

Death Of A Jew Hater

It never stops. Eternal anti-Semitism is everywhere, even in Japan where there are no Jews so as you'd notice, the bookshops are full of ludicrous fantasy tales that claim we've been behind every revolution in history and the cause of world unrest since the Snake tempted Eve. Then there is the latest terrible business in Gaza; by January 14 they'd murdered thirteen Jews in cold blood, and they whine and scream because the Israeli Government repaid them in kind and slaughtered fourteen hundred of the filthy anti-Semitic *goyim*. A plague and a pox on all their houses. I've been to Israel twice, but I wouldn't want to live there. It's too damn hot, for one thing. Jew or not, I'm an Englishman born and bred.

Although I've always been aware of anti-Semitism, it's not something I've experienced much personally; having blond hair and blue eyes, I can pass for a *goy*, and mostly do. And my family were far from Orthodox, and not Zionist in the least. Like I said though, I've always been aware of the longest hatred, but it was only when I came across a magazine called *Searchlight* that I really started to take notice. Apparently it's been around a good few years, since I was in short trousers anyway.

I picked up a copy last September, it was the previous month's issue, for August 2008. It was in my doctor's surgery funnily enough, and as I flipped through it I found an article about "Nazi Terrorists" called *An ongoing trail of terror*. I don't know what it was about this piece that made me sit up, probably it was the photograph of Colin Jordan, whom I've learned since was the acknowledged leader of National Socialist ideology in Britain since 1956, when he inherited that title and some property from a fanatical Jew-hater named Arnold Leese. I don't think I'd ever heard of Jordan, in spite of his obvious notoriety; most of what I know about anti-Semitism is related to the Holocaust, and history in general, in which subject I can say without false modesty that I am quite well read. But I digress, the magazine contained a photo of Jordan taken, apparently, in the early sixties, and there was something about this youthful figure that struck me as not quite right. It was a profile, he was clearly wearing some sort of uniform, and he had a stupid grin on his face, not a wide smirk, but a very slight grin, the sort you see sometimes in people who are not all there mentally. Nothing overt, nothing glaring, just the slightest suggestion of imbecility, or insanity, or both.

The article was written by the man I learned later had founded the magazine, Gerry Gable, and it was fascinating reading, none more so than the part about the 1960s synagogue arsons. "One attack on a theological college in Stamford Hill left one student dead and another with serious spinal injuries" wrote Mr Gable.

That was bad enough, but when I read that the man who masterminded this dreadful murder was never even charged, I felt an anger rising up inside me like I have never before experienced. How could this have happened less than twenty years after the Holocaust, I asked myself? Wasn't six million Jews enough? Somebody should have made them pay. Somebody should make *him* pay.

That night after I finished my shift I drove home like a man possessed. I switched on my computer, went straight to Google, and was pleasantly surprised to learn that Colin Jordan, the mastermind of this evil plot, lived just down the road from me here, at Harrogate. I read all I could about this sick *Aryan* puppy, and resolved there and then to execute summary justice on the man who had so callously murdered an innocent young Jew and gotten clean away with it.

I planned my vigilante's revenge meticulously, but it wasn't until April the following year that I was able to carry it out. Much as I hated this vile Nazi scum I didn't want to become a martyr, so the act required careful, deliberate and intensive preparation, reconnaissance and research. The first thing I needed was a cheap vehicle that could be used just for this, and disposed of with no fuss. That was easy enough, I bought a clapped out white van from a bloke in Manchester; he advertised it on one of those local notice boards. He posted his phone number with the advert, so I just rang him up on an untraceable mobile phone, and arranged to call on him. I thought about wearing some sort of disguise but in the end decided that would be counterproductive. It's always best to be above board rather than furtive. As it happened, no disguise was needed. The guy had lost his licence a couple of years ago for medical reasons. He was nearly totally blind in his left eye, and the vision in his right wasn't that good. I think it was something to do with diabetes. I felt real sorry for him, but didn't want to get too chatty. In the end I just paid him the cash, thanked him, and drove it away. I had to be careful because it wasn't taxed or anything, but I managed shortly to sort out some documents from a black guy I knew slightly from my college days, that would pass a cursory inspection.

I parked the van in an old lock up about half a mile down the road; I'd had my eye on this for some time. I don't know who owns it, but there are half a dozen buildings on this small industrial estate that appear to have been abandoned. There was no real security, so I just turned up one afternoon, parked it, put a chain on the door and walked off cool as a cucumber. Over the coming months I made half a dozen trips out to Jordan's place, parked high up on the hill, and monitored him through my binoculars.

He was supposed to be in ill-health, something about a heart condition, but that didn't stop him walking his dog every morning. It was an Alsatian, and I've no doubt he called it Blondi just like Hitler. Talk about sick.

At the end of March I decided it was time to act; April 20 would be Adolf Hitler's one hundred and twentieth birthday, a fitting day for his greatest British-born admirer to die, but April 1 sounded better, no fool like an old fool, and an old April fool sounded best of all. It was a Wednesday, so I'd have to arrange to take the day off. No problem. As I sauntered down to the van I really looked the part, green combat clothes, sturdy boots, and of course the toolbox.

I drove over to Jordan's place and parked in my regular spot. Sure enough, like clockwork he came out of the house and began walking up the hill leading his dog. Away we go!

I felt the adrenalin coursing through my veins, this was the most exciting thing I'd done in a long time, heck, it was the most exciting thing I'd ever done, ever would do. I drove slowly past him from behind, pulled over, and climbed out of the van as he came within twenty yards of me.

"Good morning", I said.

"Oh, good morning" replied the balding, geriatric Jew-hater.

"Excuse me", I said, "but aren't you Colin Jordan?"

"Yes, that's right".

He wore that same stupid smirk I'd seen in the photograph from early 60s in Mr Gable's magazine, but it soon turned to a look of surprise, then in turn to one of horror as I advanced on him, smashed him in the face, and with one swift move, whipped out the hammer from my

back pocket and whacked the dog over the head with it. The animal yelped and ran off; obviously not police dog material that one, I thought, but I was too pumped up to think of anything much as I grabbed Jordan by the lapels and dragged him towards the van.

He protested in vain, but I silenced him, "Shut up, you filthy Nazi or I'll cave your head in". I didn't tell him I was going to do that anyway. Dragging him round the off-side I held his coat with one hand and opened the door with the other. "Get in", I said.

"Please, please", he pleaded.

"Get in, scum!", I finished the sentence with a firm kick on his upper leg, shut the door behind him, and rushed round to the other side of the van.

I hadn't left the engine running, and as I reached for the key he made a grab at me; he was bigger than I'd imagined, and desperation often gives people strength, but he was no match for a former county standard weightlifter fifty years his junior, and grabbing his hand I bent his fingers back as I punched him full in the face with my other fist. Then I grabbed him round the throat and squeezed hard, "Desist, or you die here. Do you understand?"

His eyes bulged wide in horror, "Do you understand?" I repeated.

"My heart, my heart", he gasped, and he was obviously struggling for breath. I punched him in the side of the head for good measure, and drove off at speed towards the old warehouse I'd

spotted a few weeks back. He was strangely silent on the short journey, and as I swung the van into the building and killed the engine, his face took on a deathly pallor. I jumped out, taking the keys with me, and walked round the front to his side, opened the door, grabbed him by his coat lapel, and dragged him out.

"Please, what are you going to do?"

"Shut up!" I shouted, "I ask the questions, you answer."

I dragged him over to the corner which was fairly clean, threw him roughly to the ground, and took out the hammer.

"Do you know why you are here, Nazi?"

"No," he said.

"You are here to face retribution for your crime."

He struggled to catch his breath, looked up at me and asked with as much defiance as he could muster, "And what crime is that?"

"As if you don't know?" I said.

"The only crime I have ever committed is thoughtcrime", he said, sounding braver than he was.

"Murder is not thought crime," I said, "even the murder of a Jew".

“You must be confusing me with someone else”, he retorted, again with as much defiance as he could muster, “I served Britain during the War, not Germany”.

“I’m not talking about the Second World War, I’m talking about cold-blooded murder.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Then let me remind you”, I said, as I kicked him in the shoulder, “Nineteen sixty-four, Stamford Hill.”

He looked up at me with a look of genuine confusion, but he couldn’t be that senile, I thought.

“Stamford Hill?”

“The Yeshiva fire?”

“The what?”

“The Yeshiva fire, where you burned a young Jew to death.”

He looked up at me and laughed, “Oh that”, and his face lit up as if in ecstasy.

I bent down, grabbed his lapels and twisted them until he gasped for breath again, “You think that’s funny, Nazi?”

“Yes, I do,” he said.

“You think murdering Jews is funny?”

“I think your believing that old fairy tale is funny, yes I do.”

“And what fairy tale is that, perhaps it didn’t happen, like the Holocaust you say didn’t happen.”

“I never said it didn’t happen, I said you’ve fallen for a fairy tale.”

By now I was so angry I could have snapped his neck there and then, but I said instead “Go on, old man, enlighten me.”

“That fire was an accident,” he said.

“Oh, just happened to set the place on fire by accident, did you, or perhaps it was that Jew-hating bitch of a wife of yours?”

“No, not that fire. Not that fire.”

“Listen, old man...” I said, but he interrupted.

“It was the wiring, it came out at the inquest”.

“What wiring?”

“The fire, it was an accident, the police admitted it”.

“Oh, I see, so Mr Gable made it up, did he, the eternal, lying, scheming Jew?”

“Yes”, and as he answered he seemed positively radiant, “yes, Gerry Gable, the eternal Jew, I sued him for libel”.

“Sure you did, as soon as you read that article last year.”

“Last year? Nineteen seventy-four.”

He was laughing openly now. I really wanted to smash him in the face, but something stopped me, “Nineteen seventy-four?”

“Yes, in Birmingham.”

“Birmingham?”

“Yes, it wasn’t him, it was that other Jew, Ludmer, they wrote it together, *A Well-Oiled Nazi Machine*”.

“Tell me more”, I said.

“They wrote it together, but Ludmer was the editor, so he was the one I sued.”

“You sued him for libel?”

“Criminal libel”.

“Sure you did.”

“I did, check the, the...”.

At this point his voice tailed off into nothing and his eyes bulged as he clasped at his heart. He fell backwards and I was certain he was dead, so that had saved me the trouble, but what to do now? I hit upon a brilliant idea, and opening the back of the van I bundled his body into it, slammed the door and drove back to about fifty years up the hill from where I’d kidnapped him, pulled his body out, and dumped it in a ditch. I hadn’t given him much of a beating, and it was just possible that in view of his great age no suspicions would be aroused about him falling into a ditch incurring a bit of facial and other bruising, and his heart giving out.

The alternative was to go through with plan A, but making the body disappear would result in at least a missing persons and almost certainly a murder investigation even if it weren’t discovered. This way there was a slight chance there would be suspicion of foul play, but it was worth the risk.

Although I would lose no sleep over the death of a Nazi and a hatemonger like Colin Jordan, something he said had bothered me. On the way home I had an inspiration, the *Jewish Chronicle* newspaper had an on-line archive, perhaps there would be something in that. There was, and it didn’t take me long to find it. The marvels of modern technology, it went right back to 1841, but November 1964 was all I needed, and I couldn’t quite believe what I found.

The fire at the Mesifita Talmudical College was an accident; there was of course a suspicion of arson, but the Christmas Day edition of the paper spelt it out: *NO INCENDIARISM AT YESHIVA*, it bellowed; the authorities had actually gone to considerable lengths to quash the inevitable rumours. There was also a report of the inquest on the tragic victim, a fifteen year old boy named Wolf Katz. So why had Mr Gable lied? Gerry Gable: the eternal Jew, Jordan had said. I shook my head in disbelief, confused.

Later I confirmed that Jordan had indeed brought an action for criminal libel against Gable's collaborator, Ludmer. The court had rejected his claim, but the Stipendiary had some strong words for the defendant. The 1960s synagogue arsons had been incited by Jordan's fanatically anti-Jewish wife, who'd seemed to think he was a bit of a wimp. Years later, in an interview with the *Jewish Chronicle*, Gable had simply tacked this accidental fire onto the others, and claimed credit for smashing the two arson gangs, obviously because the police were too incompetent, too idle or too anti-Semitic to bring the perpetrators to book.

Over the next few days I watched the local news on TV, listened intently to local radio, and scoured the Internet news sites, but there was no mention at all of Jordan. It was not until April 13 that I read of his death, and ironically it was in an obituary written by Gable. I don't usually read the *Guardian*, but my local newsagent had sold out of the *Times* by eleven o'clock, so I picked up a copy of the former instead. I was shocked on reading it to learn that he had died only on April 9; I made some discreet inquiries over the next few days and found out what had happened.

After I'd whacked his dog over the head it had scampered off home. Christ, how could I have forgotten about the bloody dog? Obviously this had alerted Jordan's wife, and she'd called the police. After searching for a couple of hours they'd found him in the ditch in a deep coma. I could have sworn he was dead at the warehouse; all the preparation and care I'd taken, and I miss something like that. I could have been in deep water if he'd recovered consciousness, but apparently he'd suffered a stroke rather than or as well as a heart attack, and that was what had done for him. There was no mention of any suspicious circumstances or of any police investigation, but obviously I couldn't rule out that possibility, and had already disposed of the van and anything linking me to the crime. Suddenly that thought struck me; I had committed a crime, not just any crime, but the ultimate crime, I had murdered another human being, an old man, a sick, feeble old man, an old man who had never done me personally any harm, and I had done it because a Jew - the eternal Jew - had told me he was evil, scum, a murderer.

It was no use my hiding behind epithets and excuses; he was a Nazi, so he deserved it, that sort of thing. The fact is that he had never actually killed anyone, nor as far as I knew had anyone ever been murdered on account of his admittedly turgid and hateful writings. The Nazi argument didn't wash; if we killed Nazis or anyone we called Nazis then we were no better than Nazis ourselves, in fact we were worse than Nazis. I had another sudden thought, I remembered the death toll in the recent Gaza incident. Incident, did I say? Series of incidents? No, this wasn't an incident or a series of incidents, it was a calculated act of mass murder. Thirteen Jews dead, murdered by terrorists, and in return fourteen hundred Palestinians murdered by the Israeli Government, the Jew Government, almost all of them women and children. That's what it amounted to. It was a bit like the British Government bombing a Dublin housing estate in response to the IRA terror campaign in the 1970s.

Needless to say, the Jewish establishment in Britain hadn't seen it that way, they'd organised a march in support of Israel, can you imagine that? It was a bit like the Nazis organising a

march in support of Hitler in the wake of Kristallnacht.

I looked in the mirror, what did I see, an eternal Jew, a liar, a schemer, and now a murderer. Gerry Gable had made me a murderer, a Jew, a lying, scheming, mendacious, treacherous, untrustworthy Jew. Incredibly, he had repeated the lie about the Mesifita fire in his *Guardian* obituary of the man I had murdered. The paper had repeated his lies uncritically. What other Jewish lies did these stupid *goyim* repeat uncritically, I thought? I knew many anti-Semites claimed the Holocaust was a lie; that was stupid, but I wondered now just how much of it was true, perhaps it had been exaggerated? And had Hitler really been such a monster? I remembered reading years ago that he'd had a Jewish doctor; clearly he hadn't always been an anti-Semite. What had turned him into one?

I looked in the mirror again, and again I saw a murderer. Gerry Gable had done this to me: the eternal Jew. Suddenly I laughed, this would be the irony of ironies, I walked into the kitchen, took the kettle off the stove, turned on the gas on all four burners, and the oven, and the grill, and lay down on the floor. The eternal Jew was about to meet his end. No questions now about the gas chambers. And no question that in this case at least, the Final Solution had been well deserved.