

the
UPRISING
COLIN JORDAN

CONTENTS

<i>Chapter</i>		<i>Page</i>
	Preface	1
1	The Justice of Revolt	3
2	How the Uprising Began	12
3	Judging a Judge	24
4	Some Special Schooling	36
5	Vigilantes for our Race	48
6	A Queer Situation	60
7	Blacking out the Telly Trainer	73
8	The Tower of Untruth Turns Truthful	82
9	Targeting the House of Treachery	92
10	The Day of the Takeover	97

Preface

THIS book is purely fictional. The views expressed in it are the imaginary ones of an imaginary British Freedom Force there depicted. As such they are not a personal incitement by the author to 'racial hatred' or to violence.

The blame for the development of any such hatred or violence lies with the present regime in power in Britain which has the capacity and shows the proclivity to turn the fiction of this book into fact by its characteristic and habitual misgovernment in betrayal of the wishes and the interests of the indigenous folk it pretends to represent. By continuing to damage and destroy our national and racial heritage, and to deprive us of our freedom to oppose this and stop this without violent struggle, this regime can and may make the story of this book come true, changing fiction into fact, bringing about an uprising by a force of fighters for British freedom, survival and revival.

Whether this present regime of ruin, responsive to an outcry from its predatory manipulators behind the scenes, now moves to ban this book by prosecution and persecution of its author, may provide some indication of the certainty and speed with which it is set to provoke a resistance movement and a rebellion.

Colin Jordan
July, 1998

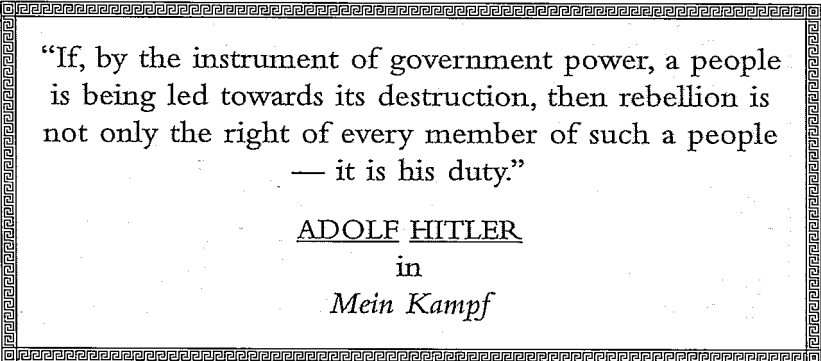
Postscript:

Since the above Preface was written in 1998 with a view to the book's publication later that year, the forces of suppression of the regime of ruin did move to ban the book. In August that year the 'Special Branch', being Britain's Thought Police, raided the author's home yet again and seized the rough draft of *The Uprising*. Subsequently they scheduled it as an exhibit for an impending prosecution which, over three years later, was only halted

conditionally and indefinitely because of the author's disabling heart condition in his old age, making him in the reports of three heart specialists unfit for trial. The rough draft was with difficulty and long delay regained from the Crown Prosecution Service, allowing this book to appear at long last.

As some precaution and possible protection against Thought Police persecution of the author and seizure and burning of the book as banned, it is being printed, published and distributed in the United States of America, outside the jurisdiction of British courts, and where some relevant freedom still remains so far. *The Uprising*, in respect of its production and marketing, has thus been driven into exile and become an asylum seeker, such is the state of affairs in Britain today.

October 2003



“If, by the instrument of government power, a people is being led towards its destruction, then rebellion is not only the right of every member of such a people — it is his duty.”

ADOLF HITLER

in

Mein Kampf

Chapter 1

THE JUSTICE OF REVOLT

THE train came to a stop, mid-afternoon, at a station a short distance beyond the northern edge of London. Among those coming off it were several with stout shoes or boots and haversacks, evidently ramblers. One of them was a rugged, well-built man in his forties with a purposeful air.

He checked the timetable on the board on the wall before leaving the station and striding off on a route evidently known to him, leading shortly into the countryside. Some three miles on he turned off the by then minor country road onto a grass track which departed at a tangent, but soon assumed a roughly parallel course to the road.

After about a mile, the track ascended to a slight rise in the ground above and near to a crossroads, before wending its way eastwards. Here our supposed Rambler settled down as for a rest, taking sandwiches and a flask from his haversack which was a particularly large one. Among other things it also accommodated a copy of Sapper's book *The Black Gang*, a tale of the exploits of Hugh Drummond and his ex-service comrades in combating communism after World War I, resembling in some ways the activities of an organisation he now belonged to, and on account of which he was making his present excursion. On the train he had begun reading the book with relish for the second time.

It was a lovely afternoon and a lovely spot, peaceful and redolent of a rural England of old where the blood and the soil of the true English had intermingled time out of mind. The scene thus acutely contrasted with the debasement of people and life in the towns of England in that year 2006. Reclining on the grassy bank, our apparent Rambler let his mind ramble on things past. He thought of his father, a volunteer in World War II, convinced by the persistent propaganda of the time that he was obliged to take up arms

to defend his freedom and to preserve his country against a vicious and rapacious foreign foe intent on invading and enslaving it.

The heritage to defend which his father so willingly, if so gullibly, staked his life encompassed towns and villages thronged with the fair-haired, fair-skinned Anglo-Saxon and Celtic children of the native population of this homeland. Thus it had been for centuries past, and for which generation upon generation of this breed had striven and fought and died, so that every bit of its soil was merged and animated with the activities of its folk. *'Freedom is in Peril! Defend it with all your Might!'* commanded the wartime posters. The wartime speeches pressed the necessity of fighting to keep Britain for the British.

But the war – brought about by its Western promoters for hidden reasons and alien interests, cloaked with downright lies, and conducted with unscrupulous exploitation of patriotic feelings – had hardly ended when the real purposes began to show through. In place of a German invasion which never happened, there came a Coloured invasion whereby hordes of Africans and Asians arrived on our shores, creating ever-expanding settlements in all our cities and towns before long.

As this Coloured occupation proceeded apace, our renegade politicians responsible for it, the greatest criminals in our history on account of it, gradually, persistently introduced measure after measure of compulsion and suppression to enforce it. Their objective was to intimidate and coerce the British people into compliance with the usurpation of their homeland and the rape of their birthright.

While our monstrous betrayers proceeded to promote the Coloured invasion and occupation of our homeland to the deprivation of our people, they similarly and simultaneously allowed the Jewish minority in our land – a segment of the Jewish worldwide, religious-racial entity in whose interests the war by the West against a liberated Germany of Aryan resurgence had been so largely fought – steadily to increase its power and its exercise of it. Hence that alien minority had come to constitute a veritable ruling force behind government.

Such were the sombre thoughts of our rambler that sunny afternoon as he rested – and waited. Involuntarily he clenched his fists in fury at the decline of his country and the debasement of his people in consequence of the treachery of the politicians. To him the contemplation of his nation as a cowed and conquered people, its youth hideously corrupted, its towns a new kind of slum of vice and violence and crudity was unbearably agonising.

It had been this righteous fury which had brought him several years before to join with others, aroused to the same purposeful intensity of outrage, in rejecting the conventional activity of British nationalism, with its engrossment in electioneering, as a waste of time and effort and hope. This they had done in the realisation that circumstances were such that the White electorate, television-trained, could not be aroused in time.

By now the veiled dictatorship had set up a new form of political police, the State Security Police (the SSP), incorporating and going beyond the former Special Branch of the police and of MI5 (Military Intelligence Department 5). All telephone calls and computer e-mail were now liable to be monitored without restriction, as was ordinary mail. Hidden microphones and video cameras were installed in some public places to enable further surveillance by the SSP in the lofty cause of 'political correctness', meaning complete conformity to the way of life prescribed by the dictatorship as congenial to its control.

In the interests of such control the mere possession, along with any distribution, of any literature and videos deemed contrary to 'racial harmony' and 'good order' were deemed illegal and severely punished. In the same interests, on the positive side, subliminal propaganda for 'racial harmony' and 'good order' was secretly put over on television, used as was radio as an instrument of mind control.

With their recognition of the uselessness and wastefulness of the conventional activities of the nationalist parties had come the conviction that only through revolutionary action to disrupt and damage the foul system, and bring it to breakdown, could there be any real possibility of freeing Britain from the stranglehold of the enemy in power, restoring the land and its assets to its rightful possessors. Dedicating themselves to the supremacy of the deed in their pursuit of struggle – the power of great deeds exceeding in eloquence all the speeches and writings of conventional politics – they had formed themselves into the British Freedom Force (the BFF), a force of patriotic rebellion.

Some five miles from the spot where our impassioned rambler from the BFF thus reflected in his repose, there was located, as he well knew, way out in a rural setting removed from the heartlands of multiracialism with their festering sores, the home of one Martin Hammond MP. This was not his real or original name. In his ancestral home in a Polish ghetto he had answered to the name of Julius Silverstein.

It was this kind of English gentleman, bent-beaked, the backward slope

of his Ashkenazi skull conspicuously vertical, who presided over the policing of the descendants of Harold and Hereward, Drake and Raleigh. His was the task of ensuring that they toed the line of decreed conformity to the emergent world order of submissive, interbred bipeds of a crass, consumer society.

Home Secretary Hammond made a point of returning home early on Fridays at the end of the parliamentary week: usually about 6 p.m. This was the expectation of his wife Rebecca, daughter of one of the fabulously rich lords of the supermarkets, controlling the food marketing of 21st Century Britain and thus the feeding of the bodies of the bovine herds of the tamed and captivated British, just as other fabulously rich lords of television, radio and press, sharing the immense advantage of the exceptional clannishness of their kind, controlled the feeding of the minds of the subjected British.

Friday, as Martin and Rebecca infallibly kept in mind, was the eve of their weekly attendance at a North London synagogue on the Hebrew sabbath the following day when they gave praise of their tribal Jehovah who had marked them out as his chosen ones, destined to inherit the fruits of the earth and lord it over the lesser mortals of the world, including the hapless natives of Britain.

It happened to be a Friday, and, as the resting rambler checked his watch, a little after 5 p.m. He also checked that in his shirt pocket under his jersey there still safely reposed a small pill. This was of cyanide, supplied by a BFF chemist as a solution of last resort in the event of imminent capture and the degradation and torture this would mean at the hands of Hammond's SSP.

This SSP eagerly and studiously made a practice of using on its BFF prisoners any and every means of interrogation and punishment ranging from electric shock treatment and the agonising lowering of blood-sugar level by insulin injection to lobotomy whereby the tissue of the frontal lobe of the brain, controlling emotion, was destroyed, putting the prisoner into a permanently passive condition. They were not averse to threatening to inject AIDS or even doing so in the cause of 'democracy', which made the rambler's determination to choose death in preference to capture very understandable indeed.

He then proceeded to take from his sufficiently spacious haversack, specially selected for the purpose, a semi-automatic, rapid-fire sniper rifle produced by the FN factory in Belgium and acquired by devious means. This had been adapted by one of the Force's gunsmiths to have a folding stock, suitably reducing its length so as to fit into the haversack. Checking

the mechanism and magazine, he carefully positioned it on a slight ridge with its sights set on the crossroads at the halting spot for vehicles coming from the direction of London.

While this was happening, Home Secretary Hammond on the back seat of his homeward bound limousine, behind the driver and the bodyguard from the SSP, closed his heavy-lidded eyes in contented contemplation. It had been a good week at the Ministry and in Parliament. His work in controlling the Gentile population, brought to a desired docility by long manipulation and subjection, was going well. Nothing had been seen or heard for a while of that so-called 'Freedom Force' which had given him so many headaches. Perhaps they had lost heart, and that was the end of them. What an enhancement to his prestige that would be!

In his somnolent state he cast his mind back to long ago, as had the rambler, but to a markedly different effect. He luxuriated in reflection of how extremely well he had done for himself and his tribe since leaving Lodz in his youth. His was really a scintillating story of success in adapting to and exploiting the society and system of another people, capable of overcoming any aspirant cuckoo with ravenous envy.

What most certainly did not enter the self-satisfied thoughts of the travelling tyrant from Lodz was any idea that his so successful life had only another five minutes to run. A Commander's Council of the BFF had been convened to consider the case against him and the action to be taken against him. It had been decided that a death sentence was most definitely deserved, and would send out a powerful signal of deterrence to other enemy functionaries. His execution would be a message by deed more communicative than millions of words.

Our rambler, now revealed as executioner, code-named 'Cedric', had eagerly volunteered for this assignment, designated 'Prime Removal', regardless of all risk, so inflamed was he at what the ministerial swine in question stood for and had been responsible for. This fury gripped his mind as he waited intently to pull the trigger of the British justice of revolt.

The black limousine came in sight, approaching the crossroads. It came to a halt there at the stopping line. Three quick shots rang out immediately, one for each occupant at least to prevent use of the car's radio-telephone to send out an alarm. With the wounded bodyguard nevertheless groping grotesquely for the instrument, 'Cedric' squeezed off a rapid succession of further shots, ample to ensure no more movement from the three now dead or fast becoming so.

He had no compunction in killing the driver and guard, along with the arch-criminal Hammond. This had been envisaged by the Commander's Council as concomitant; their deaths as accomplices of the monstrous and murderous regime were merited on that account, besides being necessary to allow 'Cedric' to escape after executing Hammond.

Without delay he set off back along the track at a fast pace. Exactly where it joined the road, he stopped, took from his haversack another pair of shoes around each of which there was a draw-stringed bag to cover the tread, and put them on. Then he quickly retraced his way a very short distance to where a little off the track and hidden from it there was, as he knew from a previous reconnoitre, a tiny pool of black slime. Into it went the sniping rifle, the thin gloves with which he had handled it, and also his previously-worn shoes. Back to the road he then went, slipping the bags off his shoes as he stepped on to it and stuffing them into his pocket for suitable disposal on his way back to the station.

Some distance along his return route, his road was joined by another. There he waited a very short while at the bus stop at the road junction before boarding a bus for the station. Thereby he reached the station just within half an hour of Hammond's departure from this world. The next London-bound train came in very shortly after his arrival, as he expected from his planning, and as a matter of fact before the first police car, alerted by a report of the discovery by then of the 'crime' at the crossroads, began scouting the streets and investigating the bus station and railway station.

Though he boarded that train, he left it several stations down the line, there taking a bus from which he alighted a short distance from an Underground station to which he proceeded for the last part of his public transport on his return journey. As he walked along the road to it, he passed a house from which the sound of a special bulletin on television could be heard. It was reporting "a most serious act of terrorism" just perpetrated, presumably by a gang of devilish criminals calling itself 'The British Freedom Force'. The country had thereby been deprived of that outstanding public servant, Home Secretary Hammond, who had been assassinated on his way home from his unremitting labours for the good of the British public.

Pictures of the scene of the assassination were shown. Conjectures as to how it had been accomplished were presented. Appeals to the public to help in tracking down the culprit or culprits were voiced. Assurances of certain and swift and most severe punishment to be meted out to the monsters waging war on the glorious evolution of New Democracy in a magnif-

icently multiracial Britain were thundered forth by the furious authorities. What would have infuriated those agitated authorities even more, if aware of it, was the distinct if somewhat furtive look of delight observable at least for a few seconds on the faces of so very many of the cowed and captive British public on hearing and seeing the news.

A tremendous manhunt was immediately set in motion by both the ordinary police and the State Security Police. This the BFF had of course expected and prepared for. So 'Cedric' on his return to London on the day he rid Britain of Hammond went by Underground to an address where he remained on his own in isolation, detached from all contact with his fellow fighters for a scheduled period of quarantine.

The search was intense and incessant. Premises were raided. Suspects were seized and 'grilled'. Gilded accounts of the diligence of the investigation, laced with exhortations and threats, were daily occurrences. Tempting rewards for information, accompanied by offers of immunity for acts of betrayal by members of the BFF were announced. The last measure drew not the slightest response. The massive concentration of the investigation did, however, produce a tragic result for the BFF a week after the elimination of Home Secretary Hammond.

About 5 o'clock in the morning, the early light of midsummer illuminated both a small house in north-west London and a number of SSP vehicles positioned to front and rear. Then an amplifier boomed forth, awakening the whole neighbourhood, calling on the occupant of No. 37 to come out immediately, weaponless and hands in the air in surrender, otherwise, after five minutes, the SSP would open fire and shoot to kill.

The response was not slow in coming. Out rang an unwavering voice of defiance from 'Cedric', telling his communicators to go to hell where they belonged. To this he added some words of dedication to his sacred cause of the liberation of his people and his country. In conclusion he added an unmistakable emphasis of intention by means of a prolonged burst of fire from his Heckler & Koch MP5 sub-machine gun which gladly found a mortal mark in five of the enemy insufficiently careful in their placement. This weapon, 'lifted' from the very SSP itself was capable of either single-round fire or fully automatic fire at the colossal rate of 800 rounds a minute. His other armaments, assembled in case of precisely the situation which had now arrived, included a highly useful Remington 12-gauge, 5-shot, pump action, riot gun smuggled into the country from American sympathisers, and an RPG7 rocket launcher.

The resistance from 'Cedric' lasted for several hours, during which time he succeeded in killing another seven of the enemy and wounding 12 others of them out of an opposing force of no less than 70 men. A cannon-equipped helicopter which was called in was brought to the ground with a well-aimed blast from the rocket launcher. The tear gas they tried was nullified by the gas mask the heroic rebel fortunately had in his stock of weapons and equipment and supplies.

When, despite the Kevlar bullet-proof vest he had donned for the occasion – incidentally another item taken previously from the SSP – 'Cedric' accumulated wounds both numerous and incapacitating, he still managed to dictate the concluding course of the conflict by igniting an incendiary device which set the place on fire with great rapidity, and then placing in his mouth the cyanide pill and biting into it. The fierce fire kept the enemy back so long that all they eventually got hold of was the charred corpse of an exceedingly brave British patriot who had arranged his own Viking-style funeral pyre as a climax of sacrifice to the cause he held so dear.

'Cedric' in his last moments had absolutely no regret at all for the direction of his life, including the precipitation of his death in the circumstances we have noted. Unlike those who, without dignity, died in their beds of this or that lingering malady, or decomposed to dwindling extinction in some geriatric ward, he had given high purpose and consequent quality to his life by his noble idealism.

What a comparison with the end of Home Secretary Hammond who went to his Hebrew heaven slumped passively in his limousine of opulence! The rifle shots of retribution interrupted only the gloating reminiscence of predatory and persecutory conduct by a presumptuous trespasser in another people's domain.

What a comparison too with all the warriors of all the nationalist parties over so many decades! With their tongues so well-lubricated with their continual and copious consumption of beer, they have all the time talked of a life or death struggle being in progress, but without a single one of them being prepared to fight to the death in that struggle.

Hammond's uninspiring demise was, however, highly influential in its particular way. It caused a chill of anxiety to afflict not only his colleagues of ministerial rank, but also lesser functionaries of the foul regime. All of them henceforth lived their days, despite measures to guard them, with the ever-present fear that their turn would come next for some attack. This instillation of fear, enveloping and clinging to their lives, showed itself in the

constant shock from some sound or shadow in the night when lying awake in anxious contemplation, or in the daytime when suddenly approached by some stranger.

All this was part of the achievement of 'Cedric'. Another part of his achievement lay in the immensely powerful inspiration that his deed against Hammond and his defiant death provided for others of the BFF. What he had done became the saga of 'Cedric', recounted over and over again in the ranks of the Freedom Fighters, uplifting and firing others, including new and young recruits, to face danger and sacrifice with something of the same courageous spirit of devotion. Thus he achieved that immortality which is the reward only of heroes.

Chapter 2

HOW THE UPRISING BEGAN

THE spectacular removal from office of the loathsome Hammond occurred after several years of the BFF's advance in experience, sophistication and efficacy from its humble beginnings in the year 2003. Then a mere half-dozen passionate patriots had come together in the desire and determination to do something effective, inspired by a charismatic leader, code-named 'The Herald'. He was a man of magically transfixing eyes and the most moving, compulsive words, capable of captivating the beholder and listener with irresistible imagery encapsulating the essence of a holy cause.

The Force was for security structured on units of six men or women all of whom did not know the identity and whereabouts of other members of other units. A unit was commanded by a unit leader, appointed by a regional leader, whom he alone in the unit knew, and who alone, outside the unit, knew him. In turn, regional leaders did not know the identity and whereabouts of other regional leaders. Only the Commander of the BFF knew and appointed and had contact with them. The operational principle here adhered to was that of limitation of information to those who needed to know.

Recruitment was subject to selection and approach and acceptance by a unit leader. It was always and only the result of long and most careful and patient investigation, surveillance and appraisal. No-one got into the BFF simply by asking. A person was invited to join, and this only after thorough checking and testing and interrogation.

On exceptional occasions at the judgement of a regional leader or the Commander several units took part in a collective operation in the sense of each attending to a distinct aspect or phase of the operation. Such occasional combination was, however, always carefully managed to ensure that the

members of different units were never put together in a way conducive to knowledge of the identities of members of another unit.

It was also for considerations of security that cells remained based on urban environments where coming together could excite less attention than in rural environments. Occasionally, though, carefully contrived gatherings in the countryside were arranged. Then it appeared that merely ramblers or mountaineers had assembled for their innocent recreation. It could be on such an outdoor occasion or otherwise within someone's home that a new entrant to the Force graduated from novice to the confirmed status of full Fighter. After a night spent in a sleepless vigil of meditation and dedication, the new entrant took the oath of consecrated service and fidelity, administered by the unit leader before an assembly of the whole unit.

Once in a while 'The Herald' suddenly appeared at a unit meeting, only the unit leader knowing in advance that this would happen. After delivering a short but fiery address, he would shake hands with everyone, while doing so his piercing eyes probing each person and gripping his or her attention in a mesmeric vice, bonding spirit to spirit. He would then leave before the dispersal of the meeting.

The Force started off and felt its way forward in the very first instance by very minor acts of nuisance against supporters of the system, such as the arranged delivery of unwanted and unsolicited goods; the insertion of pay-on-invoice telephone advertisements of a 'House for Sale in respect of opponents' homes, seemingly submitted by the owners; awakening telephone calls in the middle of the night; small coins inserted in bulb sockets between bulb and contacts repeatedly to fuse the lights in enemy premises. Very minor harassment but not by any means negligible in their total and cumulative effect by widespread application and continual repetition; this being the creation and maintenance of an atmosphere of taxing tension hurtful and thereby weakening to the system's supporters, and thereby damaging to the system

Benefits Denied

Bogus posters and other faked communications came as a step further in this war of nerves. For instance, an area of Birmingham of intense Coloured settlement was one night plentifully decorated with posters of apparently official origin announcing the forthcoming distribution at the local 'Benefits Office', address supplied, of a "Winter Supplement" to help our new Britons otherwise ethnically disadvantaged by our colder climate. Persons of

Afro-Asian origin surnamed A to J were invited to collect the Supplement between 9am and 1pm on a specified Thursday; those whose surnames began with the remainder of the alphabet were asked to call between 2pm and 5pm.

A police car which came upon one of the postering parties in the act of postering was promptly dealt with as intended by an attending team of protectors in a separate vehicle lingering in the background. The two policemen, representatives of a renegade regime, were adroitly and swiftly seized, chloroformed and laid to rest in their vehicle, its ignition key thrown away and some of its equipment usefully confiscated.

The advertised date of the distribution of the largesse was contrived to be so near that the distraught authorities had no real opportunity to issue any effective disclaimer beforehand. The result was that on the appointed day, thousands upon thousands of Coloureds rioted in their rage when, disowning the posters and the Supplement, staff tried to turn them away. The furious new Britons smashed furniture and fittings, broke windows and severely assaulted 'Benefit' staff on the suspicion which was voiced and spread like wildfire that what had really happened was that these staff had pocketed the Supplement themselves.

Billeting Bombshell

Other disruptive posters in the bogus-communications campaign included ones in a select, residential area of Manchester announcing the forthcoming, compulsory billeting of refugees from tribal warfare in Zaire. This had the predictable effect of bringing a large number of privileged Whites, content to approve racial integration from afar, to consider this as going too far, and to invade the local Council premises vociferously venting their indignation.

Nothing the harassed officials could say convinced most of the protesters that the posters had been other than genuine, and that the Council had only disowned them deceitfully when the extent of the public uproar caused them to have anxiety concerning the security of their positions come the next election. Such a conclusion was an influential corrosion of confidence at local level.

Job Quota Upset

A striking success was attained by a carefully composed, convincingly genuine-looking letter from the Commission for Racial Equality sent to

major firms in the north of England, requiring a high percentage of Coloured employees, rising to 25% by the following January, even by way of rendering sufficient Whites redundant; this in the lofty cause of compensating for the exploitation of Coloureds in the past and the incompetence of Coloureds in the present. The firms were required to respond within 28 days by completing an undertaking of compliance.

The majority of the firms were sufficiently attuned to the practice of pampering the Coloureds to supply forthwith the required undertaking, and straight away to plan to proceed towards its implementation. Others, however, not so cowed and conditioned as to proceed without protest, expressed objection. The Commission of course passionately disowned the letter as a wicked forgery by monstrous opponents of a multiracial paradise, but even so most employers believed that the letter really had come from the Commission, and that its contention of a forgery was only put forward when strong opposition was encountered.

This belief received much nourishment from the fact that the Commission compromised its denial with the addition of a maladroit conclusion that, since the majority of firms had already accepted and embarked on the measure, it would be less of a disruption to adopt it as official. Whatever the feelings of the managements of the firms in the outcome, those of the displaced White workers were decidedly unfavourable not only to the Commission but also its parental regime, a happy state of affairs for the Freedom Fighters, and brought about at very little cost.

Council Housing Consternation

Another of many further successes in this fruitful field of activity was a bogus Home Office communication to local Councillors instructing them to prepare themselves for a massive increase in the influx of underprivileged persons from the Third World, preparations to include manipulation of the waiting lists for Council housing. This supposedly confidential communication was leaked to a substantial portion of the public by means of the surreptitious scattering in populous places of leaflets reproducing the bogus communication. By word of mouth transmission the propagated scare quickly spread immensely further than the leaflet scattering which served simply as an igniter.

Imbued with the conviction that only by continually, severely and accumulatively straining and damaging the regime's system could liberation come about through that system's breakdown and thereby that regime's

overthrow, the Freedom Force progressed in the variety and the scale of its activities of harassment and damage. This progression was all along marked and measured by the triple essentials of study, training and practice, seen as the best way to success by the reduction of risk to the minimum.

Preparation for Disruption

Study meant the investigation and acquisition of necessary knowledge of all the departments and functions of the enemy state, including of course the police. It meant also the acquisition of all requisite information on all kinds of weapons and explosives, devices and procedures useful for operations against those departments and functions.

The study of the police meant the study of the methods of surveillance and interrogation and punishment practised by the new State Security Police, so as the better to face and resist these methods. Here was a major subject in itself, ranging from all the tricks to loosen the tongue with or without the use of drugs, to the techniques to bring about a collapse of resistance and cause a susceptibility to suggestion and direction by way of a denial or depletion of rest and nourishment assisting methods to cause unhinging anxiety and confusion; thus leading to a state of interactive physical debility and mental exhaustion destructive of will and reason and thus the personality.

Study for the BFF also meant the examination of the methods and the detection of the mistakes of previous organisations of at least a somewhat similar kind, so as to learn by them and avoid their mistakes. An example was the valiant and effective clandestine force in the the USA, The Order, led by Bob Mathews, a force and a leader which had become a vivid inspiration for all for whom a war for the race had become a literal and not simply a rhetorical phrase.

Training was first of all a basic matter of promoting general fitness both physical and mental as essential for the rôle of the fighter. This meant attaining a high degree of health, agility and endurance. It also meant attaining a high degree of mental alertness encompassing an ability for swift observation and rapid memorising. One of the many exercises to this end consisted of showing trainees for but a few seconds an array of objects, then covering them, and then requiring those trainees to name them all. After this general preparation, training became the acquisition and application of pre-requisite knowledge of ways and means of attacking the enemy and with various specialisations to this end.

The third essential – practice – meant the repeated rehearsal of the ways and means of particular attack on particular targets in the system, applying the results of study and training in precise dummy runs preceding any and every operation. Furthermore, every operation was not only preceded in this way as essential, but equally importantly always followed by a thorough review involving a critical analysis to distinguish and learn by mistakes and imperfections. In this most diligent attention to detail in preparation and practice and review the fighters of the BFF distinguished themselves as true professionals in contrast to mere amateurs.

Alongside all of this in the study, training and practice of the BFF, great attention was paid to the matter of security in the sure knowledge that careless talk and careless conduct in other ways can so easily and so often cause the undoing of potentially highly productive ventures, well prepared but deficient in this vital aspect. To such a large extent the success of the police or allied counter-insurgent force comes not from superior skill and resources but from sheer carelessness of the members of the insurgent force in the matter of security.

Attacking the Offices

Thus prepared, the BFF proceeded to take on, step by step, operations of greater and increasing requirement and complexity. To begin with it engaged in nocturnal break-ins at tax offices, destroying records and thus creating chaos in the realm of revenue vital to the enemy state. The damage thus done in the way of disruption was enormous, and at the cost only of the time of a team of determined and proficient men and their few materials.

From this jumping-off point it diversified into sabotaging attacks on the whole range of governmental offices and repositories, both local and national, crippling first one and then another segment of the satanic state. Included in this, for example, were attacks on the outgoing arm of government finance – complementing those on the intaking arm – these being paralysing raids in principal Coloured areas on the offices of the Department of Social Security and its Benefits Agency, which pays out social security benefits, shredding or otherwise destroying its records.

This sabotage was immediately and magnificently effective in the uproar and discontent it caused among the legions of habitual recipients of this and that subsidy. After all it was the prospect of this free-for-all which had attracted them to this country in the first place. The loss of it, and the resentment thereby generated against the authorities, who got the blame,

caused many of them to give thought to returning whence they came, and thus depriving Britain of that immensity of enrichment which the government and its accomplices were forever proclaiming to have resulted from their presence here. In reality that government did not believe this balderdash. What it did believe was the greater security to its rule resulting from the presence of a great and growing Coloured population malleable in itself and conducive to an erosion of a racial sense and spirit among Whites through familiarising integration and interbreeding. The docility of the citizenry was the working aim of the dictatorship in disguise.

Obviously and undeniably a mass of ordinary Whites, and not just Coloureds, suffered inconvenience and loss in the course of these sabotaging onslaughts by the BFF on the vital and vulnerable bastions of bureaucracy in the enemy administration. This might be viewed as regrettable or even condemnable, but in the view of the BFF these ordinary Whites could not be exculpated and sympathised with as innocent victims because they were not such. Instead, by their grave fault of gutless apathy and inaction they had in effect aided and enabled the alien dictatorship in disguise to come about and remain. In any event, there could be no such thing as a painless revolution to remedy the result of that apathy and inaction of the general public. In the full analysis the pains of the revolution were most massively dwarfed by and thoroughly justified by the horrific harm and suffering brought about by the regime and the system the BFF fought to overthrow.

Freedom Radio

A powerful advance in discrediting the enemy was reached with the advent of a clandestine radio transmitter beamed on Britain's capital which began each nightly programme thus:

"Here is the Voice of Freedom, calling the people of London on 96 Mhz FM, challenging the lies and deceptions and misdeeds of the present regime of alien occupation and control."

This would be followed, in a broadcast never exceeding five minutes in length to make it difficult for detector vans to pinpoint the location, either by a swift exposure of some current policy or practice of the government or some brief recommendation of some simple act of resistance. In the latter category came such as the suggestion of dropping sugar into the petrol tank of a car belonging to some official or active supporter of the regime, a sport offering much in the way of disturbance for little in the way of effort.

The chemistry of the game was that very shortly after the driver started

the engine the sugar blended with the petrol to form a toffee-like substance which completely clogged the carburettor and feed-pipes of the car. This brought the car to a standstill, possibly in some truly awkward situation in traffic, necessitating it being towed away for the affected parts to be stripped down and cleaned out. A similar suggestion for immobilising a vehicle belonging to the enemy was to take a spark plug or plugs from the engine in order to insert sufficiently small oddments of metal into the cylinder or cylinders. The result, after the engine had been started, was an advance on the first suggestion, being not merely a temporary blockage but devastating and permanent injury to the engine, needing total replacement.

The broadcast would end with the words:

"We will be back tomorrow night at [time] on this same wavelength, 96 Mhz FM. Be with us then for a Free Britain! Till then this is Freedom Radio, the voice of the British Freedom Force, going off the air."

One London unit, Number Three, was the one responsible for the capital's Freedom Radio. It had long beforehand lengthily researched the theory and practice of radio, its use 'illegally', and the means and methods of detection and its avoidance; all this to the level of experts.

Along with that it had studied and devised how to hide the equipment in the three vehicles it used, each manned by a pair of persons, to provide greater mobility and multiplication in broadcasting. This plurality meant that they could at three different locations in their area simultaneously broadcast the same message, thus increasing the coverage, while keeping small the risk of the location of each broadcast being pinpointed through cross referencing in time to close in on a vehicle before its departure, never again to use the same or nearby spot for broadcasting.

The whole of the equipment with the exception of a detachable microphone, which could be plugged into a socket filled at other times by a screw, was built into the bodywork, invisible therefore from the outside. The microphone itself was hidden in a small recess in the bodywork cleverly covered by a detachable panel. One would have to remove the vehicle's interior panelling to discover the secret therein.

How well the job of concealment had been done was proved by the fact that two of the three vehicles had once been stopped and scrutinised in separate spot-checks by the police, and passed as innocent to continue on their way.

Preparedness for all contingencies was a standard rule with all units of the BFF whenever engaged in any operation. Thus the occupants of the two

vehicles stopped had ready for the police a thoroughly plausible account for being where they were at the time they were stopped.

Pirate Announcements

Another form of broadcasting took place on the occasion when another unit in another part of the country invaded and took charge temporarily of the station announcement room at Leeds railway station in the city centre, briefly holding captive the small staff there. In no more than two minutes a declaration of war on alien occupation and control and the repulsive renegades involved was delivered, the unit then making an unimpeded departure while surprise and uncertainty numbed staff as it did passengers, and before the police were summoned and could arrive.

You can readily imagine the impact on travellers there awaiting an announcement of the impending arrival of the 8.20am train from Newcastle-upon-Tyne to London when, instead of this, stentorian words of outright rebellion reached their ears. You can be certain that they carried those words with them down the line to many more startled recipients who in turn passed them on to many more as a sensation not to be missed.

Something similar happened to the announcement system at the bustling Victoria Coach Station in the centre of London one Saturday afternoon as crowds boarded and alighted from long-distance coaches to and from places all over the country. They were bombarded with a similarly brief and impressive announcement of rebellion which they took with them to wherever they were going, talking about it all along the way and to people in plenty at their destination.

Leicester, by now largely Asian, had busied itself preparing for a Racial Integration Day to replace the May Day festivities of old, deemed to be redolent of White racism. Its main streets were festooned in readiness for the great event when processions in praise of indiscriminate human mixture would pass along for hours, helped on their way by exhortations and acclamations translated into various foreign tongues, interspersed with portions of Asian music, from an array of loudspeakers linked to a microphone in the town hall. Yet, just a few minutes before the scheduled start of official broadcasting from the loudspeakers, timed to start with the beginning of the processions, something went horribly wrong and quite spoiled the affair.

The mishap was in the form of a cunning connection introduced into the output cable from the microphone to the chain of loudspeakers. This output cable ran from the town hall by way of a nearby maintenance

chamber in the ground which had been temporarily taken over that morning by a couple of men representative of a resurgent Britain, although dressed and equipped as though workmen of Leicester Council. They had connected to the output cable a tape recorder governed by a timer. You can imagine with what relish the pair of workmen from the BFF, as they did their little job, savoured the forthcoming embarrassment of the race-mixing dignitaries of Leicester in consequence of their contribution to the May Day festivities. This took the form of five minutes of fiery denunciation of the evil of racial integration and the vested interests behind it, delivered to the many thousands then packing the centre of Leicester.

The sequel was that thereafter the grievously upset civic authorities of Leicester spent a great deal of time and a great amount of money specially to safeguard any and every civic event in the future from any similarly disastrous disturbance. There in the Midlands as elsewhere across the length and breadth of the land those engaged in browning and blacking the country came to wonder and wince in their thought as to where and when the men of the BFF would next emerge to strike. All the advantage of surprise lay with the men in the shadows, they full well knew.

War It Was

Political warfare, positively pursued in guerrilla mode and not just talk, was the distinctive and precise purpose of the BFF in its sharp awareness of the vulnerability of the enemy state alongside its undoubted strength. The unimaginative nationalists in the conventional parties, captivated by their ingrained veneration of majorities in the masses derived from the illusion known as 'democracy' propagated by the exploiters of that illusion, had always decried militant, political warfare as impracticable fantasy, the immature dreaming of boyish bravado. Their argument had been that the indispensable and preceding requirement for the success of such political warfare is a sufficiently substantial indeed massive base for it within the general public, something conspicuously lacking at the time and likely to remain so for the immediate future.

While the BFF recognised that a background of public support could sometimes be useful in respect of, for instance, supplies and hiding persons hunted by the enemy authorities, it also recognised the acute insecurity inherent in reliance on that support. Beyond this the fact was that the BFF was born in rejection of any notion that the particular range of operations which distinguished its rôle - namely small-scale, swift and brief attacks

where personnel emerged from a carefully maintained cover of conventional life, struck, and then disappeared back into that cover – depended on substantial support from the public, any more than common criminals escaped apprehension for spectacular robberies because of a support base in the general public.

The New War in 'Cyberspace'

Yet this disavowal of that supposed dependence on the general public, which is at the core of the democratic illusion whereby the manipulators of the system fool and exploit the population, did not mean that the BFF disregarded the general public and the value of its support as an auxiliary. Freedom Radio, described earlier on, was set up as a first measure of contact with the masses of the public, primarily for that large section of the London population devoid of computer connection to the Internet, and thus excluded from the community of cyberspace.

At the same time the vision of the BFF was certainly not restricted to the old practice of clandestine radio with its geographical limitation. Instead the new force of uprising was acutely mindful of the fast and vast expansion of the Internet and e-mail discourse, so that the BFF made sure that it was fully abreast all the time of the developments and opportunities in this continually expanding new world of communication which the forces of repression of the present regime were largely unable to control. Right from the start the innovative practitioners of insurgency were imaginatively alert to all the possibilities of what constituted a marvellous new sphere of unfettered political warfare, and they set about seeking to – and succeeding in – vigorously exploiting it.

A special unit was created for the purpose called Freedom Freeway, operating in elaborate circumstances of essential security. Inspirational information and incitement to resistance was plentifully disseminated, evading the censorship of the despots of democracy. Warfare by way of 'hacking' into and 'virus' strikes against enemy computers was continually conducted.

Additionally, a number of BFF 'spam houses' were set up in the United States (where free speech has some protection under the Constitution) thanks to the generous assistance of White patriots in that country. These 'spam houses', like their commercial equivalents, had sophisticated computer equipment which enabled them to 'scan' the Internet for new e-mail addresses and to deluge them with all manner of messages, apparently sent by different entities using – apparently – different Internet Service Providers.

The names of these sending entities and their 'ISPs' were changed continually. Some of these messages were propaganda sympathetic to the policy positions of the BFF, though never in the name of the BFF, which had been designated by the American government as a "terrorist organisation" against which U.S. anti-terrorism laws would apply. Other 'positive' messages were in the form of bulletins giving information suppressed by the alien-dominated mass media in Britain. 'Negative' messages were also poured out in the form of various types of 'black propaganda' and 'disinformation', purportedly issued either by supporters of Jewish power and multi-racialism or "independent" news organisations – or seemingly apolitical and wholly shameless scandal-mongers.

In short, the BFF sought and succeeded in attaining proficiency in adopting and adapting all the plentiful potentialities of the open territory of cyberspace drastically to damage the interests of the tyrants of Britain's ruination, and to advance the uprising.

Chapter 3

JUDGING A JUDGE

THE trial of a leader of a BFF unit, seized in a raid on an army depot for weapons and ammunition, began in Southampton in a court thickly ringed with armed guards because of the fear of an attempt at rescue. 'Merlin', the captured unit leader, had typically assigned himself the task of covering the withdrawal of his men with their booty, and he alone was captured when a hidden infra-red alarm – the only one in the immediate vicinity of the entrance and exit route undetected and thus not put out of action – was set off by a slight divergence on his part in his withdrawal. Guards, responding instantly, were able to surround and surprise and overpower him before he had a chance to detect them and elude them.

Brought to court and placed amid half a dozen guards, he refused to 'plead', refused to recognise the legitimacy of the jurisdiction and the authority of the judge, and, in a demonstration of this, turned his back on the rest of the proceedings, having briefly made his verbal rejection of them very clear. This dramatic defiance aggravated the high blood pressure of the wigged dispenser of alien 'justice' who, in a crescendo of repetition, delivered amid an impressive shower of spittle, in vain ordered the implacable 'Merlin' to turn and face him.

He was therefore obliged to seek some consolation in devoting a summing-up to the docile jury to a torrential denunciation of the BFF in general and 'Merlin' in particular, reaching an orgasm of gratification when, slowly pronouncing his words with impassioned accentuation to prolong the pleasure, he imposed life imprisonment without chance of remission on the doughty fighter. This, in terms of the fiendish maltreatment of rebel prisoners, was, he full well knew, tantamount to a death sentence suspended for but a short time to enable his captors to enjoy his punishment.

The trial came to an end without intervention by the BFF, apart from

the retort by 'Merlin' to the pronouncement of sentence. Turning now to face his tormentor, he broke his silence with a resounding verdict of his own:

"Victory to the fighters for freedom, and death to the forces of tyranny!"

The guards, having then hustled him away to the prison van awaiting him, relaxed, joking among themselves at what they saw as 'cold feet' of the BFF in the face of the show of strength by the guards. The prison van departed, conveying 'Merlin' to his intended doom. The judge and court staff departed too, convinced that this was the end of the matter with 'Merlin', destined to disappear from sight and memory.

But this was not to be. Some five miles along the way to the prison, the van had need to slow down to a crawl because of an obstructive car dawdling in front. Thereupon, while the car swung across the road and stopped just in front, a JCB digger, hired with false particulars, swung out of a farm track just behind and repeatedly rammed the rear door of the van until it broke open. Men from the unit led by 'Merlin' leapt from the car in front, overpowered the crew of the prison van, released their leader, and with him drove off at speed after immobilising the prison van and abandoning the digger. A short way ahead, on turning off on to a circuitous route of side roads, they stopped for just a couple of minutes to change the car's number plates.

Some hours later Judge Greenbaum retired early for the night in his luxurious home deep in the Hampshire countryside. Reposing cosily in his bed, he indulged in gloating contemplation of the distinctly less comfortable night confronting that awful person who had earlier that day defied and insulted him, but was now experiencing the penalty, beginning his amply deserved punishment encompassing the rest of his miserable life. The thought of the fellow's outrageous impudence, however, even now caused him to splutter anew in still-smouldering rage, despite all his ruminations on retribution. He was not to know that all too shortly he would have cause for more agitation over the fellow.

He had been asleep barely a couple of hours when a severe slap on his face awoke him and brought him to see six men portentously terrifying in their black hoods, surrounding his bed. One of them, who happened to be 'Merlin', commanded him to keep absolutely still and quiet during the court proceedings now to take place, or suffer instantaneous chastisement. Then, with this order being fearfully obeyed, 'Merlin' proceeded, in a striking reversal of their rôles of the past day, to present as prosecuting judge the

indictment against Isaac Greenbaum. This was a damning record of his misdeeds in enforcing the tyranny's travesty of justice against patriotism.

The recumbent accused, his bed now the dock, was then given an opportunity in this his trial for complicity in the structure of suppression to present his defence: an opportunity in which he displayed gross ineptitude and grovelling self-abasement. Sweating and stuttering profusely in his terror, he pleaded in whining tones and wheedling phrases for compassionate understanding and mercy. He had only been doing his job, he sobbed, and that in order to avoid disfavour and disgrace. He reached a near-hysterical climax in a flood of apologies to the Freedom Fighters, begging to be forgiven and given a second chance.

'Merlin' then conferred with his comrades while Greenbaum gasped and gulped in his consternation. The verdict of the court was then announced to the quivering creature in the bed, probably the first time in British legal history that a verdict had been delivered to a prisoner in bed, and, moreover, who was supposed to be a judge. Greenbaum was told he had been convicted of complicity in the system of oppression, and sentenced to receive six lashes of a whip from each of the six Freedom Fighters present. A sobbing Greenbaum was then hauled out of the bedclothes, and, with his back uppermost, held crosswise on top of them, with his pyjama trousers lowered, while the punishment was delivered, amid howls of pain from the squirming Jew.

At the end of the punishment the judicial oppressor of patriots had been reduced to a heaving and moaning mass of flesh, his bare buttocks a mess of blood and weals. The BFF men then left him with a very clear warning indeed that any further persecution of patriots by him would certainly result in his death in distinctly unpleasant circumstances. In other words, Judge Greenbaum was placed on strict probation. Some safe time after their departure, newspapers received a communique from the BFF reporting the trial and the conviction and the punishment of Judge Greenbaum, following the release of 'Merlin' from wrongful imprisonment.

A Goaler Gets His Treatment

As James Murrow got out of his car that Thursday evening on his return from work, parking it outside the front door of his suburban home in readiness for a later trip to nearby friends for a meal, several figures detached themselves from the shadows of the trees and bushes in his front garden. His awaiting wife, taking a peep through the window on hearing the car's

arrival, had just time to glimpse her husband being swiftly grabbed and bundled into another vehicle which had simultaneously entered the drive, pausing just inside it for just the few moments required to place temporarily obscuring covers on its number plates before drawing up to receive the captive Murrow and his captors, and immediately go back down the drive, again pausing just for a few moments before emerging on the road, this time for the removal of the covers on the number plates.

The explanation of this drama in the drive, unknown to the wife at that particular time when she telephoned the police — who arrived too late to intercept the kidnapping vehicle there or elsewhere — was that her James, head of the Prison Department of the Home Office, had been taken prisoner by a unit of the Freedom Force intent on teaching him a well-deserved and unforgettable lesson of the painful prospects in store for those who maltreated captured members of that Force. The course of correction lasted three weeks. At the end of it a haggard and highly subdued head of the custodial branch of the hated Home Office — almost unrecognisable from the corpulent figure at the time he was taken from his car — was conveyed a sufficiently long and thus deemed safe distance away from his penal accommodation, and then dumped on the road side just outside a small town, and left to make his own way home to his wife who was almost reconciled to never see him again.

But to go back to what preceded Murrow's release at the road side, his course of treatment involved almost utter starvation, drastically weakening to both body and mind, vitality and will. This reduction took place in a window-less room of perpetual darkness in which he was confined, deprived of his watch, and without any means of knowing the passage of time, day into night and night into day, which is an excruciating disorientation. In this place of timeless blackness he was left alone with no company other than his distinctly disturbing thoughts and several toilet pails sufficient for his stay, at the end of which he would have to empty and clean them, and to and from which he had to grope his way very cautiously indeed.

A metal plate with only one piece of dry bread and a metal mug only of water were at irregular intervals thrust through a very briefly opened small shutter in the door, after a whistle had been blown by the guard to alert the prisoner and require first of all the return of the plate and mug of the previous occasion. Apart from any noise Murrow himself made or his gaoler made in bringing bread and water, utter silence accompanied the utter darkness. Anything he attempted to say to his gaoler went totally unanswered,

apart from half-ration at the next feeding time which he had been told on arrival would be the punishment for talking plus an extension of his imprisonment by one day per occasion. Murrow thus experienced the utmost isolation, the horrors of the void.

Two weeks of this deprivation of sight and sound and nourishment were sufficiently debilitating and disorientating to affect markedly not only his former physical shape but also his former state of mind, rendering him amenable to the formulation of a new self. Bereft of his arrogant conceit by the sheer humiliation of his penal circumstances, and beset interminably with gruesome fantasies of fear germinating in a mind put out of balance by the prolonged darkness and silence, Murrow had become frantically desperate for the sight and sound of another person, whoever it might be. So eager had he become to escape the agony of his limbo that he was prepared to welcome frantically the mere presence, the mere voice of some other person, and with that to embrace any and all requirements imposed on him by that saviour from exclusion and isolation. This meant that he had reached a state wherein he had become highly susceptible to the eradication of past beliefs and the implantation of new ones by a controller.

It was then that a saviour in the form of a controller did appear to the rapturous gratitude of James Murrow. This was a member of the unit which had seized and imprisoned him: a member who had elected to specialise in applied psychology, and who within the remaining week of Murrow's custody brought the man, now so anxious to ingratiate himself, to recognise with fervent repulsion the wickedness of his past treatment of imprisoned patriots, and to experience an overwhelming urge to avoid and prevent this in the future. Indeed on the day of his release by way of being dumped on the road side as already related the former oppressor of imprisoned Freedom Fighters, now most abjectly repentant, sought to kiss the hand of his controller in an overflow of thanks for his regeneration.

For some six months thereafter reborn Mr. Murrow successfully because slyly undermined the Prison Service's persecution of captured Freedom Fighters by piecemeal measures of amelioration before his palliatives became too noticeable and objectionable to his superiors, and the Home Secretary decided he had to go by way of early retirement because of his apparent decline into softness. The Minister never came to know of his subordinate's mind-moulding treatment during his capture, making of him virtually a new person. All that this new person ever told people on his return from his three-week absence was that he had suffered days of chastisement and depri-

vation for his rôle in the regime.

The benefit temporarily derived from the brainwashing of James Murrow was much added to by steps taken around the same time to make it personally known to many Prison Service personnel by communication stating name and address and some other personal facts of identity and daily life that they were under close watch, and that maltreatment of BFF prisoners would most certainly result in severe punishment in one form or another to them and their families. Those pinpointed in this way were thus placed on probation as prisoners of prescribed conduct.

An Editor Eats His Words

"Conference in Session: Do not Disturb!" read the card on the handle of the editor's room in the seething innards of the *Daily Despatch*. The editor, Julius Silver, was an imperious character whose commands were not to be contravened. Thus the bustling minions of his staff left the room strictly unvisited. The paper was the main outlet in London for the views and requirements of the government of alien occupation and control then in power in the country.

Inside the sequestered editor's room sat an unusually silent and spasmodically trembling Silver. Near to him were four men who appeared to be in charge of the situation. One of them waved in Silver's direction from time to time, as if to lend emphasis to points in his denunciation of the editor which he was delivering, an object consisting of a pliable stem which had at one end a bulb of rubber filled with lead shot, and which was commonly known as a cosh. This moving object Silver surveyed with visible apprehension.

On his desk there now lay a pile of copies of the paper for the day previous which Silver had been required to telephone for to be left outside the door, and which one of his visitors had then brought in after a pause for the messenger to go away. This happened to be an issue containing a particularly vicious editorial, penned by our Julius himself, attacking the BFF as a band of depraved terrorists devoted to damaging the new system of racial harmony the superlative merits of which he described.

Before long, one by one the four men attending Silver slipped separately from the room. At the first unobserved opportunity on leaving the building, they removed items of simple disguise before merging with the crowd of pedestrians in the street, and departing the area.

✓ The commandment on the card on the editor's door not to be disturbed

remained obeyed for about an hour afterwards before the news editor, getting no answer when telephoning for some urgent guidance, plucked up courage to knock on the door, to do so several times more on receiving no response, and eventually to open it. The sight which met his eyes was truly amazing. Silver lay on the floor. His arms and legs were securely bound. His mouth was sealed with surgical tape.

On his desk were strewn copies of the previous day's issue with its editorial removed. Pinned to Silver's jacket was a notice declaring that as a fitting punishment for his foul editorial its author had been obliged, literally, to eat his words. In fact, as Silver subsequently disclosed, he had been obliged under the duress of the waving cosh to take into his mouth and chew and digest no less than 50 copies of his editorial.

Rushed to hospital in abdominal agony from his unaccustomed repast, Silver more or less recovered physically in about a week. He never fully recovered mentally from his experience, and, after a short spell back at his desk in the room of his punishment, he and the proprietor of the *Daily Despatch* readily concurred that it was best that he should vacate his post, since the prospect of writing further editorials caused him to experience a most acute pain in the stomach and the need to race to the toilet to vomit.

It can be finally added that word of what had happened to Julius Silver percolated in time to all reaches of the journalistic fraternity, even if its divulgence to the general public was restricted. Doing so it undoubtedly had some moderating effect on the enthusiasm of the prostitutes of the pen to vilify the BFF to the extent that they and Silver had previously done, so his forcible intake of his own material was not only poetic justice but also substantially chastening.

The Return of Robin Hood

At times units of the BFF gladly, indeed, gleefully, performed in the rôle of the legendary Robin Hood, robbing those massively rich by manifest injustice in order to recompense their victims. One such occasion of rightful robbery involved an Isaac Belcovsky of Manchester who had amassed an immense fortune by fastening and battenning on the poor of that city, lending them at a voraciously high rate of interest the money to keep going in penury from one week to the next, taking such things as wedding rings as surety.

This vulture was one morning studiously engaged in stuffing an enormous breakfast into his bulging body at his luxurious residence, well

away from the drab tenements and tower blocks of his victims, when justice, Robin Hood style, arrived unexpectedly on his door step. The servant who answered the bell was grabbed, shoved inside, bound and gagged, and left on the hall floor.

Hearing in his dining room some muffled noise from the event in the hall, the gorging glutton called out to his servant in a mixture of enquiry and reprimand. The response was the arrival, guided by his voice as to his location, of three hefty men from a car left at the front door. Three other hefty colleagues remained in a back-up car at the entrance to the drive to watch the house and wait.

Isaac was at that point engaged in poking a large portion of fried egg into his eager and capacious mouth. The startling entry of his visitors caused him to become convulsed with food-spraying coughing. Thereupon one of the visitors came to his aid with a very violent blow to his back which suitably subdued him, rendering him attentive to what was then to be said to him.

The gist of this was that very shortly he would be visiting his bank, after being drilled in what he had to do and the frightening consequences, if he failed to follow instructions entirely and exactly, or sought to alarm bank staff or call for help. The three now with him would take him to the bank where one of them would accompany him inside to observe and listen near at hand. Isaac would draw £10,000 in £20 notes and leave the bank in the company of his three attendants who would bring him back to his home, relieve him of the money, and then arrange for the delayed release of Isaac and his lackey from immobilising bonds by way of a time lock incorporated in them. If he should manage to escape in the bank or the street, then he could be quite sure that far more than £10,000 worth of damage would be done to him and his home on some future occasion.

After receiving these instructions and warnings, and, to emphasise their importance, a painful pummelling to parts of his anatomy covered by clothing so that bruising was not visible, the plundering parasite was taken out and placed in the car at the door, the other one at the entrance to the drive ready to follow.

Belcovsky performed well-nigh perfectly at the bank in the wake of his intimidation. He was returned to his home and there relieved of the money, and then given a final task before release. This was to produce his account books which he was in the habit of bringing home from his office to gloat over. He was then compelled to sit down and address an envelope to each of his current and past victims, and insert £20 notes in them all as far as the

bank withdrawal allowed. He was commanded then to seal the envelopes and finally to affix stamps on them. The stamps were provided by the BFF which was then reimbursed from the contents of Belcovsky's wallet for the postage and also the petrol and time taken in that current pursuit of justice, and beyond that a contribution to BFF funds to the extent of the remainder of the money from the wallet.

As the final price for their departure, the men from the BFF imposed two consummating conditions. The first was that every week for the next two months he must post, anonymously, £20 to every victim then on his books in a further act of penitent philanthropy. The second was that he had from now on to reduce his interest charge to the equivalent of five per cent per annum, or, if that was not enough for him, stop lending. He was left in no doubt that he would be permanently watched over in respect of conformity to these two conditions. In the event of any default he would be subjected to corrective treatment far more painful than on this initial occasion, and from which he most likely would not survive.

The anguish of the moneylender at this reduction of his ill-gotten gains was equalled by the big-eyed delight of his badly bled borrowers when they opened their envelopes the following day, a delight which was rekindled each week thereafter when further bounty arrived by post. A rumour did arise and go round that the BFF had something to do with the improvement in the finances of a section of the suffering poor of Manchester. True or untrue, this conjecture was quite a bit beneficial to the image of that Force in the minds of those people.

A Sermon of Redress

Lucius Lilywhite, leading member of the Gay Christian Brotherhood and of the Racial Fusion Society, Minister of St. Marks in Huddersfield, performed as was his wont in the pulpit that Sunday morning. That is to say he pursued his customary, parsonical perambulations through the themes of the all-the-sameness in god's eyes, and the ever-present necessity of shunning the slightest sign of racial and sexual discrimination, if eventual entry through the golden gates of the paradise of eternal bliss was to be achieved. It was the spectacle of his overflowing zeal in advocating the abandonment of all inhibition regarding racial mixture and acceptance of homosexuality as the true path of god's purpose which had marked him out as the country's leading exemplar of New Age Christianity.

Having at the close of the service and the departure of the congregation

passed a few words with the sexton before dismissing him as not needed till the evening, he entered the vestry to disrobe. There he found awaiting him several members of a BFF unit. Blocking his exit, they made him immediately aware, as they seized him and muffled his mouth temporarily with a scarf, that any cry for help was not only highly unlikely to be heard but highly likely to have most unpleasant consequences for him from those surrounding him.

When that message had sunk in, something else was made to sink in. That is to say the minister's jacket was removed, his left arm's shirt sleeve rolled up, and, while that arm was tightly gripped by two of the team, another inserted the needle of a hypodermic syringe into it. What he then received thereby was a dose of a drug from a purloined stock of this and other medications which had been acquired by a member of the unit who happened to be a hospital orderly, and which for a number of hours would render this priest of perversion thoroughly submissive to the dictates of his captors.

After a pause of some ten minutes to allow the drug to take full effect, there began for the unlucky Lilywhite the arduous and lengthy task of becoming word-perfect in memorising a new text for his evening sermon which was, to say the least, decidedly unorthodox; prepared for him by the Freedom Fighters. Hours passed with the pōōr pathfinder to heaven kept hard at it. Any distraction or sign of weariness or insufficiency of zeal on his part being instantly met with an effective combination of verbal reprimand and sound slaps to the heavenly pathfinder's face.

At last, with a comfortable margin of time to spare, he reached the required level of proficiency, being able to engage in a faultless delivery of the entire sermon. His invigilators then made it abundantly clear to the troubled representative of the alleged maker of the universe that, unless he delivered that same sermon with the same perfection at the shortly forthcoming evening service, his chances of meeting that maker considerably in advance of normal expectation would be much increased. They would, they assured him, be watching and listening from the vestry, its door kept very slightly ajar to enable this supervision.

Just before the first of the evening congregation made an appearance, a somewhat dreamy-eyed devotee of divinity emerged from the vestry and took his customary place just inside the church door to greet his incoming flock of spiritual sheep. The service began. At the appropriate juncture, Lilywhite mounted the pulpit. There and then began a happening which

had those sheep dazed and dumfounded-from start to finish.

He opened up by freely and fiercely confessing his sins of racial and sexual error hitherto, denouncing the Gay Christian Brotherhood as a band of loathsome perverts and the Racial Fusion Society as a bunch of ethnic freaks. These foul bodies, he said, were working in effect if not also in intention for the ruination of Britain.

Warming to his work along the way, he progressed to passionate laudation of the cause of racial preservation for Britain's Whites and their freedom from alien influence and control. In the course of this, he described the rôle of the Jews in terms considerably less than complimentary. The preacher even concluded in fine fettle by congratulating the Freedom Force on its fight for right against evil, and exhorting his gaping and thunderstruck parishioners to give it all the support they could.

Thereupon terminating the service with a brief prayer of blessing for those who fought for Britain's freedom and those who aided those who did so - which, it must be said, was not part of but additional to his memorised sermon: a piece of spontaneous supplementation in an overflow of missionary zeal prompted by all that he had said before - he made his way to the vestry well before the first indications that the drug was wearing off. It was some time before the sexton's shock wore off sufficiently for him to venture into the vestry, after receiving no response to a knock on the door. There he found the inmate slumped in a chair, babbling semi-incoherently in subdued volume before proceeding to collapse in a coma on the floor. The stricken priest's visitors had of course flitted away with the congregation before this development.

Reverend Lilywhite shortly and entirely recovered in body. His mind, however, remained affected for the rest of his days. His problem was that he remained confused as to his true identity: was he really intended to be the spokesman of homosexual multiracialism he had been prior to his induced sermon, or was he really meant to be the voice of that sermon, the born-again believer in its words? Had his visitors in the vestry been monstrous conveyors of foul thoughts, or the communicants of divine purpose?

Whatever the answer, he could never have lived down that extraordinary occurrence, even if it had not left him with its aftermath of disabling doubt. Consigned by his ecclesiastical superiors to an indefinite period of convalescence in consequence of what seemed to have been an acute nervous breakdown, he resigned from life with all its complexity a few months later, believing that in the new existence awaiting him above he would find full

enlightenment as to where truth and right really lay, and with it forgiveness for any and all misunderstanding and wrongdoing in his time below at St. Marks in Huddersfield.

He left behind on earth, among that substantial section of the clergy and the church-going public and others who came to hear by the gradual diffusion of word of mouth something of what had happened at that church of St. Marks, a strong suspicion that the BFF had something to do with it. This suspicion engendered the salutary conclusion that, whatever might be the rewards of the afterlife, the preaching of what the BFF regarded as racial treason and degeneracy could have distinctly unpleasant results in this life.

Chapter 4

SOME SPECIAL SCHOOLING

AS viewed by the ardent 'progressives' of millennial Britain, the Nelson Mandela Comprehensive School in Nottingham represented the beckoning beacon of advance. Its pupils were 70 per cent Coloured and its 30 per cent of Whites were an ever-lessening minority, systematically subordinated to the ways and interests of the ever-expanding majority. They were made to observe the customs and festivals of Afro-Asian lands, immerse themselves in the slanted history of these people and places, and ape the Coloured children in every conceivable way, even adopting their kind of clothing and ornament and talk and song and behaviour, becoming, as the BFF saw it and said it: "*White niggers*".

In so far as Britain and the British were referred to, it was always and only to denigrate them utterly. Thus they were brought, as the focal point and pivot of their education, to feel guilty for being White, ashamed of their people and their past, eager to reject the slightest manifestation of British patriotism as rampant 'racism' – the manufactured term of hate for White racial feeling – as about the worst of human aberrations. Virtue accordingly lay in a wholehearted abasement before their brown and black betters, and in a burning desire to to be accepted to mix with them, despite the burden of guilt derived from their ancestors. The ultimate absolution depicted to them was only to be sought in the culmination of this mixing, namely miscegenation, the radiant goal of ascending humanity in the rejection and ruination of racial ancestry.

Consonant with this, they were taught by their slovenly attired and ungainly teachers, who closely resembled the human refuse which had been known as 'New Age Travellers', that homosexuality and other forms of sexual perversion were not only thoroughly acceptable but the up-and-coming thing, destined to supplant as backward and bigotted 'straight' or

normal sexual activity conducive to the reproduction of the race. Expectedly linked to this particular degeneracy in the descent to death of a nation was the depiction of drug taking as highly understandable, if not completely tolerable. The result was that the playground became a marketplace for a variety of toxic and addictive substances, those teachers who were themselves addicts not only making their propaganda for drug tolerance with that much more enthusiasm, but patronising the market themselves. Hence the spectacle of pupils and even teachers in a narcotic stupor in the classroom, following the injection or ingestion in the toilet, had become a commonplace feature of the school named after the sanctified Black terrorist of times past.

Along with the input of drugs and other attendant poison of race mixing, order and discipline were deliberately lacking, ridiculed as belonging to an old and hateful order of White authoritarianism from which fascist bondage liberation had been achieved. The regular pandemonium which this liberation meant was conceived by the freaks entrusted with the care and cultivation of the younger generation as the essential self-expression of enlightened education.

This state of affairs at the Nelson Mandela School, present to varying degrees of development at all other schools in the country, was indicative of the communistic take-over which had been achieved not only in the educational system, viewed as a prime target by the Reds, but also in a whole array of other targeted areas vital to the attainment of a predominant influence in society and thereby control of the public and thereby control of the state. Long ago the Reds had learnt the lesson that they could not hope to gain power through the open contest of an avowed Communist Party at the ballot box, but that they could arrive at the same end surreptitiously by quiet, inconspicuous, gradual, piecemeal infiltration of persons into positions where insidiously and persistently they could successfully inject the ideas and practices of the communist creed.

The measure of the success of this method of acquiring power was the extent to which, at the beginning of the 21st Century, Britain had to all intents and purposes become a communist country in fact, while not in name. Ruled by a virtual dictatorship behind a facade of party competition and electoral choice, it had become a country of compulsory collectivisation through multiracial and unisexual integration and consumer standardisation. Its characterising, communistic compulsion showed itself in its array of repressive legislation banning free speech on racial matters, banning discrim-

ination whether racial or sexual, banning marches and meetings by patriotic bodies, and banning much else besides.

It was against this background that the teaching staff of the Nelson Mandela School received one day at the school, through the mail, what was to them a most disturbing and distasteful communication, which, addressed to each by name, caused extra anxiety by showing that the sender had them under surveillance. This was a notice warning them in so many words that their vile activities in the pollution of the young had been observed and noted, and that, unless they ceased forthwith, they would be punished with due severity.

The written notice was followed on the evening of the same day that it was received at the school with a message on the telephone to each teacher at home, the keynote of which was: "*Remember!*" They should remember, the message said in elaboration of the opening word, the warning issued earlier in the day. To reinforce the impact each teacher was told details of home and movement which sufficed to convince the hearer that he or she was being very closely watched.

The worrying impact of this follow-up call was increased much more by the sight which confronted them on arrival at the school the next morning. Across a staff room wall was painted in black in huge letters the single but most disturbing word "*Remember!*"

They did indeed remember and take heed with the exception of one alone among them, a cocksure partisan of the Marxist "people's paradise", who boasted that he had not been deterred by the warning, and proposed to continue his activities as before, a declaration of defiance which somehow came to the knowledge of those who issued the warning. In consequence his display of defiance did not last long, less than 24 hours in fact, before he was bundled unnoticed into a car which had pulled alongside him on his way to his nearby fish and chip shop for his supper. From there he was conveyed to a refuse dump suitable both by usage and seclusion. Tied by a length of rope to the towing bracket of the car, he was then hauled up and down the expanse of waste ground. At first for a very short while he managed to keep on his feet in a frantic run. But thereafter he experienced the exercise being dragged and bounced along on his back or his stomach in howling torment at the frictional abrasions of his flesh and the brutal bruising of his bones.

When the course of correction was completed to the satisfaction of his tutors, James Hindley, poisoner of young minds and challenger of the

Freedom Force, had been reduced to a ragged and bleeding and whimpering wreck, worth not a second of pity, if you keep in mind the appalling nature of his past corruption of young Whites. Required on the spot to confess his sins and repent, or to continue to be trailed till torn to pieces, he denounced himself promptly and plentifully, concluding with a plea to be given a second chance, and a promise to mend his ways. He was told that his second – and last – chance was granted, but that first he had to figure as an object lesson in his classroom to reinforce his reform.

He was then somewhat tidied-up and taken to his school. There the two-man night shift of school guards was swiftly and silently overcome and trussed-up for an unscheduled repose, and the penitent Hindley was taken to his classroom well in advance of the time of the morning lessons, and installed there to confront his pupils. When those pupils of Class 5 entered the room for the first lesson of the new day, it was to find – to their no small amusement after their initial surprise – their teacher tied to his chair and the chair to the desk.

More than that, his face and hands had been covered with black, theatrical greasepaint so that he now resembled a coon from a Coloured minstrel show from the cheerful days before 'political correctness', the euphemism for creeping communism, arrived to exclude such forbidden fun. This was not inappropriate for a man who had been so intent on blackening Britain. Strung from his neck was a placard informing beholders that this was a race-polluting renegade who had been punished for his abuse of his position, and would be dealt with even more severely, if he continued in his ways.

When he was untied, and the huge wad of cotton wool inserted in his taped-shut mouth removed, the miserable creature was found to have embarked on a nervous breakdown which completely incapacitated him for weeks, and left him in a state of recurrent disturbance of his mind, imagining further confrontation with the BFF. This soon obliged the local education department to dispense with his services on a basis of permanent invalidity, but not before what had happened to him became widely known, and so served as an effective instrument of deterrence.

His former colleagues of the school staff were never allowed to forget what had happened to him. From time to time they received unnerving telephone calls, exceedingly brief and to the point, consisting of the single word "*Remember!*" Many teachers elsewhere, who distinguished themselves by the extent of their harmfulness to the young, received similar telephone calls too, but these were longer to ensure that the message was thoroughly

understood, being enhanced with a brief but adequate account of the fate of Hindley, spiced with excerpts from a tape-recording of his suffering at the refuse dump. So it was that many a teacher of degeneracy was put to school and effectively taught a lesson to mend his or her ways.

A Race-Mixing Reward

Wendy Woodall was nominally a White woman. However, the colour of her skin was about the only connection with her race that she manifest. Her delight was to flaunt herself and her Negro lover as rôle models for inter-racial mating, seized on and paraded as admirable by the malignant media in its work of national demoralisation.

How despicably depraved she was could be gauged by the fact that she sought and acquired a fortune in payments from newspapers for lurid stories of her eager, though ultimately unsuccessful, attempt to give birth simultaneously to no less than eight black-and-white mongrels – all at the expense of the taxpayers' National Health Service of course – as her contribution to civilisation. She provided extra titillation for the gutter press by joyfully and enthusiastically proclaiming her personal and plentiful experience of the far superior, sexual ability of Black men as her supreme measure of human excellence. No White woman, she enthusiastically declared, would henceforth waste her time and talents with those vastly inferior pleasure-providers, White males, once she had experienced the superior performance of Black males.

It will be hardly surprising, therefore, that this most abominable of sluts, thrown up by the degeneracy that is democracy, attracted the attention of a women's unit of the BFF. Deeming Woodall a racial pervert of such criminality as required exhibitory and exemplary correction of a special order, they swooped on her one evening at her expensive home in south London while her negro mate was out, shaved her head, then took her off and smuggled her into less comfortable but superbly suitable quarters: the inside of a cage of monkeys at London Zoo.

To the railings outside the cage was affixed a placard saying that, since she seemed to be ready to mate with monkeys, she had been placed with them to facilitate matters, and that other sluts with the same depraved proclivities could expect the same change of residence. Newspapers which had given her such prominence, patronising her debauchery, received a telephone call informing them of her change of address. However, it might have been thought from the increased volume of gibberish emanating from the

monkeys in the shared apartment that they were not at all in favour of that change of address.

Her bedfellow of a Black, Paul Rudson, was not left uncared-for. He was seized shortly afterwards that same night by a male unit of the BFF as he was about to re-enter their lair of lechery. He was discovered a couple of hours later lying shackled on a secluded bench in a park locked for the night but broken into by the BFF who on leaving had summoned press reporters. Through the good service of a medical student who was a member of the unit, he had been heavily sedated and permanently deprived of his testicles. He was thus left bereft of the means further to excel with Woodall or any other White woman of similar debasement.

A placard attached to the park bench concisely explained that he was a recidivist of a race criminal who had promiscuously sown his seed interracially in the past, plentifully polluting White women, and accordingly had now been rendered harmless for the future. It added that any other Black also indulging in interracial sex could expect the same outpatient treatment as Rudson. It was wonderful how many of the would-be interracial seed-sowers took heed of the message and henceforth confined their seeding to their own dark kind!

Setting the Judgement Straight

The Leicester Tribunal sat on that Friday to consider, among other complaints of racial discrimination, one from a Pakistani alleging that he had been refused, simply because of his race, well-paid employment with a firm making electrical instruments. The chairman of the tribunal that day was a revolting renegade of the name of Simon Henderson who was obsessed with the opportunities afforded by his position for redressing what he conceived as the past wrongs of the Whites against colonised Coloureds. This was to be done, he was convinced, by always wronging the many Whites complained of these days to his tribunal entrusted with adjudication against racial discrimination. Such remedial bias he saw as, moreover, very appropriate for a Britain where the Coloureds were now pampered and privileged in recognition of their right and readiness to take over the land and its assets through the power of their proliferation.

Hence it was that, while he put on the required show of listening, albeit with visible signs of impatience, to the overwhelming evidence from the accused, an English-managed firm represented by its managing director, that the complainant lacked the necessary aptitude and experience, and had on

this ground alone been rejected for the vacancy, he ruled nevertheless in favour of the complainant. He did so by way of holding up the arcane argument that prejudice could be conceived as present in the firm as something in-built on account of its English management, and thus would have operated even if the applicant had been superbly suitable for the vacancy. In other words, the firm was in any event to be seen as inevitably guilty of institutional racism.

Beaming benevolently at the complainant, he awarded that intruder from the East £10,000 compensation. He then turned a face of fury towards the defendant firm's managerial representative, and, wagging a finger for extra emphasis, delivered a scorching denunciation of its hidebound attitude, accompanied by a fearful warning as to the dreadful consequences awaiting it, if it ever again offended any Coloured person.

The next morning, being that of a Saturday, Chairman Henderson was relaxing in his home after a weary week of penalising discrimination, surrounded by his cherished antiques acquired through his high remuneration for harassing his own people. The door bell sounded. On the doorstep he found several men wearing simple items of disguise such as plain-glass spectacles, a detachable moustache, a cap or hat; these nevertheless sufficient to change their appearance considerably. He had just time to espy a van behind them bearing a sign saying *Express Removals* and with some other men on its front seats, before he was bundled inside his house and the door shut.

He was not to know that the sign, on removable sheets of plastic on both sides of the vehicle, obscured painted lettering giving the details of the self-drive firm from which it had been hired by means of a driving licence and insurance certificate bearing a false identity. When, at a quiet turning off on the way, the covering signs had been affixed, false number plates had been fixed in place of the previous ones, and with a deftness born of practice.

While a spluttering Henderson, face livid with resentment, was temporarily consigned, along with his hysterical wife, to a bedroom under guard, the removal commenced. Within a short space of time, the best of the more portable of Henderson's valuables reposed no longer in the Henderson residence. Instead they lay in the van. The prepared procedure of departure was then followed. This meant first of all that Mrs. Henderson was placed on the bedroom floor, securely gagged and tied to a leg of the bed. Considerately, although she hardly deserved it, having married and stayed with her swine of a husband, a pillow was placed for her head and back to rest against

until, some 24 hours later, she was released as the result of a telephone call to the local police by the BFF, a little after one to the local press communicating the reason for the raid and the removal.

As for the husband, he was blindfolded, brought downstairs, and deposited in the boot of his own car which was then driven off to be shortly abandoned after there connecting with another vehicle into the boot of which the panting prisoner was transferred. He was then transported to a place known in the BFF as 'The Reformatory'. This was a former rectory set deep in rural Shropshire which had been bought on behalf of the BFF by one of its founding few to be a place of punishment, re-education and penitence for functionaries of the evil system of lesser enormity than arch culprits like Julius Silverstein, alias Home Secretary Martin Hammond, who richly merited the execution they received by bullet or by bomb. This was the place where James Murrow of the Home Office had been processed, but in a different manner than the purely punitive treatment awaiting Henderson.

The Leicester offender was kept in solitary confinement, fed on a minimum of food, bedded on a bare floor, roused at first light, and for the three weeks of his stay subjected to a programme designed to fit the crime, and keep the criminal constantly aware of his past wickedness. Thus was operated there a microsystem of justice and punishment parallel to but entirely contrary in its ethics to that of the regime in power. In the case of the tribunal chairman he was obliged over and over again, day by day, to sit as if conducting a tribunal hearing of a complaint of discrimination by a Coloured person. In his concluding judgement he had then to commend the White defendant for his rightful preference for his own people, and condemn the Coloured complainant for taking advantage of his intrusion into the defendant's land to try and harass that defendant by bringing the complaint.

Before and after the daily sitting of the mock tribunal, he had over and over again to chant a dirge of regret for all the decisions he had made in the past injurious to his fellow Whites to whom his allegiance should lie, and beneficial to the racial strangers who did not belong to Britain, and therefore deserved to be discriminated against. "*I regret*" was the keynote of his days in detention, productive of catharsis of the spirit.

By the time he was released one night by way of being taken out blindfolded, driven many miles away, and deposited in a ditch, it can be said that the offender was not only distinctly thinner and lighter but also quite a bit wiser, and did truly regret what had brought on his arrest and

imprisonment. He told what he could of this when admitted to hospital and visited by the press, after being discovered by a passing motorist, wandering about in a distressed condition after emerging from the ditch.

On returning to Leicester later, he tendered his resignation from a post he could no longer cope with. But that was not entirely the end of the matter. It did appear that, after news of what had happened to Henderson got round and sank in, there was an unusually high rate of resignation from his sort of job, accompanied by a curious reluctance of others to come forward as replacements.

What happened to his beloved antiques? These he never saw again, although somewhat strangely he did not seem to miss them, as though he wished to push them from his mind as part of shutting out the past which had brought such trouble to him. Those antiques found their way in the hired van to various sale rooms where they were exchanged for a sum greatly in excess of £10,000, the van being afterwards abandoned.

£10,000 found its way as a package through the letter box to the firm which had to pay that much in compensation to the Pakistani. This surprising benefaction was most happily accepted by the management, but, although they may have guessed who was their benefactor, they understandably did not publicly disclose its receipt, and instead they ingeniously disguised it in their accounting to the satisfaction of the tax authorities.

The impudent intruder, the Pakistani, was not forgotten and neglected. He got his package too, put through his letter box one morning, after he and his wife had gone out to work, and their numerous children had gone off to school. Shortly after the delivery, an explosion ripped its way through the hall and much of the downstairs accommodation. The repair of the damage was estimated as something over £10,000.

The BFF delivery man had left a calling card in the form of a placard fixed to a stake in the front garden. It gave the justification and the identity of the force responsible for the explosive act of justice. The Pakistani's insurers decided the damage was in the excluded category of terrorism and war, and so refused to pay anything. This left the Pakistani to use the £10,000 he had been awarded by the tribunal, plus something extra from his own pocket, to pay for the repair himself.

The Sewer Man

Solomon Abel stretched back in his chair at his writing desk with a smirk of satisfaction. In front of him were his notes for his next piece in the

monthly magazine he published with the arresting title *Stoplight*. Its illumination was certainly reddish both by background and intent. Abel had started out in adulthood as a reporter for the Red rag which was the daily organ of the Communist Party in Britain. He had ascended its hierarchy of aspirant world revolution to the position of some functionary in its field force for the incitement of industrial unrest.

It was at that point that the comrades of communism decided with belated acumen that the millennium of Marx was not going to come about by straightforward advance, but could come about by surreptitious process of piecemeal introduction. The New Bolshevism which eager-eyed Abel proficiently embraced had many facets, and one of which he immediately took a fancy to was that of 'antifascism' in the style of Stalin's 'New Democracy'. This presentation made out that any and every sign or suggestion of racial feeling, however minute, which might germinate into opposition to Jews as promoters of communism was indisputably a recrudescence of German National-Socialism which was a bestiality without a single redeeming feature. This focus completely and steadfastly disregarded of course the fact that the system in Stalin's Soviet Union was the utmost in bestiality with the greatest array of concentration camps the world has ever seen and the greatest death toll by persecution of opponents. Naturally nothing was ever said about and against this by the antifascists of 'New Democracy'.

Solomon's stock in trade in the cause of antifascism was nothing short of sheer slime by way of skulduggery unlimited. Anything sufficed in print, however distorted or untrue, providing it served the lofty purpose of belittling or vilifying or harassing those who offended against the purposes and practices of communism. They were with photograph and address named for ostracism, persecution and assault upon person and property, their employers pressed to dismiss them, meetings denied to them or broken up. In all of this he had the benefit of a network of agents among the staff of newspapers, and of close co-operation with the State Security Police. His home, in which was located his office, was in fact directly linked both by telephone and alarm system to the local SSP station.

A glance at the clock reminded him that he had an appointment shortly with an important informant, and so needed to leave now to reach the venue in time. As he turned out of his entrance gate into the road, the vehicle of the round-the-clock police guard, alerted in advance by mobile telephone, started up and followed a distance behind. But not for long

because of the special studs which some time beforehand had been generously scattered on the road from a special container set just above ground level on a pram which a young woman had pushed across the road just in front of the police car, its deposits out of sight of the bored and yawning guardians of Solomon Abel.

With explosive hisses from perforated tyres and equally explosive damns from the two occupants, the police car slewed to a stop, the formerly escorted car in front continuing on its way with the man from *Stoplight* oblivious to being no longer guarded, so preoccupied was he with a preconception of the particularly succulent article of slime he expected to be able to contrive out of material to be provided by his informant. So preoccupied in fact was he that he did not observe that a different car had now taken up the police position just behind, different yet so near in appearance that it could easily have been taken for the original one.

The *Stoplight* man looked out for and found a vacant parking space near to the wine bar which was the venue, and attempted to get out. Attempted and no more because with very quick precision others got in and held him in, one of them inserting the point of a stiletto slightly into the back of his neck with the admonition to do precisely as he was told in absolute silence or else experience a much greater and possibly lethal insertion of the instrument of persuasion. Solomon wisely decided to do as he was told. He was told to drive the car off with the other car continuing to follow behind until on a piece of waste ground Solomon was briskly transferred to that other car with the encouragement of some jabs from the stiletto.

At this point it may well be asked how did the BFF men, for of course that was who they were, know that the man of muck from *Stoplight* was going out that afternoon and where he was going to? That interesting question must alas go unanswered in the interests of security. What can, however, be disclosed at this point is where he was by altered itinerary now going and why.

Solomon it should be explained, enhanced each issue of his *Stoplight* magazine with a page he captioned with unaccustomed honesty 'News from the Sewers', the sewers in question being the filthy abode of his foul mind. Well it so happened on the afternoon of retribution that the man from the sewers was on his way to them: just that. After dark he was put into a particularly nauseous main sewer on the outskirts of London and fastened with huge suction pads to the wall, upside down with his evil head just above the water line, that is providing the inflow did not largely increase.

In the intervening time of several hours before an unduly merciful BFF unit leader telephoned a London newspaper with the news of Solomon's sensational predicament as a result of his avid pursuit of more news from the sewers, and the newspaper called out the rescue services, the odious flow did rise to within a few inches of his agitated head. It is not surprising, therefore, that after hospital treatment for shock the distinctly chastened Hebrew decided to move into permanent retirement in Israel with not even a farewell issue of *Stoptlight* – which thus stopped without any warning at all.

As perhaps a stop press item here, there came not long afterwards sad news about a friend and collaborator of the sewer man: a cocky Asian who, as head of a local unit of a communist-front organisation of 'antifascism', had valiantly performed before television cameras in battering to bits a memorial to Rudolf Hess who had flown to Britain during the 1939-45 war and parachuted down to try and stop the fratricidal slaughter, but was for his altruistic gallantry put behind bars till his death some forty years later.

The cocky Asian, who had got away with his despicable desecration to the acclaim of *Stoptlight*, was discovered early one morning in a grievous condition at the base of a disused warehouse near to Glasgow. Apparently he had taken off at a high level without the benefit of a parachute, adorned with a placard reading "*Remember Rudolf Hess!*" Though he survived as a permanent cripple, he certainly never forgot the message and the circumstances of his wingless flight, his permanently disordered brain causing him at intervals to exclaim mournfully "*Remember Rudolf Hess!*"

Chapter 5

VIGILANTES FOR OUR RACE

The Freedom Force, as we have already seen, made a regular and extensive practice of selecting culprits in various fields of activity damaging to race and nation, and making examples of them and their punishment for the awareness of other culprits in those fields. Those other culprits thus got the message: “*We can be coming for you*”, a message which, multiplied over a substantial period of time, proved greatly effective in its contribution to a breakdown of the system through induced disquiet among its supporters and accepters. Also, through this practice of exemplary punishment, the general public was given a salutary awareness of conflict to disturb their apathy and evoke their sympathy, encouraging the emergence of whatever extent of restricted resistance their nature allowed.

Black Muggers, Drug Pushers and Pimps

In the course of its war on wrongdoing, the BFF made an example of its punishment of a particular gang of Black muggers who had been robbing, savaging and terrorising elderly Whites in a wide area of Liverpool. They were investigated, suitably seized singly or in pairs, taken to ‘The Reformatory’ and subjected to a punishment truly fitting their crime. That is to say they were repeatedly over several days obliged to mug each other under the threat of even more painful treatment by their captors, if they failed to do the job properly.

Having reduced each other to a state of injury meriting urgent medical attention as the pass mark in their course of correction, they were then conveyed in a van to a disused colliery a sufficiently long distance away from ‘The Reformatory’ so as not to cast suspicion on its location, and abandoned there – after a final good hiding by their captors for good measure – as a groaning group displaying a satisfactory level of grievous bodily harm.

The result of this intervention of the BFF vigilantes, who made sure it came to the notice of a large section of the public, was a significant slump in mugging in an area where this Black pastime had gone on almost unmolested, with the race-sensitive police hardly ever intervening, and, when they did, magistrates equally deferential to the Coloureds and the liberal doctrine of personal irresponsibility for crime treating the brutes with great leniency where they did not excuse them entirely. Naturally this measure of reform here and now, instead of the easily made election promises about a distant and unreliable future by nationalist parties engaged in the futility of ballot box battling, much impressed and pleased the old folk of the White minority in that area of Liverpool who henceforth had only praise in their hearts, if not permitted on their tongues, for the BFF as a people's power of police and justice which alone had come to their rescue.

The grievous problem of drugs, which was another sure sign of a Britain sinking into degeneracy, disorder and dissolution, received similarly unconventional and similarly effective treatment from the vigilantes of the BFF. Drug traders from the kingpins down to the mere pushers in the street and club and pub were sought out and seized despite their minders who were put to sleep with well-delivered blows from fist or baton. The traders were then, in the rear of an accompanying van, given an overdose of heroin which left them, after deposit in the gutter, their appropriate habitat, writhing in torment before the summoning and arrival of an ambulance to take them either to treatment in a hospital, or, if too late, temporary residence in a morgue.

Black pimps living off White prostitutes received due attention also. They were pounced on, pounded and placed in the gutter. The battering their bodies received corresponded to the degrading of the bodies of the White women they exploited, as the placards fixed to their disabled bodies recorded, warning all of their kind of the imminence of similar punishment.

From time to time White prostitutes themselves who made a habit of accepting Coloured customers were arrested inconspicuously by a women's unit of the BFF, equipped with a van to serve as a mobile salon for unusual hairdressing. These suppliers of gratification for Africans and Asians received the renegade's coiffure, meaning a shearing of ignominy which left them, at least for the length of time their hair took to regrow, somewhat unattractive to all save the most desperate of dusky seekers of copulation for sale, and most mindful of their disfigurement and its reason.

Immigrant Smugglers

Henry Crawford was a White man by the colour of his skin but not by the colour of his conduct which was entirely devoid of loyalty to his race. This was shown by his appearance in the crown court of a south-coast town accused and convicted of smuggling into England a batch of illegal immigrants hidden in his transcontinental freight vehicle.

Such, however, was the gentle understanding of the judge concerned where what might be discerned or pretended as multiracial motivation was submitted that he responded sympathetically to the mitigation plea by Crawford's barrister, Marcus Levy. This was to the effect that his client had been overwhelmed with feeling for the suffering at the hands of colonial Whites of the ancestors of those immigrants now pronounced as illegal, and admiration for their nobility of spirit in nevertheless wanting to make England their home, and thereby allow England to make some amends through social security benefits in perpetuity. So because of this he let Crawford off with a tiny term of imprisonment instantaneously discharged by his time spent on remand.

Thus a jubilant Crawford went home to give thought to his next, highly remunerative importation of bipeds, but with some improvement in the ways of bringing them in. That very same evening, somewhat inebriated from a celebration at his local inn, he heard the doorbell ring and went to the door, imagining it would be some late well-wisher. Instead he encountered a group of strangers outside who charged forward and thrust him back into the house. They proceeded to pull off his jacket and shirt, and to tie him over a kitchen table. He was then given thirty lashes with a whip which left him a bleeding and blubbering reduction of his former blustering self.

He suffered further in that, as the BFF men suspected, he had kept in the house with him a large amount of cash, derived from his recent importing activities which he had thought best not to deposit in his bank as yet, where it might be traced as undisclosed income. In his chastised condition the men of justice had no difficulty at all in eliciting from him, under threat of a supplement to the thirty lashes, the precise whereabouts of the hidden money. This they confiscated for a far better cause than the pleasures of Henry Crawford, that being the working expenses of the agency of his punishment.

Not that this was the end of his punishment. He had to be shown as far as possible to others as a deterrence. That is why, later still, he was taken out

on a short journey to a suitable place of display in his home town. There, early workers and later the notified press and thereby the police found him chained to railings to which was fixed a notice recording – in rectification of the failure of the crown court judge – Crawford's proper punishment by the vigilantes of the BFF for his assistance to alien invasion.

Multiracialism by Advertising, Indoctrination and Arranged Marriage

All other promoters of a multiracial Britain were placed at risk.

Firms projecting in their advertising the presence and company of Coloureds and amorous liaisons with them – this done to promote familiarisation and thereby acceptance – were targeted to be taught a lesson. This might take the form of a radical reshaping of their premises by an overnight dose of some explosives or incendiary. Alternatively a senior executive might be seized at home and there tarred and feathered before being taken out and transported to some suitable place of display where his finery received adequate attention as did an accompanying placard making clear his offence.

Proprietors and promoters of 'Racial Awareness' courses – namely brainwashing sessions to purge White people of any and all remnants of racial consciousness, pride and purpose – were committed to purgative courses themselves to rid them of the evil spirit which had got into them. Taken prisoner in whatever manner was most suitable and safest, they found themselves taken for a ride at the end of which they were incarcerated in 'The Reformatory' for whatever length of time it took to clear the poison from their minds. On arrival they were obliged to consume generous quantities of cascara or castor oil on the principle that a disposition to race mixing was comparable to constipation, and a purge of the bowels was at least figuratively a good beginning for a purge of the mind. This caused them to spend much of their beginners' days in the new entrants' cell patronising the toilet pail, or, when temporarily let out for the purpose, emptying it and purifying it.

Thus prepared, they started on an exacting regimen of exchanging old notions for new. Among the latter, which they were required to chant over and over again as a therapy of acceptance in their cell of correction were the following:

- *"Discrimination is Desirable!"*
- *"Racial Prejudice is a Sign of Good Health!"*
- *"The Jew is our Misfortune!"*
- *"White is Beautiful!"*

• *"Democracy is Death!"*

They graduated for probationary release when, and only when, they passed a stringent examination to establish a requisite flow of good ideas in them now. Release was their delivery at night to some out-of-the-way spot many miles from the place of correction.

White renegades who went further in promoting mongrelisation, operating agencies for introductions for interracial cohabitation and marriage were attended to with appropriate severity. Some of them just happened to meet with fatal accidents thoughtfully provided by the ever-resourceful BFF. Others hearing of this occupational hazard wisely decided to make a change to another line of business.

The simpletons of sentimentality who operate agencies for the adoption of Coloured children by Whites and the charities with the everlasting begging bowl for subsidising the soaring Coloured birth rate all over the world suffered for their pernicious folly an enterprising variety of applied discomforts. This everlasting harassment made life miserable for these maudlin nincompoops engaged in their activities injurious to the interests of our race, bringing many of them to give up under the strain. Along with this everlasting harassment, ways and means were found to depict vividly to the public that contributing aid to the Coloureds either at home or abroad amounted ultimately to contributing to the detriment, indeed the ultimate downfall, of the White peoples of the world. The success of the propagation of this truth by combination of word and deed was to be seen in the fall in public donations to benefit the Coloureds.

The Merchants of Noise

The BFF was fully alert to the powerful part played by the back-to-the-jungle noise known as "rock" in captivating and deranging the minds of White youth, turning them away from their race and towards a multiracial Britain and a mongrelised world. It identified and proclaimed the prominent rôle of Jews in promoting this aural narcotic to facilitate the racial and social and political revolution, the seizure of power in the mind along with the seizure of power by the attainment of positions of influence; this amounting to the achievement of communism by stealth and disguise. Accordingly Britain's Freedom Force considered war on "rock" and its promoters as a vital part of the struggle for the liberation of Britain, its young Whites and all its other White people.

It was thus one example of its retaliation to the enemy's assault on and

capture of the minds of youth by this manufactured noise that a top band of these noise-makers encountered an unpleasant hold-up and unscheduled detour when their vehicle stopped at night at a motorway services area on its return journey to London from a performance at Derby from where it had presumably been followed by a vehicle of intending abductors. Very little time, violence and intimidation was needed – because of the deft swiftness of surprise – to capture the vehicle and its intoxicated and narcotised occupants, and to depart with them to a new destination: ‘The Reformatory’.

There they were required to perform at another and quite unique concert, beginning immediately and continuing ceaselessly round-the-clock without a break and rest, and with the noise relayed back to them at magnified volume. This went on for hours, supervised by relays of guards protected by ear pads, until one by one the noise-makers had collapsed on the floor in utmost exhaustion and with their eardrums more or less ruined permanently. Those who had flopped to the floor before total collapse had been encouraged to greater effort by means of a bucket of water and some well-delivered kicks to their gasping and pleading bodies before being jerked to their feet and made to continue.

After this most remarkable performance of their lives, these din-makers of hell were dragged to their vehicle, dumped in it, and taken and abandoned some 40 miles away, its BFF driver being picked up by a following car. Two of the suffering performers shortly quit this world by way of heart failure. The other three, their beastly beings thoroughly burnt out, the BFF was glad to note, were never the same again. In fact they had had enough of noise-making because of the hazards now evident, and decided to concentrate on their cocaine and similar stimulants until before long they expired and this world was rid of the rubbish they represented.

Monty Rosenblum, who had been their agent and promoter, was not omitted from corrective treatment as you might expect but he evidently did not. Not long after those he promoted had encountered their diversion on the motorway, he received a visit at his home, and was taken away to participate in a beautifully appropriate and long lasting exercise from which he never recovered sufficiently to continue his harvesting of the plentiful shekels of profit from noise-making in the cause of degeneracy conducive to communism. On regaining his liberty on being discarded beside a recycling bin in a municipal refuse park in Luton, he had to be admitted – permanently – to a mental institution because he could not stop, day and night, counting shekels: the result of his three-week vacation at the recrea-

tional facility known as 'The Reformatory' where he had been obliged with various methods of persuasion to do just that continually.

A TV Filth Trader

Abraham Diamond was the boss of a television channel. As such he excelled in providing a most notable, never-ending stream of mind-warping misinformation, stultifying trash and proselytising perversion to soften-up, confuse and render harmless to his tribe and its aspirations the Gentile masses addicted to the radiations of the silver screen of the box of tricks in every home. Thereby he was a key player in the continued thralldom of the British people, and thereby he highly merited the punitive attention of the BFF and this he duly received.

It took the form one evening of breaking into his home just before he left for some Hebrew celebration, and taking him to a much different venue to experience food in a much different state. This was achieved by way of thrusting him into a car waiting in his driveway, equipped with false number plates of course, administering sufficient of a beating to ensure thereafter, by threat of more of the kind if necessary, his obedient silence and abstention from struggle, and then tightly tying his arms and legs, and gagging him.

His journey ended in an alley at the rear of a kosher restaurant, curiously enough owned by his brother-in-law. There the merchant of muck was thrust appropriately into the muck in one of those huge bins for waste food which you find at such places. There he was left, stuck nearly to his neck in the stinking garbage till discovered later by the kitchen staff from the restaurant coming out to put more garbage in another bin. It took quite some time to get the muck off the exterior of the television's man of muck, but he never got it off his mind. He never recovered his former aplomb to say nothing of his former Hebrew *chutzpah*. Whenever henceforth he lapsed into considering the presentation of some more muck on television, he was immediately struck with an olfactory recollection of the other kind of muck in the waste bin, an olfactory recollection which always caused him both to vomit and to desist from the contemplated television material.

A Racial Equality Explosion

The Commission for Racial Equality was in the eyes of the BFF a most deserving target being a monstrous agency set up by the state to spy on, intimidate, harass and punish White people native to this country in respect of any manifestation of preference for their own kind, thereby to elevate the

Coloured invaders of their homeland and protect and advance their occupation of that homeland. Accordingly its premises were structurally altered and its activities seriously interrupted one Saturday night by a bomb prepared from low-detonation explosive provided unintentionally by the Pearson Aggregates Quarry near Aylesbury, set off by a clock timer, used by the BFF as a reliable and accurate method of delaying an explosion. This particular explosion devastated not merely the entrance but a large part of the offices of the diabolical institution and thereby destroyed the greater part of its files of investigations and proceedings against Whites.

Almost to the minute another timed explosion – made possible by another contribution to liberation provided by the same explosives store of the same munificent quarry extensively altered the entrance and much of the interior of the home of the chairman of the Commission, nearly altering also the anatomical structure of that Chairman himself, who narrowly escaped by being in the rear garden at the time. He very wisely decided almost immediately not to try his luck a second time, swiftly resigning his post, now clearly featuring as a frontline position in a veritable war. This occasioned some considerable difficulty and delay in finding a replacement willing to risk martyrdom for multiracialism, and even when one was found he seemed to be considerably apprehensive and subdued, and most anxious for and reliant on the police guard henceforth assigned to both his home and place of work.

Ministering to Miscegenation: Its Price

A Jewess of the name of Sheila Solomon was responsible for a dancing troupe she named *Red Hot*. Its display of dancing was red enough in its communistic purpose while black and white in its means. That is to say that promoter and producer Solomon revelled in raking in the lucre through lasciviously patronising multiracialism by way of presenting to catch the eye and seduce the thoughts of the public the suggestive sight of young Black males cavorting around caressing and writhing up and down young White females.

The BFF was instrumental in persuading this exhibitionist from the east that *Red Hot* was too hot to handle. This was done by a women's unit paying her a call late one night by forced entry to her palatial flat when she was in conference in bed with one of her Black dancers. The naked lover from Jamaica and the equally naked Sheila were for the next couple of hours taught and obliged to perform a new and very different form of exercise

devoted to the mutual infliction of severe pain in a variety of ways under the encouragement of stimulating blows to their bare bodies from truncheons thoughtfully brought along by the hefty females of the BFF.

What state the two racial transgressors were in when eventually they were allowed to slump to the bedroom floor! For the Black performer this was the absolute end of the show. He was put to sleep by further and harder blows of the truncheons, and left to dream of a change of occupation whereby he would avoid any possibility of any further treatment of this kind. As for Sheila, the show was not quite over. Allowed to put on her underwear, she was then taken to be put on stage elsewhere for an audience of press, police and some pedestrians to appreciate, being taken and manacled to railings in the Bayswater Road in central London. By then quite delirious, she was in urgent need of hospital treatment for acute shock. During her stay in hospital she decided to start a new life in Israel.

Vandalising the Vandals

The ramifications of democratic degeneracy were all-embracing. The BFF's battlefield had to be commensurate. Nothing less would do. Thus exhibitions of that form of degeneracy present in 'modern' art had to be hit at, and hit at they were by means of raids which vandalised these displays of ugliness by the simple expedient of liberally adding further distortion by daubing the paintings and sculpture with paint and coating them with rubbish.

For another example of the extent of the battlefield, disfigurement of the sublime and enrapturing beauty of the operas of Richard Wagner by 'modernisation' was similarly vandalised to accentuate and thus nullify the ugliness. Thus the mutilators of the great master's *Ring* cycle had the shock of their lives when early on in a hideously 'updated' version of the initial opera, *Das Rheingold*, they were joined on stage by members of a BFF unit in the audience who, briefly but most competently before having to vanish into the night, doused them in various colours of paint from aerosol sprays. The disfigured disfigurees, deeply distressed by their public humiliation, fled the stage, propelled in many cases by well-aimed kicks to the posterior delivered by defenders of Wagner.

An Old Remedy Revived

Rodringham, a little beyond St. Albans, had been pleased to retain and maintain as an antique which added to the attractions of the comely village

a device of good order from the time before democracy made disorder the norm. This was the village stocks: a wooden frame separable in the middle, and so halving there the aperture for the ankles and wrists of any offender of the local community. Placed in the frame, the offender received plenty of scorn from the villagers, and usually plenty of their refuse as well.

The stocks had not been used for a hundred years or more until one damp morning, before the new millennium of democracy in bloom had long started, the villagers got up and came out to find both of Rodringham's pair of stocks occupied. The occupants, enormously humiliated by the situation, were later identified as two of the most prominent and active advocates of that anarchic and licentious permissiveness regarding sexual perversion which distinguished democracy's advance. Both of them were chief patrons of a society preaching 'tolerance' of that menace to our race, homosexuality, masquerading as something 'gay'.

Their criminality in this respect was adequately summarised in justification of their punishment, comparatively lenient though it was, by the wording of placards dangling from their necks which attributed responsibility for their punishment to the BFF. A distinctly favourable impression was made on the villagers by the spectacle confronting them that morning, which was seen as much to the credit of the punitive force, even though the 'politically correct' local authorities denounced the event as monstrous. Given something sensational on their own doorsteps to talk about, the villagers readily responded by being talkative about it in the extreme, so that the revival of the Rodringham stocks became known far and wide, the renown of their ancient institution exciting much local pride.

Yet this was not to be the end of the Rodringham revival. The BFF's St. Albans unit, which brought the revival, was so pleased with its good reception that it decided on a repeat performance some six months later. A couple of leading pleaders for lavish compassion and care for persons infected with the AIDS disease – even though their own fault in habitually resorting to foul practices of perversion – were transported to the same village, similarly in the night, to provide a second surprise for the good folk of the place in the morning. Thereafter, although Rodringham's stocks were not made further use of, villagers did from time to time peep out late at night or early in the morning to see if their famous facility had been put to use a third time.

Instead, while the dramatic presentation of the censure of depravity and its tolerance certainly continued all the time because of not only its justice

but also its tutorial efficacy, it took other forms such as the exposure of offenders who had been seized and stripped to their underwear and chained to such as promenade railings at Brighton, their shivering bodies facing the dawn light and bearing explanatory and admonitory placards. Always such practical and forceful exposure not only greatly diminished the enthusiasm for their evil causes of those exposed, but also considerably curbed the enthusiasm of others engaged in the same evil causes who developed an effective fear of similar exposure.

A Change of Exhibition

The hapless citizens of run down Britain were regaled by their misleaders in the opening of the 21st Century with fanfares and festivities to create the illusion that the nation's descent was instead its splendid upliftment to a new age better and greater than before. A ceaseless accompaniment to their lives was the propaganda presented at every conceivable opportunity as a prophylactic against thoughts of racial resistance and resurgence, that six million innocent Jews had been exterminated by the Nazi racists – mostly by means of a delousing gas used to fumigate the clothing of wartime internees against typhus – this enormity showing what 'racism' inevitably leads to.

To this noble end of mental vaccination against racial patriotism, memorials, meetings, museums and exhibitions were month in, month out, made use of. One such exhibition, a touring one by huge coach and trailer, went astray, being ambushed in a lay-by during its lunchtime break on its journey from Peterborough to Cambridge. It continued its journey to Cambridge all right, but only after a substantial delay involved in radically changing the display. The previous one was removed to just inside an adjoining field when a lull in the traffic allowed, and replaced from a BFF van which had conveyed the ambushing team with material vividly portraying the atrocities and other misdeeds of Jews in the past and their array of power in Britain and the rest of the world in the present.

The former driver had at the outset been overpowered, tied up and gagged, as had been the other staff, three in all, all of them being temporarily lodged in the ambushing van with its false number plates. At departure time and an opportune moment without traffic the displaced persons were put just inside the same field as their ousted display material, all persons and material just out of sight from the road.

At the destination of Cambridge the mobile exhibition pulled up on the grass of Parker's Piece, an open space in the centre of the university town

much used for a variety of public events. The BFF driver immediately left the exhibition vehicle and went to the BFF van which had been following and was awaiting him a short distance away, and which then departed before the first members of the public arrived at the exhibition and went through its open doors and viewed its contents.

It took a little time for them to absorb what to their acute surprise they saw, and more time still for some of those actively hostile to the transformation to rush off and report their terrible discovery to the police, and by that time those responsible for the unorthodox display were well out of reach of the Cambridge police. Because of the extent of the shock to the sensitivity of believers in the story of "The Six Million", the *Cambridge Evening News* just had to publish a report of this most amazing and disturbing change of exhibition.

Chapter 6

A QUEER SITUATION

STANDING in spacious grounds well-adorned with trees and shrubs, Bimbridge Hall Hotel unquestionably enjoyed privacy, which is why it had been selected by the Gay Brotherhood for its weekend conference of its officials and leading activists. Not short of funds, it had been able with the payment of a large fee to the sympathetic management to book the whole hotel, exclusively, for the whole weekend for the event. It had also been able to arrange for the provision of a marquee on the lawn immediately to the rear of the hotel, and its equipment with beds to give overnight accommodation beyond its normal capacity.

The 'gay' ones arrived for a welcoming address, coffee and a chat at 10.00 on the Saturday morning. Then, in the second half of the morning, they got down to the serious business of studiously deliberating on an edifying topic of paramount importance to them. This was how best to lead young people away from conventional propensities, considered normal and natural by the older generation, into what that generation regarded as a web of perversion, rejecting at the earliest possible age the influence of their parents and their past.

After a break for lunch to nourish their bodies and replenish their twisted thoughts, they continued with this weighty subject through the first half of the afternoon. Then, uplifted by their soulful and sonorous discourse, and refreshed by a break for tea, the crusaders for liberation from 'straight' to crooked sex proceeded in the second half of the afternoon to the second subject on the agenda. This was the question how to infiltrate further and bring pressure more and more successfully to bear on the already infiltrated and substantially favourable media and educational authorities, the institutions and departments of local and national government, and indeed all public and private bodies in society.

Nothing short of a total take-over of power from the inside – power through minds and power through positions – was the master strategy of these sexual revolutionaries. Their shining objective was the universal popularising of perversion to the ultimate extent of that paradise of the queers; the final inversion of the world whereby the abnormal becomes the normal and the normal becomes the abnormal. The BFF saw these people as one of the two arms of the oncoming destruction of the White people: the queers by their rejection of the reproduction of their own race through their rejection of reproduction altogether, and the race mixers by their rejection of their own race in particular. Hence they were ardently concerned to fight both kinds of foe to the utmost as a matter of life or death of the race.

This gathering of the queers at Bimbridge Hall Hotel was so far continuing on course, whatever the disapproval of the BFF just outlined. The formal discussion halted for the day at 6.00pm – to be continued on the Sunday morning. The remainder of Saturday was given over to a festive dinner in celebration of the impressive expansion of the Gay Brotherhood in recent months. This was followed by a dance and a drinking session. Eventually, by about 1.00am, the last of the brothers-in-perversion had stumbled off to bed for some sleep, even if delayed to allow some of their bizarre antics in or on the bed first.

Their rest from all their activity was not to be long in lasting though. To be precise it ended at 4.30am with the first light and first twittering of the birds on that summer morning, which happened to be that of the traditional May Day of Old England before the rise of the queers. Then, first of all in a sequence of pain succeeding pleasure the marquee collapsed on the perverts occupying it. This disturbing event was not, as might have been imagined, an act of wrath by some deity enraged at the abominable fall from grace of creatures of his creation, but the more worldly result of a certain loosening of guy ropes and tugging of canvas by a number of dark-clothed men.

These same men ensured that, as the gasping and questioning and querulous queers managed to crawl out from under the canvas, they were one and all divested of any clothing they had on, which in most cases was none at all. This having been done – and with it, it must be said, the teeth-chattering perverts looking very far indeed from being in a state of gaiety – the men from the BFF herded them into a huddle to await the next event in the unofficial programme which had now taken over.

While this novel awakening was taking place for the overflow of 'gay'

ones outside the hotel proper, others from the BFF were providing an equally early call that May Day for the freaks inside the hotel. This was not a matter of tea and biscuits and a deferential "good morning". Instead the door, where locked, was burst open, and the occupant or occupants suddenly and roughly dragged out of bed and deposited on the floor amid the bedclothes, gaping in amazement, spluttering in bewilderment and protesting in indignation.

Commanded to disrobe where necessary, and then silently to muster in the corridor in all the glory of their nudity, room by room was swiftly emptied of dejected deviants. Any delay or sign of disobedience was promptly rewarded with corrective slaps and punches to the tempting torsos of the creatures of corruption.

The hotel staff were merely aroused and assembled and locked in one of the bedrooms with but one exception: the hotel manager, who had shown sympathy to degeneracy by accepting the booking, had to be taught to behave with better judgement in the future. His tuition was short but severe, leaving him sufficiently bruised, seemingly repentant and suitably responsive to the warning concerning future conduct. He was then put with the rest of the staff in the locked room, serving as an object lesson to them on the painful consequences of accommodating the Gay Brotherhood.

The situation was then ready for the necessary preparation for the merrymaking in a new and improved programme for that Sunday as a day of gaiety as befitted May Day. It was merrymaking the like of which the purloiners and pretenders of gaiety had never imagined in their worst of nightmares. It was accomplished by herding the shivering freaks of the festival of the fairies into the hotel's spacious assembly room, and there obliging them – with the unflinching encouragement of a generous application of batons to their buttocks by dutiful BFF men standing behind them – to paint each other with black letters to front and back reading "*We Queers are Nature's Rejects*". Most effective they looked when the job was done in their depiction of the sheer awfulness of homosexuality.

The queers were then issued with little bells which they had to tie to their ankles. Next they were thoroughly coached in what was to be expected of them. To this was added a description of the dreadful consequences of recalcitrance, delay or error. Then at last they were ready to begin their performance of an absolutely unique dance of the degenerates which they would most certainly never forget.

For the start of the dance the slogan-bedecked queers were divided into

two lines, each one at one end of the assembly room, the two lines thus facing each other from there. The dance then began at the sound of a whistle from the BFF man acting as master of ceremonies. With this the two lines advanced towards each other in a gay style of a repeated sequence of a hop, a skip and a jump. They halted for just a few seconds when a prescribed distance apart to enable the dancers to align themselves neatly in confronting pairs. Those pairs then moved closer in a required mincing manner, weird and wonderful to behold, and each person then proceeded to curtsy to his confronted partner with something of an old-world charm.

This genteel introduction completed, each partner in turn – those from the end of the room nearest the foyer having first go – extended first one arm and then the other round the partner, and then kissed the partner on first the right and secondly the left cheek. This delivery of affection having been accomplished, the deliverer stepped back a trifle to enable the recipient of the kisses soundly to slap first one cheek then the other of the giver of the loving gesture, this as indicative of his rejection of such homosexual advances as a now reformed character.

The kissed partner then did exactly the same to the slapped partner as had been done to him, receiving in turn similar slapping in rejection. Thereupon, with the exchange fulfilled, both of the partners retired to the starting line, so ending the first movement of the dance. This retiring was done backwards as another show of courtesy even though as they tired some of them fell over as they withdrew, added thereby to the fascinating novelty of the dance.

They were allowed just a few moments of a breather at the starting line for them to assemble there neatly before the whistle went again, this time for them all to clap vigorously in their appreciation of their own and their partners' efforts, and the part played by the BFF in organising and supervising the dance. When the whistle was blown again, they were allowed to stop clapping in order straight away to perform the whole sequence of the dance all over again as before.

So it went on, this May Day dance of the fairies, for some two hours till around 7.30am by which time the fairies were beginning to drop with utter exhaustion. Several blasts on the whistle then allowed the worn-out advocates of warped sex to stop and descend to the floor for five minutes. At the end of this period of rest they were roused to their feet by several more blasts on the whistle plus, where required for alacrity, several more blows with the batons which had been earlier employed to encourage their performance.

They had then, as the conclusion to their indoor performance in honour of the merrie month of May, to chant at the top of their voices, over and over again for some ten minutes until halted by the whistle, the haunting refrain "*I'm getting gayer by the minute, thanks to the BFF*". This expression of appreciation even brought the BFF men to give a clap.

This indoor festivity of the fairies just described was immediately followed by the staging outside the hotel of another and equally spectacular feature of this queer May Day: a tableau of queerness open to the public for appreciation. As part of the presentation pairs of perverts were hoisted on ropes to dangle from lower branches of trees with their front and back slogans clearly visible for all to behold. The inspiring spectacle of this upliftment of the queer ones was unspoilt by the howls of misery intermittently but interminably contributed by the uplifted ones.

Other participants in the tableau were bound back to back and ankle to ankle and arm to arm, thus depictive of their bodily attachment in their sexual disorder, only able to move as a corporate couple. Finally, a number of them were fastened with chains and padlocks to the railings at the entrance to the hotel driveway on its quiet country road. Their chilled and utterly exhausted bodies were accompanied by placards next to them on the railings extending the following enticing invitation to all who happened to pass by:

*"Come in and see for yourself the other exhibits in this
May Day Festival of the Queers. No charge whatsoever!"*

The finishing touch to the whole affair were the telephone calls, at the expense of the errant hotel of course, made just before the BFF men left with their final glances of satisfaction at their handiwork. These calls were to newspapers and radio and television stations, purporting to come from the Gay Brotherhood. The media were warmly invited to come at once to Bimbridge Hall Hotel to see the organisation's truly spectacular celebration of May Day with a superbly stunning recruiting display.

The invited media, pro-queer and well-stocked with queers, did not fail to respond and to do so straight away. Reporters, photographers and film units arrived well within the hour. Along with some passers-by who had been drawn in by the invitation on the railings, they were treated to an unforgettable experience, and in turn communicated that experience to others far and wide.

In short, let it be said that the BFF's visit to the 'gay' gathering proved most unhelpful indeed to the Gay Brotherhood's cause, bringing many

members of the public to see them as truly ridiculous and utterly repulsive, and many of the sad souls of this fraternity to harbour, if not a reformative at least a restrictive fear, of the further intervention of the dreaded BFF. As for that remedial body itself, engaged in conflict with all forms of degeneracy and corruption and betrayal, it could only gain confirmation from the widespread effect of its intervention at Bimbridge Hall Hotel that the demonstrative deed was far more important, because far more effective, than all the millions of words expended in speech and print by Britain's nationalist parties over years and years and years.

The Bust that got a Boost

Communism's founding father, Karl Marx, though long dead in body has remained very much alive in thought and spirit. His messianic head, cast in bronze hideously bigger than the original, has since 1956 dominated its part of Highgate Cemetery in London from its perch on a granite plinth on his grave there. Son of a rabbi, he expounded a cunning version of the Jewish vision in which one part of the population, namely the proletariat, are supposed to take over the world by global revolution, while in fact the Chosen Ones of the Jewish Jehovah take over the proletariat and so rule the world.

While he did not before his death in 1883 witness the kind of world revolution he prophesied, and while since then communism has not come about in Britain by the overt revolution he envisaged, namely a frontal uprising and a physical seizure of power, it has nevertheless in effect already substantially come about in Britain and elsewhere by other means, namely piecemeal by covert stealth. This at any rate was the BFF view.

The metallic head of Marx has, since its erection some 50 years ago, looked out on a Britain where slowly but surely, stealthily and insidiously, without noisy proclamation or widespread identification, a creeping revolution by infiltration of persons and ideas, and because of this the gradual introduction of measure upon measure of Marxist purpose has gone ahead to an advanced stage of success, as cumulatively and corporately constituting clandestine communism. The substantial attainment of Marxism incognito is with us today in Britain just as much as is his monstrous head in a cemetery in our capital, presiding over the success of his influence.

Thus it was that on the birthday of Karl Marx just after the start of the 21st Century and at an advertised time of 2.30pm a very large multitude of avowed Marxists gathered in Highgate Cemetery, as near to his bronze head

as their number allowed, to hear an adulatory address by a leading member of the Marx Memorial Foundation, and to pay tribute by their presence to the victory of their idol shown by the extent of the introduction and acceptance of communistic ideas in the Britain around them. The speaker had just got into his stride, extolling the profundity and prescience of his master, and the glorious prevalence of his thoughts in the name of democracy with its multiracial and 'politically correct' collectivisation, when something of an unanticipated diversion occurred with lightning-like rapidity and thunderous uproar.

The time was 2.50pm precisely, a crucial time as will be explained in due course. It was then to the minute that Karl Marx's head suffered an upset far exceeding the turmoil of his thoughts in times past. It experienced an uplift heavenwards which his mind had never expected in its assertion of materialism in the place of religion.

This resulted from a visit to the Marx memorial during the preceding night by persons who decidedly were not Marxists, being a team from London's BFF. In the small hours they had entered the closed cemetery by a route and means previously investigated and determined. They carried with them, among other things, a portable and most powerful of metal-cutting torches and a gas cylinder for it of sufficient contents for the job in view. They also carried a stethoscopic device for assessing by ultrasound the composition of the contents of sealed containers of all kinds including bronze images of deceased divinities of Marxism.

This nocturnal intrusion followed an investigatory visit some days earlier at a time when the cemetery was officially open though unfrequented. On that previous occasion an innocent-looking, well-behaved pair had walked around in casual fashion while highly observant as to possible places for unorthodox entry. In the course of their tour the two alert observers were careful to note the precise position of the Marx memorial so that it could be reliably reached even on the darkest of nights, and to calculate its approximate distance from buildings adjoining the cemetery. Studying the monument itself, they were able with practised eye to gauge its measurements fairly accurately. They were even able, seizing an opportunity when there was no-one at all near, to produce and extend a telescopic rod with a weighted end whereby, tapping on the bronze head, they were able to establish that it was hollow, and thus suitable for the purpose under consideration.

On their unhurried departure this couple of sightseers had looked for

and found a place of comparative concealment for parking a vehicle. They had finished off, when driving away, with a tour of the neighbourhood. This was in order to ascertain the presence and position of features of particular interest such as a police station, a fire station, a round-the-clock taxi office and a hospital, all of which could be hazardous. This sort of meticulous investigation preparatory to an operation was standard procedure with the BFF, the result of which was the reduction of risks to an acceptable level.

So it was that the BFF team which penetrated the cemetery the night before the Karl Marx commemoration was well-informed in consequence of the painstaking reconnaissance carried out by the pair of scouts. Their first concern was to perform an operation on the back of the head of communism's progenitor. To do this they had first to scale the granite plinth by means of a collapsible ladder they had with them. Next they had to investigate Marx's head with their ultrasound device to decide a suitable point of entry. They were then in a position to use their metal-cutting torch, connected by a length of tube to the gas cylinder, to make an incision in the back of the head, and then to proceed to cut out a circular piece of it, a piece to which a suction cap had been affixed at the start to prevent it falling inside the head.

Thereby a hole was obtained just big enough to allow the insertion of several small bags of most powerful explosive, connected to a detonator and a timer, the timer set to activate the detonator and thereby all the explosive at the next 14.50-hours point. This having been done, the cut out circle of metal was carefully fitted into place and welded there, while still being held by the suction cap. Finally the suction cap was removed, and the area of the head was smeared with paste which obscured any marks of the tampering.

The result of all this careful effort was amply rewarding indeed, being the long-overdue demolition of the overweening image of the creator of communism residing in and overhanging part of Britain's capital. With this demolition was registered an emphatic gesture of rejection of the creeping version of Marx's creed which had come to reside in the minds and measures of Britain's rulers.

The demolition happened punctually at 14.50-hours when a beautiful bang blasted forth which made itself heard for miles around. With it Marx's metallic skull duly disintegrated. Fragments of metal joined fragments of stone in the massive gust of air generated by the explosion which afflicted a large section of the crowd of worshipping Marxists, throwing them to the ground and damaging them, appropriately, with their master's debris. Their

world of dialectical materialism was there and then deprived of no less than 20 believers despatched to meet Marx in the classless society in the sky. Others of the 45 injured were destined to follow them later, dying of their wounds.

The sympathetic media the Marx-lovers had so keenly solicited to attend the commemoration were obliged to report the disaster because so many of the public in north London had heard the huge explosion, and had gone to see what had happened, and had talked to others about it, so that it could not be given 'the silent treatment'. What went unreported was the fact that very many of the avowed comrades of communism suffered trauma permanently because of the event in Highgate Cemetery, this showing itself in a marked reluctance to congregate in scheduled places for any major event of their creed in case the BFF had similarly unpleasant designs on such an event.

A Break-In at the Scrubs

The war of attrition against the enemy state went on without respite as the Freedom Force grew in numbers and experience, despite some losses by capture and by death in action.

The enemy tried every means within its power and imagination to track down the resourceful and resilient rebels, to extract information from them when captured, and then to turn them into traitors to be released to betray their comrades. Prisoners were to this end tortured and treated with the truth drugs scopolamine, payote and mescaline by the SSP (State Security Police) in the special custodial centres it set up and operated.

Against this, there was included in the training of all Freedom Fighters a drill of defence to be followed in the event of capture, derived from mental exercises to develop a power of concentration whereby they could to a remarkable degree push back and hide in the back of their minds information desired by the enemy, and in place, of it push forward in those minds specially prepared misinformation to be released to an interrogator when under irresistible pressure through torture, or faced with the injection of some talk-inducing drug.

Other ways of helping prisoners were also resorted to from time to time when opportune, as occurred at Wormwood Scrubs Prison in London one morning. A normal delivery vehicle for the kitchen arrived at the entrance as expected. What was not expected was the presence in the driver's seat and the other front seat of two suitably dressed and disguised members of the

BFF Four others were concealed inside the vehicle which had been hijacked along its route, and equipped with a new type of CS gas grenade involuntarily provided by the police some months previous in the course of a raid on a store of theirs.

Before the gate staff could develop suspicions and sound the alarm, they were subjected to gas grenades which within a few seconds satisfactorily incapacitated them without the liability of the of the old type of CS weapon to allow the gas to eject back to the users.

The delivery vehicle then moved off to make its delivery at the kitchen. The other BFF men remaining at the gate quickly donned in the gate office the uniforms of the gate staff, now securely bound and gagged in their underwear in a storeroom off that office. Two of them remaining in that office, the other two made their way to the prison wing housing three newly imprisoned comrades awaiting transference to an SSP custodial centre. Arriving at their destination, one of the wing staff on duty, who was in possession of keys to the wing, was attracted to the door and persuaded to open it, and then given the same gas treatment as the gate staff, as was another colleague on duty nearby. Both of them were bound and gagged and relieved of their keys, and deposited in an empty cell close at hand.

Within but a few minutes of their arrival on the wing, the bogus prison officers were leaving it, heading for the entrance gate, but now escorting what looked like a work party of three prisoners, carrying pans and brooms. With good timing, as the delivery vehicle returned to the entrance gate the work party happily abandoned their pans and brooms, and stowed themselves away in the vehicle's interior, along with the four bogus prison officers who there abandoned their uniforms as the vehicle drove away, putting on their own clothes in place of them.

The vehicle itself was then abandoned in the parking area of a shopping centre within a few minutes of it leaving the prison. The satisfied occupants left it two at a time without delay and without attracting attention. They had only a short distance to walk to East Acton Underground station where a frequent and quick service whisked them away to be lost from pursuit in London's crowds.

A Car Which Went Upwards

BBC Television twice a week featured *Stone Time*, a 30-minute current affairs programme so-named on account of its presentation by one Marcus Stone. Somewhere along the way the man had managed to divest himself of

his original but somewhat awkward and revealing surname of Schwarzstein, but not of the characteristics of face and manner which went with it.

Stone Time excelled in its embrace of well-nigh all that was abominable in Britain at the start of the 21st Century. Truly it was a master mirror of its time, encompassing the whole range of degeneracy rampant and triumphant and definitive of advanced democracy. Nothing detrimental to our race and nation was missed out by Marcus. It all received his most generous measure of attention for approbation. Conversely, anything and everything in favour of that race and nation was invariably depicted in distortion and with untruth, and subjected to the utmost denunciation.

To illustrate Marcus at work, interracial cohabitation and copulation met with his most florid of fast-flowing praise, such couples being continually paraded on the programme. The more disparate they were in racial composition the better they were in the eyes of Marcus in advertising amalgamation unlimited as the culmination of human advance. Thus it was that eventually he even found and brought forth to his great delight and acclaim an Australian aborigine who had somehow wandered as far as Wales by stowing away on some boat to Cardiff, there to bed down with a mentally deficient and physically repulsive White slut from the Rhondda Valley. The bedding down was, however, rendered rather spasmodic on account of the urge which seized him from time to time to go off on some walkabout through adjoining parts of Wales.

By contrast persons remiss in the acceptance of such misalliance and concomitant miscegenation were now and again sought out also. Gulled by a promise of a fair hearing and the temptation of a fat fee, they agreed to appear on the programme. Doing so they found themselves thrust before the television camera for a bombardment of misrepresentation and abuse as specimens of outrageous backwardness and bias. The treatment became known to its vast audience and numerous commentators as "*stoning*", a term which Stone himself was entirely pleased to accept. After such pillorying by Stone, the Mark of Cain was upon them, making them outcasts, and making some of them resort to atonement by suicide.

"Racism", meaning any manifestation of any lack of enthusiasm for racial amalgamation universally, was only one of Stone's range of targets for "*stoning*", although a very important one to him. Parental control viewed as authoritarianism, insensitivity to 'Third World' need for eternal charity, insufficiency of an inculcation of guilt for the White imperialism of past times, even the tiniest tinge, however vague or vestigial, of something which

could be construed as a sign of that most terrible of sentiments, anti-Semitism: all this and much more came under the unremitting observation and merciless attack of Marcus Stone. The amount and intensity of his vituperation was only equalled by the amount of his salary, which was enormous.

Returning late one night to his luxurious home in Edgware in north London, he did not bother to put his Porsche in the garage, instead leaving it just outside his front door and even unlocked, such was his exuberant confidence in his invulnerability. After all, who would dare to interfere with the car of that verbal killer of miscreants, Marcus Stone? Well, it seems someone did later on take liberties with the great man's very costly conveyance.

Sliding into the driver's seat some eight hours later for a trip to the television studio to make some arrangements, he was not to know till too late that the Porsche had sustained an unseen but significant modification during the previous hours of darkness. Something small in size but huge in potential had been placed under the battery, affixed to its tray by a powerful magnet, and there connected to the ignition with a one minute delaying device in the circuit. One other alteration should be related. This was the insertion of a cassette tape with a verbal message into the radio-recorder, replacing the recording of some rock group in Israel which had entertained him on his homeward journey the night before, and the setting of the recorder to come on with the ignition.

So by kind contrivance Britain's most feared corrector of political incorrectness by way of television was allowed just enough time to hear – with a shock to his system and thereby his steering, which nearly sent the Porsche into a shrubbery on its way to the drive's exit – the minute message:

"Goodbye and good riddance you swine, say the BFF!"

Then, within seconds, in consequence of an ear-splitting and smoky upheaval, the Porsche performed a quite unique and unscheduled demonstration of its special agility to the extent of taking off upwards to a height of several feet, as though aspiring to become a bird of flight.

In next to no time all that was left of Britain's principal demonstrator of the art of devastating denunciation of disallowed thinking were bits of his body bedecking the front lawn, the drive and the flower beds where the blooms conveniently formed a floral tribute for his scattered remains. Bits of his prestigious Porsche were everywhere in the front garden which had become its scrap yard.

It may be added in cheerful conclusion that the monstrous Marcus was by no means the only one of the multitude of perpetrators of national and racial damage to be despatched on a drive to hell by means of a generous gift of explosive placed under a wheel arch or in a wheel hub or some other suitable place, and with a timer or a connection to the ignition or a remote control. What can be said with absolute certainty regarding their death and dismemberment is that in all cases this overdue administration of justice by the BFF was most thoroughly deserved by criminals working for the downfall and death of our race and nation.

Chapter 7

BLACKING OUT

THE TELLY TRAINER

SOME slight rustling of the grass and bushes in the breeze, along with some twitter from a bird or some subdued noise from some other creature were the only sounds to be heard in the darkness that winter evening in the vicinity of Heyshaw Television Relay Station, serving a substantial part of the Yorkshire Dales. This was the peacefulness which was then abruptly shattered by an explosion which brought the station's tall mast crashing down on top of its connected, control building.

This havoc, which throughout the reception area of the relay station happened to cut short the viewing of a particularly nauseating soap opera packed with multiracialism, occurred through another form of deadly mixture, not of persons but of substances, to be precise: ammonium nitrate and the high-velocity explosive, TNT (Trinitrotoluene). This combination was a big improvement on the simple weedkiller based, home-made concoctions of the BFF's very first days. The auxiliary items needed, acquired and used were an exploder and a detonator. The lever-operated exploder generated the electricity to set off the detonator containing a high explosive element to create a shock wave of sufficient intensity to set off the main charge.

The time when Heyshaw's mast was toppled and its relay transmission terminated was 8.00pm. Concurrently, by the concerted action of six other units, six other television relay stations in the north of England were put out of action. This sizeable synchronisation of sabotage made a major impact on the television-dominated public of the area brought to face the darkness of vacant screens. That impact fully confirmed the accuracy of the BFF's

perception that the enemy's television was its most powerful weapon and the biggest cause of Britain's decline, and thus a primary and paramount target for physical attack.

As the BFF perceived, the enemy in power depended for the maintenance of its power on the maintenance and exercise of its control over the mind-moulding and vote-getting force of television. Hence the capture or the destruction of that enemy power over the mind was absolutely essential for that liberation of the British people which was the purpose of the BFF. There could be no real liberation in general from enemy rule without prior liberation from the instrument of mental bondage on which that rule depended.

The parties of British nationalism, with their futile and wasteful election-eering based on soliciting the support of the television-moulded masses, had never acted on this basic fact concerning the attainment of power, even if they had perceived and understood it. Hence the BFF had arisen to respond to that deficiency, and to replace party politics, doomed to failure, with the direct action essential in a struggle for the survival and resurgence of our race and nation.

The BFF, who had immediately acknowledged responsibility for the blackout in a communiqué broadcast by pirate radio, must the public concluded be a lot more effective than the regime had hitherto made them out to be. On the other hand that regime in power, which relied on television, must be nowhere near as safe and sound as it had hitherto claimed and been presumed to be by the public.

This impressive *coup* by the increasingly powerful BFF was the result of long and intensive preparation in which the inside knowledge and added investigation and calculation of a former engineer of the Independent Television Commission, now with the BFF, played a chief part. His invaluable information respecting transmission in the ultra high frequency MHz bands embraced the locations, the capacities and the peculiarities of more than 50 high power main transmitters such as Crystal Palace, Black Hill, Winter Hill, Emley Moor, Waltham, Sudbury, Pontop Pike, Belmont, Mendip, Hannington, Bluebell Hill and Bilsdale, giving coverage to the great majority of the population.

It revealed their crucial points of vulnerability such as the pair of coaxial feeders connecting the combination of units to the aerial. It distinguished those transmitters with standby equipment which could straight away be brought into service in the event of trouble with the main equipment, and

those which instead had equipment operating in pairs, so that, if one set went out of action, transmission could be maintained by the other set. It identified those which — although all are unmanned and operate under remote control — are used as operational bases for mobile maintenance teams, several dozen of which exist.

The former engineer disclosed that all these main transmitters derive their power from the national electricity supply. Thus they are dependent on it for the continuance of transmission, being cut off by any interruption of that supply by either natural or contrived cause, and as a measure of protection for that supply were wherever possible provided with two independent feeds, both of which would need to be cut to cause a blackout.

His information revealed that the main transmitters were supplemented by hundreds of relay stations, such as the one exploded at Heyshaw in North Yorkshire, which passed on transmissions where otherwise distance and obstructive terrain would impede or prevent them; the entire network amounting to some 2,000 transmitters, main or relay. The largest of the relay stations served viewers numbering several hundreds of thousands. The smallest served only several hundreds.

The relay stations received an incoming signal from a parent or main transmitting station, converted it to the outgoing channel, amplified it and retransmitted it. Thus sabotage at a main transmitter put out of action any and every relay station existing to extend the coverage of that main transmitter. Relay stations, on the other hand, while less significant in coverage, were by their purpose and hence their location more accessible and vulnerable to sabotage. All relay stations operated under remote control from one of the Regional Engineering Management Centres. The larger ones were monitored by telemetry. The degree of supervision was smaller with the smaller stations.

In addition to the ordinary network of main and relay transmitters, there was as a lesser matter a system known as MMDS, meaning Microwave Multi-point Distribution System, widely used in Ireland and also introduced into rural parts of Scotland and Wales. Its purpose was to bring in English and foreign television programmes where cable systems were unavailable. MMDS involved 300-foot-high masts in secluded locations. Thus it was particularly vulnerable to sabotage.

Besides all the wealth of specialist information provided by the erstwhile engineer, some information was readily available from the Independent Television Commission itself in its booklet produced for the general public. This

was entitled *Television Transmitting Stations*. Apart from anything else, it listed over 1,000 transmitters, both main and relay, in the 'Independent' television system.

Taking Away the Power

The giant Ripton Power Station provided the electricity for a large part of South Yorkshire, much industrialised and thickly populated. At 8.20pm that Thursday evening in late autumn, it was providing light and power to homes, streets, pubs, petrol stations, shops, factories and all else needing it. The enormous amount of lighting involved was reflected in the widespread glow in the sky overhead in urban parts of its extensive area of distribution.

One minute later, at 8.21pm, that whole area of distribution was plunged into darkness and powerlessness, except for those few premises, including hospitals, possessing and able to switch to emergency generators of their own. Thus almost the entire population of several millions in the area were suddenly stopped in whatever activity they were engaged in – including reverential attention to the television – engulfed in blackness, reduced to comparative immobility, and given thereby a most unusual opportunity for reflection and consideration.

This startling and upsetting removal of light and power from a substantial piece of Britain – a truly revolutionary act – was the work of a South Yorkshire unit of Britain's up-and-coming Freedom Force. Its exploit had begun with the most careful consideration, investigation and planning by that unit over a long period, alongside the pursuit of other projects. It came to a head when, on the evening selected, the unit approached Ripton Power Station. Armed with semi-automatic Beretta 86 and Walther P38 pistols in reserve in case the armed SSP put in an appearance, these weapons acquired in the underground market in such things, the men also had with them a sufficient quantity of Semtex explosive and a detonator and exploder with a time pencil.

These latter items had come their way through a highly productive raid on an Army armoury which also, among other fruits, yielded some of the Army's new SA80 rifles. This raid, as were others, was much helped by information and other assistance from agents of the BFF in the Armed Forces, some of them specially infiltrated for the purpose. Should any reader conceive any qualm at such pillage, the answer of the BFF would be that they – not the enemy state wrongly commanding the Armed Forces at the time – represented the defence of the country, race and nation, and in conse-

quence had the moral claim to the weapons and supplies.

Gaining entry to the power house, the well-drilled unit pounced on the night staff one by one, binding and gagging them, and dumping them behind an outbuilding out of sight and beyond the effect of the forthcoming explosion. The Semtex and its supplementary items were positioned where the explosive would do the most good, the timer being set for 8.21pm, which would allow the unit comfortable time to depart before the power house blew up, yet still be within the area to witness that it did so,

The joy of the demolition team in South Yorkshire at the arrival of darkness on time was much added to by the subsequent news of the success of similar and simultaneous attacks by other BFF units on other power stations in other parts of the country, namely: Amersham, Elstree, Waltham Cross, Canterbury North, West Weybridge and Rayleigh. Thereby power was taken away – something so symbolic of the overall purpose of the BFF – from a lot more of Britain for quite a time.

All this good work was accomplished with the aid of all the comprehensive information on the electricity industry, including the National Grid, to be found in *The Electricity Supply Handbook* stocked in the larger reference libraries, and in other, easily accessible sources. From 1990, fossil-fuelled power stations – as distinct from nuclear, hydro and wind ones – had been divided between National Power and PowerGen. National Power reached the new century with some 20 power stations. PowerGen with about half that number of power stations supplied about a fifth of the country's electricity, its gas-fired station at Connah's Quay in north Wales supplying about half the need of Wales. The bulk transmission of electricity from the power station was done by the National Grid Company, and the local distribution therefrom by the regional electricity companies.

After the Ripton and associated demolitions, the increasingly harassed and strained authorities did what they could to guard the power stations and also power lines of major importance, which were also subjected to attack. Despite this, successful sabotage of the electricity supply continued, as did that of television transmitters. For instance, on one memorable night two huge 132,000-volt electricity pylons in different areas were struck down by the detonation of several pounds of explosives attached to the legs of each pylon. The explosives had been contributed involuntarily by a large quarry near Warwick.

A simpler and quieter method of disrupting the electricity supply, though shorter-lasting because more easily and quickly repaired, was that of the

earthing loop, regularly resorted to with increasing frequency as the war progressed. This involved an earthing rod driven securely into the ground and connected to a sufficient length of bare, metal cable. The other end of this cable was incorporated in a cartridge and inserted in an adapted sea rescue lifeline gun, and fired up and over the power lines, cutting off the supply.

Besides targeting power stations and power lines, along with television transmitters, the BFF also targeted the telephone system in its war on the enemy of race and nation, inflicting various forms of sabotage on the vulnerable, regional, switching stations in that system. But while such primary sinews of power in the enemy occupation of the state were obviously of commensurately enormous importance, this was certainly not to the disregard of other, if lesser, installations and agencies useful, if not essential, as means of power enabling that enemy occupation of the state. The master strategy of the BFF being that of taking state rule away from the enemy by bringing about a breakdown in the system in its entirety through continual and cumulative disruption to its parts, its span of targets had to be nothing less than anything and everything of use to the enemy in maintaining its power in occupation of and control of the state.

By now, such a desirable state of tension and apprehension had been created in the minds of the enemy authorities by the real and regular attacks of the BFF that the latter could, by maintaining a judicious balance between real and bogus happenings, do much harm for nothing by contriving false alarms. Thereby that much further stress was inflicted on an enemy now forever wondering when and where the next and real attack would be, and having to keep all kinds of repair teams in a state of permanent alert. In such a war of nerves the BFF was surely set to become the winner.

Paralysis of the Capital

Clinging mist enshrouded the tranquil premises of the Defence Research Agency at Farnborough in Hampshire in the very early Sunday morning of a bank holiday weekend. The stillness was broken only by the slight fidgeting of the BFF unit crouching in a dip in the ground just outside the security fence, one of the men operating a radio-frequency scanner to detect any alarm call from the establishment.

Well-prepared by prior study of a plan of the place, resulting from a long build-up of pieces of information gleaned in a variety of ways, plus repeated rehearsal based on this, the men were awaiting a soundless signal from their

unit leader to go forward. When it came, they advanced to the fence, leaving behind the man with the scanner who was also equipped with a walkie-talkie-radio to maintain contact by the briefest of coded messages with the rest of the unit, similarly equipped. The fence was cut with wire-cutters to allow entrance, but only to the small extent necessary to allow the men to wriggle in at ground level, and only after specially prepared loops of wire had been carefully attached to the uncut fencing on both sides of the intended gap to prevent the alarm otherwise resulting from a cut in the electrified wire. The men then moved off towards the buildings, laying a trail of fluorescent strips on the ground as they went to guide them back to the gap in the fence later.

Things then happened with that planned precision and rapidity which is essential for operational success and safety. An outer door quietly forced, patrolling watchmen were surprised, seized, gagged and bound. Infra-red sensors and closed-circuit television cameras were electronically jammed into inaction. The entry duct for the telephones was located and the lines cut. The security centre with its monitoring desks for the closed-circuit surveillance system was entered at a rush, and the staff there overwhelmed before they could react, being laid to rest, bound and gagged, on the floor with the temporary exception of the chief security officer on duty at that time. With the whole place reported to base as under BFF control well within an hour of breaching the fence, as allowed for in the planning, the objective of the mission could now be approached and acquired.

This objective was the microwave bomb which scientists at the Ministry of Defence had long been working to develop, and had only recently perfected. This proud achievement of theirs lay for the weekend in a strongroom. The key to that strongroom was in a safe in the security centre. By dint of a certain amount of persuasion from an electronic cattle prod, the chief security officer on duty was persuaded to dial open that safe, and then he too joined his bound and gagged colleagues on the floor. Proceeding to the strongroom, its exact location divulged by the coerced chief security officer, the team then acquired the microwave bomb, departed the building, retraced their route to the gap in the fence and their waiting comrade beyond it, and vanished into the remaining duration of the night.

Their acquisition was a wonderful weapon for waging war on the apparatus of misgovernment, being a big advance on the Herf gun, an electromagnetic device damaging to electronic equipment, but only within short range, which the BFF had got hold of and used to good effect against

some offices of local and national administration. The new development, however, had a far bigger range within which it was utterly and permanently destructive of all electronic equipment, while only temporarily disabling and nonlethal to human beings. It could be launched from an aircraft or from the ground by rocket launcher or grenade thrower.

It worked by emitting a massive pulse of electromagnetic energy. People in its path were rendered unconscious by its scrambling of neural paths in the brain, but did not suffer any lasting injury. However, that massive pulse burnt out every computer circuit and telephone line in an area approximate to a small section of a city, resulting in complete and chaotic stoppage of communication and the calculation and retrieval of data. Several of them, used to create adjoining fields of effect, could not merely bring business and administration in a section of a city to a halt – a long halt until ruined electronic equipment and telephone lines could be replaced – but bring it to a halt in the whole business and administrative area of a city.

The highly perceptive and imaginative BFF saw that in its potentialities an electromagnetic dispenser like this presented an insurgent body, however small in numbers and other resources, with a means of redressing the balance between it and the regime in power, revolutionising the practice of guerrilla uprising. Advanced technology now worked to the advantage of Freedom Fighters lurking in the shadows to strike against tyrants comparatively out in the open, tyrants in jeopardy because of the vulnerable complexity of their overt infrastructure.

Some 36 hours later, during the same bank holiday weekend as the break-in at Farnborough, central London was packed with sightseeing visitors, public and police in a relaxed mood that holiday Monday. It was there and then that a commonplace camper-van drew up for a couple of minutes in an alley serving the side entrances of some premises very near to Whitehall, the capital's ministerial hub. This excited no particular attention, the more so as two of the occupants got out straight away and started to take some photographs, as so often happens in that area, and which seemingly confirmed the stop as nothing at all extraordinary.

Drawn curtains masked the interior of the van behind the front seats. Otherwise passers-by would have observed a third occupant, engaged in raising and almost imperceptibly pushing a couple or so inches out of the partially opened skylight something cylindrical which just might have been thought to resemble the nozzle of some weapon. They might, therefore, have come to the conclusion that something other than tourist photography was

the real purpose of the stop.

The dreadful rock music from a radio in the van, briefly turned on and up solely as an operational aid, just before the third person took up a rocket launcher and placed its nozzle on the frame of the skylight and took aim, did much to absorb the sound of the discharge when the weapon was then fired, launching the microwave bomb. The noise of the traffic and crowd was very helpful. Then straight away stowing the rocket launcher under the rear seats, the third man pulled back a curtain as the signal to the other two, who jumped in as the van backed out of the alley and departed promptly and speedily. It was abandoned minutes later outside an Underground station, suggesting that was their mode and direction of flight. This intimation was misleading. They walked off separately in different directions to board different buses to different destinations.)

Brief though their stop near Whitehall had been, the three stalwarts from the BFF had left behind them long-lasting and far-reaching devastation. Every computer and every telephone line in every one of the numerous departments of government in and around Whitehall had been burnt out, made useless, finished, and the same was true of the Prime Minister's house in Downing Street, the House of Commons and the House of Lords. The centre of Britain's misgovernment had been crippled, restoration requiring many weeks and very many millions of pounds.

Chapter 8

THE TOWER OF UNTRUTH TURNS TRUTHFUL

THE motorcade swept along the dozen or so miles from the Bradford-Leeds Airport, police outriders on motorcycles with lights flashing and sirens sounding clearing the way. The two passengers in the principal limousine were an old man, the Prime Minister of Israel, and a younger companion, the Foreign Secretary of Britain. The old Israeli had in his early life not been given to sitting down, as now, in the company of and as a guest of any representative of the British government. His closeting then with British officials had been limited to an occasion in 1947, during the British Mandate in Palestine, when he had been arrested and interrogated by the Palestine Police for suspected involvement in terrorist activities against the British.

Yehudi Begin, a relative of Menachem Begin, had in fact been a young recruit of the latter's *Irgun Zvai Leumi*. This gang, along with the Stern Gang, had enthusiastically applied itself – as soon as the British had served and saved the Jews by fighting and conquering Hitler – to killing British civilians, police and military in the mandated territory, an Arab homeland. Indeed, young Yehudi had been happy to be present when British Army sergeants Mervin Paice and Clifford Martin had been seized by the Irgun, killed and their booby-trapped bodies left dangling from trees in a eucalyptus grove in Nathanya as an expression of gratitude for the British war effort.

David Diamond, the British minister now nestling close to him in the limousine was also close to him in race and belief. They both not only emanated ancestrally from the same part of eastern Europe, but shared the

same conviction that their kind was a special order of humanity, endowed with a divine right to precedence in the world. As they proceeded to the northern outskirts of Leeds, they continued to converse on matters of importance to their tribe. They concurred on the conclusion that things were going well, very well, for the Chosen People almost everywhere, except in Britain since the advent of the awful BFF, the elimination of which had to be a top priority for World Jewry.

Their immediate destination that day lay in Roundhay, the principal seat of Jewish settlement in the city in which its population, synagogues, communal organisations and kosher shops more or less amounted to a colony of Israel. Specifically they were making for an astonishing feature of the landscape, a new and most lofty column commanding the attention of all for miles around as a focal point.

Towering 150 feet into the Yorkshire sky, the column was topped with a blue dome, blue for Israel. This dome of glass was going to glow brilliantly and unceasingly when the lighthouse-like lantern inside it was, very shortly, ceremoniously switched on. This was to provide an everlasting light of remembrance for the millions of Jews alleged to have been exterminated by the Nazis in World War II, despite the analytical denials of fiends called 'Revisionists', and the sight and sound of the enormous number of self-proclaimed survivors telling the tale of the extermination they had somehow managed to survive. By this mind-arresting light of remembrance overhanging Leeds it was intended to overawe its non-Jewish citizens and visitors to a complete inhibition regarding any criticism whatsoever of the Jewish people, their prominence, policies and practices.

The former murderer of Britons, Yehudi Begin, was on his way that late afternoon in autumn to switch on this artificial moon of manufactured memory and induced inhibition, thereby the better to herd Britons of today. He was also to unveil and switch on the illumination for a huge plaque at the base of the column pronouncing its purpose of eternal remembrance of what is supposed to have happened in the Jewish 'Holocaust', and the repetition which would happen if it was not remembered daily, and thoughts against the Jews resulted.

The distinguished personages and their deferential retinue arrived at the monument in good time, and stationed themselves at its front. Behind them the police marshalled a great and growing assembly of Yorkshire Jewry and their associates and supporters mixed with ordinary Leeds folk drawn by curiosity. As twilight came, Foreign Secretary Diamond stepped forward to

introduce the illustrious visitor from Israel, to laud his services to that land, and to assert Britain's reverential attachment to that divine portion of the globe, the inestimable source of enlightenment for the rest of the globe.

Thereupon Prime Minister Begin took his place at the microphone and spoke forth from the battery of loudspeakers ringing the memorial, and also from radio and television nation-wide through audio and visual pick-up at the site. He delivered a lengthy and passionate exhortation not only to Leeds but also to the rest of the world to be ever mindful of the ultimate in horror since the world began: the Holocaust of the Hebrews. Memorials like this one and the great number of similar beacons of remembrance erected elsewhere in the world were essential and wonderful aids to memory and thereby vigilance in guarding against any recrudescence of the evil thoughts of anti-Semitism which had led to and would always lead to the persecution and putting to death of God's Chosen People.

Then, perspiring with the emotional exertion, he stepped to the switch for the dome's lantern which was contained, as he had been told and shown, in a tiny cabinet set in the base of the column, the cabinet normally secured with a massive lock, and with a joyful flick of his hand brought the blue light to life. The spectacle with its novelty and intensity brought a gasp of deep appreciation from all his supporters in the huge crowd. Pausing a little to let the impression sink in, he then took hold of the temporary lever attached to the column which was rigged to release the covering for the plaque, and simultaneously to switch on its illumination.

It was at this high point in the ceremony that things went horribly wrong. The cover came off all right. The plaque became illuminated all right. It was the wording which from the point of view of Begin, Diamond and the rest of the Jews and their adherents was all wrong. In place of the original engraving, which had been obliterated, new wording now recorded what were described as millions of victims of a Holocaust of the Gentiles in a Second World War provoked by Jewry. There was even in addition reference to the multi-millions exterminated in the Red Holocaust in Russia and the other Communist states of Europe by Jewish-directed and staffed secret police.

Somebody – could it be those terrible terrorists of the BFF? – had somehow succeeded in tampering with the plaque shortly before the unveiling. That much was immediately evident, as was the stricken state of Yehudi Begin who straight away showed an overwhelming desire to get away from that place of humiliation instead of remembrance. He had to be

helped to his car, being now in a condition of near collapse, muttering deliriously, having evidently experienced the greatest shock of his life. Diamond, his tribal companion, was in a bad state too, tears of mortification gushing from his heavy-lidded eyes as he almost raced his grieving guest to their car. They were not alone in speedily departing. No-one in the official party placed nearest to the pillar lingered on the scene. This was not merely because of their chagrin. They also, quite wisely, feared that the monument might have been rigged to explode.

The police also thought it wise to disperse the crowd as quickly as possible. Fears of impending disaster were fulfilled about ten minutes after the unveiling of the plaque, thus catering for crowd dispersal, but before a bomb squad could arrive. Set by a timer to occur then, a massive charge of explosive buried at the base of the column was detonated. The exceedingly short-lived light of Jewish memory went out. Not only that, the explosion so cracked the base of the column that the structure was deemed in danger of collapsing in high wind, and had to be brought down by further explosives, this time provided, placed and set off by the public works authorities themselves.

A Special Send-Off

Back now to the motorcade which made a quicker than scheduled departure from the dangerous scene of disappointment, conveying Begin and Diamond to the airport for their return flight to London. Yet it so happened that the arrival of the disconsolate couple at the aircraft was not to mark the end of their troubles on the day. It was there and then that a prized acquisition of the BFF was put to its first use to speed the travellers on their way in a very final form of exit, not merely from Yorkshire but the whole of the land of the living.

Sometime earlier, in a way that had best not be disclosed, a BFF unit had come into illicit possession of an SA-7, shoulder-fired, rocket-launcher (NATO code word 'Grail'). Its missile had a range of over two miles. The weapon had only to be pointed in the direction of an aircraft's flight path for its infra-red target-finder to do the rest, and cause the missile to head for the aircraft's exhaust and hit the aircraft and destroy it.

The weapon performed magnificently for its new masters, by then secreted in a suitable place just outside the airport's perimeter, giving Begin a truly magnificent send-off. The aircraft taxied to the take-off point, paused, started off, gathered speed and left the ground, but only for a very short time

indeed. At a height of barely 100 feet, the SA-7 did its stuff, and the aircraft disintegrated, returning to the ground in bits and pieces with bodies in part or whole. Begin was recovered from the wreckage soundly dead with a broken neck among other injuries. He made his return to a lamenting Israel in a coffin the very next day. Diamond was very hard to piece together, dead of course. Others of the retinue were either also dead or so near to it as shortly to pass over the border.

Begin was, however, lucky in being saved one further torment on his very last lap of life. His send-off on his journey to Jehovah – as a long delayed act of retribution for his involvement in the murder of Sergeants Paice and Martin and many other Britons, along with many Arabs, – occurred before he could be informed of the explosion at Roundhay destructive of Holocaust remembrance. Altogether it was a distinctly bad day for the Holocaust business of the Hebrews.

Inroad to the Mind

Farnsbury House on the outskirts of Aylesbury, standing secluded in its trees, seemed the epitome of tranquillity that sunny day. Only the coming or going of occasional cars, rather too many for a private house, disturbed the peace and suggested a presence and purpose out of the ordinary. The interest of the BFF in the place, shown by the close surveillance it was maintaining, dated from the time some months earlier when a member of one of its units north of London had been captured, but had escaped. By eliciting significant oddments of remembrance from his capture and incarceration, and adding bits of information from other sources, the Force was eventually able to pinpoint Farnsbury House as a State Security Police establishment to which its captured member had been taken.

Not long after the happy event of the escape of the BFF man from that establishment, four other members of the same unit were pounced on by the SSP, but separately while not engaged in BFF activity, and taken away for interrogation and custody under a power of detention against actual or suspected “terrorism” legislatively given to the SSP as the threat from the BFF became increasingly severe. The unit leader, who had had cause unexpectedly and at the very last moment abnormally to change his movements, happened to escape capture.

His discovery of the disappearance of his men, all except Roy Charlesworth, the one who had escaped from Farnsbury House, brought to maturity an incipient suspicion that had lodged in his mind. In pursuit of it

he most carefully and circuitously approached the home of this man at a time when he had reason to believe he would be out, and searched it. He found nothing significant for his suspicion. The unit leader then left the house to await a little distance away the return of Charlesworth by his usual route, waylaying him there and accompanying him back to his home.

Charlesworth seemed genuinely unaware of the disappearance of his comrades. Told of it in very guarded terms because of the unit leader's strong suspicion now that the man was very likely 'wired' in one way or another, his surprise and concern seemed thoroughly genuine. Now viewing him as most probably the innocent victim of the enemy's eavesdropping by implantation of some kind prior to a facilitated escape from Farnsbury House, the unit leader scribbled a cautionary note of this notion for Charlesworth to see without words spoken, and which concluded with a request to be allowed to search his head, consent to be given simply by a nod, which was supplied.

Doing so, he eventually detected under the hair the slight scar which would result from the insertion of a stimoceiver. This was a miniature electrode which, making use of the electromagnetic energy which the brain emits, can both receive and transmit electronic signals to and from an outside quarter. This permits both thought reading and thought formulation. It was thus a most frightening device for information-gathering and mind control by the cloaked dictatorship which was the nature of the so-called 'democracy' then in power in Britain.

The discovery, announced to Charlesworth on paper, was followed by a short interval in which in intense silence the two men stared into each other's eyes, saying thereby much without speech or writing. Then the unit leader took Charlesworth's hand in a long grip so expressive of their understanding and their comradeship. He then delayed his departure no longer for the SSP could be on their way by now, acquainted by the stimoceiver. He left in the same circuitous manner in which he had initially arrived, bound not for his former home, which obviously had become a trap through the stimoceiver, but for a new and uncompromised lair, conceived and prepared long ago in reserve. |

The Charlesworth he left behind now carried an insufferable burden of unwitting betrayal. There was but one solution, and that lay in his Browning 9mm automatic which he now took from its hiding place. Inserting the nozzle in his mouth, he pressed the trigger, ending his service to Britain's Freedom Fighters with honour.

Now to return to the watch being kept on Farnsbury House. In the course of it, staff had been followed and thereby identified as to home and identity, among them a Christopher Wentworth residing at 'The Beeches', a house in a village the other side of Aylesbury. He was apparently a high-ranking scientist at the establishment, separated from his wife on account of his mistress, now sharing his home.

Some time later, both of them found themselves sharing first of all the interior of a BFF van bound for a distant destination, and secondly a set of constantly guarded rooms at that destination. They had been assured that no harm whatsoever would come to them, provided they did exactly as they were told, and had been allowed to bring with them a reasonable amount of personal belongings, along with papers from his work which he had been keeping at his home. He had even been assured that, if the results of his work for the BFF were really good, he would be handsomely remunerated.

What he had to do was to reveal without reservation all that he knew of what was happening within the walls of Farnsbury House. Beyond that, he was to use his knowledge and experience to construct and operate replicas of devices developed there, if and when the BFF desired and required. If he refused or failed to do what was required of him, or if he or his mistress attempted to escape, the likely punishment described to them both was most deterring. Thus Wentworth wisely decided, with his mistress concurring, that compliance was decisively indicated.

What he was able to and did henceforth tell his captors revealed the full scope of his former place of work as a hatchery of amazing and infernal devices for use against enemies of the regime; and its use as an interrogation and torture centre for prisoners of that regime with the aid of some of these devices. Truly behind the beguiling innocence of appearance of the outside of Farnsbury House lay a devilish workshop and operating theatre for the penetration and alteration of the mind of man in the interests of an alien tyranny.

In preliminary explanation, the captive scientist described in detail the functioning of the human mind. Everything in the environment with an electric current in it, which includes man's brain, gives off EMF (Electro-Magnetic Force) waves. These waves can be detected, recorded and analysed by means of an electroencephalograph, and a computer can correlate the brain waves to behaviour and speech. This is possible because different types of brain waves, differing in frequency, correspond to different types of mental activity, and are categorised as *alpha*, *beta*, *delta* and *theta*. Alpha,

spanning frequencies between 3 and 13 Hz, and beta between 13 and 20 Hz, are the most important categories for the penetration and alteration of the mind. Alpha pulsations, for instance, are at 10 cycles per second.

Accordingly, extra-low frequency, pulsed microwaves beamed on a subject can alter that subject's emotional state, induce irritability, cause memory loss, and promote fatigue, behavioural dysfunction and hallucinations, trance and heart seizure. Through influence on the subject's subconscious mind they can direct that person in a desired way, even to become a programmed assassin. Erasure of memory is effected through the blockage of the brain's synapses through a surfeit of acetocholine, the production of which can be altered by electromagnetic means. In support of his introductory explanation, Wentworth cited José Delgado's classic treatise entitled *Physical Control of the Mind: Towards a Psycho-Civilised Society*.

Devices developed in this field included the Pulse Wave Myotron, only about the size of a packet of cigarettes, capable of causing its victims to fall to the floor in temporary paralysis for some minutes. This happened because of emissions which resulted in the scrambling of signals from the motor cortex region of the brain, and caused a feeling of a huge number of tiny needles racing through the body. Obviously it had considerable possibilities as an aid to interrogation, or simply as a means of chastisement.

Another delightful offspring of ingenuity could cause the insides of humans to vibrate to the point of overcoming them with nausea or stunning them, the ultimate effect of this diabolical discomfort, if allowed to proceed, being irremediable damage and death. Others could put people to sleep, a relatively pleasant one this as a rare exception, or, returning to the common category of causing agony, heat them up to 107 degrees Fahrenheit, causing fever if not death. A sonic cannon could project a shock wave to knock a man down. An acoustic device could cause hair cells in the inner ear to vibrate, thus causing sensations like sickness and vertigo. An electromagnetic gun could induce a seizure similar to epilepsy.]

Greatly improved versions of the Herf guns of the 1990s emitted a pulse of electromagnetic radiation similar to that given off in a nuclear blast, allowing the jamming of computers and other electronic equipment from a distance. Development in this field had led to the production of the microwave bomb featured in an earlier chapter. Wentworth, as a comment aside, remarked that, on a level of a far smaller yet nevertheless powerful impact, any ordinary member of the public could easily acquire the necessary knowledge and materials to build a device to generate the radio frequency

required and fire it at computers on which government and business today has come so tremendously to depend. The ordinary patriot, driven to rebellion by the deadly menace to his race and nation, has thus today, through scientific developments, the means at hand to succeed against the enemy state because of the vulnerability of the very complexity of the structure and apparatus of the modern state.

Wentworth, having disclosed the secret capacities and achievements of Farnsbury House, was next subjected to intensive questioning on both what he had said and what he had not said. This was repeated to check whether his answers varied from one occasion to another. On the basis of Wentworth's disclosures and their repeated cross-examination of him, his captors, after much private deliberation, set him to work to produce certain devices, obtaining for him the materials he specified as needed.

Some four weeks later the project bore first fruit. The chief of the State Security Police, unknown to himself, suffered a most serious loss, and this at a time when, abnormally, he did experience a persistent headache. This loss was brought about from a room temporarily rented in an office block near to his headquarters in London. The room was required in order to accommodate at close enough range an electromagnetic device made by Wentworth, brought in along with other equipment in crates labelled "office equipment". Wentworth himself went to the 'office' in the company of several BFF men. His lady friend remained as a hostage at his previous abode.

Work at the 'office' on a succession of occasions over several days consisted of extracting from the head of the head man of the SSP the plans of that organisation for countering "terrorism", its designation for the activities of the BFF, particularly including its plan for dealing with any attempted *coup d'état*. This part of the extraction greatly aided the Freedom Fighters when they came to the point of a seizure of state power.

The chief of the secret police was not the only one to suffer from the electromagnetic activities of the BFF's kidnapped scientist who earned his way back into decent society by his work for the agency of liberation. Ministers of the government and a number of others similarly distinguished by their harm to race and nation became stricken with a sudden and strange and most severe malady, the symptoms of which might be likened to those of an acute form of paranoid schizophrenia.

Some of them ended up thoroughly mad in consequence of subjection to treatment known as RNM (Remote Neural Monitoring) which caused

voices to impinge on them, and to make them do all manner of weird and wonderful things, creating spectacular scenes in Parliament, ministries and other official premises, besides their homes and places of recreation. Indeed, several of the stricken ministers even attempted to delivery self-denunciatory speeches in Westminster's House of Treachery, otherwise known as the House of Commons, before either being hustled out by embarrassed accomplices or collapsing and being carried out.

All such happenings, indicative of some kind of mental affliction singling out and peculiarly affecting those in the forefront of the drive to mongrelise and debase the Aryan people of Britain, was a great scandal for the government. It came as yet one further distress and disability at a time when the regime of national and racial ruin was being ever more damaged by the relentless attacks of the BFF, which was aware at that late hour of the certainty of the impending breakdown of the evil system, and confident of its forthcoming ability to seize power.

Chapter 9

TARGETING THE HOUSE OF TREACHERY

THE House of Commons, better designated the House of Treachery because of the congregation of traitors serving an alien occupation and control, "rose", meaning ceased its proceedings, at 10.00pm that day. This was after giving much of its attention at that sitting to the acts of rebellion of the BFF which were now so widespread and so serious as to constitute a war within. The racial renegades along with the racial strangers whose interests they served then dispersed to their homes or venues of high living under constant guard by the police provided at prodigious cost to the suffering public.

These Members of Parliament were as a prime part of policy of the BFF given constant cause to feel they were in the front line of a real war. The purpose of this real war waged with deeds not just words was, along with unending sabotage of the means and needs of the enemy, the destruction of its structures and facilities and procedures, concomitantly the disablement of the system by the attrition of its functionaries. Thus was practised a duality of material and mental damage. The latter amounted to a ceaseless campaign of every conceivable form of harassment by contrived obstructions and created alarms: warfare on the nerves creating a state of stress so worrying and wearying as an ever-present daily condition as to be severely harmful to health and morale and performance.

As these highly harassed Members of Parliament later on in the night sought slumber despite their thoughts of the hidden foe, something untoward was about to happen at the House of Treachery itself, disturbing both to their nerves and to their procedures. A little before Big Ben, the famous

clock nearby, struck 3.00am, keen eyes able to survey the rear terrace of the Commons, overlooking the River Thames, might have been able to discern several frogmen emerging from the river, scaling the wall to the terrace by means of rope and grapnel, and then quietly forcing a door, and so gaining entry to the grandiose building.

In doing so they swiftly divested themselves of their underwater apparel, revealing underneath a uniform remarkably resembling that of the House of Commons security guards. To this they added shoes from waterproof shoulder-bags they carried, and into which they put what they had taken off. The bags – into one of which the scaling rope and grapnel were placed – were hidden in a dark recess in the wall of the terrace.

The Disappearing Mace

That they pursued the right route inward without hesitation was due to the detailed information supplied beforehand by a former servant of the House of Commons. He had joined the rebellion, and was even now included in the band of intruders to provide any additional guidance which came to be desired on the spot. Without hindrance or difficulty they quickly arrived at the debating chamber itself. They took only a minute or two to seize the objective of their intrusion which was the famous mace itself, reposing there as the authorising symbol of parliamentary proceedings, and depart with it from that place where the ruination of Britain was planned and promulgated.

Within a very few minutes more they had without mishap – not counting as such needing to waylay and chloroform a patrolling watchman – retraced their way to the terrace, slid down the rope, and disappeared under the surface of the river, its waters murky and mucky as were the policies and practices of the politicians on its banks. They finally emerged at the point further along on the same side of the river at which they had initially entered the water. There they divested themselves of their frogmen's suits and flippers, placing them in a heavily-weighted sack and consigning them to the watery depths. The mace went similarly to the bottom of the Thames.

The concern and outcry which followed the discovery some hours later that the mace had disappeared was enormous. The whole of the premises and surroundings of both Houses of Parliament were rigorously searched, but to no avail. The indispensable symbol of sanction for the House of Commons proceedings, without which that House could not 'sit', had truly

vanished. Therefore that House could not 'sit' that day and for several further days until a replica could be fashioned and delivered.

Radio and television news bulletins just had to report prominently the sensational suspension of Parliament because of the mysterious disappearance of the mace. This was definitely something which could not be given the 'silent treatment'. Naturally the media and the authorities were quick to solve the mystery by attributing the disappearance quite rightly to the BFF. The intensity of their denunciation of it as a "sacrilegious outrage" was just about equal to the intensity of the rejoicing of the men who had made off with the mace, and of all their comrades of the BFF.

The Day of Guy Fawkes

Some two months after their deeply disturbing experience of the disappearance of the mace, the much-troubled gang of traitors and racial aliens in Parliament experienced another and much greater upset. This occurred on a fifth day of November, an anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot of Guy Fawkes, sometimes referred to as the only man to enter Parliament with honest intentions. The House of Commons was due that day to discuss a new and very drastic Public Security law to be introduced as necessitated by the scale and frequency of the attacks by the BFF.

No threat to security could be suspected from the elderly and gaunt appearance of Peter Hanley, sitting in line to await his turn to be admitted to the public gallery. A secret unto himself alone in his present company, including the police guard present, was the fact that he was a member of the dreaded BFF, though just recently retired from active service because of terminal illness. A further secret was the fact that when, just a few days ago, Peter had been told that he could expect only a couple more months of life, he had immediately decided that he was not going to await some degrading, lingering death in bed. Instead, he had resolved to stage a spectacular exit as harmful as possible to the enemy as his final contribution to the cause, thereby ensuring an enduring afterlife in the memory of others of a warrior worthy of Valhalla.

From that moment onwards he had with exclusive devotion focussed his mind on the contemplation and preparation of his departing act of punishment against the parliamentary promoters of the ruination of his country and its people. He had tuned and tempered his will to the state of fixity and intensity of a Viking berserker of old, so that he could be disregarding of discomfort and oblivious to distraction. Thus by that day in November he

was supremely fit and ready for his task in view.

That day, before leaving home for the last time because his plan did not allow for any return, he had carefully packed into pockets arranged in his underwear – many in number but each one small in size so as to avoid oddity of external appearance – a substance supplied unintentionally by the Armed Forces in the course of an illicit visit by the BFF to one of its stores. The substance was C4, 'C' for cyclonite, a plastic explosive which is similar to but better than the Czech Republic-produced Semtex. It can be moulded into any shape, has no smell so cannot be detected by sniffer devices or dogs, is non-metallic so cannot be discovered by metal detectors, and is invisible to X-ray instruments of detection. Moreover, it is so stable that it can be safely carried in a pocket. Hidden also on Peter's person was a small container of Pitatinny Liquid Explosive (PLX). Its purpose was to boost the blast. Connected to it was a detonator set to ignite the explosive five seconds from the starting of the timer attached to it.

Peter's turn came to be checked by security men with their probes and detector screens. He was passed to go through and ascend to the public gallery. Being a very early entrant, he was able to obtain a seat in the second row from the front of the gallery which overhung the debating chamber. The day's main business began: the proposed, new, Public Security law to deal with the BFF.

Down below Peter the assembly of parliamentary puppets and poseurs babbled and droned on, bemoaning the havoc brought about by "terrorists" as they called the Freedom Fighters, conjecturing even worse to come, deploring the meagre achievements of the police and the SSP in combating this "terrorism". The panicky politicians of the twilight competed with each other in proffering proposals for coping with the emergency, ranging from the prohibition of all unauthorised gatherings of more than two persons, excluding families, to a midnight to dawn curfew, violators of which would be shot on sight. Clearly the minions of alien occupation and control now felt themselves to be in a situation of dire peril. Unknown to them at that late moment, that peril – with Peter Hanley in place above them right then – was most immediate and personal and conclusive.

It was then, with the talk of "terrorism" in full flow, that Peter intervened. With a glow of intense resolution on his countenance suggestive even of beatitude, he rose to leave his seat and also his stay in this world. Mustering by force of will all the energy and ability left in his cancer-racked body, he bounded to the front of the gallery, clambered over the balustrade before

anyone else could lay hands on him, pausing for just a moment before letting go, this in order to switch on the timer as practised in much rehearsal, and then dropped. His body had only just reached the floor when the five seconds expired. A terrific flash illuminated the place. A thunderous noise convulsed it. Retribution had arrived. Guy Fawkes's intention had come to pass, and on November the Fifth of all days.

As the smoke gradually thinned and lifted a truly transfixing sight confronted those few still there and able to perceive it. Moaning Members of Parliament were littered all over, some crawling, others only capable of cringing and contorting, faces blackened, hair singed, clothing blood-stained; and these were the lucky ones. The less fortunate ones, already expired, were not all in one piece. Among those left lifeless and limbless was the Prime Minister of the day. That remnant of his body which had stayed intact was perched grotesquely on the Speaker's Table at which he had in life delivered so many speeches conducive to the death of our race and nation.

Peter thus made for himself a most magnificent death in that, in the tradition of his most ancient of warrior ancestors, he had enhanced that death with the accompaniment of corpses of his enemies. Providing an unintentional epitaph, the *Daily Despatch* was typical of the servile press of the system. On its front-page, with thick borders of black, was the huge headline "A DEATHBLOW TO DEMOCRACY". Its sub-heading said "38 MPs killed, 311 injured".

One might truly date the termination of the talking shop of tyranny from that day. Although for a time the surviving parliamentary renegades and racial aliens continued to function after a fashion in another place, things were never the same. A terrible warning had been given to such people. The writing was on the wall for them. The wording was: "The End is Nigh!"

Chapter 10

THE DAY OF THE TAKEOVER

London that dank and dismal night displayed clear signs of a capital in an advanced state of breakdown. Although armour-plated personnel-carriers of the gun-carrying SSP still patrolled at times, hoping to deter and ward off the BFF, the scale of the disruption had become such that the police and the SSP had by then clearly been proved incapable of stopping or even gravely obstructing the Freedom Fighters. Those by now decisively demoralised bodies were not now generally capable of enforcing the provisions of the newly introduced Public Security law proclaiming a state of emergency with such as a nightly curfew.

Refuse abounded everywhere in the capital's centre. Burnt-out cars and the broken windows of looted shops were plentifully present, testifying to the presence and prowess of gangs of ruffians, some gangs Coloured, other gangs White or mixed, who roamed and rampaged, and here and there gathered around street bonfires.

Drug addicts crouched in doorways, injecting themselves with their poison, and then slumping to the ground in a stupor of degradation. Prostitutes, both male and female, plentifully and obtrusively plied their trade offering their bodies for sale in a land where the people's heritage was being thrown away. Homes and business premises were shuttered and barricaded and adorned with alarms, the sound of which was almost continuous due either to break-in or breakdown, and was almost entirely disregarded by the police and public as an expected and typical triviality of the times. Such was the scene in what had once, not so very long ago, been the centre of the greatest empire the world had ever seen, its creation the bursting forth of the pristine vigour and self-confidence of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic stock of this country.

The street lighting was off in the centre of the capital that night in

continued consequence of the most recent attack on the electricity supply by the BFF in its constant campaign to take away power in all its forms from the enemy state. Had this not been so, it would have been that much easier to distinguish by their fire-marked façades the offices of government departments which had been scorched by Molotov cocktails so generously and cheaply employed by the BFF. The composition of one of the several varieties of these home-made but highly effective incendiary bombs was simply a bottle filled with petrol or diesel oil to which a couple of spoonfuls of sulphuric acid were added, and with a small amount of calcium chloride stuck to the side of the bottle with a strip of paper. When thrown on to a hard surface, the bottle shattered on impact, and the mixture inside, reacting with the calcium chloride, caused an instantaneous explosion and conflagration.

In Whitehall, the very hub of misgovernment, the same darkness obscured the marks on walls of ministries, most noticeable in daylight, of missiles which had been fired from grenade-launchers and which had impacted near to windows or gone through them, doing great damage to rooms and their records. This particular weapon had been principally manufactured by the South African firm of armament makers, Milkor. Thereafter some of them had eventually come into the hands of the BFF in a circuitous manner.

Near to Whitehall, in parts of the West End as in many other places in Britain at that time, daylight would also have revealed numerous painted slogans, the words of many of them being "*Victory to the BFF!*" Some were the work of the organisation itself. Others were the work of sympathisers in emulation, sympathisers who by now amounted to a numerous though entirely separate and informal auxiliary of resistance.

What were very definitely not to be seen that night, not because of the darkness but because of their total absence, were any signs of the usual BFF attacks which were by then a nightly occurrence. This cessation of normal activity was extraordinary, and, some might think, portentous. Could it be the lull before the storm?

It was indeed: the storm being the convergence on the hub of the capital well before dawn of a combination of all 85 units of the BFF, mustering in its total mobilisation 510 Freedom Fighters – less only seven too ill to participate. Their overall objective was the seizure of power in the country by the capture of the centres of control and communication in its capital. Without these centres the vital agencies of government of the existing regime would be paralysed and the regime would be rendered powerless, its manpower, however numerous, becoming stationary and impotent. The

long-awaited and long-prepared-for climax of planned and procured breakdown had at last arrived. The day of deliverance had finally come.

With stunning surprise through overwhelming rapidity, resulting from most careful planning and coordination, 15 units converged on and rushed into the police headquarters of the metropolis, New Scotland Yard. While 12 of those units burst into and took over other parts and functions of those headquarters, three units raced to the control room, donning gas masks and firing CS gas cartridges to subdue the staff as they entered. So doing, they put out of action against the uprising the largest complex of central communications in the world. All at once all of the 66 Divisions of the Metropolitan Police were thereby deprived of their direction and synchronisation by computer and radio, and to this extent disabled.

To achieve this they had to overcome armed guards inside and outside the building who, if they sounded an alarm, would cause the impregnable sealing-off of the various floors. They did this by use of an adaption of the Pulse Wave Myotron described in Chapter 8, produced for the BFF by its prisoner Christopher Wentworth, which instantly though temporarily paralysed the guards before they could intervene or communicate.

Another 18 units invaded and occupied the premises of six of the most central of Metropolitan Police Divisions, being those most likely otherwise to obstruct a takeover of the functional core of power in the capital. Their control rooms, which normally were in constant communication with other Divisions as well as the central control room at New Scotland Yard, were immediately put out of action. While this was happening, another ten units were surprising and seizing the State Security Police headquarters in central London, putting its control room out of action too, and immobilising those special detachments, the Armed Response (SO19) squad and Anti-Terrorist (SO13) squad, which had been transferred to the SSP at its establishment.

Two units occupied the Prime Minister's premises at 10 Downing Street, having used a hijacked lorry from the highways department of one of London's borough councils to crash open the security gate across the entrance to the street, while using the paralysing ray device to incapacitate the police guard inside the street and prevent them raising the security ramp behind the gate. The Freedom Fighters roughly roused from his sleep the titular head of Britain's misgovernment, transferring him in all the glory of his pyjamas temporarily to reside in a closet while awaiting later transport to another place of confinement pending his trial for treason.

Digressing in order to conclude his story, this miscreant was duly convic-

ted and subsequently executed at the historic Tower of London, along with his colleagues in misgovernment, similarly tried and convicted, who had escaped being summarily strung up on lamp posts and left dangling there by incensed members of the public, excited to action by news of the uprising. This was a fate which came to a number of Members of Parliament and administrators, who were distinguished as principal malefactors, before they could be taken into protective custody pending trial for treason.

Well before 6.00am, 17 units had taken over London's main television and radio stations, including the BBC and ITN, so that starting at that hour announcements of the seizure of power, and instructions to the public, could be made and repeated throughout the morning. These announcements declared an end to the regime of alien occupation and control, and required the public no longer to comply with its dictates. Instead they were required to accept, understand and obey a number of temporary rules essential in the current emergency.

Those members of the public who were willing and fit to act as auxiliaries in support of the uprising were directed to do a number of things straight away to check and counter elements of the deposed regime inside and outside London still showing active opposition to the takeover. The recurrent announcements always concluded with the news that the Commander of the British Freedom Force, the force of liberation by uprising, and now Britain's provisional government, would speak to the nation at noon that day on radio and television and everyone should listen to the broadcast.

While radio and television was taken over and put to use in this way, three units had broken into and gained control of vital telephone exchanges in the heart of the capital. Simultaneously, other units had broken into the Home Office, cutting off communication with the police. Others had seized the Ministry of Defence, cutting off communication with the military, and thus preventing calls for troops to rescue and reinstate the ousted government and its supporting authorities.

Controlling and directing the described distribution of the manpower was the BFF's command structure, headed by 'The Herald', and comprising three units who were maintaining contact with all the other units by coded transmissions on short-wave radio or by motorcycle or motor car messenger. This headquarters had at its disposal, to complete the muster, eight roving and reserve units. These units had among their tasks the interception of prowling SSP squads and police cars on patrol or on some mission. All such

vehicles were stopped and immobilised, and their occupants shackled as were any police or SSP men found on foot.

With a total strength of just over 500 men and women on this maximum mobilisation, the BFF had just enough, given their dedication and training and rehearsal, when applied as they were to best of all effect in the selection of the most vital and decisive locations of power. Just enough they were to wrest control from those whose system had been reduced to breakdown by the combination of its inherent stress and the incessant sabotage by the BFF, and where the strategy of seizure was to concentrate on and cut off the head, confident that, while its limbs might continue for a while to show movement, that movement would be incapable of restoring the former rule. The stunning surprise generated by the overwhelming momentum with which the seizure of key points was carried out was a decisive factor in the success of the huge operation to rescue race and nation. Things were made to happen with such speed that the forces of the enemy at key points were faced with a *fait accompli* before they fully realised what was going on, and could make any move to resist.

During the morning, after the initial swoop on the key points in the capital, there were fewer setbacks than expected and feared. Some SSP men out and about on their rounds were troublesome for a time before being rounded up by the BFF roving units, or being beaten up by eager auxiliaries, or concluding that they were but remnants of a losing side, and wisely deciding to go rapidly on the run.

As it was a Sunday, a day picked by the BFF because of lesser activity in and around the key sites of seizure, the House of Commons – or to be precise, what was left of its members after Peter Hanley's lessening of them – was not meeting in its substituted accommodation. Nevertheless a small group of them, plus some principal bureaucrats, did manage at least to get in touch with each other on learning of the *coup* in the capital, and to arrange to meet mid-morning in a hotel to discuss and arrange a counter *coup* to restore the rule from which they had so greatly profited at the expense of the British people.

They might have posed some hindrance to the consolidation of the revolutionary rule of the BFF, if these relics of betrayal and corruption had possessed any part of the discipline and devotion and determination of the BFF, and less of the disposition to prate interminably which distinguished their kind in their Temple of Talk. As it was, they were still at the most preliminary stage of discussion when they were tracked down and taken into

custody. Whether, if they had been left to keep talking, they would have ever embarked on serious action is very questionable, but it was better that the liberators took no chances.

Well before mid-day the vast majority of the ordinary police, as well as the staff of other public services and national and local government departments in the capital had reached the decision to accept the change of control, and make the best of it. They therefore resolved to return to work the very next day as the television and radio instructions required of them.

The Army, advised by the BFF-controlled Ministry of Defence that its standing instructions concerning 'Support for the Civil Power' could not properly be construed as enjoining support for a regime rendered illicit by its engagement in racial and national subversion, decided not to go to the rescue of that regime and oppose the patriotic reformation in progress.

Thus by noon and the scheduled broadcast by the BFF's Commander, the BFF's hold on the key points of control over the capital and thereby the country had endured for six hours and been consolidated.

Outside London surprise, confusion and hesitation understandably prevailed longer. After, however, six hours of ceased communication from the central controllers of old, and instead six hours of communication from the new holders of central power, most of the rest of Britain came round to deeming the change in the capital a lasting one, and took this as their cue for conformity. The parts that did not for a further while accept the change were incapable of altering it or being more than a minor irritant. Thus by noon the uprising had clearly succeeded. The television and radio stations in London then introduced at noon the Commander of the British Freedom Force who was now head of the provisional government of a Free Britain.

Hitherto known only as 'The Herald', but now free to reveal himself as Richard Wright, the chief of the Freedom Fighters began his victory speech by first establishing the absolute necessity, the complete justification, for taking power by force. The overthrown regime of racial aliens and racial renegades had in reality ruled by force, he stressed. This had been the fact of the deceitful facade of so-called democracy behind which a dictatorship in disguise had operated. It had fraudulently masqueraded as a government of, by and for the people, making a pretence of free elections in principle while in practice effectively rigging them to suit a closed camp of allied and therefore dummy competitors. It had made a pretence of liberty while practising coercion and the denial of facilities essential for the exercise of liberty. Misruling by force, that regime could only be ousted by force. So this had

been rightly and unavoidably done.

He then turned to the black record of this tyrannical dictatorship functioning in the name and guise of 'democracy'. To start with, he said, this was the record of not only the tolerance but also the promotion of a Coloured invasion and occupation of Britain, and a Jewish access and ascendancy there, dispossessing the British people of their heritage. It was also the record of the introduction and enforcement of vicious laws to penalise opposition to this dispossession. In thus depicting this monstrous betrayal, he denounced democracy's conception of citizenship which is a matter merely of geographical residence – and thus potentially and ultimately multiracial, and accordingly anti-British – instead of a matter of race or folk in a bond of blood and soil. This perverted conception came from those who discerned benefit to themselves in manipulating and directing and exploiting a mongrelised and thereby docile and malleable mass of subjects. This monstrous betrayal of the British people desecrated all the achievements of our Aryan folk down through the centuries, and undid all their struggles throughout those centuries to retain possession of their homeland and its assets.

He went on to record the criminal culpability of the former regime in so many other respects, indeed in virtually all its activities. He showed its responsibility for all the decadence and depravity which had taken hold of the land and its people. His all-embracing survey of the misdeeds of the ejected misrulers covered the ground in general on which the indictment of the deposed ministers and others would be based when their time of trial arrived.

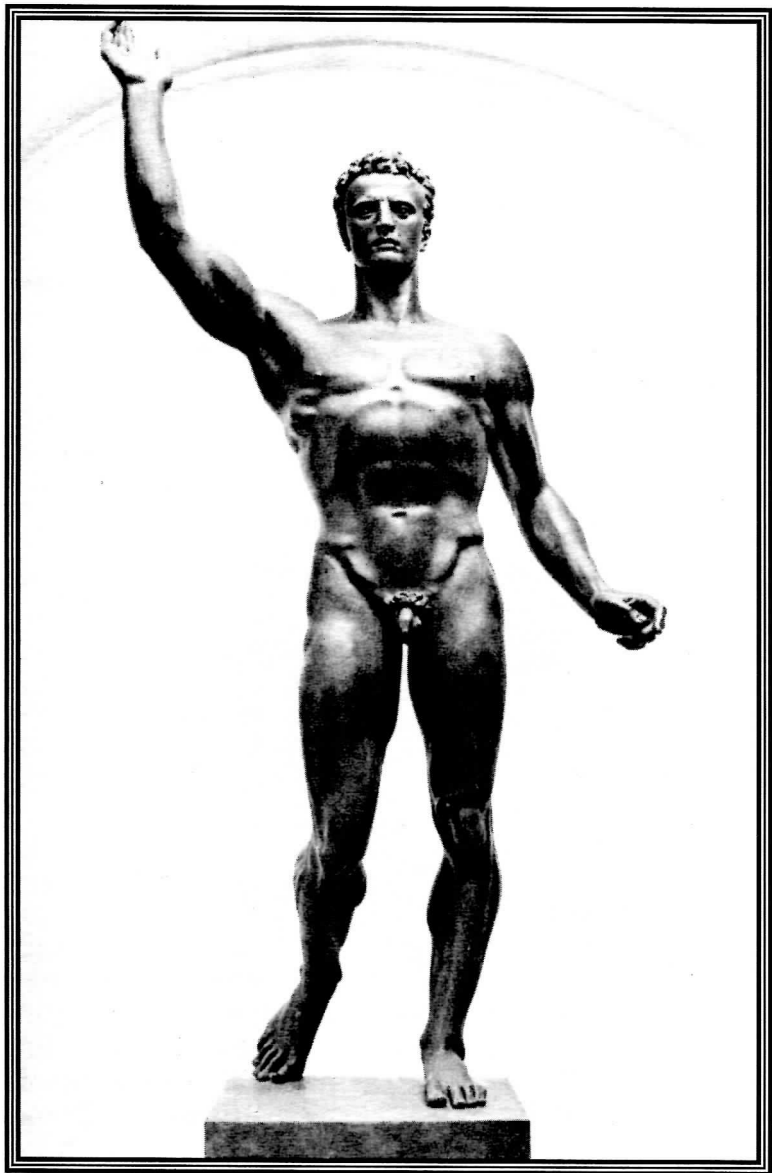
After thus recounting the crimes against race and nation of those now overthrown, he came to pay tribute to the sacrifices of the Freedom Fighters in defying and undermining and now replacing the regime of darkness of these greatest of criminals. He spoke of the dedication and valour of 'Cedric', Peter Hanley and many others who had died for its overthrow. What he had to say about them and all the comrades who had lived on to take part in the culmination of the struggle in the victory of the uprising, and the measured and melodious manner in which he said it, brought a lump to the throat and tears to the eyes not only of BFF members listening but also a great many of the listeners in the general public, striking a long-suppressed chord in the hearts of these people who had formerly been a part of a crushed and cowed population, but were now uplifted.

The new head of government then passed on to unfold a compelling vision of the Britain for the British which would be the purpose of his

government. It would be a Britain reserved for its own folk, and therefore not an open house for Coloureds and Jews who would no longer hold citizenship and enjoy its benefits, and would thus be made to go elsewhere. It would be a land whose folk were restored to racial health and national dignity, respectfully worthy of their past, and devotedly working for a glorious future. It would be a Britain in which the true interests of the British folk would forever be the guiding principle: a resurgent land in which all who worked for the common good would by the community be assured of a good life of social and economic justice.

He concluded his speech by calling on everyone in the British nation, young and old, rich and poor, from that moment onwards on that day of liberation to shed the old habits of apathy and selfishness and dishonour derived from the old order of a dishonest and disreputable and now defunct democracy. In place of those bad habits, he summoned them all to begin anew in a spirit of national awakening to build in a great fusion of the British people a new and greater "Land of Hope and Glory", citing the well known and majestic refrain.

It was at this point that his arousing message of idealism, the idealism which had inspired the British Freedom Force to rise from an insignificant beginning to a splendid victory, so galvanised a great part of the public to enthusiasm that they inwardly resolved to follow him wholeheartedly to his goal. It was at this precise moment on the day that it seized power in the state that the BFF won a second victory: seizing power in the hearts of the British people.



The Messenger
by Arno Breker