

Merrie England 2000



By Colin Jordan



Merrie England —2,000

by

Colin Jordan

"The war was over,
democracy saved,
and here was
Merrie England."

- J.B. Priestley -
Bright Day 1946



**AT PRESENT MR JORDAN IS ABLE TO RECEIVE SNAIL MAIL ONLY.
YOU CAN WRITE DIRECTLY TO HIM AT:
GOTHIC RIPPLES,**

**Thorgarth,
Greenhow Hill,
Harrogate,
N. Yorks
HG3 5JQ,
England.**

Contents

Dedication:

Preface:

Annie's Crime and Punishment:

Annie's Telly Training:

The Processing of "Honey":

The Colouring of Education

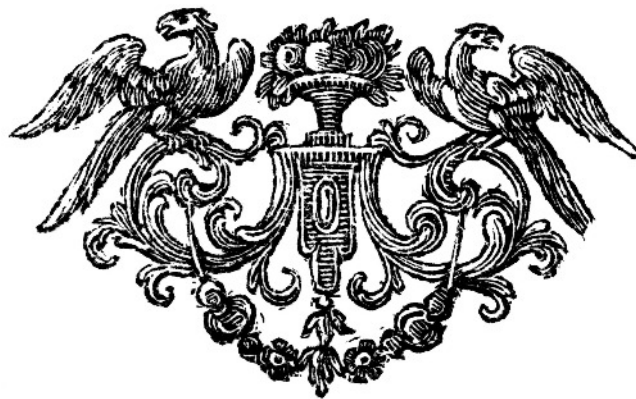
The Harmonisers

The Staging of "Holocaust"

Democracy: The Freedom to Comply

Decay, Distraction and Design

Celebrations of the Century



Dedication

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED TO GERALD KAUFMAN, Jewish Member of Parliament for the U.K., ancestrally from Poland, who not only in his policies typifies trends towards an England in the year 2,000 as depicted in it, but has taken a lead in trying to prevent its publication by penal action against its author for his writings.

In June 1991, acting merely on a complaint by Kaufman, police invaded and ransacked the author's home, and seized a copy of the first draft of this book.

Thereafter, with the necessary scrutiny and consent of the Attorney General, a prosecution was started against him for some other literature seized. This was at the outset suspended by a High Court injunction which the author obtained, pending a Judicial Review by that Court of the legality of the warrant used for the raid, leave for which Review he had previously applied for and had been granted. When that Judicial Review was about to take place in November 1992, the police finally at the last moment, to avoid a High Court decision of censure, admitted that the warrant was invalid, and the search and seizure consequently unlawful; and abandoned the prosecution, agreeing to return all of the property seized and since then retained.

The Attorney General - the highest law officer in the land appointed by the government of the day- thus stands condemned for having sanctioned under Jewish pressure a prosecution of a political opponent for expressing freedom of thought, an attempt at suppression based moreover on what he must have known was an illegal raid. Such was the threat to freedom in 1992.

What will it be like in the year 2,000?

MERRIE ENGLAND 2000 BANNED!

NB This book is now deemed illegal for public distribution in the United Kingdom. Mr. Jordan and the alleged printer of Merrie England 2000 were/are currently facing prosecution under the tyrannical UK 'Race Act' concerning the publishing and distribution of the book. Free speech is a crime today in the United Kingdom. For the full details of the Jews' "case" against Mr Jordan, please see: COLIN JORDAN VERSUS ZOG

Preface

THIS story may be said to be an exercise in second sight. By all means treat it as just a prophetic bad dream, if you wish, unless and until you happen to wake up to find it is really happening. By title it is attached to England because of the historical connotation but this without prejudice to the rest of Britain to which, rest assured, its contents are equally applicable. As a fictional forecast it is neither intended as nor estimated as anything which in terms of the Public Order Act 1986 can cause "racial hatred": a negative concept which does not motivate the author.

His motivation is concern for his homeland and his folk as once they were and should again become. His anger at what has already happened to England and the English, is now happening and seems set to happen is fully focused on those who, whatever their race, are ultimately responsible; and most of all concentrated on the renegades of his own race, especially the politicians congregated in the House of Treason beside the Thames at Westminster.

These are the people, whatever their breed, who are to blame for causing England and the English (and Britain and the British) to approach the year 2,000 in the manner depicted in this book.

Others, immigrants of other races, have only taken advantage of the treachery of our own renegades. Therefore they should not be made the scapegoats for the prime culpability of the latter who are to be rated the greatest criminals in history for their supreme crime against their own kind.

This assessment does not conflict with criticism of the presence, influence and effect of incoming Jews, Coloured persons and other racial aliens, providing it is expressed entirely within the context of the condemnation of our own renegades for this consequence of their conduct, so that they and not the racial aliens are the target.

So, dear reader, whoever you are, condemn not the author for holding up a mirror to the times! Instead hold culpable for the play thereby reflected precisely the players themselves without which there could be no reflection. If anyone, inspired by the elastic terms of Part III of the Public Order Act fancies he detects some "insult", some "threat" or some "abuse" against racially alien immigrants, rest assured that this impression is a misapprehension in the eye of the beholder, and not the intention or consequence of the author. The only offence arising from this chronicle must be charged against those who make the material of this book come true, not the chronicler. If, despite this injunction there remains anyone incapable or unwilling to accept this interpretation, then let that person avoid either contemplating or contracting what he erroneously regards as "racial hatred" by the simple expedient of refraining from reading any further.

Colin Jordan March 1993

CHAPTER 1

Annie's Crime and Punishment

ANNIE Oakwood buttoned her coat, slipped on her outdoor shoes, took the dog's lead down from its peg, and started for the front door, calling the elderly animal after her. Dark brown, the dog had the distinction of two names: one of them prudently adopted for public use; the other a private one prompted by the colour of its coat, and the recollection of Wing-Commander Guy Gibson's similar animal with the same name in The Dam Busters film of decades past.

Annie, 71 years old, doing her nightly rounds with the dog in her South London suburb in the spring of 1999, could not help continually recalling the district as it had been before the great influx and the resulting change of years ago. She could remember Albion Road before it had been renamed "Abuke Road" after some hero of African "liberation"; Hereward Place before it became "Holocaust Place" in honour of the many millions of Jews exterminated by monsters in the Great War for Democracy of 50 years ago; and the open space for which she was heading when it was Jubilee Gardens and not as now "Humanity Park" with outdoor murals depicting the fusion of all hominids, accompanied by verses to the glory of their oneness.

The murals, it should be explained, were somewhat unusual in being more or less intelligible in a period in which "Art" had become more or less a passing product of caprice or some sewage of the unconscious. As such it had become virtually meaningless, even to its creators, though acclaimed the more so precisely because of this.

As Annie neared the park entrance, she let "Nigger" off his lead in readiness. He immediately disappeared under a car parked a little in front of her. "Nigger! Nigger! Come out at once!" she commanded in a suitably muffled tone. Seconds later a somewhat different "Nigger" did shoot out on a low mechanic's trolley, clad in overalls, spanner in hand, closely followed by the excited dog snapping at his heels and barking furiously. Rising rapidly erect the Black man fastened his furious eyes on Annie, and directed at her a spluttering torrent of invective, accusing her of the

vilest racism, and threatening instantaneous vengeance including calling the police; while directing a number of unsuccessful kicks in the direction of his namesake. He then sped off to a nearby house, seemingly in pursuit of fulfilment.

Deeply disconcerted by the development, and perplexed as to how to proceed for the best, Annie lingered at the spot, getting hold of the dog and replacing the lead. Would the Coloured gentleman return? If he did, would an apology heal the situation? The subject of her thoughts did re-appear, but as he did so a screech of brakes betokened the arrival of a speeding police car. Had it been a mere burglary or mugging, it could have been days before the police made an appearance, if at all, but a report of "racism" always ensured an instant response as a top priority of crime equalling if not exceeding murder.



Annie was not surprised to find that of the two officers who bounded out of the car one was evidently an Indian of some sort, his head swathed in a turban, and the other a dark man of indeterminate breed with large ear-rings and a pointed beard and hair down to his shoulders; since by then a great part of London's police force was Afro-Asian as a result of a recruitment policy placing prime emphasis on combating colour prejudice, not crime. In pursuit of this lofty priority all standards had been reduced if not scrapped altogether, which explained why the bearded man confronting Annie barely topped 11/4 meters, and in a preceding and less enlightened age would have been deemed a dwarf destined to excel in a circus. Both of these guardians of the public were, however, more or less proficient in the basic pidgin English then taught and employed in the racially reformed police colleges. Thus it was that crime prospered magnificently in the progressive England of the end of the century, most of it left unreported because of lack of police interest, effort and achievement; an arrest and conviction being quite a wondrous rarity. Every town now had its sizeable "no go" area into which the police only ventured on most special occasions, and then in maximum muster and as briefly as possible; normally respecting its inviolability as a sanctuary for those whose outlook on behaviour differed from the the law, and who desired to withdraw entirely from its interference. Indeed such was the ensuing prevalence of crime that a great and growing volume of opinion in the Establishment came to perceive that the only way to respond was radically to lessen the law in order to lessen its breaches.

So it was that by virtue of the introduction of a policy of super-tolerance in policing a large part of what had hitherto been accounted as crime now became accepted as no more than "doing one's own thing" and "self-expression". Where nevertheless someone was apprehended for some major offence, providing it did not fall into the category of "racism", which alone was absolutely intolerable, that person was usually discharged with effusions of sympathy from the magistrate or judge after submitting the standard plea enthusiastically sponsored by the gargantuan Social Services Department that "It's not my fault. My impulses were to blame".

In the instance of Annie the intervention of the two ordinary police officers was very brief, confined to establishing that there was a prima facie case of that dreadful offence known as "racism", and thereupon calling up on their radio the special body devoted to this crime of crimes, the Harmony Force.

Annie had more than average awareness of the Harmony Force because her nephew Philip worked at the Ministry of Harmony which controlled the Force as a body parallel to but superior to the ordinary police. It consisted of highly selected, highly trained, highly motivated, highly paid young men and women, prize products of the new socially-engineered educational system, assigned to enforce the policies of the Ministry by maintaining surveillance, deterring or detecting dissent or infringement, apprehending offenders against Harmony, ensuring their conviction, and conducting their punishment - and, as an after-service, keeping a close watch on them for the remainder of their lives, thus spent in effect on perpetual probation. The ultimate objective of all their high endeavours was a submissive populace accepting and practising multiracial integration to its culmination in multi-racial interbreeding, the final solution for the elimination of folk-feeling in Whites.

Within minutes an unmarked vehicle arrived with a male and female occupant in plain clothes. Showing credentials to the ordinary police, they took over, handcuffing Annie and paw-cuffing "Nigger" and pushing them into their vehicle which sped off to their local headquarters.

Kept there overnight, an anxious Annie and a no less disturbed "Nigger" were next morning transported to court, there to be denounced by the Coloured complainant, powerfully backed by the pair from the Harmony Force acting as prosecutors. She was, they said, without doubt a regular racist who had displayed her vice in public, and the dog was a culpable accessory. The compliant magistrate then lost no time in sentencing the objectionable "Nigger" to be exterminated, and its owner to undergo six months of Re-education as an in-patient at a House of Harmony, an institution for the inculcation of correct thinking in convicted offenders against Harmony. Only her age and the fact of a first offence saved her, he told her sternly, from a much longer and harsher punishment.

For six whole months Annie was subjected in solitary confinement to an intensive process of purgation designed to rid her of every vestige of those prohibited thoughts which arose from an outmoded and thoroughly reprehensible awareness of racial ancestry, pride in the heritage of her folk, and a concern for its preservation. Relatives and friends only learned what had happened to her from an official entry in the Harmony Force's Column of Shame in the local press, recording for due opprobrium those convicted of "racism" or other offences against Harmony. No letters or visits were allowed.

She was obliged to wear day and night a uniform emblazoned on the front with the large letters "I was a racist". The same words were to be found in even larger letters and illuminated at night on all four walls of her window-less cell and on its ceiling also. She was obliged to listen every hour on the hour day and night to a loudspeaker which came on in her cell to conduct the following catechism in respect of which she was given but one day to learn the answers from a Manual of Correction then taken away from her, under threat of loss of food for every mistake, and a lengthening of her sentence for any refusal to comply:-

Q: "Why are you here?"

A: "Because I was a racist." Q: "What is a racist?"

A: "A wrong-minded person who believes there are inborn differences between human beings."

Q: "Why is this wrong?"

A: "Because all human beings are one and the same. Q: "What is right thinking?"

A: "Races do not exist. The only differences between all people everywhere are only superficial results of different environment."

Q: "What is the right aim?"

A: "The mixture of all humanity to produce the world man and woman, and eventually the world unisex."

Q: "When can you go back to the outside world?"

A: "When I have shown for six months that I have been cured of racism."

Q: "Do you wish to be cured?"

A: "Oh, yes I do indeed, most truly and eagerly!"

So compelling was this catechism of correct thinking that for months after her release Annie would find herself on the hour every hour repeating to herself its questions and answers. Thus engrossed in the ritual of purgation, the six months passed, her treatment was satisfactorily completed, and the day dawned when her cell door was opened, and she was escorted to the gate and the freedom the outside world afforded for conformity to Harmony. At that gate were her son George and his wife Jennifer, fidgeting with embarrassment at her criminality and its impact on the neighbours, waiting to convey her back to her little house in Primrose Street.

Back at home at last, reborn Annie savoured the comparative pleasures of life in the England of autumn 1999. Even doing the laundry seemed a blissful relaxation after the rigours of her entombment in her tiny cell of correction at the remedial House of Harmony. With one of those furtive hard-to suppress flashbacks of memory she recalled the days long ago when washing machine manufacturers had even exhorted customers to "Keep whites and coloureds separate!" This gruesome recollection caused her immediately and dutifully to shudder with repugnance at such an awful suggestion of racism. Thankfully Ministry of Harmony research since then had resulted in the discovery of detergents which not only allowed but thrived on mixing, an accomplishment hailed as enormously symbolic and immensely salutary.



CHAPTER 2

Annie's Telly Training

THE TELEVISION - all of the television, all of the programmes, all of the time - now seemed to Annie tremendously absorbing and exhilarating after half a year in the company of only the hourly catechism, though previously she had only been an occasional viewer, preferring old-fashioned pastimes such as reading. Now she enthusiastically watched every episode of Harmony Highway which years ago had replaced antiquated Coronation Street. Now she never missed watching Meet the Singhs, another most compelling integration series. Washington Williams, the super-cop from Trinidad who long ago had ousted Sherlock Holmes, had her full attention every Tuesday evening at eight, while every morning at eight she derived intense uplift from Towards One World with its focus on global fusion in all its many enticing aspects.

She became completely engrossed in Empire of Evil, the 50-part chronicle of England's vicious domination and exploitation of the colonial peoples. She was absolutely captivated by Beginnings of Democracy, a series showing that Ancient Africa taught Ancient Greece everything it came to know and possess. She was tremendously impressed to learn from He Made Motoring Possible of the Zulu chief Wangwacko who invented the internal combustion engine, but whose blueprints - plans of genius engraved on tablets of stone for durability - were stolen from him and copied by wicked Whites entirely lacking his colossal talent. She could not tear herself away from the Cosmocuisine programme with its array of far away dishes to displace stodgy English cooking. She even rather overdid things one day with her ardent efforts to reproduce "Calcutta Cosmo-curry". A visit from the fire brigade was required to deal with the conflagration in the kitchen after she had evidently made things a bit too hot. The intensity of the aroma dispensed down Primrose Street in consequence of the event was really quite remarkable, drawing crowds of appreciative Indians from areas even north of the Thames. The phenomenon even rated a mention in the meteorological bulletin that evening as resembling a ground haze in the capital of a somewhat unusual nature.

Eliminating Bias, a course of self-correction which she perceived and welcomed as a continuation of her therapeutic treatment at the House of Harmony, so took hold of her that in her rapt concentration on expelling from her mind all harmful thoughts she succeeded on one occasion in expelling all thoughts of any kind. This accomplishment whereby her mind was reduced to a complete blank in a state of suspended animation for some ten minutes was rewarded with an acute headache for some ten hours, after which she wisely concluded that she had to take the mental exercise somewhat less vigorously, though no less enthusiastically.

This was to her no cause for delay in sending for, immediately the programme advertised it, a "dream monitor". This was a device which recorded the exact nature of any lapses of the brain into archaic thoughts during slumber. The subject was thus enabled to follow when awake a purposeful procedure for the elimination of such hoary relics from the subconscious.

Watching the television screen for hour upon hour each and every day - something strongly encouraged by the Ministry of Harmony as the habit of a good citizen anxious to acquire good thoughts - Annie's brain was drawn moth-like to, absorbed by and purposefully irradiated by its luminance, which invaded, pervaded and fully possessed it, supplying her ideas, causing her responses, rendering her whole mind a mere reflection of the glittering brilliance of its domination. While continuing to believe that she remained the arbiter, switching on and switching off receptivity at will, Annie, as with the multi-millions of other slaves of the silver screen, had reached the state not of controlling the electronic brain box occupying the place of honour in every home, but of being effectively controlled by it, or rather by the masters of the box who beamed their controlling influences into every captive brain in every viewer's dwelling.

Outwardly, television as with the other and lesser media was cleverly and carefully made to appear as a wide range of free expression, uninfluenced by government, which left people free to form their own opinions. In actual fact all of it was secretly and ultimately controlled by the ruling consortium of forces and interests, Jewish or allied, then in power and represented by the Ministry of Harmony. Television was used to supreme advantage as the supreme instrument of control of the public, not merely in the older manner of selective presentation of material coupled with the selective omission of material to achieve the desired effect, but also in the newer and far more potent manner of continual transmissions of subliminal material amid all programmes on all channels. This meant that nowadays flashing forth with a rapidity below the threshold of consciousness, and thus registering an effect without being perceived to do so, were continual messages of command such as "We want oneness!", "Black is beautiful!" and "The Ministry knows best!".

The Minister of Harmony was a shadowy figure who had adopted the stage name of "Jonathan Bull" to benefit from this anodyne of Englishness in place of his rightful patronymic derived from his ancestors' long-standing domicile in the Hebrew quarter of Lodz. He was the real head of government, the nominal Prime Minister being only a photogenic puppet selected by the former for his soothing demeanour, and made to appear the virtually unanimous choice of an appreciative nation by the simple means of the appropriate subliminal transmissions.

The high lord of Harmony had marked the occasion, a while earlier, of the introduction of constant instead of experimental transmissions of subliminal messages on television with a confidential speech of celebration to a closed meeting of his inner subordinates specially sworn to secrecy. In it he had announced that, with television now at the centre of every home and the focal point of every life, today's magic lantern provided the means of complete control of the public mind. It ensured that automatically and contentedly people supported who and what the Ministry put into their heads, joyful in the illusion that they made up their own minds whereas the Ministry performed that service for them. "Control", said the Minister of Harmony in his peroration, glistening with self-satisfaction, "is never more successful - as being never more complete and permanent and trouble-free - than when it is exerted seemingly in its absence behind a facade of freedom of choice. This", he concluded with fitting emphasis "is the final fruition of Democracy, and on the threshold of the 21st Century we can congratulate ourselves on having achieved this." What the Minister did not speak of, not needing to articulate it for the initiates, was the fact that it was in no way necessary to have the slightest belief in any part of the pap fed to the public other than in its efficacy to produce a desired state of mind leading to a desired response to the benefit of the holders of power. The whole object of the exercise in human management by means of that confidence trickery on the grand scale known as Democracy was power, gainful power. Multiracial mixture and human equality were to be propagated as ideals simply and solely because of the supreme advantage to the holders of power of a docile, pride-less, mongrelise human herd.

It was with this secret purpose fully understood that the Ministry's controllers of programmes pursued "adjustment" and "familiarization to rectify racial prejudice and achieve racial integration as imperative considerations far exceeding in importance any thought of historical accuracy or any other intrusion of objective truth. Thus when the legions of Julius Caesar were portrayed it was obligatory for those legions to be at least 50 per cent Coloured. Similarly, the Battle of Trafalgar had to be portrayed with ships, half of every crew of which were Black.

Nelson himself by a generous concession was allowed to remain half White as a victorious mulatto exemplifying the prowess of the hybrid. All such enterprising alteration was justified, the official argument ran, because things would have been like that if rank racism had not prevailed, so that it was only right and proper that by "adjustment" they should be shown as they ought to have been instead of as they happened to have been.

The old type of Western disappeared in the same good cause of "familiarization" being replaced by a much improved version in which Coloureds provided all the 'goodies' and Whites all the 'baddies'. The tales of Tarzan were likewise sanitized. Instead of jungle savages, the natives appeared as noble founders of civilization communing philosophically in a conservationist's paradise, championed in their defence against marauding Whites by an ebony Adonis and his beautiful black mate Tarzana.

Robin Hood became a persecuted Pakistani seeking refuge in Sherwood Forest along with a band of other Coloured immigrants described and hounded as "illegal" entrants by a medieval racist regime. Friar Tuck was turned into Rabbi Tuck, a jovial itinerant teacher of the Talmud. The Sheriff of Nottingham was revealed to be a sadistic member of a forerunner of the racist Ku Klux Klan.

CHAPTER 3

The Processing of "Honey"

GEORGE and Jennifer had one child, aged 16, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired girl named - in consequence of the Americanisation of entertainment in her parents' younger days - "Honey". She had been unable to accompany her parents to collect disgraced Annie from the House of Harmony as she had been away at the time on a trip to Tibet on a project in world oneness arranged by the college of higher education which she now attended, but shortly after her return she went round to see her grandmother.

Annie, who loved her dearly, received her with delight. In the past she had been continually perturbed by the girl's slavish adoption of all the thought and behaviour implanted by the authorities in school and college and outside, and by the commercial advertisers and entertainers in harmony with those authorities. Now this source of friction was at an end. The problem had been obviated. Annie herself had been put right by her Re-education, and rendered "with-it". Honey, Annie now appreciated had the inestimable advantage of not just six months of Re-education but 16 years of nothing but the New Education. Her granddaughter's processing had begun almost at birth in an infants' environment even then substantially and ever afterwards increasingly shaped against differentiation of race and sex, and in favour of a human herd of communistic compliance and capitalistic consumer-uniformity.

Annie reborn though she was, could still recall - albeit now with an induced feeling of guilt in place of pure nostalgia - the days of her own childhood in the far off 1930's when the playgrounds were full of the fair-haired descendants of Saxon, Viking and Celt, and them alone. That was before the Great Change which followed the 1939 45 war as not only its consequence but its ultimate purpose: a global upheaval brought about by Democracy's directors to crush the contemporary folk revival of the Aryans, and to facilitate racial amalgamation under their dictatorship disguised as representative government.

The dear old golliwogs Annie had known in her childhood had during Honey's childhood disappeared from jam jars, egg cups, mugs and all else, banished as hideous manifestations of "racial hatred", and later on replaced by representations of Materpater, a creature half-male and half-female, half-White and half-Coloured: in short an androgynous hybrid. Dolls other than Materpater were still permitted as a gesture of liberal liberty, providing they served the cause of Harmony, meaning they had to be either black or of varying shades of brown to compensate for the fiendish fault of former white predominance. This colouring of things was no mere superficial gesture of penance but had a deeper purpose preparatory to the colouring of persons. Astute mind-manipulators at the Ministry of Harmony were convinced, and rightly so, that if little girls like Honey could be accustomed from the cradle to cuddling Coloured dolls they would shed all instinctive resistance to bearing and cuddling mulatto children in later life.

Convinced of the importance of the earliest possible start to the process of human moulding, everything relating to infants had come under the indefatigable attention of members of the Ministry by the time Honey reached her early teens. The ambit of their interest ranged from the shape of baby's rattles and the design of cots to the words of nursery rhymes. This resulted in Baa Baa Black Sheep and other such conveyers of incipient racism being banned, and replaced by recommended ditties from the Mothers Manual of Harmony, a copy of which went free to every baby-blessed household, and which included such masterpieces as that which began with the words "We're multi-coloured lambkins. Later we'll be multi-coloured sheep".

Enid Blyton's once-beloved series of Noddy books had disappeared in their original form, being replaced by a much superior series of tales of intermingling for toddlers wherein the inhabitants of Toytown were all shapes, sizes, colours, sexes and half-sexes; all exceedingly chummy and all absolutely equal. No kind of punishment was depicted. This was not because the power-wielders themselves objected to physical punishment and refrained from using it, far from it, but because those power-wielders the perpetual party of the real rulers of Democracy saw the promotion of softness among their subjects as highly helpful to their rule. Thus the spanking of children had been prohibited as barbaric when Honey was quite young.

Error by the Toytowners was instead ingeniously corrected by involuntarily stopping and listening to and obeying the "World Conscience", a 'hi-tec' miracle of a contraption located in Tel Aviv, the acknowledged spiritual centre of the universe, which with its all-seeing eye noted everything everywhere. Perceiving any Toytowner in the wrong, ultra-fine radiations were transmitted to the brain of the wrongdoer, arousing a recognition of the fault and the need to rectify it. If rectification did not shortly follow, further radiations produced punitive pangs in the cerebrum the persistence and severity of which depending on the continuance and seriousness of the wrongdoing. Thereby, no undesirable conduct lasted for long in idyllic Toytown, as you may imagine. As you may also well imagine, members of the Ministry in inventing this fictional device for children derived considerable sophisticated amusement from their secret knowledge that, as will be seen at the end of the story, progress was already far advanced in developing the reality of the device for the enforcement of correct conduct in the public.

As Annie recalled, when Honey's processing had progressed from nursery to primary school she had come to learn quite a lot about this mind-moulding of her granddaughter, not merely from what Honey had communicated, but also from her own observation when taking Honey to and from school to help her mother who at that time went out to work. By then the staff of the Jomo Kenyatta Primary School at Streatham were progressives to the core without exception. Indeed they could hardly have been otherwise since by then school teachers were most highly selected to exclude anyone with the slightest lingerings of old-fashioned attitudes, the slightest remnant of racial feeling, the tiniest trace of White nationalism. It mattered not if in body and dress they were much less clean and tidy than the scruffy tramps Annie had come across in her childhood, or if their academic achievement was distinguished only by its poorness or even its absence. The only degree that really mattered was the degree of their perception of the oneness of all humanity, joined to a perspiring zeal to instil this perception in their pupils.

School started in the morning with the ritual of the "Circle of Sameness" performed, weather permitting, in the playground, and in the assembly hall if wet. The children linked hands, then chanted the 20-verse Song of Sameness which had all to do with breaking down barriers, pushing out prejudices, filling up with love and care for every form of life generously classified as "human". Toleration, it demanded, for all kinds of human behaviour once held to be intolerable. The submergence of the individual in the crowd, it cried for, in favour of the common herd and its collective action, denouncing any competitiveness and rejecting any suggestion of an elite as contrary to sameness. Work for peace, it proclaimed. peace as the extinction of self-assertion and thus conflict. Of course behind all this show of woolly benevolence required by the Ministry lay the secret purpose of the superiors of the Ministry which was to soften-up the citizens of the future to become submissive servants of the power-wielders behind the scenes.

The seating in class and the procedure in all school activities was based on the principle of "pairing", meaning the coupling of White and Coloured children as juvenile preparation for White and Coloured copulation as adults to produce the desired global mixture of humanity. This ultimate of integration was seen by its genuine idealists as the state of perfection wherein all hurtful divisions had been eradicated. For the hard-headed social engineers in control it was seen plainly and correctly as the reduction of the subject mass to a state of enervation beyond rebellion or even major unrest.

The achievement of this "pairing" throughout the schools of the country necessitated a most complex transport operation absorbing a substantial part of the gross national product. Daily all over England Coloureds were bussed to one school and Whites to another, and with continual change of schedule to maximize the benefit. Thus, while Honey was nominally at the Jomo Kenyatta School at Streatham, she might suddenly find herself spending a day at the Simon Wiesenthal School in Acton or the Mahatma Gandhi School in Lambeth.

In rural areas the operation could and did entail in many cases pupils spending a large part of most days travelling to and fro. Nevertheless the spiritual and cultural experience of "pairing" along with the potency of its physical familiarization even for the remaining small part of the school day, was considered as of redeeming importance far exceeding the mere scholastic knowledge of times past. Moreover even if there had been no such travelling, the talent of the teachers was such that hardly anything of value would have been imparted in the time saved, so its loss did not really matter. The result was that the children generally left school knowing little more than when they started, some even less, and most of them hardly able to read or write or add up; but with this fully compensated for by being full to overflowing with the heavenly talk of "tolerance" and the exquisite feeling of human oneness, and the possession of the technical knowledge of how to operate a television set and thus to acquire more of the same. Spectacular slovens themselves, the teachers fervently encouraged the children to learn from them the art of slovenliness as the mark of modernity. Herein lay an authentic gesture of emancipation from the bad old world of authoritarian discipline, they burred and bleated, oblivious of the fact that through the workings of "permissiveness" there operated with superlative success through the disguise of its opposite the most authoritarian dictatorship imaginable. So it was to the satisfaction of their higher headmasters of remote control that the degradation in dress as in all things else was seen by the subjects not as the sign of subjugation as it truly was, but instead as the proof of liberation.

Jeans, which in Annie's early days had been only workmen's dress, had now become unquestionably accepted and universally worn as the daily dress of Democracy from which it was heretical to depart. What more appropriate uniform for the captive hordes of its multiracial masses could there be than this coarse and commonplace garment? Truly it was superbly suitable as the livery of servitude for the slaves of the shadow government exerting its despotism through manipulation of the mind.

It was highly important, teachers taught, to dress alike in jeans as a way of doing away with divisive factors of race, class and sex. Footwear similarly had a socially significant purpose, the favoured form for children being a symbolically sloppy, plastic and canvas creation called "casual"; this being one of the stressed keywords of the new age, evocative of its cherished condition of carelessness meaning freedom from concern and responsibility. With this meaningful footwear Honey was structurally encouraged to shuffle along on her way through life in harmony with the spirit of the age.

CHAPTER 4

The Colouring of Education

AT HONEY'S school, as at all others, a policy of "levelling" had been put into practice to prevent where possible and to hide where not low attainment by Blacks and other Coloureds. A "Make English Easy" campaign had resulted in the virtual abandonment of any grammatical structure or uniformity of spelling. Children were encouraged to speak and write as they felt and fancied, free from the fascistic rigidity of the past: a reform so eminently successful that very often Honey's parents and certainly her grandmother could not understand what she was trying to communicate in what was at best a kind of abbreviated Afro-American slang.

Arithmetic was similarly simplified to the effect that as long as one could count up to the extent of the fingers of both hands and the toes of both feet, that was good enough for all save those few destined for some specialization making greater demands, and where calculators could not be entirely relied upon.

Insofar as Blacks might still otherwise show up poorly in comparison to Whites in what few tests were still allowed, "weighing" was resorted to, meaning that many extra marks were awarded to Blacks to compensate for the prejudice, deprivation and persecution of the past. Thereby the educational authorities were able jubilantly to announce that now that a state of multiracial equality had been achieved Black children were able to reveal themselves as even more equal than White children.

This compensatory elevation of Blacks was continued at all points outside school and in adult life. At Universities Blacks who would have failed if White were automatically given at least a pass grade if not honours grade. For recruitment and promotion employers were equipped with conversion tables in their Manual of Harmony supplied to them by the Ministry which enabled them to uplift the raw scores of the Blacks more than sufficiently to hide their deficiencies. Those employers were obliged to prove that they were not discriminating against Blacks, and the only way to do that was to discriminate against Whites.

The textbooks of Annie's school-days had been entirely discarded long ago. Not content with eradicating anything and everything which by any stretch of the imagination might be regarded as conducive to racism or sexism, the new type of school-book, whatever might be its subject, ingeniously found constant occasion to laud Jews and Coloureds, and to disparage Whites, and to put in a call for human oneness. Anti-racism in arithmetic, for example, resulted in illustrations which showed that, in addition, two Whites do not amount to a Black; in subtraction taking a White away from England makes room for one more newcomer from Africa or Asia; in multiplication Coloureds are better breeders than Whites; and in division racial separation is deplorable.

The day Honey had started school her Harmony Register had started too. It recorded any bad (not black) marks for intimations of racism, and any good marks for intimations of positive rejection of an inborn impulse of identification with and particular concern for her own kind, namely White folk. On leaving school for college her Harmony Register had accompanied her, and on leaving college it would be lodged in the archives of the Ministry of Harmony to which employers and local authorities and other government departments and agencies could address enquiries as to her background and her current Harmony rating. Thus there was attached to her throughout life a living indicator of her conditioning as a creature of Democracy to pervert her nature and prepare her for miscegenation.

At school Honey had been fortunate enough to avoid punishments for racism which were fearsome. One was to stand in the corner for the rest of the day wearing a cap inscribed "Racist",

after a ritual of self-denunciation before either the pupil's own class or the entire school, depending on the circumstances of the vile offence. For a more serious or repeated instance the culprit was obliged to wear at school for weeks or even months a luminous coat of shame of spectral white, and to deliver daily to every Coloured child at the school a note of abject apology and prostrate contrition, the copying of which from a set model would keep the culprit busy the whole of each evening.

When Honey had entered senior school and later college, the inculcation of Harmony had become even more intense and sophisticated. History, as then taught to her, was not some impartial record of what actually happened, but an instrument for human development whereby the past was recast as the matrix for a designated future. Officially registered historians - and none other than these approved chroniclers of "correctness" were allowed to operate in this highly important formative field - held that in the absence of any trace of native civilizations in Africa in antiquity it was wholly justifiable to invent them because of the beneficial consequences of the fabrication. So it was that Africa was presented as the womb of civilization in ancient times. Born there in its numerous universities and scientific and cultural institutions, great knowledge and art flourished and transmitted to other parts of the world incapable of the creation and only able to copy. Thus ancient Greece and Rome, falsely boosted as great centres of innovation in olden times, were in fact nothing more than artful centres of plagiarism: so said the Ministry's makers of historical truth. Billions were expended by international agencies of Harmony ostensibly to excavate in Africa the wondrous ruins of the edifices of the great parent civilization destroyed by White barbarians, but actually in secret to erect those ruins preparatory to their acclaimed "discovery".

In this good cause of the purposeful presentation of history, Cleopatra -actually a White woman of Macedonian ancestry - was recast to be projected as a glorious example of the excellence of the Coloured female sitting on the throne of Egypt in the days of the Roman barbarians. Hannibal, an Aryan Carthaginian, was turned into a Black manifestation of martial genius vanquishing those same Roman barbarians.

Nearer at hand, carefully concocted evidence was produced to show that the original inhabitants of England had been Negroes, among them the builders of Stonehenge, whose magnificent civilization, replete with all the fruits of art and science, had been tragically overthrown by invading White barbarians besmeared with woad who had savagely slaughtered every single one of these richly pigmented Hyperboreans in their fabled Atlantis. Hence to the convenience of the myth-makers the disappearance of these Hyperboreans without trace.

By similar conjuring dexterity proof was produced to show that Negroes had reached North America 2,000 years before Columbus. There they had created a veritable paradise complete with television, traffic lights and telephones, and even that high point of human progress: McDonalds-type fast-food restaurants with high-rise hamburgers from reconstructed meat. Tragically all this excellence had been obliterated in consequence of the total extermination of its creators due to infection with an earlier form of AID's. This disease had come to them through the deliberate contamination of the maize produced for them by the jealous Whites they kindly employed as labourers on their farms; maize being a principal item in their diet.

Naturally the Black Death had to be done away with as an event in English history because of its obvious susceptibility to undesirable connotation. It was cleverly renamed the "Dirty White Pestilence", and defined as an anticipatory visitation of divine retribution for the White man's subsequent subjugation of his Black brother.

Negro or other Coloured ancestry was progressively discovered for a glittering array of European celebrities from Beethoven to Marconi. Here a potential problem of classification was brilliantly solved by securing the agreement of Jews to be classed as Coloured conditional on being accorded absolute primacy as "the most Coloured". To celebrate the agreement the "Chosen Ones", as they were respectfully referred to in a suitably hushed tone of reverence, even sanctioned the

discovery of ancient scrolls, hidden the day before and forged a week earlier, which revealed beyond a shadow of a doubt that Jesus Christ had been a Coloured convert to Judaism who had wisely adopted some deviations of doctrine for the sake of then attracting the Gentiles. The acme of ingenuity was undoubtedly reached with the discovery that Whites were in origin a degenerative mutation from Negroes, their lack of skin pigment, melanin, being the sure sign of biological blight. With Jew's however, the same explanation could by divine dispensation of Jehovah be taken to show the contrary. With her education proceeding along these lines it will come as no surprise to learn that Honey's boyfriend was one Ulysses Brown, a colourful character physically speaking whose parents had migrated from a mud hut in South Africa to a council flat in South London, thanks to a mobility and resettlement allowance from the Ministry. Before her Re-education Annie had found it distinctly difficult to accept Ulysses as just another English boy who happened to be a bit more sunburnt, as the Ministry put it.

Once in her unregenerate days curiosity joined to anxiety had prompted Annie to seek out and peep into the 'Heartbeat', the huge disco-hall where Honey and Ulysses spent most of their spare time. She had been nearly stunned by the deafening din from the multiple loudspeakers, almost blinded by the welter of flashing lights, and made quite dizzy by the extraordinary vibrations of the building. Afterwards Honey had explained that, living up to its name, the 'Heartbeat' not only had the very latest and very loudest sound system, but also a unique vibratory system called a 'pulsator' geared to it and affecting the floor, so that every part of the place and every person in it rocked, rolled and vibrated in rhythm with the noise. The rapidity of sound and vibration far exceeding the beat of the human heart, notwithstanding the name of the place, a compulsive and frantic agitation of the whole human body resulted which was wildly exciting for a while, then utterly exhausting for a further while, and which ultimately shortened life by a much greater while.

Realizing that she could not stand it much longer, Annie had struggled to make things out in a scene which to her at that time resembled a short-circuiting preview of Hell. This alarming impression had been increased when she had managed to make out the multiracial musicians. Faces contorted like inebriated gargoyles, bodies jerking as if in the throes of epilepsy, or swaying and stumbling and leaping like demented demons of darkness; they had been frenziedly strumming at the same small set of notes which had evidently been the absolute limit of their artistry, while periodically seeming to relieve flatulence by emitting shrieks, snarls, grunts and sundry other noises some of which appeared to be intended as words.

Then Annie had managed to detect her granddaughter amid the writhing mass of bodies supposedly human. Honey, her features set as in an orgiastic trance, her eyes glazed in fixation, had been gyrating madly in servitude to the sound and the vibration. Alongside her, his arms and legs stabbing the air as if in the terminal stages of some lethal fit, had been Black boyfriend Ulysses, his face rigid in bovine ecstasy as he continually closed to grip her, his hands and arms snaking victoriously around his Anglo-Saxon acquisition like black tentacles.

What Annie had missed by then hurriedly departing had been the sight of Honey and Ulysses using a brief interval in the proceedings to top up on tablets of 'Instant Bliss'. Yet another great end-of-the-century achievement of fastness as a seductive substitute for fulfilment in a race from cradle to grave, this was the super-drug necessary for prolonged performance at such temples of pleasure as the 'Heartbeat'. Most young people and many not so young were to become dependent by 1999 on this staff of life under Democracy.

When a couple of days later Annie had next seen Honey, and had told her of her visit to the 'Heartbeat' and her most unfavourable impression, Honey had retaliated sharply, fluent with the sentiments of her college and companions, scorning her as disgracefully behind the times. The music and the dancing, she had declared was the very latest expression of true Democracy in sound and movement, a liberation from the oppression of set patterns, a revelry in sheer

abandonment, a joyful return to the simple yet transcendent pleasure of the jungle to which Black people to our eternal gratitude had shown us the way.

Warming to her task of enlightening backward Annie, Honey had then told her of 'Primera', the oncoming sound of the future, based on the wonderful African culture of the past whereby the grandeur of great simplicity could be achieved by forever repeating with varying sequence and speed just four notes, any four notes, accompanied by the fastest possible drumbeat to uplift the heart to a higher level of living. Annie at that time had been less than enthusiastic for Honey's cultural preferences, but now, after the trouble with Nigger, she had learned to accept them.

As an aside regarding the significance of this cult of the jungle which had come to predominate by the very end of the century, it would be imperceptible to estimate it as no more than a phenomenon geared to financial gain alone, and to the benefit of its commercial promoters only. Coupled to this particular vested interest was another and consonant one, profoundly sociological, of deliberately disorientating the masses from a natural and traditional pattern of behaviour and scale of values. The aim thereby was a condition of debasement of those masses through which their domination by the masters of the masses might the better be served. The same astute motivation lay behind the promotion of a comparable art of the jungle with its anarchic rejection of order and discipline, its blurring of form, its intimation of weakness, and its reduction to similarity.

CHAPTER 5

The Harmonisers

ANNIE's sister Joan, five years her junior but now deceased, had married Ernest Cooper, having two children: Philip, now 36 and married to an Alice Thornton, and Violet, now 34, married to Martin Fisher, a gentleman whose family had borne the name of "Fischberg" before migrating from Poland and resorting to camouflage in the days before a Jewish identity had come to be seen in England as something superb.

Annie's dealings with Philip, before her Re-education, had quite often been severely strained on account of her nephew being a cocksure young man given to sermonizing who worked at the Ministry of Harmony the biggest single industry and largest employer of labour in the country, a magnitude hardly surprising considering the scope and importance of harmonizing all human activity from table tennis to tomato cultivation, both of which could be susceptible to racism. His wife, a teacher, was a replica of his and the Ministry's views who by coincidence happened to teach at the same college of further education which Honey now attended, namely the Robert Mugabe College in Thornton Heath.

In pursuit of their common concern to reduce world overpopulation by means of White abstention from reproduction, they had joyfully undergone irreversible sterilization. Thus enhanced, they had no less joyfully hastened to adopt a mentally deficient and physically deformed child from Bangladesh whose total contribution to civilization consisted in spending its days making faces, abominable noises, and plentifully distributing showers of spittle to all and everything in range, accomplishments which its adoptive parents seemingly found exceptionally endearing; and the more so when assured that the monstrosity would always retain them.

Philip and Alice were, as you can thus see, living testimony to the ultimate efficacy of past decades of "Help Feed the Third World !" advertising and all the propaganda in favour of making a fuss of the freaks. Passionately imbued with a deranged inversion of values originating in the inherent implications and even the explicit message of Christianity - that sickly spiritual solvent from whence derives the whole ethos of liberalism, democracy, internationalism, multiracialism, socialism and communism; being the various formulae for the debility and destruction of the

Aryan peoples - for Philip and Alice the more wretched and deficient the manifestation of life, the more deserving of the most lavish care it was.

The Colour-loving compassion of the couple ensured that they received as they richly deserved the sizeable subsidy the Ministry awarded to all such paragons of harmony who either took Coloured spouses or adopted Coloured children in response to the daily indoctrination acclaiming Coloureds as being not merely deserving but alluring. Indeed, so compassionate were they in all directions contrary to the biological welfare of their own folk that one of the great delights of their super-caring lives was to take stock of the rapidly increasing ratio of Coloureds and mulattoes in the population of England, and the concomitant decline of England's White heritage. This irreversible transformation of the land and people of England was seen by them as the vital atonement for the White man's back-breaking burden of guilt. Despite his obvious merits, having so far only reached the middle echelon of the Ministry, Philip was not yet privy to the secret that the real reason behind all the Ministry's propaganda was not really a compassion for Nature's rejects or concern for the participants in racial integration, but instead the purely utilitarian consideration that a public so moved was by its enfeeblement rendered that much more amenable to control. By the time Philip would become privy to this, his mind could be depended on to have become so addled with the divers dictates of Harmony as not to be disjoined by the revelation.

So diligently zealous was his spouse, that on learning from a stray remark by a pupil that a White parent was trying to research family history, a clear indication to Alice of incipient racism, she lost no time at all in reporting the activity to the Ministry by way of Philip. While the Ministry did not at that date explicitly ban such activity for the sake of preserving a semblance of amiable tolerance of even some things of which it disapproved, it made very sure that it achieved the same effect by its highly enterprising denial of virtually all the facilities necessary for the activity in view. Thus the erring parent soon experienced the result of being put on the "Dangerous Persons List" at record offices and elsewhere; that parent being denied access to records on one specious excuse or another, such as the accusation of having dirtied or otherwise damaged some document while looking at it.

It so happened that at that precise time the Ministry was about to negate the seeming freedom to produce further books on English folk history by the simple expedient of deviously denying the necessary paper supplies. To complement this it was resourcefully arranging for existing titles somehow to be "lifted" from libraries or made to disappear from publishers' warehouses. In all of this was demonstrated the favourite modus operandi of Democracy under which freedom is perpetually proclaimed in principle while constantly denied in practice, so that dictatorship in disguise and by deceit prevails.

Philip was completely captivated by the vital work of the Ministry in which in his opinion he played a most important part. He saw himself as enormously useful in helping to guide the public to realize what it wanted because of what the Ministry ensured the public came to think it wanted: a rationale which might have puzzled lesser mortals, but not a man from the Ministry. To those of the elite such as he, this arcane formulation was the encapsulation of the essence of Democracy. His whole spirit feasted, utterly fascinated, on the totally engaging, esoteric principle of life to which he was a party that he who serves the public is he who shapes the public response in the first place: that the will of the people, which has to be obeyed, is simply the will of the Ministry implanting its opinions in the minds of the people through its apparatus of access to those minds and its means of controlling them.

Thus it was that to Philip it was rapturously satisfying that a whole array of seemingly independent public opinion polls ceaselessly operated, giving the most convincing impression of a never-ending register of the people's wish, and to which the authorities constantly corresponded in their actions as ceaseless proof of their obedience to the public will. Satisfying it was precisely because as a man at the Ministry he knew - but must never reveal - that all these

polls which he helped to process were undercover operations of the Ministry itself which rigged them from beginning to end. It was all a beautiful circle of perpetual motion as he saw it: the Ministry always doing whatever the public wanted because the Ministry had always made sure that the public wanted whatever the Ministry was going to do.

The Ministry, acknowledged Philip with pride, was supremely adept at the gentle art of terminological transmutation. This, put simply, was the inversion of meanings to serve socially desirable ends. "Love", as love of race and nation, was inverted to become "hate", as race hatred of Jews and Coloureds. "Patriotism" was presented as "bigotry", a beastliness bordering on racism. The list was long and lengthening.

The hand of the Ministry was omnipresent, the mind of the Ministry omniscient. Always the Ministry was there to guide and mould. Its "Positive Penance Programme" was superb psychological artistry, or so Philip thought. Far surpassed were the days when those concerned to care for Coloureds in distant parts merely delighted in alleviating their feeling of guilt by making themselves mildly ridiculous, wearing red blobs on their noses as they perambulated with their collecting boxes; thus successfully demonstrating by their clownish appearance what clowns they truly were. Now, such was the rate of progress, proper provision was made by the all caring Ministry which had imbued them with guilt in the first place for them to assuage that guilt in far more profound exhibitions of masochism.

At regular intervals the Ministry arranged mass marches of penance in towns throughout the land. They were unique as a public activity because for a special and obvious reason they were restricted to Whites, and thus departed from the normal rule of non-discrimination which in any case was only enforced in favour of Coloureds.

What happened was this: the lucky Whites were allowed, nay obliged, to stagger along under a 20-kilo load of sand in a bag strapped on the shoulders which dramatically symbolized the White man's burden of guilt for oppressing the Coloureds. There was more to it than just this, though. Reminiscent of the flagellants of old, the purging Whites were urged to derive the maximum benefit from the therapy by vigorously scouring themselves all along the lengthy route with short whips thoughtfully supplied by the Ministry at the starting point, and recovered at the finishing point ready for next time. In rhythm with the exhilarating lash, the Whites were supposed to call down on their heads all manner of discomforts and disabilities as just punishments for their grim burden of guilt.

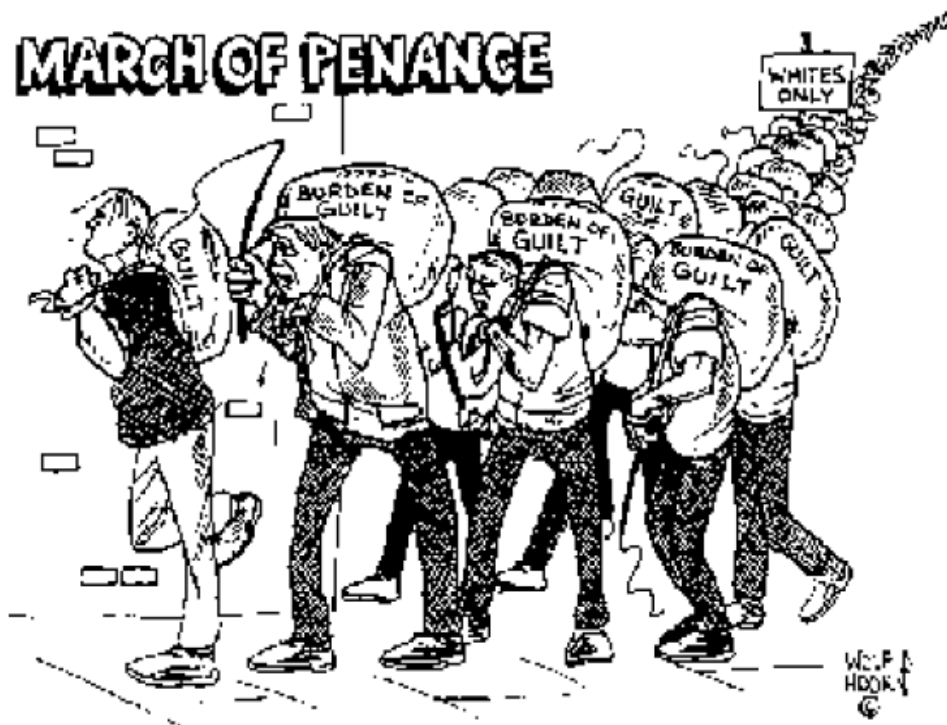
Those despicable citizens insufficiently public-spirited to turn out for these entirely voluntary processions of penance just happened to find as the understandable price of their abuse of freedom that they came to bear a burden in lots of other ways. For instance, they would be passed over for promotion in their employment as a result of a 'U ("Unco-operative") Notice' being sent by the Ministry to their firms. They would find that their tax bill had been considerably enlarged because of a cryptic rounding-up charge. They would be accused of dropping litter or loitering suspiciously or exceeding the speed limit or parking improperly or some other offence so that life became miserable indeed, and it was seen to be far better to shoulder the sand-bag on the next occasion to bring an end to the harassment.

Incidentally, such remedial harassment was applied to a whole range of minor infractions of Harmony. Thereby a facade of freedom could be maintained through the absence of explicit prohibition by law. Unspoken and informal prohibition by contrived restriction short of law was as good if not better than law in achieving its end of enforcing compliance in a multitude of ways. In these clandestine methods of control, so abundantly available in the technological state of the turn of the century, lay the fine art and distinguish-ing mark of the system of Democracy. Returning to Alice, she was enthralled by the Ministry's 'Therapy of the Tongue' programme which was urged on her as a teacher. This brilliant development offered the possibility of advancing society by the simple expedient of an uplift in language, removing unwanted aspects

of life through the self-fulfilling potency of words alone. Insanity ceased with the habit of referring to persons concerned as being "alternatively orientated". Vandals were referred to as persons requiring breakage for self-expression. No longer was some-one "inferior": that someone was a "deprived" person. He who had been "lazy" was now only "lesser motivated".

"Perversion" just did not exist any longer. Instead there was only "diversity of urge" in the new and better England.

A prelude to this "Therapy of the Tongue" programme had been the subtle and systematic substitution of "gay" for "queer" so strongly organized throughout the last quarter of the century in order to generate the illusion in the public mind that homosexuality is something pleasant. This big business of promoting acceptance of sexual perversion was to be expected as the natural accompaniment of that perversion in politics seen in the relinquishment and disavowal of White racial patriotism alongside the espousal of social laxity at large by all the parties of Democracy during that preceding period.



By the end of the century it had reached the stage at which it was compulsory for all pictures, whether stills or movies, which showed dances or any other activity where men and women exceeding ten in number were in physical contact or close proximity to show some males embracing males and some females embracing females as a token of tolerance. Beyond this, such was the thrust of the vanguard of the homosexual community in promoting "gayness" that it jubilantly hailed the fast-approaching day when heterosexuality would be seen as the divergence of the primitive minority, and "gayness" would be seen as the norm of the enlightened majority. Alice, it should be mentioned, was truly an Amazon in the Ministry's fight against sexism. Capable of writhing in fury at any reference to a woman as "pretty", she fiercely delighted in appearing as unfeminine as possible. Along with thousands upon thousands of her fellow emancipators, she rejected the very designation "woman" as a deplorable subjection of "wo" to "man". Always she corrected users of this abhorrent term with the new noun "fem" for persons who happened to be biologically female, despite whatever appearances to the contrary.

Other objectionable terms such as "manpower", "man-made", "manhole" and "mankind"; "statesman", "workman" and "craftsman" had been among a hundred or so which had been done away with through doctoring the dictionaries. Even Father Christmas had now to be spoken of and depicted as always in the company of Mother Christmas though some more advanced thinkers felt that only by presentation as a hermaphrodite could the figure of Christmas be righted.

Totally and blithely free of any perception that all she stood for in ostensible defence of her sex was deeply destructive of its very identity, she hotly pleaded for what amounted to an ultimate unisexuality wherein the distinction between male and female would be seen and treated as a matter of outmoded artificialities or comparative superficialities, and the two would become to the utmost possible one and the same. Thus human merger was the driving urge of her being: a merger of races, sexes and classes to produce the ultimate of Harmony, namely oneness, for which another and truer name is degeneration.

Priding herself on her engulfing enthusiasm for the harmonizing "open door" and "outstretched hand" policies of the Ministry, Alice naturally approved entirely of all desirous of migrating to England being not only allowed to do so, but encouraged to do so, and helped to do so not only by being given instant citizenship but also instant financial assistance on a lavish scale and numerous privileges and priorities. She no less approved of the corollary that to prevent more overcrowding in an island now blessed with a population of 100 million - a great part of it now Coloured or part-Coloured by immigration or breeding - at least a number of Whites equal to the number of further immigrants had to be encouraged by various inducements or harassments to depart to foreign and less fertile parts of the globe.

Should it be thought from this total absence in Alice of any concern for her own ethnic community that she was similarly insensitive to the plight of other endangered stock, it must be recounted that she had devoted great feeling and energy to championing the cause of the exceedingly rare, beetle-browed ant of remotest Mongolia. Many all old-fashioned, female tear had she shed at the thought of its dwindling numbers and threatened disappearance. Generously had she contributed to a fund to finance its rehabilitation by transfer to the Outer Hebrides where, somewhat to the displeasure of the dwindling natives, a controlled environment had been prepared for it at great expense. Alice, in so doing, had experienced additional joy at the thought that this transfer would make more room in remotest Mongolia for surplus Whites from not only England, but Scotland, Wales and Ireland also, including disgruntled Highlanders from the Outer Hebrides. Furthermore, lest it be thought that Alice and Philip were oddities of extremism, it should be noted that there were very many enthusiasts who went very much further in their formulation and promotion of ideas for the attainment of oneness that much more quickly. For instance, there was much support among the avant-garde within the Ministry for the idea of huge and immediate research into ways of boosting the pigmentation of Whites so that they became, visually, Coloured people; this as the interim solution to the problem of remaining generations of Whites before they became completely outbred by the Coloureds and part- Coloureds.

Meanwhile, the same zealots argued, there should be a preparatory campaign to do away as far as possible with everything white in the world from toilet paper to handkerchiefs, indeed everything short of snow, which seemed to be a major problem, though the most forward thinkers believed in tackling that also. In this good cause the government had some time ago ceased issuing White Papers after passionate protest from the pygmy population of Plymouth.

While awaiting the great day when either increased pigmentation or miscegenation ended the white problem in its human aspect, these zealots who were themselves still cursed with bodily whiteness resorted to continual efforts to obliterate this disfigurement. They fried themselves brown in the sun or in front of sun lamps, or they anointed themselves black with a lotion named 'Harmonia'. Yet still being left and afflicted with other aspects of the ugliness of Whites, they expended a substantial part of their wages on surgical operations to broaden their noses and thicken their lips, along with costly implants of fuzzy hair from freshly deceased African donors.

A while back the urge among farmers and pet owners for pedigree animals had been eliminated seemingly by unanimous public wish, an impression of unanimity created at the wish of the Ministry of Harmony by its use of appropriate methods of government by clandestine restriction to supplement a propaganda campaign presenting with every conceivable concoction the conclusion that "mongrels are best". This reform had of course been vital in view of the highly dangerous contradiction otherwise between humans and animals. To the most advanced seekers after Harmony it had been even more vital because to them animals were a matter not merely of analogy but of actual identification which is why they went to work and to play wearing on the back of their ubiquitous jeans the imposing slogan "We are all equal animals".

Some such noble souls were earnestly engaged with the aid of generous grants from the Ministry in investigation into ways of eliminating bigotry and racial hatred in animals, not merely as desirable in itself as furthering the oneness of all animals, but also as research helpful to the elimination of such grievous defects in those creatures distinguished as human. For instance, respecting cats and dogs, endless hours were expended in experiments to seek to convince the cats that they were just the same as the dogs, apart from utterly trivial and purely superficial differences; and that the past antipathy between them had been initiated and maintained by wicked humans, invariably Whites. "Cats will be dogs, and dogs will be cats" was their inspiring motto. Such people even advocated votes for monkeys and all other primates, coming up with a clever means of balloting these deprived and underprivileged victims of discrimination. This was the invention of a device which emitted radiations which instantly caused a reflex in the brain of the animal, and then registered as a vote the sign of that reflex in the form of a shaking of the head up and down, taken as affirmative action although really only indicative of cranial discomfort. The Minister of Harmony, while appreciative of the idealistic ingenuity involved, nevertheless remained hesitant to give his approval in case knowledge of the device might lead the public to perceive that in respect of the functioning of another device - television - they had all been made the monkeys.

Anyhow, regarding human voting, the antiquated procedure of periodic elections by means of the paraphernalia of polling booths and 'X's on bits of paper laboriously counted by hand had just recently been done away with by the Extension of Democracy: Instant Voting Act of 1998. Henceforth anyone anywhere any time could dial a number by telephone and cast a vote on anyone or anything, and the results every day were presented on a special television channel devoted to them and entitled "The Channel of Living Democracy", along with news of the immediate implementation of the winning wishes of the people. It was in this far superior manner that Parliament was now elected. Any M.P. could at any time be dismissed and a replacement chosen, given sufficient votes; likewise the Prime Minister and other members of the Government. What of course was not disclosed to persons outside the Ministry was the comforting fact that, if by some untoward error the result of the voting was not in accord with the relevant conditioning of the public, then without fail the presented result was not in accord with the actual result, while having the merit in this discrepancy of fully according with the wishes of the Ministry. It was as simple as that.

CHAPTER 6

The Staging of "Holocaust"

ANNIE'S niece Violet had, as previously recorded, been fortunate enough to be selected as spouse by Martin Fisher, one of the Chosen Ones, namely a Jew. This in the England of the late 1990s was no small distinction, and much sought after in view of the august precedence by then assigned to Jews in this country and across the world. Their elevation to the status of the high caste of humankind had been primarily due to the stupendous success of a most brilliant propaganda operation of theirs called "Holocaust". This had been devised half way through the century based on a superlative stratagem whereby all jeopardy to Jewish ascendancy could be eliminated by identifying all criticism of that ascendancy with a multi-million

extermination of Jews alleged to have just occurred; thus evoking oceans of sympathy to drown all unfavourable mention.

"Holocaust" was the story that the German National Socialists, commonly called "Nazis" and held to be the personification of all evil, had deliberately killed millions of innocent Jews in extermination camps just because they did not like Jews for no good reason at all; and had done this principally by gassing them with an anti-typhus disinfectant called Zyklon B.

According to the technicians of this device of damnation by association, the lesson to be learned from the "Holocaust" was that anyone harbouring anything of the same criticism of the Jews as the German Nazis harboured the same capacity and intention of extermination. Hence there must be no criticism whatsoever, and this included any questioning whatsoever of the details of the "Holocaust" which was thus protected from any impartial and searching scrutiny whereby its multitudinous inconsistencies and downright absurdities and deliberate falsities might be detected. Such was the massive force of the psychological onslaught of the "Holocaust" operation, supplemented by the supportive measures of suppression, that by the late 1990's free speech concerning the Jews had been exterminated, and only complimentary mention was permissible. As the very end of the century fast approached, the original figure of six million exterminated Jews was periodically increased, somewhat in keeping with monetary inflation, so as regularly to replenish the vitality of the legend. Thus in 1999 there came the world-startling and world-agonizing discovery of hitherto unknown underground gas chambers and crematoria and huge deposits of human ash in artificial caverns in Germany's Black Forest. This allowed the total of Jewish victims of the "Holocaust" to be raised to ten million. It was conceded where necessary that this exceeded the total of Jews previously accounted for as living in Europe at the time, but readily explained away as due to the evil anti-Semites having managed to falsify pre-war statistics as part of their foul efforts to belittle the Jews.

Never an hour of any day passed without the media administering the desirable dose of "Holocaust", sustaining and reinforcing the fixation in the public mind with some new gruesome extension of detail immediately imbibed and unquestioningly believed by the spellbound public. After all, these were far more processed subjects of the media than those of some 50 years earlier who, during that world war for good against evil in which the "Holocaust" was supposed to have occurred, had nevertheless obediently digested such tasty stories of atrocities as that which reported that Nazi soldiers had turned out in football attire at a sports stadium to play football with Jewish babies, no small feat if one stops to consider the technicalities of this somewhat unconventional sport.

In the midst of the massive work force assigned to promote the massive myth of the "Holocaust" was none other than our Martin Fisher, tirelessly dedicated to his work in Department 'C' of the Institute of Holocaust, a specialized agency of the Ministry of Harmony. Already, although young, he had earned many commendations for his ingenuity. For instance, with the accelerating statistics of the exterminated there was an increasing problem reconciling those statistics with the huge number of very long-lasting survivors who never ceased to show themselves through their incessant clamour for endless and unlimited compensation and vengeance, and with any believable total for Jews in Europe before the event. Therefore Martin had come up with the brilliant idea, which the Ministry was at the moment seriously considering, that it be announced that it had now been discovered that every single Jew in Europe had been truly gassed, but by a now revealed miracle of Jehovah's singular favour they had every single one of them been brought back to life again whole and hearty after the war; this divine intervention finally and fully proving the worthiness of the Jews to be the deity's overseers of humankind.

"Holocaust" injection obviously had to begin in the schools, even if the big 'H' intruded to the detriment of the '3 Rs' (Reading, (W)riting and (A)rithmetic). Thus about the very first thing that Honey had learned at school had been to do with this titanic tale of woe, the most terrible event in history. If there was any misconduct at school more heinous than that derogatory to Coloureds,

it was that which showed any lack of interest in and respect for the "Holocaust" of the Chosen Ones.

Children of Honey's England were taught to think for themselves, or so the saying went. However it went without saying that they needed all the time to be guided to think the right things for themselves by their teachers, those teachers being the mind-shapers of the young approved by the Ministry of Education which by the late 1990s had become a satellite of the Ministry of Harmony. Reverence for the "Holocaust" was pre-eminently the right thing to think.

Outside school the mythomania of the "Holocaust" pervaded the whole of life. Newspapers carried on their front-pages daily an inset demanding "Don't forget the Holocaust!" Supermarket shopping bags and all other suitable articles from cars to carpets were emblazoned with such words as "Remember Auschwitz !" "Holocaust" shrines appeared at roadsides the length and breadth of the land where travellers could rest and recite poems of remembrance inscribed on the walls. At 11 o'clock every morning sirens and bells called a halt to life throughout England for two minutes, not on account of some long forgotten armistice in some war of 1914-18, but because of the extermination of the Jews in the World War for Democracy of 1939-45.

Some fanatics in the frenzy of their piety stopped washing because they believed the Jews had been processed into soap by the Nazi fiends. Mystics among the Chosen Ones claimed that they could

tell which relative had gone into which bar of soap: an extent of insight even exceeding that of a Jewish gentleman in the 1980s who at a trial in Canada of a monster of a man who dared to question the "Holocaust" had disclosed that, when himself a prisoner at Auschwitz concentration camp, he had been able to tell exactly what nationality was that day being gassed there by observing the colour of the smoke from the chimneys of the crematoria.

However, there were some who believed it was margarine not soap that the Jews had been turned into. Accordingly they suffered acute indigestion of the order of temporary paralysis of the whole alimentary canal, if they ever -unknowingly - consumed the commodity. Naturally they did not knowingly invite this psychosomatic consequence of impiety, so the sales of margarine suffered something of a slump.

The May Day of Merrie England of centuries ago had been turned into a colossal commemoration of "Holocaust". In place of the barbaric festivities around the maypole in benighted days of yore there were now far more uplifting spectacles. Sackcloth processions of sorrow for the sufferings of the Semites took place in most parts, heading in the general direction of Israel, latterly proclaimed the centre of the universe as a sign of reverence. Pageants of "Holocaust" were enacted throughout the country with hordes of eager volunteers dressed as concentration camp inmates parading around with brutishly made-up Nazi guards enthusiastically belabouring them with whips.

Gentiles who attained prominence in the promotion of "Holocaust" remembrance were suitably honoured by being allowed to rank as honorary survivors or descendants of survivors, depending on age, as were of course all Jews who had not been in Europe at the time and were not descended from those who had. All such Judaized Gentiles were allowed to have special numbers tattooed on their arms to increase the resemblance, but the line was drawn against nasal surgery to carry the resemblance even further by creation of a "Holocaust" victim's hook in this orifice.

In stark contrast to the horrific days of old when our dear Jews were obliged to wear a yellow Star of David to distinguish them as predatory strangers, they were now able and keen to wear one as a mark not only of honour but of valuable privileges as well. The wearers enjoyed a vast range of advantages from priority car parking to access to a seat in an already fully-occupied train, bus, theatre or other public place; non-wearers being obliged to stand up and make room for this aristocracy of the yellow star.

Involved in the presentation of the "Holocaust" was the necessary portrayal of Adolf Hitler as the Super-Satan of the modern world. To attribute to him one single fragment of goodness, however microscopically minute, was despicably to deface the image of his total badness. This was by now unthinkable, or, if just barely conceivable, then enough to ensure a culprit's immediate committal to a long period of the severest course of correction in some remedial House of Harmony. Hitler was made to serve superbly as the supreme scapegoat for all the troubles of the Twentieth Century, so much so that it had become common practice to excuse all one's personal faults by blaming them on this ogre in some way or another, however tenuous; also to label all resistance to the advance of oneness as "Hitlerism". Thus by the time the glorious year 2,000 arrived his picture always included the obligatory horns and tail, thus to distinguish him clearly as Democracy's Beelzebub.

A consequent reform had prohibited the raising of a hand in any manner remotely resembling a Hitler or fascist salute. This, the Greeting Act of 1996, had precisely laid down to the last centimetre the permissible height of the tip of the hand from the ground when performing any greeting by hand, the exact angle of the forearm from the shoulder, and that of the bend at the elbow, and prohibited the palm from being frontally open. In this well-thought out fashion everybody became sufficiently instructed to avoid being mistaken for a follower of the devil.

Democracy had made another magnificent advance in the following year with a law prohibiting some 200 highly objectionable terms and phrases. These included "blackleg", "blacklist", "blackguard", "blackmail", "two blacks don't make a white", and "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas". Asking for "white coffee" was also prohibited as suggestive of racial discrimination, although it remained permissible to express a preference for "black coffee". Instead of specifying "white", one had to specify with or without milk, although in the rapidly increasing complexity of life in an England on the verge of a new century, milk, on account of its whiteness, was now the subject of a "Drink Less Milk !" campaign cleverly employing the convincing allegation that the fluid was a probable cause of in growing toe-nails.

Several years earlier the very last performance of a black-and-white minstrel show had very unwisely been attempted by persons terribly out of touch with the times. This had resulted in the apprehension of all the performers at the very first rehearsal by an eager squad from the Harmony Force. Swiftly the transgressors had been transported, complete in their costumes and greasepaint, to a less-than-pleasant alternative podium in the precinct of a court; convicted for racial obscenity, and sentenced to a lengthy stay in a corrective institution.

This had been about the time that similarly severe punishment had been meted out to some similarly ill-advised persons who had sought to stage Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice* according to the original script. To their consequential suffering and sorrow they had failed to follow the new and improved version whereby Shylock had become a lovable lender of interest free loans of meat while working in the kitchens at Dachau Concentration camp, never insisting on the return of a pound of flesh whenever the borrower had eaten what after all was the nominal property of the diabolical Nazi authorities.

CHAPTER 7

Democracy: The Freedom to Comply

BY THE close of the century the Ministry of Harmony could thus look back on a shining path of progress towards the extirpation of every conceivable sign of White racial patriotism, running parallel with the acclamation of every conceivable sign of Coloured and Jewish self-assertion. The way had been pre-pared back in 1965 by the first Race Relations Act, introduced it so happened by a Jewish Home Secretary, followed by a second such Act in 1968. The pincers of suppression had been tightened that much further by another Race Relations Act in 1976, and then in 1986 another Jewish Home Secretary had tightened them that much

further by a Public Order Act which had made the possession of prohibited literature an offence, if it could be made out that there was the likelihood of an intention eventually to distribute it to others. The police, as gendarmes of censorship, had been authorized by this latter Act to go into a person's home to see if he possessed such forbidden literature in such quantity and such other circumstances as would permit him to be prosecuted and put away.

In the late 1990's a further new law in the cause of freedom - freedom from criticism, that is, for privileged people - had taken the logical further step of prohibiting the possession of even single copies of prohibited literature, even where no evidence could be found or concocted to indicate an intention sometime to pass it on to someone else. As a result the homes of all persons suspected of wrongful thoughts on the subject of race were broken into and ransacked by the thought-police of the Ministry on an average of once a month. Even Annie on a couple of occasions since her fall from grace over Nigger had had her home searched as a measure of benevolent aftercare.

The culmination of all this far-sighted suppression by instalments had been attained in 1997 with the Ethnic Defamation Act which had banned anything and everything uncomplimentary to Jew and Coloureds. The pincers had thus been finally closed in keeping with the long-term plan from the outset pursued by the architects of ultimate immunity. Lest it be thought from this that all freedom of speech and print had vanished by the time of our tale, be consoled with the knowledge that freedom unlimited remained for anything and everything derogatory to Whites (excluding Jews from this category)! Further consolation may be found in the news that the Ministry's most talented dermatologists had by then determined and declared that Whites did have one superiority to Coloureds: thicker skins.

Yet it must be stressed that, seen by the Ministry of Harmony, such repression by law was but the third part and the last resort of a tripartite operation, the other two parts of which were: firstly and primarily, mind-moulding by the media to produce conformity without need for statutory prohibition; and, secondly, action termed "Circumstantial Prevention" which amounted to all the myriad ways in which, alongside the constant proclamation of freedom galore, its unapproved exercise could be prevented in practice by the denial of its necessary facilities.

This included the secret supervision of the hire of all public halls and rooms for meetings, so that those in pursuit of undesirable freedom encountered whenever and wherever they applied responses such as "booked already" or "scheduled for redecoration at the date required"; or else were told that there was a vacancy, but then were quoted a prohibitively enormous rate for compulsory insurance. If by some slip some seeker after undesirable freedom did manage to book a hall or room, it just had to be on that date and at that time the electricity happened to break down, or a water pipe burst, or the ceiling collapsed or some other unfortunate accident occurred thanks to the wide ranging- skills of the agents of the Ministry's Special Effects Section. Attempts to exercise undesirable freedom in the form of the printed word were subject to "Circumstantial Prevention" as were those respecting the spoken word. For instance, if someone sought to print something himself, a mysterious and sudden shortage of printing paper or other requisites could be relied upon perspicaciously to materialize. Failing that, licensed burglars from the Special Effects Section could break in at the right time to do the right amount of damage to the printing press. If the nonconformist sought to get the job done by a commercial printer, this strictly licensed and supervised trader would undoubtedly consult the highly confidential Printer's Friend, a most useful guidebook provided by the thoughtful Ministry setting out a great variety of excuses and other evasive action whereby to contrive to escape an order, or, having accepted it, to make absolutely certain that it was never executed. Thus it was that entirely fortuitously, or so it seemed, it just happened to prove impossible for undesirable views to be made public.

A distinctly crafty move in the second half of the final decade of the century had been a series of "Judicial Notices" in the higher courts to the effect that henceforth the matters taken notice of were removed from discussion because they were indisputably self-evident truths. It followed

that henceforth anything said contrary to these judicial pronouncements became the gravest contempt of court to be punished as such most severely indeed. Among the pronouncements thus sanctified as inviolate were the following: "Democracy is and always will be the finest form of government"; "The Holocaust happened"; and "Human mixture is best".

Annie's nephew Philip had a friend, Charles Wright, who worked in the Ministry's Central Department of Correction which dealt with offenders against right thinking. He confided in Philip on pledge of the strictest secrecy some details of the wrongdoing and its punishment which had come to his notice.

There had been the monstrous reprobate who had actually exclaimed in a public restaurant, when dissatisfied with the dish provided by the chef from Timbuktu and the waiter from Togo, "You can take the nigger out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the nigger". This conceivably might have been some obscure reference to the ingredients of the stew put before him. Anyhow, indigestibility was no excuse whatsoever for the outrageous reaction of the culprit who had been quickly committed to the care of Charles's colleagues for a term of five years throughout which period he had received the benefit of the Ministry's new drug Harmonine. This wonderful product caused excruciating pain whenever the brain registered the slightest disharmonious thought, thus administering a commendable punishment in the course of inducing better habits of thinking for the future.

Another noteworthy public enemy of Harmony had been the former member of the British Movement who had tried to perpetrate the enormity of publishing photographs of apes in such close proximity to African natives as to be suggestive of some pronounced similarities. He was now also enjoying a long period of curative treatment with Harmonine.

A most fortunate person had been the motorist who had actually gone into a police station to report "I've run over a wog". In the course of his subsequent trial it was accepted that he had a vocal impediment whereby whenever he attempted to say "dog" it came out as "wog". He had accordingly been bound over never again to seek to name the four-legged animal.

While on the subject of dogs, Charles visited Philip one evening in 1999 to tell him in a discreet whisper of the red alert received the night before, caused by the shocking discovery that in some London housing estate the usual notices regarding stray dogs and the function of dog wardens had somehow been slightly but decisively altered to read: "Owing to an increase in the nuisance caused by unsupervised wogs in this estate, a wog warden has been engaged and wogs not wearing a collar bearing the owner's name and address will be confiscated and taken to the nearest police station, and if not redeemed within 14 days on payment of a fine of £30 will be put to sleep".

Charles comforted the horror-stricken Philip with the assurance that they would soon track down the fiend or fiends responsible, as they had done a couple of years earlier when a man had gone round Bethnal Green in the dead of night altering the accident prevention notices. To the words "Danger! This is a Black Spot for accidents!" he had added "Far too many Blacks about!" It had been appreciated that the Traffic Department had been gravely to blame for displaying such a notice with such an obnoxious and vulnerable reference to such spots, and its chief officer had been relegated to the role of toilet cleaner in the same area for a period of 12 months.

Charles added to the assurance the foresight that, when the criminal or criminals came into custody, the punishment in view of the calculated wickedness of the crime would undoubtedly be a lobotomy, an operation to the brain in the outcome of which the patient would never again have the initiative for any offence against Harmony, or indeed the initiative for any strongly wilful action whatsoever, and instead would spend the rest of life as a spiritless automaton. This, he reminded Philip, had been what had happened to all the leaders and prominent activists of

the British National Party and other nationalist and National Socialist bodies who had so unwisely sought to persist in their hideous activities into the second half of the 1990's.

CHAPTER 8

Decay, Distraction and Design

WHILE, as you can see, the strictest good order prevailed in the racial sector, the same could not be said for other parts of life. The spirit and practice of Democracy had by this time reached a point at which industrial strikes on any pretext at all were normal and most frequent occurrences, Newspapers therefore only considered it to be news-worthy when employees remained at work for a substantial period of time. This impressive expansion of industrial action to bring about industrial inaction - coupled with such beneficial innovations as the 30-hour working week, inclusive of the two-hour midday nap and "Holocaust" remembrance intervals - caused first class mail to take on average a week to arrive, and second class mail usually about a month. In compensation, the slower the service became, the more frequent became the change in the design of the stamps, so that quite often there were several changes between the despatch and the arrival of a letter.

As for trains and buses, timetables were only retained as some approxi-mate indication of a possibility, warning at the front very fairly stating that an entry should not be taken as any indication of a certainty that the train or bus would definitely appear. This was additionally prudent because although some trains and buses managed to start out and even to arrive at one stop, they quite likely would not arrive at the next stop. This would be due, apart from an endemic proclivity to mechanical failure, to the development in between of some cause for a strike or to the intervention of some festival of Harmony. If it was a strike, the grievance occasioning it could well be taken to the European Court of Human Rights which had been greatly enlarged because of the immensity of business coming before it, but which nevertheless could take several years to deal with the dispute, the train or bus being obliged meanwhile to remain at the point reached at the outset of that dispute to avoid any argument of interference with evidence.

So much of a gamble did public transport in fact become that football pools lost favour in comparison to forecasting whether trains or buses would ever arrive. The biggest dividends went to those luckiest of mortals able to forecast correctly four "heres and theres", meaning four trains or buses which on a particular day managed not only to depart from a station or stop more or less on time, but also arrive at the next station or stop more or less on time also. Only most rarely did someone win at this, and then the accumulated dividend could amount to millions of pounds. Lest it be thought that the economic depression resulting from this state of affairs could cause a degree of discontent dangerous to the rule of the manipulators of Democracy, let it be said that those manipulators, headed by the Minister of Harmony, had thought things out very carefully to the contrary. Their right reasoning was that a good amount of decline was even desirable as conducive to a debasement of the public which was beneficial to domination, providing it was administered with suitable distractions, and presented with skilful propaganda encouraging acceptance of it through familiarity.

Sufficient food, booze, sex and spectator sports, along with nonstop formative and tranquillizing television were seen as the only really essential requirements to keep a dazed and degraded public beneath a dangerous level of discontent capable of causing disorder. The production of food and booze being equal priorities in this scheme of social care, they both benefited greatly from the costless forced labour of thousands of minor dissidents consigned over the past half decade to open-ended and seemingly never ending "community service".

The economic system and the form of society as a whole could best be described as Communism-Capitalism, a synthesis of Marxism and Money as twin expressions of crass materialism, which had arisen when communism had done a disappearing trick at the onset of the 1990's coinciding

with capitalism's absorption of its features of racial fusion and the enforcement of political correctness according to the criteria of the power-holders: the features of Harmony in other words.

The more Democracy advanced, that is to say the more society disintegrated, the more weird cults and bizarre fashions proliferated. One example was the 'Cloggers', a clog-wearing brotherhood which shaved the skull, coloured it, wore a broad ring through the nose, and claimed to have perfected a means of communication with Obo, an entity in outer space capable of dispensing good luck on earth. Soothsayers abounded, hundreds of them travelling door-to-door to retail the latest premonitions. Healers of anxiety, hugely in demand, were in business everywhere. New religions came and went by the week. The trade in charms was one of the exceedingly few growth industries, apart from the Ministry of Harmony. Thus the 20th Century came to an end amid the gathering mists of a return of the masses to primeval superstitions within an electronic environment.

Yet the Ministry itself was certainly not lacking in sophistication. Alongside all its other measures of public control, it secretly sponsored as a safety-valve that eccentric celebrity of the day, Jeremiah Howell. Jeremiah dressed in the garb of John Bull of old, and emitted in regulated measure enough of the vague sounds of Old England to create the comforting illusion of an extant native spirit without the risk of anything at all of the real substance. His was the fine art of saying a lot which sounded nostalgically patriotic in a most nebulous way devoid of danger to the process destructive of patriotism. For this most talented of side-tracking performances he thoroughly deserved the very high salary and the plentiful perquisites he received from the Ministry, for it was thanks to him that so many people who might otherwise have become something of a problem for the despots of Democracy were instead shunted into a siding of perpetual immobilization under the influence of his sedation.

Alongside Howell as another enormously valuable agency of distraction, lulling millions from disquiet into the somnolent inertia of appeased acquiescence, the Ministry had the services of the Royal Family in presenting the illusion that Old England still persisted, despite all the evidence to the contrary, including all the words and deeds of that Royal Family itself. Its members applied themselves wholeheartedly and diligently to the promotion of Harmony in all its aspects in return for the plentiful provision of public funds and the permanent assurance of a central position in the sunshine of media attention as the subject of endless tittle-tattle and deferential attention even to the utmost trivia of their daily lives.

By the turn of the century all the grandchildren of the monarch were well on the way by the entirety of their training and the atmosphere of the court and country to providing a shining example of Harmony by selecting Coloured spouses. Thus a land which had once known by figurative title a "Black Prince" could more or less depend on having early in the 21st Century a Black King.

The monarch was in the habit of yearly delivering at Harmonytide a festive season which had replaced the yuletide of yore, a passionate appeal for more and more Harmony to make England an ever more colourful land. In the message for Harmonytide 1999 there was the sparkling announcement for the birth of the new century that the Union Jack, relic of a racist past, would be replaced at the New Year with a flag far more fitting for the New World Order of the New Age, a lovely black one with a big black 'H' for Harmony set inside a central disk of yellow.

The cause of Harmony, which was the pursuit of world oneness, had by the time of the announcement brought about a general integration of the former United Kingdom in a system already embracing the greater part of the world, and confidently expected eventually to embrace the whole of it. The advocates of this stupendous unification, who decades earlier had campaigned as a "Crusade for World Government" for its attainment at one jump, and on this basis had been overwhelmingly rejected, had quickly learned the lesson that by stealthy gradualism eventual

victory could be theirs. Thereafter they had advanced it bit by bit, focusing attention at any one time only on the immediate step as though it did not lead to the end of the road. This strategy was identical with that which proved so successful in settling millions of Coloureds in England, and thereby making her multiracial. Against any thought that the power of the backstage rulers of England was gravely diminished by the extent to which the governmental decisions of this country had become in almost all respects, and down to such fine details as the the permissible strength of the gum on postage stamps, the relayed commands of the World Council of Harmony in Tel Aviv; it must be stressed that precisely the same sort of people with the same sort of interests pulled the strings there in the heart of Israel as did on the banks of the Thames. They were one global syndicate: an undercover political Mafia straddling the world in the mantle of Democracy. Theirs was the perfection of rackets, the ultimate in extortion, resulting from the takeover by the gangsters of the entirety of the powers and functions of government. Dear old Al Capone had been a small-time amateur in comparison who never in his wildest dreams had the vision to perceive such a millennium for the masters of the mob as was to be reached by the year 2,000.

CHAPTER 9

Celebrations of the Century

THAT long-heralded year 2,000 was about to arrive The preparations were almost complete. The celebrations were almost ready to begin. To mark the beginning the monumental engineers were already at work in London's Trafalgar Square, scheduled to become "Harmony Square" on January 1st. Their initial task had been to remove the antediluvian figure of Horatio Nelson from its tall column. For long enough now his face had been disfigured with a look of utmost disdain at what he had been obliged to look down on thereabouts, so it was better he should disappear, as indeed he now had.



Already replacing him on the column, but completely covered up till the official unveiling on New Year's Day, was the figure of a veritable patriarch of the new age: Nelson Mandela, gorgeously arrayed in the dress uniform of the United Nations Navy in which this country's navy had several years ago been merged. To match this change for the better, as from the same New Year's Day by the very first law of the new century, the Britannia Improvement Act, a change

would also occur in the lady of the shield, helmet and trident. Henceforth Britannia would be as black as the ace of spades.

On the festive 1st January public bonfires would be lit in all parts with the public exhorted to contribute to the combustion all remaining family relics of the bad old days of a once White England. As accompaniment to this good riddance there would be non-stop denunciations of those deplorable times by local dignitaries in all districts. The incessant theme of these events would be "Hate the Past ! - Honour the Future!" As a special treat, every area of major population would enjoy its own version of the fabulous Notting Hill Carnival, lasting on this occasion a whole week. There would even be free window replacement - eventually - for all the thousands of panes it was confidently expected would be broken by the unprecedented decibels to be projected from the giant amplifiers relaying round-the-clock "rugged rock" to convulse even the most apathetic and sluggish members of the public.

It was announced with fanfares that there would be another free gift from the benevolent government to the beloved people. All television sets would shortly be fitted free of charge with a new device whereby colours and Coloureds would appear even more colourful. Technicians would be calling at every home in the coming weeks to do the five-minute job on the spot. What was not made public, but which Philip well knew, was that the main function of the device was to make the set's vision two-way, so that while the family watched the set, the set watched the family, a service of surveillance by the Ministry of Harmony to ensure even better public order in the new century.

To partner this great advance in public care, the Ministry was confidently expecting very soon to perfect and put into use another great aid to Harmony: secret transmissions nation-wide of "PP." standing for "Passivity Promotion". These were extremely-low.- frequency radiations from microwave towers disguised as television relay stations: radiations capable of inducing a tendency to submission in the targeted populace.

In the beginning, experiments on animals had shown that exposure to electromagnetic fields of a certain frequency and intensity could cause behavioural changes, and in particular bring animals to lie down and roll over in a characteristic gesture of abject submission. With this encouraging discovery experimentation had moved on to long-term prisoners in the Ministry's institutions of correction. The similar results on humans obtained there had been most gratifying, prompting the necessary investigations and preparations for the application to the public at large of this behavioural boon.

Naturally there would have to be exempted persons, many of them in fact, comprising all the personnel of the Ministry and all the members of Jehovah's chosen caste. These exempted persons would be issued, clandestinely of course, with another beneficial invention: a "suppressor" designed to ward off the radiations, disguised as an identity tag to be worn locket-wise round the neck. New Year's Day 2,000 came at last in such propitious circumstances. At one minute past midnight came the rousing announcement on all radio and television channels that Rasmus Olionabobe, formerly of central Africa, had just been elected by unanimous vote to be the Member of Parliament for the Westminster constituency in its currently contrived by-election, and that instantaneously the whole of the House of Commons in its late-night sitting had unanimously chosen him to be Prime Minister. Within moments of this momentous announcement another piece of news reached the home of Annie's son George and his wife Jennifer as they sat there with Annie watching on the television the beginning of the celebrations. In came Honey, somewhat jaded from a long session at the "Heartbeat", to announce nonchalantly that she was pregnant. The father, as you will surely guess, was none other than Ulysses Jones. The progeny would therefore be fashionably darkish if not true ebony, probably broad of nose and lip as an additional attraction, and most likely to be endowed with the further merit of frizzy hair. In short, the child would obviously be English of the most modern appearance: a truly authentic incarnation of the blessed state of Merrie England in the year 2,000.

**THE NEW CHRISTIAN CRUSADE
CHURCH**

CALLING THE PEOPLE OF BRITAIN

At last the bible makes sense!

At last we know its meaning.

Its the book of the RACE

**"For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the
Word of the Lord from Jerusalem"
(Isaiah 2:3)."**

