More than usual?"

Rick nodded.

"Fifty what?" asked Benjamin stupidly.

"Papers," said Rick.

"'Ere, give 'im one."

Rick opened the carrier bag and took out a folded up copy of *Nationalist News*.

Carl snatched it from him rudely and passed it to Benjamin.

"'Ere," he said.

"Ta."

Benjamin started to unfold it but Rick said, "Don't read it in 'ere."

"No," echoed Carl, "'ad some trouble in 'ere the other week."

"Pity about the match," said Rick.

"Yeah," said Carl, "they'll do 'em in the replay though."

So edifying was their conversation and so desperate for company was Benjamin that he invited his two drinking friends back to his place. When they left the pub they picked up a couple of sixpacks from the local supermarket and made their way to his first floor flat in Charrington Road.

Over the next few hours all three of them got drunk out of their heads; when they'd finished the sixpacks they started on Benjamin's well stocked refrigerator. Carl and Rick ended up staying the night, principally because they were too inebriated to walk. Most of the conversation revolved around football, sex and the police, but at one point, Carl said, "You know what pisses me off more than fuckin' pigs?"

"Nah," said Benjamin. Rick didn't say anything because he was sprawled across the sofa in a drunken stupor.

"Fuckin' Pakis!" said Carl.

"I can't stand 'em either," he agreed.

"It's not like they go wiv white birds, it's just that they take all the 'ouses. Did you know that Jesus was born in a stable because the wogs 'ave got all the 'ouses?"

Benjamin rolled around the floor laughing.

"No, seriously Ben," Carl told him, "that's what me old man told me. 'E said Jesus was born in a stable cos the Pakis 'ave got all the 'ouses."

"Wish they fuckin' 'adn't."

"I fink, I fink it's all wrong, what wiv our old folk livin' in squalor. Do you realise 'ow much they get to live off?"

Benjamin burped and nodded his head, "Fuck all."

"I fink, Ben, I fink what me an' you should do is fire-bomb the fuckers."

"Fire-bomb 'em?" he said, thoughtfully.

"Yeah, fire-bomb 'em."

"Good idea," said Benjamin, and burped again.

By the time they'd slept off their drunken stupors, all thoughts of the previous day's philosophising had fled his head. The copies of *Nationalist News* his two ephemeral friends had brought with them remained unread. He was unaware of either the paper's anti-Semitic content or the general tone of all NP publications. The only thing he knew was that the NP was against Pakis, and that was good enough for him.

Chapter Two

Over the next few months, Asians became something of an obsession for Benjamin: he had Pakis on the brain. Everywhere he went he saw evidence, not only of their taking all the houses, but of their taking over everything. He hadn't noticed this before, at least not to the same extent. They seemed to own every corner shop and every other shop, they'd even taken over a pub in North Selton. So much for the *Koran*, he thought. Then there were the mosques; Benjamin learned that three times over the past three years, the town's Moslems had applied for and in each case received,

planning permission to build mosques. Two of them had been converted from churches! Somebody ought to do something about it, they'd taken over his town, how much longer would it be before they took over the entire country?

The trouble was that nobody *was* doing anything about it. Benjamin thought again about the Nationalist Party, he even flirted with the idea of joining it, but after giving the matter some thought he decided that joining the NP would be about as much use as joining the Conservative Party. They made a lot of noise, and at times the Party had received some quite vicious press coverage, but what had it ever done? Well, for one thing it had organised marches; the only problem was that whenever an NP march was organised, there was inevitably a far bigger counter-march which got all the publicity. Benjamin didn't believe all the twaddle he'd read and heard about the Nationalist Party, certainly not about them being Nazis. Sure, some of them wore swastikas, but so did Hell's Angels, and you couldn't call them Nazis, could you? It seemed to him that anyone who wanted Britain to stay white was automatically branded a Nazi. Well, his old man certainly hadn't been a Nazi: he'd hated Hitler, hated all Germans almost as much as he'd hated Pakis. He'd been a strange bloke, his Dad.

Chapter Three

Benjamin was on the piss again, this time by himself. He stood up in the semi-darkness, idly flicked on the TV then sprawled untidily across the living room carpet. As the screen lit up there appeared an ugly, dark brown face; it belonged to a middle-aged Indian woman, and she was yapping and screaming about the *racist* British. Benjamin sat listening to the harridan in both horror and utter disbelief. English people were all such bigots. She had come to this country twenty years ago and in that time she had received so much abuse, been called so many names, insulted and assaulted so many times that she thought the English were the most wicked, most evil race in the world.

How could they treat her like this? She was a wonderful person, she and her husband were good, hard working people, her sons, all five of them, excelled at school, they always did far better than their white classmates. Why did the English, the British, the whites, hate them so much?

Benjamin knew the answer, "Cos you're a Paki bastard!" he shouted at the screen. But the woman hadn't finished. Not only was she outraged at the *racist* British for the way they treated her and her family, she was annoyed that they wouldn't allow the rest of her family in. "We want an end to immigration controls," she screamed, "we want an end to this *racism* and oppression now!" If this horrified Benjamin, he was even more horrified when the camera retreated to show an all white audience applauding the woman. Had they gone mad? Couldn't they see what she and her kind were doing? Didn't they realise that the Pakis were taking over the country? Every corner shop, almost every electrical retailer, many wholesalers...they were like a cancer. And now here they were, demanding that they should be let into the country en masse. Half of them were on social security or claiming the dole as well as buying up the shops, and the audience was applauding them!

Benjamin put down his can of lager and watched the programme in horrified fascination. Then the presenter summed up: something had to be done to tackle *racism* at a grass roots level, there had to be a tighter race act and an end to all immigration controls. Benjamin agreed that something had to be done; the next morning he fished out a copy of *Nationalist News* and looked up the local phone number. He was expecting to hear a recorded message like he had when he'd phoned the Nationalist Party before to enquire about joining, but this time it was answered by a real person.

"Nationalist Party. Can I help you?"

"Oh, that's not an answering machine?"

"No sir, what can I do for you?"

"Did you see that programme last night?"

"Programme sir?"

"On BBC. About Pakis?"

"No sir."

"They're takin' over the country."

"I know sir, that's why we're here." The voice belonged to a middle class man of about forty, Benjamin imagined. It continued, "Would you like to do something about it, sir? Can I send you some information about the Nationalist Party?"

"Yeah, we've gotta get the Pakis out."

The man asked Benjamin for his address, and three days later he received through the post an information pack. He read through the policy statements nodding his head in agreement at most. The Nationalist Party supported capital punishment for murder, so did he, so did the vast majority of people. They were against immigration but not against immigrants, they said. Well, he agreed with that, almost, (he was against immigration, and Pakis as well). By the time he'd finished reading about what the Party was in favour of and what they were against, he was convinced it was the right party to join, but there was a nagging doubt in the back of his mind, so before rushing out to put his cheque in the post, he sat back and had a long, hard think.

Now no one could ever accuse Benjamin of being one of the world's great thinkers, he was certainly no intellectual, but when he decided to put his mind to something, whatever it was, he usually came up with one or two original ideas. The thing that bothered him about the Nationalist Party was not that their ideas were impractical, certainly there was nothing impractical in shutting the door to coloured immigration and sending all the Pakis back, the thing that bothered him was that he'd heard it all before.

The Party was forever calling marches, demonstrations, calling for this and for that, but they never got anywhere. Whenever they polled two percent in a local election their enemies were screaming that the fascists must be stopped. But although the Party's members seemed to enjoy bathing in their reflected glory, Benjamin realised that two percent wouldn't win any elections, much less liberate his country from the alien, Paki colonisers. And that's what it is, he thought, a bloody invasion!

Another thing which bothered Benjamin about the Nationalist Party was the fact that its leaders seemed to spend more time fighting each other than attacking the real enemy. There was talk of a split in the ranks between those who wanted a strong leadership and those who wanted the Party to be run by a committee. Benjamin realised what the phrase "strong leadership"

meant: the rule of one man, a dictatorship if you will. He certainly didn't want that, who in his right mind wanted to live under any sort of dictatorship? The committee idea sounded a lot more democratic, but he wasn't particularly bothered about democracy, he just wanted to get the Pakis out, and he'd heard that saying about a camel being a horse designed by a committee. In short, committees were forever making plans but never doing anything useful.

He decided to sit on the idea for a while, then something happened which gave him another of his sparse but original ideas. At the weekend, the IRA in one of their frequent excursions to the Mainland, planted a bomb in a London street wounding several pedestrians and killing a police horse; miraculously the police officer riding the horse was unhurt. The outrage didn't surprise Benjamin, nothing about either the IRA's gruesome methods or the government's inability to deal with them ever surprised him. What did surprise him however, was that the following month, when the Nationalist Party called a march to protest against this latest atrocity, about a hundred Fronters turned up to support the demo, while over a thousand joined a counter-march to protest against it. (Nationalist Party members were often referred to as Fronters or sometimes as National Fronters after a long defunct extreme right party with a similar name).

Benjamin thought this was nothing less than treasonable, as well as an insult to the many people who'd been injured in the blast. If the bomb had exploded a minute earlier, the police had said, it would have killed at least half a dozen people. A few days after the march he found a leaflet in the street advertising the counter-demo; obviously somebody had been up to London, a local red probably, and had brought it back. Benjamin read the leaflet with dismay; it said nothing about what a bunch of cowards and murderers the IRA were, instead it rambled on about the Second World War. On the front was the photograph of a man who was, supposedly, a Jew, who had been deported to Auschwitz.

"The Nazis of the Nationalist Party must be stopped," the leaflet said, "Hitler singled out the Jews and used, them as scapegoats; the Nazis of the Nationalist Party single out black people..." What was all this dross about black people? The Party had organised an anti-IRA march. Blacks hadn't been mentioned. Then there was a

load of drivel about the right of self-determination for the Irish people. Incredibly, the leaflet blamed the British government for the previous month's atrocity.

Benjamin was outraged, he felt not only that the Party had been treated very unfairly by both the reds and the media, but that there was an overt conspiracy to suppress it. All the same, he still didn't join. Instead he started hanging around pubs where Nationalist Party supporters were known to drink. He didn't meet any, but one night he heard two men talking about the Party, one of whom had recently been a member. Although he overheard only part of their conversation, the fragment that he did hear convinced him both that he should not join either the Nationalist Party nor any other anti-immigration party or organisation, and that he should adopt a radical course of action against the alien invaders himself.

Chapter Four

Benjamin woke up, staggered to the bathroom and nearly threw up down the toilet. He retched but only strained his diaphragm. Putting down the toilet lid, he turned on the cold tap and splashed cold water onto his face, ran his fingers through his hair and cleaned his face on the bathroom towel. Walking back to the bedroom he pulled on his jeans then walked over to the front door and picked up the solitary letter. He didn't get much mail, and as it was the first Monday of the month, he knew what this would be. Opening it, he took out his monthly cheque from his trust, signed it on the back, then walked barefoot and bare-chested into the kitchen, flicked on the coffee pot and muttered under his breath, "Never again."

This was a promise not to repeat the alcohol consumption of the night before, not an "anti-fascist" chant against the supposed resurgence of Nazism. There were no Nazis, not today, that bloke in the *Boilermaker's Arms* was right. He, Benjamin, had been right all along; he'd had a gut feeling about the Nationalist Party, now that gut feeling had been confirmed.

He thought back to the conversation he'd overheard the previous night. "It's all the same, Jim, all the same. What good does marching do? What support have they got? I was told that they spent a million pounds on the election campaign before the last one. A million!"

"That's not much. Not when you're talking about fighting a general election."

"But the point is, what happened to that money? It all went down the drain, that's what happened to it. It was wasted from the word go."

"You have to fight to win."

"But think about it, Jim, if somebody gave you a million pounds and told you to spend it on keeping Britain white, couldn't you do a better job of it than that? Couldn't you have spent it on something besides an election and have had something to show for it?"

The more Benjamin thought of that conversation, particularly the man's last words, the more he realised what a waste the Nationalist Party was. Benjamin wasn't a great reader anymore than he was a great thinker, but he did remember reading Orwell's classic *Nineteen Eighty-Four*.

Nineteen-eighty four had been and gone, and we weren't all slaves, not yet, but there was another message in the book. He thought of the book's central character, Winston Smith, and how he had joined a resistance movement, or had thought he had. In reality he had been recruited by a secret arm of the state which had tricked him into making pronouncements of a highly inflammatory nature. Then he'd been arrested and condemned out of his own mouth.

Benjamin thought it most unlikely that the Nationalist Party was an arm of the state putting up a mere smokescreen of opposition and occasionally inciting its members and supporters to violent acts in order to discredit the cause of white nationalism, but he didn't entirely rule it out. Regardless of this, the Party was so obviously pursuing the wrong policies...they'd been struggling along making the same noises, carrying out the same "strategy" for years, getting nowhere...they had to know what they were doing, and that whatever they were doing or thought they were doing, it surely wasn't working.

He spent a weekend mulling over the NP and the various nationalistic groups, then, this none too bright social inadequate came to a well-reasoned conclusion: the Nationalist Party was hopeless, in fact all legal methods of resistance were hopeless. His country was being taken over by a "Paki conspiracy", and he had to do something about it. That meant literally taking up arms against the curry-eating invaders and driving them out, even if it meant killing hundreds of them, or thousands. Britain had to be free while there was still time. He would place an advertisement in a newspaper, recruit a gang, and start his own guerrilla war against the Paki invasion, before they took over the country lock, stock and barrel.

That was the theory of it, in practice it turned out to be a lot more difficult. He couldn't just put an ad in a paper saying "Wanted - resistance fighters to exterminate Pakis." He had to give this matter a great deal of thought. He knew there was a magazine called *Soldier of Fortune* which was read by mercenaries and people of a similar bent, so he tried to obtain a copy. It took him a week to find one, and when he did, he was extremely disappointed, not just with the content, but the fact that it was published in America. Obviously it had British readers; the letter page contained a sprinkling of correspondence from several countries, including England, but he realised it would not be a realistic proposition to recruit his team through *Soldier of Fortune's* classified ads column.

After giving the matter some more thought, Benjamin decided that the best thing to do would be to start his campaign single-handed then, if this generated some enthusiasm among the more militant elements of the Nationalist Party, he would be able to recruit his team at street level.

Chapter Five

The first thing he did was go to the library and read all he could find on guerrilla warfare, terrorism and related subjects. He couldn't help thinking that for someone who had never been

regarded as an intellectual, he was becoming very thoughtful nowadays. Even his sister noticed it and commented that maybe he should consider taking some sort of higher education course; perhaps he could enlist with the Open University. Benjamin told her he'd think it over, but the Open University was not the sort of higher education he had in mind, he doubted very much if they ran courses in bomb making.

He spent a good month reading up on terrorism, urban crime, survivalism, first aid and every subject related in even a tertiary way to what he had planned. But just what was it he did plan? He figured that the best thing to do would be to get some hands-on practice; as soon as he could he intended to burn out one of these Paki shops, enough to do whatever was necessary when the time came. He spent the Saturday before his departure doing some shopping, and spent the Sunday alone in his flat, putting the finishing touches to his plans. First thing Monday morning, with three hundred pounds cash in his pocket, he took a taxi to the station and bought a one way ticket to Waterloo.

In spite of its size, London is not a difficult city to find one's way around; armed with an *A To Z* and an Underground map, Benjamin quickly found his way to Earls Court, an area of the capital he knew to be Cosmopolitan with a large Anzac population. He'd read all about Little Australia, and figured this would be the perfect place to hang out. He had told his sister that he would be going away for a week; she was all he had in the world, so he would not be missed.

He was lucky finding a room. Although it was expensive and little more than a big box, he gladly paid an advance to the Lebanese landlord, and unpacked his gear. He figured he wouldn't be staying here long; he'd pull off a couple of robberies, then when he'd got together a sufficient "liberation fund" he'd go to work burning out the Pakis, first on his own, later with his hit team. The fine details of how and where he would recruit his gang members he decided to leave for the moment.

Benjamin decided that he didn't want to spend his first night in the capital by himself, so, unpacking his case and concealing the gun under the sink, he went out for a bite to eat and later went onto a pub. He was feeling supremely confident, not for one moment did the thought enter his head that just perhaps he was behaving like a

crazy man. He had intended to visit an Earls Court pub, but after some thought he felt it would be best if he weren't too well known in the area, so he took the Underground to the West End. The first pub he visited was full of noisy tourists, most of them with American accents; he sat in the corner drinking his pint of bitter wrapped up in his thoughts, then, after about twenty minutes, left to find somewhere more hospitable. The thought crossed his mind that he could pick up a girl if he tried, this was the West End of London after all, but Benjamin and women had always been a non-starter. He walked round Leicester Square then up to Piccadilly Circus. The result of his first real foray into London's nightlife was that he was left feeling utterly miserable. He ended up sitting in an all-night coffee bar brooding over a cappuccino.

"Is this seat taken," came a voice with a thick American accent.

"No," said Benjamin absent-mindedly, then looking up he saw standing over him a well-dressed man of about twenty-three; he was an Arab. Benjamin nearly choked but pulled back his cappuccino to make room for his fellow coffee drinker. The man smiled, pulled out what looked like a gold-plated cigarette case, flicked a cigarette into his mouth and with his other hand, deftly flicked open a gold-plated lighter, lit the cigarette and placed both cigarette case and lighter on the table.

"This is my first time here," he said to Benjamin, "bit disappointing, not like New York."

"Uh." Benjamin didn't feel like talking, but his unwanted companion had other ideas.

"In New York, those Jewish chicks!" he made an obscene gesture with the left forefinger and thumb and forefinger of his right hand.

"Touch of class they are baby, you got nothing like 'em here anymore than we have at home."

"Where's home?" asked Benjamin, curious only that this fellow's accent did not fit his appearance.

"Lebanon," he smiled, "you from round here?"

"Uh, uh," said Benjamin, then added more as an afterthought,

"You sound more like a Yank than Lebanese."

"Studied in the States, Harvard."

"Oh," this satisfied Benjamin's curiosity, and he wouldn't have asked any further questions if another thought hadn't immediately entered his head. He wasn't too clued up on the Middle East, but

he'd always thought that Arabs and Jews hated each other intensely, yet this guy had just talked about screwing Jewesses.

"You like Jewish girls?" he asked.

"Does a fish like water?" the Arab smiled, then held out his hand, "Tom."

Benjamin held out his hand, "Ben."

"Benjamin?" Tom asked.

"Yeah."

"That's a Jewish name, hope I haven't put my foot in my mouth."

"Tom's an English name."

Tom smiled again, "You wouldn't pronounce my real name." He stubbed out the cigarette he'd just lit and downed his drink in one gulp. Benjamin decided that although this guy looked a bit like a Paki he was cool. Arabs weren't Pakis. True, they had all the oil, but they didn't own all the corner shops, and Tom was a visitor. Besides which, Benjamin was beginning to feel distinctly isolated here in the Smoke. Though he was very much a private person and spent most of his time on his own, that was when he was in the comfort of his own flat, here was different. "You like Jewish girls?" Benjamin repeated.

"Sure. Don't you?"

"I don't think I've ever met one; I thought Jews had big noses."

Tom shrugged his shoulders, "It's not their noses I'm into." Again he made an obscene gesture, and Benjamin nearly blushed. The guy was cool, obsessed with cunt, but cool.

Tom bought Benjamin another coffee and himself a sandwich, he offered to buy Benjamin one too, but he declined. Then the Arab started talking about New York.

"What's it like in Lebanon?" asked Benjamin.

His new friend shrugged, "It's a bad scene man, especially Beirut."

"It seems to be permanently at war, the Middle East."

"It is, but it's not just the Israelis versus the Arabs, people there fight over anything. Hell man, I say make love, not war." He gave a wicked leer and made another obscene gesture. "I was really looking for someone to show me round the West End. It's a pity you're from out of town, I really need someone to show me the strip joints."

"I wish I could," shrugged Benjamin, "but I don't know them. You gotta watch your step though, lots of rip offs and crooks."

“Safer in a crowd, huh?”

“Yeah.”

“Maybe two guys can watch each other's backs.”

Benjamin didn't take the hint and sat staring into space. Tom took out a handful of money and counted it into his back pocket, “My old man said you go into one of these places it's best not to look too well stacked. Know what I mean?”

“Well stacked?”

“You always wanna look like you've got less dough than you really have.”

“Sensible idea.”

Tom got up to leave and Benjamin said, “See you around.”

“See me around, hey, you gotta guard my back. Come on!” Tom walked out of the coffee bar, and Benjamin choked back his coffee trailing behind him like a dog on a lease.

This was not what he had imagined he would be doing his first night in London, following an Arab round strip joints and peep shows. Benjamin had been to one or two strip clubs before, and it hadn't taken him long to realise that they always promised more than they delivered. If you wanted sex you were better off going to a club or bar and trying to pick up a girl there. Not that he knew anything about that, but Tom was good looking, for an Arab, very confident, and, most important, he was both rich and looked it.

A thought entered Benjamin's head - maybe he could roll this guy. If he did that he wouldn't need to commit an armed robbery, which obviously contained an element of risk. He dismissed the thought as soon as it came into his head. In the first place, however rich Tom was, he obviously wouldn't be carrying ten or fifteen grand around with him, which was the sort of money that Benjamin would need to begin his campaign against the Paki invasion. In the second place, that was hardly the thing to do when someone was showing you a good time. Tom had hinted that they could pick up a couple of chicks, take them back to his hotel room and screw the living daylight out of them. Now that sounded like a good idea!

They found a strip club and it was just the way Benjamin imagined it would be - pay on the door, watered-down drinks and “hostesses” who smiled at you, tried to chat you up and get you to pay for more watered down drinks. Neither man liked it, especially

Tom, whose hands had a tendency to wander freely. At one point his "hostess" smacked him across the wrist. Tom knocked back a few drinks and didn't seem any the worse for them, then he asked Benjamin where they should go next.

"If you want girls," Benjamin shouted over the music, "we could try a disco."

"Good idea, lead on."

They tried one place off Leicester Square, but although the music was loud and the drinks were expensive, women were few and far between on the dance floor. After half an hour they moved on to another. As the evening wore on, Tom decided it might be a good idea for them to get a bite to eat before cementing their friendship with a conquest a piece at the Hippodrome, one of the West End's leading night spots. By this time he'd had quite a lot to drink and had become as garrulous as a parakeet.

"Hey Ben baby, we should find a couple of nice Jewish chicks and screw the asses off them!"

"Hey, not so loud," said Ben over his chicken noodle."

The Chinese waiter eyed Tom contemptuously. "Okay, ssshhhh...not so loud,"

Tom put his forefinger up to his mouth and mimicked Benjamin good-humouredly. "This ain't no place for shrinking violets," he told him "You wanna get laid you gotta ask a chick. Hey baby, your place or mine?"

Benjamin sat staring into space.

"What's the matter: don't you like girls?"

"Of course I do, but you can't just walk up to one and say, 'Let's fuck.'"

"Why not?"

Benjamin shook his head in despair but didn't answer the question.

"Why not?" asked Tom in all earnest. He soon found out.

They never made it to the Hippodrome, instead they found their way to a discotheque a stone's throw from Oxford Circus. They'd only been in there for about ten minutes when Tom began making a nuisance of himself pestering a tall blonde girl to dance. Benjamin found himself staring at him with contempt, not because the Lebanese was drunk and making a fool of himself, nor because his behaviour was both uncouth and unchivalrous, but because he

was dark-skinned and the blonde girl, even under the strobe lights, stood out white as virgin snow. This was something Benjamin had never seriously thought about before - miscegenation - and he found himself wondering why not. If the Pakis weren't stopped there would be a great deal more of it, not only would they take over the entire country, they'd turn it into a sweltering brown mass of Oriental flesh.

Benjamin felt dizzy, he'd had quite a lot to drink by now himself. He wanted to go and lie down somewhere and think about the future: his future, the country's future, the white man's future. He had to get out of here, but he didn't want to just walk out on Tom; he had a gut feeling that if he stuck close to him, at least for tonight, he would not regret it: the guy was obviously loaded. As things turned out, he was right, in a financial sense he most definitely would not regret making the feisty Arab's acquaintance, but if he could have foreseen what would happen later that night, he would have turned tail and run out of the discotheque there and then.

Chapter Six

Benjamin walked over to a table at the side of the dance floor and sat down with his beer. He watched Tom jiggling away with a fat black girl. At least, it looked like he was dancing with her, but after about a minute, the girl turned away from him and began walking towards the bar. Tom walked up behind her and grabbed at her arm, but the girl shook him off, turned to him and said something indiscernible but obviously disapproving. The Lebanese shrugged, looked round for his companion, spotted him and walked over to Benjamin's table.

"Hey Ben baby, what you doin' sittin' here all alone?"

"What!" Benjamin shouted over the music.

Tom leaned over him and shouted in his ear, "You look pissed off!"

"It's too fuckin' loud!"

Tom grabbed him by the arm, pulled him to the wall and said,

"Let's get out of here and find somewhere else."

"Okay," said Ben.

As they left the discotheque, Tom said, "That blonde piece, whhhheewww! I'd sure like to fuck the arse off that."

"Yeah," said Ben, now growing tired of his new companion's constant harping on about sex.

"You want we should find some girls?"

"We did, but it didn't do us any good."

"No," said Tom, "I mean hookers."

"What, pros?"

"Yeah."

They were walking up Oxford Street now. Ben didn't like the idea of paying for sex. It wasn't the money that bothered him, it just didn't seem right. He hadn't met that many whores in his life, but the few that he had, had put him right off.

"Nah," he replied at length, "they're a bad scene, most of them won't even let you feel their tits."

"So who wants to feel their tits?" asked Tom making yet another obscene gesture which Benjamin noticed but ignored.

"I don't think it's a good idea, not with all this AIDS stuff."

"I tell you what I think's a good idea."

"What's that?" asked Benjamin, expecting more innuendo from the sewer-minded Arab. But Tom answered, "Food. Let's get some chicken."

"We've only just eaten," he said.

"Shucks, you can't have too much food just like you can't have too much sex." As he said this, he grabbed Benjamin by the arm and pulled him into the road. Benjamin shook him off, and the two of them darted across Oxford Street narrowly avoiding getting run down by a taxi.

Turning into Charing Cross Road, they spotted an all-night fried chicken joint and walked in. Benjamin looked up at the menu on the wall realising that although he hadn't long eaten he was every bit as hungry as his companion. There were three people in the queue in front of them: a tall and quite stunning long-haired blonde girl and her two companions: burly, suspicious-looking Negroes, both dressed in singlets and bedecked with gold. Benjamin eyed the blonde girl disapprovingly. This was something he hadn't really become aware of before, though he should have.

He didn't like the thought of his Arab companion screwing white women, and he certainly didn't like the idea of this angelic-looking creature going with these two.

"What you want, Ben baby?" asked Tom.

"Just chicken and chips, ta."

One of the Negroes looked at the blonde girl and they laughed, evidently at Tom. "Chicken and chips and..." Tom began, but the other Negro interrupted.

"Hey, join the fuckin' queue, man!" He pointed to the back of the shop as he did so.

"Sorry," said Tom, "thought you'd been served."

It would have ended there and then if the Negro hadn't wanted to have the last word. "Some people need to learn some fuckin' manners."

The blonde girl laughed, and suddenly Benjamin thought she wasn't half so attractive. He thought of the Neanderthal-like Negro pawing her, rolling her between linen sheets, and felt a shiver of disgust creep up his spine. He realised then however stunning she looked or may have at first seemed, that she was nothing but a white slag. What was she doing with these two? That was obvious, she'd probably take them both on at once. Evidently Tom had the same idea, unfortunately, unlike Benjamin, he didn't keep it to himself.

"Who needs manners when you screwin' hookers?" he said.

The Negro reeled on him and spat, "Whatchoo say?"

"Chicken an' chips, French fried, I say." Tom replied, but the Negro was having none of it.

"I said what did you say?" he raised his voice, and Benjamin knew there was going to be trouble. He grasped Tom by the arm and said,

"Hey man, maybe we better get out of here."

Tom shrugged him off, "No fuckin' problem, man." As he said this he put his left hand innocuously into his trouser pocket.

"I said what did you fuckin' say, man?!" the black screamed.

"Cool it, jigaboo, don't fuck with me," Tom replied in a laid back drawl. It was the wrong thing to say, the black went berserk, lunging at Tom, grabbing him by both lapels and screaming. The Lebanese had his measure though, and as his adversary went to

headbutt him in the face, he connected first, his right hand grabbing the black by the ear and his left drawing back.

There was a sickly crack of bone as the Lebanese shoved his beaten foe out of the way; as he did so, his left hand emerged from his pocket holding a knife which instantly flicked open. The white slag screamed and the other black moved towards him; Tom screamed too, "Don't fuck with me!"

Benjamin wondered what would happen next; they'd only come into this shop to get something to eat, one man had had his face bashed in and for all he knew, they might all end up dead. And for what? Just because people couldn't mind their manners. It was absurd.

"Hey man, let's get the fuck out of here."

Tom ignored him, "You want it too, jigaboo?"

The other black backed off; the white slag screamed again.

"Come on man, let's go," pleaded Benjamin. Tom's eyes blazed with anger as he backed off towards the door, but suddenly, the injured man who had been writhing on the floor in agony, leapt up and grabbed at his knife hand. His companion, who had been hesitating, jumped forward also, and the two of them would soon overpower the Lebanese; Benjamin had to make his move. Much as he wanted to turn and run, he bolted forward, kicked the wounded black in the crutch and made a full-blooded lunge at the other one.

The single staff member, an Oriental who had been standing open-mouthed behind the heavily barred counter all this time, ran into the kitchen to call the police. The black Tom had headbutted and Benjamin had kicked lay on the floor, writhing in agony, the two men had the measure of the other one and would have put him on the floor with his companion, but at this point, the white slag produced a knife out of nowhere and slashed out at Tom with it, screaming as she did so. Benjamin reacted instinctively, "Cunt!" he screamed, punching her in the face a mighty blow that sent her reeling back against the wall. Tom brought his knee up into the black's groin, pawing at his face with his right hand as he did so.

"Let's go!" shouted Benjamin. He dashed out into the street, Tom staggering out behind him. Benjamin ran as fast as his legs would carry him until a shout pulled him up sharp, "Ben baby, wait for me!"

Realising the Arab might have been hurt bad, he turned back to him. Tom caught up with him in the crowded street; he'd lost his knife and was bleeding profusely from the left cheek. "Let's get a taxi," he said.

"You all right?" asked Benjamin.

"Sure. Taxi!" he shouted.

Right on cue a taxi pulled up and the driver began rolling down his window. "Where to?" asked Benjamin.

"Tower Bridge Hotel," said Tom, struggling to remove a silk handkerchief from his trouser pocket and staunch the flow of blood. Benjamin repeated the address to the driver who nodded, and the two men climbed into the back seat.

As the doors closed, they sped off up Charing Cross Road deeper into the West End. "Press on it, that'll make it stop."

"It should be okay, Ben baby."

The driver turned around and said to Benjamin, "Is 'e bleedin', your mate?"

"Yes, but we've got it under control."

"Don't get blood on the seats; you shouldn't get a taxi if you're bleedin' like that, you should get an ambulance." Benjamin looked at Tom in dismay, his companion uttered an unprintable Arabic curse under his breath. "Strange people in this place," said Benjamin, "you get half murdered for jumping a queue and all some people can worry about is the state of their furniture."

"It's cool," said Tom, "cool. The night's not over yet."

"I hope you're not thinking of going back there."

"What, that jigaboo, nah man, my family would shit on scum like that."

Benjamin was more than a little surprised that a man whose skin was as dark as Tom's would resort quite so readily to racially abusive language. He wondered what would be his reaction if somebody called him a dirty A-rab, but decided that this was neither the time nor the place to ask.

"We have some fun yet, Ben baby," said Tom as Ben sat back in his seat. The Arab slapped Ben on the leg just above the knee and gave him a momentary squeeze, "We may not have found any chicks tonight, but I got some stuff in my room that'll make us both feel good." He winked, and Benjamin knew he was referring to drugs rather than alcohol.

When they arrived at the hotel, Tom paid the driver, and, holding his handkerchief up to his face said, "Listen, don't let anyone see you come in with me; go straight up to the fifth floor and I'll meet you up there."

"Sure," said Benjamin. He wondered why Tom didn't want them to be seen together, but didn't ask. It was now a shade on the cold side, and he shivered in the night air.

Tom noticed and said, "I freezin' my balls off too; I'll get them to send us up some coffee."

"Ta," he said, and walked in through the automatic doors straight towards the lift. He arrived on the fifth floor and waited for a good ten minutes. It was then that he realised not only did he not know Tom's room number, he didn't even know his proper name, nor could he be certain that he was staying in this hotel, but just as the thought entered his head that perhaps the Arab had played an elaborate joke on him, the lift bell sounded and he appeared with a plaster on his cheek.

As the doors closed behind him, he advanced on Benjamin with a sheepish grin and said, "See, no stitches required." He jangled his keys, and Benjamin followed him down the corridor to his room.

"What you got here that's gonna make us feel so good?" asked Benjamin, "Dope?"

"Dope and more, Ben baby, you wait till you have a snort."

Benjamin presumed that he meant cocaine, unless he was going to snort something else. For once in his life, he was right. The Lebanese opened the door, put his hand inside, flicked on the light and stood back gesturing to Benjamin for him to go first. He walked nervously into the five star hotel room; Tom looked around quickly then followed him in and shut the door behind him.

"Take a seat, Ben baby, I'll turn us on in a minute, you want another drink first?"

"Sure, but I've had quite a lot already."

"You ain't had nothin' yet, you like some coffee instead?"

"If it's not too much trouble."

Tom walked into the en suite bathroom, "Heck no, I just bought a new coffee pot, I'll make us some. Better than the shit they serve in this place."

Benjamin thought what a strange, Cosmopolitan character this guy was; his American accent combined with an almost Cockney slang plus an obvious disrespect for blacks seemed strangely inappropriate. He was tempted to broach the subject but thought it might be best not to. Tom obviously had a fiery temper, and if he hit a nerve, as Benjamin was sure he would, there could be trouble. He came back into the room with a coffee pot in one hand and a small packet of white powder in the other. "Take a seat, man," he said, nodding at the bed. Benjamin went over, sat on the bed, and felt a thrill of pleasure tingle down his spine.

"I ain't never taken coke before."

"You have used dope though, haven't you?"

"Of course," he replied truthfully, "but only now and then. It's expensive."

"Listen guy, you with your Uncle Tom now, he gonna show you what expensive means."

"The last stuff I used was called Leb'; I would've thought that was what you'd have."

"Nah, this is Colombian." As he spoke, Tom fiddled with the coffee pot; he'd put down the small packet, and was busy searching around the top drawer of his bedside cabinet for some coffee. He'd obviously sobered up a great deal in the past few minutes.

"That fuckin' nigger-cocksuckin' white bitch, she lucky I didn't fill her in."

"I did, remember?"

"Hey, nothin' personal, I like white bitches, honest, but fuckin' trash like that..."

"I know what you mean, some slags will go with anythin' in trousers."

"I ain't got nothin' against niggers either, it ain't their fault the way they're used. It's all in here."

As he said this he pulled out both a small jar of coffee and a slim book; he threw the book on the bed and carried on making the coffee, apparently losing his thread of thought. Benjamin picked up the book and glanced at the cover; it had a curious picture of a snake with a human head encircling the globe, and was called *The Protocols of the Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion*.

Benjamin would normally have been intensely curious about such a strange little book, but it was late and he was very tired, more

than a little drunk, and eagerly anticipating his first real fix. He flung it to one side and said to Tom, "It's all right using this stuff after drink, is it?"

"Sure."

"I don't wanna wake up in the morning dead."

Tom laughed, "You cool guy, you a riot." He turned, held out his hand Negro-fashion gesturing Benjamin to do the same, then slapped his hand down on his, "Cha!"

They sat drinking coffee for twenty minutes, talking about trivialities, then Tom said, "This is where I turn us on, guy." He opened the packet and lined up three small mounds of the stuff on the back of his clenched fist. "Like this, see?" he sniffed three times in quick succession, and the white powder disappeared up his nose. "Now your turn."

Benjamin took a pinch and emulated him; it rasped through his nostrils, irritating the delicate tissue making him want to sneeze.

"That good?"

Benjamin felt the room spin and heard Tom's voice as though from afar; he wasn't sure if it was the cocaine, the drink, both, a reaction to a night of action or something else. He held out his hand for more. "Good, huh?" said Tom, "me first."

Chapter Seven

What happened next Benjamin wasn't sure; the bedside lamp was sprawled across the table, he was sprawled across the bed, lying on his back, and there was a strange sound coming from the bathroom. He opened his eyes wearily, held up his watch and read the time; it was nearly four o'clock, presumably in the morning. For a few seconds he became disoriented, almost afraid, then he realised where he was, and traced back the chain of events that had led him here. He realised that the sound he could hear must be his companion pissing, and as he did so, Tom walked back into the bedroom zipping up his fly.

He looked down at Benjamin where he lay on the bed, "Good huh?"

“What happened?”

“You blow your fuckin' brains out, man, that stuff is something else. Pity we never did find those whores, still, more than one way to skin a cat.” Benjamin wondered what he meant but he was too drained to even sit up. “What do you mean?”

Nothin', we just gonna have some fun, that's all.”

“No man, I don't want no more of that stuff,” Benjamin said, misunderstanding.

“No, not that, something better.”

“What?”

“Hey Ben baby, be cool.” Tom touched his leg and suddenly Benjamin knew what he meant; he shrank in horror and revulsion. “Wha...”

“Be cool Ben baby, I can do it both ways.”

Benjamin sprang up off the bed, “I have to go,” he said, confused and frightened now as well as horrified and revolted.

“Hey, you can't go yet.” Tom stood up too and advanced on him, “Come on, me first, then you can do it to me.”

“I can't believe I'm hearing this,” he said.

“Of course you are, don't tell me you never done it.”

“Not with a bloke, I'm not fucking queer.”

“Me neither, but when the cat's away the mice can still have fun.”

Benjamin had heard of mixed metaphors before and assumed this was some sort of oblique reference to a pussy. Tom had used the word several times the previous evening. For himself, Benjamin preferred the word cunt. Whatever, he didn't want this to go any further, and looked around for his jacket. “I'm going,” he said.

“Hey, Ben baby, don't lose your head, be cool.” He reached out and touched Benjamin gently on the arm, “Take your fucking hand off me!” Benjamin shook off the Arab's clammy touch and bent down to pick up his jacket. As he did so, the Lebanese chopped him across the back of the neck inexpertly but with great force.

He fell to his knees clutching the back of his neck, and Tom stood over him, grasped him under the armpits, looping his hands up and clasping his hands behind his neck. Pulling himself upright he threw Benjamin towards the bed and threw himself down on top of him, “Just keep cool, Ben baby,” he said, “you'll like being fucked like a dog.”

However much drink and drugs Benjamin had consumed, their effects had now totally worn off, and he had no intention of allowing anyone screw his arsehole, least of all a clammy, foul-mouthed Arab. He was not a particularly strong person, but he was three inches taller than his adversary, and although he had always been a drinker, his body had not been abused by drugs and too much good living like Tom's.

The Arab still held Benjamin from behind, but the bigger man threw back his head and forced his arms forward. As they struggled, he made contact with the bedside lamp and brought it crashing to the ground. The room was now in darkness save for a chink of light which showed through the bathroom door where Tom had left the light on, and a gently rising glow from behind the curtains as daybreak approached. Benjamin gritted his teeth and tried to roll over. The Arab still urged him to "be cool" but there was no way he would do that; not only had the guy tried to bugger him, he'd attacked him from behind. He could well end up like one of those poor young women he read about almost every week, attacked, sexually abused and murdered for no better reason than to give some little creep like this an orgasm.

Suddenly, a thought entered Benjamin's head, one which should have occurred to him before. "Murder!" he shouted at the top of his voice. The idea was that it would bring help running, whether it did or not remained to be seen, but it had an immediate effect on the Lebanese; he released Benjamin at once, climbed up off the bed and urged, "For fuck sake Ben baby, keep your voice down."

As he said this, he flicked on the light and walked calmly over to the wardrobe which was adjacent to the door. Benjamin was not the melodramatic sort, but at this point another thought entered his head. For him to have two thoughts in the space of less than a minute really was rather unusual. He raced towards the Arab and, as he opened the wardrobe door, chopped him in the kidneys with a vicious rabbit punch. Tom gasped, fell to his knees and clasped his side. Benjamin pulled open the wardrobe door and, sure enough, on the shelf inside at a little below eye level was the gun. Benjamin had used a gun before, but only an air pistol and not for many years. One of his first run-ins with the law had involved him and another kid taking potshots at cars off a motorway bridge with an air gun. This had been a very serious offence, and it had

only been his young age and the fact that his companion had been considerably older that had saved him from anything more serious than a supervision order.

He took the gun out of the wardrobe, pointed it at the Arab and said, "What the fuck are you, some kind of terrorist?"

Tom, who was still on his knees, looked up through eyes distorted with pain and said, "Cool it Ben, you don't know what you're getting into."

"Too fucking right, I don't." Saying this, he pulled the trigger and watched as a loud crack sounded followed by an ugly stain of blood which emerged where the Arab's right eye had been. His body quivered then fell sideways from the force of the bullet.

Benjamin stood holding the gun for half a minute then walked over to the bed, sat down, placed it at his side and, as the drink and drug-induced dizziness returned, lay back on the bed, closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Chapter Eight

The phone rang, and Benjamin opened his eyes; suddenly he was sitting bolt upright on the bed and staring at the corpse on the floor on the other side of the room. The phone rang again, and he hesitated briefly before reaching out and lifting it off the receiver. He nearly spoke into it, then remembered that this was not his room and that he had just killed a man. Opening his mouth in a yawn he grunted into the phone. A voice with a strong Scottish accent came on the line, "Mr Ahmed, your alarm call, sir."

"Ahh," said Benjamin.

"It's eight o'clock, sir. Would you like breakfast in your room?"

Benjamin did his best to imitate the dead man's thick American accent, "Nah, uh, give me half an hour please. I don't wanna be disturbed."

"Very good, sir, I'll see to that."

The line went dead, and Benjamin put the phone down, stood up, walked over to the corpse and blinked at it in amazement. He hadn't killed him, surely, but he had.

He remembered everything clearly now. He walked over to the door, turned the key in the lock, then walked into the bathroom, his stomach turning over and over. Under his breath he counted up to ten, then up to ten again; he had to stay calm; if he didn't, he would be in big trouble.

The first thing he did was to fill the washbasin with water, strip off and wash and tidy himself up. When he'd done that he was surprised at how calm he felt inside. He looked down at the corpse, then, having formulated a plan of action, took out his handkerchief and meticulously rubbed down all the furniture, the cups, coffee pot and everything he remembered touching or thought he might have touched. He bent over the corpse which lay staring up at the ceiling with its solitary eye, a look of surprise on its face. There was surprisingly little blood, and as obviously no one had heard the shot which had rung out some four hours earlier, his luck had held this far.

He picked up the gun, flicked it open, counted the shells and thrust it down the front of his trousers. He wondered how the hell this guy had got hold of a gun; obviously he couldn't have brought it into the country with him; perhaps he was a terrorist. The idea sounded plausible enough, he'd certainly had a lot of money. Anyway, he was one dead terrorist now. The phone rang again, and Benjamin nearly jumped out of his skin for the second time. Obviously he wasn't as calm, cool and collected as he was beginning to think he was. He'd told reception he didn't want any calls, he'd have to be careful. He thought about ignoring it, but decided against it.

"Yes," he said.

"Is that Mr Ahmed," said a Cockney accent.

"Yeah."

"This is Mr Bracewell."

Now he was in trouble, he was supposed to know this guy; why on Earth hadn't he just cleaned up and cleaned out?

"Hello, Mr Bracewell."

"I've got the money."

Benjamin felt his heart miss a beat, what did he say now?

"All of it?" he found himself asking.

"Yes, all of it. I'm alone. I can be there in ten minutes."

"Ten?" asked Benjamin.

"Is that convenient?"

"Fine."

"I'll come up to your room then. My colleague Mr Trent couldn't make it, but he told me he'd met you last month and there would be no problems."

"That's right," said Benjamin, "no problems."

"See you in ten minutes then." The phone went dead. Benjamin thought to himself he had less than ten minutes to get out of here, and even that might be too late. What if the guy on the phone had known he hadn't been talking to Tom?

He put his hand on the gun and squeezed it reassuringly, then he walked over to the wardrobe and fished around in the bottom of it, there was something not quite right about this whole set up. Benjamin couldn't put his finger on it, but he thought it must have something to do with the drugs they'd been taking in the small hours. He wasn't wrong, at the bottom of the wardrobe was a pile of dirty laundry, and underneath that was something else. Thrusting the door wide open he pulled out the clothing and dumped it on the floor. What he saw next made his eyes pop, for there, in the bottom of the wardrobe, was a pile of plastic bags filled with a fine white powder. There must be four or five kilos of it, he realised. He'd just snuffed a cocaine baron, and in less than ten minutes, someone would be knocking on his door to pick up the drop, and with him he'd have a suitcase full of money.

There was a gentle tap on the door and Benjamin, who had just dragged Tom's body into the bathroom, dashed back into the bedroom, looked down at the bloodstained carpet and, crossing to the bed, tore back the cover and threw it down in a heap. Taking out the gun, he held it to his chest, walked over to the door and said in as muffled a voice as he could, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Mr Bracewell," came a voice. Benjamin couldn't be quite sure but it sounded more or less like the voice he'd heard over the phone. Unlocking the door he pulled it ajar, eyed his visitor suspiciously and, seeing that he was alone, nodded to him to come in.

Sure enough, the man had a case with him, but it was a briefcase rather than a suitcase. He was wearing a pork pie hat, sported a small goatee beard and underneath his thin raincoat he wore a smart black suit. He was also as black as the ace of spades.

Benjamin shut the door behind him and held the gun where the man could see it. Standing in the middle of the room, Bracewell turned, saw the gun and for a second, looked distinctly nervous. Benjamin looked down at it then thrust it back into the top of his trousers. "You can't be too careful," he said.

"Quite," said Bracewell in his Cockney accent. Benjamin had heard a lot about black criminals, both pimps and pushers. They were supposed to confirm to a certain stereotype, so if he'd known his caller to be a black man he'd have expected him to be wearing jeans, lots of gold, shades perhaps, and to speak if not "black English", then with a street syntax. He couldn't imagine this guy saying "Man" or calling the police pigs; if it weren't for the colour of his skin and slightly Negroid features, he would pass for an English gentleman. Apart from his Cockney accent.

As Benjamin closed and locked the door he walked over to the bed and gestured to Bracewell to put the briefcase down on it. "Did your friend in the embassy have any trouble with customs?" Bracewell asked. He appeared not the slightest bit suspicious about Benjamin, even though the latter was obviously not an Arab.

Benjamin smiled, "No more than usual." So that was how the stuff came in. He was tempted to ask which embassy but realised that would be a foolish question indeed.

Nevertheless, Bracewell decided to answer it for him. "Rather him than me, they don't mess about those Arabs. Have you ever been to Riyadh?"

"Of course," said Benjamin, wondering where the fuck that was; somewhere in Arabia he presumed.

"I was there last year," said Bracewell, "it's a Godforsaken place." Then, realising he'd come here to do a deal rather than make small talk he said, "You have all the stuff here?"

Benjamin pulled back the pillow, took out a bag of white powder and handed it to his unwary visitor.

Bracewell's eyes lit up at the sight of it; he took it from Benjamin's outstretched hand and held it up to his nose, sniffing it, rather inexpertly Benjamin thought. Bracewell gestured to the briefcase, "It's all there, you'd better count it." Benjamin's face fell, he knew what he had to do now, and although he was inwardly calm, he was not looking forward to it.

"The rest of the stuff is in the bathroom," he said, "I'll show you." The fact that he was about to kill a man, the second in quick succession, didn't seem to matter to Benjamin any more. Less than five hours earlier he had killed one man, shot him through the head in cold blood; they could only lock him up for life, so what did another one matter?

Bracewell followed Benjamin to the bathroom, and as he pushed the door open and gestured him to enter first, the black man smiled and walked in. As he did so, Benjamin flicked the bathroom light on; Bracewell pulled up sharp as he saw the figure slumped in the bath, its one eye staring up at the ceiling. He turned and looked at Benjamin in horror, "Jesus Christ man, who's that?"

"That's the man you came to see," said Benjamin levelling the gun at him.

"No man, you ca..." A shot rang out and Bracewell was flung backwards by the force of the bullet. It shattered his breastbone, and he was dead before he hit the floor.

Benjamin thrust the gun back down the front of his trousers and walked over to the dead man's briefcase. He opened it, turned it upside down, and eight large bundles of ten pound notes fell out. He stood staring at it for a full half minute, then swallowed hard. He'd solved the problem of raising money for his terror campaign against the Pakis; the idea of robbing building societies, betting shops or supermarkets had never appealed to him much, but neither had the thought of cold-blooded murder, and that was what he'd just done, killed two men in cold blood, one of whom had done him no harm whatsoever. On the other hand, these guys had been drug dealers. Benjamin had used the odd bit of dope now and then, but cocaine, heroin, crack, things like that were a bad scene, they destroyed people's lives, including young kids', so, he rationalised, he'd done the world a favour by rubbing out these two.

That might have been the way he saw it, but he realised that the authorities would not be quite so understanding. He had to get out of here with his haul and fast, but that didn't mean he had to rush. Again he went over the room meticulously dusting down everything he'd touched or might have touched, with his handkerchief, then he went into the bathroom, took one last look at the dead men, and spat on the Arab's corpse.

He split open the bags of cocaine, poured them into the sink and ran the taps on the white powder. Then he went back into the bedroom and began foraging through the Arab's personal belongings. There was an American passport in the name Ahmed, and a United Nations passport. Benjamin wasn't sure which was genuine, for all he knew they might both be fakes or both be the real thing. In the top drawer of the dressing table he made a curious find: two books. The first was *Mein Kampf* written by none other than Adolf Hitler; the second was a slim little pamphlet with the strange title *The Protocols of the Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion*. He shook his head. Tom had shown him this the previous night, or one like it. He couldn't quite remember, he'd been so stoned. Apparently the pamphlet was a translation; thinking it might be something to do with the United Nations or perhaps the diplomatic service, Benjamin thrust it into his pocket.

He left behind the copy of *Mein Kampf* wondering why an Arab should be interested in Hitler. Benjamin didn't know much about Hitler, but he did know that he'd regarded whites, particularly Germans as the Master Race. Every black or non-white he'd ever spoken to had hated Hitler, that was what he'd thought anyway, and really he couldn't blame them, the guy was over the top, especially the terrible way he'd treated the Jews, shoved them all in the gas chambers. He thought of a sick joke he'd heard a while back from one of his Nationalist Party cronies, and laughed in spite of himself. 'What's the difference between a Jew and a pizza? A pizza doesn't scream when you put it in the oven.'

Ten minutes later he walked out of the room with Mr Bracewell's briefcase under his arm and closed and locked the door behind him. He walked down two flights of stairs, then took the lift to the ground floor. The hotel was buzzing, a crowd of at least fifty Japanese tourists were jabbering noisily in the lobby, and Benjamin had no trouble slipping out unnoticed. He walked up Tower Bridge, round to the Underground Station and caught a train straight back to Earls Court.

Chapter Nine

The first thing Benjamin did when he got back to his bedsit was lock the door behind him, hide the gun in the bottom of his wardrobe and count the money; it came to eighty thousand pounds. He sat back, stared at the ceiling and drew a deep breath. He was rich! Strangely, that was the only thing he could think of; the fact that he'd killed two men in order to get it hardly crossed his mind.

He split the money up and hid it in three places then, taking a hundred pounds went out for a meal. For a man who had never been one of life's great thinkers, Benjamin was becoming extremely reflective of late. He decided over a pizza and salad that he would have to be. If they caught him now he would be for the high jump, they'd lock him up and throw away the key. He had to be ultra-careful, that meant no more drink, no getting into fights and no wild living. He would tidy himself up, buy himself a new suit, certainly he could afford it, then he would put together his army of white warriors to rid Britain of its Paki invaders.

The very first thing he would have to do though would be to get rid of the gun. Now that he had actually taken human life, Benjamin realised it was no big deal. He could do it just like that - he snapped a match he'd picked up from the table ash tray to illustrate just how easy it had been. It would be even easier the next time. The gun would undoubtedly come in useful when he started killing Pakis, that was what he would have to do, kill them; burning down their shops wouldn't be good enough, they'd just claim the money back off the insurance and start again. No, he had to wipe them out. When he and his warriors had done a few dozen, a few hundred maybe, then perhaps they'd get the message, but in the first instance, blood would have to be spilled, a lot of it.

He wanted to keep the gun, but he realised that it could be traced. If he were caught with it on him on a routine police stop and search, or for any reason, they would be able to tell within a matter of days that it had been used in the killings at the Tower Hotel. The gun would have to be dumped. Then his thoughts turned to the Arab and the black; he'd killed Tom because the guy

was a dirty queer, well, a bi-sexual anyway. Not that Benjamin had anything against queers, he realised that most of them couldn't help it, and he certainly didn't believe any of the anti-queer mythology about them molesting kids. But they did spread AIDS, and he did find the very thought of homosexuality repulsive, never mind the actual act. He'd blasted Tom because he'd tried to bugger him, usually it was women who were raped; under the circumstances he would not have condemned any woman for doing the same thing. And it was worse for a man. True, the guy hadn't actually done anything, but he'd tried to, that was bad enough, so he deserved to have his fucking brains blown out.

Then he thought of Bracewell, he couldn't help but feel sorry for that poor bastard. Benjamin generally got on okay with niggers, he certainly wasn't against them the same way he was against Pakis. Too bad though, Bracewell, or whatever his name was, had been in the wrong place at the wrong time. And, thought Benjamin, he was a drug dealer after all. Drug dealers were executed in some countries, certainly both his victims would have received hefty prison sentences.

He had another thought, as soon as he'd got rid of the gun, he'd make an anonymous phone call to the police and claim responsibility for the double execution of the two drug dealers and enemies of the white race. That would not only throw them off the track, it would put the shits up the Pakis, give them food for thought. He'd have to get another gun soon, in fact both he and his team would have to change weapons after every hit, but no matter, he had eighty grand in the kitty now, and there would be a lot more from the same place that came from.

When he'd finished his pizza he resisted the temptation to go to the pub, went back to his bedsit and thought about how he would dispose of the gun. He also had another problem: the money. This was the sort of problem Benjamin hoped he would have more often, but he had to be equally careful with the money as with the gun. He couldn't just walk into a bank and open an account with eighty grand, that would be suicidal. What he would do was open three or four building society accounts, each for two or three grand then pay in the rest over a couple of weeks. That way he should avert all suspicion; he decided to stay in the capital for the next few days doing just that then to return home to Selton. And

that, with a couple of minor embellishments, was exactly what he did.

Chapter Ten

Benjamin disposed of the gun the following afternoon. Placing it in a carrier bag, he took the Underground to Putney and threw it into the middle of the Thames when he was crossing the bridge. Because he didn't have a TV set or a radio he was unaware of any developments at the Tower Hotel. Surely the two bodies must have been found by now? It wasn't until the late edition of the evening paper that he first saw any mention of the double murder in the press. When he did, he was rather disappointed because it took up only a small filler paragraph on page two. There was a reason for this though, there had been yet another major IRA outrage in Northern Ireland, and the attention of all British politicians and the mainstream of the British media had been focused squarely on the Province for the past few days.

The morning after he'd disposed of the gun, there was at last a decent write-up in the press. One paper carried the heading *Gangland Killing in London Hotel* while another said simply *Drug Smugglers Shot Dead*. There was no mention of either a possible personal motive or a racial one. The articles merely suggested that the two men whose bodies had been found at the hotel had been rubbed out by a professional hit man.

Benjamin gave a self-satisfied grin, made for the nearest phone box and dialled the number of a solicitor's office he'd culled from a visit to the library. He would be spending a lot more time in libraries from now on, he thought. "Mannering and Goss," said the voice on the other end of the line.

Benjamin smothered his mouth with a handkerchief before replying,

"Can I speak to Mr Mannering, please."

"I'm afraid Mr Mannering's not available at the moment."

"Mr Goss then."

"Who's calling?"

"I need to speak to a solicitor, I'm making a will."

"One moment please."

The line went dead for a few seconds then a voice came on the other end, **"Charles Goss."**

"Hello Mr Goss, you don't know me, my name is White."

"What can I do for you, Mr White?"

"You can tell the police that the White Warriors claim responsibility for the execution of the two drug dealers found at the Tower Hotel on Tuesday."

The solicitor did not reply so Benjamin asked, **"Did you hear me, Mr Goss?"**

"I heard you."

"This is no joke, Mr Goss. This execution is the first of many; we will wipe out the invaders who have taken over our country and the lowlife who are peddling death and destruction to our children."

"If this is some sort of joke..."

"We don't joke, Mr Goss. Tell the police the Arab was shot through the eye and that he was wearing a black and green striped tie. That will establish our credentials. Do you understand, Mr Goss?"

"I understand."

"You'll be hearing from us again."

Benjamin put the phone down; he had no intention of phoning this particular solicitor again, but there were plenty of others. He had thought of phoning a newspaper or the police but decided that either course of action would be too risky. In fact, phoning the police would be suicidal; they would definitely be taping the conversation, they probably taped all conversations, they might even have some kind of futuristic device that could instantly trace the call. Next time he visited the library he would take out several books on the police and study both their methodology and their technology. He couldn't afford to make any mistakes, especially if he were to recruit other people.

Chapter Eleven

Benjamin returned to Selton and lay low for the best part of a fortnight. Every morning he went to the library and studied books on the police, guerrilla warfare, psychology, and a number of related subjects. He borrowed a lot of books too and read voraciously every evening. As well as books, he studied the press for any further mention of the Tower Hotel murders, but there was none. He wondered if the solicitor had contacted the police, perhaps he'd thought it was a hoax call. He doubted that, all the same, he considered contacting another solicitor, but after giving the matter more thought he decided against it. The important things now were to get himself in shape, and start looking around for his hit team. He'd have to recruit them in London or maybe Manchester or Liverpool, it would be far too risky to do what he intended to do on his home turf.

He bought himself a new tracksuit, and every evening he ran with a dumbbell in each hand for, first one mile, then two, then three. He hated every minute of it, but he was surprised at just how quickly he built up his stamina. Then he decided that as he had received no publicity for the claimed execution of the two drug dealers, it would best for him to take out a few Pakis. He figured this would make recruiting his hit squad easier. For the next couple of days he sat at home reading, thinking, brooding. At length he decided he would have to make another trip up to London; he had considered one or two other places, but the capital was so large and the transport system so good that he could vanish into thin air within a few minutes of carrying out a hit. He had no transport at present, in fact, he couldn't even drive, perhaps he should learn, it wasn't as if he couldn't afford lessons, not now.

The next day he drew some money from one of his building society accounts and went along to a local driving school. He booked a series of lessons, an hour and a half a day six days in a row. When he'd made a start on this, he would take the train back up to London, spend a day scouting round one of its Paki areas, then hit them, and hit them hard.

Though Benjamin had become a voracious reader he had not made any serious effort as yet to study the ideology of race. He realised there were a great many books on the subject, and that organisations like the Nationalist Party sold these, but he was not really bothered with the ideological aspect at all. He'd heard Fronters talking here and there about how the Pakis were swamping the country, how the niggers were mugging little old white ladies, how niggers had small brains, and things like that, but he had no time for such rationalisations. The only thing he knew was that his country had been taken over by the alien hordes from the sub-continent, and he intended to do something about it. A few Tory politicians had been talking about it for years, so had the NP, but when it came down to brass tacks, none of them had actually done anything. Well, he was a doer, not a talker, and if necessary, he would set the streets of Britain aflame. Whatever had to be done to drive out the curry-eating invaders, he, Benjamin Catesby would do, even if it cost him his own life.

The evening before his planned trip to London, his sister visited him. Normally she didn't take much notice of how he spent his time, but this time she seemed intensely interested. "You're looking good, Ben," said Sheila.

"Yeah, I feel good."

"Mr Ashton told me he'd seen you jogging in the park."

"I don't jog, women jog, I run."

"Yes, of course," Sheila looked at the pile of books on the table and commented, "Studying something?"

"Yeah, well, just thought I'd do some reading."

"I was thinking, why don't you go to college?"

Benjamin sighed, he knew what was coming next. "Maybe I will," he said, but it's gonna take a lot, I have difficulty concentrating."

Sheila sighed and embraced her brother. "Oh Benny, everyone always tells me that you're no good, a waster, but I know you're not. I know that one day you'll prove them all wrong. You do try Benjamin, really you do. Our Dad'll be proud of you one day."

"You think so, Sheila?" he asked.

"Of course, I expect he's watching you right now, looking down from his cloud somewhere."

Benjamin wasn't a great believer in the supernatural, but he did believe in God, though he wasn't sure if he believed in Heaven.

One thing he was sure of though, if his father were watching over him now, he wouldn't be sitting on any cloud. He'd never really got on with his Dad; the old man could be a right bastard at times. Even though he'd left his only son well provided for, Benjamin was certain he'd be burning in Hell (wherever that was) rather than playing the harp in Heaven. Very soon he'd have half a dozen Pakis for company, he Benjamin was going to rub at least that many out. But things didn't turn out quite the way he'd planned.

Chapter Twelve

He left for London bright and early and went back to the same place in Earls Court where he had no trouble renting another room, although for a slightly higher rent, from another Lebanese landlord! This time he decided he'd take the room for three months; paying a month's rent in advance, he spun the landlord a cock and bull story about having business interests down on the south coast. As before, he decided not to do anything much on his first day in town, but rather than visit a pub this time, he thought he'd cruise around on the Underground sussing out one or two good places to hit the Pakis. He'd heard they were thick on the ground in Ealing, so that was where he headed for.

Ealing was infested with them all right, but he hadn't been prepared for Southall a couple of miles to the west. It looked more like the Punjab than England, not only did they own practically every shop, but they outnumbered the whites. Benjamin had never seen anything like it; by the time he got back to his bedsit at ten o'clock, he realised it would take a great deal more than blowing away even half a dozen of them. Before he could contemplate anything of that nature though he would have to be properly mobile, he couldn't carry out a hit of that size and escape in a taxi. He felt depressed, he'd have to go back to Selton, finish off his driving lessons, buy a car then come back here. Realistically that would take at least a month; the alternative would be to carry out one or two smaller hits, but still he didn't like the idea of doing anything like that without his own transport. And the more he

thought of it, the more it made sense to wait until he was properly mobile.

What would he do in the meantime? Well, for a start, there was no reason he had to go back to Selton; he could learn to drive here, in fact it would be better if he were to learn to drive here. Secondly, he would have to plan this whole operation in a lot more detail. Even the best laid plans of mice and men could and did go astray; the future was inherently unpredictable and unknowable; he'd read that in a book on quantum physics. He was angry at himself for not thinking of all this sooner, but decided that it was better late than never.

He sat in the armchair fingering the gun; his old man had been a bit of a gun buff, and Benjamin still had another pistol after this one had gone. Sheila had sold their father's rifles after he'd died, but she had either forgotten or not known about the handguns. Benjamin had never used them before, and didn't want to use them now, he'd rather procure new ones, but nobody knew about them, and they couldn't be traced, so he might as well use them; he'd need both of them and a couple of dozen more if things went according to plan. He'd once asked his father where he'd got them; he hadn't got them from the army, that was for sure. George Catesby had replied only that if you had the right connections there was nothing you couldn't get in this country. He hoped his late father was right; he'd have to start making the right connections soon, maybe with disaffected Nationalist Party members who were tired of sitting around in their watering holes and were prepared to do something in order to liberate their country.

Suddenly Benjamin felt ravenously hungry. He looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly midnight - where had the time gone? Had he really spent that long walking the streets of Ealing and Southall? As it was his first day back he hadn't done any shopping either. Hiding the gun in the bathroom, this time in a waterproof bag in the cistern, he took a ten pound note off his wad, hid the rest under the mattress, and went out to get himself some deep fried chicken. He hoped that this time there wouldn't be any aggro between him and some nigger and his white slag. There hadn't been last time, he thought, that had been the fault of that crazy Lebanese. The guy hadn't just been crazy though, he'd been

fucking perverted, and a drug dealer. The more Benjamin thought about Tom, the less he regretted killing him. The guy had been a real lowlife in spite of his Harvard education.

He left the bedsit and made tracks for the nearest takeaway. When he got there he ordered chicken, chips, barbecue beans and a can of coke from the curious looking Oriental who served him from behind a reinforced grill. Every time he went out at night it was the same, there were bars and grills everywhere, people were terrified, even in Selton. It was the Pakis who were responsible. No, it wasn't the Pakis who did the mugging, it was the niggers, everybody knew that, by and large Pakis were law-abiding, but as they owned all the fucking shops they had good reason to be.

He sat on a bench tucking into his late supper with relish when a group of three youths passed by; he looked up but seeing they were white, he didn't give them a second glance. Letting out a loud burp as he finished off the last of the coke and began gnawing into the chicken leg, he leaned forward on the seat and, just as the blow came, caught something out of the corner of his eye which made him start. The bottle caught him a glancing blow on the shoulder, but didn't do any real damage.

"Get 'im, John!" cried one of the figures. It was the three white youths who had passed by a minute or so ago. Benjamin reeled backwards as all three came towards him. "'Ey mate, give us yer fuckin' money," said the small, ferret-faced one at the front.

"Yeah, give us yer money."

"I ain't got none," said Benjamin.

"Give us yer money, you arsehole."

"Yeah, or we'll do yer."

Although he always suffered from strange sensations in his stomach whenever he was in trouble, one thing Benjamin did not lack was courage. Lately, in addition to his running he'd been doing a little martial arts, though he was a long way from even yellow belt standard. All the same, he felt supremely confident about handling himself against common or garden street thugs, but three against one was pushing it.

"Give us yer money, mate, save the trouble."

"You want my money," he said projecting rather more confidence than he felt, "why don't you come and take it?" The response of the ferret-faced youth was to take out a knife, it was a big one too,

a Bowie knife or something; he had to be mad to carry that sort of thing around, Benjamin thought. The three advanced on him, he should have turned and run, he'd had his chance when they'd missed his head with the bottle, but he wasn't going to back down and lose face against this lot; in a few days or weeks time at the most he would be ridding this country of its unwanted curry-eating invaders, so he was hardly going to allow three lowlifes like this to put him off a bit of aggro, even if they were white.

The little runt came forward again, the other two, who weren't that much bigger, standing a foot or so behind him. "I'll cut your fuckin' 'ead off," said the runt, pulling as nasty a face as he could manage. Obviously he misread Benjamin's apprehension for fear, not that Benjamin wasn't afraid, he was shitting himself, but it was not that kind of fear, and they were all taken off-guard when he screamed, lunged forward and grabbed at the runt's knife hand.

"Aaaahhh!" he cried, grasping the thin wrist with one hand and trying to wrench the big knife from it with the other. "Get 'im, he's fuckin' crazy!" yelled the youth with the knife as soon as he realised what was happening. Benjamin brought his knee up into his groin and nuted him in the face as hard as he could; the youth screamed in pain, but the other two were behind him now, one managed to grasp him around the neck while the other took a wild swing at his face.

It may have been that Benjamin's sudden devotion to keeping fit had paid off, but it was more likely that this scrawny bunch of juveniles had bit of more than they could chew, though considering it was three against one, he put up a very good show. However, the weight of numbers proved too great, and eventually they wrestled him to the ground and began kicking the shit out of him. He would have taken a lot more punishment than he did if a middle aged black man hadn't been walking by on the other side of the road and shouted across to them. "Hey you, leave 'im or I call de police!"

The youths looked round, one took a final kick at Benjamin as he lay on the ground, and they all three ran off, although the one Benjamin had smashed lagged some way behind the other two. The man walked over to Benjamin where he lay on the ground and asked him if he was all right. "Yeah, fine," he replied, scrambling to his feet.

"You better go to de hospital, you's bleedin'." He pointed down at Benjamin's leg; his trousers were torn at the knee and blood was pouring profusely from the wound. "Yeah, I will, ta," he said. He hadn't noticed the cut, he still couldn't feel it.

"You want me to call de police?" the man asked helpfully.

"No, that's fine, thanks a lot," Benjamin replied.

"Fuckin' yobbos," the man said, and walked off. Benjamin walked over to the seat where he'd been eating his chicken, sat down and inspected his knee. The man was right, he'd better get to a hospital before he bled to death.

Chapter Thirteen

Benjamin tried to flag down a taxi but two drivers refused to carry him, one claimed that he'd get blood all over the cab, the other didn't even bother to give this lame excuse, he simply drove off. Eventually he managed to get a lift off a police car. The officer he flagged down was driving by himself and looked thoroughly bored. He asked Benjamin if he'd been mugged, but although he should have reported the crime, Benjamin said instead that he'd fallen down the stairs in the dark. "Fuckin' landlord won't put a bulb in, he's so tight," he said.

"Paki is he?" asked the policeman.

"Yeah. Well, Lebanese."

"All the same, these wogs. I don't know why they don't fuck off back to their own country; they know they're not wanted here, but they still keep coming in, and the government still keeps letting them in."

Benjamin eyed the officer momentarily, and a curious thought came into his head. No! He couldn't even think about that; he'd met enough policemen in his time to know that however plausible they were, they were not to be trusted. They'd shop their own grandmothers, some of them. The only type they looked after was their own.

"I don't suppose there's anything the government can do," Benjamin agreed sympathetically.

“Well, somebody's doin' somethin', that's for sure. A while back somebody knocked off a couple of them in a hotel.”

Benjamin felt his pulse race, “What was that?” he asked cautiously.

“Well, I don't know how true it is, but it's all over the Met. All over every force in the country. Somebody snuffed out a spade and some Arab, I think he was a Lebanese like your landlord, then made a phone call to a solicitor claiming that the White Warriors had done them in for peddling drugs.”

“White Warriors?” Benjamin asked, trying to sound incredulous.

“That's what I heard.”

“I didn't see nothing about that in the papers.”

“I should think not; the top brass are running scared, so is the government. They've ordered a press black out in case it encourages copycat killers. Chance would be a fine thing,” he added.

“Perhaps they'll start with my landlord,” Benjamin laughed good-humouredly as they arrived at the hospital.

“Here we are, sir. Don't tell anyone I told you that, mind.”

“No right, mum's the word. Thanks a lot,” he said, as he climbed out of the car, “you're a real gentleman.”

He found the casualty department at the hospital, and after the Jamaican night nurse had made a quick assessment of his injury, he was directed to a row of seats. “It will be all right, won't it?” he said suddenly apprehensive as he began to feel a dull throbbing in his knee for the first time.

“You'll live,” said the nurse in perfect English and smiled, “but it'll need a few stitches. It's nothing to worry about.”

“I wasn't worried.”

She smiled again, “I'll give you a piece of clean cloth until the doctor arrives. We're very busy at the moment.” She went away and returned with a piece of gauze soaked in antiseptic. “Roll your trouser leg up please.” Benjamin obeyed. “This will sting,” she said. It did, but as she applied the cloth to the open wound he gritted his teeth in relief. It would probably require five or six stitches but although the cut was deep, it was nothing to worry about; it had already stopped bleeding.

When the nurse had finished cleaning the wound, she left him holding the gauze and said, “The doctor will be here soon.”

Soon proved to be half an hour, but as the man in the next cubicle had had his throat cut, Benjamin felt it would be churlish to complain. At last the nurse called his name and led him into a cubicle where the doctor awaited him. He was a Pakistani. "This is Mr Catesby, Dr Khan; he's gashed his leg."

"Thank you, Nurse."

The nurse left Benjamin with the alien who smiled and told him to sit down. Benjamin was nonplussed; this was the ultimate irony.

"Right young man, let's have a look at you." He inspected the gash as Benjamin pulled up his trouser leg further. "Tch, tch," he said, "Well, it looks a lot more serious than it actually is. Have you ever had stitches before?"

"Yeah," said Benjamin.

"Does it hurt, apart from the swab?"

"Yeah, a bit. It's throbbing."

"I'd better give you something to make it numb. No whisky left, I'm afraid."

"Whisky?" said Benjamin curiously.

"Joke," smiled the doctor.

"Oh."

He set about repairing the damage, talking to his patient as he did so. "How did you do this?"

"I got mugged."

The doctor looked up at him, "Oh dear, did they get away with anything?"

"No. A geezer shouted at 'em an' they fu...they cleared off."

The doctor smiled again. "Who were they, black boys?"

This was the last thing Benjamin expected him to say. "No, they were white."

The momentary hesitation in his voice put the doctor on his guard, "Oh I'm sorry, it's not that I'm prejudiced, it's just that we get a lot of them mugging people, especially old ladies." With his perfect English accent he sounded just like a country gentleman.

"You do?" said Benjamin.

"Yes, they reflect badly on all of us, I'm afraid."

"Doctors?"

Ethnic minorities."

"Oh."

"They think we're all muggers and criminals."

“Who?”

“Old people. The younger generation are much more liberal, but older people, they see all these brown faces and they think they're all the same.”

Benjamin squirmed with embarrassment.

“I hope you reported it to the police,” said Dr Khan.

“I told 'em I fell down the stairs.”

The doctor shook his head. “Where are you from?” he asked.

“I've got a place in Earls Court.”

“You're not a Londoner though, I can tell.”

“No, come from a place called Selton, down on the coast. Well, near enough.”

“I know it.”

“You do?”

“Well, I've been through it; my cousin has a shop in Great Westbury.”

“I grew up there.”

“No kidding,” said the doctor as he commenced sewing up his patient.

“I think it's a wonderful place.”

“It's all right, not as big as London though.”

“I mean England.”

“You do?”

“Yes, it's been good to me, this country. You hear a lot of people complaining in the media about how badly it treats foreigners, but I'll wager there's not a country in the world where a man can arrive here without a penny in his pocket, claim Social Security and in a couple of years end up owning his own business, like my cousin.”

'Yeah,' thought Benjamin, 'we'll have to do something about that,' but he said nothing.

“I've got a lot to thank this country for too, it really gets me down the way some people never stop complaining, always asking what's in it for me, what can Britain do for me, instead of what can I do for Britain.”

“Yeah,” said Benjamin, “I used to wonder what I could do for Britain.”

'But I don't any more,' he thought.

By the time he left the hospital with six stitches in his leg and took a taxi home he was feeling a lot better. That night he lay awake long into the small hours thinking. What should he do next? The first thing would be to wait until his leg healed, then he would start his campaign alone. He would scout a few potential recruits in the meantime, but he wouldn't approach any until he'd hit two or three Paki shops. Meeting that copper had really inspired him; he realised now it wasn't only the Nationalist Party that felt the same way he did, but a lot of ordinary white people, including most of the police. The government had a lot to answer for, allowing all these Pakis to come here. Only one thing bothered him slightly, well, a lot really, that was Dr Khan.

If he'd spoken to the doctor over the phone he wouldn't have realised he was a Pakistani. In fact, when he'd been speaking to him he'd had to continually remind himself that that guy was not an English gentleman but a refugee from the Punjab. He hadn't smelled of curry, unlike most of the Pakis Benjamin had met, and really he'd been a very likeable sort of bloke. He'd also fixed his leg. He wasn't quite sure what he was going to do about Paki doctors, at length he decided that he'd seek out the company of kindred spirits without getting involved in their politics, and listen to what they had to say. The following Sunday, he thought, he'd go down Brick Lane in the East End of London where a lot of the Nationalist Party hung out.

He spent the time until Sunday reading voraciously; he'd already joined the local library, but he also bought a few books from a large West End bookshop. Then, Sunday morning he took the Underground to Brick Lane and walked up and down it looking for the Nationalist Party paper-sellers. He found a large contingent of them standing around one end of the Lane holding up their papers making occasional noises about *Nationalist News*. They were all skinheads, and most of them were none too snappily dressed. He stood looking at them for a long while and finally decided that they were not really the sort of people he was looking for. He continued walking up and down, all the time thinking about what that copper had said about copycats. Much as he liked to think the Nationalist Party would rise up and drive out the invaders by force, he really couldn't see these so-called "Nazis" organising a piss up in the proverbial brewery. Why the media

called them Nazis Benjamin really couldn't fathom; how long would this lot, any of them, have lasted in the Third Reich? Benjamin didn't know a lot about Nazis, and he certainly didn't like the little he had seen, but they were a cut above this riff raff discipline wise. Nazis, huh!

He was about to give up and go home when a tall man dressed in a grey suit turned up, and a small clique of the skinhead paper-sellers gathered round him. He was most definitely not a skinhead, and apart from his slightly eccentric appearance, which Benjamin found difficult to quantify, he had an air of authority about him. Benjamin walked past the group again and foraged through a display of cheap tapes on a stall adjacent to where the tall man was standing. It wasn't necessary to strain his ears to hear the big man speak, because he had a deep, booming voice.

He was asking the group how the paper sales had been going, then he said that in three quarters of an hour he would be in the *Earl of Salisbury* public house; anyone who wanted to join him there would be welcome. The skinheads replied enthusiastically to this invitation and the tall man walked off with a smile on his broad face. He seemed a cut above all the other Nationalist Partyers Benjamin had met before, at least, that was what he thought at the time. He decided to go along to the pub himself and listen in on the conversation as best he could; maybe he could make one or two useful contacts.

Chapter Fourteen

Benjamin arrived at the skinheads' watering hole before the tall man or the group he'd been talking to, but there was already a considerable number of Nationalist Party supporters in the pub. He looked around and saw one of them who was selling *Nationalist News* and a few copies of what looked like American magazines. He walked over to the man, bought a copy of the newspaper and shoved it in his pocket so that it was clearly visible. Then he went and sat at the bar. He ordered a soft drink, remembering that if he wanted to save the white race, he would have to stay sober. Ten

minutes later the tall man walked in; he had three skinheads with him.

Benjamin listened to his conversation; he was going on about how many papers they'd sold, and how the party had made terrific strides in recruiting new members. As the session wore on, he became more and more garrulous, and as he drank more and more beer, his tone became sarcastic, abrasive and deprecatory. They'd soon have the wogs out when they took power. He was talking as though his party was going to win the next election, as though they were serious contenders for political power. Even before his excursions into philosophy and formal logic (which he'd been studying along with books on guerrilla warfare and terrorism) Benjamin had been able to recognise bullshit a mile off. It was the same, more of the same, and even more of the same. Keep selling the papers lads and it'll be all right come the revolution. Who the fuck was he kidding?

Suddenly, Benjamin became intensely angry; he walked out of the pub, threw away the copy of *Nationalist News* and hurried towards the Underground station. These wankers would be talking till the cows came home, sitting listening to that stupid little fart while more and more Pakis flooded into the country because they were either too thick or too spineless to do anything about it. Well, he, Benjamin Catesby, would do something, even if he had to single-handedly burn out every Paki supermarket and shoot every Paki shopkeeper in Britain.

Chapter Fifteen

Benjamin returned to Selton earlier than he'd planned, and holed up for a while. It was getting colder now, Christmas wasn't that far off and he didn't want to spend it alone like he had last year. Maybe he'd go and stay with his sister, if her husband didn't object. He wanted to do a Paki shopkeeper though, get one out of the way and maybe inspire a few copycats like that copper had said. At length he decided what he would do; he'd leave home early one morning, take the train up to London, go over to the East End, walk into the first Paki shop he came across, shoot the shopkeeper dead and walk straight out. What about a disguise, he thought? Although he'd been reading a lot about the unreliability of eyewitness testimony, especially at the scenes of accidents and violent crime, he couldn't risk being identified. He thought about wearing a mask, but decided that wasn't good enough; he'd need a proper disguise.

The problem was solved for him when he walked past the local Oxfam shop and saw in the window a reversible raincoat. He walked in and tried it on, it fitted to a tee, so for a mere fiver he'd solved part of his problem. The coat was black on one side, brown on the other, rather unusual, he thought. He'd pick up a wig and a false moustache later in the week. Such a disguise wouldn't fool anyone for long; if he were seen, and undoubtedly he would be, then whoever saw him would realise that he was wearing a disguise, but that was not the point. The point was that however phony it looked, they wouldn't be able to identify him later, of that he was sure.

Benjamin picked up a wig a couple of days later, the false moustache would be a bit of a problem, eventually he decided that he would wear glasses instead, maybe if he powdered his face too, that would augment his disguise. On the other hand, maybe he'd leave it. The following Wednesday he caught an early train up to the capital and, with a gun and his disguise in a blue carrier bag, he walked out of Waterloo Station and straight into the Underground.

He decided the best place to hit his first Paki shopkeeper would be somewhere in Kensington. The East End had been his original choice, but on closer consideration he thought that would be not such a good idea. Some areas of the East End were worse than Southall, literally infested with Pakis; he wanted to be in and out without a whole troupe of them chasing after him. He decided to go back to his rented room first, just to make sure that everything was in order. He'd arranged to pay the landlord by standing order and had told the Lebanese that he would be coming and going at irregular intervals.

As he sat on the bed cleaning the gun, Benjamin went over the whole process in his mind's eye. He'd find a shop, walk into it, walk up to the first Paki he saw serving behind the counter, draw the gun and shoot him dead. Then he'd shoot any others who were behind the counter, and finally, any Paki shoppers. Then he'd walk out cool as a cucumber the same way he had when he'd iced that queer Lebanese and the spade. Probably the next day he'd make another anonymous phone call to a solicitor claiming that this had been the work of the White Warriors.

He left his Earls Court room at five o'clock that evening, it was already long dark, and Benjamin felt the thrill of a hunter going on his first safari. He'd really like to have made his escape in a getaway car, but although he'd been keeping up his driving lessons, he'd never been any more of a practical person than he'd been an academic one. Maybe next time, he thought.

He took the Underground to Notting Hill Gate and walked up past the shopping centre around to the back of a sprawling housing estate. This was the shop, it had been one of the first on his list; he scanned in for a minute or so making sure that there were no white people inside, (there were no customers at all), checked that his glasses and wig were in place, and placed a thick wad of plaster on his left cheek. It wasn't much of a disguise, he thought, but it should be good enough to put the police off the track.

As he stood outside the shop he felt his stomach slowly turn over; it was excitement rather than fear; taking a deep breath he held onto the gun, pushed the door open with his gloved hand and marched straight in. A middle aged Pakistani with a full beard was standing behind the counter; he looked up momentarily as Benjamin walked in then went back to reading his paper which was written

in some strange Indian hieroglyphics. Benjamin walked quickly round the shop noticing through the half-open door at the back that a young girl of about eight was sitting cross-legged on the carpet in front of a TV set staring at it entranced. He'd walk round the shop, walk right up to the shopkeeper, pull the gun on him, shoot him dead and walk straight out. At least, that was the plan.

The shopkeeper became aware of someone standing over him, looked up, said, "Can I..." and broke off as he came face to face with six inches of steel.

Benjamin stared at him grim-faced and his finger tightened on the trigger. "Don't make a sound," he said.

The shopkeeper's mouth opened wide in surprise but he said nothing more. Benjamin wanted to shoot the man there and then but for some reason he thought, he couldn't; he'd have to take him out the back and shoot him. There was also a strong possibility that the girl in the back of the shop was not alone; he'd have to kill any others there too. The shopkeeper continued staring at him and Benjamin said, "All right you, move!"

"Move?" the man's mouth fell open.

"Yes."

"Where to?"

"In the back."

The man gestured to the till, "Take it."

"What?"

"Take the money, all of it." He flicked open the till and exposed the day's takings. Benjamin felt insulted, he was here to save the white man, not to line his pockets, he was an idealist, not a common criminal.

"Get through there!" he snarled, gesturing sharply with the gun. The man froze for a second then obeyed. Benjamin walked over to the door, flicked the catch and turned the open sign around. Then he followed the terrified Pakistani into the back of the shop.

"Please sir, take all the money," he said.

"Shut up!" said Benjamin, and as they neared the door which led into the back of the shop, he shoved the man forward. The girl, who was still sitting cross-legged on the floor watching TV, looked up and a look of confusion came over her face. "Please sir..." the man began again, but again Benjamin rasped, "Shut up!"

The room was small and poorly lit, and just as they entered it, the door to the rear of it opened and a boy of perhaps seven walked in with a glass of fruit juice in his hand. Benjamin looked up, the gun flashed in the boy's direction and he caught his breath. This wasn't turning out the way he'd planned; why hadn't he just killed the Paki bastard in the front of the shop? Now he'd have to kill all three of them, and much as he hated Pakis, he didn't relish the thought of killing Paki kids.

"Please sir," the man began, but Benjamin cut him off.

"Look Abdul, if you open your mouth once again I'm gonna shut it for you for good. All right you, get in 'ere!" He gestured to the boy who entered the room slowly. "Who else is here?" he asked the shopkeeper.

"No one, sir."

"Where's your wife?" Benjamin asked suspiciously.

"No wife, sir."

"Don't fuckin' lie to me!" He thought the woman must be in the kitchen which was obviously the room to the rear of this one.

"No wife sir, I am widower, my wife died last year."

The boy stood with the glass balanced on his bottom lip; the girl looked up at Benjamin and said innocently. "My Mummy's dead."

"That's too bad," he replied, "all right Abdul, on the floor." he gestured to the shopkeeper, "Get in here, you!" he said, addressing the boy.

"She is dead," the boy repeated, "are you going to kill my Daddy too?"

The shopkeeper turned and looked at Benjamin with apprehension in his face, "Please sir, don't kill me, take the money and go." He was trembling now.

"Get on the floor, Abdul!" Benjamin snarled, pushing the man onto the floor. As he sank to the ground he twisted and clasped at Benjamin's trousers begging for his life, "Please sir, don't kill me, not in front of my children. Please sir, who will look after them?"

'That'll be no problem,' thought Benjamin, 'you can take them with you,' but as he raised the gun to the man's head he realised he couldn't do it, no matter how much he wanted to, no matter how deep was his commitment to saving the country from being taken over lock, stock and barrel by this insidious Asian conspiracy, he couldn't kill this man in cold blood, and he certainly couldn't kill

him in front of his children. And the very thought now of killing all three of them sent a shiver down his spine. What the fuck was he doing? He could get life for this, what was even worse, he'd deserve it. Snuffing out that dirty bi-sexual Lebanese, Tom, and that nigger drug dealer had been different. He'd have snuffed Tom out anyway for what he'd tried to do to him, and the nigger, well, he was vermin, people who dealt in drugs were vermin whatever their race. But this guy was a shopkeeper, okay, so he ripped off the Christians, made a fat profit and was laughing all the way to the mosque or wherever it was that these heathens worshipped, but he was an ordinary bloke, a Paki, but an ordinary bloke. Benjamin's old man had been a right bastard, but he wouldn't have snuffed his old man out, and this bloke, just because he was a Paki, did that make him any worse?

He had to think fast, the guy was still tugging at his trouser leg and begging for his life. "All right, where's the money?" he said.

"In the till, sir. Please, take it all, but leave us alone."

"Where's the rest of it?"

"In the till, sir, there is no more."

"Don't fuckin' lie t'me."

"Please sir, please sir," he fished in his pocket, "I have my cheque book, please take that too, but don't kill me in front of my children."

Benjamin pushed him down by the head, motioned to the boy to sit next to the girl and said, "Right, you stay where you are for the next half hour, and if you put your head round that door or scream, I'll do the lot of you." He waved the gun. "Please sir, I won't tell the police, sir, just take the money and leave us."

Benjamin grabbed the man by his hair, pushed him onto his face and pointed the gun at his head. Then he stared at the girl; the TV was still on, but the cartoon she had been watching had now ceased its occasional sound effects as the cat stalked the mouse on tiptoe. His stare held the girl fascinated as he said, "You stay in here for the next half hour; if you don't, I'll come back. If he calls the police, I'll come back. Then you'll have no more Dad. Understand?"

The girl stared back at him, and for the first time her eyes filled with tears as her face distorted with pain. "Understand?" he screamed. She nodded her head as her father protested that he

would not call the police and please would he not kill him in front of his children. The boy stood staring into space, confused, and Benjamin decided to leave him be. Backing off, he turned, walked out of the room and back down the length of the shop to the till. He wanted to walk out without taking any money; he wasn't a thief any more than he was a murderer, but he had to make this look like a robbery now. Reaching over the till, he snatched a handful of notes from the half open drawer and shoved them into the pocket of his raincoat. Then, catching his breath, he cleaned out the rest of the notes, walked over to the door, unlocked and opened it, and walked out into the darkened street as calmly as he could. He had to get out of here and fast. Once again he was extremely lucky; a taxi was running past with its For Hire light on. He flagged it down and told the driver in broken English that he wanted to go to Victoria Station.

He took a circuitous route back to his bedsit, and on arrival tore off his coat, switched on the fire and threw himself down on the bed. Perhaps he should get rid of this coat; he'd got rid of the plaster earlier; perhaps he should get rid of the entire thing. What the fuck was he trying to do? Save the white man, he thought, from the Paki takeover. But this wasn't the way to do it, by robbing Paki shopkeepers. He turned out his pockets and counted his ill-gotten gains. Christ, there was over seven hundred quid there! Perhaps he ought to take up robbery instead, he certainly wasn't bad at it. In spite of his innumerable petty convictions, these were the first real crimes he'd committed in his life: the double murder at the Tower Bridge Hotel and now this Indian takeaway. He laughed at the thought of it. Then he stopped laughing, and for two very good reasons.

One was that whatever else he may be, he was a murderer. True, he could argue that that fucking arse bandit Lebanese had deserved it, the nigger too, but that wasn't how the law would see it. And his sister, if she were to find out, it would break her heart. All the bastards who'd put him down, all the scumbags who'd said he was no good; Sheila had ignored them all, but if she were to find out that her brother had killed someone, not one person, but two, whatever mitigation he put forward, that would break her heart.

The other reason he stopped laughing was that he realised why he hadn't shot the Paki shopkeeper and his two kids, that was because

he'd thought of that Dr Khan who'd fixed his leg at the hospital the night he'd been mugged. Funny, it was always blacks who were supposed to do all the mugging, but he'd been mugged by three whites, a black man had come to his rescue, and a Paki, who he hated, had stitched him up. He shook his head in disbelief. Did he really hate Pakis? He wasn't sure anymore. He'd have to do some soul searching, more than that, he'd have to find some answers, real answers. It was just possible the Nationalist Party had them. Even though from what he'd seen of them they didn't seem to be doing much, perhaps they knew something he didn't, perhaps they knew something the politicians and the press didn't want ordinary people to know, perhaps that was why the NP was hated so much. He decided to go back to Selton for a week or so, complete his driving lessons, then return to London, seek out some of the Nationalist Party's intellectuals and find the answers to the questions that had been bothering him for so long. And that was what he did.

Chapter Sixteen

He really wasn't making much progress at all with the driving, but what did that matter? Benjamin had been doing so much thinking lately that he was beginning to wonder if his brain would wear out. Most people used to wonder if he had a brain, but that was all in the past now: this was the new Ben Catesby.

The following Thursday he picked up the *Guardian* in the library and read a story which intrigued him; an off licence in Birmingham had been burnt to the ground in a suspected arson attack; the owners, Mr and Mrs Patel, had escaped unhurt but they had lost everything. Serves them fucking right, he thought! On impulse, he began searching through the yearbooks which occupied one side of the small reference section in Selton Library. He soon found what he wanted. The first phone box he passed on the way home he stopped off at, looked around suspiciously then dialled one of the numbers he'd extracted from the yearbook.

"Smith and Anderson," said the female voice on the other end of the line."

"I want to speak to a solicitor," he said.

"Who's calling?"

"My name is White."

"Is there a company name?"

"No," said Benjamin, "I want to talk to someone about a criminal matter."

The line went dead for a few seconds then a male voice came on the other end of the line. "Tom Newton."

"Hello, I've got a message from the White Warriors," said Benjamin.

"Who are they, a football team?" said the solicitor.

Benjamin resisted the temptation to say something nasty and simply stated, "We claim responsibility for the fire-bombing of the Crawdale Road off licence in Birmingham last night. We will continue to strike at the enemies of the British people and the white race until we have liberated our country from alien occupation. Do you understand?"

The solicitor was slow to reply, but eventually he said, "Is that all?"

"Tell the police," said Benjamin, and immediately hung up.

When he returned to London he went straight back to his Earls Court bedsit, shut himself up for the rest of the day and continued reading profusely. It would soon be Christmas, he didn't want to get involved with anything because the country would be shutting down for the best part of a fortnight, besides, he didn't want to spoil anybody's holiday.

He mulled over the problem of recruiting the right sort of people, this really was a problem because he wasn't sure what he wanted them to do exactly. He'd thought initially that all they'd have to do would be to kill Pakis; he realised now that this was not the answer. He made another trip to the local library, took out an armful of books and, returning home, shut himself up in his hideaway venturing out only to eat and shop. Actually the bedsit wasn't that bad; he had to share a bathroom, but all the other tenants seemed to be out continuously, returning home only to sleep.

Come Sunday, Benjamin returned to Brick Lane, hanging around the skinheads' watering hole and looking around for the tall man with the deep booming voice. When he didn't turn up, Benjamin went back to the Lane and tried to strike up a conversation with one of the Nationalist Party paper-sellers. This was a young skinhead who espoused open hatred for all Pakis and spoke quite freely about getting rid of them. How can we do that, Benjamin asked him in as roundabout way as possible. The young thug's answer was far less diplomatic: "Gas 'em, like the Jews!"

Benjamin nodded his head in agreement but his heart sank. His companion started going on about when "we" take over the country, when "we" get to power...He was living in a fool's paradise, and Benjamin knew it. This was the rank and file of the Nationalist Party's supporters. True, there were a few intellectuals, mostly older men, and then there was the likes of the tall man with the booming voice, but by and large they were nothing but a bunch of deadbeats.

Benjamin hung around a bit longer then said to the skinhead, "You goin' to the pub later?"

He looked at his watch, "Might as well go now, ain't sellin' fuck all." As he said this he threw a glance to another paper-seller, there were five of them in all. The man nodded and the two walked over to the other side of the lane where they handed their papers to a third man. Benjamin followed. The skinhead paper-seller turned to him and said, "You in the NP?"

"No," he replied, "I was gonna join but never got round to it."

"What's yer name?"

"Ben," said Benjamin.

"Not a Yid are yer?"

"A what?"

"A Jew. That's a Yid's name."

"Ben?"

"Benjamin."

"What's yours?"

"David."

"Oh."

Benjamin had never understood this anti-Jewish crap; he'd never met a Jew before, except at school where one of the teacher's, Mr Rosenberg, had worn a skull cap. He didn't want to get involved

with any of it either, Jews weren't the problem, they weren't taking over the country.

As they walked to the pub they were joined by the other paper-seller and a third who held out a copy of the *Observer* newspaper and spoke to David excitedly. "Ere, Dave, look what Kingston give me."

"A newspaper?"

"Yeah, but there's a story in 'ere about some geezers 'oo fire-bombed a Paki off licence in Birmingham."

David shrugged his shoulders, "If I 'ad my way I'd fire-bomb the fuckin' lot of 'em."

"Seriously though, it's an exclusive, the media's tryin' to 'ush it all up."

"What is it?" asked Benjamin, curious.

The paper-seller, who like his two companions was also a skinhead, and answered to the name of Mickey, showed him the article. It referred to the fire-bombing of the Birmingham off licence Benjamin had claimed responsibility for on behalf of the White Warriors. The article was an exclusive that had been leaked to the *Observer* by, presumably either a Birmingham police officer or perhaps the solicitor whom he had contacted.

Benjamin looked at it and pulled a wry face, "Who are the White Warriors?"

"I don't know," said Mickey, "but they want a fuckin' medal for that."

The other two agreed but Benjamin said nothing. They arrived at the public house and instead of going into the public bar, David led them into the saloon. "I'll get the first round," said Benjamin, "you've been freezin' your balls off out there."

"Cheers mate," said David.

"Yeah, cheers," said his two companions. Benjamin took their orders and they huddled in a corner of the pub. A tall, bearded man was sitting at the next table. He was wearing frayed jeans, a tatty check jacket and sported a thick red beard. In front of him was stacked a pile of books, and in spite of his informal dress, he projected the image of a college professor. He looked up as the group sat down then went back to his reading.

David reached over and took out a pile of the *Nationalist View*, the party's theoretical journal, and handed one of them to Benjamin

as he returned from the bar with their pints. "Cheers mate," they said in unison.

"Cheers," said Benjamin, "to a white Christmas and a white Britain."

David laughed and Mickey said, "And to a white future."

"Sieg heil!" said their companion, whose name turned out to be Jeff.

The bearded man on the other table looked up curiously from his books, stroked his beard, focused on Jeff for an instant, then went back to his reading. All the group noticed his strange stare, and Mickey mimicked it, ogling him comically. The man looked up again then immediately returned to his books, and his pint. David nudged his companion and said, "Cool it, he might be a Yid."

"No, I'm not Jewish," said the man, looking up briefly again, taking a swig of his pint and smiling sarcastically. They all laughed and Jeff asked to see the *Observer*. They spread the paper out on the table, and both Mickey and David began making crowing noises about it. "Right on!"

"I've 'eard of this lot before, the White Warriors," said Jeff.

"Yeah, me too," said David.

Jeff thought a bit then said, "They snuffed some nigger who was sellin' dope, the media tried to cover it up."

"Should have snuffed the fuckin' lot of the monkey scum," said David. The bearded man looked up from his pint and books again and shook his head slowly, disapprovingly. Jeff caught sight of this gesture and said, "Whatchoo shakin' yer 'ead at?" His companions looked across at the bearded man and Mickey said, "Cool it, we don't want no trouble in 'ere."

"'E's a red."

"A red?" the man laughed.

"Yeah."

He laughed again, "Good grief, no."

"That's all right then," said David.

Mickey had a bright idea, nudged his friend and whispered in his ear. David laughed then said to the stranger, "Ey, you wanna buy one of these?" He held up a copy of *Nationalist View*.

The man laughed. "Save the white man," said Mickey.

"Do you think the white man is worth saving?" he asked then went back to his books, apparently thinking the conversation was over.

"Yeah," said David, "ey, I thought you weren't a red."

The man realised that he would not now be allowed to enjoy his pint and his book in peace so folded the latter shut, looked up and said, "I'm not a red and I'm certainly not a Jew, but from what I've seen of the white man, he doesn't deserve saving."

"Ow d'you make that out?" asked Benjamin.

The man looked across at the still spread pages of the *Observer*, pointed to it and said, "If that's the best the white man has to offer, then he's better off becoming extinct."

"Best?" asked Mickey, confused.

"Fire-bombing innocent people, and committing murder."

"That nigger was a drug pusher." said Mickey.

"That Paki off licence was puttin' white people out of work."

"Putting white people out of work?" he asked.

"Yeah, comin' ere, takin' all our jobs..."

"Goin' wiv white birds," Jeff added.

"Oh, that's what's bothering you is it, miscegenation?"

"Mis what?" said Jeff.

"Miscegenation, interbreeding." he replied.

"Yeah, it's disgusting."

"Unnatural."

"Perverted," said Benjamin, "it shouldn't be allowed."

"I agree with you there," said the bearded man, "but that's nothing to do with Asians, or Pakis as you call them, they don't like miscegenation any more than we do."

"They should still fuck off back to their own country," said Mickey.

"Why? If they're not a threat to the survival of the white race, which is what all this aggravation is really all about. As far as I'm concerned they can stay here. I happen to be very fond of Indian cuisine for example."

"But they buy up all the shops," said Benjamin.

"So what?" the scholar shrugged.

"They charge too much," ventured Jeff.

"Do you buy from them?"

"Fuck off!" he said.

"No thank you. Well, obviously somebody doesn't think they charge too much or nobody would buy from them. Why not leave it to the free market?"

"This is our country," said David, "not theirs."

"True, but we colonised their country in the past."

"We're the master race," said David.

"You mean we're better than them?"

"Yeah," Jeff, David and Mickey said in unison, but after mixing with this lot, Benjamin wasn't so sure.

"Okay, so we're better than them, we're certainly more intelligent than the blacks, who never even aspired to inventing the wheel, but does that mean these people don't have rights, that they should be denied the right to realise their aspirations wherever possible?"

The three wise monkeys had no answers to that, so the bar room philosopher continued, "Let me put it another way, does the fact that I have a degree in philosophy make me better than you? Does it mean that I should have more rights or that you should be denied your right to make a living?"

Mickey and Jeff said he was taking the piss, David refused to argue, but the mysterious intellectual put his case forcefully.

"Look, you lads are called fascists, right?"

"That's what the reds call us," said Mickey.

"Right, and they deny you your right to speak: no platform for fascists, right?"

Jeff nodded.

"Okay, well, I'm giving you the right to speak, the right to put your case, so if you've got a case, now is the time to put it. I realise you're not quite as articulate as me," he continued modestly, "so I'll make allowance for bad language, but the one thing no debater came make allowance for is poor arguments. Now if you think these people are scum just because they come from India and they're a different colour, then fine, say so, it's not nice, but at least it's honest. Do you?"

He was addressing Benjamin now, who met his stare face on and felt distinctly uncomfortable. "I don't 'ate Pakis, I thought I did, but I don't really."

"When did you realise that?" he asked.

Benjamin couldn't give a truthful answer to this question, 'When I tried to shoot one but couldn't pull the trigger,' but with that proviso, he answered as honestly as he could.

"They're takin' over, they're breedin' so fast that there soon won't be any whites left," added Mickey.

"Precisely," it's not the fact that there are so many *Pakis* as you call them, but the fact that the white race is on its way out, that gets up your nose."

At this point Mickey, who apart from his last question had not really been with the conversation, yanked on David's arm and said, "Look, there's Watts!" The three cronies were on their feet in an instant, spilling the remainder of the beer down their throats and on their way out of the pub.

David turned to Benjamin and said, "We've got some business wiv that geezer; see yer next week. Cheers for the pint."

The others were already making a bee line for the door around which, apparently, Mr Watts whoever he was, had just stuck his head. The others hadn't really wanted to debate with this bearded stranger, just to preach their fanatical anti-Asian and anti-black hatred, but Benjamin felt that this man might at least be able to provide some answers. He offered to buy him a pint, which he readily accepted, then argued with him until closing time.

Benjamin wanted to know why the government had never done anything about the immigration problem, why the media were always against the Nationalist Party, why anyone who ever advocated repatriation or even a halt to the endless flood of non-white immigrants was denounced as a fascist or a Nazi.

"My old man wasn't a Nazi, he hated the Nazis, he hated the Germans too, he fought for this country in the war to keep all the foreigners out, not just the blacks but the Germans too. He's dead now, but any of these scum called my Dad a Nazi he'd have ripped their throats out."

"Which scum is that?"

"These left wing scum and the press; they're all against the white man, they don't care if there's no more whites left in a hundred years, and at this rate there won't be." And he added as an afterthought, "In less than that."

"You're talking about the real problem now," he said, "but as I've tried to explain, it's not the Pakistanis and Indians who are the problem, it's certainly not them who are your enemy. Who is interbreeding with the whites?"

"The blacks," said Benjamin.

"Precisely!" He banged down his pint on the bar, "I live not far from here, well, in Brixton actually, but it's not that far. You've heard all the jokes about Brixton?"

"Some, yeah."

"Brixton is a heavily black populated area, it's like Princeton, Jamaica, Brixton Market on a Saturday afternoon, a sea of black faces. That doesn't bother me in the slightest, what does bother me though is this. When I'm out shopping I often see white women, white whores I call them, pushing around kids in pushchairs. But they're not healthy white babies, they're the insidious mongrel offspring of their illicit relations with Negroes.

"I'm not anti-Negro, I like the Germans less than I like the blacks, and anyone who calls me either anti-Negro or anti-Indian is a liar. But everywhere around Brixton, and everywhere else you go now, you see these white whores walking around with mulattos in pushchairs, usually with stupid smirks on their faces, as if they're proud of what they've done. That's what's disgusting. That's what makes me sick. That's what gets up white people's noses."

Benjamin nodded in agreement; he hadn't really thought of this before, but now that he did, he realised that it was going on everywhere. Suddenly he thought he'd found the man who could give him the answers to the questions he'd been asking himself for so long, the answers he'd sought up till now only in the company of skinhead thugs. They had no answers, neither the leaders of the Nationalist Party nor their riff-raff, the likes of David, Mickey and Jeff. But this guy was an intellectual, he was obviously a college professor or something, he wasn't just mouthing off some crap about burning all the Pakis out or stringing up all the niggers, his arguments were coherent, logical and, most important of all, honest.

They had the ring of truth because he didn't say, didn't even pretend that all the Pakis were vermin or that all the blacks were sub-human scum. And even if they were, did that make him and his friends superior? There was always someone more intelligent than you, better than you. Benjamin wanted to meet this guy again and talk with him for hours, for the first time, perhaps in his life, he had met a kindred spirit. He realised though that if he were to ask him who he was, perhaps to give him his phone number, he

would refuse. He had to make the most of what little time they had together.

"What I don't understand is, why is the media so against the Nationalist Party and anyone who wants to stop this race-mixing and all the immigration?"

"Why indeed?"

"What I mean is, you hear all this shit about *racism*, about how *racist* we all are, yet if people don't want the blacks and the Pakis coming here, what's wrong with that?"

"Nothing, except that our masters find such ideas totally unacceptable."

The bell rang for last orders and Benjamin asked him if he'd like another.

His companion accepted gratefully, and Benjamin queued at the bar for the next five minutes. When he returned, he continued where he'd left off.

"By our masters you don't mean the government?"

"No," he shook his head and supped his pint, "they are the people who appear to govern, but the real rulers of Britain, the rulers of every nation, they are the ones who have foisted this race-mixing madness on us."

"Who are they?" Benjamin asked naïvely.

"Don't you know?"

He shook his head.

"It's all there in *The Protocols*."

"Protocols?" asked Benjamin.

"*The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, he said, "you've never heard of them?"

"No." said Benjamin, then he remembered something vaguely about *The Protocols*, yes, he had heard of them, he even had a copy, but he didn't know what they were about.

"Ask your friends in the Nationalist Party about them; tell them to get you a copy. They're still in print."

"What are they about?" Benjamin asked as his new friend supped up, stood up and said, "I really must go." He downed his pint and got up to follow him; these *Protocols*, what are they about?"

"The conspiracy."

“Conspiracy?” So, thought Benjamin, it was all a conspiracy, but who was behind it. “What conspiracy?” he asked as he followed his companion out of the pub.

At the door, the man paused, looked him in the eye and said, “Who is the one group the media never says anything bad about? Never can say anything bad about?”

Benjamin was stumped, he shrugged his shoulders. His companion had obviously consumed quite a few drinks by now, for although his voice was clear, he swayed slightly as he spoke, “You can criticise politicians, all politicians, so they're obviously not running the show. You can take pot shots at Whitehall civil servants, at the Inland Revenue, the Queen and the Royal Family. You can even criticise blacks and Asians if you're tactful about it and make sure you condemn *racism* as well, but there is one group you can never attack. Never!” He paused for effect, expecting Benjamin to answer, but he just shrugged his shoulders.

“Think man, think!”

An idea stirred in the back of his mind, “The Freemasons?” He'd once heard his late father slagging off the Masons. He knew they had secret handshakes and such things. Wasn't that what conspiracies were all about?

Benjamin's companion shook his head, “You really are wet behind the ears, aren't you my friend. Didn't your chums in the Nationalist Party ever tell you?”

“I'm not, well, I don't really know them. I'm not in the NP.”

“Glad to hear it because they're a bunch of deadheads that lot, they go about it all the wrong way.”

“So who really does run the country?” asked Benjamin, “Who's behind the conspiracy?”

“What do you know about Hitler?”

“Not a lot. I'm not a Nazi,” he added as an afterthought.

“No, of course not, but what did Hitler ever do that was so terrible?”

“Started the war?” asked Benjamin.

“No, my young friend, he didn't start the war.”

“No, I know we declared war on him, but he started it really.”

The bearded man shook his head, “Hitler didn't start the war, he didn't even want to fight the war.”

That was a new one on him, Benjamin thought. Was he going to say next that the war had never really happened? "I know he gassed six million Jews," said Benjamin, thinking that this must be quite terrible enough for any man to be as universally hated as Hitler.

"Oh, that's what he did, is it? Gassed six million Jews?"

"Yeah."

"And how many Englishmen did he gas?"

"None that I know of," Benjamin replied, he was going to say something about Colditz but changed his mind.

"Precisely, my young friend, you know Hitler gassed six million Jews, but you have not the faintest idea how many of your own kind died in World War Two. Nor why it was fought."

"I'm not a historian," said Benjamin. He wanted to learn a lot more about this, but by this time they were out in the street and as he went to speak he was interrupted by the beep of a car horn.

The bearded man looked up, tucked his bagful of books under his arm and said, "That's for me, must dash."

"But wait, I..."

"Must dash," he repeated, "been nice to talk to you. Remember this about Hitler, 'and no man spake openly of him for fear of the Jews'."

"The Jews?" said Benjamin, still perplexed.

"It's all there in *The Protocols*. See you again."

Before Benjamin realised what had happened he was standing alone on the corner while the bearded man jumped into a Mini and was driven off at high speed by a fair-haired woman.

He thought of what his erudite friend had just said about Hitler, 'and no man spake openly of him for fear of the Jews'...the Jews, what had they to do with the conspiracy? He knew that a lot of people hated them, but they were just a religion, or perhaps a race, or perhaps both...what could they have to do with the floods of Pakis and niggers that were coming into Britain? And with the media hysteria that went up about "Nazis" every time somebody suggested sending all the wogs back?

The idea that the Jews were connected with all this sounded to him the biggest load of bollocks since the Tooth Fairy. All the same, he had to find out for himself. He went back to his Earls Court bedsit and hunted around for that copy of *The Protocols*. When he

couldn't find it he cursed under his breath, he'd taken it home. He should have got rid of it by rights, it was something that could tie him to that queer Arab. The following day he went back to Selton; he decided that the best thing to do would be to order some books from the Nationalist Party and spend Christmas reading up on the Jewish conspiracy. And that was what he did.

Chapter Seventeen

Tuesday morning Benjamin phoned the Nationalist Party's head office and asked them if they had a bookshop in his area. He was told there was an ad hoc bookshop at the London HQ but that they sold a lot of books mail order. "I want to order some books on the conspiracy," he said, "but I've just found out about it and I want to get them before Christmas."

"One moment, sir, I'll hand you over to someone who knows about this."

He held on while the woman on the other end of the line went off to fetch somebody. He looked out of the window at the raging blizzard thinking how glad he was that he'd had this phone installed last year. It had been a right pain in the arse going out in all weathers and queuing up to use a payphone, even though he never had anyone to call. He hadn't really been able to justify its expense, even though he had a fair income from his trust it was difficult to make ends meet. Especially when you liked a drink, he thought, laughing to himself. All that had changed now, he had a lot of money in the building society since you know what. A lot of money in a lot of building societies, he thought. All the same, he wouldn't let it go to his head. He didn't know how long he was going to keep the Earls Court flat. Mind, every time he went up to London he came back richer. He laughed again, thinking of that Paki shopkeeper grovelling at his feet, begging him not to shoot him in front of his kids.

He kept thinking about this and it kept bothering him; he was glad he hadn't been able to shoot the man. The man in the pub was right, just because he was a Paki and stank of curry didn't mean

that anyone had the right to kill him. He wasn't so attractive himself. The man hadn't even reported the incident to the police, at least there had been no mention of it on either the local radio, in the national press nor the local press for the area. Perhaps he ought to go back there and rob him again! He sniggered at the thought of it; he'd have to be a lot more careful in future. He'd had a good run so far, he had literally gotten away with murder, but if he was going to be out fire-bombing mosques and the like, he'd have to plan his operations meticulously. He put aside his thoughts as a male voice came on the line, it was a deep, booming voice, one he'd heard before.

"Yes sir, can I help you?"

"I was told you sell books about the conspiracy."

"Yes, we do indeed sir."

"I've just found out about it and want to learn more."

"Would you like us to send you a book list?"

"I'd like to order some today because I want to read them over Christmas. If I send you a cheque for say a hundred quid, can you send me out an order first class?"

"Of course sir, if you mark it for my attention I'll deal with it immediately. As soon as it arrives if not sooner." He forced a laugh, and Benjamin laughed with him although he didn't think the man on the other end of the line had said anything funny.

"Fine, what's your name?" he asked.

"If you mark it for the attention of Mr Teslake, I'll see that it's dealt with right away."

"Fine, thank you, Mr Teslake."

"You have our address?"

"Yes, thank you." Benjamin hung up and immediately wrote out a cheque to the Nationalist Party for a hundred pounds and stuffed it in an envelope together with a short letter explaining his requirements.

He waited patiently for the parcel to arrive, and in the meantime, studied the press and listened to the radio intently. After an extensive investigation, Birmingham CID had ruled out any possibility of arson at the Patel off licence, but already there had been a number of copycat arson reports. The morning the parcel of books arrived, a Liverpool skinhead was charged with burning down another off licence; he was said to have boasted to his

drinking cronies of being a member of the White Warriors, and was being interviewed in connection with the double murder at the Tower Bridge Hotel.

Benjamin didn't know whether to be flattered or chagrined; just by making a couple of phone calls he'd started a phantom terrorist group. Perhaps the Pakis would get the message now and fuck off back to their own country. The more he thought about this and like this though, the more he thought of his encounter with the saloon bar philosopher. It was right what the man had said, he had no right to burn down their businesses, and he certainly had no right to murder them in front of their kids. But he had to save the white man somehow, what else could he do?

The very first thing he could do was learn as much as possible about the conspiracy, and with that end in mind, as soon as they arrived, he unpacked the parcel of books from the Nationalist Party and started sorting through them. There were a lot of them, including a copy of *The Protocols of Zion*; he'd meant to tell Mr Teslake he had that already, but no matter, he could pass it on to someone else when he'd finished reading it. As he searched through the material he found a title which shocked him: *Did Six Million Really Die?* Obviously this referred to the Nazis' gassing of the Jews; surely the Nationalist Party didn't claim that the Nazis hadn't gassed six million Jews? How could anybody deny that?

As he studied the cover of the slim pamphlet and the cover of a similar one about the Nuremberg war crimes trials he began to have second thoughts. Then he remembered something he'd heard at school, a saying of one of his teachers, the physics teacher Mr Philips, if he recalled: 'The universe is not only queerer than we imagine, it's queerer than we can imagine.' Benjamin had not done well at physics, hadn't done well at anything in fact, but he realised that at times, life was indeed stranger than fiction. He put the two pamphlets to one side and determined to read them over the Christmas holiday.

Later that evening, his sister phoned and asked him if he'd like to spend Christmas with her and her husband. He wanted to, he didn't like being alone over Christmas, but duty called. He remembered what had happened last year, and decided to use that as an excuse to cop out. She said that David had forgiven him and that he would be more than welcome, but Benjamin said that he

really didn't want to spoil her Christmas and that he would come over the day after Boxing day. Then he started reading all about the Jewish conspiracy.

At first it was difficult to take in: according to the books and magazines he'd been sent, the Jews were behind every evil in the world since time began. They had murdered Christ, of course, they had conspired against Christendom lending money at interest instead of working for a living, during the Middle Ages they had kidnapped Christian children and drunk their blood, they were behind the French Revolution, the Russian Revolution, which hadn't been a Russian revolution at all, but a Jewish revolution, they controlled banking, the press, they ran the Mafia, and, most incredible of all, they had invented the Holocaust in order to discredit the Nationalist Party.

Benjamin read all this and took it in, but he wasn't quite sure how much of it to believe. Maybe it wasn't all true, maybe it was all a pack of lies. The answer to this question he found in two publications: a slim pamphlet called *Why Don't You Believe What We Tell You?* and another written by a former leader of the contemporary Nazi movement, *For Those Who Cannot Speak*.

In the first booklet he found quotes taken from Jews themselves, surely this was proof enough? The second proposed an even more telling test. Its message was: find out who controls the media. This was a salient point, if the Jews did control the media as this pamphlet claimed, then everything all these books said must surely be true, even *The Protocols of Zion* which he had found the most difficult thing to swallow next only to the fabrication of the Holocaust.

Benjamin was mulling over all this on Christmas Day when he came to the final book in the collection. It was called *Forged War Crimes Malign The German Nation*, was translated into English from the German. and consisted of a collection of atrocity photographs, many of them taken from a standard work on the Holocaust, *Macht Ohne Moral*. All the photographs in this collection were either outright fakes: drawings, retouched photos, montages - or else they were meaningless, they could have been taken almost anywhere.

A word sprang into Benjamin's head: empiricism. He rushed to his dictionary and looked it up. Yes, he remembered it now from one

of those popular science books he'd been reading a while back. Basically it meant that you looked for evidence to confirm the theory, and if you couldn't find it, or if you found evidence to the contrary, then you had to change the theory. The theory here was that the Jews controlled the media, and that they had faked all or many of these photographs of the Holocaust. All he had to do would be to find a copy of this book and check the claims against it.

Christmas and New Year came and went, then Benjamin went back to the library and asked if they could obtain *Macht Ohne Moral* for him. The librarian told him they could, but that it might take weeks or months if it was a foreign book. When was it published? He couldn't remember offhand, then he asked if there was a German library or something in the area.

"Not that I know of," said the librarian, is it just the one book?"

"No, I've got quite a lot of books to look up."

"You could try the British Library then, that's the biggest library in Britain. In theory you should be able to get any book published in Britain there."

"What if it's not published in Britain, this one isn't?"

"They have a lot of foreign books too."

"A lot?"

"Over eighteen million titles altogether."

"That's a lot. That's in London though isn't it, the British Library?"

"Yes, but if you've got a lot to look up, that'll be the best way."

"I see," Benjamin frowned, "have you got their number?"

"The British Library? Yes, but you can't just go there, you have to apply for a reader's pass, and sometimes it takes a little while to order books. A day or two."

He frowned again but thanked the librarian, wrote down the number then went home and telephoned the British Library.

The person he spoke to was most helpful and said that if he wrote to the Library there would be no problem about his being issued with a temporary reader's pass. Benjamin took down the details, wrote and posted his application then went back to his books. He looked through the Nationalist Party catalogue and ordered a lot more. As well as books on the Jewish Question and the Holocaust, he ordered several books on race and finance. He wanted to learn

more about race in order to develop some ideology to back up his gut feeling that the entire issue had been perverted.

Sooner than he expected, he received a reply from the British Library telling him that if he came to the Readers' Admissions office with some identification, he would be issued with a temporary pass. The following day he was back off up to London stopping only to draw some money out of one of his many building society accounts and to shove a note through his sister's front door apologising for not looking in on her over the Christmas and New Year. Although he had wanted to visit Sheila the truth was that he had been so engrossed in his studies of the Nationalist Party literature and anti-Semitism that he'd not found the time. He'd have to buy her a present too; she and her husband had obviously splashed out quite a bit of money on the jacket, trousers and ship in a bottle they'd given him. No time for snappy dressing and ships in bottles now, he thought; the holiday was over, and he had to do some proper studying. And, if the Nationalist Party's propaganda turned out to be correct, he'd have to go back to work as the White Warriors, only this time he'd be burning down synagogues instead of Paki off licences. And burning them down for real.

Chapter Eighteen

Benjamin arrived back in the capital late, unloaded his suitcase in his Earls Court flat, and visited the landlord to confirm that the man had in fact received his advance rent. Then he went out for a meal before returning home and listening to the radio until midnight. The next day, he went along to the Bloomsbury Reading Room, showed his introductory letter to the man in the office which issued readers' passes and queued up to have his photograph taken.

As he walked through the glass doors into the Main Reading Room for the first time, he was impressed by the architecture: the dome and the layout of the building. It was a truly awesome monument to the creative genius of the white race, he heard himself think. All the piffle the media spouted about racial equality; had any nigger

savage ever built anything half so grand? Then he heard the voice of the saloon bar philosopher in his head: just because no nigger, as you call them, has ever been able to design and build such a building, does that mean that the fruits of the white man's labour should be reserved for the white race alone? Benjamin thought not, after all, he couldn't design and build such a monumental structure himself. It wasn't that he hated the blacks or the Pakis, he told the voice in his head, it was just that he wanted his race to survive.

He walked around the Main Reading Room getting his bearings, then looked for the catalogue. There were three versions of it: books, microfiche and on-line. He opted for the microfiche, looked up half a dozen books on the Holocaust, including *Macht Ohne Moral*, and half a dozen books on the Jewish Question. Taking his application forms up to the centre desk, he was told by the black library assistant that several of the books were kept at another site and that it would take twenty-four hours for them to arrive. Benjamin decided that he wasn't in a hurry and that he would leave it for a couple of days. What he wanted to do now was to visit Stamford Hill.

He'd read in one of the dailies that there was a large Jewish enclave in the Stamford Hill area of London, and he wanted to get a good look at the enemy before engaging in battle. Although he intended to make doubly certain that all the facts checked out, he was confident that the Nationalist Party material was substantially correct. He'd already confirmed some of it, specifically the Jewish control of the mass media. The two controllers of the major TV networks were both Jews, as were the two most powerful men in newspaper publishing. Of course, that didn't mean the Jews controlled everything, but it certainly meant that whatever else they may be, the Nationalist Party were not out and out liars.

On his way up to Stamford Hill he picked up a copy of the *Jewish Chronicle*. Why hadn't he thought of this before? He read it on the train to Finsbury Park; it was a really obnoxious paper: half of it seemed to be devoted to the Holocaust and the other half to whining and whinging about anti-Semitism and saying what wonderful people the Jews were, how they controlled this bank and that, how they were important businessmen, what they were

investing in and, oh yes, there was a small piece about a rabbi who'd been sacked for getting caught with his hand in the till.

Well, one crooked rabbi was hardly proof of the uniqueness of Jewish evil, but already he could see what the Nationalist Party meant about the Jews trying to erode civil liberties. One of the publications which had been included in his bumper parcel from NP HQ had been the Party's manifesto, which was replete with anti-Semitic references and allusions to Jewish power. The *Jewish Chronicle* was demanding that several publications which it referred to as "hate material" should be banned. Most of these publications were routinely branded "anti-Semitic."

Benjamin arrived at Finsbury Park and took a bus to Stamford Hill. This would be the first time that he had ever seen Jews close up, and he was looking forward to the experience. It was a shattering anti-climax, because apart from the ultra-orthodox Hassidim who dressed like something out of 17th Century Poland and many of whom wore strange curly sideburns, they didn't look any different from the *goyim*. That was another word he'd picked up from the Nationalist Party literature. It meant "cattle", which was how Jews referred to all non-Jews. He spent an hour walking around the Stamford Hill ghetto then, realising that he felt more than a little hungry, he looked around for a café or diner.

Over the door was a sign *Kester's Place*, and in the window was a price list for, among other things, salt beef sandwiches and hummus. He ventured inside to be greeted by a strange little man wearing a skullcap who smiled at him and hovered over the counter while Benjamin studied the delicacies under the glass. Looking to the back of the shop where he saw several seats, two of them occupied, he asked, "Can I eat here?"

The man behind the counter smiled, gestured towards the back of the eating area and fished around under the counter. Benjamin walked over to the seats and the man followed him with a menu.

He parked himself at the table opposite to where the other two diners were eating. They were both Jews, that was easy to tell, although neither wore a skull cap. They were jabbering extremely fast in some exotic tongue, either Hebrew or Yiddish, Benjamin thought, and the older man, who was also more than a little on the portly side, was laughing heartily in between mouthfuls of his hummus, falafel and pitta bread.

Benjamin studied the menu out of one eye and the two Jewish diners out of the other. The fat man reached into his pocket, pulled out an even fatter wallet, slapped a ten pound note down on the table, called something to the man behind the counter, then exchanged business cards with his companion. The other man took out an equally fat wallet; it was certainly true about the Jews having all the money, he thought. The server came over, collected the bill and payment and exchanged a few words with his two customers in English. As he turned away, Benjamin gestured to him. "Yes, young man," he said.

"Er, two salt beef sandwiches please, and two doughnuts."

"Two salt beef sandwiches and two doughnuts?" the man asked incredulously, stressing the words 'two'.

"Yes please," said Benjamin, politely.

"You must be a growing lad," the man quipped.

"No, just hungry."

The man laughed, walked back to the counter and asked, "Hot?" in a loud voice.

Benjamin looked up.

"Hot salt beef and hot doughnuts?"

"Hot sandwiches and cold doughnuts, please."

"Hot and cold," the man said under his breath, "you want cup of coffee as well? Tea?" He began spooning large chunks of beef onto a slab of bread.

"Yes, please, tea," said Benjamin.

He ate his meal in the Stamford Hill diner and was thoroughly unimpressed with his first encounter with the Jews, the sworn enemies of the white race. Apart from the funny hats and the Hassidim, they were totally indistinguishable from anyone else. True, they had strange accents, or some of them did, but then so did Italians. After filling himself up he spent another half hour walking round the area then, thoroughly bored, caught a bus to the station and took the Underground back to Earls Court. Tomorrow, he decided, he'd visit Brixton and one or two of the other areas where the indigenous population was more or less outnumbered by foreign-born dark faces.

If his excursion to Stamford Hill was an anti-climax, Benjamin's Brixton, Balham and Clapham day tour was anything but. For the first time he noticed, really noticed, miscegenation. He

remembered what the saloon bar philosopher had said, and it really struck home. Everywhere he looked he saw young white women pushing around snotty-nosed mongrels in pushchairs, young, arrogant looking black males draped in gold with a ghetto blaster on one arm and a white slag on the other. Benjamin wondered how long it would take before all the white blood in the world disappeared or was diluted beyond salvation, and thought it wouldn't be that long at all. And the Jews were responsible for all this? Including that innocuous looking creature who'd served him a salt beef sandwich in Stamford Hill?

When he returned to his bedsit that night he did a lot of thinking, suppose it was all true, stranger than fiction, what then? He got up in the middle of the night, turned on the light, sat on the side of his bed and put his head in his hands. He bore a heavy weight on his shoulders, no one else was doing anything, anything at all, he had to make sure that he did the right thing, because if he didn't, if he blundered, who would save the white man then? Certainly not the Nationalist Party.

Chapter Nineteen

When Benjamin returned to the British Library he went straight to the advance reservations, collected his books and sat studying them intently. *Macht Ohne Moral* was held in the North Library; by the time he got round to it he suspected that he and everyone one else had been played for a sucker. When at last he ventured into the North Library and collected the book from the issues desk, his suspicions were confirmed: it was crammed full of fake atrocity photographs, many of them so transparently obvious that he wondered how anyone could ever have been taken in by them.

By the time he left the Library that evening, Benjamin was angry, seething, both at the Jews and at the politicians, bankers and Gentile communists who'd been their willing dupes. He saw it all now, the Jewish conspiracy controlled everything, how could he have been so blind? No criticism was ever permitted of the Jews, indeed, any mention of them was immediately denounced as anti-

Semitism. It didn't matter if *The Protocols of Zion* was genuine or not, and personally he doubted very much that it was. The fact remained that the Jews were in control and they were everywhere using, their power and influence to promote race-mixing, decadence and the death of the white race.

He went to a pizza restaurant, but found it difficult to eat, even though he was hungry. Then he went back to his Earls Court flat and the following day returned to Selton where he set to work planning his campaign to liberate Britain and the world from the Jewish conspiracy. This would take a great deal of thought, he mused, he couldn't afford to make one mistake, the Jews or their agents were everywhere. He decided he must read a lot more about the Jewish conspiracy and about the way it operated; he'd have to order a lot more books, both from the Nationalist Party and from other sources.

On his visit to the British Library he'd tried to look up a lot of the books which he'd seen referenced in the bibliographies of many of the titles he'd read. Most of them were not listed in the Library's catalogue. The reason for this was probably that many of them were published in the United States, but Benjamin saw the invisible Jewish hand behind this too, obviously they had suppressed the distribution of such books in the UK and ordered their withdrawal from the British library system. He ordered another extensive list of books both from the Nationalist Party's catalogue and from a leading publisher of anti-Semita, but he'd have to do a lot more than just read and plan to fight the Jewish conspiracy, he'd have to actively recruit freedom fighters.

The more Benjamin mulled over this idea though, the more he realised how hopeless this task would be. He remembered the Nationalist Party skinheads and thugs he'd rubbed shoulders with in the pub off Brick Lane, and shook his head in disdain. They were hardly the material of which a white liberation army was made. Then there had been the bearded man, the saloon bar philosopher as Benjamin called him, but that was all he had been, a philosopher, an intellectual. Like the skinheads such people talked a good fight, but when it came to the bottom line, that was all they ever did. Besides, intellectuals were terrified of violence. After reading more books, studying the Jewish conspiracy inside and out, and satisfying himself they controlled the media lock,

stock and barrel, Benjamin could see only one course of action: he'd have to go it alone. He'd have to wage war against the Jewish conspiracy single-handed, the same way he had against the Pakis. This idea had a great deal of merit; he realised that there was no way he would be able to single-handedly overturn the entire Jewish-controlled system, even Hitler hadn't done that, but what he could do was inspire other people to take up the fight. This had happened to some extent with the White Warriors hoax. He'd blasted away a couple of drug dealers, and this had led to other groups, or individuals claiming responsibility for fire-bombing Paki off licences and shops. There had been nine or ten reports of the White Warriors so far, including one this very week. Even though the police had stressed that many of them had been outright hoaxes, ie that people had claimed responsibility for arson attacks which had really been accidents, this did not necessarily mean that his brief campaign had bore no fruit. Once Benjamin started fire-bombing a few synagogues, the people would quickly wake up to the Jewish control of the media, the banks and the system: the ZOG or Zionist Occupation Government as it was called by American anti-Semites. This in turn would inspire others to campaign against the Jewish conspiracy. True, the Jews in the media would scream about it, but the more they did that, the more would people realise just how much control the Jews had over them. At length he decided that he would finish his driving lessons, pass his test, buy himself a car and drive up and down the country fire-bombing every synagogue from Lands End to John O'Groats.

Chapter Twenty

When he resumed his driving lessons he went every day then twice a day. Finally, after another month he felt he had enough confidence to take and pass his test. Even better, so did his instructor. "You're my star pupil," he told Benjamin, "you'll breeze through it." And he did. The driving school arranged his test immediately and he passed with no problem. The next thing he did was go out and buy a car. He paid cash on the nail for a late

model four door saloon and fitted it out with a sleeping bag. He put a lot of tools in the boot and deliberately made it look ramshackle, smearing it with oil, grease and muck so that if he were stopped at a road block there would be a strong disincentive for any police officer to inspect it. He found some old newspapers in the back of the larder and added them to the mess in the boot. The petrol bombs would go underneath the lot.

Benjamin had been doing a lot more reading in the meantime, not just about the Jewish conspiracy but about guerrilla warfare, first aid and surveillance techniques. He figured that he was as ready now as he ever would be, all he needed was the targets. He was also still running most every night and working out with a bullworker, and although he would never be Mr Universe, he had built himself a handsome set of muscles of which most men of his age would be proud. After returning to the British Library and reading through as many Jewish publications as he could find, he decided that he would go ahead with the first act of liberation the following Monday.

Chapter Twenty-One

The car pulled up outside the synagogue, its headlights dimmed and, as a distant church clock struck midnight, a tall, muscled figure in a green anorak climbed out and walked up to the front door with a can of petrol in one hand and a box of matches in the other. Without batting an eyelid, Benjamin put down the can, prised open the letterbox, knelt down, pulled the lid off the can and, removing a funnel from his anorak pocket, began pouring the liquid through the door. Then he picked up the matches, removed one from the box, struck it and flung it through the hole. It caught first time so, picking up the can, he walked back down to the car, threw the can in the back seat, and drove off cool as a cucumber. He didn't want to wait around to see what happened; he had another one to do less than half an hour from here.

At the second synagogue, he went through exactly the same procedure, and within another half hour he had disposed of his

fiery tools and was speeding down the motorway towards London. He arrived back at his bedsit in the small hours, washed in the small wash basin then climbed in between the sheets with a cup of scalding hot coffee well satisfied with his night's work. That would sort out these bastards; he'd phone a solicitor tomorrow, a Jewish solicitor this time, and leave a fraternal message from the White Warriors: if the Jews didn't stop their infernal race-mixing and usury, the White Warriors would burn down every synagogue in the country, maybe with Jews inside them!

He slept late, but on awakening he thought immediately what he'd done, shot a sideways glance at the liquid crystal display of the alarm clock on the floor beside the bed and sat up straight. It was one minute to the hour; he leaned over and flicked the button on the clock just as the pips sounded.

"Police in Birmingham are looking for a maniac who burned down two synagogues within the space of an hour. Leaders of the Jewish community appealed for calm amidst claims that a neo-Nazi gang was behind the attacks..."

"Whoopee!" he screamed, jumping out of bed and dancing naked around the room. This would show them. He washed in cold water and hurried out to buy a newspaper. He was halfway to the newsagent when he realised that it wouldn't be in the papers, it had come too late. Still, it would be in the *Evening Standard*, and the first edition of that hit the streets well before evening. He was ravenously hungry now, he thought. Fishing in his pocket he came up with a handful of notes and made for the nearest café.

He could hardly contain his excitement at the thought of his successful night's work. He'd had an amazing run of luck so far, right from the double murder at the Tower Hotel to robbing that Paki grocer, who hadn't even reported it, now he'd inflicted a crushing blow on the enemies of the white race and no one even suspected him. He'd have to be careful though, he reminded himself for the hundredth time, one mistake, one tiny slip, and the game would be up.

That afternoon he picked up the *Standard* and there, blazoned across the front page, was *Double Arson Attack in Birmingham: Jews Fear Pogrom!*

"So they fucking should!" uttered Benjamin under his breath, "it's what they deserve." He stayed in that evening watching TV and

there seemed to be nothing else on except the arson attacks. True, it had been a particularly effective blitz, sudden, ruthless, and the police were, or appeared to be, clueless. But there had also been a double murder in Wales, an earthquake in South America, and a plane crash in the Far East with massive loss of life. Then inflation was up again, the latest figures on the AIDS epidemic were out, but all the media could talk about was the promise of a pogrom in Birmingham.

Later in the evening a talk show was cancelled and replaced by a special debate on the rise of anti-Semitism in Britain. Benjamin sat watching fascinated and tried to count all the Jewish noses that were traipsed in front of the camera thinking to himself that there were a great many more behind the camera. He knew for certain that Jews owned and controlled ITV lock, stock and barrel. He wondered how many others did. He'd have to make a White Warriors call tomorrow to a Jewish solicitor to claim responsibility for it. And from now on he'd use some sort of codeword.

Chapter Twenty-Two

"Mr Silverstein, please," said the caller.

"May I ask who's calling?" the receptionist replied.

"No."

"I'm afraid Mr Silverstein doesn't take anonymous calls."

"Listen, you fucking kike bitch, unless you want your synagogue blown up tonight, you'll put him on the line now!"

There was silence on the other end, then finally the caller heard a click. "Graham Silverstein speaking, identify yourself or hang up."

"This is the White Warriors."

"Is it indeed? And what can I do for you?"

"You can tell your kike friends in the media and the banks that the *goyim* are striking back. We're gonna put an end to your race-mixing, kike."

"Now listen, I don't know..."

“Death to the enemies of the white race; the White Warriors claim responsibility for the fire-bombing of the Birmingham synagogues and will continue to burn out the Jews as long as they conspire against Britain and Aryan man.”

“I think you'd better phone a doctor next time,” said the solicitor, but the phone had already gone dead.

Benjamin left the call box, crossed the road to his car and climbed in. Now he was off to Bristol; the Jews were going to pay for everything: the First World War, the Second World War, pushing race-mixing, communism, capitalism, the lot. He'd make them shit themselves, he might even rub out a few of them. He felt confident that he could do it; he'd killed two men within hours of each other, one for no better reason than that he happened to be carrying a briefcase full of money. He thought back to the Paki grocer; he hadn't been able to shoot him, nor his kids. That was different, Benjamin thought, Pakis weren't to blame any more than niggers were to blame. They were not the problem, once the Jews had been dealt with, there would be no race-mixing problem, no more immigration or ethnic swamping, no more evil. He was looking forward to this.

Later that day he arrived in Bristol, walked into the first newsagent shop he saw, and purchased an *A To Z*. He wondered if synagogues were marked the same as churches, but thought to himself that didn't matter. He had a pile of Jewish publications in the back of his car which provided hundreds of addresses. He hadn't realised just how many Jews there must be in the country. Estimates varied from about a quarter of a million to half a million; that was a lot. True, there were a great many more in New York, but that was because the Holocaust survivors, including most of those who were supposed to have been gassed, had gone there after the war. All the same, Britain had more than enough; what would they do with them? Half a million, even a quarter of a million was a hell of a lot to get rid of. True, Hitler had purged Germany of them, but you couldn't do that nowadays. Who couldn't? He laughed wickedly to himself. What they'd have to do would be to ship them out on the banana boats with the niggers and the Pakis. When that would be he had no idea, but it would take the entire nation to rise up first, which was just what he was hoping would happen. Once he'd targeted a few more synagogues,

maybe bombed a few newspaper offices too, that would wake the people up. When they realised that all the newspapers in Britain were really Jewspapers, they'd rise up and throw off the chains of Jewish oppression.

The Bristol synagogue fire-bombing went off like clockwork, just like the Birmingham ones. He spent the day walking round the city, the evening in a pub drinking coke and lemonade, and just before midnight he'd found his target, having made a previous recognisance and, walking breezily up to the front door, poured the contents of the can through the letter box and calmly set fire to it. In five minutes, he was driving towards the motorway, and three hours later he'd arrived home, disposed of all the incriminating evidence, cleaned himself up, and was climbing between the sheets.

The next day the media screamed about the Bristol synagogue bombing incessantly. There had been another earthquake, this time in Peru, a ferry had sunk off the coast of Morocco with massive loss of life, and there had been a double murder in Glasgow, yet the only thing the media could talk about was the fire-bombing of a Bristol synagogue in which not one life had been lost. What further proof was needed that the news media was really the Jewsmidia? Benjamin asked himself this question over and over again.

He watched the TV that night aghast; again, Jew after Jew after Jew was dragged in front of the boob tube: there were Orthodox Jews, Zionist Jews, Jewish tailors, bankers, actors and actresses. All spoke with great fear and trepidation about this latest manifestation of anti-Semitism. One Jew cried that he'd come to Britain as a refugee from Nazi Germany to escape this sort of thing, now it was happening all over again. "There's going to be another Holocaust, I know it," he sobbed pathetically.

"There never was one before!" Benjamin yelled at the screen, then, giving the Nazi salute, he shouted, "Sieg Heil, Sieg Heil!" Benjamin never had been nor ever would be a Nazi, even though that was what they would call him, but he had little doubt now that Hitler was right. "The Jews are our misfortune!" he shouted, in English; he preferred the German version, but he always got his words muddled.

At eleven o'clock that night, after it had been announced that Scotland Yard had set up a new crack, anti-terrorist team to deal with this latest manifestation of hate against "one of our most respectable and law-abiding ethnic minorities" it was announced that the Hollywood monstrosity *Holocaust* was to be screened the following night. On both ITV and BBC!

They were insufferable, Benjamin thought. He'd have to do another one soon, but not a synagogue, they would be well guarded by now. A school perhaps. With the kids inside it, he laughed into his lager. Have to stay off this now completely, couldn't afford any slip ups at this stage of the game, he thought to himself. Then he remembered that he hadn't claimed responsibility for the attack yet; he'd do that tomorrow. Perhaps he'd phone that lawyer Silverstein again; he hadn't used a code word yet either, he'd have to think about that.

Benjamin did phone a Jewish lawyer, but not Mr Silverstein; the result was a deluge of anti-Holocaustiana and countless interviews with leading public figures condemning anti-Semitism, both in the press and on radio and TV. Everything about the White Warriors had been made public now, from the double murder at the Tower Hotel to a dozen arson attacks against Asian businesses up and down the country. Anti-Nazi Action, the long disbanded and supposedly anti-Nazi organisation, was being revived, and many show business personalities were being recruited into it.

This was not quite what Benjamin had wanted. The fact that other people or groups appeared to have emulated him was to be welcomed, no one had been setting fire to synagogues yet, but that would come. The trouble was that the resistance had been a lot more pronounced than he'd anticipated; it had also been immediate. That meant either that the Jews were even more powerful than he'd feared, or that they were even more worried than he'd expected. He hoped it was the latter, now he'd have to sit down and plan his next target very carefully, and hit them where they least expected it.

Chapter Twenty-Three

Much as he wanted to go straight out and do it, Benjamin kept the lid on his next Jewish target for another week; then he hit a Jewish school in Manchester. His *modus operandi* was exactly the same as before; he drove up the motorway with a can of petrol, a funnel, some rags and a box of matches, and poured half a gallon of the petrol through the front door. It was very primitive, but why change a winning formula? After disposing of the incriminating evidence in a rubbish skip, he cleaned himself up at a service station and drove straight back down the motorway.

Because Manchester was a lot further than Birmingham, he had to drive virtually all through the night, so he didn't get home until it was nearly daybreak. He'd thought about basing himself in London for these sort of hits, but had decided against it; he'd be making a few strikes in the capital soon anyway. Maybe he'd go up to Stamford Hill and torch that sandwich bar. On second thoughts, maybe he wouldn't: that Jew made a great salt beef sandwich.

It wasn't salt beef that was on the menu today though, it was roast bacon. Again, the media screamed about the latest anti-Semitic outrage, again, all the media Jews and *shabbez goyim* were trotted out to denounce anti-Semitism, and again, more scenes from Belsen, Dachau and Buchenwald were flashed onto TV screens across the nation so as to leave the public in no doubt where all this was leading.

Anti-Nazi Action denounced this cowardly campaign by Britain's Nazis and, incredibly, called for more immigration, more race-mixing and a new race act. Already it was virtually impossible to open your mouth, Benjamin thought. A senior police officer had recently been sacked and prosecuted for referring to non-whites as "nig-nogs", something which would have been laughable had it not been so Draconian. This evening there was a pathetic little Jew on the TV calling for a mass mobilisation against what he called the Nationalist Party's latest hate campaign. Christ, thought Benjamin, do they really believe the Nationalist Party is behind this? Then an amusing thing happened, another Jew who was being interviewed on the same programme and evidently in the

same studio, denounced Anti-Nazi Action as sectarian and even anti-Semitic.

Benjamin sat up straight and watched the two Jews arguing amongst themselves.

"That's a pretty strong accusation isn't it, Mr Cohen, considering that Anti-Nazi Action was set up specifically to combat anti-Semitism after this latest wave of anti-Semitic attacks."

"No," said Cohen, "The steering committee has repeatedly attacked Israel over the years for its treatment of the Palestinians."

"That's because the Israelis treat the Palestinians the same way the Nazis treated the Jews," said the other Jew, who, in spite of his very Jewish appearance and even more Jewish accent, bore the very Anglo-Saxon name of Clifford.

"That is outrageous," said Cohen.

"Facts are facts," said Mr Clifford, "and I should point out that as a former Israeli myself and a peace activist, that since the *Intifada* the Israeli government has been waging its own hate campaign against Palestinian civil rights activists which is in some ways very reminiscent of the dehumanisation the Jews suffered when the Nuremberg Laws were passed. In the past six weeks alone the Israelis have blown up no less than nine Palestinian homes."

Benjamin stared in disbelief as the two Jews went at each other hammer and tongs; at one point they nearly came to blows. They were so confused these people, so paranoid that they didn't know who to have a go at next.

Chapter Twenty-Four

Benjamin decided to take a week off after this, maybe he would send a letter or two to the Board of Deputies of British Jews telling them that unless they stopped promoting race-mixing and immigration the White Warriors would blow up every synagogue in Britain. He'd have to be real careful if he wrote though, a letter was tangible evidence; from the books he'd been reading on

forensic science, he knew the police were often able to make startling deductions from the tiniest fibre or smudge.

Later that same day as he sat in the local library flicking through the *Guardian* he found a small piece about a boycott of a meeting at the London School of Economics. Apparently a speaker who was to have given a lecture on the financial system had been frozen out due to his supposedly having fascist connections. Mr Donald McCallum was said also to be anti-Semitic, a charge he vehemently denied. There was something about his running a mail order service from a Norwich bookshop, and about the Jewish world conspiracy, but the article was not very coherent. Benjamin tore it out surreptitiously and stuffed it into his shirt pocket.

He was getting more and more confused about this whole Jewish conspiracy thing, he'd have to return to London and burn down a few more synagogues. There were a lot of Jews in the capital: Stamford Hill and Golders Green were full of them. He could burn down three or four the same night if he planned the operation meticulously. No, he couldn't, he thought. By now the police would be expecting something like that, so he had to switch targets, he'd burn down a Jewish bookshop, a supermarket, something like that. Or perhaps another school, maybe with little kike kids inside it, he sniggered to himself.

Chapter Twenty-Five

Benjamin had never been to Newcastle before, and as he thumbed through the *Yellow Pages* for the area in the central reference library the last thing he'd expected to find was a Kosher delicatessen. Just shows how wrong you can be, he thought. Now it was ten o'clock at night, he was in the city centre and preparing to go into action. This would fool the Old Bill, not to mention make the Jewsmidia scream for weeks on end. He got out of the car, walked up to the shop with the can in his hand and calmly poured half a gallon of paraffin through the letter box, torched it, walked back to the car and drove off.

At 3am the following morning he did the same thing in Manchester; ironically the delicatessen he chose was called *Benjamin's*! After ditching the tools of his fiery trade in a canal feeder which ran parallel to the main road, he headed back to the motorway, cleaned himself up thoroughly at the first services, and headed for London. Driving straight back to his Earls Court room he stripped off, dived naked between the sheets and crashed out until late afternoon.

As soon as he woke up, he turned over in bed and flicked on the clock radio; he listened for five minutes until the news at the hour, and sure enough, there was a hysterical report about more "Nazi" fire-bombings. The Board of Deputies of British Jews had sent an urgent delegation to see the Prime Minister and a representative to the Chief Constables of every police force throughout the United Kingdom. Yes, every police force. They were obviously extremely worried, thought Benjamin, he had them by the balls now. As he listened, a hysterical kike from the Union of Jewish Students began chanting "Death to the Nazis" in the background while another demanded that the Nationalist Party be banned and that internment be introduced for anyone suspected of anti-Semitism.

"You'll have to lock up everybody then," he said under his breath. He climbed out of bed, washed, pulled on some clothes then went out to buy the evening paper, which gave a far more graphic account of his activities than had the radio. The editorial claimed that the Jewish community was now living in fear, and warned that the terrorist group responsible for these latest outrages, the White Warriors, must be tracked down immediately. 'They're learning fast,' thought Benjamin, then he walked to the nearest phone box and telephoned the Board of Deputies of British Jews.

"Who's calling?" said the woman on the switchboard.

"This is the White Warriors. Listen, you kike bitch, we claim responsibility for the delicatessen fire-bombings. If you don't want your bagels burned, you'll stop the race-mixing and send all the Pakis back now. Death to the enemies of the white race. Ask your kike friend Silverstein the lawyer and he'll tell you we're the real McCoy." He hung up and went in search of food.

The following day, the White Warriors were front page news on all the tabloids and all the heavies. The woman on the switchboard at Woburn House had immediately called the police; the reference to

Graham Sliverstein, the Jewish solicitor he'd telephoned before, had been immediately picked up, and the White Warriors had been authenticated as responsible for the twin outrages. Benjamin was now public enemy number one!

That night he stayed in and watched TV. It was incredible, the whole evening's entertainment on all four channels had been abandoned to a campaign against anti-Semitism. Although apart from the double murder at the Tower Hotel, Benjamin had not actually killed anyone, and certainly no Jew had been killed, the media Jews were already talking about another Holocaust. 'Assuming there had ever been a first one,' he thought sarcastically. Then a report came in of another fire-bombing, this time of a Kosher delicatessen in Liverpool. Although this had happened only within the last hour and no one had claimed responsibility for it, the White Warriors were again held to blame. "You've really started something here, son," he said as he curled up in front of the TV with a mug of coffee. He thought about going out and doing another one immediately, but then he thought he'd just sit back and see what happened. Other groups would surely get involved now and take up the struggle against the Jews in the fight for the survival of Aryan man. Besides, he'd have to change his *modus operandi*, or at least broaden his base of targets. Maybe he'd hit a Kosher butcher shop next, a solicitors, or even the Jewish-controlled boob tube itself.

Chapter Twenty-Six

Benjamin gave the subject a bit more thought then decided to sit back and let the Jews sweat it out. Because so much anti-goy propaganda was being shown on the TV, he went to the library where he spent most of the day, returning in the evening with a big pile of books with which to while away the night. Around midnight he'd put on his track suit and go running.

The TV and the press were still screaming about anti-Semitism the following week; it was so obvious now that ordinary people were beginning to talk about it in the street, people who had never taken

the slightest interest in Jews before in their lives. On two occasions he heard women in supermarkets referring to the Jewmedia and the Newspapers, on a third, amusingly, a Pakistani shopkeeper made a virulently anti-Semitic remark about the boob tube and how if the Holocaust had really happened the Jews wouldn't be around to whine about it now. Then the outrage happened.

Somebody had obviously been reading Benjamin's mind about burning down a school with kike kids inside it, because exactly that happened in Leeds. Two children were burned to death and several were seriously injured. The TV, radio and press screamed blue murder, and politicians from both sides of the House and from all shades of political opinion denounced it as a criminal act second only to the IRA's recent bombing of a Belfast college in which five students were killed. Even the Nationalist Party issued a brief statement condemning the arson as both senseless and totally counterproductive for the nationalist movement, though they stopped short of accusing Zionist *agents provocateurs* of being behind it, but only just.

The following Sunday, Benjamin decided to go down Brick Lane again; he arrived at about ten o'clock and hung around for nearly an hour, but none of the paper-sellers showed up. He wanted to ask someone where they were but was afraid of being mistakenly identified as a fascist. As he nosed around on a discount tape stall, the question was asked and answered for him.

"Haven't seen any fascists this morning, have you, Bert?"

"They won't dare show their faces today," said the stallholder to his colleague, "after that business up north the reds'd kill 'em."

That was a thought; Benjamin looked around and perceived a heavy communist presence: Socialist Wankers he'd once heard them called. A lot of them were Jewish, and wherever the Nationalist Party went, they followed, just in case the Fronters got any cute ideas into their heads, like Britain being a free country and their being entitled to express their views every bit as much as the next man.

Benjamin thought it might be a good idea to walk up to the Fronters' watering hole; he left the lane and began walking deeper into the East End, but he'd got only about a hundred yards when he saw two skinheads crossing the road in front of him and heading off at right angles to where he was going. He realised they

must be Nationalist Party members, and guessed that where there were two there would be more, so decided to follow them at a discreet distance.

They walked on another hundred yards then entered a public house called the *Three Tuns*. Benjamin followed them in, and, sure enough, found himself in the midst of a heavily packed NP gathering. The tall man with the booming voice he'd met before was there; all the others appeared to be skinheads. They were sitting round in a circle singing an obscene ditty about the Gestapo calling for a Jewess to take her away to a concentration camp. Benjamin made his way to the bar and ordered a pint of draught coke; no alcohol he thought, be abstemious like the Führer. He wondered what the Führer would have thought of this lot, probably not a lot, he mused.

The landlord and bar staff seemed to have no objection to the tone of the singing nor to the literature that was being passed round. Benjamin looked at the barman and saw that he sported a swastika tattoo on his right arm. That explained it, he thought. As he stood drinking his coke, a skinhead walked up to him and handed him a leaflet. It contained a series of cartoons and a song parody to be sung to the tune of *Clementine*. It was called *Perish Judah*.

Standing at the bar next to him was a big, thickset man with a moustache; he had his sleeves rolled up, and his arms too sported tattoos, but rather than swastikas they were decorated with Union Jacks, a British bulldog and various *racist* though unquestionably British rather than "fascist" insignia. He was drinking pints, and from the colour of his face in spite of the early hour it was obvious he'd already had more than enough. Benjamin looked at him and wondered how anyone could get drunk before dinner time, especially a man of his size, but then it occurred to him that the man had probably been drinking before the pubs had opened. So had half the others by the look of them; the fire-bombing of the Jewish school had triggered off a carnival atmosphere.

"Three cheers for the White Warriors!" shouted someone in the clique of quasi-fascists.

"Hip hip!"

"Hooray!"

The chorus went up three times, and Benjamin suppressed a smile. Although no one had yet claimed responsibility for the outrage, according to the latest police report the White Warriors were thought to have been behind it. This gave Benjamin a warm feeling inside. Although he found the company of the assembled Nationalist Party riff-raff unsavoury, in a sense he also felt a great bond of solidarity with them. They were his people. The big man standing at the bar next to him obviously did not agree; he turned to Benjamin, who was still holding the *Perish Judah* leaflet, looked down at it and scoffed.

"They think that's fockin' funny."

This was not what Benjamin had expected the man to say, so he kept a poker-face and replied non-committally, "I think it's what's called black humour."

"It'll be black for them if the yids send in the Mossad t' wipe 'em out, an' I wouldn't blame 'em, would you?"

Now what was he to say? Diplomatically he replied, "I don't think any of them burnt down that school. It was in Leeds."

The man turned fully to him and guzzled on his pint, "Aye, that's true enough, but if it wasn't them, it was their kind."

"You're not in the Nationalist Party then?" Benjamin asked.

"Are you?"

"I voted Tory," he lied.

"Good fockin' job, too. I used to be in the NP, but they're a bunch of losers. I joined it ten years ago and they're still peddling the same shit now they were then, kick the wogs out, bring back the rope an' all that crap. But all they're good for is burnin' schoolkids. I don't like the yids myself, but they don't deserve that. I'll tell you something about them too."

"What's that?" asked Benjamin.

They look after their own kind. You won't find many Jews sleeping rough, that's why they've got all the money, cos they help each other."

"I thought it was because of their conspiracy."

"So what's a conspiracy? It's people who know each other gettin' together an' helpin' each other out. That fockin' lot," he nodded in the direction of the Fronters, "they're a bunch of fockin' losers, they never help each other, all they do is beat up Pakis an' get drunk, then they crawl back to their little holes an' whine about

how oppressed they are, how they can't hire buildings and distribute their papers because the Jews have organised a boycott of them. I'll tell you somethin', if I owned a newsagents, I wouldn't stock *Nationalist News* either; if I owned a hall, I wouldn't hire it out to them."

"You're not a nationalist then?"

"You think that's what they are?"

Benjamin shrugged his shoulders, "They say they are."

"Nationalism is patriotism, and patriotism isn't about hatin' Pakis an' burning yids, it's about helpin' your own kind. That's why the Jews have taken over the media an' why the Pakis are buyin' up all the corner shops, because they're patriots, it's a different kind of patriotism they've got, that's all. Do they love the white race?"

Again he nodded towards the Fronters.

"They say they do," said Benjamin.

"Then why don't they go an' do somethin' for some of those white kids sleepin' rough down at Waterloo Station? Why don't they show some idealism?"

He chewed over that, but the tattooed man didn't wait for an answer to his question, which was really directed at himself rather than at Benjamin. He turned back to the bar, ordered another pint and ignored him for the rest of the session.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

Benjamin left the pub and took the Underground to Leicester Square; he'd been immersed deep in thought ever since he parted company with the man with the tattooed arms. He'd been right, of course, the head cases who had burned down that Jewish school in Leeds were not idealists, they didn't want to save the white man from the Jewish conspiracy, from the menace of Imperial Zion and the Jewish United Nations. All they wanted was to hate the Jews; well, he, Benjamin Catesby didn't want to hate the Jews, he just wanted to get them off his back, and off the backs of his people. He realised now what had been motivating him from the start, right

from the very first moment he'd started thinking about Pakis taking over all the shops, it was the fear of racial death.

A lot of older people felt the same way; they'd fought Hitler to keep the foreigner out, now they were being told not only that they should allow more and more foreigners in, but that they should allow their country to be taken over and their race to be destroyed. And if they didn't, then they were Nazis, *racists*, fascists, bigots. Well, he wasn't a bigot, he just wanted the white man to survive.

Although Benjamin didn't have any children he hoped that he would have one day. He wished he had a girlfriend now, but in the future he didn't just want a girlfriend, he wanted a wife. And he wanted her to be blonde-haired and blue-eyed. He wanted a son too, and a daughter. And he wanted them both to be blond, to have blue eyes, and he wanted their children and their children's children and their children's children's children to be the same. To the nth generation.

He remembered reading that creeping socialist publication in which some Jewish communist had identified this and ridiculed it, denounced it as hate and bigotry. Who the fuck did that kike bastard think he was? In one moment he was going on about the gas chambers, about how wonderful the Jews were and how they had to be saved from hate and protected from the growing Nazi menace, the next he was saying that white people who wanted essentially the same thing, for their race to survive, were bigots and haters. Screw him! Benjamin thought. They brought it on themselves, the Jews. He certainly wasn't going to waste time, money and paraffin burning their schools down. He didn't approve of murder, even if they were trying to destroy his race, but he'd damn well teach the bastards a lesson.

He had a meal then decided to see a sex film; he'd never really got off on these before, and very soon he realised why. It was a load of boring crap, watching people fuck. He sat it out for nearly forty minutes then remembered something the tattooed man had said. Why don't these Jew-haters go and help some of the white kids who are sleeping rough down at Waterloo and on the South Bank, why didn't they show their idealism in positive ways instead of burning Jewish schoolkids to death? Benjamin had heard a lot about this of late, but he had never seen it for himself; he decided to go to Waterloo and have a look. He was going to take the train

but decided it wasn't very far to walk. He made his way to Charing Cross then down to the Embankment and walked across Hungerford Bridge. From Charing Cross Underground Station onwards he was accosted by beggars every few yards. Most of them were very young, hardly any were out of their teens. You couldn't blame the Jews for this, he thought. Even if they had brought all the Pakis and niggers here, there was no reason for young white kids to be begging on the streets like this. In any case, not all of them were white, there were a few half chits among them, and even a full-blooded coon.

He walked around for three quarters of an hour, staring in disgust at the conditions in which people, his people, were forced to live. That was what motivated him: idealism. He wasn't into all this hate the yids shit, he certainly didn't hate coons or Pakis, he wanted to enhance his own race, he wanted the white man to survive, to prosper, to continue his evolution, aspiring to whatever goal Nature or God had in store for him.

He walked back to the West End, passing more beggars as he went. When they tapped him for money, he gave freely. This was what he wanted to do, to spread idealism. He dug deep into his pocket and showered one young beggar with coins. As he sat in a coffee bar drinking a *cappuccino* and tucking into a slice of apple pie, Benjamin thought again about idealism. Much as he'd like to help all his people, he realised that if he dug into his pocket for any length of time, he'd soon run out of money and end up on the streets himself. Yet the bottom line was money, it always was and probably always would be.

The Nationalist Party had no answers, all they wanted to do was gas the Jews and kill the Pakis and the niggers. But when they'd done that, who would they start on then? Probably dissidents and asocials like himself, Benjamin thought. No, they had no answers, all they had to offer was hate. Or perhaps they didn't. He remembered in some of the books about the conspiracy there was all that stuff about how the Jews created money out of nothing then made people pay interest on it forever. That had to have something to do with it. Maybe if they, he, could just break the power the Jews had over the money supply. Once that happened it would probably stop all the race-mixing too; the two problems had to be connected somehow.

He left the coffee bar and began walking aimlessly around the West End again, lost deep in the muse. He didn't realise for how long he'd been walking, but it must have been some considerable time because it was getting dark now, almost. Time to return to Earls Court, he thought. Then he saw him. He was a strange little man, his clothes were old-fashioned, and not just because he'd been wearing them for years, probably without taking them off. His complexion was dark, but he was definitely white, though distinctly swarthy. Much of it was probably dirt and grime, Benjamin imagined, although it could be that he had Latin blood in him. He was foraging in a rubbish bin on the other side of the road; Benjamin saw him remove a fried chicken box and scrape around inside it for day old, cold chips, the residue of some tourist's meal. He shrank in horror; this shouldn't be allowed. What was that about idealism? The poor man obviously hadn't eaten a proper meal for...maybe years. Benjamin crossed the street and walked up to him.

"Excuse me," he said. The man looked up from his foraging and appeared embarrassed; he looked down at his shoes as Benjamin stood in front of him. "Is there a coffee bar round here? I wanna get a cup of tea."

The man smiled sheepishly, still not looking directly at Benjamin. He sort of shook his head to one side and said under his breath, "Over there."

"You wanna show me where?" asked Benjamin, "I'll buy you a cup of tea if you like."

Again the man smiled, this time awkwardly. "You look like you could use one," he said.

"Could. Haven't drunk all day."

"Come on then, lead on."

The man did as he was bid, and Benjamin followed him to the coffee bar. He was momentarily afraid that his guest wouldn't be served or that they would both be asked to leave; he was so obviously sleeping rough that if the place was even slightly upmarket, he would be unceremoniously thrown out. But when they reached the bar, Benjamin felt reassured. The place was a dump. Besides, he wouldn't have taken Benjamin to a place where he'd be refused service.

When they were inside, Benjamin bid the man sit down while he went up to the counter. "You take sugar?" he asked.

"No thank you," he said, still subdued.

"You want a piece of cake or something?"

He smiled, and nodded his head slowly.

"And a sandwich?" He looked positively embarrassed now; he was a man who had obviously not experienced kindness and consideration for a long time. Probably he felt dehumanised, Benjamin thought. That was a word he'd learned recently when reading some left wing crap about *racism*. *Racism* was meant to dehumanise black people, the Jewish author of *Racism: the incomparable crime* had written. It was strange how all these pro-race-mixing books were written by Jews and how they were both communists and capitalists. It was even stranger how they professed to be great humanitarians, caring people, socialists, yet whenever they had come to power they had done nothing but commit mass murder and enslave the common people. They'd even persecuted their own kind in Russia.

Benjamin bade his new friend take a seat then walked up to the counter with a warm feeling inside now that he was about to rehumanise a fellow Aryan, a man down on his luck, thanks probably in no small part to the Jewish ethos, if not to the Jewish conspiracy itself. After all, it was the Jews who'd invented usury. Perhaps this poor fellow had owned his own house once, or his own business, and been forced to sell up by high interest rates. All of which went into the pockets of some New York Jewish usurer. Benjamin walked back to the table carrying a tray on which were perched two cups of tea, two slices of bread pudding, one for each of them, and a cheese sandwich for his guest. He hadn't asked him what type of sandwich he'd wanted, but he assumed cheese would be okay.

Sitting down opposite him he said, "Here you are, mate, get this down yer."

"Thank you," he said.

Benjamin was now just as embarrassed as his companion; he'd never practised racial idealism before, except for when he'd given away the last of his small change earlier that day. He fished in his pocket for his *A To Z* and, taking it out, began looking for some imaginary street.

"Are you from out of town?" the little man asked.

"Yes," said Benjamin, "come from up north."

"You don't sound like a Northerner."

It wasn't really a question, he was just making small talk as he tucked into his bread pudding and splashed down his cup of tea.

"No," Benjamin replied, "everybody says that. You lived in London long?" He wanted to divert attention from himself; he didn't want to get too friendly with anybody in the capital because he came here to work. London was the base from which he was launching his war against the Jewish oppressors of the white race.

"I lived here long time, ever since I been on the street."

"You sleep rough?"

"Hmm," he nodded as he took another swig of his cup of tea.

"Life is very hard," said Benjamin, "for me too, but maybe not as hard as for you."

"It's a very hard life," the little man said, "and a very unfair life."

Benjamin was tempted to say something about it being unfair because the Jews had all the money, but wisely he decided against it. Instead he made small talk with the little man, asking him about how he survived, did he ever sleep in hostels, what did he do when he was ill?

As they sat and talked, Benjamin sipped his tea slowly while his guest munched his way through the bread pudding and sandwich.

"You still hungry?" asked Benjamin as his friend licked the crumbs off his fingers.

"That was good," he replied.

"You want some more to eat?"

He smiled. "You are very kind, but I now full."

Benjamin fished in his pocket, he had to get away now, he was so embarrassed. As he stood up, he took out a five pound note and pushed it towards the little man. "Here, I have to go now, but get yourself something later."

The man looked at the note, smiled, reached out and took it. "You are too kind, sir."

"That's all right, I've had a good day." That was true, he certainly felt warm inside.

"What are you called?" he asked.

"Benjamin," said Benjamin.

"That's a good Jewish name. Isaac."

He held out his hand for Benjamin to shake. Benjamin took it and said, "That's Jewish too." Then the penny dropped. "Are you Jewish?"

Isaac nodded his head slowly, "You're not?"

"No," said Benjamin, "I'm not even a Christian."

Benjamin did believe in God, but not Jesus and he would never have called himself a Christian. After some of the things he'd read about the World Council of Churches, he didn't want anything to do with these scum; they were worse than the Jews, some of these so-called Christians.

The little man pressed his hand, and as he did so, there were tears in his eyes. "God bless you sir, that you have shown kindness to a poor Jew at such a time. God bless you."

Benjamin smiled weakly and left the coffee bar; once outside he walked quickly to the station and took the Underground to Earls Court.

Back in his bedsit flat he sat on his bed, head in hands and struggled with both his conscience and his reason. If he didn't make proper sense of the Jewish Question soon, he would also be struggling with his sanity. The little man had obviously been referring to the fire-bombing of the Leeds school which the media had linked to the White Warriors. He may have been on the street, but most homeless people could read just as well as the next man. Many of them spent their days sitting around in libraries and other public buildings; he'd even seen one or two of them in Selton. Benjamin nearly wept: he'd been fire-bombing synagogues and Kosher delicatessens, and what had been his reward? He'd been praised like a saint by one of the people he was waging a personal war against.

The next day, he drove home and began wading through the reams of anti-Semitic literature he'd bought from the Nationalist Party and other sources. There was no refuting it, most of it. True, there was that nonsense *The Protocols*, there was also *Jewish Ritual Murder* by a head case called Arnold Leese, but the Holocaust denial literature, there was no refuting that, nor the very real role played by so many Jews in communism. Nor their influence in banking and the media. Benjamin had even read one book written by a Jew which had boasted that the Jews controlled all but one of the studios in Hollywood!

No matter how he wrestled with the Jewish Question, there was no denying the facts: the Jews were very largely in control of everything. And yet he had just met a Jew who had been sleeping rough for years. He had to find some real answers before he went crazy. He turned in at 3am still thinking about the Jewish Question and still no nearer to solving the greatest enigma since the riddle of the Sphinx.

Chapter Twenty-Eight

Benjamin was on his way to the library when he met his sister outside the local newsagents. She greeted him loudly and embarrassed him by throwing her arms round him and smothering him with kisses. "Benjamin, where have you been these past weeks? We haven't seen you."

"I've been er, out of town."

"Where?"

"Oh, here and there."

"Have you got yourself a girlfriend?" Sheila asked hopefully.

Chance would be a fine thing, he thought. "Not exactly," he replied, meaning not at all but hoping she would draw the opposite conclusion.

"Well, you'll have to bring her round some time. I miss you. *We* miss you."

Benjamin realised she was being diplomatic and replied, "I will come round Sheila, some time, but I've got things on my mind at the moment." He didn't dare tell her what things and hoped she wouldn't ask. "How's *your* love life?" he asked.

"Oh fine. He really does like you, you know."

"Sure." His sister's husband couldn't stand the sight of him, and he knew it.

He tried to shake her off but it took him the best part of half an hour before he was able to extricate himself. He felt guilty about it, Sheila was the only person in the world who cared if he lived or died, he really ought to be more considerate towards her. And she was his own flesh and blood; if blood counted for something, which

presumably it did or he wouldn't have started all this White Warriors stuff. If blood counted for anything at all, then first and foremost that meant his own family. How could a man care about the white race if he didn't give a damn about his own sister?

In the library, Benjamin searched in vain through the encyclopaedias and history books. Selton Library was very well stocked, but it contained very few books on race and Jews, and those it did contain were invariably of a liberal bent. In the British Library he'd found several of the anti-Semitic texts and similar books that he'd ordered from the Nationalist Party, but even if he had free access to the entire nationalist catalogue he doubted he'd find what he was looking for: the solution to the Jewish Question, how the Jews were so powerful, how they controlled everything or appeared to control everything. Yet there was something more, it wasn't just the Jews, and he knew now that it wasn't all of them. The happy go lucky restaurateur who'd served him a salt beef sandwich in Stamford Hill, he wasn't involved in the conspiracy, or whatever it was. Neither was that poor little wretch he'd bought a cup of tea and a sandwich for Sunday night.

Benjamin sat reading the *Guardian*, he'd been in the library for three and a half hours wracking his brains over the Jews. He was becoming obsessed by them, he had Jews on the brain, and something else. If only he could put his finger on it.

As he flicked over the Home News page, he read a tiny snippet about a man whose name he'd seen before, very recently. It was another reference to Donald McCallum. Benjamin thought for a minute, that was right, McCallum had been scheduled to give a lecture at the London School of Economics but had been frozen out ostensibly because of his anti-Semitic, fascist or neo-Nazi connections. The article said that his shop had been raided by the police who had been tipped of that he was selling US government military training manuals; the police had searched his premises but had found nothing incriminating; McCallum had blamed Zionist agitators for making a hoax phone call. Zionists, thought Benjamin; not all Jews were Zionists, but most of them were, even if they didn't openly support Israel, when the chips were down they all went back to the tribe.

A thought struck him that maybe Donald McCallum knew something he didn't; perhaps the bookseller could provide the

missing link in the equation of Jews, Zionists, communists, conspirators, bankers...On leaving the library he walked straight across the road to a phone box, rang Directory Enquiries and, with some difficulty, obtained the name of Donald McCallum's bookshop. He decided to go home first and have something to eat before he phoned the bookseller.

Chapter Twenty-Nine

"Mr McCallum?"

"Speaking."

"Hello, my name is Catesby."

"What can I do for you, Mr Catesby?"

"You sell books."

"Yes."

"Books that most shops don't stock."

"Some of them."

"I'm a student. Sort of."

"I see."

"I was wondering if I could come up to your bookshop."

"I don't see why not; we deal mostly by mail order, but if someone wants to come up and see us we can usually oblige."

"You're in Norfolk, aren't you?"

"Yes. Where are you?"

"Hampshire, but I've got transport."

"When do you want to come?"

"This week if possible."

"Friday?"

"That'll be fine."

"Afternoon?"

"Great."

"Okay, I'll be here all day, but if you arrive after lunch that'll be best."

"Yes."

"Right, I'll see you sometime after one, Mr Catesby."

"Thank you. Goodbye."

Benjamin hung up. He didn't know anything about Donald McCallum, apart from what he'd read in the press, and he was beginning to realise that the press, indeed the entire Western media, was a lie machine of gigantic proportions, at least as far as the Jewish Question was concerned.

Friday morning, Benjamin was up with the lark to set off on the long drive to the Norfolk town of Sudford. He arrived with plenty of time to spare and, after grabbing a bite to eat, spent an hour in the local library. Then he made his way to Donald McCallum's bookshop which was located in a narrow side street off the main road; it was called *Douglas Books*.

The shop was a small, prefabricated hut adjacent to an older, stone building. As he walked through the gate and up the path, the front door opened and a tall, bearded man came out to meet him.

Benjamin held out his hand.

"Mr McCallum?"

"Yes. Mr Catesby?"

"Yes. It's good of you to meet me."

"Not at all. Come in."

Benjamin followed McCallum into the shop, and the older man locked the door behind them. He was about fifty, dressed rather formally, and had an air of Old World charm about him, Benjamin thought. Benjamin looked at the books which were stacked around the walls on shelves and piled up on the middle of a great oak table in the centre of the floor.

"I was just about to make some coffee," said McCallum, "I hope you'll join me."

"Yes, thank you," said Benjamin.

"How do you like it?"

"Er, white with sugar, please."

His host walked through a side door which led into a small room little bigger than a large cupboard.

"As you can see, Mr Catesby, we deal mostly by mail order, but I'm always pleased to meet scholars. What can I do for you?"

"Did I say I was a scholar?" asked Benjamin.

"Yes, aren't you?"

"Well, I'm studying, but not at university; I never had the brains for that."

McCallum laughed, "That's refreshingly unpretentious of you, but I'm sure you do yourself a great injustice."

Benjamin stood staring at the books lined up along the wall and feeling distinctly uneasy. On the bottom shelf he spotted a copy of *The Protocols of Zion*, and his heart sank. Either this guy was a nutter or else he was going to tell him that the conspiracy was far worse than he could possibly have imagined.

The older man emerged from the cupboard with a mug of coffee in each hand. "Here you are," he said.

"Thanks. Cheers."

"So, how can I help you in your private studying?"

"Well, I want to buy some books, and I also want you to tell me what you know."

"That won't take long," McCallum laughed.

"I want to know about the conspiracy."

The older man raised his eyebrows slightly and gestured to Benjamin to sit down. They both did. "The conspiracy?" asked McCallum.

"Yes."

"Which one?"

"The Jewish conspiracy."

"Oh, that one."

"Yes."

"Not the Catholic conspiracy?"

"No."

"Or the Masonic conspiracy?"

"I don't think so."

"What about the Zionist conspiracy?"

"Perhaps. I know Zionism's got something to do with it."

"It's got everything to do with it."

Benjamin heaved a sigh of relief; he knew at this point that he hadn't wasted his time in coming here.

"Well, what do you want to know?"

"The truth about the Jews; are they behind it?"

"That indeed is the question."

"I mean, everywhere I look I see Jews. They invented the Holocaust."

"They did."

Benjamin wasn't sure if this was a question so continued, "And they control the media."

"They do."

"They're everywhere, they're taking over everything."

"Yes," said McCallum, "even the synagogues."

Benjamin's eyes narrowed in concentration as he tried to interpret the *double entendre* of that remark, but there was none.

McCallum misinterpreted his frown and smiled, "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to be rude. You think the Jews are behind it all?"

"Aren't they?"

McCallum stood up, "Yes and no."

"But everywhere I look I see them. They do control the media?"

McCallum took a swig of his coffee, "If they heard you say that, what do you think they'd say?"

Benjamin shrugged, "I don't think they'd be pleased."

"They'd call you an anti-Semite."

"Yes."

"Are you?"

"I don't know."

"Do you hate them?"

"No."

In spite of his penchant for burning down synagogues and Kosher delicatessens, Benjamin did not consider himself a Jew-hater. And he took comfort from the fact that earlier that week he'd bought one a cup of coffee and a cheese sandwich, so that sort of cancelled out the arson attacks.

"Then you're not an anti-Semite. You're only an anti-Semite if you hate them more than is absolutely necessary."

Benjamin didn't understand what McCallum meant until the bookseller explained that it was an old Slavic proverb.

"They're not behind it all then?" he asked.

"Behind what?"

"The media."

"Oh yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes, they do control the media to a large extent. The Zionist ones do at any rate, but they haven't been having things all their own way since OPEC flexed its muscles."

"OPEC?"

"The Arabs. It's all about money, monopoly capitalism. Many people think it's the Jews per se, but it's not. Just the wealthy ones."

"How do they do it?" asked Benjamin, "How do they take over everything?"

McCallum shrugged his shoulders, "They really are extraordinary, aren't they? They seem to have a natural flair for it. I wouldn't place too much stock by it thought; everybody is good at something, it's just that the Jews seem to be good at being controversial. And hated."

"A lot of people hate them."

"It's always been the case."

"What do you think about this group the White Warriors?" Benjamin probed.

"Oh, those bloody idiots; I hope they catch them fast."

"You don't approve of terrorism then?"

"The only people terrorism ever benefits is the *Insiders*."

"The *Insiders*?"

"The people who control the money system."

"I thought that was the Jews."

"No. There are many, many Jews involved due to socio-historical reasons, but just because a lot of them are Jews doesn't mean that the Jews are behind it. A criminal conspiracy is a criminal conspiracy regardless of the race or religion of the people running it."

"Who do you think these White Warriors are?" Benjamin probed a bit further.

"Well at first I thought it was the Mossad."

"The Israelis?" Benjamin was aghast.

"Yes, it wouldn't be the first time they've done that sort of thing. They thrive on the anti-Semitism, you see, it acts as a sort of glue to bind the Diaspora Jews together. If you'd asked me before this school incident I'd have said the Mossad, but I don't think they'd go as far as killing their own kind. They've done it before mind, but I don't think they'd do it this time. Not like that."

"You don't think the Nationalist Party have got anything to do with it?"

"That bunch of losers, piss artists and fascists? No. They might just about be able to organise a booze up in a brewery, but not what these terrorists have been doing."

"I want to read about the *Insiders*," Benjamin said, "I want to learn all about them."

"No problem," McCallum stood up, crossed to one of the shelves and began removing books from it. "Have you read much about the conspiracy?" he asked.

"I've read *The Protocols of Zion*," Benjamin replied.

"Oh that bloody load of rubbish," McCallum laughed.

"You don't believe it?" said Benjamin.

"Of course not. Do you?"

"I don't think so; it's very strange, but if the Jews didn't write it, who did?"

"Probably the *Insiders* or some other bunch of mischief makers."

"Is it the *Insiders* who brought all the Pakis and niggers 'ere?" asked Benjamin.

"The what?"

"The wogs."

"You mean the coloureds?"

"Yeah."

"It's partly them. You don't like coloureds?"

"I got nothing against them, I just don't want them here."

"It's that sort of talk that causes a lot of trouble for the NP."

"What?"

"Wogs out, niggers go home, all that offensive racially inflammatory garbage." McCallum put down a pile of books in front of Benjamin and began leafing through them. "This one is about the Trilateral Commission; this one about the Commission and the Bilderberg Group; these ones are by Douglas."

"C.H. Douglas?" asked Benjamin.

"Yes, have you read Douglas?"

"No, but I've heard of him. Wasn't he an anti-Semite?"

"Most definitely not."

"They said he was though, didn't they? The Jews."

"My dear chap, anyone they don't like is an anti-Semite to them. Haven't you realised that yet?"

"Well, I suppose so, yeah."

"But that's no reason for you to become one."

Benjamin sat and talked with the bookseller for another hour; when he left, he took with him two carrier bags full of conspiracy oriented literature. McCallum explained to him how the financial system had been hijacked by a cunning group of super-rich international bankers, many of whom were Jewish, how they created credit out of nothing and leant it into circulation as an interest-bearing debt, and how they were planning with the communists to enslave the world via the *New World Order*, which was merely a code word for the world supra-government which they and their dupes would control from behind the political and financial scenes.

Much of this made sense, he'd heard most of it in one form or another from the Nationalist Party, and from the books he'd read about the Jews. McCallum stressed though that he should not allow the heavy involvement of Jews at all levels of the conspiracy to blind him to the machinations of the Gentiles who were involved in it. He stressed that the loyalty of the *Insiders* was first and foremost to each other, be they Jew or Gentile.

He was also extremely hostile to many of Benjamin's ideas about race telling him at one point that unless his friends in the Nationalist Party cleaned up their act, they would alienate even the few decent white people they hadn't alienated already. "There is no greater fallacy than to judge a man by his race, the colour of his skin or his religion," he said, "do you think these psychopaths, the White Warriors or whatever they call themselves, would be content just to get rid of all the blacks and other non-whites?" he'd asked.

Benjamin had wanted to assure him that that was indeed all they wanted to do, to save the white man, but he could hardly do that. McCallum went on, "All authoritarians, be they communists or fascists have this much in common, they want to impose their ideology on everyone else and murder those who reject it."

This gave Benjamin food for thought, as much as the books he'd purchased from McCallum's bookshop, and he spent the next three weeks alternately poring over them and brooding about his nascent racial ideology. One or two of the books he'd seen before, but most of them he hadn't. He waded through a huge 1300 page tome, *Tragedy and Hope*, which was written by a liberal professor and which had been referred to in several of the other books, in

particular a book called *The Naked Capitalist* by a former police chief. The most curious thing about *Tragedy and Hope* was that although it was written by a man who claimed in some sense to be an *Insider*, it hardly mentioned the Jews at all. Benjamin also took note of Skousen's warning not to fall for the "Hitlerian idea" that the Jews were behind all the evils in the world, that although there were many Jews and Jewish families involved in the conspiracy, the conspiracy itself was in no sense Jewish. He thought about this long and hard, but for the life of him he couldn't see how a conspiracy could be largely run by Jews without it being a Jewish conspiracy. Then he experienced a revealed truth. He turned on the TV one night to watch the news, and the main story was an IRA bomb blast in the centre of Belfast which had left five people dead, three Catholics and two Protestants. A senior police officer who was interviewed at the scene of the crime referred to the carnage as the latest outrage in a sinister conspiracy by the forces of darkness, "This group of evil men who have declared war on the people of Northern Ireland."

Benjamin sat bolt upright in his chair as if he'd been hit by a thunderbolt. Of course, how could he have been so blind? The IRA was an Irish conspiracy, yet it was murdering Irishmen left, right and centre. True, the terrorists claimed to be fighting for the Catholic minority, Republicans or whatever they called themselves, but it wasn't just Protestants they were murdering, they killed Catholics too, indeed, anyone who stood in their way. All these groups, terrorists, bankers, governments, were after one thing and one thing alone: power. It was exactly as McCallum had said, they wanted to impose their ideology on everyone else and murder them if they rejected it.

Benjamin realised there and then that the Jewish Question was a red herring; this was confirmed when he read Sutton's book *Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution* in which the author discussed the Jewish conspiracy theory of the Bolshevik Revolution. Sutton stated plainly that *The Protocols of Zion* had been thrown in to distract the attention of the security services and others who might be curious as to why the richest, most powerful men in the world had spent so much money financing their alleged avowed enemy, the international communists. Any time someone mentioned the link between the Wall Street bankers and the Bolsheviks, he could

be dismissed as an anti-Semite. This was very cunning, and very convenient. It meant that any criticism of the international bankers was stifled, just because some of them happened to be Jewish.

Another thing that set Benjamin wondering was why the extreme left had never but never mentioned usury. He went to the local left wing bookshop and browsed through some of their expensively produced, glossy magazines and books. How could they afford to publish and market all this stuff? They were far, far better organised than the extreme right. He walked up to the girl on the counter and asked her deliberately,

"Excuse me, have you got anything on usury?"

"Who's that?" she asked, like the stupid cow she was.

"Usury," Benjamin repeated, "money lending."

"I don't know," she said, "I'll find out for you."

She walked round the counter and into the back room returning with a short, squat, ugly, frizzy-haired little man who Benjamin immediately recognised as a Jew. 'Christ, not another one,' he thought, but then he realised he'd only ever met one Jew in his life, really, and then only for a few minutes. He wondered what that poor little guy would be doing right at this moment and realised he would probably be foraging through rubbish bins for his dinner. He had to get this Jews are the root of all evil crap out of his head; he tried to think of the IRA, they were a right bunch of evil bastards, yet that didn't mean that all Irish Catholics were murdering scum.

The manager walked up to him and asked him what he wanted, "I'm afraid Carol doesn't quite understand you sir. What was this book you wanted?"

"It wasn't a particular book," he said, "I want something on usury."

"Usury?"

"Yes, the banking system."

"Banking system," he said, "something Marxist?"

"Yes. I want something that exposes the corruption of the capitalist system."

The manager led him over to one of the shelves, and they spent twenty minutes going through a couple of dozen books which dealt with every aspect of capitalism except the one that really mattered.

The man really didn't have a clue what Benjamin was on about. In the end he bought a couple of pamphlets just to be polite, but by the time he left the shop he realised what a total bunch of wankers all socialists and communists are.

They could yap for hours about *racism*, *sexism*, *homophobia* and any number of other isms to which they were totally opposed. Anything to do with race always seemed to come back to gas chambers. Anyone who campaigned to repatriate the blacks and the Pakis was a Nazi, hence gas chambers; anyone who didn't want more immigrants ... gas chambers; anyone who didn't want his daughter sleeping with a coon...gas chambers. Their philosophy of money was even simpler and more dogmatic than the nonsense they espoused about race. The workers had to own and control everything. If they didn't then this was fascism or Imperialism or just plain old capitalist oppression. When it came down to basics, all the left had was *ad hominem*. What they did was put labels on things they didn't like, and if that label was fascist or *racist*, then they didn't have to discuss anything about it. Fascism and *racism* were strictly no platform issues.

It wasn't entirely true that they had nothing whatever to offer, Benjamin thought, at least as far as green issues were concerned, and he liked their stand on animal rights, but that was because he had always liked foxes. When it came to money though, they had nothing to say at all. They hated these evil capitalists so much, they were prepared to organise strikes, sit-ins, pickets of factories, yet they were totally blind to the machinations of the financial system, they didn't even realise that banks created credit out of nothing and then lent it at interest. That in effect the government paid the banks for the privilege of borrowing its own money.

Slowly the truth dawned on Benjamin that the left was controlled directly by its alleged avowed enemy, or at least its leaders were, while the rank and file had no time for financial reform, because in spite of their protestations of standing up for the working class, they were interested first and foremost in fermenting their class war. They were blind to usury, wilfully blind, Benjamin thought. When he went home that night he began formulating a plan. He'd have to leave the Jews alone, true, they were in it up to their necks, but they were just as stupid and just as wilfully blind as the reds. If he could have stopped the race-mixing by shooting a Jew a week or

a Jew a day, then he would have, perhaps. But if he were to do that, they wouldn't stop, they weren't conspirators, they were arseholes. The proof of that was on TV. Ever since the White Warriors had targeted the Jews, the boob tube had been screaming Holocaust. There had been programmes about the evils of Nazism, anti-Semitism and *racism*. Every time the White Warriors (or someone claiming to be the White Warriors) bombed a synagogue or a bagel shop, the media Jews would step up the pro-Holocaust and race-mixing propaganda.

He also thought about that poor guy Isaac he'd found foraging through garbage cans in the West End of London; how many others were there like him, Jew and Gentile. Benjamin had been fortunate in his life, he had never been hungry, but he knew many others had. He remembered his long talk with McCallum, the man the students at the London School of Economics had branded a fascist. McCallum had spoken about the lot of many of the world's non-whites; he'd visited India and had travelled extensively throughout black Africa where, he said, he'd seen poverty, hunger and desperation such as Benjamin could never imagine. "It's not right to hate these people," he'd said, "they have the same hopes, desires and aspirations as you. All right, they may never have built themselves any sort of civilisation, but does that make them worth any less as human beings?"

McCallum had sounded a lot like the bearded man, and of course, he'd had to agree; Benjamin had added that he didn't hate the niggers or the Pakis, he just wanted them to go back to their own countries. McCallum had winced every time he'd used those words and shook his head in disbelief, then he'd gone on the lecture Benjamin about what he'd called *the monopoly of credit*.

Benjamin sat in his living room with a book on his knee, it was *The Monopoly of Credit* by C.H. Douglas, a great man, McCallum had said, a far greater thinker than Hitler had ever been. Benjamin wasn't sure about that, he knew by now both that McCallum was an anti-Nazi and that Hitler had been a very clever man. He'd already read something in the Nazi Party programme about breaking the thralldom of interest. If it was true that Hitler and his followers had set out to do this, perhaps that was the reason the Nazis were hated, as much as the media Jews' campaign against them. "Break the monopoly of credit," McCallum had intoned,

“and then there won't be a race problem.” Benjamin hoped he was right.

Chapter Thirty

Days passed, and Benjamin read and read and read. He read Douglas Reed, Gary Allen, A.K. Chesterton, Dan Smoot, Wilmot Robertson, Antony C. Sutton, and he read C.H. Douglas, again and again and again. Douglas was not the easiest of writers to understand, his style was circular, rambling and distinctly mystical at times, but between his writings and those of the rest of these authors, Benjamin worked out to his own satisfaction exactly what was happening behind the scenes.

The banking system had been hijacked by a private cartel, a gang of crooks who created credit merely by writing figures in a book. This credit was lent at interest to individuals, businesses, and governments. This had created an enormous pyramid of irredeemable debt, a pyramid that was in imminent danger of collapsing. Most of the bankers had been Jewish in the first instance, and banking had had a distinctly Kosher flavour. Jewish influence and ideology was still very strong, but over the years, the Jewish banking dynasties had become totally assimilated, now about the only things about these banking houses that were Jewish were their names.

The bankers and their powerful dupes were trying to build a world supra-government disguised as one big socialist democracy, almost certainly through the United Nations. In order to do this, they had to destroy all nations and all races, and the biggest threat to them was the survival of Western Man. When the white man had been phased out or whitey's numbers had been sufficiently depleted, then they would be able to take total control. The fact that most of these bankers were white and that they were destroying their own race was of absolutely no consequence to them. They simply couldn't care less about white survival, their loyalty was first and foremost to each other. Of course, it wasn't all that simple, there were many different special interest groups within the conspiracy,

but by and large they all worked together. Their common goal was a total world monopoly.

The bankers had set up many organisations to front for them. The most important of these were the Council on Foreign Relations, the Bilderberg Group and the Trilateral Commission, not forgetting of course the United Nations, but the UN had not turned out the way they'd hoped. Rather than being totally under their control it had degenerated into a political zoo which Third World dictators used as a big stick to batter the United States, South Africa, and lately, Israel. The emergence of a powerful anti-Zionist presence in the UN had been a distinct embarrassment to them; Zionism and the State of Israel had been employed by the bankers and by the United States as a very useful weapon with which to sow discontent in the Middle East. This was something called conflict management - first they would create a problem or a crisis where before none had existed, then they or their dupes would step forward with the solution. This was also a tactic the organised left had used with great success.

The more he delved into this subject the more he realised that the so-called Jewish Question was only one tiny part of it. True, the Jews were highly organised, extremely powerful and just as ruthless as anyone else in this field, if not more so. But if for one moment you were to put aside the Jewish conspiracy nonsense, the whole thing made sense, a great deal of sense. These bastards had been at it for centuries, as early as the end of the last century they'd had a monopoly of the American railroads and a virtual monopoly of banking. It wasn't such a big step from there to hypothesise that they were working towards a global monopoly as well.

At the heart of it all was the power of the international finance houses to create credit out of nothing and use this both as a tool and a weapon to shape industrial, political and even academic policy into channels they approved of. Also, by pushing all this crap about the world super-Jewish conspiracy, *The Protocols of Zion* and all the other shit, they had made the entire area a no-go. Anyone who raised the question of credit creation and manipulation of the world from behind the scenes could be derided as an anti-Semite, or just a plain old-fashioned crank. But how ridiculous was it to believe in conspiracy theories? Was it really a

crackpot idea that the richest, most powerful men in the world were all involved in some crazy scheme to enslave humanity?

From what he knew of human nature, Benjamin thought not, but now that he realised that the Jews were not the real enemy, what did he do next? His main concern was to save the white race from genocide by miscegenation. What had started out as a campaign to stop Pakistani shopkeepers taking over his local newsagent had turned into a struggle for white survival. But it was more than that, for, Benjamin realised, it wasn't enough simply to stop the bastards turning Britain into a niggerised banana republic, he had to unshackle the financial system from the bankers too. It wasn't enough simply for the white race to survive, it had to survive in freedom.

Later that night, as he sat in front of the TV drinking coke and munching into a pile of ham sandwiches, Benjamin idly flicked the channel changer just as a new programme was starting. It was a providential switch; the TV announcer introduced the programme as *A Question of Debt*.

"In the first of a three part series, we look at the problem of Third World debt and the poverty and suffering it causes."

Benjamin sat up straight, his eyes glued to the set as the hour long programme flashed scenes of desolation from the Brazilian rainforests, the shanty towns of South America and the drought ridden, windswept wastes of Africa. The theme of the programme was that Third World countries were struggling under the burden of massive international debts which we, us Western parasites, had created. We were battenning on the misery of the peoples of Africa, Asia and South America, it said, it was all our fault. Images of hungry black faces and bellies swollen with kwashiorkor filled the screen.

As Benjamin watched the programme, his anger rose; it was transparently obvious to him now what was happening, what had been happening all along. The bankers had created all this credit out of nothing and had used it to foist an enormous debt onto all the governments of the Western world. They had all but crippled the British economy, which was going through the most protracted recession in its history. Not content with this, they had foisted an even greater debt onto the non-white world. The only way these undeveloped and developing nations could repay the debt was by

exporting natural resources and food, both of which were in short supply.

The message of this documentary was simple, it was the West, us greedy, materialistic Westerners, us fat white parasites who were responsible for the plight of these people, people Benjamin had a short time ago despised, but with whom he now empathised. Yes, it was we in the West who were responsible for their plight, so we had to do something about it. And what was that something? Why, we had to give up our homes, our jobs, even our womenfolk, we had to open up the doors to uncontrolled non-white immigration into the West from the Third World, and at the same time, we had to underwrite the debts of these Third World nations with Western taxpayers' money. That was what all this brotherhood of man drivel was really about.

It was not the ordinary working people of the Western democracies who were responsible for the suffering of the rest of mankind, rather it was the mega-rich, fat cat international bankers, many of whom were white or Jewish, but some of whom were Japanese, Asian, South American. The whole thing was one big racket. On the one hand the international bankers had scapegoated the Jews, on the other they had used this baloney about *racism* to scapegoat the whites.

It was probably the bankers who had written *The Protocols of Zion*, Benjamin concluded. The fact that a lot of them had been Jewish, in the first instance at least, had made this a natural. Anyone who attacked the international bankers could immediately be denounced as an anti-Semite. This had the twin advantage of stifling any attacks on them as a resurgence of anti-Semitism and of allowing the Jews to carry the can in the event of anyone seeing through their racket.

The war on race, well, that was slightly different, but ordinary white people had become so emasculated by the phony cries of *racism* that they offered no resistance whatsoever. The few who did, well, they were anti-Jewish nutters like the Nationalist Party. The only man he'd ever met who'd had the slightest idea what was really going on, had been McCallum. But, there were undoubtedly others, the men who'd written the books he'd purchased from McCallum for one. Most of these authors were American.

When he went to bed that night, Benjamin was ashamed of the things he'd thought before, and of the things he'd done. Burning down synagogues and Kosher delicatessens: how would that have saved the white race? But he knew now that it wasn't just the white man he had to save, it was the entire human race. And he knew too, for the first time, the nature of the enemy. The entire world was up to its eyes in debt. As long as that debt was allowed to continue piling up, so more and more non-whites would keep flooding into Britain, and into the rest of the white world, until there was no white world left. While in the non-white world the suffering would continue: kids would keep dying of starvation, and the peoples of South America would keep chopping down the rainforests in order to service the interest on their irredeemable international debt until there were no rainforests and no wild life left.

He had to destroy the infernal debt-based money system and the people who controlled it. They were the real enemy, and the only enemy. Tomorrow he'd begin the next phase of his campaign. He'd start off by planning his hits thoroughly, meticulously. Then he'd go out and shoot bankers. Bankers galore!

Chapter Thirty-One

Several months had elapsed between the time of the last genuine "White Warriors" attack and the first target of *Operation Usurer*, as Benjamin called it. Although there was still the occasional mention of the group in the press, the hysteria had largely died down. The Jews were still very nervous, and every week there was some reference to the greatest atrocity since the Holocaust itself in the *Jewish Chronicle*, but, happily, there had been no further copycat attacks, and just as happily, the Jewish controlled TV networks had stopped showing re-runs of *Holocaust* and other anti-Nazi fantasies.

The only people who hadn't stopped whining were a certain Jewish-controlled communist magazine and the Anti-Nazi

Alliance. And Benjamin was going to give those bastards something to think about very soon.

He arrived in Brighton the evening before the hit, checked into a small seafront family-run hotel as Michael Smith, and hid in his room until eleven o'clock, ignoring the call for breakfast. Then, taking his make-up bag, he left the hotel, walked along the seafront to the nearest public toilet, and changed into his disguise. When he emerged from the cubicle, even his sister wouldn't have recognised him, he was dressed in a black suit, sported a shock of black hair, black hat with skull cap underneath, and thick black glasses. He disposed of the make-up bag, peered fascinated in the mirror and laughed to himself, "Oy vay, oy vay, oy vay, Mr Cohen!"

Two things had worried Benjamin: losing his bottle and screwing up the accent. The accent at least was perfect, as long as he didn't get the shakes the way he had when he'd tried to shoot that Paki in his shop, he'd been all right. Pakistanis, he thought to himself, get it right, but the bankers, they were scum, executing a banker was no greater a crime than exterminating a cockroach. Everything the Nazis had claimed about the Jews was true about the bankers, they were leeches, parasites who batted off the productivity and the genius of Western man. They were behind the biggest racket in history, you only had to walk into any bank with its deep pile carpets, great marble pillars and expensive computers to realise that. They contributed nothing, nothing at all, all they did was write figures in books and put blips on tape, and by this device, they had plundered Britain since 1694 and the United States since 1913. Now they were plundering the entire world. But not for much longer.

Mr Cohen arrived at the bank a little before twelve and reported to the enquiry desk. The secretary, who had obviously been expecting him, looked up as he approached her and said, "Mr Cohen, isn't it?"

Benjamin threw her a suspicious look; it was obvious how she knew who he was, or was meant to be, but he did his best to act the part of the paranoid Jew. For a second he feared that the woman might be Jewish herself and say something in Hebrew which he couldn't understand, but she stood up, smiled and walked over to the manager's office saying, "Mr Eddington will be with you in a moment."

As she disappeared through the door, Benjamin heaved a sigh of relief. He'd have to be a lot more careful in future, stake out the bank and everything. That was if he did any more, because he could feel the shakes coming on; he hoped he wasn't going to lose his bottle again. Once he was in, there would be no walking out like he had when he had been unable to shoot that Pakistani.

Suddenly he found himself standing eye to eye with the bank manager. "Mr Cohen, I'm James Eddington, Manager of North Street Branch."

He held out his hand and Benjamin, waking from his trance, shook it saying in a stereotype Jewish accent, "Hello Mr Eddington, pleased to meet you." He resisted the temptation to add "Oy vay", and followed the manager into his office.

Closing the door behind him, he waited for Eddington to sit down behind his great oak desk then sat down himself. "Would you like a..."

"No thank you, Mr Eddington," Benjamin interrupted, "I've just had a Kosher coffee."

Eddington smiled, "Well, what can I do for you? I gather you are in the diamond business?"

"Yes," said Benjamin, "I deal in diamonds." As he spoke, he opened his bag and took hold of the gun.

"In Israel?" said Eddington.

"Yes, and in England. What do you deal in Mr Eddington?" he asked.

"Deal in? Why, I'm a bank manager," he laughed.

Benjamin laughed too through his false beard, but it was a cynical laugh, and an insincere one. "Let me rephrase myself, I buy diamonds wholesale and sell them retail, I provide a service."

"Yes."

"What is your service, what do you sell?"

The bank manager pouted, "Well, money, I suppose."

"Ah, and where does this money come from?"

"Well, the bank lends the money of its depositors," he laughed again, thinking his new customer was simply making polite conversation, perhaps in some weird Semitic custom.

"Oh, but it doesn't," Benjamin said, "no bank lends the money of its depositors."

"It doesn't?" the bank manager said curiously.

"No. Banks create credit."

"Ah yes, I see what you mean. I've heard this before."

"You have?"

"Yes, it's called the credit multiplier," the bank manager laughed again.

"Then you know why you are about to die," Benjamin smiled, and before Eddington had time to react, he yanked the gun out of the bag, pointed it at the bank manager's head, and pulled the trigger three times in quick succession.

The acoustics of the room were poor and the sound of gunfire was muted. Standing up rapidly, Benjamin pulled the notice out of his pocket and placed it on the desk. The bank manager had been thrown back by the force of the bullets, he leaned to one side, and a great gaping hole in his head exposed a mass of bloody brains. Benjamin thrust the gun back into the bag, yanked open the door and walked quickly out of the bank, closing it behind him.

There was no one manning the enquiry desk now; he had timed it just right, many of the staff were on their lunch breaks. No one seemed to notice the black clad Jew walk quickly out into the street. No one saw him turn down a dark alleyway between the supermarket and the print works, and no one noticed Benjamin Catesby dressed in jeans and jumper emerge from the other end. He returned to the hotel, checked out and departed for London on the next train. By the time he'd reached Earls Court, he had disposed of Hymie, as he had affectionately Christened his alter ego, and carried with him only a shopping bag which contained some books and some sandwiches to eat that night. He wanted to stay in and watch TV for a change, there was boxing on, a world title fight, and in spite of his new *Weltanschauung*, he always relished the thought of two niggers bashing each other's brains in. He sat curled up on the bed reading for the rest of the day, grabbed an hour's sleep, then had something to eat. When he turned on the TV he changed channels for the news and waited patiently. Sure enough, he was the star of the show.

"Police in Brighton are trying to solve the mystery of the apparently motiveless murder of a bank manager. James Eddington was gunned down by a man who had booked an appointment claiming to be an Israeli diamond merchant. Mr Eddington, who was shot several times in the face, died instantly;

the murderer, who police say was dressed in a black coat and hat with a black, possibly false, beard, left a note in Mr Eddington's office. They are refusing to reveal the contents of the note, but they have confirmed that they are not treating this as attempted robbery. It is possible that Mr Eddington may have been the victim of a jealous husband. Staff at the bank say that Mr Eddington, who was divorced, was known to have been a bit of a lady's man..."

Benjamin reached out and switched off the TV. "Oy vay, oy vay, oy vay, that'll teach you to leave the *shiksas* alone," he muttered. 'Lady's man, my arse', he thought, 'wait until you fucking cunts see what comes next.' Benjamin wondered why they had put out such an absurd story when they knew perfectly well that this had not been a jealous husband's revenge or anything of a personal nature. He also wondered what they would do when he snuffed the next one, which he had planned for the day after tomorrow.

Chapter Thirty-Two

"Board of Deputies," said the receptionist, "how can I help you?"

"Press office, please," said the distinctly Jewish voice.

"One moment." The line went on hold.

"Press office," said the press officer in short order.

"Hello, my name is Cohen."

"Yes Mr Cohen, how can I be of assistance?"

"I want to give you some information about the Brighton bank manager case."

"Er, Brighton bank manager?"

"Yes, you might have read about it in your morning paper."

"Oh good grief, yes, it's all over the front page. Nasty business.

You say you have some information?"

"Yes."

"Well, you should phone the police really."

"Well, I'm phoning you instead," said the slightly mocking voice on the other end of the line.

"Yes, very good. What is this information? Do you think you know the killer?"

"Yes, I know him."

The press officer, who was very young and a recent graduate, didn't know quite how to act. "Well, who is the killer, can you tell me his name?"

"Yes, it's Cohen."

"Cohen? You mean it's a relative?"

"No. I mean it's me."

There was silence for a full ten seconds, then he replied, "Er, if this is a genuine call, Mr Cohen?"

"This is genuine, this is the message that we left: 'We don't want money, we will be in touch, this is the first of many.'"

"We? Are you saying that..."

"Listen, we are not going to be made scapegoats for the sins of international finance any more; if we have to shoot every banker in Britain then we will until usury is abolished. Return the right of credit creation to the Crown, audit the Fed and write off the international debt. Have you got that?"

"Er, yes, I think so", said the press officer.

"Good. This is the voice of the Jewish Liberation Front." 'Mr Cohen' hung up and crossed the road to the library.

"That'll give them something to think about," said Benjamin. He was getting good at this Jewish accent impersonation, he only hoped they were getting good, if they didn't get the message soon, he'd cause a nationwide panic, maybe even a worldwide one.

The following evening, Graham Shapiro, manager of a small branch of Barclays Bank in Birmingham, pulled up outside his maisonette in his late model Ford, locked the door and, briefcase in hand, walked up to his front door. Mr Shapiro was a 42 year old bachelor who lived by himself and liked nothing better when he was alone than to curl up in his armchair with a good book. Benjamin knew this because he'd read an article on the bank manager in the *Jewish Chronicle* a couple of weeks ago. As well as being a bank manager and an avid reader, Shapiro was active in local Zionist organisations. That was irrelevant, what was relevant was that he was a bank manager. That was not just relevant but too bad.

As he turned the key in the lock and opened the door, something made Mr Shapiro turn his head; coming towards him was a well-dressed young man in white shirt, suit and tie. "Mr Shapiro," he said, holding out his hand, "Adam Loeb."

Shapiro was surprised, but smiled and held out his hand to the smiling stranger. "Hello, Mr Loeb. Have we met before?"

"No," said Adam Loeb alias Benjamin Catesby, as he withdrew his right hand and drew the gun with the left one, "Get inside, you smurfing bastard."

Shapiro's face froze and he stared blankly at the gun as Benjamin transferred it to his right hand. "Go on, get inside!" he snapped.

Shapiro obeyed and managed to stammer, "Wha', what do you want?"

Benjamin placed his left hand in the small of Shapiro's back and thrust him roughly into the house. Following him in and closing the door behind him, he pushed the frightened bank manager towards the stairs. "Get up there."

Again, Shapiro obeyed, the man was utterly terrified, and with good reason - he had less than ten minutes to live. Benjamin followed him up the stairs and into the living room. Shapiro went to turn on the light but Benjamin said, "Leave that! Down on your knees. Go on!" he snapped as the bank manager hesitated.

"Pl-please, I haven't got much money here, but I have at the bank. I can..."

"Shut up, I don't want money."

"You don't?"

"No."

"What do you want?"

Benjamin took a piece of paper out of his pocket and, still holding the gun on his kneeling captive, threw it down on the floor, pulled a glove from his left pocket, put it on his left hand then crossed to the telephone, picked it up and carried it across to him. Placing it on the floor beside him, he pointed to the paper and said, "There's a number on that, see it?"

Shapiro scrambled for the paper and read off the number at the top, "Yes, who is it?"

"A solicitor. Dial it."

"Yes. Please..."

"No talking, just dial."

"Yes." He dialled the number and Benjamin fished in his pocket again, coming up with another piece of paper. Shapiro held the receiver to his ear, and as the connection was made he said mutely, "It's an answerphone."

"I know," said Benjamin, "read this."

He thrust the second piece of paper towards him, and the bank manager dropped the first piece as he clutched at it. Waiting for the recorded message to end and the bleeps to sound, Shapiro held up the piece of paper and read off the blocked type in a squeaky voice laden with fear.

"This is Graham Shapiro, I have a message for Mr Levinson. The Jewish Liberation Front claims responsibility for the execution of the filthy Jewish collaborator with the usurers and enemies of all peoples, Jew and Gentile alike. If we have to shoot every collaborator in Britain then we will until usury is abolished. Return the right of credit creation to the Crown, audit the Fed and write off the international debt."

He held out the receiver to Benjamin, "That's it?"

Benjamin signalled to him to replace the receiver and as he did so, pulled the trigger and shot the bank manager through the heart. Shapiro reeled back and hit the floor with a muffled thud; his face was expressionless, the bullet had been both sudden and unexpected. Benjamin calmly left the flat, carefully wiping anything he might have touched, with a cotton handkerchief. Five minutes later he was in his car and away.

Chapter Thirty-Three

He lay in bed in his Earls Court bedsit listening to the news on the radio. Yet again he was the talk of the town, the talk of the nation. In three days he'd murdered two men in cold blood, one a Gentile the other a Jew. And he had no qualms about either murder. "Funny that," he said, "you can ice a bank manager but not a Paki." He shook his head and laughed.

The reason he could kill one and not the other was obvious with a moment's thought; Pakistanis may well be swamping the country,

they may be buying up all the shops, they may be taking over, but they were not a threat to the survival of the white race, and they were not parasites but extremely hard-working people. Even the blacks were not really a threat to white survival; true, they did had a penchant for sleeping white, unlike Pakistanis, and every time he saw a spade with a white slag he felt like taking out his gun and icing them both on the spot. 'Hey man,' he thought, 'what's with these crazy Americanisms?'

The media was in a panic, the message on the lawyer's answerphone had already been discovered, and the thought of poor Mr Shapiro reporting his own death had been too much. The Prime Minister himself was on the radio appealing for calm, especially among the Jewish community. There was no evidence that this was the work of anti-Semites or even of an organised gang, he said. Who was he trying to kid?

"We're looking for one perhaps two people at most, both of whom are probably Jewish. That doesn't mean that this is in any sense a Jewish conspiracy..."

Benjamin roared; he'd live to regret that *faux pas*.

"I appeal to everyone, especially the Jewish community to go about their daily business and not to worry."

"But what about the banking community, Prime Minister?" asked the reporter, "These people have threatened to shoot bankers and to keep on shooting them."

"Of course, bank workers should be extra vigilant, but we must not allow these people to create a nationwide panic."

"The police haven't been very effective at dealing with this sort of thing lately, have they Prime Minister? As well as these recent attacks by the IRA they've had the White Warriors to deal with, and they don't appear to have had much luck with them either."

"You must realise that it is extremely difficult to keep track of these people; the police are doing a fantastic job in the war against the IRA as indeed are all the other security services, but the White Warriors and now this so-called Jewish Liberation Front are both very recent developments. The JLF have assassinated two people in three days, before that they'd never been heard of so it's hardly surprising that the police have not had time to gather any intelligence on them.

Benjamin flicked off the radio and looked at the clock. Christ, it was ten past one; he'd really have to start going to bed a bit earlier. He had things to do over the next few days too; he'd have to obtain another gun and he'd have to withdraw some more money. The gun would be the least of his problems, now that he knew where to get them. That had been a stroke of luck, meeting that Irishman; he'd buy two next time, and make a few enquiries about explosives too. Money though, that wasn't a problem either, yet, but if he carried on spending like this, it soon would be.

He decided to take things easy for a few days, go home, maybe visit his sister. He had given the police, the government and the media plenty to think about, perhaps someone would start killing bankers in copycat fashion, the same way others had emulated the White Warriors. He drove home the next day and, on his next visit to the library, when he picked up the *Jewish Chronicle* he read a strange story indeed. The leader of the Nationalist Party, had invited several leading members of the Board of Deputies to a conference on the future of Britain after usury. And they had accepted! The article said that the Nationalist Party had recently decided that it would no longer stock *The Protocols of Zion* or other anti-Semitic material in its Tonbridge bookshop, it had even agreed to stop promoting Holocaust Revisionism.

Benjamin read the article again and again, then turned to the foreign news page where it was reported that a similar conference had been called in New York, it said, this time between the ultra violent Jewish Defence League and the rabidly anti-Semitic National Socialist League of America. A leading New York rabbi was quoted as saying that Orthodox Jewry was tired of taking the rap for the Rothschilds; the Nazi leaders also totally condemned the powerful vested interests of all religions and none who had masterminded the Federal Reserve conspiracy. Benjamin scratched his head thoughtfully, he was sure now that he'd done the right thing. Maybe he should go out and zap a few more bankers.

This would not be as easy as it had before; almost every bank in the country now had an armed guard on the door, metal detectors were being introduced, and the bank employees' unions had demanded further protection on the threat of industrial action. But he had to keep the pressure on, he thought. Victory was in sight, a

Labour MP had already raised in the Commons the question of banks creating credit saying that he was aghast that such practices were allowed. When the Prime Minister retorted that this was standard banking practice, Walsh, another Labour MP stood up and shouted that if that was the case then it was time that standards were changed. His outburst had been met with cries of 'Hear hear' from both sides of the House. These were all very promising developments, but the next one took Benjamin by complete surprise.

The two hits on British bank managers had attracted worldwide coverage; nowhere was interest more intense than in the United States. In a remarkable move, Congress had debated the "outrages" as they had been called, and discussed ways of stopping this "poison" from spreading to the other side of the Atlantic. In what appeared to be a totally separate move, the US President, James Oakley, had made an address to the nation concerning US foreign policy in the Middle East. At 9pm Eastern Standard Time he went out over all the major networks and spoke solemnly about the budget deficit, America's responsibility as the architect of the *New World Order*, and the increasing tensions in the Middle East. It was time, he said, for the United States to drastically reassess its commitment to the defence of the State of Israel.

To most Americans, including most Jews, and to practically everyone in Britain, Oakley's address was simply a precis of the United States' reappraisal of its foreign policy in the wake of the PLO's renunciation of terrorism and recognition of the Zionist state, but to the leaders of Organised Jewry, and to Ben Catesby, the President's implications were clear. It was a coded warning to Imperial Zion: stop the Jewish Liberation Front or there will be no more aid for Israel. It was an attempt to blackmail the Zionist leaders, to kick them into line to defend the debt-based money system. Benjamin had to act and act fast. If the Zionists panicked and threw their weight behind Oakley, his mission to abolish usury would be set back years, perhaps wrecked forever. Although their power had waned considerably since the rise of OPEC, they still controlled Hollywood and owned most of the newspapers in the United States. He decided there and then that he would take the next plane to New York and take out a leading Wall Street banker,

and this time it would be the Gentile Liberation Front who would claim responsibility.

Chapter Thirty-Four

Much as Benjamin wanted to literally hop on a plane, shoot a Wall Street banker, phone the White House, then fly back to the UK, things were never quite that simple. The very first thing he had to do was to draw out some money, and by now his system of building society accounts had become a tangled skein. Benjamin had never bothered himself greatly with money, but, once he'd got that sorted out, he realised he'd have to take either cash or travellers' cheques with him. He decided on cash, because although there would be no way for him to hide his trip across the Pond, travellers' cheques would leave a much more visible trail. Then there was the problem of the gun.

Obviously there was no way that he, as a passenger, would be able to carry a gun aboard a plane; he'd read stories about people bribing airport staff and the like, but that was almost certainly out of the question too. Benjamin may not have been the world's greatest thinker, but he was a consistent one, so it didn't take him long to figure out that the best thing to do was to wait until he was in the Big Apple before trying to obtain one. He doubted very much he could walk into a gun shop and buy one; New York had very tough gun laws, probably the toughest in the whole of the USA, he'd read that somewhere too, but as long as he took plenty of money with him he shouldn't have too much trouble buying one. At any rate, he'd cross that bridge when he came to it.

Eventually he managed to get everything sorted out, money, passport, ticket, map of New York...now all he had to do was fly there, buy a gun, look up a Gentile banker, shoot him, phone the media, then fly home. As he began making preparations he grew more and more worried by the possibility that the game would be up before he reached New York. With every day that passed, a series of increasingly strongly-worded statements emanated from the White House. They weren't just strongly worded, they were

bellicose, even overtly anti-Semitic. By the time he was ready to leave, President Oakley had gone on TV no less than five times to make statements concerning the Middle East: the first of these had been an open invitation to the governments of Libya and Syria to join in the peace process; the second time the President had said that it was time the United States recognised Abu Nidal, the renegade Palestinian, whether or not he renounced terrorism.

This last statement had caused uproar in the American press; the result of this had been the arrest of two senior Jewish editors at the *Washington Post* on what were obviously trumped-up charges of importuning for immoral purposes in public toilets. Suddenly it was open season on the Jews in America, and to a lesser extent in Britain. On both sides of the Atlantic, the media was openly talking about "Zionist influence" in broadcasting and Zionist bias in reporting matters concerning the Middle East. Benjamin recognised the word "Zionist" for what it really was, a code word for Jew.

By the time he touched down in New York it looked as though the Jews were beginning to get the message: don't rock the boat, throw your weight behind the system, any talk about the Fed, and the President will start talking about human rights in the Middle East, Palestinian self-determination, and cutting off all aid to Israel.

Benjamin stepped off the plane and walked straight through customs with no problems; there was a great deal of high profile security, but he put this down to the fact that he was now in the United States rather than to any overt cause. His cover was that he was a tourist; he planned to stay for one week, possibly longer, and while he was here he intended to visit the Statue of Liberty, Coney Island, maybe even take a flight down to Washington. That was what he would tell anyone who asked him; in reality though, the only thing he wanted to do was make for the nearest library, look up the addresses of a couple of bankers, then go and blow them away. Alternatively, he could take a taxi to Wall Street, take up a sniper's position opposite a bank and pick off half a dozen of them as they worked. Whatever, first he had to buy a gun! No! First he wanted to check into a good quality hotel and take a bath; saving the world could wait until tomorrow.

He had no trouble getting fixed up with a reasonable hotel; he'd brought plenty of money with him, but he'd really have to be

careful, his little windfall wouldn't last forever. He took a cab to the *Brooklands*. The driver was a strange-looking creature. Benjamin couldn't make out if he was Puerto Rican, Indian or something else, the one thing that was certain was that he couldn't speak English. He stopped periodically to check his road map; Benjamin shook his head in disbelief. Eventually he arrived at the *Brooklands*. He didn't ask, but felt it was about three star quality; it seemed nice enough. He struggled with his suitcase up to the reception where he was greeted by a tall, black man in a black suit. "Ah, you must be Mr Catesby. From England," he added after a pause.

"Yes," said Benjamin.

"We've got another Mr Catesby checking in later. From Oregon." Benjamin smiled, "Small world." He enquired about the hotel service, paid his bill in advance, and made small talk with the receptionist. As no other guests were around and the man seemed bored, he was more than happy to pass the time. He seemed cool for a spade, Benjamin thought, and his first inclination was to steer the conversation around to street crime, which he did. Was New York as bad as he'd heard? The receptionist answered his questions candidly, warned him not to take the subway alone at night and told him what areas to stay away from.

After much thought, Benjamin decided against asking him if it were possible to buy a gun. When he was about through, the man said, "You'll be wanting your bag carried up to your room; I'll just call the spic."

Benjamin thought he'd misheard, but changed his mind when the receptionist leaned over the counter and shouted, "Joseph, spicky, over here."

The Puerto Rican bellhop, who had been leaning up against the far wall, straightened up, shambled over to the reception, and took his orders from the man, who addressed him in fluent Spanish. At least, Benjamin thought it was Spanish; he resisted the temptation to ask the receptionist if it was spic language and, smiling at him as the bellhop carried his bag, followed him into the elevator.

Benjamin wondered if all New Yorkers called Puerto Ricans spics; perhaps he should have called the receptionist nigger. Then he realised that it wasn't so long since he himself had regularly used such derogatory terms: Pakis, niggers, yids...Perhaps the word spic

didn't have the same connotations in America as it did in Britain. He remembered reading somewhere that in Australia, the word wog meant a virus.

He was tired after the long flight, so after tipping the bellhop he decided to get a couple of hours shut-eye. He hadn't been that impressed by what he'd seen of New York so far. It was a bit like London, he thought, except that the buildings were bigger. And younger. What he really wanted to do was get hold of half a ton of explosives and dump a car bomb in Wall Street, just like the IRA. That'd show the bastards. He thought momentarily of his gun contact, the Irishman. He should've asked him if he had any contacts in New York.

On second thoughts, that might not have been a very bright thing to do; nobody knew he was here, if he'd asked the Irishman about buying guns in New York and a banker had been shot here, he might have put two and two together. Ever since he'd had that crazy idea about the White Warriors, Benjamin had hardly been out of the press. There was definite evidence that the big boys, the power brokers, were really worried over the Jewish Liberation Front. The emergence of a Gentile Liberation Front would really get up their backs. Probably they'd offer a sizable reward for his capture.

He unpacked his case, pulled off his shoes and crashed out on the bed. When he opened his eyes it was dark. "Fuck it," he uttered under his breath, "I'll start tomorrow."

Chapter Thirty-Five

"Hey man, you lookin' for some action? I got a nice bit of pussy over..."

"No thanks man," he told the pimp and shambled off in the direction of the hamburger joint. Benjamin couldn't believe this place, or the people in it; he'd spent three days walking the streets, looking for somewhere to buy a gun. What was all that crap about New York being a lawless place and a hell on Earth? The only things he'd found had been black pimps touting for their white

whores. The pimps disgusted him, but the whores disgusted him even more; how anybody could fuck some of them, much less pay to fuck them, was beyond him.

Then there had been that visit to the library to look up the names and addresses of a couple of Gentile bankers, possible victims. That had been embarrassing in the extreme; he'd picked up a New York bankers' directory, but when he'd gone through the names there had been nothing but Cohens, Loeb's, Lehrmanns, Greenbergs and Goldsteins. He'd been gobsmacked. It was little wonder that so many people believed *The Protocols*, he'd rapidly concluded, but then he remembered that this was Jew York as much as New York, so it wasn't really that surprising. A criminal conspiracy was a criminal conspiracy, if it were run by Jews it was still a criminal conspiracy rather than a Jewish one. He remembered that poor little guy foraging in rubbish bins; he wasn't the only homeless Jew. There were probably many more, including here in the financial capital of the Western world. There were no Jews in banking, nor Gentiles, there were just crooks who ripped off everyone. What was it that Ezra Pound had said? Usurers have no race.

Benjamin had wanted to look up a few of the really big bankers and take them out; what he would have liked to do most of all was bomb the headquarters of the Trilateral Commission, the CFR or the World Bank. He realised though that this sort of operation would be totally impossible without a team of highly trained professionals and a great deal of money. There was no way he could ever attempt such a job on his own, all he could do was hope that others would follow in his footsteps. Right now he was alone in New York, and rapidly running out of money, and he hadn't even bought a gun yet!

He walked into the deserted coffee bar, sat at the counter and ordered a coffee and cake. Holding his head in his hands, he felt the weight of the world on his shoulders; the papers had grown overtly anti-Semitic in the past few days, leaders of the nation's leading Zionist organisations had demanded an urgent meeting with the President, while other Jewish organisations had been making very mixed noises about the evils of usury and propping up the Fed.

Benjamin still had his head in his hands when a tall, spidery man of about fifty walked into the bar; he was bald, carried a briefcase in one hand and a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* in the other.

"Good evening, Mr Eccles," said the man behind the counter in his thick Italian accent.

"Good evening, Frank, coffee and baconburger please." He sat next to Benjamin, put his briefcase on the floor and the newspaper on the counter.

"Would that be a Kosher baconburger, Mr Eccles?" the server enquired, giving a wicked laugh.

"No thanks," said Mr Eccles, "Kosher bacon is a bit too well done for my liking; I think it's because the Jews are getting roasted." He laughed too, an ugly, sneering laugh.

Suddenly Benjamin was wide awake, he turned to the man next to him and stared at him in amazement. The man stared back at him, froze for a second then said, "All right fella? Nice day."

"Not in Israel it's not," replied Benjamin, laughing.

"Oh yeah," the man replied, "shame about them getting their aid cut off." He was obviously not sure how Benjamin would react to his anti-Semitic wisecrack.

"Cryin' shame, guess they'll be eating burnt bagels for the rest of the week," Benjamin laughed cruelly and held out his hand, "Tom," he said.

"Dave Eccles," he shook Benjamin's hand firmly, "you from out of town?"

"England."

"Oh," he said, "things aren't looking too good for the chosen ones over there, either."

"I heard," said Benjamin, "I've been here a while."

"What line you in?"

This was a tricky question, but by now, Benjamin figured he'd read enough books to know something about them.

"Publishing," he replied.

"Oh, who? Maybe I know the company."

"McCallum."

"Macmillan?"

"No. McCallum. We're only a small firm, we publish historical, current affairs titles, that sort of thing."

Mr Eccles drank his coffee and took a bite of his baconburger, "So what brings you here?"

"My sister's married to a guy from the Bronx; I come over to see her once in a while, been here three weeks though, sort of an extended holiday."

Mr Eccles shrugged his shoulders, "Can't never understand anyone wanting to spend their vacation in Hymie Town."

Benjamin laughed, "You in banking?" he said, nodding his head at the man's *Wall Street Journal*.

"Yeah, I must be the only uncircumcised banker in New York." he laughed. The man behind the counter joined in.

Benjamin was surprised, shocked even at the depth of the man's anti-Semitism. But the guy was manna from heaven; he was obviously a loner, maybe even queer, with a little effort he might even be able to get himself invited back to his apartment where he could quietly slit his throat.

He continued making conversation with the overtly anti-Semitic and most unpleasant David Eccles and quickly learned that he was indeed single; rather than a bachelor he was a recent divorcee who had married late in life, so he probably wasn't queer. He was also an assistant manager at a small bank not far from Wall Street and quite a know-all. He'd read all about ZOG, the so-called Zionist Occupation Government which controlled Washington; he'd also read *The Protocols of Zion* and a fair amount of other conspiratorial works. He didn't believe *The Protocols* but as he pointed out to Benjamin, you didn't need to believe them, you only had to pick up any Jewspaper or tune into the Jewish-controlled boob tube and you could see it for yourself.

This was unfortunate but true, but as Benjamin never forgot, there were poor Jews and there were rich Gentiles. And this bastard, although he was sitting here slagging off the Jews, he was no better than the worst of them, whining about how much he had to pay for his apartment, the alimony for his ex-wife, how the niggers were living off welfare at his expense. In short, he was everything Benjamin despised. Now he was going on about the Brighton shooting and the assassination of the Birmingham bank manager. He thought the Brighton bank manager had been Jewish as well as the unfortunate Mr Shapiro. Benjamin wanted to correct his mistake but thought better of it.

"Boy, I'd love to have been there when those Hymies got theirs."

"I don't know any Jews," said Benjamin truthfully.

"Believe me, you haven't missed anything, those fuckin' sons of bitches go on about the Holocaust half the time and Israel the other half. It's enough t'drive yer fuckin' crazy."

Benjamin looked at his watch and said, "Hey, I still got plenty of time, why don't I buy you a beer?"

Eccles slammed his empty cup down on the counter and said, "That's the best offer I've had all day."

"Truth is I'd like to learn a bit about the Hymies," Benjamin said, "I've got a nasty feeling I'm gonna be seeing a lot more of them from now on."

"You will if you stay in this fucking town."

Benjamin drank up and followed the banker out of the coffee bar, both of them bidding goodbye to Frank who stood behind the counter washing up a couple of plates.

Benjamin's plan was to get this creep stoned out of his skin, bundle him into a taxi, walk him up to his apartment, bluff his way inside then quietly slit his throat. He felt rightly that he wouldn't have to try too hard either to get him drunk or to get himself invited back for another couple of drinks, and he was right.

The banker drank like a fish and swore like a trooper. No sooner had he finished going on about the Hymies, as he called them, than he started on women, what fucking bitches they were. "Ever been married, Tom?"

"'Fraid so," Benjamin lied.

"Divorced?"

"Does it show?" he laughed.

"My wife, what a fucking bitch the woman was. Still is. Do you know how much alimony she tried to claim for her and just one kid?"

"You got a kid?" asked Benjamin.

"Sure. Grant. What a kid he is too, just like his old man."

That was hardly a recommendation. Benjamin tried to draw him on his background, and found out a lot about this loud-mouthed palooka. Reading between the lines, he gathered that Mr Eccles was neither averse to a bit on the side nor had he been quite the model husband he made out. Benjamin had the distinct impression that he was in the company of a man who had been a wife-beater

and was probably a petty sadist as well. He was quite the most despicable person Benjamin had met since he had rubbed shoulders freely with the dregs of the Nationalist Party; whereas he felt sorry for that poor little sod Shapiro he'd iced in Birmingham, he was going to enjoy slitting this bastard's throat.

Benjamin moderated his drinking, but made sure the banker didn't moderate his; by the time they left the bar it was dark, and Eccles was so drunk he could hardly stand up. "Think we'd better get a cab," said Benjamin.

"Good, hic, idea," said Eccles, trying to restrain the bout of hiccups which was coming on.

"You in any hurry, Tom?"

"Hurry, no."

"Come back t'my place an' I'll show you some snaps of my kid."

This was going better than he'd planned; he decided to try not to sound too enthusiastic,

"Er, well..."

"Go on, I got some films too, good films. Know what I mean?"

This was that old nudge, nudge, wink, wink stuff again. He hoped Eccles wasn't bi-sexual like that dirty Lebanese Arab who'd tried to bum him off. Benjamin doubted it though, most likely he was just a loud-mouthed fart who liked the sound of his own voice and assumed everybody else did too. If he watched blue films that was probably just another facet of his inherent nastiness. He certainly seemed sincere about his young son, though. The six year old was his pride and joy, and he obviously hated his ex-wife for parting him from the boy far more than he hated her for her alleged infidelities.

They left the bar arm in arm, Benjamin carrying his companion's case and doing his best to prop the creep up. They didn't have long to wait before finding a yellow cab, and hailing it down, Benjamin bundled the drunken banker into the back while Eccles tried to tell the immigrant driver his address. The combination of the man's poor English and the banker's slurred speech made this very difficult, but by the time Benjamin had got in the other side, they had come to some sort of agreement about the general direction in which the driver should head.

"I live on the fifth floor, Tom," he said.

"I got a house back home."

“In London?”

“Yeah,” Benjamin said, “got a garden too, sort of.”

“I always wanted a garden.”

“You like flowers?” said Benjamin.

“Yeah, I always liked flowers, men ain't supposed to like flowers, but I like flowers. Especially daisies.”

Benjamin coughed loudly to suppress his laugh; that's ironic indeed, dear chap, because very soon you're gonna be pushing them up. When they arrived at the banker's apartment, he took a bundle of notes out of his hip pocket and paid the driver, telling him to keep the change, then Benjamin helped him out of the cab and they walked up to the front door. The banker fumbled with his keys for a minute then managed to get the door open. “You're the first person I've ever brought back here, Tom,” he said.

And the last, thought Benjamin but replied, “Well, you're the first real American I've ever met.”

“Yeah, ain't that a shame?”

'It is for America,' thought Benjamin, 'but not for much longer'.

Chapter Thirty-Six

They sat in the living room of the banker's smart apartment, drinking. He was on Bourbon, neat; Benjamin was actually drinking coke. Eccles had asked him to fix the drinks; all he'd done was take out the vodka and pretend to pour it into his glass, then filled it up with coke.

Benjamin wondered what they'd do now, probably watch a blue film or something, but the banker wanted to talk; though he didn't come straight out and say it, he was obviously a very lonely man. His wife had left him and taken their son, she was screwing him for every dollar she could get out of him; the people at work didn't like him. At one time, a sob story like this would have made Benjamin weep, but he had nothing but contempt for this man; whose fault was it if nobody liked him? Was it his wife's fault or his own that their marriage had broken up and she'd walked out on him? Benjamin had seen a lot of his sort recently, they weren't

exactly born with silver spoons in their mouths, but they lived a lifestyle that was far and away more luxurious than most.

As he looked at this miserable specimen of depleted humanity, slumped over his armchair complaining about how the world had it in for him, he thought once again of that poor guy Isaac rummaging through trash cans in the West End of London. There were millions like him all over the world. In South America, there were kids living on the streets, foraging for food in the gutters, a crust here, a crust there. Yet they never complained about life, or if they did, then they didn't complain half as loudly as this asshole.

It wasn't enough just to save the white race from the forces of internationalism; the reform of the debt-based money system would sweep away all the garbage. The human garbage like David Eccles, and the poverty, despair and degradation suffered by countless millions throughout the world. No wonder so many blacks and other non-whites despised the white race, he thought, look at the wealth they had, and look at the way they'd fucked up their lives and were fucking up everybody else's, saddling their countries with a multi-trillion dollar irredeemable debt while they lived in a lip and lap of luxury with many a slip between.

Of course, it wasn't all the whites who were living in splendour, there were an awful lot of white people living in poverty too. And not a few blacks and other non-whites who lived in the same style as David Eccles. That was the real conspiracy - money. A lot of people, as soon as they made some, didn't give two fucks for the rest of the world. Well, he would never be like that. Benjamin doubted he'd ever be rich, he didn't want to be, what he did want was to bring the whole corrupt fucking pyramid of debt tumbling down so that everyone had a future, not just the mega-rich parasites and their servants David Eccles et al ad nauseum.

He had hardly been paying attention when he caught the words 'bankers' and 'party'. He sat up in his chair. "Sorry Dave, what did you say?"

"I said tomorrow night the bankers are having a big party."

"Where?"

"58 East 68th Street. They've been doing it for a couple of years now."

Benjamin could hardly believe his ears; 58 East 68th Street was the address of the Council on Foreign Relations. Surely a wanker like this couldn't be an *Insider*?'

"Isn't that the CFR?" he asked.

"See if what?" asked Eccles, taking another swig of his Bourbon.

"CFR. The Council on Foreign Relations."

Eccles threw him a puzzled glance, "Don't follow."

Apparently Eccles wasn't quite as well versed in conspirology as Benjamin had at first thought.

"I thought there was a big government agency called the CFR that a lot of the banks belonged to."

Eccles shrugged his shoulders. "There may be, there are so many of these fuckin' things that it's hard to tell one from the next. Still, if there's a buffet and free drinks, I'm game."

That sounded par for the course, obviously this guy was neither an *Insider* nor a paid dupe.

"Who's running the show?" Benjamin asked.

"It's something to do with the Fed."

"The Fed?"

"Yeah, the Federal Reserve, bit like your Bank of England. They set the interest rates and stuff. There'll be some fart from the Fed making a speech and probably someone from the government but after that there's plenty of booze. And plenty of women."

"Women too?" smiled Benjamin.

"Yeah. I got laid there last year. Nice chick, undergraduate from Toronto or somewhere; she was on some sort of cultural exchange."

"Sounds fun."

"You wanna come?" he asked, looking at Benjamin.

"Isn't it staff only?"

"Nah. Most guys take their wives but I can take someone else. Heck, I got three tickets." He stood up, walked across the room to where his other jacket was thrown over the back of a chair, and fished in the pockets. "Here," he said, pulling out three large pieces of yellow paper.

"Hey, that sounds really good, yeah, sure I'll come," said Benjamin.

"Great."

"Tell you what I could do with now though."

“What's that?”

“Cuppa coffee.”

“Oh sure,” he pointed in the direction of the kitchen, “straight through there.”

“Cheers.”

“Make me one too.”

“Sure,” said Benjamin, gliding into the kitchen like a wraith. He could hardly believe his luck. The more he thought about it the less likely it seemed to him that the last few months of his life had been full of remarkable coincidences. Benjamin wasn't a superstitious person, certainly he was no fundamentalist, but surely God moved in mysterious ways, there could be no other explanation for it. He'd met that Lebanese, killed him, and the black drug dealer. He'd stolen all that money, found that copy of *The Protocols of Zion*, met McCallum...then there had been so many other things, little things which by themselves didn't mean anything, but when you added them up, they revealed a pattern. He'd come to New York, why the fuck had he done that, what the hell did he think he would achieve by going to New York? He'd come here to seek out and kill a Gentile banker, that's what he'd come to New York for, and now that he was here, he hadn't found the banker he was looking for, his victim had found him. Not only that, he'd invited him into his home and given him a ticket for a party at the headquarters of the Council on Foreign Relations, one of the most important organisations of the bankers' conspiracy, and now Benjamin was going to slit his throat, go to the CFR party tomorrow night, and burn the building to the ground, preferably with about five hundred bankers inside.

Yes, that was what he'd come into the kitchen for; he checked a couple drawers before he saw the kitchen knives hanging on the wall over the top of the microwave oven. Taking down the biggest one, he ran his finger the length of its blade. Yes, this would do the job. Divine Providence, that was what this had to be; he was being used as an instrument of, if not God, then of some higher purpose. Benjamin sighed when he thought that so many higher purposes involved the shedding of so much innocent blood. But that was too bad, this had to be done, not just for the white race, but for the salvation of all mankind. Besides, this guy wasn't innocent, he was an apparatchik, part of the system. And on top of that he was a

bore, a bigot, a wife-beater and one of the biggest wankers Benjamin had ever met, so he would be no great loss either to the corrupt, debt-based money system or to mankind.

He concealed the knife behind his back and walked back into the living room. Eccles was sitting in his armchair, his eyes closed, his body slumped slightly forward. He was obviously dozing off. For the last time, Benjamin thought as he walked round behind him, seized the banker around the mouth with his left hand to stifle his screams, and, with his right hand, drew the knife deeply but swiftly across his throat from left to right.

Eccles stiffened and threw his head back. For several seconds he thrashed violently and clasped at Benjamin's hand, then there was a sickening, rasping, almost gargling sound, his grip eased and his body went limp. Benjamin released him and allowed him to flop forward in the chair again. Then he left the room, and washed the blade in the sink, and the blood from his hands.

He walked back into the living room and, quite unperturbed by the sight of the corpse, walked over to the desk in the corner and started going through the drawers systematically. He found quite a bit of money hidden in the apartment, including under the sink, and a list of contacts in the banking world, with names, home and work numbers and addresses and job titles.

Benjamin took the diary, then, in the bedroom, he found the banker's typewriter. This would come in very useful. He sat down at it, uncovered it, fiddled around with some A4 paper in the adjacent tray then typed several letters to New York publications. This will shaft the President, he thought. When he'd finished typing the letters, he walked around the apartment methodically wiping with his handkerchief anything he'd touched or thought he might have touched, then, leaving the body slumped forward in the chair but taking the dead banker's keys, he let himself out of the apartment, locked it, walked down the stairs to the ground floor, walked two blocks, then hailed a yellow cab to take him back to his hotel.

In his pocket he had over two thousand dollars he'd stolen from the dead man, five neatly typed letters, and a ticket to a party at the headquarters of the invisible government of the United States, the Council on Foreign Relations.

Chapter Thirty-Seven

Benjamin had had no qualms whatsoever about cutting the banker's throat. The fact that he'd been unable to shoot a Pakistani shopkeeper yet been able to physically dispose of a white, Gentile banker convinced him of the righteousness of his cause. The big difference was that a Pakistani couldn't help being a Pakistani, but no one had to be a banker. True, they weren't all in on the world conspiracy, they didn't even all understand the mechanism of credit creation, but they were all on the take, they were all willing parasites. Benjamin thought back to the last time he'd visited a prostitute. God, how vile she'd been; he'd told his sister about it and confided to her that if that was what sex was all about, he'd rather live without it.

Sheila had chided him when he'd remarked to her how vile the woman was, how vile all whores were, how could they do that? How could they allow men to abuse their bodies for money? "You shouldn't be too hard on that poor woman," Sheila told him, "she doesn't have any choice, that's probably the only thing she can do."

Benjamin knew why Sheila had said that, she was full of the milk of human kindness. Not only that, she was quite unable to realise that there were those who marched to a different drum. Benjamin knew that if his sister had fallen on hard times, even if she'd been in the gutter, she'd never have sold her body to be abused by strange men. Neither would he. The fact that countless women, and men, did everyday throughout the world didn't justify it, didn't excuse it. Whores were whores because they chose to be, it was the same with bankers; they were men and women who had made a conscious decision to, in the case of whores, sell their bodies, and, in the case of bankers, to sell their souls.

It was all right people like Sheila, churchmen, so-called humanitarians, even politicians, appealing to people's better nature, but some people, like whores and bankers, would never change. Benjamin had no qualms whatever about what he was doing, he knew he'd be condemned as a terrorist if they ever caught him, but he was not a terrorist. What made him different

was that terrorists terrified innocent people; they let off car bombs and shot ordinary working people when they couldn't get their own way. He on the other hand was not waging a terrorist war against ordinary working people, he was fighting the enemies of the people, the enemies of all people, of all races. True, it would have been better to go after the men at the top of the power pyramid, but he had to be realistic, he'd been lucky to get this far. Once he started shaking the tree, knocking off a few of the little people, the *Insiders* would get the message, there'd be pressure on them from below to reform the corrupt system, to audit the Fed and to hand over their power to Congress in the case of the United States and to the Crown in the case of Britain.

No, Benjamin was not a terrorist, but the sad fact was that terrorism worked. Perhaps that wasn't so sad in his case, because although he was not a terrorist, his terror tactics against the bankers were already beginning to have repercussions in the corridors of power. He bought a copy of the *Wall Street Journal* and in addition to a long editorial on the looming crisis in the Middle East there was a lengthy piece by a Harvard professor on credit creation. There was also a small piece under the foreign news column about a special Cabinet meeting that had been called by the British government.

The banking unions were concerned for the safety of their members; what was the government going to do about it? How were they going to protect them? No progress had been made in the hunt for the Hassidic Jew who had assassinated a Brighton bank manager in his office nor in the hunt for the person or persons who had callously murdered a Jewish bank manager at his Birmingham home.

"Christ, they're still going on about that," said Benjamin as he swallowed a mouthful of coffee. That was an ocean and well over a week away. Wait until they found out what he'd done here in New York. Wait until they found out what he was going to do tonight.

Chapter Thirty-Eight

Benjamin left the hotel just after eight o'clock, walked three blocks then flagged down a yellow cab. He didn't want to arrive too early and didn't want to turn up in a cab, so directed the driver to a bar he'd noticed which was about a quarter of a mile from the CFR headquarters, and walked the rest of the way.

When he arrived, the main door was open and he was greeted inside by a man in a tuxedo, "Good evening sir."

Benjamin held out his ticket, the man took it, tore it in half and said, "First door on the right, sir."

That was it? What an anti-climax, he thought. He passed through the door on the right, and walked into a well-lit room in which about fifty people, mostly men, were standing around holding glasses and plates. Benjamin was hungry so made straight for the buffet; he was dressed in a smart, black suit with a white shirt and black tie that he had bought that afternoon especially for this function. He had to make a good impression if he was going to fire-bomb the place.

He looked around the room for any sign of cameras but saw nothing. Well, they'd hardly be spying on a social function, but if this really was the headquarters of the invisible government, it certainly didn't look like it.

As he got stuck into the buffet, that mystery was solved. A tall, elegant woman moved in beside him and said to her companion, a slightly shorter man, "Didn't this use to be the Council on something or other, this building?"

Yes, until last year," he replied,

"I think they've moved to the UN now."

"Fuck it!" Benjamin cursed under his breath, now he'd have to be content with wasting a few common or garden bankers rather than striking a blow against the *Insiders* themselves, but provided he carried this out methodically it would give the campaign to free the money supply an enormous boost. He was sure the invisible government would see this latest strike as symbolic of the power of the growing anti-usury movement.

"Who's in this building now?" asked the tall woman of her companion.

"I'm not sure," he replied, "I think it's something to do with the Bank for International Settlements; they've got a representative at the UN and this is a sort of US office."

Curiouser and curiouser, thought Benjamin, maybe he would strike more than a symbolic blow against the conspiracy tonight after all. He became aware of soft, piped music, *muzak* as the Americans called it; someone had turned on the speakers, and the room was beginning to fill with people. He wasn't sure how long to wait, but he knew precisely what he was going to do. Taking a seat, he chewed slowly and thoughtfully on the *hors d'oeuvre*; this was the biggest night of his life, and he felt more than a little nervous.

Over the next hour and a half as the function warmed up, he learned what it was all about. Every year all the major banks in New York held a social, that was all it was, basically. The reason it had been held at the former CFR headquarters since 1974 was far from sinister, it transpired that James Alvarez, a New York bigwig had been both a senior official of the Bank of Albany and a member of the CFR. In that year he had organised the New York Bank Workers' Annual Social Evening at short notice, and the only venue he had been able to book had been the main hall of the CFR building. In spite of its name the social evening was not a major event, only about thirty bank branches were invited, which meant that it could be comfortably held in the building's main hall. There would be nothing comfortable about this night's proceedings, Benjamin thought, as he slipped out of the room.

"Where is the toilet, please?" he asked the lone security guard.

The unshaven, white porker who had been given the task of overseeing the party, stubbed out his cigarette on the floor and pointed up the stairs. "Gents' on the left, ladies' on the right," he said.

"Thanks," said Benjamin, wondering why the man should think he wanted to know where the ladies' toilet was located.

He took the stairs two at a time, walked into the toilet and looked round. There was no one here. He walked over to the cupboard in the right hand corner of the room, opened it and saw a bucket and mop but nothing else. Obviously not the ideal place to start the fire. He walked out of the toilet, looked down the corridor to the

ladies' then turned the other way. The first door on his right looked like a cupboard; tugging on the handle, he yanked it open. Putting his hand inside, he flicked on the light switch. He caught his breath, his luck had held.

The cupboard was more like a small store room, and in it was stored a great quantity of paper, towels, chemicals and cloth. This would go up like a bonfire, or perhaps he should say like a picnic on the fourth of July. He needed only a minute to set the blaze, quickly divesting his pockets of the small petrol can and fire starters he had brought with him.

Closing the door behind him, Benjamin walked quickly down the stairs passing a man who, in spite of the early hour was already the worse for drink. He returned to the main hall and headed straight for the salad bowl. It didn't matter, he thought, if only a few people were killed, or even if they all escaped unhurt. He eyed the leggy blonde who was helping herself to some punch; he hoped she didn't go up in flames, he could find something far more productive to do with her than use her as a martyr for the anti-usury crusade. The thing that mattered most about setting this fire was instilling fear in the hearts of the *Insiders*. The fact that someone was able to strike at the building that had been used as their headquarters, would give them a great deal to think about. More than that, this place was now home to some sort of administrative outpost of the Bank for International Settlements, that meant it had to be used for no good purpose.

The other thing that would frighten the conspirators would be the knowledge that yet another group was after them. The Gentile Liberation Front and the Jewish Liberation Front would between them give the money creators so much hassle that they wouldn't know what to do. Then there was the distinct possibility that other groups would spring up just as they had during his White Warriors campaign. In fact, Benjamin was counting on other groups emerging in a sort of chain reaction. Right now though he was going to listen out for any sign of the fire, then beat a dignified retreat from the building. He wanted to ensure that he didn't become a martyr to his own cause.

If Benjamin didn't want to become a martyr, he was sure going the wrong way about it. He had just taken a long sip of his glass of lemonade when an explosion rocked the building. A second later,

half the ceiling came crashing down around his ears, women screamed and everyone in the hall began running up and down in blind panic like headless chickens. Everyone except Benjamin Catesby that is; he'd been expecting someone to shout fire, not the loudest explosion since Krakatoa, but apart from his stomach turning over for a second, he remained perfectly calm.

Already, flames were gushing in through the ceiling, so he thought he'd better make a move. Calmly he picked up the nearest chair and heaved it with all his might at one of the large, plate glass windows. The glass shattered but remained intact as the chair bounced off it. He picked up the chair again and heaved it at the window for a second time narrowly missing a middle aged woman who ran across his path.

More flames gushed into the room, this time through the main door, and the temperature rose considerably. This time also the chair smashed through the glass and he followed as fast as his legs would carry him. Several people tried to crowd through after him and he realised he had better give them a hand. Standing immediately outside the window, he helped three women and two slightly older men through. Another guest had followed his example and broken the other window, but most of the people who escaped did so through a side door.

It didn't take long for the fire department to arrive; they were followed closely by the police, and Benjamin, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, quietly detached himself from the sobbing women, hysterical men and shouting officials and slid away up East 68th Street. It didn't take him long to find a yellow cab, and within half an hour he was back at his hotel.

He didn't tune into the news that night, but after taking a bath, phoned the reception to tell them that he had decided to stay a few days longer, then hit the sack. He was feeling unusually tired, undoubtedly the strain of the past few months had begun to catch up with him. Tomorrow he would return to David Eccles' apartment where he'd left the loud-mouthed banker with his throat slit, and retype the letters he'd planned to send, and a few more. He knew exactly what to put in them now, and to whom he should send them. And they would provoke hysteria.

Chapter Thirty-Nine

He was up with the lark and, after a hearty breakfast, left the hotel picking up the morning paper on his way out. The fire at the former CFR headquarters was front page news, but there was no mention of its being suspicious, just the opposite. It was thought that one of the party goers had dropped a lighted cigarette and that this had led to the conflagration. The explosion had occurred when the flames had come into contact with some chemicals which had been stored on the first floor. Benjamin frowned - he'd soon change their minds about that.

He took a yellow cab to within two blocks of David Eccles' apartment, walked the rest of the way then made his way cautiously into the building. Pausing outside the door to the apartment, he listened but no voices came, either within or without. Unlocking the door, he was swiftly inside and walked straight into the living room where the dead man's body lay slumped forward in his chair.

"Not a pretty sight," said Benjamin under his breath without a trace of sarcasm. He wondered how long it would be before the body were found and thought that, due to the sort of person Eccles had been, it might not be for some considerable time. That was unless he called the police himself, which he intended to do, better still, why not call the Fed? Whatever he did he had no intention of hanging around here for too long; once he'd typed these new letters and wiped the place clean of prints he would be out of here. The job didn't take as long as he'd thought, and within three quarters of an hour he was on his way back to the hotel. First though he'd stop off, post the letters, and make a phone call or two. He told the driver to pull up, gave him a lavish tip then crossed the street to the telephone. Fishing in his pocket, he came up with a scrap of paper.

"That's the one; here we go, baby."

He dialled the number and after three rings a female voice answered.

"New York Jewish Gazette."

"Editorial please."

"May I ask who's calling?"

"Arnold Leese," Benjamin replied.

"Who do you want to speak to, Mr Leese?"

"Any editor."

"One moment please."

The line went on hold, and after half a minute an impatient male voice sounded on the other end: **"Mr Leese?"**

"Yes."

"I'm a very busy man, Mr Leese, so if you want to play games I suggest you phone B'nai B'rith."

The man obviously knew his onions and recognised the name of the notorious British anti-Semite of an earlier generation.

"We're too old to play games, Hymie."

"It's Graham Friedman, actually."

"I have some information for you which I want you to pass on to the Federal Reserve."

"The Jews don't control the Fed. Goodbye Mr Leese."

And before Benjamin could say another word, he hung up.

Patiently taking another coin from his pocket, he redialled. The same female voice answered as before, **"New York Jewish Gazette."**

"Hello, I'd like you to give Mr Friedman a message for me."

"Who's calling?"

"This is a message for Graham Friedman from Arnie."

"I'll put you through."

"No!" Benjamin shouted, "I want to leave a message, please, it is important."

"One moment please."

Benjamin sighed, why did he always find it more difficult to make a telephone call than commit a murder? **"Go ahead caller."**

"Tell Mr Friedman that David Eccles, a servant of the Fed and a notorious anti-Semite has been assassinated in his apartment. He can have the exclusive but tell him to call the police first."

"Eccles, how are you spelling that, please?"

He couldn't believe this woman was for real; these were the people who were supposed to be conspiring to enslave the world, and half of them were fucking illiterate.

"Eccles. E-C-C-L-E-S. He was an employee of Albany Bank of New York, but he's had his throat cut."

"Oh, how terrible."

“He stinks a bit too, so tell Mr Friedman to bring a gas mask.”

The telephonist was obviously writing all this down. Benjamin gave her the address then said, “The Gentile Liberation Front claims responsibility for the execution of David Eccles and expresses solidarity with the Jewish Liberation Front. We call on all Jews and National Socialists to unite and fight our common enemies: the *Insiders*, the race-mixers and the architects of the *New World Order*.”

“One moment please, what comes after responsibility?”

Benjamin took another coin out of his pocket, sighed again and made sure she got the message letter perfect. Then he hung up, and, not having the stomach to make the other call, crossed the street and posted the letters. This would make the bastards think.

He picked up another cab and returned to the hotel. How long would it be before the shit hit the fan? Not long at all. Although the woman who had taken his call was obviously none too bright, as soon as the message had been passed on it had obviously been dealt with expediently. When he flicked on the TV in his room that night he had the grim satisfaction of seeing that he was once again hogging the limelight. The police had immediately been called to the apartment where they had found the body of the unfortunate banker.

Benjamin smirked to himself but feeling the beginnings of a headache, flicked the switch off and decided to go straight to bed. His nose was blocked too, so he figured he had a bout of influenza coming on. As soon as he hit the sack he was sound asleep and didn't wake up until nearly eight o'clock the next morning. It was the telephone that snapped him out of his dream. He sat up in bed wide awake but feeling terrible. He had been right about the influenza, he could hardly breath, he felt dizzy and he had a pain in the small of his back.

Reaching out, he picked up the phone, “Yes.”

“Your alarm call, sir.”

“Oh yes,” he replied, “can I have breakfast in my room this morning please, I don't feel very well.”

“Of course sir, what would you like?” He realised that he didn't feel hungry at all, what was that about feed a cold and starve a fever?

I'd just like a pot of coffee and a couple of slices of dry toast please."

"Of course, sir, I'll have the spic bring it right up to you." The line went dead.

"Thank you, you black bastard," he said under his breath, shaking his head in disbelief. All the noise the blacks had been making about *racism* over the years, all the fucking crap about removing golliwogs from jam jars, *positive discrimination*, *affirmative action*, demanding the "right" to integrate, campaigning against Apartheid and everything else, and look what had happened. Now they'd all but taken over the inner cities they were treating other minorities every bit as badly as they claimed the whites had treated them.

The truth was that the whole damn, human race was pretty much the same, they were all on the take, all out for number one, and regardless of what race, religion or tribe they belonged to, they all treated one another abominably. Thieve, lie, cheat, steal, murder and just plain insult, none of them gave a flying fuck. Well, that wasn't quite true, there was that Pakistani doctor who'd treated him, and even Benjamin had been kind to a Jew once, so if he wasn't all bad it was hardly likely that the rest of the world was.

At the heart of all this evil and selfishness though lay the debt-based money system. He thought of something he'd read recently, a quote attributed to the Prophet Muhammad. "When poverty enters a city, the Devil is close behind."

The reality was that people would always behave badly towards each other, that was human nature, but by destroying the pyramid of debt which threatened to engulf Western civilisation, he would remove the greatest incentive for people to abuse each other: poverty, lack of money, the infernal capitalist rat race. He had all but lost count of the number of people he'd killed, he'd started with a double murder and ended with a conflagration that had burned nine people to death, that was the latest figure. It was unfortunate that they'd had to die, that anyone had to die, but there was really no other way. He couldn't get at the *Insiders* themselves, so the people who served them would have to take the rap. When he'd wiped out a few dozen bankers, perhaps then they'd start to see reason. He was fighting a war, and the survival

of the white race, freedom and peoples' livelihoods throughout the world were under threat.

He felt so ill that he went back to bed and slept the rest of the day. When he woke up and looked at his watch in the semi-dark, it was nearly three o'clock. He turned over, curled up into the fetal position and closing his eyes dreamed of the girlfriend he had wanted for so long but realised now he would never have. Benjamin had always wanted to have a proper relationship with a woman, something pure, unsordid, but he'd never been able to find one, at least, not that type. He thought too of the son he would never have, and the daughter. They were blond-haired and golden-eyed, and everything he had wanted to be but never could. Perhaps though, when his work was finished, future generations of white men would be able to enjoy what he longed for but which fate had denied him, and which the purveyors of the *New World Order* wanted to deny all other white people.

He thought about all the crap he'd read about *racism* and all that nonsense about "workers' power" the extreme left had been going on about for decades. The hate campaign against South Africa and against anything and everything white. The promotion of miscegenation, homosexuality, abortion, anything and everything which contributed to the demise of the white race. He thought too about the environmental despoilation of South America, the desertification of Africa, the on-going wars in the Middle East. All this was unnecessary. Conflict management one author had called it; another had called it crisis management. Thesis into antithesis yields synthesis in the pseudo-scientific claptrap of Karl Marx.

In order to shepherd the masses into the *New World Order*, the *Insiders* and their dupes had to convince them that they had something better to offer, and what better way to do it than by using their financial muscle behind the scenes to support wars and revolution, to stir up racial strife, animosity and intolerance? Then they would step forward with the solution: the world supra-government, the universal brotherhood of man care of the United Nations and the mega-banks and corporations behind it. What a load of crap.

And the left had fallen for it hook, line and sinker. They were too shallow, too stupid, too naïve to realise that right from the very start their revolutionary movements had been financed by their

allegedly avowed enemy. It had been convenient too that so many of the *Insiders*, at least to begin with, had been Jews. Anyone who attacked them could be dismissed as an anti-Semite or a cranky conspiracy theorist, and the idiots of the Nationalist Party, the Ku Klux Klan and the so-called Nazis and fascists had played right into their hands. So had he, almost.

Benjamin sat up in bed, pulled open the top drawer of the bedside cabinet and pulled out a pile of books, *None Dare Call It Conspiracy*, *The Naked Capitalist*, *The New Unhappy Lords*. The men who had written these had been in the know, they had seen through the “workers-of-the-world-unite” crap on the one hand and “the-Jew-is-the-root-of-all-evil” rubbish on the other. They had been men of vision, but the one thing they had been wrong about was the solution to the problem. They had all to a man thought that by writing books, exposing the *Insiders*, writing letters to the press, lobbying politicians, Congress...they were convinced, this was the way, the only way they could bring about reform.

The reality was different, one could reason with reasonable men, but these were not reasonable men. They were men who were plotting the death of the white race, the death of freedom, turning the whole planet into one enormous dictatorship under their control. What they wanted was a global monopoly, and they would stop at nothing less. They'd been at it for centuries too; the Bank of England had been founded in 1694, but even that hadn't been the beginning of it. Every great statesman from Thomas Jefferson and George Washington to Napoleon and Adolf Hitler had fought running battles with the bankers, and they had all been defeated. That was because they had been too reasonable, even Hitler had been too much of a nice guy, or at any rate he'd been nasty to the wrong people.

Benjamin took the knife out of the drawer and place it atop the pile of books. The pen was not mightier than the sword, although in his case it had inspired the sword. Now the time had come to put the pen and books away and take up the sword, the gun and the bomb. For the sake of all our children, he thought. He shovelled the lot back into the top drawer, turned over and closed his eyes. He'd sleep for another couple of hours, then he'd go out and buy a newspaper to see what he'd set in motion. There was no turning

back now, not for him, nor for the *New World Order*; this would be a battle to the death.

Chapter Forty

He didn't have to go out for a newspaper; waking up just before eight o'clock, he flicked on the TV and there he was again, hugging the limelight. He still felt a little strange; having lost a day through his illness he was slightly disorientated, but it didn't take him long to realise the impact he'd had.

The news channel was abuzz. A rabbi was being interviewed in an extremely hostile manner by a slimy looking and obviously Jewish reporter.

"Are you telling me, telling the viewers, that you approve of what these terrorists are doing? Aren't you afraid that by saying things like that you are contributing to the spread of anti-Semitic propaganda?"

"Well, as far as I am able to tell, these terrorists as you call them have expressed their solidarity with Judaism. They say they want to liberate us, all of us, from the *New World Order*."

"But surely you can't agree with them, Rabbi?"

"No Jew can condone the spilling of innocent blood, but the letter this group sent to the Union of Orthodox Jewish Congregations makes it clear that they will cease their random executions when the President orders an audit of the Federal Reserve. I think that considering the outrageous requests most terrorists make, this is a very reasonable demand and that if it stops the killing, the President should comply with it."

"But aren't you worried that this will be perceived as a Zionist terrorist group? What will happen about aid to Israel if they do get their way?"

"I think I can answer that." A Catholic priest muscled his way into the picture and thrust his nose in front of the microphone.

"The Catholic Church is in full agreement with the UOJC; we think it is about time..."

"Thank you folks, well, that's all we've got time for..." Benjamin flicked the TV off; the media Jew was obviously every bit as worried as his masters at the Federal Reserve. It would be interesting to monitor the news for the next couple of days. He got out of bed, still a bit groggy from his bout of influenza, but, after having a quick wash, he decided to breakfast in the dining room and spend the day in the local library.

At reception the clerk asked him if he intended to stay for another couple of days. "You must have been reading my mind."

"Well, the spic told me you'd been under the weather sir, and as you said..."

"Yes, thank you," Benjamin cut in, "can you tell me where the library is? I found one the other day but I wanted something a bit more local."

"Yes sir, let me find you a map."

Benjamin waited while the man fished under the counter for a local map, thanked him then went into the dining room where he ate a hearty breakfast. All he wanted to do for the next couple of days was read the press, watch the TV and listen to the radio. He was sure that someone would follow in his footsteps and shoot a few more bankers; the White Warriors had provoked a host of mimics, and in the United States not only were people more politically aware and more militant, but they had greater access to guns.

He rested on his laurels for the next two days, but while he was taking a breather, just as he had anticipated, others were busy. First to strike was a group of Black Separatists who believed that the Jews were in league with the Catholics to hold down the blacks. They fire-bombed a bank in Washington D.C. Then the American Nazi Party called a council of war with a re-energised American Council for Judaism pledging to renounce religious anti-Semitism provided the ACJ joined them in a campaign to free the media from Zionist control and audit the Fed.

This provoked uproar, both B'nai B'rith and the Ku Klux Klan condemned the Nazis while the media Jews were in a panic not knowing which way to jump. On the one hand the President had given American Jews an ultimatum: support the Fed or we dump Israel. While on the other hand the Jews were getting it in the neck not only from hardened anti-Semites but from a rapidly increasing

sector of the general public who had just woken up to the fact that banks created credit out of nothing and had been led to believe that as well as the media, the Jews controlled the Fed, the United Nations and the Trilateral Commission. Any media Jew who stood up for the Fed ran the risk of being beaten up, while if he condemned it, he ran the equally unpleasant risk of being fired.

Benjamin felt sorry for the people he had once been convinced were the root of all evil, and was wondering what to do next when the big news came in from the UK. Somebody had assassinated the Governor of the Bank of England. At first it was thought the IRA had been responsible, but it soon transpired that the well-planned hit was connected with the campaign for financial reform. A previously unheard of group calling itself the Social Credit Movement claimed responsibility.

This was good news, thought Benjamin. Soon, no banker in either the United States or Britain would feel safe; all the bank unions would call strikes, and both governments would have no alternative but to give in to the increasingly vociferous demands for debt-free money. Perhaps he should carry out another hit, just one more. He didn't want to go out looking for a gun again so figured that it might be best to fire-bomb a bank after hours. There was no need to kill any more bankers at present; the climate of fear he had created would suffice to keep them living on tenterhooks, besides, he wasn't alone any more.

That night in his hotel room he made up several petrol bombs using bottles and gauze having previously purchased two large cans of lighter fuel. Next he'd take a cab into the financial district and fire-bomb a couple of banks. Or maybe he'd stay away from Wall Street, that would be a bit obvious. He looked at his watch, too early yet. Flicking on the news channel, he sat back to follow the pandemonium he had created. At the hour, the latest news report came in of the on-going war against the financial system. Already it had spread to France, an anarchist group had fire-bombed a bank in the centre of Paris. That was good news indeed if the left were at last waking up to what had been going on. But again the big news came from England; Donald McCallum had been arrested on suspicion of being the leader of the Social Credit Movement, the group that had assassinated the Governor of the Bank of England.

Chapter Forty-One

Benjamin decided not to strike again after all, this really was a sensational development. The President would have to take his threat seriously now. It wasn't just him who was out to bomb the Fed, a whole, previously dormant movement of *avant-garde* financial reformers had woken up and was now out there backing him up. The result of the assassination of the Governor of the Bank of England was that bank workers' unions had called an all-out strike, not just in Britain, but throughout Europe. In the United States something else was happening: the media Jews were lining up in two camps, those who were staunchly Zionist and were espousing the line Israel über Alles, the other which was lining up with the Fed, the Trilateral Commission and the powerful *goy* interests of Wall Street.

As well as that, strange alliances were being formed: Nazis were working hand in hand with Black Moslems, formerly anti-Semitic groups were lining up with anti-Zionist Jews, and the government was in a panic. President Oakley had stopped making veiled threats against Jewry now and had started making overt threats to all these different special interest groups. Benjamin realised that America, indeed the world, was at the crossroads. The creation of credit was being openly talked about in the media and on the street. Why, people were beginning to ask, did they have to borrow money at interest from the banking system when the government could create all its own credit and spend it into circulation debt free?

More and more, questions were being asked in the press about the Trilateral Commission, the Bilderberg Group, the role of the Council on Foreign Relations, and a myriad other things. Establishment toadies constantly tried to blur the issue by dragging in the Jewish conspiracy either by ridiculing the entire thing or trying to palm it all off on the Learned Elders of Zion. But the people were not falling for it any more. They were not piping down every time they were branded anti-Semitic. This was the ultimate watershed, the whole world was waiting for his next move, what he did now would decide the future of the human race.

He had to act in such a manner that Oakley and the rest of the establishment would cave in. He sat on the bed thinking, there was a revolution going on out there, in the streets, in the corridors of power, in the media, he had to ensure that victory would be theirs, the people's. He had to force Oakley to audit the Federal Reserve. Suddenly he knew what he had to do, he would make the supreme sacrifice, he would become a martyr to the cause. He picked up the phone and called reception.

"Yes, can I help you?"

"Yes, this is Mr Catesby. I'd like a couple of sandwiches, chicken please, and a pot of coffee."

"Very well sir, I'll have the spic bring them up in five minutes."

"Thank you."

Benjamin slammed the phone down. "Ignorant black bastard!" He thought the man must be doing it on purpose.

When the Puerto Rican brought him his meal, Benjamin took him to one side, waved a fifty dollar bill in his face and said, "Senor, there are a couple of things I would like you to bring me from the basement."

"The basement, sir?"

"Or wherever you keep your dry stores. Can I trust you to keep a secret?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good," said Benjamin, "this is what I want."

There was nothing like going out in a blaze of glory, and that was exactly what Benjamin intended to do, go out in a blaze. When he left the hotel at ten o'clock that morning he had in each coat pocket a crudely manufactured petrol bomb and a few things besides.

Chapter Forty-Two

"Yes sir, can I help you?" said the clerk.

"My name is Catesby, I've come to see Mr Ingersoll."

"Have you an appointment?"

"No, but it's important. I need to speak to him about Mr Eccles."

"Oh God, how terrible," she said.

"Yes, terrible," Benjamin echoed.

"Was he a friend of yours?"

"No. This is a business matter."

"Yes, of course."

She stood up, walked around the desk and excusing herself went over to one of the tellers and whispered something. Benjamin looked round the bank, there was a decrepit, almost ancient security man on the door, and a camera over the entrance, but that was all.

No matter, he'd burned his boats now, he would go out in a blaze of glory for the entire world to see. He didn't have to wait long, almost immediately the manager came out of his office followed by the receptionist. Holding out his hand he said, "Mr Catesby."

"Mr Ingersoll, pleased to meet you."

"I gather you've come to see me about Mr Eccles."

"Yes."

"God rest his soul. How these people can do such things I've no idea."

'Easy,' thought Benjamin, 'just slit his throat from ear to ear.' Wisely he said nothing.

"Perhaps we'd better step into my office."

"Good idea," said Benjamin following the manager as he turned on his heel.

Ingersoll was not particularly well-built, but Benjamin intended to take him from behind anyway.

"Can I get you a cup of coffee or something?"

"Yes, fine," he replied.

The manager turned to the receptionist, "Janet, bring us a pot of coffee and some biscuits, please."

"Yes, Mr Ingersoll." At this point she left them; Benjamin followed the manager into his office and taking to door from him, pulled it shut.

Ingersoll began speaking with his back towards him, but Benjamin already had the cosh out, and as the door closed and after looking quickly around the office, he brought it crashing down onto the manager's head.

The man went down without a nod or a grunt, and a second later, Benjamin was standing over him. Another couple of seconds and

he had tied his hands behind his back with the twine, then he sat down in the big, cushioned chair behind the desk. Opening his coat, he pulled out the package, placed it on the desk so that the wires were clearly visible, and held the box in his hand. Now all he had to do was wait for the receptionist to bring the coffee. On the floor, the bank manager let out a groan. Benjamin leaned over him, sneered into his face and said, "One false move and you're dead, understand?" As he spoke he held out the package with his right hand and the small box with his left.

Ingersoll looked up at him, stunned and bewildered. "Who are you, what do you want? You won't get away with this."

"Oh yes we will."

"You can't. They won't open the vault, it's bank policy."

"We don't want money."

"You don't?" He managed to pull himself into a sitting position.

"No."

"What do you want?"

"The President of the United States."

"What?"

"The President."

"You're mad."

"And you're dead if you try one false move."

"But..."

"Shut up," Benjamin interrupted, "wait until she comes. You see this?" he picked up the package off the desk and held it up together with the box. "This is a detonator. One false move and we all go up."

"Okay, we do it your way." The manager rubbed his sore head against the wall.

They sat in silence; a minute later there was a knock at the door and the receptionist entered carrying a tray with a pot of coffee, jugs of milk, sugar and two cups. As she entered the room she looked up and saw Benjamin sitting behind the manager's desk, then she noticed the manager himself sitting on the floor and pulled up dead in her tracks.

"Is everything all right, Mr Ingersoll?"

"Yes, fine," he said, "bring the coffee in, Janet."

She hesitated.

"Bring the coffee in, you dumb broad," Benjamin echoed nastily, deliberately lapsing into gangsterese.

"Janet, do as he says or he'll blow us all to pieces."

Benjamin held up the package and the box, his eyes glowed fanatically.

"Yes, Mr Ingersoll." She walked over to the desk and set them down.

"Now go and phone the President," said Benjamin. She stared at him dumbly.

"He means the President of the United States," said the manager.

"The White House. Do that before you phone the police or we'll be going up. Boom!"

Although Ingersoll was handling himself remarkably well, his hands were secured behind his back, and he looked in no mood for heroics. "Do as he says, Janet. Phone the White House first, tell them a man has taken over the bank and is holding me hostage."

"Tell him it's a member of the Gentile Liberation Front, London Branch. And tell him that I personally slit the throat of that dog, Eccles."

The woman gasped; Ingersoll muttered under his breath.

"And tell him that it was my unit which set fire to the old CFR HQ. The next arson attack will be less symbolic and more practical. Like burning down the Bank of America's head office."

"Yes. Yes." Saying this she rushed out of the room.

"You'll never get away with this," said the manager.

"Get away with what?"

"Whatever you're doing. You're mad."

"You're wrong on the first count, we've already got away with what we're doing. On the second, you're right - we are mad. You wanna know what we're mad at? We're mad that you scum can create credit by writing figures in a book and lend it against the real wealth of the people. We're mad that you power hungry parasites are ripping off the working people and the entrepreneurs of the world. We're mad that before we can do anything we have to come grovelling to some asshole banker and ask his permission. Then, if he condescends to grant us a loan, we can set up our business or whatever provided we pay you interest in perpetuity."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't? Where do banks get the money for their loans?"

"From their customers."

"Bullshit!"

"From their customers, people deposit money with the bank and others borrow it."

"Bullshit, and you know it."

"And from fixed reserves."

"Fixed reserves your ass."

"Okay, I give up. Where do we get the money we lend?"

"You create it out of nothing."

Ingersoll opened his mouth to speak but Benjamin cut him off. "And don't give me any fucking crap about you didn't know that, because the media's been talking about nothing else since the Jews iced those two creeps in England. The Trilateral fucking Commission, the CFR and all the other assholes and creeps of the *New World Order* are behind this, they've been at it for decades, centuries, and they've very cleverly palmed all the blame off on the Jews."

"The Jews?" Ingersoll seemed genuinely bewildered.

"Yeah, the Jews, or didn't your underling Eccles ever tell you about them?"

"David Eccles was a subordinate of mine; I haven't, hadn't known him either very well or very long."

"So he didn't tell you all about the Hymies, huh?"

"No."

"Nor about the Jewish conspiracy?"

"No."

"Very convenient that, isn't it, the way they've built a smokescreen around the Jewish plot. You know how it happened?"

"No."

"I'll tell you. One day, many moons ago before television sets, computers and double-breasted pin-striped suits, there was a goldsmith. He had a strongroom with a big, secure safe. He was a Jewish goldsmith, and because he had a strongroom with a big safe, all the *goyim* for miles around used to deposit their gold with the nice Jewish goldsmith. He was so nice that he charged people for the privilege of storing their gold, he also leant it out and he charged people for that too. Interest he called it."

There was a sharp rap on the door. "Come in," called Benjamin, "slowly." The door opened slightly and Benjamin shouted again, "Slowly, unless you want me to blow us all to Hell."

The door opened slowly and the bank security guard walked in holding his hands out, "Easy fella, I just come to tell yer that we've called the Whitehouse..."

"Excellent."

"And that the police are on their way."

"Excellent."

"Now if you'll..." he looked at Benjamin as if trying to reason with him, but Benjamin wasn't interested in talking to him, only in finishing off his story.

"Excellent. Now get out!"

The guard lowered his head and looked down to where Mr Ingersoll sat, back to the wall. "Are you okay, Mr Ingersoll?"

"I said get the fuck out!" snarled Benjamin, holding up the box.

"You see this? It's a detonator and if you..."

"I'm going, I'm going," the man interrupted.

"It's all right, Frank," said Ingersoll, "my friend here is explaining to me what he and his friends want."

The guard nodded and left the room closing the door behind him.

As he left, Ingersoll looked up at Benjamin and said, "Go on, Mr Catesby."

"Yes, there were lots of these Jewish goldsmiths, then they became known as international bankers, and eventually, any time someone needed money, if a king wanted to fight a war or something like that, there they were, always prepared to lend him money at some extortionate rate. And they never seemed to run out of money either, for the simple reason that most people never demanded gold or cash, they were quite happy to take a cheque. That's all money is today: cheques, credit, figures in a book. Of course, now and then a bank went to the wall, but only the little ones, never the big boys, and never the international banks.

"The more small banks that went out of business, the more the international banks tightened their grip until they had a total monopoly. They had this monopoly as early as 1694 in Britain with the founding of the Bank of so-called England. It took them a while longer to gain control of the United States, but eventually they succeeded in setting up the Fed for the sole purpose of

manipulating the US money supply, and to some extent the world's."

Benjamin paused and Ingersoll said, "So the Jews control America do they, Mr Catesby?"

"Don't take the fucking piss or I'll blow us up now." Benjamin held up the box, and Ingersoll flinched.

"Okay, okay, I didn't mean it. Go on."

"The Jews, God's Chosen People. That has always been the biggest stumbling block to understanding the entire question. It took us a long time to figure it out, it took me even longer, but like a lot of things which look complicated, it's not that difficult at all. At the start the bankers were Jews, so everybody blamed the Jews for everything. Obvious isn't it. So obvious. Where's Bolivia?"

"What?" said Ingersoll.

"Bolivia. Where is it?"

"South America."

"What currency do they use in Bolivia: the peso, the Deutchmark or the bolivar?"

Ingersoll thought this a strange question but answered without a murmur. "The bolivar." He was becoming increasingly worried that this wide-eyed fanatic would blow them all to Kingdom Come; he was also wondering how long it would take the police to get here.

"The bolivar," said Benjamin, "and you being a banker too. It's the peso, stupid; they use bolivars in Venezuela."

"What are you getting at, Mr Catesby?"

"What I'm getting at is that the obvious answer is not always the correct one. The Jews, everybody blame the Jews, they're a convenient scapegoat. The simple fact is that the bankers could have been Italian, as a lot of them were in the early stages, or they could have been Catholics or Greeks or anything else under the sun, and nobody would have noticed, but because they were Jews, everybody thinks it's some sort of Jewish conspiracy. Well it's not a conspiracy, at least not a Jewish one, it's a plain old-fashioned rip off. The biggest rip off and the longest running racket in history, but a simple criminal rip off all the same."

"If you say so, Mr Catesby."

"Over the course of the centuries the net widened, a lot of people became bankers' stooges, and a lot more joined them. The bankers

themselves were always Cosmopolitan and international, as a result of this they married into Gentile families, and now although seven of the eight banks which hold the Federal Reserve Class A stock have Jewish names, Jewish bankers are in a minority. And even if they weren't, it wouldn't matter because these bastards rip off Gentile and Jew alike. It's not about race, it's all about greed.

"True, there are a lot of Jews in the media even to this day, but so what? Half the fucking newsagents in Britain are owed by Pakistanis, nobody gives a shit about the Asian conspiracy taking over the country, nobody even notices it. But the fact that the international bankers were Jews was a very convenient red herring. That's why *The Protocols of Zion* was written. Every time somebody mentioned bankers, somebody, probably one of their paid agents, the so-called communists, would stand up and shout Jewish conspiracy. That way nobody ever paid any attention, all conspiracy theorists could be derided as cranks."

There was a knock at the door, and Benjamin looked up, "Yes!" he shouted.

The door opened and a man walked in with his hands held in the air, "It's okay, I'm Inspector Hanson, N.Y.P.D."

Benjamin held up the box and indicated the package on the desk pointing to the wires. "You see that?"

"Yes."

"Don't make me nervous or it'll go off."

"Fine. We'll do this your way."

"Good."

"We were told you don't want money."

"That's right, we're not bank robbers, we're bank liberators."

"How many of you are there?"

"There's just me here, but our people are monitoring this operation."

"How many of you altogether?"

Benjamin shrugged his shoulders, "We have a cell system, so who knows?"

"What do you want, Mr Catesby? I can call you Mr Catesby?"

"You can call me anything you like. What I want is to finish Mr Ingersoll's education, then I want to speak to the President of the United States."

"You want Mr Oakley to come here?"

"I want to speak to him, so have him phone me."

"I don't know if that can be arran..."

"If it isn't, he's dead!" Benjamin screamed and pointed at Ingersoll waving the box in his hand.

"Okay, okay," said the detective.

"Please," said Ingersoll, "I don't want to die."

"Nobody wants to die and nobody's going to," he replied.

"He means it," said the bank manager, "and he's not alone."

"Got that, Inspector?" asked Benjamin.

"I think so."

"Then get out and phone the President. When I've spoken to him I'll let this guy go. Is that a deal?"

"I'll see what I can do."

"If you try to double cross me, my friends will be angry."

"Who are your friends, Mr Catesby? The clerk told us you belong to some group, she also said something about a Mr Eccles but she was so upset that she didn't make much sense."

"My friends and I are the Gentile Liberation Front."

"I see."

"And we're working with the Jewish Liberation Front. If we don't get what we want here, we'll explode a bomb in the financial district within forty-eight hours."

"In Wall Street?"

"Perhaps. Or perhaps in London. That'll be for you to figure out."

"I see," said the policeman.

"Now if you don't mind, I have to complete Mr Ingersoll's education. Shut the door on your way out; I'll be with you in ten minutes."

"Of course," he said, and, backing out of the room, closed the door behind him.

"Now where were we before we were so rudely interrupted?" asked Benjamin.

On the other side of the door, Inspector Hanson signalled to his men to take up position. There were four of them, two with rifles, two with hand guns, while at the front of the building no less than seven squad cars were parked as police officers wearing flak jackets ushered people out of the adjacent buildings and rapidly cordoned off the area.

"Back off," said the Inspector to his colleague "I want someone from control down here at once."

"Yes sir."

"And get onto the Mayor, tell him these guy mean business and they want to speak to the President. Tell him that if they don't get what they want they'll be a bloodbath."

"You think he'll kill the hostage sir?"

"It's not just him, these are those maniacs from England, the Gentile Liberation Front. And they're working hand in hand with the Jews. I want the entire area sealed off and searched; he said they're going to plant a bomb. I've a feeling they might already have planted it."

"Yes sir."

"And get onto Scotland Yard. And Interpol. He said they might bomb London too."

"Yes sir."

"Yes," continued Benjamin, "*The Protocols of Zion*, that really fooled everybody. It fooled me too, and the rest of my group, it even fooled the Jews, half the poor fuckers believed it, but not any more. You know what that tactic is called, Mr Ingersoll?"

The bank manager shook his head.

"Divide and rule," said Benjamin, "or divide and conquer in their case. Keep the Jews and the Gentiles chasing red herrings, keep the bosses and the workers at each others' throats, keep the whites and the blacks fighting each other, and they'll all be too busy to even think about what goes on behind closed doors in the towers of Mammon where money is created and destroyed at the stroke of a pen or the switch of a silicon chip. Then there's crisis management, have you ever heard of that, Mr Ingersoll?"

Again the bank manager shook his head.

"The world needs a solution to its problems, what is that solution? World government of course, through the Trilateral Commission, the CFR or some other organ of the *New World Order*. But first, to prove how badly the world needs this *New Order*, people have to be shown that the old order isn't working. So the big boys finance and ferment wars, then they step forward with the solution. It's an old Marxist trick, in order to demonstrate the efficacy of the solution you have to create the problem. The thing is, without these fucking

bastards, there wouldn't be any problems to start with. None!" His voice rose to a shout.

Sitting up straight as best he could with his hands tied behind his back, the confused bank manager said, "Why are you telling me all this?"

"Because this is your education, Mr Ingersoll. You have been a willing tool of the enemies of freedom, the enemies of all peoples. You have sat here in your ivory tower with the power of life and death over people. They come to you for loans to carry out their trade or their business. You and people like you decide who will thrive and prosper or who will go bankrupt. Indeed, in many cases you decide who will survive. You and your masters at the Fed."

"The Fed isn't..."

"Shut up!" Benjamin snapped, "Listen and learn. Of course, it's not all quite that simple. The thing that always confused me, confuses most people is the war on race. The denial that race even exists, and blaming all racial aggravation on *racism*. In other words, it's all *whitey's* fault. A lot of people think the Jews must be behind this because of the noise they always make about Nazis. But the truth is that the Jews are just as stupid as we are. They're used by the *Insiders*, they're not partners, only dupes.

"Of course there are the rich Jews too, the conspirators, the *Insiders*, but they don't give a fuck about their own race anymore than their Gentile partners-in-crime give a fuck about theirs. It's not about race, it's all about greed. Greed, power, people control, world monopoly."

He paused, "You want to know why I'm telling you all this?"

Ingersoll shook his head.

Benjamin stood up still holding the box in his hand, "Because, Mr Ingersoll, you are going to live. Isn't that reassuring, comforting? And when you leave this room, I want you to go and tell all the news media what's gonna happen if the President doesn't audit the Fed and if Congress doesn't take the power of credit creation away from the bankers."

"What's that?" said the relieved but still frightened banker.

"My friends are going to shoot a banker a week, then a banker a day, then a banker an hour if necessary until the President complies and until the British Government complies with our demands. Savvy, asshole?"

"Yes," he nodded.

"Good." He sat down again, put his feet up on the desk and said, "Now we wait."

Ten minutes later, as they sat in silence, the phone on the desk rang. Benjamin picked it up and said, "Gentile Liberation Front."

"This is Inspector Hanson, Mr Catesby, I'm in the bank foyer."

"So?"

"We're trying to locate the President but it'll take some time."

"Time is one thing you haven't got."

"Mr Catesby, we're doing the best we can."

"It's not down to me; have you ordered a news black out?"

"There are press here but..."

"Then I suggest you get TV cameras here as well because my friends will be following this on TV. If they think you're trying to trick me there'll be trouble."

"We're not trying to trick you, Mr Catesby."

"Of course not, you wouldn't do that."

"All we want is to get the hostage and you out of there safely."

"I'll tell you how you can do that, shall I, Mr Hanson?"

"If you will."

"I have my instructions, they are to speak to the President. When I've done that and when I've given him the message my friends have prepared for me, then I'll let Mr Ingersoll go. If you try to storm this place I'll blow us all up."

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about, Mr Catesby, the bomb."

"There's nothing to talk about, if you try anything stupid it goes off. There's enough explosives here to kill me, Ingersoll and anyone within twenty or thirty yards. That means that anyone who tries to storm this place gets it too. Understand?"

"Perfectly, Mr Catesby. But we're still worried about your safety."

"Worry about your own ass, mine is expendable."

"Yes, Mr Catesby."

Benjamin put the phone down and stared at Ingersoll. "Now all we have to do is wait."

"What if they can't find the President or if he doesn't want to talk to you?" said Ingersoll.

"Then that will be unfortunate. For you."

"Oh."

They sat and waited in silence; Benjamin looked at his watch, an hour had passed but it seemed like much longer. Then the phone rang. He picked it up and spoke into the receiver, "Yes."

A woman's voice answered, "I want to speak to Mr Catesby, please."

"Speaking."

"Mr Catesby, I have a call for you from the President of the United States."

Chapter Forty-Three

Benjamin paused, he'd recognise Oakley's voice, he was certain of that, and just to make sure, he'd prepared a few questions he could ask him that only Oakley was likely to be able to answer, or someone very close to him. "Put him on," he said.

The line went on hold for a few seconds then a voice came on which Benjamin recognised at once. "Mr Catesby, this is the President of the United States."

"Hello Mr President."

"I gather you want to speak to me on a matter of national importance."

"Yes Mr President, of international importance."

"My time is yours, Mr Catesby."

Benjamin had intended to ask him the date he'd joined the Trilateral Commission and one or two other details, mostly about his personal life, but he realised that he was indeed speaking to the President of the United States, and didn't want to waste precious time with trivialities. He also didn't want to insult him.

"Thank you Mr President for responding so promptly, I appreciate it, and so will my comrades in the Gentile Liberation Front, and their friends in the Jewish Liberation Front. We realise you're a busy man, Mr President, and we don't want to waste your time, so I'll tell you exactly what we're going to do and exactly what you have to do in order to stop it. We're going to kill people, Mr President."

"I see. Me?"

"No, Mr President, we have no quarrel with you or with any politicians. No, the people we are going to kill are bankers."

"Bankers?"

"Yes, Mr President. And members of the Trilateral Commission, of course."

"Members of the Trilateral Commission?"

"Yes. And members of the CFR and of any other organisation which is a front for the vested interests of international finance."

"I belong to the Trilateral Commission," said Oakley.

"Yes Mr President, but now that it has been brought to your attention that the Commission is a front for the bankers, we feel sure you will resign. We think it will make you sleep easier."

"Sleep easier?"

"Resigning, Mr President."

"Resigning?"

"From the Trilateral Commission. And the CFR," Benjamin added, to make Oakley realise he'd done his homework on him.

"Er, yes..." Oakley obviously didn't know what to say; he'd been briefed that he was dealing with a lunatic, but now he wasn't so sure.

"We think too Mr President that when you order the audit of the Fed and the return of the power to mint coin and print paper money to the Congress, we think you will go down possibly as the greatest president in history. Perhaps even greater than George Washington and Abraham Lincoln who took on the bankers themselves."

"Yes, I'm sure. But let's talk about the hostage, Mr Catesby."

"No, Mr President, let's talk about money."

"All right, let's talk about money."

"Who owns the Fed, Mr President?"

"Who owns the Fed?"

"Yes. Who owns the Fed?"

Oakley paused, and from the background noises he picked up, it was obvious to Benjamin that he was consulting with someone.

When he came back he replied, "Our Federal Reserve is like the Bank of England, it's a state bank."

"A state bank, Mr President?"

"Yes, it's owned by the United States Government."

"Bollocks, Mr President."

"I beg your pardon, Mr Catesby."

"I said bollocks, Mr President: the things that keep your ears apart. The Fed is not owned by the government of the United States, and neither is the Bank of England owned by the government of Britain. Both are privately owned banks. Do you read me, Mr President?"

Benjamin looked down at Ingersoll who was still sitting with his back to the wall, fidgeting nervously. He soon realised why, he had put the detonator on the desk and was unconsciously picking at it. The bank manager was afraid it would go off, which was understandable, it looked realistic enough. In fact it was nothing more than an empty lighter case, in any case the explosives were candles, so he wouldn't be setting anything off in here. Well, that wasn't quite true; at this point he fished in his other pocket and pulled out the petrol bomb. Putting it on the floor at the side of the desk he waited patiently for the President to reply.

"You're wrong, Mr Catesby, the Fed is owned by the government."

"And you're insulting my intelligence, Mr President; the Fed is owned by private banks."

"Private banks?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you mean Zionist banks."

"No, Mr President, I don't. Don't patronise me, and please don't start that Jewish conspiracy crap with me; my friends and I don't like it. The Jews are getting a bit fed up with it too."

"I wasn't trying to..."

Benjamin interrupted, "Now you listen to me, Mr President, because I don't have much time. The Fed is owned by a consortium of private banks. If that weren't true there would be no national debt because the American people would be in debt to themselves, which would be absurd, and don't give me any crap about the national debt being owned and owed collectively. You have a simple choice Mr President, you can sack the Fed, order an audit and an investigation and return the power of minting coin and printing money to Congress where it belongs, or we will shoot every member of the Trilateral Commission, the CFR, all the other conspirators of the New World Order and every fucking banker in

the state of New York, in the United States, or in the world if we have to. Do you read me, Mr President?"

"I read you, Mr Catesby."

"If you do that you might just go down in history as the great liberator; if you don't, you might just end up dead."

"I read you, Mr Catesby."

"One other thing I should point out to you, Mr President is that we are prepared to die for our beliefs."

"I don't doubt that, Mr Catesby, I don't doubt it for one moment."

As he spoke, Benjamin was again fishing in his pocket, this time for his lighter. He realised that armed police were literally feet away, the other side of the door in spite of what Hanson had said. He realised too that there was no way he could leave this room alive. If he were to give himself up or be taken prisoner it wouldn't take them long to sus that he'd been working alone. He was confident that he wouldn't crack under interrogation ordinarily, but here he would be up against the secret rulers of the world. They would use mind-altering drugs and all manner of torture to get every last shred of information out of him, of that he had no doubt. When they had done that, they would be able to dismiss him as a lone crank.

They might still try to do that anyway, but at least they would never know the truth, every time a banker was gunned down in a copycat attack, the authorities would have it in the backs of their minds that this was the Gentile Liberation Front, an organised, professional, ruthless and totally dedicated group of militant financial reformers. And he had already spawned a number of imitators, the Governor of the Bank of England had been assassinated by a Social Credit group; who knew what would come next?

The President coughed then continued, "Mr Catesby, you seem to be under the impression that the President of the United States can do anything he wishes. It is true that in one sense I am the most powerful man in the world, but it really isn't that simple. You see, I am restrained by..."

"Restrained like fuck!" Benjamin shouted into the phone, "You can give an Executive Order to audit the Fed. You can abolish the Fed, you can call on Congress to print money debt free, and the

British Government can do the same. No ifs, ands or buts. Do you read me, Mr President?"

"I read you, Mr Catesby."

"And if you don't, there's gonna be hell to pay."

"Mr Catesby, if you will..."

"No!" Benjamin screamed.

Ingersoll looked up from where he sat with his back against the wall and saw to his horror that his desk was on fire. Then Benjamin was alight, standing over him, engulfed in flames. The bank manager screamed, while on the other side of the door, Inspector Hanson had to make a snap decision. Did he and his men rush the bank manager's office or did they rush out into the street instead? His mind was made up for him by the sound of Benjamin's screams and the bank manager's desperate cries, "He's done it, he's done it!"

"Fuck!" shouted Hanson, "he's triggered the bomb. Run!"

Eight police officers dived towards the bank exit simultaneously. As they rushed out into the street, Ingersoll managed to pull himself to his feet and rush towards the office door which the detective had left slightly ajar. Pulling it open with his chin, he dived through it and rushed towards the exit door hard on the heels of the siege police while in his office, Benjamin Catesby was swiftly engulfed in flames.

Chapter Forty-Four

By the time the fire department entered the building, the manager's office had gone up in flames with Benjamin inside it. It was over an hour before anyone dared enter the office on account of the suspected bomb, but when they finally did, and carried out what was left of Benjamin on a stretcher, the entire block had been evacuated. That might have been the end of their troubles but for what they considered to be the far from idle threat of the Gentile Liberation Front to bomb Wall Street. They took this threat very seriously indeed, because three hours after the siege had ended, two inexpertly made bombs went off in quick succession. Both had

been planted in trash cans within two blocks of the bank. They were Benjamin's swansong, but naturally the authorities considered them to be the work of his comrades. The area was quickly sealed off, but the terrorists had already slipped away.

The same evening, the President flew in from Washington and hosted an impromptu meeting with Graham Lehrman-Loeb, the Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, while the FBI, Interpol and Scotland Yard all worked overtime trying to track down the movements of the dead terrorist over the past six months. The following day, the *New York Evening Post* published a letter it had purportedly received from the dead man with a list of demands which included auditing the Federal Reserve, restoring the right of Congress to print money, the abolition of usury, confiscation of all personal wealth over five billion dollars, and the immediate organisation of a Congressional Hearing into the activities of the Trilateral Commission since its inception in 1973.

Then two significant developments occurred. A group of orthodox economists picketed the Federal Reserve Bank of New York demanding that the President sack the Chairman of the Fed and revoke its right to create credit. Simultaneously, a coalition of Nazis, Klansmen, Third Positionists and Black Separatists raided a bankers' convention in Chicago and butchered seventeen bank employees in cold blood. Most of those who were killed were very junior staff, but by now the financial reformers were on a roll, and the bankers were both on the run and running scared.

A similar incident happened in England, here only four people were killed, but by now the authorities were waking up to the reality that the Gentile Liberation Front had started something which would only be finished when either the banks acquiesced or when there were no bankers left.

One person who took this threat every bit as seriously as the authorities was a certain Mr Ingersoll, who received through the post the following day a letter from the Gentile Liberation Front. It told him in no uncertain terms why he was still alive: he had been spared conditionally. "If you do not proselytise the gospel of financial reform, we will kill you," the letter said. "We and our agents are everywhere; tell the President to audit the Fed, or you will die a far more horrific death than our brother Benjamin Catesby."

Ingersoll was horrified, and, after selling his story to the press and publicly condemning the Federal Reserve, sold his house, changed his name and disappeared off the face of the Earth.

In Britain, the bank workers' unions called an indefinite strike in protest at the continuing violence against their profession. Automatic cash dispensers were affected too, and after three days, a lot of people started running out of money. This prompted the Prime Minister to announce in the Commons that, after consulting with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, he was passing an emergency Executive Decree which would enable the Crown to print two billion pounds worth of bank notes. When the Shadow Spokesman for Home Affairs pointed out that the Treasury would not “scab on the bank workers” as he put it, the PM said that it didn't matter whether or not the notes were actually printed, he had given the Chancellor permission to create the credit necessary by a simple entry in the national ledger.

“And where will this money come from will the Prime Minister tell us?” replied Higgins.

“It will come into existence out of thin air, with a stroke of the pen.”

“And who will it be repaid to? Who will earn interest on it?”

“Will the honourable gentleman take note that this money will not be repaid to anyone, it will come into circulation by special dispensation under the *Emergency Powers Act, 1994*.”

The full implication of this took a week or two to sink in, but when eventually it did, MPs from both sides of the House started asking questions about the nature of money. Although a great deal of pressure was obviously put on the press, particularly the financial press, to play down the implications of the Prime Minister's disastrous *faux pas*, it would not go away. On the Continent, people were beginning to wake up too, while in Pakistan and Saudi Arabia, the reigning Islamic fundamentalist *régimes* began churning out a seemingly endless stream of propaganda directed at the Federal Reserve and the Zionist manipulation of the money supply.

Fortunately, although one of the publications enthusiastically endorsed by the Saudis was *The Protocols of Zion* nobody was paying too much attention to the Jewish conspiracy any more. Instead people were asking questions like: Who the fuck really

does own the national debt and why do we have to pay interest to borrow our own money?

If debate in Europe was heated, in the United States, talking gave way very quickly to riots. In New York, crowds of unemployed Negroes, street people and Hassidic Jews marched spontaneously on Wall Street, dragged the money changers from their palatial offices and administered summary justice. In the Southern States it was mainly the rednecks, the white farmers, Klansmen and Christian Fundamentalists who rioted, while on the West Coast it was mainly the blacks as in the 1992 riots, but also the Chicanos.

As usual, socialist agitators and professional race-mixers tried to egg the rioters on, but this time no one at all paid any attention to their mindless carping about *racism*, this time the real enemy had been identified, and it was not some whimsical conspiracy of white *racists* nor "the bosses" who the fascist left had always blamed, it was a very well defined group of financial parasites, the great majority of them white: Gentile and Jew.

The governments of the United States, Britain and then France strove desperately to contain the situation, but even the National Guard was unable to keep the lid on it. Soon, anyone who worked in a bank was frightened to show his or her face in public. Eventually the President caved in, stripped the Federal Reserve of its power and ordered a Congressional Hearing into the activities of the Federal Reserve, the Trilateral Commission and the Council on Foreign Relations.

A group of right wing Congressmen then make a heroic bid for power and, with support from discontented Democrats, the power to create the nation's credit was taken away from the banks and placed in the hands of Congress. From now on, banks would only be able to lend real money, money they owned, and the Islamic concept of *musharika* - profit-sharing - became the new cornerstone of banking practice.

As with so many ideas whose time has come, the liberation of the financial system triggered off enormous interest in academia. The press, now liberated if not from the bankers themselves then at least from their dogma, began spewing forth radical new proposals about credit creation, credit control and the whole corrupt system. The emergence of a new Social Credit movement and the abolition of the wage slave concept was only a heartbeat away. The new

spokesman for the radical right was, ironically, an American Jew named Graham Seligman, who had long been a closet admirer of C.H. Douglas, the founding father of Social Credit.

Seligman and his mainly white middle class Gentile followers received immediate endorsement by the liberal intelligentsia, the very same people who had been as responsible as the hard core of the conspiracy for suppressing all rational debate on this issue. Seligman's analysis totally destroyed the already largely abandoned pseudo-scientific claptrap of Marxism. Where Marx had divided the world into the oppressors and oppressed who were locked into some absurd, undeclared class war, Seligman's was more to the point. The rich were rich because they held onto their money; if they didn't, then they joined the poor. It was as simple as that.

The real reason the poor stayed poor was not because they were held down by the rich, but because the private monopoly of capital had meant that a small group of immensely powerful men had placed an invisible tax on wealth creation. This tax worked like the house percentage at roulette. Any gambler who stayed on the table long enough would be ruined, regardless of winning streaks.

The fact that a lot of these men had been Jews had been in the first instance due to socio-economic forces, but over the years the Jewish dominance had become less pronounced and the bias of the international plutocracy towards political Zionism had been eroded in direct proportion to the acquisition of oil wealth by the Arabs. None of this particularly concerned Seligman and his followers, they were interested primarily in the subservience of finance to material ends rather than vice versa. In an historic speech made before a Congressional Hearing, Seligman stated "Under the old *régime*, nothing that was not financially possible could be achieved or even attempted. Now, anything that is physically possible can be financially possible. It is the first duty of government to see to it that anything which is physically desirable becomes physically possible by making it financially possible. In real terms this means governments exercising their prerogative to create the credit necessary in order to fund housing projects, public health schemes, anti-pollution campaigns and anything else which benefits the people rather than the banks."

It took a long time for the full implications of this to sink in, but the suggestion by Seligman and others that there should be an upper limit on wealth was not only immediately comprehended but enthusiastically endorsed by the overwhelming majority of the population. If this upper limit were to be set sufficiently high, say five billion dollars as Benjamin's letter to the *New York Evening Post* had demanded, it would affect only a tiny number of people. Certainly no one could accuse whoever introduced such legislation of promoting socialism.

Naturally though, any thought of an upper limit on wealth was fiercely attacked by the vested interests of finance capitalism, but by this time a grass roots movement for the total overthrow of the capitalist system was well underway. The attempts by the financial plutocracy to sabotage the audit of the Fed and the reversion to Congress of the power to create credit were thwarted when several groups of White and Black Separatists acting in concert decided to take up where the Gentile Liberation Front had left off. Anyone who worked in banking or uttered a word in defence of the usurers, including their paid dupes in the media, ran the very real risk of being publicly kneecapped or worse.

Although they fought tooth and nail to stop the audit, the enquiries into the Trilateral Commission and other conspiratorial groups, in the end they had to concede. Eventually, even Jewish and Zionist organisations began condemning the manipulations of the money creators, and as no one could accuse them of anti-Semitism, the Jewish Question was at last laid to rest, at least as far as financial matters were concerned.

When all the enquiries and investigations were concluded, heads rolled. The great banking dynasties of the Eastern Liberal Establishment became pariahs, exiled forever from polite society. The stigma extended even to ordinary bank workers, who were seen as collaborators with the invisible occupation government of a previous generation. But most of all, when the power to create credit was finally and utterly wrenched from the hands of private corporations worldwide, the thing that everybody noticed was a sharp rise in the standard of living. After the first three years, this rise tailed off, but the abolition of all public debt and the virtual elimination of inflation ushered in a new era of prosperity for all.

Banks became the tools of governments rather than their masters, and the esteem of the banking profession dropped to somewhat less than that of a harlot. The total restructuring of the world economy and of the social order took a little longer, but it was inevitable that such things as the social dividend, the abolition of the campaign to eradicate *racism* and the run down of the arms trade would come about.

The problem of miscegenation which more than anything had prompted Benjamin's campaign against the Money Power, was not totally resolved, but with the rising prosperity of the black middle classes and the co-operation that had occurred between Nazis, Third Positionists and Black Separatists, miscegenation fell out of vogue. Those whites, especially white women who deserted their own race, were now swiftly ostracised by all whites, and for the most part they weren't welcomed by the blacks either. The easing of racial tensions was brought about by the greater opportunity for all races. Blacks who were capable of competing on equal terms with whites did so, while those who weren't, hung around on street corners with ghetto blasters getting stoned out of their tiny minds on ganja and other soft drugs.

Standing around on street corners was the operative phrase; the incidence of street crime and of all crime fell dramatically due to the increased welfare and other benefits which were paid to all citizens as a right. As C.H. Douglas had predicted decades earlier, the dividend increasingly replaced the wage as the main source of income; those who were unable to earn a living by virtue of their belonging to an increasingly obsolete underclass could opt out and exist comfortably on their state dividends.

The environmental movement was reawakened with a vengeance. The fact that finance was no longer an obstacle to developing alternative technologies led to a boom in environment-friendly fuels, solar power, wave power and telecommunications which to all intents and purposes replaced business travelling.

The collapse of the arms industry was another inevitable consequence of the liberation of the financial system. With the virtual elimination of world poverty and hunger and the end of environmental despoilation, people the world over were less inclined to fight no-win wars. Now that governments could create their own credit and were not dependent on the largess of the

parasites of finance capitalism, by and large they were less inclined to commit their considerably increased expenditure to killing the citizens of neighbouring states. Even the Palestine Question was resolved peacefully when the booming Middle East economies, liberated from the grip of the oil companies, invested hundreds of billions of dollars in the redevelopment of the countries of Jordan and Lebanon. While in South America, the drugs cartels collapsed virtually overnight when the governments of Colombia et al were released from their dependence on kickbacks from the death industry.

It was difficult to believe that all this had been achieved virtually by one man, and in fact nobody did believe that, for in a sense it was not true. Benjamin Catesby had acted as a catalyst and had fuelled the fires of the ideological right. Several groups in the United States had been waging a fierce battle against the Money Power for years, but at local level and by legal means only, while the racial-nationalist right had been fighting such phony battles as the campaign to oust ZOG. In practise this had amounted to disseminating anti-Semitic literature, swastika daubing and beating up "uppity niggers."

The emergence of Benjamin Catesby and his mythical Gentile Liberation Front had whetted the appetites of these other groups and lured them into the battle proper, while the non-existent Jewish Liberation Front had made rank and file Jews realise that the claims anti-Semites had frequently made about them controlling the media and the money were more fact than fantasy.

As Lincoln Rockwell had put it way back in 1966, "The big Jews in charge are willing to sacrifice the little Jews as a general sacrifices some troops to win a war."

This was undoubtedly true, but what Rockwell and others like him had never stopped to consider was the fact that the same thing applied to Gentiles. Benjamin had hit the nail on the head when he told Ingersoll that rather than being a Jewish conspiracy, the financial system was a plain old-fashioned rip off, the biggest rip off and the longest running racket in history, but a simple criminal rip off nevertheless.

Although the authorities on both sides of the Atlantic had made exhaustive enquiries into Benjamin's background they had drawn a blank. The only significant fact they were able to unearth was the

existence of his numerous building society accounts. This convinced them that he had indeed been a small cog in a very large wheel. There was also the fact that so many attacks on banks and bankers had been blamed on or (ostensibly) claimed by the Gentile Liberation Front that they could not dismiss the organisation as the work of one or two fanatics.

Benjamin's previous incarnation as the White Warriors was all but forgotten; anti-black and anti-Jewish hate groups were two a penny, and if they occasionally resorted to murder, that was regrettable but it was no big thing. His sister was questioned intensively as she was the only person who had been even remotely close to him, but she could add nothing to what they already knew. They spent days going over both his house and his Earls Court bedsit, but apart from a gun under the sink, some *samizdat* books and a couple of military manuals they found nothing of interest and no further leads.

Eventually the Gentile Liberation Front disappeared into thin air, its work clearly finished with the reform of the financial system. Who they were, where they came from and where they went, nobody knew. Some said the GLF and the JLF had been working hand in hand right from the start, that they had been a crazy bunch of psychotic Jews and Nazi fanatics who had become intoxicated with some absurd conspiracy theory, for even after the bankers' rip off had been laid bare for all and sundry to see, the media and the liberal establishment still derided all talk of world conspiracy as nonsense.

Writing years later, one historian claimed that although terrorism could never be justified in theory, it was a sad thing that it often worked in practice. And there could be no denying that the brief organised terror against the custodians of the money supply had worked out of all proportion to the effort expended and the people involved. Altogether less than five hundred people were killed worldwide, but with the abolition of usury and subsequently of world poverty, world revolution and perpetual wars for perpetual peace, the deaths of a mere five hundred servants of Mammon was considered by even the most liberal humanists to have been a small price to pay indeed.