

False Flags

by Robin Carvell / robin_carvell@yahoo.co.uk

Part 1

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The rusty London sunshine struggling clear of the mist shed a lukewarm brightness, a golden shadowless light across the river Thames. Leaves were sprouting on the ash trees, heralding the approach of spring. Abdullah Ramzi Aswat left Rashid, a bearded man with a cleft lip and shaven head and one of Aswat's long-time associates, to wait for him in his parked Black BMW with tinted windows. He jogged across the busy road and walked through St James's park and into Whitehall where he looked admiringly at the evidence of London's historical dominance and luxury through his wrap around dark glasses. All these people had to be protected, he thought to himself. Protection is the first necessity of opulence and luxury. They had to be protected; their flash cars, lifestyles, homes, positions, status had to be protected; and the source of their wealth and civilization had to be protected; the whole social order favourable to their civilization had to be protected against the uncivilized barbarism of Islam and the troublesome subjects of the crown who opposed their dominance. The order had to be protected at whatever cost. Aswat held his head high taking a deep breath through expanded nostrils slowly breathing out with a sigh of satisfaction that he had the honour of protecting the order.

This skinny, young, olive-skinned, man with a scar running the length of his right cheek down into his bushy black beard attracted several suspicious glances as he

walked through one of the world's most fearful populations. He turned sharply from Whitehall into Horse Guards Avenue and onto Whitehall Place where he noted a small, yet distinctly fresh, white chalk mark on the fourth brick in and the tenth brick from the floor. D10, he realised instantly, 10 Duke Street. He watched as an elderly, fat, and somewhat out of breath man inserted his biometric card and tapped a code into the keypad mounted on the heavy, high, black wrought iron gate in front of him while the CCTV high on the wall to his right peered down at him, most probably zooming in on his face, measuring twenty or so different features on his face. The distance between his eyes, various points on his nose, the fingerprint like uniqueness of his ears. The gate opened smoothly and automatically without a hint of a squeak. Aswat thought that the fat man would easily squeak though, probably like a weasel. His eyes were darting suspiciously to and fro like a weasel's, or maybe even a rat's, yes more like a fat rat darting into his sewer away from me Aswat concluded as he made his way towards 10 Duke Street passing exclusive restaurants in one of the quietest and most elite side streets of London's capital. The elderly man with the biometric card had passed through two more security barriers before he reached his final destination and by that time Aswat had already reached his where a simple brass plate read 'Supreme Council – Ring Once'. He entered the building, after a single ring of the bell and only a brief wait, through a windowless heavy wooden black door, it too opened noiselessly. The ante room was simply decorated with a soft beige carpet, beige painted walls, a couple of ornate and expensive looking chairs against the wall on either side, a mahogany coat rack, a matching table for letters and the like, a mahogany flower stand in the corner was adorned with an aspidistra above which was a discreet camera poking through the alcoving. Aswat glanced at the mahogany doors on all three other sides of the room. An unsmiling, middle aged, plump, man whose

grey hair, neatly trimmed and styled, stayed unmoving on his slightly balding head appeared from behind the left door. He wore a grave expression as if Aswat had barged in on one of his private meetings. Pushing his glasses up his nose to his eyes he seemed more like a headmaster about to admit his punishment to an unruly child than a secretary to Mr. Palmer.

He made no sign of greeting; neither did Aswat, who was suddenly reminded of his position as servant to Mr. Palmer. "I have here some of your reports," said the bureaucrat in an unexpectedly weary voice, pressing the tip of his right forefinger on the papers in his left hand with force. He paused; and Aswat, who had recognised his own printouts very well, waited in an almost breathless silence. "We are not very satisfied with the attitude of the people here," the other continued, with every appearance of mental fatigue.

Aswat's chest heaved and his eyes stared blankly at the man's shoes which pleased the old man, although, he did not show his pleasure. The atmosphere was very much one of a servant being scolded by his master despite the absence of any overt chastisement. The old man shifted slightly putting his back against the door, maintaining his grip on the door handle and his stare on Aswat. He waved his head abruptly to one side indicating that Aswat should enter the next room. "Wait there" he was told brusquely as a finger jabbed the air pointing to the centre of the windowless room. He did so, ever conscious of the camera staring down on him - he did not know where to look. The secretary disappeared and only after what seemed to Aswat to have been an awfully uncomfortable and prolonged wait the secretary reappeared at one of the doors signalling to him, with a languidly extended and retracted index

finger before his stern face, to enter Mr. Palmer's Office.

"What do we pay you for Mr. Aswat?" was the question which greeted Aswat. The idle aristocratic tone gave an inviting and yet superior aspect to Mr. Palmer voice. Standing by the ornate fireplace Mr. Palmer seemed to be inspecting an ornate golden sphinx with the attention of an antique dealer considering the value of a fascinating find.

"Mr. Palmer, Sir, You pay me"

"We pay you to work for us," interrupted Mr. Palmer, "and it seems that you are taking the whole affair rather lightly, which is not at all satisfactory to my colleagues or I. We, my colleagues and I, have substantial investments - investments beyond what you can imagine, Aswat. We have global ambitions; it is the future of the entire world order in which we invest our time and effort. Civilization Aswat - the freedom of our great nations must prevail, do you hear? We want to" he paused for a moment "We want to - share it with the world." He continued to examine the Egyptian sphinx. His button striped black suit had a silk hanky, neatly folded - never used, protruding elegantly from his top pocket. The matching tie with a bulging Winchester knot was equally elegant. Aswat knew that no matter how much he invested in his attire he would not be able to carry it as well as Mr. Palmer. The seemingly ageless Mr. Palmer actually exuded an elegance that spoke of a natural, congenital superiority in Aswat's eyes. "We want something definite rather soon Aswat. Do you understand? The people here are getting ideas rather above their station. What is desired is the

occurrence of something most definitely definite in order to - in order to, let us say - stimulate their compliance." He chose his words carefully as if composing a poem. "That is within your province - is that not so?"

Aswat answered only with a slight contemplative nodding of his head. Lifting his gaze and with a confident voice he ventured a defence of himself "Every nation has its peculiarities, Sir, I cannot be expected to change the centuries old traits of an entire people, I am not ..." With a sudden jerk of his entire body, as if being pricked by a pin in the back, Mr. Palmer put the sphinx down and turned to Aswat.

"On the contrary Aswat, in the sphere of psy-ops, relying on a foundation of violence and a compliant media, professionals have every facility to fabricate the very facts themselves, they can stimulate the simultaneous assault of emulation in one direction, and of panic, hasty legislation, unreflecting hate, on the other. However, this is an imperfect world Mr. Aswat, you may not be, in fact - indeed, you are not, 100% efficient but you must try harder. Do you understand? Time is of the essence - we must make a decisive act and we must make it now. Our plans are two-fold. Secure our position and extend our influence. A single, perfectly planned, act can help us on both fronts. The only barrier remaining is the comfortable life of the people here, their liberal traditions - their love for - for the exotic shall we say - yes, their shallow, ignorant multi-cultural tendencies, poppy-cock Aswat. You're well aware of that aren't you old boy. There's a God-awful philosophy among the people that the different global perspectives can co-exist within the same society. Can you imagine Socialists, Satanists, Wahhabis and all sorts of undesirables sitting down together and having a congenial dinner party? How absurd! Not everyone can be right, can they?"

No! We are right and it is our duty to subdue those who are wrong - not to make them comfortable and especially not to make them comfortable in our own home! And besides there's a general leniency of the judicial procedure here, the absence of all essential repressive measures is scandalous. We need the people to be compliant in our move against the - the - the, undesirables. Therefore, what we need now is to wake up this somnambulist nation with a shock that will make them plead for our protection."

"Of course, of course," interjected Aswat nodding profusely. Mr. Palmer felt repulsed by the man of mixed race standing before him. An awkward silence turned the atmosphere sour. Aswat was ashamed and uncomfortable at his over zealous agreement, Mr. Palmer sat down behind his desk, leaning back in his green leather bound chair, entwining the fingers of both hands clasped together before his face with only the index fingers together pointing upwards, then wringing his hands before a thought filled face, contemplating Aswat's reliability and character. At last he sucked a breath through his teeth and broke the silence.

"Our American friend will give you the details Mr. Aswat, please get them from him - I've made myself clear, haven't I Mr. Aswat?" He said sternly, looking directly into Aswat's eyes. "Therefore, we shall not repeat this meeting again - you shall never come here again. The doorman will show you out. Good day Mr. Aswat."

The secretary appeared at the door instantly, holding it open for Aswat who was guided, or rather followed, by the secretary to a cleaning cupboard. A secret door led

down into a damp, dimly lit concrete staircase. It must have been ten flights down before they finally reached a corridor with its rough stone walls painted white. They followed the corridor for 200m or so and again came up several flights of a dimly lit, sparse, concrete stairway. It was in fact, only nine flights of stairs and they entered the windowless, sparsely furnished basement of another building. Entering through a trap door in the floor, the first thing Aswat saw as his head peeped through the opening were some brand new Nike sports shoes pointing towards him on a dusty, concrete floor, behind which was a bolted door. A large, rough hand came down before his face "Let me help you with that, sugar - gee, your kinda pretty for a terrorist aren't ya" the faceless American voice chided. Within a second Aswat was face to face, or rather nose to nose with the smiling face of an athletic, fresh and young man with perfect white teeth and yet with a prematurely balding blond head. Turning his gaze back to the trap door, Aswat found that the secretary had already disappeared back down the hole without a word.

"Ok honey, you can take a seat over there" the American had said nodding to an old oak chair in the middle of the room and pointing to it with one hand whilst still gripping Aswat with the other. He released his grip with a little push towards the chair which was bolted to the ground and had sweaty, old, leather straps fixed to the front two legs, the arms, and two across the front of the chair, one at waist height the other at an average man's chest height. The American leaned against a wooden table which had a table lamp, a single buff folder, a lever built into it and a switch from which two wires joined the table to the chair. His legs extended and arms crossed, the American gave the silent Aswat a mocking smile, disconcerting him. Aswat already disliked this brash American but remained subservient nevertheless.

A single unshaded bulb hung brightly from the centre of the room. Aswat wiped his forehead with his bare palm, drying it on his trousers. There were damp patches under his arms, but yet it was the stench of vomit mixed with urine, blood, faeces, and stale cigarette smoke that dominated the room making Aswat recede further back into the chair, cowering ever so slightly, as much to retreat from the unusual smell as from the intimidating American. He wiped his forehead again leaving his hand before his nose for an extended period. Beyond these movements Aswat was rooted to the spot knowing that there was no escape from this interview, ever conscious of not making an inappropriate move.

“You understand Arabic, I suppose?” The grinning American enquired.

Aswat replied in a barely audible whisper that he did. His comparatively skinny body leant backwards. With his legs crossed he leant his right elbow uncomfortably on the chair's arm, clasping his hands together. He muttered unobtrusively something about having spent everyday of his life using Arabic. At once, with contemptuous pomposity, the American recited Al-Fatihah in near perfect Arabic with only a slight American accent.

“Ah! Yes. Of course, you're a Hafiz, how many virgins do you get for that?” he asked mockingly.

“None,” Aswat answered unexpectedly in Arabic, but without any sign of emotion.

“How long have you been employed by us?” The American asked abruptly as the smile fell from his face.

“Ever since I was spotted at Oxford ... correcting one of the visiting lecturers.”

“And? Well! - What have you got to say for yourself?” The American asked sharply.

Aswat answered with some surprise that he was not aware of having anything special to say. He had been summoned by a letter. He plunged his hand busily into a pocket of his journalist's waistcoat, but before the mocking, cynical watchfulness of the American, concluded to leave it there.

“Gees!” said the latter. “When did you last work out buddy? You haven't got the physique for your profession. You wouldn't last a minute against one of our DELTA Forces guys?” He said flexing his biceps. “What are you supposed to be ... a Wahhabi?”

“That's a derogatory term,” stated Aswat in a deadened tone.

“Don't come at me with that. All those camel jockeys are the same, but you seem to be different. You got yourself done up the ass and switched sides, you saw the light from where the sun don't shine. Ha, ha” he laughed to himself.

Aswat had Yemeni parents who had migrated to Britain in the 1970's; he was born and brought up in Britain. His father was a strict Muslim who insisted that his son learn how to recite the Quran completely before he took up any other kind of study. His father did this out of fear and love, to protect his son from the perceived lasciviousness of Western society in this world and thus the torments of hell in the next. His father disappeared on a trip to Aden leaving his wife and seven year old boy penniless. His mother later died suddenly of a blood disorder. It was in this state of need that an older man posing as a guardian first abused Aswat and turned him into the opportunistic, bitter and hate filled man that he had become as an adult. His knowledge of Arabic and Islam was extensive and he continued to learn it in order to refute those who criticized him for not practicing it. He was young and angry enough to be easily led and it was at this point, while doing some private research in the Oxford Islamic Centre on George Street that he first met the people who recruited him into his unusual vocation. He was offered more money than he could imagine to start practicing Islam and thence after start collecting information on various people. He accepted the offer without a second thought. It was his only hope in an otherwise dead end future. All of this was reminded to him by the American.

“You got to know your stuff so that you could refute the Tabliquees that kept knocking on your door and then you started to think that you could make some kinda career outta being an academic or journo, something like that huh?”

The doleful change in Aswat's physiognomy, the momentary drooping of his whole

person, confessed that such was the case. The American folded his arms over his chest, clasping both bulging biceps.

“You see, you had no better prospect than to work for us. We can give you what you want, a chance to get back at those damned rag heads and make a fairly comfortable life for yourself out of the deal as well.”

Aswat intimated in a throaty, veiled murmur that he was now dedicated to his new employers.

“If you were dedicated you wouldn’t be so damned skinny,” the American remarked, with sinister familiarity. “How long have you been working for us?”

“Several years,” was Aswat’s answer, after a moment of contemplation.

“I’ve been on several intelligence gathering missions to Egypt, Palestine, Saudi and Indonesia. All of this helped me to nurture some reliable contacts and to deepen my cover. Besides that I’ve been instructed to settle down in Oxford on Mr. Darling’s request. I’m an Englishman you see.”

“You are, are you? Eh?”

“A natural-born British subject,” Aswat said stolidly. “But my father was Yemeni,

and so ...”

“Never mind explaining,” interrupted the other. “You probably would have been a full blown American if you had the chance, these Arabs love us and loath us at the same time.”

Aswat’s face expressed his idea of being an American as unpalatable. Despite his inferior position within the grand scheme of the British social order he was most definitely proud of being British and wouldn’t have wanted to have been of any other nationality. The respect given to the largely illusory gentlemanly British character pleased Aswat whenever and wherever he travelled. The noble rural idyll of Britain had, it seemed, spread into the most far flung places of the world. Aswat’s expressions turned to a smile at this notion whilst the Americans retained an imperturbable gravity.

“But, let’s get back to business,” the American stated. “You’ve had a nice holiday at our expense; soft-headed people like Darling aren’t running this business any more. People like Darling have given people like you the wrong impression of our business. I’m here to put the record straight, there’s no free ride in this game Buddy. You’ve had it easy up until now. Intelligence gathering is easy, any Tom, Dick or Harry can do that but what you gotta give us now is some action, something tangible to show your worth. I’ve had you called here to tell you things are going to change.”

The American grinned sardonically at Aswat’s silent acceptance of his superiors’

abuse. "I can see that you understand me perfectly. On second thoughts you seem capable enough to do your job and follow our orders. What we want now, as Palmer has probably told you, is action - some real fuckin' action."

The mixture of excitement and fear showed itself by Aswat's repeated swallowing and increased shallow breathing. The American tilted his head back slightly looking down his nose knowingly at Aswat. Aswat's lips quivered before they opened. "I've had some experience; I fought in Bosnia against the Serbs, and in Kosovo. I helped recruit Mujahadeen from Britain. We were really outnumbered and surrounded. They used gas on us; I was in contact with NATO on the ground."

"Woh! Woh! There," interjected the American, with a frowning grimace. "I know what happened there and you seem to forget that I've seen your files. That damned Abu-Bukr was working with you. He started to mess shit up going public with his unauthorized terror threats in the UK. We had to work hard to get him deported to Lebanon just so that he couldn't be prosecuted here. I'm sure you're aware that if that happened there would have been a little bit of sanitizing to do."

With a note of proud humility and in an excited state Aswat apologised for forgetting himself. His experience in Bosnia had made him infamous amongst Muslims throughout Britain. His appearance in a propaganda film where he was hurried away on a stretcher bleeding profusely, his right eye missing with nasheed playing in the background singing the virtues of jihad had contributed, he said, to his reputation as a 'good brother', trustworthy and admirable. The dust of jihad had settled on him and

he was thus guaranteed jannah according to the sahih hadith. This action, the experience documented on film, had become a great asset to Aswat and therefore Aswat was more valuable to his employers. It had inspired confidence in his peers. “I have always been respected as a good brother,” Aswat declared, with obvious satisfaction. “There’s no Muslim who fails to respect me when they find out who I am. The poorest of Indonesian Muslims give me the last of their food to honour me. It’s the same wherever I go. With a history such as mine I am naturally trusted.”

The American, after admiring his own physique, started to observe Aswat with half-closed, suspicious eyes. “I bet you’ve even got the old ladies swooning over you,” he said contemptuously. “вы гадостная собака ... You haven’t ever studied Russian, have you?”

“No,” growled Aswat, angry with the surety that he was being insulted in Russian and still animated by the memories of his active duty. “You did not expect me to know it. I wasn’t in Afghanistan. Who knows Russian? Only a few Marxists who aren’t fit to take care of themselves, never mind a nation. A few old spies I guess, the cold war is over, I’m too young to have been part of it.”

For some thirty seconds longer the American studied the bearded skinny, one-eyed man before him with the same suspicious eyes. He mentally compared himself with Aswat, his face, his physique, his accomplishments, position in society and his future. Then he suddenly lurched towards Aswat with such determination that Aswat jumped up with a start to protect himself.

“You better watch your mouth puppy,” the American began, “you dare challenge me!? Well, I’m gonna speak plain English to you, hear? Intelligence isn’t enough. We have no use for your intelligence. We don’t want any more intelligence. We want an event - a date that’s gonna go down in history God damn it,” he added, with a sort of ferocious discretion, spitting the words right into Aswat’s face.

“These American methods of yours are definitely not as motivational as those which I’ve become accustomed to working under Darling,” Aswat retorted in his defence, looking at the American’s chest. At this the American, smiling mockingly, calmed slightly and switched the conversation into Arabic.

“You’re no longer gathering intelligence - from now on you’re an agent provocateur. Tell me; what does an agent provocateur do? Provoke! As far as I can judge from your record kept here, you have done nothing to earn your money for the last three years.”

“Nothing!” exclaimed Aswat, gripping the arms of the chair with both hands and with the note of sincere feeling in his tone. “I have several times passed on information about the location of arms caches in ...”

“There is a proverb in this country which says prevention is better than cure,” interrupted the American, pulling his elbows back so that his fists were beside his pectorals and stretching a little. “It’s stupid in a kinda English way. There is no end to

prevention, you just have to look at the booming Homeland Security market to see that. But it is characteristic. They dislike finality in this country. Don't you be too English. And in this case, don't be absurd. The evil is already here. We don't want prevention - we want cure."

He paused, and continued to flex various different muscles in various different poses, and then he spoke in a changed, business-like, tone, without looking at Aswat. "You know, of course, of the anti-war demonstration coming up soon?"

Aswat intimated hoarsely that he was in the habit of reading the daily papers. To a further question his answer was that, of course, he understood what he read. At this the American, smiling faintly at the documents that he had turned to scan through from the buff folder on the table, murmured "As long as it is not written in Russian, I suppose."

"Or Chinese," added Aswat stolidly.

"Hm. Some of your fundamentalist propaganda is written in a way every bit as incomprehensible as Chinese." The American stabbed one of the documents on the table disdainfully with his index finger after a dismissive swing of his right hand. "What are all these leaflets headed SD? What does it mean, this SD?" Aswat approached the imposing man at the table.

“Salafi Dawah. It’s an organisation,” he explained, standing ponderously by the side of the table, “fundamentalist in principle, but not at all open to offensive violence or involvement in democracy.”

“Are you in it?”

“Yes,” Aswat breathed out heavily, “I helped to form it.”

The American raised his head from the dossier to look at him. “Then you ought to be ashamed of yourself,” he said incisively. “Isn’t your organisation capable of anything else but printing this crap? The spellings wrong and there’s no referencing. Not a God damn thing that makes it look professional except the God damned glossy paper. Why don’t you do something about it? Look, I’m telling you straight that you have to earn your money. The good ol’ Darling days are gone. No work, no pay! Got it?”

Aswat felt a queer sensation of faintness in his legs. He stepped back one pace, and blew his nose loudly. In the pause the American formulated in his mind a series of disparaging remarks concerning Aswat’s face and figure. He regarded his agent as unexpectedly skinny, and impudent. The veteran psy-ops handler had formed a special notion of the Taliban as the embodiment of foolishness and incompetence and the man before him looked to him like one with the only exception of having a Western education. So this was the famous and trusted secret agent, so secret that he was never designated otherwise but by the symbol of a crescent moon in the late Gregory Darling’s correspondences; the celebrated agent, crescent moon, whose

intelligence had the power to change Western military strategy throughout the world the American thought to himself derisively.

“Can I remind you,” Aswat said, “that I came here because I was ordered to by you. I’ve only been in Whitehall once before. Now, I’m telling you that it isn’t very wise to call me up like this. There’s a possibility of being seen. And that would be no joke for me.”

The American shrugged his shoulders.

“It would put me under suspicion,” continued Aswat hotly.

“That’s your problem,” murmured the American, with soft brutality. “When you’re no longer useful you’ve no longer got a job with us. Yep, struck off Mr. Moon. You’ll be joining the dole queue, that’s what they call it here, isn’t it? Either that or your Taliban buddies will string you up.”

Aswat had to react with all the force of his will against the sensation of faintness running down his legs, he raised his head bravely. The American bore the look of heavy inquiry with perfect serenity. “What we want is to administer an antidote to the demonstrations,” he said ominously. “The effect they have on public opinion is a nuisance. And the Europeans seem to be too susceptible to this kinda thing. This country is absurd with its sentimental regard for individual liberty. It’s damned crazy

to think that all your friends have only got to come over to ...”

“That way I have them all under my eye,” Aswat interrupted huskily.

“It would be much better to have them all banged up! Europe and especially England must be brought into line. The asshole academics and activists in this country make themselves the accomplices of the very people who want to blow them into oblivion, turn their kids into slaves, lock up their daughters and take the very liberty that they love so much from straight under their stupid noses. They are the ones with the power to shape the countries beliefs and culture, if they only had the sense to use it for their self-preservation. I suppose you agree that these people are stupid?”

Aswat agreed hoarsely that they were.

“They have no imagination, they don’t understand reality either. They are blinded by there own idiotic vanity and wishful thinking. What they want just now is a good kick up the ass. This is the perfect opportunity to set your friends to work. I had Palmer send you over here to set the ball rolling.”

The American divulged his plan with condescension, displaying at the same time an amount of ignorance as to the real aims, thoughts, and methods of the Islamist world which filled the silent Aswat with inward consternation. He confounded causes with effects more than was excusable; the most distinguished propagandists with impulsive

suicide bombers; assumed organisation where in the nature of things it could not exist; spoke of the Islamic Ummah as of a perfectly disciplined army, where the word of imams was supreme, and at another as if it had been the loosest association of desperate terrorists that ever camped in a mountain gorge. Once Aswat had opened his mouth for a protest, but the raising of a large white hand arrested him. Very soon he became too appalled to even try to protest. He listened in a stillness of dread which resembled the immobility of profound attention.

“An outrage,” the American continued calmly, “planned and executed here in this country. Your friends could set half the Middle East on fire without influencing the public opinion here in favour of a universal repressive legislation. They will not look outside their own backyard here.”

Aswat cleared his throat, but his heart failed him, and he said nothing.

The American went on, as if delivering a scientific lecture interspersed with the most crass, offensive language, “but they must be effective, these fuckers have gotta wake up and smell the coffee. It should be directed against a symbol. What do these dumb asses worship beyond Beckham and cream teas eh, Mr. Moon?”

Aswat opened his hands and shrugged his shoulders slightly.

“You’re too lazy to think,” was the Americans comment upon that gesture. “Pay

attention to what I say. These people don't worship God or parliamentary democracy. Therefore Parliament and the church should be left alone. You understand what I mean, Mr. Moon?"

The dismay and the scorn of Aswat found vent in an attempt at levity.

"What about your embassy? An attack on the U.S Embassy," he began; but he could not withstand the cold, watchful stare of the American.

"Save that for your study groups. It would be much better for you to listen carefully to what I am saying. Now listen to me. The sacrosanct fetish of these people is liberalism, that post-modern, multi-cultural crap where everyone is right. Why don't you get some of your friends to go for that university you wanted to get into - eh? Isn't it part of the society which must be swept away before the SD has its way?"

Aswat said nothing. He was afraid to open his lips in case a groan escaped him.

"This is what you should try for. An attack upon an embassy or on cabinet members is sensational enough in a way, but it doesn't have the same effect on public opinion that we want. It's too much like conventional warfare - especially because we're already in a war. There is a certain kind of alarming significance that we wish to give to the act. A murderous attempt on a restaurant or a theatre would only be seen as an act of revenge. All this is used up; it is no longer instructive as an object lesson in imperialist Islam. Every newspaper has ready-made phrases to explain such

manifestations away. I am about to give you the philosophy of bomb throwing from my point of view; from the point of view you pretend to have been serving since starting to work for us. I will try not to talk above your head. The sensibilities of the people you are attacking are soon blunted. Their privileged position in the world seems to them an indestructible thing. You can't count upon their emotion of fear for very long. A bomb outrage to have any influence on public opinion now must go beyond the intention of vengeance or terrorism. It must be purely destructive. It must be that, and only that. You Muslims should make it clear that you are perfectly determined to make a clean sweep of the whole social creation. But, the question is, how do we get that appallingly absurd notion into the heads of the people so that there will be no mistake? That's the question. By attacking the hand that feeds you. That's the answer. The liberalism that is willing to accept Islam as an acceptable belief in civilized society. By getting those people who want to stop the war and have a dialogue with the terrorists. That's the way; diversity, respect for each other, acceptance, co-existence, harmony. It would be like trying to blow up the very concept of harmony and co-existence. It is critical that you understand that this new form of terrorism has a more subtle, and yet pernicious effect. It will encourage a fear-driven response. By that I mean it can help us to help the people abandon their retarded values. It's important to understand that this is its primary purpose."

For sometime already Aswat's immobility by the side of the table resembled a state of collapsed coma - a sort of passive insensibility interrupted by slight convulsive starts, such as may be observed in the domestic dog having a nightmare on the hearthrug. And it was in an uneasy doglike growl that he repeated the words; "Harmony - Diversity." He had not recovered thoroughly as yet from that state of bewilderment

brought about by the effort to follow the American's rapidly incisive utterance. It had overcome his power of assimilation. It had made him angry. This anger was complicated by incredulity. And suddenly it dawned upon him that all this was an elaborate joke. The American exhibited his white teeth in a smile.

“There could be nothing better. Such an outrage combines the indiscriminate acceptance of a naïve liberalism for humanity with the most alarming display of ferocious imbecility. I'm confident that the media can persuade their public that any given member of the Muslim population can have a personal grievance against harmonious co-existence.”

The features of the American beamed with cynical self-satisfaction. “Yes,” he continued with a contemptuous smile, “an outrage on the anti-war demonstration is bound to work.”

“A difficult business,” Aswat mumbled, feeling that this was the only safe thing to say.

“What's the matter? Haven't you got some militants at the ready? There's so many in this country, there's an insanely indifferent acceptance of all kinds of fanatics here. This is an absurd country. You don't mean to say that you can't get them to do it? Because if you can't, I can find someone who will,” the American went on menacingly. “If you imagine that you are the only one employed by us, you are gravely mistaken.”

This perfectly gratuitous suggestion caused Aswat to shuffle his feet slightly. “It will cost money,” he said, by a sort of instinct.

“Garbage,” the American retorted. “You’ll get your money every month, and no more until something happens. And if nothing happens very soon you won’t even get that. What’s your cover at the moment? How are you supposed to provide a living for yourself?”

“I keep a shop,” answered Aswat.

“A shop! What sort of shop?”

“A Bookshop,” said Aswat, puffing out his cheeks and letting the air escape his chest violently, and that was all. He had armed himself with patience. It was not to be tried much longer. The American became suddenly very curt, detached, final.

“You can go now,” he said. “The demonstration is set for next week, something had better happen.” He changed the tone once more with an unprincipled versatility. “Think over my philosophy, Aswat,” he said, with a sort of chaffing condescension, steadily pushing him towards the trapdoor. “You don’t know what public opinion will be after the outrage as well as I do. There’s nothing better, and nothing easier.” He stood and watched as Aswat sank back down the trapdoor.

James Gosling pulled up in his battered, old and partially converted ambulance which only just managed to make the journey from Bristol to Oxford. Arriving only minutes before his scheduled presentation, all of his colleagues were frantically trying to put together a mixture of apologies and alternatives to James' speech. The crudely decorated, squatted social centre was $\frac{3}{4}$ full, the audience a mixture which reflected the diversity of the city. Students from the Far East, Pakistani Muslims from Cowley, a rag tag band of anti-war activists from throughout the country and a contingent from every other shade of person in-between. All were sat quietly in the dark, breezy, undusted room with the strange odour of stale cigarette smoke and stewed lentils. They sat on plastic chairs in lines facing the white bed-sheet draped on the wall, with black masking tape holding it there, which acted temporarily as the screen for the documentary of the night – 'Ludicrous Diversion' – an investigation into the July 7th bombings in London. Surprisingly, though for the organizers, The Oxford Anti-war Coalition, it was not the police who stood outside documenting the people who attended but a handful of Muslims dressed in flowing white thobs with fist-long beards, shaved upper lips and skull caps. James passed them with an inquisitive glance which was not reciprocated. They were not aware that he was the guest speaker and they would not have been much interested in him even if they were aware. They were only interested in the Muslims attending, they were handing out leaflets to those Muslims who were entering and taking the opportunity to give them a stern lecture on mixing with disbelievers. Their basic argument revolved around their belief that it was not only correct to resist the war in the Middle East but a duty incumbent upon every Muslim, they quoted the Quran to anyone who questioned them, saying;

“Surat Al-Nisa, says: "What is wrong with you that you fight not in the cause of Allah, and for those weak, ill, cheated, and oppressed, among men, women, and children, whose cry is: ‘Our Lord, rescue us from this town whose people are oppressors, and raise for us from among you one who will protect, and raise for us from you one who will help.’" And also Surat Al-Touba, says: "Say, if your fathers, your sons, your brothers, your wives, your kindred, the wealth that you’ve gained, the commerce in which you fear decline, and the dwellings in which you delight, are dearer to you than Allah, and His messenger, and striving hard in fighting His cause, then wait until Allah brings about His decision, His torment, and Allah guides not those people who are fasiqun," and Surat Al-Touba: "Oh you who believe, what is the matter with you, that when you are asked to march forth in His cause, you cling heavily to the earth. Are you pleased with the life of this world rather than the Hereafter? But little is the enjoyment of this world as compared to the Hereafter." And Surat Al-Touba, says: "Verily, Allah has purchased from the believers their lives, and their property, for the price that they shall be in Paradise. They fight in Allah’s cause, so they kill and are killed. It is a promise in truth, which is binding on Him, in the Torah, in the Injil, and in the Quran. And who is truer to his promise than Allah? Then rejoice in the bargain which you have concluded. That is the supreme success.”

They were quick to point out, however, that any resistance to imperial domination in Muslim lands should be purely Muslim. They again relied upon the Quran for the foundation of their belief and arguments saying that;

“Surat Al-Maida, says: “Oh you who believe, whoever from amongst you turns back from his religion, Allah will bring a people whom He will love, and they will love Him. Humble towards the believers, stern towards the disbelievers, fighting in the

cause of Allah, never fear the blame of the blamers, that is the grace of Allah, which He bestows upon whom He wills, and Allah is All-sufficient for His creatures' needs." They would add that Muslims should fight against the disbelievers, "for it is but an obligation made on you by Allah," also saying that Surat Al-Baqra, says: "Fighting was ordained for you, though you dislike it. It may be that you dislike a thing which is good for you, and you like a thing which is bad for you. And Allah knows, but you do not know." And from Surat Al-Nisa: "Those who believe fight in the cause of Allah, and those who disbelieve fight in the cause of Satan. So fight you against the friends of Satan. Ever feeble indeed is the plot of Satan."

They were completely averse to any involvement with political parties in Britain and regarded those Muslims who were involved as being astray. Three of them were busily engaged in a religious polemic with a Muslim student new to Oxford who attempted but failed to voice his opinions as James rushed by. He entered to sighs of relief from some and whispered curses from those closer to him and who knew how he derived pleasure from worrying authorities and organizations of every hue and colour. 'Ludicrous Diversion' was about to finish and therefore James took his old, faded, school-master style brown leather briefcase straight to the front, taking some papers, an apple and some water in an old sports drink bottle with the label ripped off out as he whispered greetings to the organizers and old friends as he did so.

The film credits started to role as the lights came on and people turned to each other some with expressions of interest, others with expressions of doubt or even disbelief. The twenty or so people turned to each other, stretching, making various comments related and unrelated to the film. One had to rush away after hurried and enthusiastic thanks and farewells, others slid into the corridor for a cigarette or to be with those

who smoked. A pair of dirty, loosely tied black ex-German army boots clunked their way to the front. Above them a scraggly, black beard swayed as its still youthful owner with unkempt, long, wavy, black hair and wide open bright eyes and convivial face thanked the audience and asked them to relax, go to the toilet, have a cigarette and come back in five minutes for the guest speaker. An older and much smarter olive skinned Iranian man in a full length, black cashmere coat and furry, grey Persian hat with a gleaming smile apologized as he pulled the speaker by the arm, they exchanged a few hurried and hushed sentences before the man raised his voice to address the audience smiling and holding his hands together bowing slightly.

“Dear brothers and sisters, ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys the guest speaker, the wonderful and ... err ...knowledgeable James Gosling as you know will be speaking to us all about his research into terrorism and its relation to government policy. Which I’m sure will be fascinating ... and ... and” he stuttered while he thought of the words “... educational for all of us. We can all have a discussion about the film and the presentation at the end but first brothers and sisters, for those Muslims amongst us, I think it’s better if we pray Isha upstairs and, everyone else, we can come back in fifteen minutes to listen to the honourable Mr. Gosling”.

The audience continued to chatter away while the Muslims went to pray and the organizers milled about. James was briefly introduced to some new members of The Oxford Anti-War Coalition, with whom he was convivial and smiling, shaking hands and making jokes. This was when he first met Fran, a small lady with a somewhat academic appearance, wavy black hair, small, piercing eyes behind steel rimmed round glasses and what seemed at first, to those who didn’t know her, an arrogant

Roman nose, that inadvertently and unwilling spoke of its own superiority. She commented on how she wanted once to be a journalist herself but could never get that vital break, never had the right connections or opportunities. James' reply was an invitation to talk about it more after his presentation; it was time for him to start. Throwing a small spanner into the organizers plans he didn't wait for a formal introduction and after clearing his throat theatrically in order to get the audience's attention and knocking his knuckles on the desk at the front of the room he started.

“Deception is a state of mind and it is the mind of the State’. These were the words of a former head of the CIA, and while I contend that we can not believe all that these people say we can believe some of what they say and this is one example.”

The audience were a little confused, darting glances around as if to ask if the presentation had begun. James smiled at the audience.

“Good evening everyone, as you know, I'm here to talk to you tonight about my research into false flag terror operations. Now, some think that the idea of false flag terror operations being carried out by governments against their own populations under the name of an enemy is probably good fiction and only that. So I'd like to start by reminding you all of the proven instances of it happening. Everyone here should know by now that the U.S. planned to blow up one of its own civilian planes and blame it on Cuba, this particular atrocity didn't happen but others have. Most notably there existed Gladio. Gladio was a so-called parallel structure, an internal and invisible army that was aimed at fighting a communist 5th column in Europe after the Second World War. So let me just make that clear, it was secret and only interested in

an internal war not an external one. Its war was a covert terrorism carried out within many European nations by former Nazis under the flag of communism and it actually manipulated internal politics and rather than defending the State subverted it.

“How do I know this? Well, Gladio was first officially revealed by the Italian prime minister in the Italian parliament back in 1990. He confirmed to the Italian public that many Nazis were not only employed by sovereign European States and the U.S. to operate ‘stay-behind-units’ and fight communism but that they also occupied prominent positions in the Italian administration, military and police. It’s not a small point to make that they were free from prosecution and had access to large caches of communications equipment and weapons, they had a license to kill and they did, they killed civilians, police, whoever they saw fit to basically. Many State premiers were not even aware of their existence as they were seen as unreliable or untrustworthy by the gang leaders, namely the British and American SS or secret services as they’re more commonly known.

“Italy was where the existence of the State sponsored false flag terrorist organization Gladio was first officially and publicly recognized and so it’s where we can get most of the facts from. So I’d like to talk to you now about some of the horrendous atrocities a section of the Italian government perpetrated against its own people. From 69 onwards there were a hell of a lot of terrorist attacks, the attack in 1980 on the Bologna train station is the most infamous because the Italian government killed 82 of its own innocent civilians, who may well have even supported them and voted for them, and then they blamed it on the communists. It was all part of a despicable ‘strategy of tension’ where innocent civilians were purposefully targeted in order to

get the general public to give up their civil rights and turn to the State for more security. Sounds very similar to the situation here today, don't you think?" He paused for a moment with suggestively raised eyebrows aimed at the audience. "Anyway, this leads on to another of my favourite topics – The Masons. Of course, for such an operation to remain covert for so long takes a lot of planning and organization, a lot of conspiring and the Masons are perfectly set up to do this, only they could provide the infra-structure necessary for this. High ranking judges, police, military men, artists, business men, men of finance, journalists, people from all backgrounds who were of any value to those behind Gladio went to the P2 Masonic lodge. P2 was in fact the real centre of power in Italy and it was the heart of internal subversion and the furtherance of American aims in Europe.

"Now, oh yes, I forgot to mention all of this information comes from the fantastic 3-part documentary 'Gladio' by Alan Frankovich which you can get copies of from me or watch for free on my web-site. Ok, so, ah yes. The next case study comes from Belgium. This thing happened all over Western Europe but I'm just introducing the topic here, it's just a brief overview, I don't want to keep you here all night. Well, anyway, Belgium was leaning to the left during the 80's and funnily enough, surprise, surprise, a similar strategy of tension was employed to create a climate of fear and thus manipulate public opinion. A spate of indiscriminate killings in innocuous places such as supermarkets occurred shortly after U.S. troops, helped by Belgian Gladio operatives, attacked and raided several army bases stealing weapons which were incidentally afterwards planted in a communist's house. They then blamed these raids on terrorists and criminals until the government later acknowledged that it was involved, claiming that it was an exercise for a covert resistance movement in the

event of a hostile takeover. These operations left their own military personnel severely wounded. It's of interest to note that a secret U.S. military document was uncovered during the investigation that stated ... ugh ... um ...” After searching through the papers in his bag on the table before him he cleared his throat and read aloud. “The US must convince the public of the reality of an insurgent danger – we must penetrate insurgent groups and form special action groups amongst the most radical elements of the insurgents’. Spooky stuff huh!! Do you think this kind of thing could explain why the so-called mastermind of the July 7th bombings in London was working for the British SS – MI5?” He paused again to let the question be digested by the audience. “I believe that all the evidence suggests that Gladio operated throughout Europe including the UK and it hasn't simply just gone away because the communist threat has. You know, the deception went, and in fact still goes so far, that even where there was no communist threat one was invented. After the 68 student uprisings ineffective and inexperienced leftwing groups such as the Red Brigades were infiltrated and hijacked. By 1972 the Berne Club initiated pan-European intelligence with ‘Operation Chinese Poster’. Ultra-left Maoist posters were put up by the ultra-right in order to start a group. Do you really believe that a small group of disaffected students could carry out the murder of Italy's longest serving premier in a busy city centre killing all his body guards and taking him hostage without leaving a single trace?” he challenged the audience. “And all this on the day he was going to invite the communists into a unity government, a policy which didn't fit with US aims for Europe? ... Before you answer that I'd like you to consider a quote from the Italian chief of police who came from a Nazi background and who's now considered the Godfather of pan-European intelligence. He took great pleasure in masterminding ‘Life given to something lifeless’.” James raised both hands making quotation marks

in the air with his fingers as he spoke. “Like the most convincing automatic and mechanized puppet’ ... Let’s take a look a bit closer to home. What I’m moving onto is not Gladio as such but it is similar. Anyone ever heard of Stakeknife?” He scanned the audience briefly looking at some of them pursing their lips and nodding their heads. “Yes, a few of you, ok that’s good – real name Freddie Scappaticci - At least 40 people were allowed to be killed in order to protect his position as head of internal security for the IRA and he was also a vital, perhaps the highest ranking, British Intel agent. Not only were people allowed to be killed in order to protect this British agent but he obviously partook in formulating terror both on behalf of the IRA and the British SS. There was also Dennis Donaldson and Kevin Fulton. Fulton, who was an Irish soldier for the British in Ireland, said about his time working undercover that you can’t pretend to be a terrorist. He helped to kill people for the IRA with the full consent of the British government. He was the one responsible for creating the bomb that went off in Omagh, he made the bomb and left it up to special branch to follow it, but they apparently lost it. Fulton also claimed that he was responsible for developing the coded infra-red system bombs with flash detonators that are being used in Iraq today. Who funded the research and development of this terrorist weaponry? ... The British government ... sorry no points for guessing that. Martin Ingram was another whistle blowing British soldier who served in Ireland. His information leads onto an interesting point. ... I have another question for you – How much paedophilia is allowed to go on with government consent? No, it’s not such an outlandish question from a wacky conspiracy theorist. There was a boy’s home in Ireland called Kincores which was used as a honey pot to entrap and use Irish terrorists. Ingram’s information also revealed ‘Clockwork Orange’ a disinformation and black propaganda operation whereby MI5 forged documents and fed the media false information in order to

manipulate public opinion towards their own undemocratic ends. While I'm on the subject I might as well ask you – after Britain's dirty war in Ireland and with today's supposed war on terror, who can tell me about Britain's biggest ever terrorist haul?" Before anyone could answer he continued. "It was in fact in Lancaster, 2006; a BNP candidate was caught with rocket launchers and chemical weapons. The biggest ever! ... And did the media report it? ... No, I called around and was either ignored or told that there were reporting restrictions, I wasn't given any more details than this. ... If you want more info you can check with my Muslim friends at MPAC. But ask yourself whether such a police bust would only have had limited coverage in a local paper if it was Muslims being arrested." He took a large gulp of water and breathed out a sigh of satisfaction before continuing.

"As Plato said, 'We are all puppets in the hands of ideas'. I can't deny this; I only wonder whose ideas we are the puppet slaves of. ... If ... as I'm suggesting ... a Gladio type organization is the main culprit behind the 'terror' in the West at the moment then I feel duty bound by my conviction for the search for truth to cut the strings of the puppet masters and let you all be the slaves of whatever other idea you care to entertain. I'm being flippant, sorry. We've seen the evidence of past false flag operations and because of the nature of these organizations it's very hard to uncover their activities today, hard ... but not impossible. If I'm going to talk about today's war on terror being based on false flag terrorism I should provide some evidence. ... Now be patient, I will, but first I think I should raise my doubts on the official conspiracy theory before I offer my own conspiracy theory.

“There have been several consecutive false flag operations across the world in recent years. I’m only going to go over a few basic points for you to consider on each event, if you want more details please go to my web-site – falseflagterror.net – or buy my books and DVDs. Ok, so we’ve got the big one which kicked it all off, 9/11, then we’ve got Madrid, London, flying loo bombs, Bali and the SAS in Iraq. ... There are more but we haven’t got the time to go into all of them tonight. So where shall I start. Let’s see. ... The phantom menace of bin Laden, do you know what bin Laden is translated into English?” he again scanned the audience looking for an answer but none was offered. “Goldstein! Only joking. I’d prefer to look at who’s behind bin Laden rather than the CIA employee himself. He’s supposed to be the world’s biggest terrorists, so ask yourself - Where did he get his training? ... One man sticks out like a sore thumb -Ali Muhammad was the CIA asset’s chief security advisor - So who is this guy Ali? ... Well he started off in Egyptian Special Forces before moving onto the US army, being based in Fort Bragg and Fort Meade. He was also employed by the CIA, FBI, NSA and the ‘anti’-terrorist DELTA force, that’s anti in inverted commas. ... While in Fort Bragg he learnt how to do everything from surveillance to bomb making, from assassinations to hijackings. He was the top trainer of Mujahadeen in Afghanistan, he was involved in the 1st WTC attack and the bombs on US targets in Somalia and Kenya, he helped bin Laden cross borders, he himself moved freely in and out of the US. He was, however, detained on the Canadian border entering the US but the FBI called their counterparts and instructed them to let him go. He finally disappeared into US protective custody in 1998 after giving exact details of the upcoming 9/11 and providing targets in Afghanistan for the US invasion.” James turned some papers on the desk before him and continued. “Moving onto the synthetic terror in the UK I’ll use another high ranking military official as my witness. ...

You've all just watched the fabulous documentary 'Ludicrous Diversion' so you're all now well aware of the dodgy CCTV coverage, the dodgy train times and the general lack of evidence that four British Muslims were to blame. ... I'd like to add that in general the so-called suicide bomber, for want of a better term, only exists because of the lack of a better weapon delivery system. Poverty stricken Palestinians don't have the ability to target Israel with conventional delivery systems and obviously their movements are severely limited. ... If Islamic militants really wanted to do damage to London why wouldn't they deposit bombs in strategic locations and live to do the same repeatedly until they were finally martyred?"

James paused, scanning the crowd with a knowing grin; he stared deep into the eyes of a scruffy, young bespectacled student who unknowingly appeared as if he had been struck by a life altering revelation. James continued, "Who here believes in flying toilet bombs?" After another brief pause with a jocular expression James went on. "Nigel Wylde certainly doesn't. ... He says it's all a fiction ... one piece in a pattern of lies. ... He should know what he's talking about he was awarded the Queen's Gallantry Medal for his command of the Belfast Explosive Ordnance Disposal Unit in 1974, and after working with terrorist bombs in Northern Ireland he transferred to become a senior officer in British Military Intelligence. He says that creating liquid explosives is a highly dangerous and sophisticated task that requires not only significant chemical expertise but also appropriate equipment. ... I take it that doesn't include sports drinks and mobile phones" he joked smugly. "Of course not, that's completely untenable." Taking a piece of paper from the desk in front of him with his right hand and adjusting his thick rimmed 1950s NHS style glasses with his left he squinted and said, "I'd like to read a quote to you from our highly trained explosives expert, he has

said that ...erm ... where is it? Ok, here we go ‘This story has been blown out of all proportion. The liquids would need to be carefully distilled at freezing temperatures to extract the required chemicals, which are very difficult to obtain in the purities needed. Once the fluids have been extracted, the process of mixing them produces significant amounts of heat and vile fumes. The resulting liquid then needs some hours at room temperature for the white crystals that are the explosive to develop. The whole process can take between 12 and 36 hours and could be quickly and easily detected. The fumes of the chemicals in the toilet would be smelt by anybody in the area. They would also inevitably cause the alarms in the toilet to be triggered. The planned attack would be detected long before the queues outside the loo had grown to enormous lengths.’” Putting the paper down and looking back up to the audience he continued, “I’d like to echo his query as to why the public has been repeatedly given this information which the authorities should know as being completely false? Is it to justify the curtailment of our civil liberties? More internment without trial?” The audience sat in enthralled silence. “Ok, so, let’s move on to Bali.” He said breathing out heavily, as if he was going over an old point that should be known by everyone already. “The bombs in Bali effectively opened the way for Australia to be actively involved in the war on terror as it was now also a direct victim and target. ... So ... who did the Bali bombing? ... Well we’re told it was Jammah Islamiah but who are they? ... They were established by a man called Fauzi Hazbi who worked for Indonesian Intel. Another man called Dave Buktia ran the terror department - 88” he deliberately left out the word anti, “which has repeatedly been accused of torture. Even after three massive terror attacks he still didn’t get the sack, they just pointed the finger at JI – their own baby- they continued to torture people and still got millions from the US and Australia. This is another of my tangents, sorry, but the Western

backed coup in Indonesia provides evidence of the West fighting alongside Muslims in order to get rid of a democratically elected government. The British military were actively involved in the holocaust of millions of Indonesians, ticking off their desired victims on a checklist for God's sake! When I was in Indonesia I met some Laska Jihad who fought in the more recent conflicts in Ambon and Sulawesi and I heard it directly from them that they took their weapons from the police" shaking his head with an expression of disgust and raised arms he stated "it's just so murky," and then continued. "Let's be honest with ourselves – it's impossible to really know what's going on in Iraq except to say that it's a bloody dirty war. Israeli designs for a carved up Iraq along sectarian lines has long been public knowledge if you've cared to look for it. The Kurds would be a client State and a vital and strategic ally in the upcoming war against Iran. How could they possibly carve up Iraq without a civil war? ... A manufactured civil war definitely makes it a lot easier. Manufactured? You ask. Yes, I say. Al-Sadr's newspaper was violently closed down after it ran an article stating that eye-witnesses had seen a missile fired from a helicopter into a crowd while the State run media blamed it on a sectarian suicide bomber. The SAS were caught by Iraqi police dressed like Arabs, driving a car bomb to a religious procession. The captain who had to investigate the crime apparently committed suicide which his family just couldn't accept as truth. There's more, the leader of the Latin American paramilitary death squads during the US's 1980s war on drugs is none other than Stephen Casteel. ... The same man who's leading the Shia death squads in Iraq now, who are, funnily enough headed by a Sunni Bathist from within the Green Zone. ... Enough said.

"Even if this New World Order doesn't succeed in making you feel terrorized or having you as one of its victims you will suffer eventually. There have been

unprecedented changes in the law due to this synthetic terror. We are supposed to live in a democracy but don't be fooled into thinking that that means we naturally have liberty. Hitler was, after all, democratically elected. If we don't get police permission to demonstrate we are now criminal. A young woman was arrested under anti-terror laws for reading out the names of dead British soldiers and she now has her DNA on a database. ... While real crime rates are going up the police are deciding to let the muggers get off Scot-free because they're too busy doing their political policing, interfering with our freedom of speech. Habeas Corpus, the Magna Carta and the Bill of Rights which protected us from the summary powers of the Police State are being eroded by murdering thieves and liars.

“The powers that be have successfully confused the words democracy with liberty, anarchism with barbaric savagery and conspiracy with outlandish imaginings. ... I hope that tonight I have been able to fight back a little and help dispel some of the falsehood forced upon us. ... Everything I've said tonight has been backed up by evidence and it's not at all founded on paranoid fantasy. ... I urge you all to check the facts for yourself and share them with your friends, family and colleagues. Before I finish I would like to add one last point. ... If indeed you agree with eliminating terror then I put it to you that you will have to eliminate mankind ... a good start would be with the SS which formulates and spreads fear and terror amongst its own people. I'm not saying go out and kill them, I'm saying that these people are supposed to be our servants so let's bring them back into line. They've started this thing and they're not going to stop ... I'm sorry to tell you that there's nowhere on earth that you can hide, we have no choice but to fight – in a non-violent way I hasten to add. Any questions?”

At that point one of the Muslim men from outside, a young Indian man with a full bushy beard, shouted out from the back, “Jihad is wahjib, brothers and sisters, don’t listen to this Kafr, don’t be fooled!!” vigorously waving the extended index finger of his right hand aloft above his head as he looked at the crowd down his nose. “Brothers and sisters let me tell you this from the Quran; Surat Al-Maida, says: ‘Oh you who believe, whoever from amongst you turns back from his religion, Allah will bring a people whom He will love, and they will love Him. Humble towards the believers, stern towards the disbelievers, fighting in the cause of Allah, never fear the blame of the blamers, that is the grace of Allah, which He bestows upon whom He wills, and Allah is All-sufficient for His creatures’ needs.’ Surat Al-Baqra, says: ‘Fighting was ordained for you, though you dislike it. It may be that you dislike a thing which is good for you, and you like a thing which is bad for you. And Allah knows, but you do not know.’ And Surat Al-Nisa: ‘Those who believe fight in the cause of Allah, and those who disbelieve fight in the cause of Satan. So fight you against the friends of Satan. Ever feeble indeed is the plot of Satan.’

The room was suddenly filled with gasps and the discomfiting uncertainty which is created by a man who brazenly brakes social convention. James raised his voice louder than before but still not to a confrontational degree “err ... can you form that into a question please, you can give your opinions later, I’ve got a schedule.” The man seemed flustered for a second as half the audience, showing it in their mocking smiles, were relieved from the uninvited tension by James’ quick response.

“Yeah ... I’ve got a question; why is that you are always going on about Isa, peace be upon him, as being the son of God? How can the One True God have a son?” the zealous energy of the youth at the rear of the room was not going to be tamed by logic

or reason. Some of the Muslims lowered their shoulders and their heads dropped suddenly with an audible expulsion of breath from their chests as they held their heads in their hands. The Iranian, still in his cashmere coat, stood with his arms open, eyes squinted by the smiling expression of polite pleading as his head tilted to the left slightly. "Please, brother, this is not an appropriate time" he started but was cut short by more protestations from the zealot. "No, it's my duty as a Muslim" the young man continued. The scheduled question and discussion session on false flag terror had ended before it had even begun. The meeting ended prematurely but peacefully with only a small group led by the Iranian trying to reason with the man, others walked past and through the doorway on their way home, others stayed to enjoy the ensuing entertainment while a few started to stack the chairs and tidy up.

James Gosling had had a long history dealing with difficult situations and difficult people and was not averse to a challenge. He had a working class background in the St. Paul's area of Bristol and like so many others came from a broken family. His step-father commandeered what was previously the home he shared with his mother and it became clear early on that he was a hindrance to his step-father's plans of a quiet life without the problems of a mischievous adolescent. His biological father, like his step-father, had also got to the age where he thought he had done his bit for humanity in rearing a child and it was now up to the child to look after himself. James couldn't stand the idea of going nowhere and doing nothing with his life and without a decent education the only way out seemed to be to join the army. After two years in the infantry he was as confident with his own ability as he was outraged with the injustices of the ruling elites throughout the world. His yearning for a more just society saw him fly out to join the Zapatistas in Chiapas. After a month working with

the solidarity group there he returned to Europe to continue his own vigorous and sometimes violent social justice campaign. The Italian, Zapatista inspired, Ya Basta organization helped him to establish their British counterparts, the WOMBLES, with whom he was repeatedly caught and imprisoned. It was while he was in prison, through the anarchist prisoner support program, that he first met Joseph Conrad. A middle aged divorcee with two grown children. He was also a devout Christian inspired originally by Tolstoy and more recently John Papworth. A rich man who felt duty bound to help those less fortunate than himself, he had seen in James the vitality and intelligence that he was looking for. Through a series of argumentative letters, written in the Socratic style, to the imprisoned James he inspired James to see a spiritual foundation behind the corruption of the organizations he hated so much. Bilderberg, Skull and Bones, Bohemian Grove, the Freemasons all of the real power brokers behind the capitalist corporations and governments had demonic roots, the fight was therefore a spiritual one and Jesus showed us the way to fight. James did indeed proselytize about Jesus, the Son of God, after his conversion through Joseph but he refused to criticize other religions openly. He had an interest in discussion and was happy to see that Fran had also. Later that night he watched her speak to the Muslims outside from a first storey window with a keen interest.

Fran was one of those who stayed to listen to the verbose couple exchange words before the doorway, hindering those who wanted to leave. She already knew the Iranian, a fellow member of The Oxford Anti-War Campaign. He was a leading figure in the Muslim community of Oxford, originally from a privileged Iranian family he had become a British citizen by marrying a British lady who had converted to Islam under his influence. Together they operated a small business from where they gave

dawah to the people of Oxford. The Iranian, Hamza Yusef, was extremely ambitious, his pride and arrogance saw him trying desperately to penetrate all influential circles in Oxford. His business, which included a small private school teaching an Islamic curriculum, was a platform from which he was trying to spring himself up the social ladder. The only son of a couple who supported the Iranian Shah he was determined that the family should again be elevated to the level that they used to enjoy under the Western installed government of his native land. His talk was always incessant and seemed largely to be a call for attention to be drawn to him rather than as a vehicle to convey some useful information.

His opponent was unknown to Fran but he was, however, equally incessant although he differed in that he had a specific point to make. His dawah was much more precise and thoroughly referenced from what were deemed by the majority of Muslims to be reliable religious texts. If not the Quran then the Hadiths, if not Bukhari then Muslim or Dawod, if not from the Hadith then from the most esteemed Salafi scholars, most commonly the late but still beloved Sheik Albani. His parentage was Indian, and he was known among the Muslim community, who were mostly moderate followers of the Hanafi school of Islamic thinking, as a fundamentalist trouble maker associated with Aswat's small group of mostly young Muslims who operated from the Salafi dawah shop on Hollow Way and who were seen as a danger to the Muslim youth with the potential to get them interested in terrorist strands of thinking. He warmly accepted the tag of fundamentalist. For him and his associates it was a completely apt term. How could scientists conduct scientific investigations if they did not follow the fundamental laws of science he would argue, likewise how can a Muslim practice Islam if he did not follow the fundamental laws of Islam? He had not always been this

way or this devout. He had been brought up by Sufi parents in an Indian village who migrated to Britain. He was seized upon by the Tabliqees soon after arriving and with the racist reception he received in school became a dedicated member of the group going on three day trips to give their own, relatively new, version of dawah around the country. It was only during his trip to Biswa Ijtema, the largest Tabliqee meeting in the world which is often seen as a religious pilgrimage equivalent to Hajj, where he later met an English convert in the mountainous North West Frontier Province in Pakistan that he realized he should have never have gone to Biswa Ijtema in Raiwind but only Umrah and Hajj in Mecca as all pilgrimages except these were haram. The English convert had pointed this out to him with sahih hadiths as evidence and made the young Indian start to question his beliefs. The English convert had just come from the infamous Salafi camp in the mountains of Yemen known as Dammaj, previous school to James Lindh better known as the American Taliban who was caught fighting against his own country men in Afghanistan, and also home to the late and revered Sheik Muqbil who famously refused to see Madeline Albright on her visit to the camp. They sat down together on the dusty floor of a rustic café in a small and remote village, inadvertently entertaining the local peasants, eating dhal and chapattis from the same bowl they conversed for hours, sharing their life stories and reasons for belief with each other while they ate. Ahmed was inspired by this man who gave up his Christian faith, friends and disapproving family in order to embrace Islam regardless of the troubles it caused him. He saw himself as being in the company of a modern day Salman Al-Farsi and soon decided that he too was a Salafi. On his return to the UK he sought out similar people to the English convert who had given him some names, numbers, addresses and websites to help him on his spiritual journey. His struggles, his privations, his hard work to find the truth and submit his life

completely to his creator, had filled him with such an exalted conviction of his own merits that it was extremely difficult for him to believe that he would not be rewarded. The degree to which he struggled was defined by himself alone and he alone decided upon his worthiness for special blessings of truth, knowledge and a promised heaven through a lack of patience and an arrogant unwillingness to accept anything less. Ahmed indeed had genius in his computer programming skills, but lacked the great social virtue of resignation.

The moderate and the fundamentalist continued to discuss their views in a civil manner despite Ahmed's energy and zeal. They slowly moved unnoticed to themselves out of the building with a small group of onlookers following them when a black BMW with tinted windows pulled up and a one-eyed, bearded man in flowing white thob, skull cap and journalists waistcoat got out. With greeting of asalamalikum rahmatullah wa barakatu to all present he put on some wrap around dark glasses despite the darkness of night that had enveloped the city.

“Kaif halik?” he asked smilingly.

“Al-humdullah rabil alamin, wa anta?” Ahmed replied with a revering smile.

“Jade jedin” the new arrival responded “doing some dawah I see.”

Hamza took this opportunity to retreat from his losing arguments and left in as dignified a way as he could. The small audience that had followed the argument presumed the night's entertainment was over and also left, all except Fran whose

interest in learning more about the Islamic world's perspectives of peace in the Middle East and the West forced her to stay.

“Are you interested in the straight path and the One True God?” Aswat enquired.

“I’m interested in learning more about Islam but not becoming a Muslim, I’m quite happy with my beliefs as they are.”

“Well maybe we can hook you up with one of the sisters.”

“Maybe, but I’m not interested in someone giving me a monologue and trying to convert me. I want to know how you think we can achieve peaceful relations between Muslims and Secularists,”

The three of them spoke under the dim orange light of a lamppost in the cold of the quiet street outside the social centre for twenty minutes before the two men apologised for having to leave and drove off into the night while Fran returned to the warmth of the social centre.

James had just finished talking to a dreadlocked and equally scruffy associate when he noticed Fran enter the room. He immediately approached her and asked how she had got on with her new friends outside. She replied that it was necessary to understand the Islamic world if humanity wanted peace between nations but that she couldn’t commit herself to any faith, she was an ardent atheist and always would be.

James didn't take offence but took the opportunity to try and get closer to this interesting creature before him.

“Not only do the vast majority of people not know about the truth, they vehemently oppose even having to contemplate the truth of the world that they are living in. My short time in Korea was a real eye-opener; you know ... everyone there believes in this thing called fan death,” joked James.

“What's that?” Fran enquired.

“Basically, if you sleep with a fan on you're going to wake up dead.”

“Why?! How does the fan kill you?”

“I don't know!! I asked one man if he had ever fallen asleep with the fan on by accident or when he was on holiday in Thailand or somewhere where the whole nation sleeps with a fan by their beds. He said that he had so I continued to ask him if he died. He obviously said that he hadn't and so I asked him if he still believed in fan death and he said yes! I mean, for Gods sake! The whole nation is the same; they all believe it and refuse to face the blatant truth of the world they're living in.”

“Really? That's incredible.” Fran replied with a bemused expression.

“Korea is special though, that's where mind control projects like MK-Ultra have their roots. Have you seen the Manchurian Candidate?”

“The remake, yes, it’s a bit far fetched though isn’t it?”

“Maybe so, but my point is that it all started during the Korean War and besides popular Hollywood conspiracy theory films are just made to make people who believe in real government conspiracies look crazy. And it works on the whole, believe me – I know!”

“That may be so ... yes, I could well believe that.”

James looked at his watch briefly and stated that he had to be getting back to Bristol soon. He made it clear that not only was Fran welcome to visit him but that he very much wanted to see her again. Fran was at first wary as she typically preferred much smarter men and besides she had still not fully recovered from a broken heart and had no time for solicitous men, she preferred to keep herself busy with work and forget the perils of relationships, but James was such an interesting character that they exchanged numbers and she promised to call him if she were ever in Bristol and asked him to reciprocate the offer if he was ever in Oxford again. He promised that he would and left for Bristol after several attempts at starting his rickety ambulance. Fran meanwhile stayed on at the social centre not wanting to return to her lonely home so full of painful memories of a betrayed love.