

THE ONLY GOOD FASCIST

IS A DEAD ONE

Justifiable Homicide

Extract from the Statement of Nathan Bernstein

My name is Nathaniel D. Bernstein; I have lived in this city for the past seventeen years. For most of that time I have been a police officer; I have twice been commended for action above and beyond the call of duty. About four years ago I heard of the Revisionists for the first time. My initial reaction to their claims was utter disbelief; this was quickly followed by outrage. I couldn't and still find it difficult to believe that anyone could deny responsibility for the atrocities which have been committed against our people. But if I found the claims of the Revisionists to be offensive in the extreme, then I found the attitude of the authorities to be unforgivable. How could they allow the murderers of our people and the sworn enemies of democracy to get away with this?

At first, the tendency of the mass media was to dismiss them as cranks. I think the word "fascists" would be more appropriate - people who oppose democracy and try to rewrite history are fascists. What other word is there to describe them? I, indeed all my people never dreamed that the fad of Revisionism would last, much less be afforded any credibility, but gradually the mass media began to take up their cry. Perhaps the Revisionists are right, they said. Others were more subtle: I disagree with what they say but in the name of free speech and preserving our democratic ideals I will defend to the death their right to say it. Well, they weren't the only ones who defended this "right" of "free speech" to the death. On 17th April this year I agreed with James Rosenthal and Axel Green that something should be done before this poison got out of hand.

Over a period of four and a half years, the Revisionists had won over a surprising number of otherwise respectable people to their point of view. They did this both by vigorous campaigning and by using dirty tricks against eye witnesses, people who were there and saw for themselves what happened. By picking holes in their testimony, by semantic arguments, by confusing them with rhetoric, the Revisionists had managed to sew enough doubt in the minds of establishment historians to make them question not the basic facts, the hard, indisputable well-documented and attested facts of the mass murders, but the responsibility of those involved. They began talking about forensic evidence, they claimed not that the actual perpetrators were acting under higher orders, (for this has never excused murder), but that they didn't do it, that they were fitted up. Can you imagine that?

All the forensic evidence was either unreliable or open to alternative interpretation; all the confessions were extracted under duress. All of them! In one case we had six confessions, can you imagine that, six! How could six confessions have been manufactured? Are we to believe that all these men were tortured, that all their families were threatened, that they were all denied access to lawyers, beaten up, deprived of sleep and a

hundred other things? One of the defendants in the last case was said to have been feeble-minded, but he couldn't have been that feeble-minded: he was married with a family.

At the beginning of May, I met with Rosenthal and Green again. Towards the end of the month we met for a third time. It was Rosenthal who first suggested that we should teach these bastards a lesson; Green was lukewarm about the idea; I didn't want anything to do with it. We argued vociferously until finally Green said, look, why don't we sleep on it? We agreed to think it over for a week, then take a vote on it. What the majority agreed, we would all do. Well, the more I thought about it, the more I realised that Rosenthal was right. When we met again the first week in June, nine days later, I think it was on a Thursday. When we met we all agreed. It was unanimous. If anything, I was more convinced than Rosenthal had been. So was Green.

We started making plans that night; Green was very jittery; he said we should do it as soon as possible before we had time to lose our nerve. So the following Saturday we blew the first one away. It was me who actually carried out the execution; Rosenthal claimed the privilege because it had been his idea, but I was the only one of the group who'd had proper firearms training. I was in Israel last year, as you know, all our people are armed there; military service is compulsory for all able-bodied men and women under retirement age. While I was there I got in some real practice. My cousin works for the Shin Bet, the Israeli intelligence service, and he taught me a trick or two.

The execution, the first one, was carried out with military precision. I walked into the bookshop, straight up to the counter, drew my gun and shot the bastard through the head. Bang. Just like that. He fell and I leaned over the counter and pumped three more slugs into the body. Not that he needed them, the first one killed him outright, but I wanted to be sure, and I wanted to avenge my people. I walked out of the bookshop, climbed into the car, and Rosenthal drove me off at high speed. Green followed at a distance; he was carrying some heavy back up, an automatic rifle and two automatic hand guns. As it happened we didn't need it; the hit went off without a hitch.

The second one if anything was even easier; we were surprised that the press played down the first assassination. The suggestion was mooted in the tabloids that it had been a robbery gone wrong. We had thought about making it look like a robbery at first, but decided against it. We wanted not only to hit these bastards but to let them know they why they were being hit. We wanted to strike terror into their hearts, we wanted them to feel fear, the same way our people felt it, the same way they do every time they step out into the street. I know this will sound like paranoia, but this fear is real, our people feel it all the time.

Green did the second Revisionist; this was also at a bookshop a week to the day later. This one really set the cat among the pigeons. Obviously the Revisionists had had their suspicions about the first one, but when the second was hit in exactly the same manner they hit the roof. They started screaming about persecution and, get this, genocide. I wanted us to issue a

statement claiming responsibility; I wanted our group to have a name, something like "Let Our People Go", but the other two vetoed it. Rosenthal argued that it would be best not to claim responsibility because this might lead to further persecution of our people. Yes, even in Britain this happens.

The point about not claiming responsibility was that it made the bastards sweat. Of course, they knew who was responsible, but they couldn't be sure it was us because there were so many other people after these scum too. I had even heard politicians of a certain orientation say they should be strung up. Of course, our people always wanted to slap an outright ban on Revisionism, so did many politicians and most good people, but under our so-called "democracy", however much these groups agitated, they couldn't stop them producing their obscene material. Well, we did, and I am proud that we did. I am proud to have been associated with this movement, to have been one of its founders. I am proud to have been associated with James Rosenthal and Axel Green. And I am proud to be what I am. We brought nothing but honour to our people by exterminating these scum. My only regret is that we were caught so soon, but others have already begun to follow in our footsteps. Though I may have to spend the rest of my life in prison, I consider this to be the most worthy sacrifice any man could make for his people, and if I had my time all over, I would do exactly the same thing again.

Extract from the Statement (Unsigned) of James Rosenthal

My name is James Andrew Rosenthal; I was the founder and I suppose you could also in some sense call me the leader of the group which became known as the Fascist Fixers. I was never happy with that name, but I, like my comrades Axel Green and Nat Bernstein, never had any choice about it: it was given us by the mass media. We agreed the three of us from the outset that we would not use a name, nor would we make announcements to the media in the way the IRA does. After all, they are terrorists, we were not, are not.

At my trial I pleaded not guilty to murder because I don't think it is possible to murder a Fascist, and that is what the Revisionists are, all of them. I find it incredible that so many academics have allowed themselves to be taken in by their glib talk about freedom of speech, freedom of expression and all the other garbage they espouse. The idea that anyone has a complete right to say anything on any subject at any time, that there are no sacred cows, sounds very plausible, until you see the results of it.

In practice, Revisionism never was an academic exercise because the people associated with it were not academics but subversives of the most reprehensible and most dangerous kind. These people, these self-styled Revisionist historians, attempted, and to this day attempt, to deny actual history. It is not merely a case of re-interpretation, of taking a dispassionate view of events which by their very nature leave deep mental scars on anyone who witnesses them. The Revisionists were clever, they didn't try to deny the events had actually happened. At first. But we knew they

would in time.

I have seen this sort of thing before, the propaganda is very subtle; if you haven't been there and seen what happened with your own eyes the chances are you will be taken in, if not completely, then certainly enough doubts will be raised in the minds of ordinary, reasonable people to call for an inquiry, to cause them to re-examine the events, to doubt the veracity of our democratic system.

The trouble with eye witnesses is that they are so fallible: they see a crime committed, and within a very short span of time they become fuzzy about details. They are not immune to this kind of thing even where a mass murder has been committed. In fact, when they have witnessed a really horrible crime, as happened when our people were exterminated by these scum, the tendency is for them to try to forget. So, they give their testimony, and at the first hearing they say the perpetrator was wearing a black shirt; at the second hearing they're not sure, perhaps it was a brown shirt, they say.

No prosecutor would make anything of this, but the Revisionists do. Essentially what they say is that because the witness cannot remember what colour shirt the killer was wearing, the crime never happened, or more subtly, that as the witness was mistaken about the colour of the criminal's shirt, he cannot be trusted to remember his face either. This is not just dishonest, it is sick. It is the logic of philosophers, I studied this at university: the theory of knowledge it's called: we can never really know anything, they say. Which is fine for philosophers, but the rest of us live in the real world - when something happens and we see it happen, then we know it happened. I know these crimes were committed by these scum, and it is an insult to our people and to the dead to allow anyone to deny either the actuality or the culpability of those who were convicted. My conscience is clear. It was justifiable homicide.

Extract from the Affidavit of Axel Green

My name is Axel Simon Green and I am, was, the third member of the group which became known as the Fascist Fixers and was for a short time engaged in the assassination of self-professed Revisionist historians. I was a founder member of this group, indeed, contrary to later reports, there were only ever three of us: James Rosenthal, Nat Bernstein and myself. And, while it is true that the group was conceived by Rosenthal and his enthusiasm was the driving force behind it, both Bernstein and myself were more than willing accomplices. It was Bernstein's idea to bomb the Revisionists' HQ and it was mine to assassinate their leader, the deranged Catholic priest, Father O'Reilly.

I don't know what I can add to this statement that my comrades have not already said. You know from my deposition from the first trial that I provided many of the firearms; we had quite an arsenal when the security services arrested us, but you know that as well. The only thing that I have never explained satisfactorily either to the courts or to my parents is the reason I became

involved in this group.

Yes, it is true that I was horrified at what these Revisionists were doing, it is also true that unlike Rosenthal and Bernstein I was a committed socialist. Perhaps I thought that by assassinating Revisionists I was furthering the cause of the working class. The plain fact is that I simply do not know. I know that what they were doing was evil, evil beyond belief, and that some evils have to be stamped out before they can spread. I think we have been vindicated in this respect. Revisionism has spread like a cancer, and although it will never be respectable, it has polluted the minds of very many, ordinary, decent people and will continue to do so. I think in the light of subsequent events, the fact that we tried to nip it in the bud will cause history to view us as martyrs rather than as terrorists. It is a pity that we didn't wipe them all out before we were caught.

The only regret I have is that I will spend the rest of my life in prison: the judge said that none of us can ever be considered for parole, but in the two years that I have been here I have received more than a hundred letters of support from people who suffered at the hands of the enemy, and from others who were horrified at the ravings of the Revisionists but who themselves were not in a position to do something about it.

I have been asked repeatedly if I think terrorism can ever be justified, and I have always given the same answer: our community was under threat by a force so sinister, so undemocratic and so insidious that it would have been a crime not to oppose it by whatever means necessary. Self-defence does not constitute terrorism. When a community is attacked, as ours was, then it has both a right and a duty to defend itself. By whatever means necessary.

Extracts from STREETS OF FEAR: The Autobiography of Chief Constable William Norris

From Chapter 9

In my eight years with the Anti-Terrorist Section, three years as its head, I investigated many terrorist outfits; none was more disconcerting, more painful even than the group which the media dubbed the Fascist Fixers. It was particularly painful because I had known personally the fathers of two of the men involved. James Rosenthal was the son of Brian Rosenthal, who was gunned down on active service by one of the animal liberation gangs. Brian Rosenthal was a fine man and an exemplary officer. Bernstein's father had also been with the force; I knew him very slightly from our time in the RUC. He died two years before the Fascist Fixers was formed, heart attack or something. I don't think his death was in any way connected with work, he was a heavy smoker. But I suppose one's work always contributes to one's lifestyle, so stress may have been partly to blame. It's a very stressful job serving in the police, even for the ordinary constable on the beat. In the past ten years there have been over a hundred murders of serving police officers outside of Northern

Ireland.

Axel Green's father had also been a police officer, but I had never met him. He is still alive, although he had retired on grounds of ill-health before Green's involvement with the Fascist Fixers came to light. I believe he and his wife, Green's mother, live somewhere in the South of France, though they're both getting on in years now.

All three were first rate officers, and both Rosenthal and Bernstein were extremely devout men, which makes their involvement in this kind of activity even more nefarious. Rosenthal was active in his church, but although coming from a family of staunch Protestants there was no question of religious bigotry, he was certainly anti-IRA and anti-Republican but never anti-Catholic. Bernstein was a regular attender at Shawcross Liberal Synagogue, while Green although nominally Church of England had never taken any interest in religion.

Exactly how the three men came together and decided that they would assassinate the leaders of the Revisionist History movement has never been revealed, though it is generally held that Rosenthal was both the instigator of and the driving force behind the group. The early stages of the investigation were hampered considerably by both the unpopularity of the Revisionists and lack of coordination in the police. With hindsight it is easy for me to say that we should have realised that many officers were not responding with full commitment, but although we knew that the sensitive nature of Revisionism made them naturally less enthusiastic about pursuing those responsible for attacking the proponents of the ideology, we had up until then always taken it for granted that the British police tackle crimes against all sections of the community with equal vigour.

However, our naivete was short-lived, and it was not long before we began instituting a series of special checks and balances in these investigations which soon made it impossible for any individual officer to throw a spanner in the works. At the time I received a great deal of personal criticism which I felt was grossly unfair; it was even hinted that I myself was involved in the anti-Revisionist movement. This accusation was totally groundless, as my subsequent award of substantial damages against the Sunday Mirror attests.

From Chapter 11

The mass protests against the Revisionist movement, which were organised by the Monday Club and other extremist elements of the Conservative Party, were very similar in nature to the earlier Anti-Nazi League and Socialist Workers' Party demonstrations against the National Front and the British National Party. The main difference was that the protesters, thugs I'd call them, were better dressed.

We had a devil of a job keeping them under control, on one demonstration a Conservative MP was arrested for assaulting a police officer. That should have brought things to a head, instead it nearly resulted in the total banning of Revisionism. Can

you imagine that? A group is holding a peaceful meeting, and their opponents are so enraged that they threaten serious public disorder, violence, even assault the police, so who does the government try to ban? Not the protesters, but the peaceful group! It sounds like the world gone mad now, but at the time you'd have to have gone a very long way to find anyone who would defend the Revisionists on anything but civil liberties grounds. And even the civil libertarians always made it clear to the public, the press, Parliament and their clients that they found their views obnoxious and they were defending them only on principle. Shamefully, I was the same as everyone else. It wasn't so much that no one wanted to stand up for the Revisionists, we found out later that quite a lot of people agreed with what they said but were always too afraid to say so. You see, it was media-induced hysteria rather than rational argument.

Of course, nowadays anyone can be a Revisionist, but at the time it took either a very brave man or a very foolish one to stand up and state publicly that he believed the Birmingham Six had been fitted up, that the Guildford Four were innocent and that the MacGuires had no connection with the IRA. And the Broadwater Farm Three, well Silcott was actually on bail for murder when he was arrested for the murder of Keith Blakelock. Even for a lawyer to say that a miscarriage of justice might have occurred was controversial, imagine if a police officer had said the same thing.

From Chapter 14

The following Thursday, James Rosenthal, Nathaniel Bernstein and Axel Green were jailed for life at the Old Bailey. Green was the only one who showed any remorse. There were ugly scenes outside the court as the crowds jeered the verdict: all three men had pleaded not-guilty, yet as each had admitted conspiring to kill all five victims, this was somewhat academic. The judge warned the jury that they had in effect to find them guilty. "However distasteful the defendants may have found the views of the victims, however distasteful you or I find them, there can be no justification for the gratuitous taking of human life," said Mr Justice Ward. "There are some people in our society who think that the very existence of the Revisionists and the propagation of their obscene views is an incitement to violence. Be that as it may, the law does not recognise the right of vigilantes to impose their own sanctions without recourse to the criminal justice system."

After he had handed down sentence and commented on the waste to society in general and the police service in particular, the judge added somewhat controversially, "At the risk of repeating myself, I will add that although the law must condemn all acts of violence, it is apparent to me, and is becoming increasingly apparent to the man in the street and the housewife, in short to ordinary, decent people, that there are some people in our society, namely the Revisionists, whose opinions are so obscene that their mere expression constitutes an incitement to violence. It is my sincere hope that the fact that three young men of other-

wise exemplary character should be reduced to this will give the government food for thought, in particular that they will now consider banning the obscene practice of re-writing history, denying the culpability of proven murderers, impugning our police force, and undermining by stealth and cunning the very fabric of our system of criminal justice."

The judge's speech was greeted with nothing short of acclaim by the mass media, but fortunately the government decided not to ban them, and three years later the first of the Revisionists claims was given substance when a vital witness in the Birmingham Six case admitted that he had lied under oath. That acted as a catalyst, for no sooner had the country been rocked by that revelation than the forensic scientist whose tests had been largely responsible for convicting the Guildford Four was totally discredited in a separate case. Then two maverick journalists decided to take a second look at the claim that the Guildford Four were actually in London at the time of the bombings. They found concrete proof that two of the alleged conspirators were indeed in London, and furthermore that there was no way they could have planted the bombs and got back into the city before they went off. Then the Provisional IRA issued a statement naming one of the actual bombers, a man who had just been admitted to hospital in the Irish Republic.

Sean Furphy, who was dying of AIDS, had held a secret meeting with one of the IRA godfathers just before his admission. He wasn't expected to live more than three weeks, which made his confession more than a little suspect, but when two Special Branch men travelled to Dublin to interview him he was able to give them details that only someone who had actually been in the pubs on that fateful night could have known. His movements could also be corroborated to a large extent.

This sent shock waves throughout the British establishment, the media, really, throughout the Western world. Overnight the unthinkable had become a reality: the police had been proven liars, not just liars, but endemically corrupt, totally incapable of being trusted, or even of scrutinising evidence objectively. Suddenly the Revisionists were heroes where days before they'd been lepers.

There was of course a concerted attempt by both the police and the government to minimise the damage, though I can state with a clear conscience that I wanted no part of any damage limitation exercise: there can only be one truth - the whole truth. It wasn't easy to admit that we had been wrong, it never is, but I believed then as I believe now that democracy is strong enough to weather any political storms.

There were two other repercussions of this affair: one was that the Fascist Fixers - Rosenthal, Bernstein and Green - could no longer be classed as heroes. In short, they were murderers and terrorists and had to be treated as such. Which means that they will never be released. The other was that the movement to restrict freedom of speech, freedom of debate and the free flow of information can never again be justified. Censorship, whether it be political or "social" has been forever discredited.

I have always been an optimist, so I like to think that some good always comes out of every evil. The good that came out of the assassinations of five of the leading Revisionists is that the spread of academic totalitarianism has been halted forever. These were men who had been branded IRA apologists, enemies of democracy and worse. Yet in reality they were ordinary, decent people who perceived injustice where the rest of us were blind, and who had the courage of their convictions to stand up and fight for what they believed in. They paid with their lives, murdered in cold blood. Hopefully we can now turn back the clock to the days before the extreme right were able to impose their totalitarian ideology on the rest of the community on the pretext of no free speech for terrorists by whatever means necessary.

Judgement at Nuremberg

The two major war criminals sat motionless in the dock, the man with the moustache bolt upright, the clean shaven man next to him hunched forward as though the weight of the world rested on his shoulders, as surely it did. Their underlings: the lieutenants, propagandists and leading generals filled the second and third rows. Somebody at the back of the court coughed, but apart from that, all was deathly quiet. The judges would return soon with their verdicts: no juries in this court - the sentences would be a formality, that had been obvious as soon as the identities of the prosecuting counsels had been made known.

That was typical of him, the war monger as his own people had called him, some of them, the ones he'd had interned as enemies of the state. The rest of the nation had been mesmerised by his speeches: We will never surrender, never! and all that other nonsense about fighting them in the streets, saving the nation from a fate worse than death and making the world safe for democracy. His democracy that had meant, his rule, his ego trip, his personality cult. Now, at the major trial, he had seen to it that these wretched people would be prosecuted by Jews; what a sick mind he had.

The hatred of the Jewish attorneys for the murderers in the dock knew no bounds. The Senior Prosecutor, a Cambridge graduate named Samuels, had glared daggers at the one he had been assigned to prosecute: Number 2 they called him, the second biggest war criminal in history; he would have liked to have handled Number 1 as well, but alas, the Fiend as had been known on account of the by then well publicised atrocities he'd ordered, the Fiend had committed suicide in his bomb-proof shelter like the coward he was. Samuels hated him even more for that. He loathed the Fiend from the other side of the grave for the suffering that man had caused to be inflicted on his people. But he still had Number 2, the sick, smirking, moustachioed psychopath, and there was no way he would allow him to take the easy way out; he would die by the rope.

There was a movement at the back of the court, hastily whispered messages between the guards, then the usher shouted: "The court will rise."

Everybody who was seated stood, including the ashen-faced defendants. Those who were standing already, stood to attention. The three judges moved briskly to the bench, nodded to the court and took their seats. The judge on the left coughed, all three conferred, then the verdicts were announced. The Banker alone was acquitted; the arms manufacturer was sentenced to twenty years hard labour; all the others were condemned to death.

At the press conference afterwards, the Leader walked triumphantly to his seat, held up his right hand in a familiar V-sign and announced mockingly: "At last it is over, the world is rid of this menace, this pestilence, now a new era of peace, democracy and prosperity will begin for all."

Half a dozen press men applauded, but there was stony silence

from the rest. The Leader raised his hand for order, pulled at his trousers and sat down cross legged. He smiled cynically and his sycophants smiled back, but it was all too obvious, he was fooling no one. He nodded to the General, who said: "Now gentlemen, your questions please."

Several press men raised their hands; the General appeared to hesitate then pointed to one of the plants. The man stood up and asked, "Sir, were you surprised that the Banker was acquitted?"

The Leader smiled non-committally; shrugging his shoulders he replied, "It is not for me to comment on the decisions of the court; I do not make the law."

Somebody in the fifth row coughed violently and an embarrassed titter went round. The Leader's grin widened like that of a Cheshire cat as he continued, "Our justice is the best in the world and I would not presume to cast aspersions on the integrity of our judges."

"That's rich," said someone.

"Hear, hear," said another voice a shade too loudly.

The General glowered, turned to the Leader whose smile faded instantly, then back to the obviously hostile audience.

"Next question please."

A sea of hands were raised, and again the General appeared to hesitate before pointing to another plant; this one asked an innocuous question about total war casualties. Then a third question was asked: How much had the war cost? Both times a wave of dissent went round the room; by the time the General pointed to the sixth plant, the normally demurring gentlemen of the press had had enough.

The Times correspondent stood up, turned to the others and said, "I've heard all I want to hear," and, to the General's obvious horror, turned swiftly on his heel and walked out of the room. The Post correspondent followed him, then the man from the Western Daily News. The Leader stood up, "Gentlemen," he called, but the stream continued until only his lackeys remained.

The Leader turned to the General, who turned to the guard on the door, who shrugged his shoulders then stood to attention. The Leader frowned, turned to the remaining press men and asked rather optimistically, "Any further questions, gentlemen?"

There was a pregnant silence, then the man on the far right asked, "Sir, about the trial, the charges..." he hesitated.

"Yes," said the Leader.

"Well, sir, they were rather strange."

"Strange?" said the Leader, "that is a strange word to use; they were all very straightforward: conspiracy to wage war; waging aggressive war; crimes against peace; and crimes against humanity. What is so strange about that?"

"Well sir, we actually started the war."

"What?" the Leader's face flushed.

"What I mean, sir, is...we declared war on them."

"And it could be argued that we conspired to wage war and against peace," said the man in the trilby hat.

The General's mouth opened in shock; the Leader's jaw dropped in disbelief: how dare they talk to him like this, him, the saviour

of democracy!

"And we committed war crimes too, sir," said a third.

"And did we not commit crimes against humanity?" asked a fourth. The worms had well and truly turned.

"Crimes against humanity, us?!" the Leader exploded.

"Well sir, there is a strong similarity between Dresden and the death camps."

"Silence!" the Leader stamped his foot.

"What I mean sir is, if they had won the war, all the charges we levelled at them could have been..."

"Silence!" the Leader snapped, interrupting the fifth man.

The final worm turned: the sixth man stood up and snapped back, "What kind of justice was Nuremberg, sir? What shall we tell our children?"

The General took a step backwards but the Leader was unbowed: "It was victors' justice!" he stamped his foot again, "tell your children it was victors' justice!"

The General found his voice, stepped forward and said, "Gentlemen, that will be all."

"One more question, sir," said the man on the far right.

"That will be all, gentlemen!" said the General, at last asserting his natural; the Leader turned to him and nodded.

"Thank you for your time, sir," said the man in the double-breasted suit.

The Leader turned back to them, forced a smile and signalled to the General that he wished to leave. The guard opened the door, then stepped forward and saluted impulsively. "Heil Hitler!"

The Leader turned to him; the General turned to the Leader and saluted: "Heil Hitler!"

After only a moment's hesitation, six right arms shot out and six voices cried in unison: "Heil Hitler!"

The Leader turned to them and swallowed heavily; there were tears in his eyes, and as he spoke, he nearly choked.

"Gentlemen, your loyalty to me I have often doubted; your loyalty to the Fatherland, never!"

He saluted the troupe, stood momentarily to attention, then turned and strode triumphantly out of the room.

Chamber of Horrors

She screamed again; that was unfortunate, he'd told her what would happen if she screamed again. Now he screamed: "Shut the fuck up, you bloody bitch!"

She moved fast, the steel flashed in her hand, but he was faster. The last thing he remembered was storming out of the house, his collar torn where she'd clawed at his shirt, streaks of blood smeared down his face and a burning sensation in his head. Now he was driving, like an automaton; he didn't know where he was going, didn't even know where he'd been. He was just driving, driving hell for leather. Jesus Christ, what a fucking mistake that woman had been. Who'd marry a shikse?

No, that wasn't fair, it wasn't Gentiles, most of his employees were Gentiles, so were the people he did business with. It was women who were a bad scene: Adam's rib, spawn of the Devil himself. He remembered years ago hearing some comedian say there were only two things wrong with women: you can't live with them, and you can't live without them. He'd said that as a joke of course, but never had a truer word been spoken in jest. Well, he wasn't living with Sylvia anymore, that was for sure. This was one marriage that was well and truly over.

He hadn't been drinking; hadn't touched a drop since Friday night, so it must have been something else that caused his trance-like state. After the argument, his head had been really fucked up. All the same, how he could have missed the light was anyone's guess. There was a God almighty smash as his car ploughed into the back of the van. He was thrown forward in his seat, his head banged against the windscreen, and the lights went out.

As if from afar he heard the voice calling him: "Sir, are you all right, sir?"

Suddenly his eyes were wide open and he sprang up in the seat.

"What, what..."

"It's all right, sir," said the voice, "you've had a nasty smash."

He felt a pair of open palms on his shoulders restraining him and looked up into the face of a police constable, an ordinary patrolman, not a traffic cop.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You ran into that van," said the policeman, pointing to the back of the van which had been pulled up and parked on the kerb.

"Are you all right? Do you feel ill?"

"Ill?"

"Your head?"

George touched his head and pronounced with unintentional humour:

"Still on my shoulders."

"No bones broken?"

He clenched his fists and raised his feet slightly off the floor of the car. No problems there; his ribs felt a little bruised, but apart from that, everything was a-okay.

"Bones? No, I don't think so."

"You'd better get out of the car," said the policeman. His radio blared and he spoke into it as George climbed out.

"I'll have to move it," said the policeman, "You get up on the pavement and I'll be right back."

He climbed into the car, started the engine, which spluttered into life at the third attempt, and manoeuvred it up onto the kerb. George Cohen stood on the kerb in a daze, watching what was left of his pride and joy shunted off the road. When he saw the front, two thoughts went through his mind: how the hell had he got out of that alive? And how was he going to pay for it without taking out a second mortgage?

He was still wondering about this when the policeman walked up to him and handed him his keys. "I'll have to take a few details; can I have your name please, sir?"

By this time, a small crowd had materialised; one of them was the driver of the van.

"You all right, mate?" he asked.

George looked at him.

"You all right?" he repeated.

"Yes. Yes thank you. Is that your van?"

"What's left of it," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Don't tell me, tell my governor."

"Your name, sir?" repeated the policeman.

George stared blankly at him and the crowd seemed to dissolve. Clearly that bang on the head had been worse than he'd thought. Perhaps he was suffering from concussion. He didn't know what concussion was like; he'd never done anything like this before. Not physically anyway.

"My, my..."

"Your name, sir?" repeated the policeman.

"Cohen. George Cohen."

He began scribbling in his note book. "Your address, Mr Cohen?"

A woman began addressed the policeman at this point, "Has somebody phoned for an ambulance, officer?"

He looked up from his note book and suppressed a smile, "Yes, Madam, the ambulance and the police are on their way." As indeed they were; in the distance, a siren sounded.

The police officer turned back to George, "Your address, Mr Cohen?"

"My address?" echoed George, bewildered.

"Yes, sir."

"I can't go home."

"Sir?"

"Getting a divorce, can't go home. Woman won't stop nagging."

The policeman stared at him curiously then decided he was going about this the wrong way. Putting his note book away, he took George by the arm and began leading him to a public bench about thirty yards up the street.

"I think you'd better sit down, sir. We'll get the doctor to take a look at you as soon as he arrives."

George allowed himself to be led to the seat, and sat down still feeling strange.

"Officer! Officer!" came a woman's voice. The policeman turned and looked in the direction of the crashed vehicles then said to George, "Wait here, sir, I'll be right back. Don't move."

As soon as the policeman left, George put his hand in his jacket pocket, pulled out his driving licence and stared at it in horror. His ban wasn't up until next month! That meant he'd been driving whilst disqualified; he'd be hung, drawn and quartered after the last time. Then he remembered why he'd been arguing with his wife, it had been over her using the car, of all things. His car. He thrust the licence back in his pocket; thank God that copper hadn't already asked him for it or he'd be under arrest already. The siren that had been sounding in the distance grew louder, closer. Suddenly he panicked, an almost irrational fear overcame him. He'd done something terrible, terrible; he had to getaway before that copper came back, checked his licence and arrested him for driving whilst disqualified. He stood up, glanced back to where the policeman was busy taking a statement from a near hysterical female witness, then turned and fled in the opposite direction as though pursued by the Devil himself.

He ran for perhaps five minutes, faster than he'd ever run before in his life. Eventually, out of breath, he stopped in a doorway and between huge gasps of cold air, tried desperately to gather his thoughts. The first thing he realised was that he hadn't solved anything by running away. If he hadn't been disqualified but merely under the influence, he would have saved himself a heavy fine, perhaps even a jail term, though even then they'd have got him for something: reckless driving, leaving the scene of the accident, something like that. But the irony was that he was stone cold sober, had been for days. But he was disqualified. He remembered what the judge had told him last time: two years in prison if you ever come up in front of me again on a drink driving charge. And come up in front of him again he would, or some other judge who would doubtless give him an equally stiff sentence.

What was he going to do? He couldn't face prison; last time he'd been sentenced to three months with two suspended so had served a mere fourteen days. All the same, they had been the longest fourteen days of his life. He remembered the indignity of pissing in a bucket, slopping out in the morning, the disgusting food, and, worst of all, sharing a cell with a flea-bitten Rastafarian lunatic. He couldn't face that again, not for two weeks, much less for two years, yet what was he going to do, skip the country? That was absurd, he was hardly Ronnie Biggs or Flatto-Sharom, but he'd have to. He'd go to Israel, that was it! He'd been there once, for a holiday; it was hot, dry, certainly not the most pleasant country in the world, but he'd rather spend the rest of his life there than the next two years in prison, or even the next two months. And as a Jew, he was entitled to go there any time he liked, and to citizenship.

"Good afternoon, sir."

George nearly jumped out of his skin. He turned and stood face to face with a thickset bearded man dressed in bow tie, dress shirt

and tuxedo.

"Christ, you scared the shit out of me," he said, still breathing heavily.

"You are our first patron this afternoon, sir."

"What?"

George looked up at the sign over the door, following the man's pointed finger.

WAXWORKS

"Waxworks," he said, "I've never seen this place before."

"Really sir?"

"No. How long has it been here?"

"Oh, a long time."

The man, who was obviously the manager, waved him in.

"Oh, no, I haven't got time, really."

"Entry is free."

"Free?" asked George.

"For you."

George remembered that old joke about Jews having big noses because air's free, but whether or not there was any truth in it, it certainly didn't apply to him. One thing he'd never kept his wife short of was money. Or his mistress for that matter. And he was popular with both his employees and his customers. He had his faults: he was a drinker and a womaniser, but meanness was one label that could never be attached to him. All the same, he liked the idea of getting something for nothing, especially with the bloody Thatcher government privatising everything, and as well as that, he needed to get off the streets for an hour or so to clear his head and think out his next move. So, after only a moment's hesitation, he followed the manager into the waxworks, and the entrance door closed behind him.

There was nothing on the ground floor save the box office, a kiosk and a small souvenir shop. A bored looking cashier sat behind the box office till chewing gum like a stereotype moronic supermarket check-out girl. George looked around; a solitary dummy, an extremely gory looking model of the American serial killer, Ted Bundy, grinned at him from the far wall.

"Brenda", said the manager, a "complimentary ticket for this gentleman."

The girl pressed a button, a bell rang and she handed George a small slip of paper. George reached out to take it, but the manager took it first, habitually tore it in half and handed the bottom half to George.

"You recognise him?" he asked, pointing to the Bundy mannequin.

"Yes. Ted Bundy, isn't it?"

"Theodore (Ted) Robert Bundy," the manager nodded.

"It's a good facial resemblance," said George, walking up to the dummy to take a closer look, "but he never looked as evil as that when I saw him on TV."

The manager walked up to George and stood by his side admiring the exhibit, "You remember Bundy the way you saw him, not the way he really was."

"How many did he kill?" asked George curiously.

"He is known to have murdered over twenty girls, suspected of murdering thirty-nine, and he once hinted that if they got him for everything he did, they'd be counting in treble figures."

"Good God," said George, "it's difficult to comprehend the full extent of such evil."

"It is indeed, but we have many such as Bundy here. We have a special section on serial killers and multiple murderers, another on child killers, another on wife killers and several others in our Chamber of Horrors."

"I'm not in the mood for murder just yet," said George, "what else have you got?"

The manager waved him towards the lift, "First, second and third floor all regular exhibits." He looked at his watch, "Forgive me, I have a previous appointment."

He smiled and walked over to a door inset in the back wall which was, presumably, his office. George walked over to the lift, stabbed his finger in the direction of the first floor button, closed his eyes and leaned back against the inside wall as the door closed. He tried to regroup his thoughts; he was glad he'd come here, he'd walk around for a bit, get his act together, then think out his next move. Already he realised his idea of fleeing to Israel was just a pipe dream. Probably he'd phone Maurice Sherman, his solicitor, arrange to meet him somewhere then give himself up to the police. It wasn't so terrible the thing he'd done, was it?

The lift was incredibly slow and there was something peculiar about it. Then he realised what it was: the damn thing was moving in the wrong direction. Was it the lift or was it him? He looked up at the indicator panel as the section marked 'B' lit up and the bell rang. He shook his head; he'd have to snap out of it. The door opened and he'd already raised his forefinger to press the button for the first floor when he heard a mechanical voice call out: "Chamber of Horrors!"

He paused, stepped out of the lift and looked up at the entry sign above the door. The lift door closed behind him and he thought..."What the heck!"

He walked through the main entrance of the basement floor and was faced with a choice of three doors. The first door was labelled "Serial & Multiple Killers"; the second "War Criminals"; and the third, with black humour, "To Further Horrors". The wood of all the doors was cracked around the edges as though it was ancient instead of relatively new, as the building obviously was.

"Eeny, meeny, miny mo..." George said to himself, trying to sound more frivolous than he felt. He chose the door marked "Serial & Multiple Killers", walked through it and stood in a semi-dark room that appeared to stretch out forever. He squinted at the optical illusion; outside the corridor had been bright with fluorescent lights, but in here it wasn't just gloomy but macabre as well. As he stepped into the room, a spine-tingling scream echoed from wall to wall, turning his blood to ice. He almost bolted through the door and fled, but a uniformed guard, whom George had at first taken for an exhibit, stepped out of the

shadows and laughed, "Did she frighten you, sir?"

"What?" George looked at the guard and laughed himself.

"She does me, every time."

Stepping further into the room, he allowed the door to swing shut behind him. He put his hand on his heart, when he couldn't feel it, he was relieved; he thought it had been going to burst earlier, but now the adrenalin had stopped flowing, his hands had stopped shaking and his breathing had returned to normal. It wasn't the Chamber of Horrors that had frightened him, of course, but what had happened earlier, and would happen to him later on account of it.

"I've never seen this place before," said George, "I didn't realise there was a waxworks in this town."

The guard walked over to him, "Every town has one, sir," or a museum or something similar. You live here?"

"Yes. Well, a fair way out, but it only takes ten minutes on the motorway."

"You'd be surprised the things you miss as a local. It's the same everywhere: the tourists know the place better than the residents."

"Yes, I suppose so."

The guard turned slightly and began walking slowly towards the exhibits which lined the walls; George followed him.

"Do you have a local history exhibit here?" he asked.

"Not down here, sir," said the guard, "it's all multiple killers in this section, and this part of the country hasn't produced many of them. I dare say there are a few, but they'll be mixed in with the ordinary exhibits."

"What about upstairs?" asked George, "isn't there a local exhibition up there?"

"I don't know, sir; I've never been up there," he replied, then, turning to the first exhibit, he went on, "Jack the Ripper."

George looked at the mannequin; it wielded a knife in its right hand as it stood over the prostrate body of an unfortunate street woman. The face was concealed by a hood.

"They never did catch him, sir, though half a dozen people have been named in various books as the culprit."

George suspected it was several more than that: he recalled that everyone from the heir to the throne to a deranged Russian doctor had been named as the Ripper at one time. George had never formed a serious opinion as to the real identity of the original Ripper, although he did seem to recall reading somewhere that he was left-handed. Whatever, he certainly recognised the next exhibit.

"That's Sutcliffe, isn't it?"

"Yes sir, the Yorkshire Ripper. Did thirteen he did, and attacked another seven."

"He's dead now, isn't he?"

"Yes sir, hanged himself in his cell a couple of months ago. The papers hardly mentioned it. He's one of our more recent arrivals."

"Are all the killers here dead?" asked George.

The guard turned and looked at him, clearly astonished. "Why of course, sir; it wouldn't be a proper Chamber of Horrors other-

wise, would it?"

"Er, no, I suppose not," said George, thinking to himself, why not?

The guard led him further into the exhibition hall, and, over the next quarter of an hour, George saw exhibits of Bonnie and Clyde, Burke and Hare, numerous famous gangsters from Nineteen Thirties America, and dozens of multiple killers and mass murderers, many of them serial sex killers, from John George Haigh the acid bath murderer to Elizabeth Bathory, the most prolific murderess of all time, the woman who had been dubbed the Blood Countess, and was rumoured to have bathed in the blood of virgins to restore her youth.

The place was every bit as good as Madam Tussauds, if anything, the mannequins were even more lifelike. When they had walked full circle back to the entrance, George thanked his guide and said, "Well, it's been really fascinating, one thing puzzles me though, why isn't the place crowded?"

"Not many people come down here, sir?"

George shrugged off the tautology; before he could reply, the guard continued, "Why don't you come and have a look at the war criminals, sir? Next room."

That struck George as a splendid idea; he'd always had a fascination about World War II, the darkest period in his people's history. He wasn't a Jew's Jew, not in any sense of the word; his father had been a Zionist but George had never had any time for politics, goy bashing or anything like that. His main interest in life had always been his business, drink and women, usually in that order. But like so many Jews and people of Jewish origin, there was something about the sight of the swastika that held him spellbound. He wasn't quite sure what it was, a curious ethno-masochism perhaps, a desire to suffer by proxy. He'd seen all those old films about blond-haired brutes stamping on Jewish faces; he recalled the sight of naked, hysterical Jewesses being herded into gas chamber shower baths in some Hollywood epic, and he'd felt his flesh creep during that low budget porn film, Nazi Torture Chamber or whatever it had been called, when the Jewish hero was reduced to a gibbering wreck before being sodomised by half the Gestapo officers in Berlin, then having his throat cut. The film had been sick, disgusting, yet underneath his outrage he had wallowed in the perversion. Why else had he seen it three times?

"See you again some time, sir?"

George stared back at his guide as if from a million miles away, "Oh right. Listen, thanks a lot, you've been a mine of information; you really know your stuff."

He thrust out his hand and the guard shook it.

George turned towards the exit and headed for the door marked "War Criminals", and as he did so, he wondered if the man might be ill. Certainly he hadn't looked it, but his hand had been red hot. "Perhaps it's me who's cold, thought George," certainly he hadn't fully recovered yet from banging his head on the wind-screen. He touched it, but to his surprise the bump had gone. Nor had there been any blood; better born lucky than rich, he

thought.

The war criminals section was better lit than the serial killers' gallery; this was probably because serial killers were surrounded by a certain mystique, while war criminals were nothing special. Atrocities happened in every war; even though the Nazis had been particularly brutal and sadistic, especially towards the Jews. War criminals were made rather than born. Even Hitler himself, the most hated and feared monster in history, had been a creation of the times. If it hadn't been for the unjust peace inflicted on a defeated Germany at Versailles, he would never have been able to mobilise any support. Serial killers though, there was something weird about them, weird, frightening and terrible. They had no motivation at all, not even freeing their country from the grip of some mythical Jewish conspiracy. That must be why the other room was darker, to reflect the darkness of their souls.

The other room had been fantastic, there had been hundreds of murderers and murderesses lined up against the walls. In contrast, this room was sparsely inhabited; there were a few German uniforms here and there, and several Japanese, but there were just as many Allied uniforms. George shrugged his shoulders in disappointment as he walked past an exhibit of two Japanese soldiers beating a half naked prisoner. The next exhibit drew him up with a shock; it was the crew of the Enola Gay. That was a bit much, he thought - they were on our side; if the atom bomb hadn't been dropped, the war would have continued with the loss of hundreds of thousands more lives.

Quickly overcoming his shock, George moved on to the next exhibit and received an even bigger shock: here stood Moshe Dayan, Menachem Begin and Ariel Sharon; the latter, the so-called Butcher of Beirut, had died from a heart attack only recently. This would not do; these men weren't war criminals, they were war heroes. But the biggest shock of all was yet to come, because right at the end of the hall stood a short, squat figure dressed in a romper suit and holding a big fat cigar with one hand while making a familiar V-sign with the other.

"Churchill!" George let out; he was astounded, the greatest hero of World War II, the man who had saved Europe from the Hun, saved the world from Hitler's Nazi fiends. What was he doing in the Chamber of Horrors?

"It can't be!" he let out.

"Can't be what, sir?" came a voice from beside him.

He hadn't heard the guard walk up to him; he'd thought the room had been empty apart from the wax figures. George turned to him, he was a short, muscular man with a military look about him.

"Churchill!"

"Of course it is, sir - don't you recognise him?"

"But, but what's he doing here, in the Chamber of Horrors?"

The guard looked at him, perplexed, "Where else would you expect to find him, sir?"

"Are you serious?" asked George, incredulously, not quite able to believe his ears.

"Of course I am, sir."

George was speechless; usually the only person who had that effect on him was his wife. He simply could not believe what he was hearing. Then, before he could press the point, another thought occurred to him.

"Where's Hitler?" he asked.

"Hitler, sir?" said the guard.

"Yes."

"Adolf Hitler?" the man asked, stupidly.

"Of course, Adolf Hitler! How many Hitlers were there?"

The guard looked at him perplexed, "Well, he's not here, sir."

"And the Nazis," George pressed, "where are the Nazis?"

"Nazis, sir?"

"Yes. This is the Chamber of Horrors, isn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"Then where are the Nazis?"

The man seemed genuinely bewildered, "Upstairs sir, I suppose."

"Upstairs?"

"On the first floor, I suppose. I've never been up there."

"Never?"

"Of course not, sir; it's not allowed."

"But they're war criminals, man; are you telling me there aren't any Nazis down here at all?"

"Well, we've got Kommandant Koch, of course, from Buchenwald."

"Kommandant Koch?"

George had never heard of Koch, the homosexual camp commander who had been executed by the SS for corruption.

"And Irma Grese, the Beast of Belsen."

"What about the others?"

"Others, sir?"

George shook his head; the guard's radio blared something incomprehensible and he excused himself. George turned back and stared at Winston Churchill, the man he admired above all others, the greatest hero of World War II, of the English race, and, dare he say it, of history itself. George had never given a toss about being Jewish; he seldom thought about it. True, he was a great admirer of the Israelis, but he was no Zionist. And although he had all the usual Jewish paranoias and phobias about swastikas and jackboots, and an overdeveloped sensitivity to anything smacking of race, but that was as far as it went. Like many Jews, he had a liberal, do-gooder mentality which extended to empathizing with the "oppressed" peoples of the world, but he never went so far as to put his hand in his pocket to help them. Whenever he thought of Churchill though, or heard a band playing Rule Britannia, it stirred his patriotic blood and he felt not only proud to be British, but British to the core. He had never felt the same way about being Jewish. And now, here was his hero, standing cigar in hand in the Chamber of Horrors surrounded by other, albeit lesser heroes, including the crew of the Enola Gay, the American bomber squad that had dropped "the bomb" and put an end to the menace of Japanese Imperialism.

George stood and stared proudly at Winnie for a long moment; when he turned back to the guard, the man was gone.

"What the..."

This was the strangest waxworks George had ever visited. Then he remembered that apart from Madam Tussaud's, this was the only waxworks he had ever visited, so perhaps it wasn't so strange after all. He'd soon find out. The guard had said the Nazis and their hated leader were on the first floor; he'd go up and see what sort of exhibit they were housed in. Where was the lift? He had become slightly disoriented, and it took him half a minute to locate the exit. Walking out of the exhibition hall, he made straight for the lift only to find it wedged open with a hand written placard draped over the button:

OUT OF ORDER

"Shit!" he cursed, and looked around for the stairs; there weren't any. This was stupid. Then he thought he remembered seeing another exit door in the War Criminals Exhibition Hall, so he walked back into the hall to try to find it. It took a few seconds for his eyes to adjust to the dark again, then he saw it - a weakly lit sign announced: STAIRS TO ALL FLOORS.

He walked towards the door, opened it and passed straight through into the dimly lit corridor. The stairs were on the right; he broke into a run, but had mounted only three steps before he realised that twenty or so steps up they were barricaded. Stopping abruptly, he nearly tripped, thrust out his hands and pitched forward onto the step in front.

"This is crazy," he said under his breath, then straightening up, he mounted the remaining steps until he came face to face with the barricade. It consisted of planks of wood stretched across the stairs and somehow connected to the wall. There were nails in both ends of the planks, but the wood wasn't secured to the wall by them, rather the wall and the wood seemed to be continuous, merging into one another with no visible join.

George stood in front of the barricade, scratched his head and repeated under his breath, "This is crazy."

"There's no way out," came a Churchillian voice from the bottom of the stairs.

He turned and saw the Churchill mannequin standing there. At first he was taken aback, then, when it moved, he realised it wasn't a dummy but a real person.

"I've tried. There's no way out," repeated the voice in a tone which mimicked the great leader to a 'T'. George was flabbergasted, his eyes opened wide, first in disbelief, then in anger.

"What sort of fucking place is this?" he said as he descended the stairs and came face to face with the impostor.

"There's no way out. I've tried," said the voice again.

George stared long and hard at the face of Winston Spencer Leonard Churchill; it was chillingly realistic. Then his anger faded and he burst out laughing, "I get it," he said, "okay, you can come out now."

His laughter echoed up the stairs as far as the barricade, and down the corridor, but the Churchill clone stood grim-faced and unmoving.

"Good, very good," George shook his head, "Okay, where's the

camera?"

Suddenly an alarm bell sounded, down the corridor somebody blew a whistle, footsteps echoed, two sets of them, running very fast.

"What the..."

George stood dumbfounded as a man in a white coat ran up to him, "It's all right, he's here," said the stockily-built figure, turning to his partner, who appeared from around the corner a few seconds later. The two men seized George's companion, an arm apiece, and began dragging him towards the door of the War Criminals Exhibition Hall.

"Hey, what's going on?" cried George, but the men ignored him.

"Hey!" he shouted.

Again they ignored him. The men were huge and had the appearance of male nurses, the type who work in Broadmoor. George had never seen a Broadmoor nurse, but he was sure these two were the type. And he was equally sure that it would be unwise to try to interfere. Not only were they huge, but they were poker-faced and projected an air of no-nonsense aggression which extended some way beyond the proverbial "reasonable force."

They dragged the protesting Churchill clone back into the hall; while one of them restrained him from behind, the other pulled a bunch of keys from his pocket and locked the door from within. George saw this clearly through the reinforced glass panel, but the two men and their charge were quickly lost from view. George shook his head, turned, walked back to the stairs and sat down on the third step from the bottom. No, that had definitely not been for his benefit. He had to figure this out. Suddenly he felt dizzy, his head was swimming. Scenes from the accident flashed through his mind. He saw the policeman standing over him, but this time he wasn't calling to him, he was going through his pockets while George sat there motionless. Instinctively, he felt for his wallet; it was still there. He must have banged his head harder than he'd at first thought. Then he thought about his wife; he couldn't remember much about the argument, only her screaming then picking up the knife and lunging at him with it. In his mind's eye he saw himself disarming her, twisting her arm behind her back and punching her in the face. No! he hadn't done that, surely? But he had, he knew he had. Well, so what? And serves her right, she'd tried to stab him, goddammit.

"Hello sir."

George looked up; it was the guard from the War Criminals Exhibit.

"Sorry, did I startle you?"

"Yes, you did."

The man had come from the opposite direction, how, George could only wonder.

"You didn't find your friends, then?"

"What friends?" George said, thinking the man had made a mistake and was confusing him with someone else.

"Hitler and the Nazis."

George was horrified, "Hitler! They're not my friend, that bunch of murderers."

The guard smiled weakly and sat down next to him. He took a

newspaper from his pocket, began unfolding it as if to read it then changed his mind and wedged it between his thigh and the stair rail.

"I didn't mean it like that, sir. Are you all right?"

"All right? I don't know. I've just seen something but I don't know if it's a joke, a daydream or what."

"The old boy, sir?"

George looked at him, "Then I wasn't dreaming!"

"No sir, and it wasn't a joke either," he answered sympathetically.

"But, but what's going on? Do you have lunatics running round this place dressed up as Churchill? And Napoleon?"

"No sir," he laughed, "I can see you're a little confused. You look like you've been dragged through a hedge backwards..."

"Thanks a lot!" interrupted George, "I've just had an accident."

"I was going to ask you that, sir."

Suddenly there was a jangling of keys, and the two musclemen stood at the foot of the stairs. They paused, one of them extended a thumb towards the guard and made a swift backward motion with it before walking on down the corridor with his partner. Neither man spoke.

"I'll have to get back, sir," said the guard, "you sit here until your head clears. You'll know what to do then."

"I will?" said George, confused, and now feeling suddenly drained.

"Don't worry sir, it won't be so bad. Goodbye sir."

As he said this, he squeezed George's arm, turned and walked back to the hall. He'd said 'goodbye', but he'd meant 'adieu'. George shook his head again; it was all that fucking bitch's fault; he hated her, he should never have married Sylvia.

George looked to his right, and there lay the paper the guard had taken out of his pocket. He'll probably be back for that in a minute, he thought. Idly he picked it up and turned to the sports page at the back. What he read came as a shock: Carter Retains Title by KO.

Britain's only current world champion, Dave (Magna) Carter retained his WBC middleweight title for the third time with a stunning fifth round knock out of..."

"Hey, just a minute!". George turned the paper round and read the date: 17th May.

"What?"

That was tomorrow's date. He remembered all the ballyhoo about the fight; he'd been looking forward to watching it on TV. Carter was the most popular British fighter since Barry MacGuigan. That was what had alerted him. They'd argued about that too, him and Sylvia. They'd argued about everything under the sun this afternoon before she'd gone for him with the knife and he'd disarmed her. She had gone for him with the knife, hadn't she? He wasn't sure anymore, he was confused, terribly confused, and now, more than a little frightened. He hadn't been down here that long, surely? He couldn't have been. But there was the date on the paper: 17th May, and there was the story on the back page about last night's big fight, so he really must have; that meant he'd

argued with his wife yesterday.

There was something else bothering George besides this strange lapse of chronology and this weird waxworks with its white-coated orderlies and Churchill impersonators. His head hurt, but not where he'd banged it. He closed his eyes again and saw the policeman standing over him, except that this time he wasn't going through George's pockets but shaking his own head. George opened his eyes, read the cover story, some twaddle about a government minister resigning, turned the page and, ignoring the inevitable tits on page three, turned another page. The story on page five should also have come as a shock, it was certainly no less astounding than realising he'd been down here all night, but it didn't shock him, and somehow it didn't seem to matter.

Housewife Brutally Murdered it announced, Police Seek Husband after former Beauty Queen found stabbed to Death.

That was why he'd married Sylvia, because she'd been so strikingly beautiful. Once. Perhaps she still had been, perhaps it was him that had changed. The fog began to lift from George's head now; in his mind's eye he saw his wife standing before him, but the knife wasn't in her hand, it was in his. She was screaming, she was still screaming as he lunged at her, tearing her flesh with slash after slash of the cruel blade. Blood spurted from her wounds, a speck of it splashed against his cheek. She clawed frantically at his collar tearing his shirt; she screamed again as she fell, then no more.

George stood over the body of his wife, she lay quite still on the carpet, her throat slowly turning red, and her blouse, and, most terrible of all, her face. Now he was back in the waxworks sitting on the stairs, holding the newspaper in front of him. A set of dull footsteps sounded; he looked up and met the bearded man eye to eye.

"George Cohen," he stated rather than asked.

"Yes."

"I've been looking for you."

"I know. I wasn't, I wasn't ready."

"But you are now?"

"Yes. Yes, I know now."

"Follow me."

The bearded man turned on his heel and George followed him down the long corridor past a door marked "Child Murderers", another marked "Arsonists" and a third marked "Hired Assassins."

"We have so many classifications down here that sometimes people are not sure where to go," said the bearded man without turning round. "Is that what happened to you?"

"No."

"It's not my idea, you understand; orders from upstairs. I'm only an administrator. I don't see why they can't all go together in one big hall, but mine is not to reason why, merely to obey."

"I didn't get lost," said George, "I was confused, I couldn't remember."

The bearded man stopped abruptly, turned through ninety degrees

and put his hand on the handle of the door he was now facing. George stopped behind him.

"But you do remember now?"

"Yes."

"And you know why you're here?"

"Yes."

In his mind's eye, George saw the policeman again. He was still shaking his head, but this time he was not standing next to the car, but in the road. George, or what was left of him, was spreadeagled on the cold stone, lights were flashing all around, people were shouting, a siren was wailing in the distance and the policeman was holding out a blanket. He lowered it over George's head, and all was darkness.

Now he was back in the waxworks' corridor; the bearded man opened the door.

"Will you see my wife?" he asked.

"No", said the bearded man.

"Can you give her a message, somehow?"

"Perhaps," he replied.

"Tell her I'm sorry; I know it's too late now, but I am sorry." There were tears in his eyes, genuine tears of remorse, not for himself, but for her.

The bearded man nodded.

"Tell her that I really did love her," George pleaded.

Again he nodded, this time almost imperceptibly.

George stepped through the door, and the bearded man closed it behind him. He stared at the legend "Wife Murderers" for a few seconds, then turned and walked briskly up the corridor.

The Good Samaritan

The youth looked up and down the windswept street furtively, as though he were about to commit some dastardly act. No one was about, at least, no one appeared to be about. He moved over to the can and began foraging in it for the dregs of someone's milkshake, the last bite of a Big Mac, a stale crust of bread. He was cold, he was frightened, but most of all he was hungry. The hunger was all-consuming, it ate away at his belly like a rat gnawing at his flesh.

He cast his mind back to an earlier time, a time when, if he hadn't been happy, at least he hadn't been hungry. His Mamma had earned good money in New York, working the fancy clubs and the big hotels, sleeping with white businessmen who'd flown in from out of town for some convention or business meeting. She'd been a high class whore at one time, his Mamma, as much as a whore could be high class. She'd had a white pimp, that was unusual for black whores, for any whores. Almost all the pimps in the Big Apple were black. "Niggers", she'd called them, "lowlife niggers". She'd hated them. He hated them too, niggers, hated them more than he could express in words. But if he hated niggers, he hated white people more, all white people, and with good reason. In all his fourteen years, he'd never met a good one.

Sure, he'd seen them on TV, all smiles, dressed in fancy suits with perfect white teeth. He'd seen the politicians too: the white liberals who claimed to like black people so much. The ones who said the government must spend more on welfare, build more schools for black kids, give them better housing, invest in the future to stop them becoming alienated. But the only reason they ever did this was out of self-interest. They didn't want the blacks rising up in the ghettos, rioting on the streets, mugging their old folk. It was all appeasement, either of the blacks to keep them off their backs, or of their own consciences.

He thought of Mamma's pimp, he'd been a Jew as well as white. It was bad enough being white, but Jewish as well. The Jews were the worst whites of all, every black person knew that. They were the greatest liberals, the most ardent advocates of welfare, and bussing, but when it came down to basics, the bottom line was that they were all on the take. All these thoughts and more went through his mind as he scavenged through the trash, his nose long since accustomed to the disgusting smell, his taste buds deadened by months of feeding off the slowly rotting leftovers of other people's meals.

At the bottom of the can, he found a Colonel Sanders' box; it was half full. Tearing it out he wrenched back the lid, pulled out a half eaten leg of chicken and began gnawing at it. It was still warm, even though it had must have been in there hours and all sorts of rubbish and filth had been dumped on top of it. Or perhaps it was only his imagination. Whatever, he became so engrossed in sating his hunger that he failed to see the two young white men walking towards him.

It wasn't until they were on top of him that he looked up; judg-

ing them to be two middle class students on their way home, he turned his head away and carried on eating.

The men walked up to him and stopped either side; they were both smartly dressed, one in a two piece suit, the other in a leather jacket.

"Hey, what have we here?" said the man in the suit, "looks like one of our jungle friends is having a picnic."

The youth froze, he realised at once that these two were trouble, and that trouble with a capital 'T' was coming his way. He was too weak to run so tried to ignore them and continued eating his scavenged meal, hoping they would just call him a few names then move on. But they had no intention of ignoring him.

"Hey, is that what your Momma made you?" said the man in the suit.

"Yuk," said his companion, with mock indignation, "this nigger's eatin' out of a trash can."

"No kiddin'?"

The youth held up the chicken box and took a step forward, but both men kept pace with him.

"Hey, where d'you think you're goin'?" said the man in the leather jacket.

"Please, mister, I don't want any trouble."

"Neither do we, sonny boy, jus' wanna see what your Momma fix you for supper."

"Yeah," sniggered his friend, "you got the chicken, but where's the watermelon?"

Both men laughed, and the youth, tried to pull away, but the man in leather reached out and grabbed him by his tatty coat.

"Please," he yelped.

Suddenly they were upon him; grabbing an arm apiece, they pulled him up onto the sidewalk and backed him up against the wall. The man in leather drew a knife from his trouser pocket, flicked it open and held it against the youth's throat.

He squealed.

"Shut the fuck up, nigger, or you're dead now."

Trembling with fear, the youth whimpered, "Please, mister."

"I said shut the fuck up, you dig?"

He whimpered again.

"What you think you're doin', eatin' out of trash cans?"

"Yeah, you're lowerin' the tone of the neighbourhood; don't you know there's decent folks lives round here?"

"White folks?" asked the man in leather, mocking a Negro accent.

"Well, they'd have to be white; niggers ain't decent folks," said the man in the suit.

The youth felt the blade tighten against his throat until it pricked the skin. "Please don't kill me, mister, I ain't done nothin' t'you."

"Why shouldn't I kill yer?" said the man holding the knife.

"I can't think of one good reason," said his partner.

"I can!"

The voice was loud, emphatic, confident. The man with the knife tore it away; both men turned towards the stranger. He was slightly built, fair-haired, probably no more than twenty-four or

twenty-five, but, although he hadn't shaved for two or three days, his face bore the look of authority; one could imagine that he was an undercover cop, or a security agent who'd just come off a long shift.

The two thugs were immediately hesitant, then one of them made a quick assessment of the stranger and said to him, "Hey, we havin' some fun with this street trash; you wanna join in?"

The stranger came closer, "Fun," he said, "you call that fun?"

"Please mister," the youth said, "they gonna kill me."

"Kill ya? Ah heck!" said the man in leather.

"No they're not, son." Suddenly the stranger drew a gun and pointed it at the youth's tormentors, "All right you two, put your hands up."

Their mouths dropped open simultaneously, "Hey man, steady, we only havin' some fun."

"Fun? Is that what you call it?"

"Hey, no harm done, all right?"

They backed off, visibly scared like the spineless cowards they were.

"You think it's fun to terrorise someone who can't fight back?"

"Hey man..."

Suddenly, the man in the leather jacket turned and ran; his partner hesitated only for an instant before turning on his heels and following him.

"That's right, run," called the stranger, "run like the wind. Run like the Devil himself is behind you."

The youth was still standing up against the wall, breathing heavily, realising he'd been perhaps seconds from death when this blond avenger had stepped out of the shadows and saved his life. The stranger held up the gun barrel to the sodium light, admiring it like a gunslinger of old, then put the weapon back in its holster. He smiled reassuringly at the youth, then bent down and picked up the fried chicken box. Holding it out to him he said, "This yours, son?"

He nodded like the frightened child he was, but made no move towards the box. The stranger sensed his unease, withdrew the box and smelt it. "You gonna eat this?"

The youth nodded again.

"Hell, that's poison! You take that out the can?"

"Yeah," he managed to speak at last.

The stranger nodded, "I know, I've seen you around the past few weeks. You livin' on the street?"

"Yeah."

"Long time?"

"Some," he said.

"Where's your family?"

"Ain't got no family. No more."

The stranger shook his head sadly, "No one love you?"

This sounded a strange question; the youth was not sure what to make of it. Seeing this, the stranger asked him again, "You got no one to care about you?"

"No, mister."

"There's someone cares, even for you. You know what his name is?"

The youth was beginning to regain his composure and managed to shake his head.

"Jesus, that's what his name is. You heard of him?"

"Sure," he was feeling very confident now; he'd thought for a second that he'd been rescued from two potential killers only to fall into the hands of a weirdo. This guy was obviously some kind of Jesus freak. He was just about to thank the stranger and move away when his rescuer said, "I guess you must really hate white people; I guess they must always have treat you bad. Am I right?"

"I d-don't hate them," he stuttered.

"But they always give you a raw deal, huh? Like those..." he nodded in the direction of the departed thugs, "but they're not all like that, white people - I'm not. We don't all hate black folks" He held out his hand and after only a moment's hesitation, the youth shook it.

"What's your name, son?"

"Leroy."

"Well, Leroy," he indicated the stinking box of chicken which he still held in his other hand, "I think we can dispense with this, can't we?"

He threw it contemptuously into the trash can, "What say we get you some proper food?"

"I, I d-dunno."

"Well, I only live a few blocks from here, and I got some chicken in the ice box, only take a few minutes to cook."

"I'd..."

"Then after you've eaten you can meet some friends of mine from the Martin Luther King Church. You heard of Dr Martin Luther King?"

The youth indicated that he had.

"He was a great man, Dr King, he did a lot for black people, lot for white people too."

"Your friends black?" asked the youth, curiously.

The stranger nodded, "A lot of them, 'specially from my church."

"You go to a black church?" he asked.

The stranger laughed, "There are no black churches, nor white ones. Didn't you know: God's colour blind!" He smiled disarmingly and laughed; Leroy couldn't help laughing with him.

"You a preacher?" he asked.

"Sort of."

"Then why you carry a gun?"

"I used to be in the army; served in Germany. Only got out two years ago."

"You ever use it? You ever kill anyone?"

"Sometimes soldiers have to kill," he said, "it's not that they want to. Come on, my car's just up the block." He began leading the youth to his auto, and, for the first time in his life, Leroy began to think that maybe not all white people were bad. He'd heard a lot about Christians, white Christians as well as black ones; he remembered learning in school, the few times he'd been to school, that years ago, during the days of Imperialism, many white Christians had gone to Africa to spread the gospel. That was Jesus wasn't it, the gospel? Leroy wasn't quite sure what a

gospel was, but he knew it was something to do with Jesus. This guy was obviously mixed up in something like that.

"Was Jesus white, mister?" he asked.

The stranger laughed, "You can ask my friends later," he said, "they don't care what colour he is."

"Isn't he dead?"

"Jesus is the Son of God; the Son of God can't ever die."

"Didn't they kill him?"

"The Jews? Yes, but he rose to show the world that love can conquer death. My friends'll tell you all about that later, but first we gotta get you something to eat."

They were approaching the car when Leroy asked, "Why do so many white people hate black people, mister?"

He stopped, turned and looked the youngster in the eye, "It's difficult to even begin to imagine what makes some people tick. It may be that they're just plain evil. I see racism every day at work; it's rampant in the army, but I was always taught by my parents never to judge a book by its cover, nor to judge a man by the colour of his skin. I've never treated any black person any differently to the way I treat white people. Anyone who comes to my apartment, whatever the colour of his or her skin, is always treated exactly the same by me. I want you to understand that, Leroy."

"Yes sir," the youth said, almost in awe. There was something about this man that instilled instant respect. Not only that, he trusted him, although he'd only just met him, there was an air not just of sincerity, but of goodness about him, and it made Leroy feel good too.

They reached the car and his new friend unlocked the door for him. "Don't you worry about a thing, kiddo," he said, "we'll get you something to eat, and in the mornin' we'll sort you out with the church housing department, you can go stay with some of my Baptist friends from the Martin Luther King Church." He smiled reassuringly.

As he climbed into the car, Leroy looked round and said, "Hey, mister, I don't even know your name."

He smiled again as he walked round to the driver's door, "Jeff", he replied.

Leroy slammed the car door behind him and said under his breath, "Jeff, you may be white, but you one cool dude."

The blond man sat behind the wheel, patted his belly with his left hand and said, "Know something, Leroy, "I'm as hungry as you; I think instead of chicken I'm gonna fix us one of my special casseroles."

"Sounds good," smiled Leroy.

"Sure is, it's my own recipe."

He held up his hand, and smiling again, Leroy slapped it playfully, Negro fashion.

"Right on, man!" said Jeff.

Leroy laughed. "Hey, you cool."

The white man smiled the smile of contentment, and starting the engine, Jeffrey Dahmer drove off with his prize into the Milwaukee night.

The Evil Of This Ignorance

Graham stayed in the library until closing time. On the way out he nearly forgot to pick up the photocopies from the check-out desk. He would have forgotten if the librarian hadn't reminded him. He thanked her and smiled weakly; the girl, who was black, had obviously drawn her own conclusions from the two books he had collected from the advance reservations desk earlier. Lincoln Rockwell's White Power and Lothrop Stoddard's The Rising Tide of Colour had both come from the Document Supply Centre the same day. He was looking forward to studying them; he'd read a lot about Rockwell the American Nazi leader in particular. He had two other books with him too: The Hoax of the Twentieth Century and the Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion. His own personal copy, he thought to himself with a chuckle. He put the books in his carrier bag and hurried to the Underground station.

When he arrived, there was no train shown on the indicator. Walking halfway down the deserted platform, he sat on the edge of the wooden seat and took out the copy of White Power. It was strange he thought that in such a supposedly racist society it was frowned upon to read such material. All the claptrap the Socialist Workers' Party and the other Marxist and Trotskyite groups came out with about the "bosses", whoever they were, fermenting racism to divide the workers, was just empty slogans. You could walk into virtually any bookshop or newsagent in the land and pick up a copy of the innumerable socialist or even outright Marxist magazines and books, but if you wanted to read White Power, Mein Kampf or the Protocols of Zion you had to buy it mail order from an obscure right wing publishing house.

Then there were "academic" books. Graham didn't believe in the conspiracy theory, and certainly not in the Protocols and the all-pervasive Jewish evil, but there was obviously something going on. Most of the text books on sociology, history, economics and related subjects were written from a Marxist perspective. He'd read a book earlier that week on modern European history which praised the Soviet Union to high heaven, and had calculated that the author must have spent nearly thirty thousand pounds travelling around Europe funded by various fellowships. All this research came from foundations, most of which had been set up by a few immensely wealthy capitalists. Why did so many extremely wealthy men spend so much money on the financing of Marxist ideology? It all didn't add up.

Then there were the Jews, or more specifically the Zionists. Whenever they were attacked by one or other of the anti-Semitic parties, the press screamed about the resurgence of Nazism, pogroms, another Holocaust and all manner of hysterical nonsense. Graham had wondered what all the hysteria was about until he read in the anti-Semitic press that the Zionists owned the media lock, stock and barrel. He'd looked into that and other, similar charges with an open mind and had reluctantly come to the conclusion that although the claims made about Zionist power were exaggerated, they weren't that much exaggerated. It was attacks

on Israel more than anything else that upset the Zionists. Even the most feeble criticism of the Zionist entity was immediately acquainted with anti-Semitism and started off the Jewish Chronicle wailing and gnashing its teeth.

The subject was one which had held Graham spellbound for the past three months. He had decided to press on with his researches into the world conspiracy and Zionism, however much other work he had to do. He sat reading White Power with the copy of the Protocols face up on the seat next to him. So engrossed was he in Rockwell's anti-Jewish polemic that he didn't hear the three youths walking up to him. Suddenly, aware that he was sitting in someone's shadow, he looked up and saw the fearsome-looking skinhead standing over him. His grin faded as he took in the coarse features of the typical fascist bootboy.

"All right?" said the skin.

"Yeah," said Graham, reaching out delicately to pick up the copy of the Protocols and hide it in his bag. But as he touched it, the second skinhead said, "What's that book?"

"Oh, er, nothing much," said Graham.

"Not the one you're readin', the other one."

"Oh, nothing."

"It can't be nothing, it must be something," said the third skin.

"Fairies stories," laughed Graham.

"The Protocols of the Meetings of the Learned Elders of Zion," said the second skin, "I can even read that upside down, you wanna know why?"

Graham was feeling more than uncomfortable now, he was feeling distinctly nervous and fearful for his safety. He shrugged his shoulders.

"E's got a copy," said the first skin.

They closed on him, the second and third sitting either side of him and the first standing over him, Graham didn't know what to say. The second skin reached across and turned over the corner of the book on Graham's lap.

"White Power," he said, "I think he's one of us."

"You one of us?" asked the first skin.

"Well..."

"You BM or NF?"

"Or Column 88?"

"Well, I don't actually belong to any party," he said, "I can't in my job."

"And what's that?" asked the first skin.

"I'm a civil servant," Graham lied.

"So 'ow long you known about the Jews?" asked the second.

"Oh, not long."

"Do you think Hitler was right?"

"Gassing them?" asked Graham.

All three laughed.

"You don't believe that, do ya? Six million of 'em?"

"Not six million, no."

"What else you got in there" asked the first skin.

"Graham sighed and removed one of the books from the bag. The swastika superimposed on the Star of David was a dead giveaway.

"The Hoax of the Twentieth Century", said the second skin.

"Yeah," said Graham.

He'd never been in a situation like this before and sincerely hoped he never would be again, but as the three youths passed the book round between them, his fears evaporated. If they hadn't exactly warmed to him, they were certainly convinced that he was a fellow traveller. There was no way they'd give him a kicking now.

The first skin handed him back the book, and suddenly they seemed to have lost interest in him. The two who had sat opposite sides of him stood up and for a moment it looked as though they were going to walk away.

Then the second skin pulled a packet of cigarettes out of his pocket, put one in his mouth, handed one to each of his friends and said to Graham, "You want a fag, mate?"

"No thanks," said Graham, "the Führer wouldn't approve."

"Who?" said the first skin.

"AH," said Graham, "he hated smoking so much he'd never allow people to smoke in his presence." He smiled feebly as he spoke.

"He really is one," said the second skin.

Suddenly, without warning, the first skin turned to Graham, raised his fist and brought it down a smashing blow on his left ear.

"Fascist bastard!" he screamed.

Graham's hand went up to shield his face but it was too little and too late. The other two grabbed a shoulder a piece and pitched him onto the ground, his books spilling all over the seat. The first skin struck him again, this time kicking him in the ribs.

"Scum!" he shouted, "shouldn't judge a book by its cover!" and kicked him again.

"What makes you think all skins are Nazis?" he kicked Graham again.

Graham curled up into a ball, drawing in his elbows to protect his ribs but unable to defend himself from the torrent of steel toe-capped kicks which reigned in on him from all directions. He tried to cry out but a kick to the stomach winded him then one to the throat crushed his vocal cords. The thugs kicked and kicked and kicked until finally he lay still, a trickle of blood pouring from the corner of his mouth.

As they stopped to catch their breath, the first skin scooped up the books, put them in the carrier bag and, tucking it under his arm, said, "Let's get out of here."

"Wait," said the second skin, "give us that."

He yanked the bag away from his fellow thug, pulled out the copy of the Protocols and threw it down onto Graham where he lay unconscious, more dead than alive.

"This'll give 'em something t'think about," said the third skin, and, taking a number of swastika stickers from his pocket, he licked their backs and began sticking them to the seat.

"Come on," said his companions in unison, "we better go."

"Fascist scum," he said, and kicked the unconscious youth one last time."

"Bit of an intellectual, that one," said the first skin.
"Yeah, wouldn't see 'im at a Skrewdriver concert," said the second.

Mrs Berg left the inquest in tears; as she made her way down the steps, the press man hurried after her calling her name. She turned around and he caught up with her.

"Mrs Berg, Julian Liebold, Jewish Chronicle. Can I have a word about your son?"

She wiped her eyes and said, "Yes, of course."

"He was twenty-four?"

"Yes, nearly twenty-five."

"And he'd been to the library?"

"Yes," he used to go there to study. He studied all the time. History. He was with the Open University, you see. He always wanted to go to university but he wanted to go to work too, you see. He'd always worked very hard."

"The police weren't very forthcoming, but he was killed just because he was a Jew?"

"Yes. These fascists must have followed him from the library. It's dreadful."

"And he was your only son?"

"He was all I had in the world. My husband his father died three years ago. Now I've got no one."

The reporter nodded his head silently and left her. He couldn't bring himself to ask her anymore questions. She was so visibly grief-stricken. He watched her going down the steps. At the bottom she was met by an older man and two women of about her age. Suddenly he felt himself overcome with anger. In recent weeks there had been a number of attacks on fascists by rival skinhead gangs. Generally they had been none too serious although in one attack a youth had lost the sight of an eye. Well, he was really chuffed about that. The police hadn't been too bothered, but they weren't bothered about this latest outrage either, or so it seemed. This had clearly be a racially motivated murder. It had been well planned because the victim had not been obviously Jewish. And the perpetrators of this terrible crime had left behind their calling card: vile Nazi stickers and a copy of that obscene fabrication, the bible of the Rathenau murderers, the Protocols of Zion.

The time had come to fight back. His paper would be launching a campaign for stronger laws against incitement; this ignorance, this unspeakable evil, had to be eradicated.

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