

*And of course a reminder of 24-inch waist SAS, which is fully incorporated into the current work in progress, as is the mantra, which you may recall is Girton, Somerville, Newnham, Royal Holloway, St Hilda's, Bedford, Westfield, Lady Margaret. These creatures are not just bottomlessly evil, etc. The owl foetid deformed stupid ignorant ineducable IQ80 slave-women who dare, who fucking dare treat me like a naughty little girl, are going to die screaming, and with them all the Bodens and Beasleys and Fentons and the rest of the nurse-vomit. I am a graduate of the University of London. Mess with the best, die like the rest.*

*Of course it's only a story - readily available for a small sum in all leading book-sellers?*

[24-inch waist SAS is a small fable of mine. As the country slides into fascism, so the SAS think to recruit the brighter members of the female of the species, lecturers in Near-Eastern Studies from Girton and so on.]



Pretty, isn't it. Sort of emblem that could be used as a cap-badge. Indeed, I seem to recall...Alas, following on from that unfortunate interlude, it is even in the extremes of fantasy fiction unlikely that this particular motif could wend its way into the British Army. Some other symbol is therefore required.

Now, the so-called 'winged dagger' I gather is actually not a winged dagger at all but a flaming sword, and not just any old sword, either, but Excalibur. That might suggest something representative of Guinevere, but it is hard to find anything positive about that particular lady, who in fact stands for the destruction of Arthur's kingdom, so perhaps we should go for the Lady of the Lake, who gave Arthur the freaking or even flaming sword in the first place. The Lady of the Lake isn't much of a speaking-part, being generally represented by a disembodied arm sticking out of a chilly-looking lake, but then, as you reasonably point out, an emblem isn't a speaking-part. The trouble with all this, of course, is that it is distinctly androcentric, the point about 24 SAS being having swords of our own, sisters, not handing them out to passing heroes, so it may be back to the drawing-board. Perhaps if we simply invert the sword so that a well manicured paw is holding it by its hilt? What a well-manicured paw is doing in a lake is another matter.

What? Oh, a motto, certainly, yes:

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute:  
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice  
Life's leaden Metal into Gold **transmute**:

Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

Man needs woman to launch counter-Jihad. It's really not something you put in the Personals.

The feminine touch, you know. Flowers, that sort of thing. Persians love flowers. At any rate this Persian does.



It is not the case that all Muslim princes are woman-beating fundamentalists. Some are Marxist feminists. It is not something they put around. Like the rest of us, they like living. They do what they can. They also go to Oxford and Sandhurst, where they make interesting friends, future senior officers in the SAS.

There are two of them, and their wealth, fire-power, lacerating intelligence, dedication to progressive ideals, devastating charm and distant connections with Mossad don't quite make up for

their centuries of privilege, their unearned incomes, their remoteness from 'real life', and their all-male circles.

The defenders of the realm come graded. At the top of the heap are the guys who wear absolutely black shades. They're so secret even they don't know who they are.

They are men's men, these shadows in their absolutely black dark glasses. They needed summat as as 'ad 'er feet in muck and they found me. They are looking after me but they really don't know what to do with me, or not yet.. Surrounded by the CIA, the FDR, the IRS, MI19.3 recurring and the Korean Egg Board should I not be able to take my pick of escorts? I pout. There are only shadows. I am the Spirit of the Communist Party Yet to Come. Maybe. At any rate the future of the free West.

You think all this is crazy? You ain't heard nothin' yet.

My name is Khaleeda. I am a British Muslim woman. That is why I am shivering in a tent somewhere in Wiltshire, dressed in ill-fitting fatigues. You reach for your pen? A human rights outrage! How readily you jump to false conclusions. I have, I suppose, joined up.. There is that you do when there is no choice. I am an artist. Not a famous one, not a household word, even if your household speaks Urdu, but a happy one. An independent one. That must be the key to this madness.

The Muslims are going to take over! What nonsense that is, but when you say so, buzz-flies descend. 'Os going to bleeding stop them, bleeding BNP! I had no patience with it. How about every woman under 70, every woman who goes running or plays tennis, every woman who has ever worn a mini-skirt, a bikini or an evening-dress, every woman who values her own life, or in other words practically every woman. But the Trots are working-class louts and sexist as hell: they laugh.

Art knows no borders. I have friends from every race, all creeds and none.

:”Put me in a burkha and you die. That is the word, comrades.”

The Trots look momentarily shocked but rally.

“That’s exactly what we have to fight, racist stereotyping. They wouldn’t do that.”

“What would they do?” I asked.

They dunno. Only, you see, they can’t be stopped.

“No more meetings in the Rose and Crown, then.”

Oh, they wouldn’t do that. That’s for Muslims, innit. Islam is very tolerant of other faiths.

I burst out laughing.

I sat thinking. What am I? I am British. Yes, I am British. I like Britain, which has given me all I need: opportunity. Do they never think it is Islam that strips them of opportunity, not Britain? My father came here to escape religion. But also I am a child of Islam, of Islamic civilization, and this I share freely with my English friends and they delight in my gifts of art, of poetry, of mysticism, and they understand. At first I was fearful they would not, but they understand, the art, the poetry, the mysticism of Christian civilization exist in a different continuum to the ravings of a barbarian from Hicksville, Kentucky. But these things live side by side and make up ‘the West’. Why can they not live side by side and make up Islam in the West, why must all Muslims be defined as barbarians from Hicksville? I think it is a plot.. I do not think it is a plot by the Daily Mail. It is the Saudis who insist only one Islam shall be known to the West, that of prohibition, restriction, darkness, death.

Art know no borders. I am a human being. A thinking, feeling human being. It is that they would take from me.

I think I am angry but I don't know what to do, angry and perhaps a little afraid that I shall have to do something.

And now I think of my father, a Marxist, cultured, passionate, undogmatic. Oh the arguments there were at home! Oh the laughter! But he did not live to see the British Left prostrate itself before the idol of Islam. I am glad of that. And I took from him the passion and culture and the laughter, but not the Marxism, preferring to create. And I said: politics does not interest me. And I said, selfishly, perhaps, cruelly, perhaps, the situation of the Muslim peasant in the West is of no interest to me. They are not 'my own kind'. My own kind is Nabu, whose talent transfixes me, my own kind is Sergei, is Januska, is Susan, is Chanwe. But now I think of capital and almost in spite of myself I begin to paint and oil gushes forth from the Gulf to drown the world. Then I go to the library