

Star-Crossed

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ISBN: 978-965-550-439-2

International sole distributor: Contento

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CONTENTON**NOW**



Dedication

To the Jews – the dissidents to Mankind's various self-destructive vanities – to the many censored, jailed, humiliated and tortured, courageously free-spirited and free-thinking novelists whose names mine should never have to join, being Australian (which can still mean something, ladies and gentlemen) – the dissidents to mindless, State-enforced, anti-Humanist conformity – and to my family, around whose dining table I acquired my sharpness and ability to skewer an argument with a single sentence – dissidents to something, I'm sure...

STAR:

I

Audience applause as the lights in-studio come up. Tina checks her teeth and readjusts her breasts in her plunging top. Maybe that really is how she got this job. Wouldn't surprise me if it was. Having watched a couple as research... Well. Suffice to say. If Australia continues to Feminise Positions of Public Exposure, they will eventually end up with Positions of Public Feminine Exposure. Like *Who Needs Men?* last Wednesday and their tips for keeping your 'Nudie, stripper pics and sex tapes off the internet.' As highlighted material, of course, Charity had to produce some. And of course she enjoyed it. And of course her sex tape was with a stranger in a seedy motel room somewhere. And of course it was 'Perfectly safe, girls. Give it a try!' Well. Maybe perfectly safe for the woman with the security entourage who was driven away following her experience. One wonders how safe it would be for your ordinary woman without such protection – not to mention fourteen-year-old girls whom society should protect. Not Charity, though. No. She'd never waste her precious 'Respect me for my mind!' feminist brain cells. And from what I've seen here, no one at the ABC as a whole would either. I mean. You want to keep such things off the internet. Don't make them. Simple, really. And well beyond the ABC and its feminist

programme aimed at the educated wellbeing of twelve-year-old girls. A strange beast is Australia's public broadcaster. ABC: Anything But Conservative, was the way they explained it to me. *This* should be fun.

"Hello and welcome to tonight's *Come What May*. As you know, this is the interactive talk show where the guest is someone unknown and the questions arise spontaneously from the audience. As ever, we look forward to an unpredictable evening—" Well, maybe unpredictable my answers, not your rehearsed and canvassed questions "— where the only requirement is our customary *Come What May* attitude."

Again the camera pans an applauding audience. This time possibly applauding Tina's stumble-free reading of the same thing she's said for the past seventy-three episodes. And a few for her once again adjusting her breasts. Being so big, I'm not surprised they need so much tending. But still. Is that necessarily more professional than not having mentioned my name or even showing my face to the literally tens of people who normally watch the show?

"Our guest this evening is Sharni." Still no shot of me. Must be the cameraman's erection. "As you all know. To get on this show as its talking head, you just go to our website and fill out the form. Our extensive screening process—" Sure, extensive. 'How about Monday, Sharni?' *That's* what she calls extensive? Well. Understandable, maybe. To the ABC's way of thinking, only *one* type of Israeli Jew would subject themselves to this style of show. Pity for them that I'm not *that* type of Jew. "— ensures the best, most relevant and interesting guests for our quality, balanced programme." Well. Balanced and interesting and of quality, tonight maybe. Who knows? My being here might start a trend of true balance in world public broadcasting? I'm under no illusions about that. Public broadcasting will lamentably remain the same. A girl can dream, though. A girl most certainly can dream. "Tonight, as ever, we follow our usual format. Sharni—" Yay! My face finally on TV! "— will introduce herself. Following from there. Well, ladies and gentlemen, *Come What May!*"

And again the camera pans the audience. And again the audience applauds Tina again adjusting her breasts. If they're really that much work being that big, I think I'll take my somewhat smaller ones every day of the week. Even badly as mine now sag, I'd hate to be Tina in a few years' time. Or now.

"Sharni. Welcome."

"Thank you, Tina. And to all you guys, as well."

Hopelessly tragic audience applause.

"And welcome to Australia, I believe?"

"Yes. And a beautiful country it is, too. Thank you to everyone I've met for being so welcoming."

More useless applause making me wonder how so many musicians put up with it.

"Perhaps you could tell us where you're from. And a little bit about yourself. And then maybe tell us why you're here tonight. Maybe to tell us some things we don't know." Oh. A *lot* of things you don't know you still won't know when I'm done. "Maybe some observations about who we are as Aussies and how that goes with who you are as an unAussie, what you were told we are, and what you've found us to be by coming here and seeing us with your own eyes." I hope that sounded better when you rehearsed it, Tina. Otherwise, you really are as vacuous as I was led to believe. *That* defies credulity. At least it did when I was researching. Now, I'm not so sure.

"Sure." Keep it civil, Sharni. "My real name is actually Shahar. When in the West, however, as when I was recently in the States, as when I went through Britain and Canada, I prefer Sharni. Which is what I've been called most of my life, anyway. Even back home. So, if you could address all of your questions to me as Sharni, that would be great. As to where I'm from, I'm Israeli." I *love* front-row guests and the way the whiplash goes back through the audience in a sort of perverted ripple effect. It's enough to make one wonder if we Jews aren't as powerful as the conspiracists proclaim. Let's see. "And yes. I'm Jewish." I guess where Israeli is a pebble, Jewish is a stone. And now to toss the

boulder... “And proudly Jewish, too.” The rippled, whiplashing panic of the unexpected and of the deliberate challenge to cliché, Western ‘sophisticates’ being Jewish seems to represent reverberates through the room. I can’t believe I never saw it before. It’s their fear that as a Jew I really *am* all-powerful, which is utterly absurd, that gives me my all-powerful stature over their small-minded, insipid superstition. This could be more fun than I hoped. It could also turn out to be more bother than it’s worth. Be there for me, Mahmud. This is going to challenge you more than this is going to challenge me. Being and accepting my Jewish-ness is who and what I am. It’s second-nature to me. To you, my gorgeous and beloved. I only hope you can find it within you to overcome everyone else’s prejudices and follow *your* heart to *your* future happiness with, and because of, me. As I find my happiness with, and because of, you. “Umm. About myself. I’m currently concluding the holiday portion of my combined holiday-study tour I undertook as part of my new employment as a seconded intelligence analyst for the Israeli Army.” Sheesh. I haven’t *begun* to challenge your prejudicial groupthink and Left-wing educational edifice indoctrination yet. If you’re like this now, how will you be when I finally start confronting you with your conceit’s corollary: truth? “I haven’t yet decided how much longer before I return home. But since that commission isn’t activated for a couple more months, I’d say at least half of that will be spent travelling. I might even take some time and see the rest of your wonderful country.” Call a country wonderful, which this one is, and people soften towards you. Speak fondly of Israel... “Reminds me of home and how beautiful and good we have it as Israelis.” ...and they again turn on you. It’d be fascinating if it weren’t so fundamentally disturbing. “The reason I’m here tonight, Tina, is to do exactly what you suggested I should do as my intro in your intro. I’m here to tell you some things I’ve noticed about you as Aussies. Some things that aren’t unique to the way Aussies sell themselves abroad. Some things that also aren’t unique to the disappointment I see when I look not at your country and its people. But I see a lot of disappointment in what

you've allowed to be done to you in the name of Left-wing, insipid and relativistic idiocy. I'm here to explain to you why you should go back to being the way you obviously once were. Why do I know that you were once that way? Well. You couldn't sell yourselves as being a particular way with credibility if you hadn't at one stage exhibited such behaviour. Behaviour you've allowed the Left to steal from you, and use against you. All for your own good, of course. Or at least, as the Left told you to believe, it was for your own good. I'm here to tell you, and hopefully show you, that it's not too late for you to change back to the way you tell me you are. And maybe, once you do, the rest of the West will once more return to the way it was, as well. Or at least the part of the world that gave the West its fundamental freedoms: the English-speaking world – the Anglosphere, as people of 'proper' sensibilities sneer. Well. You're all Anglo. And it's your Saxon heritage that gives you your Common Law protections, believe it or not. Not necessarily your Anglo heritage. I'll explain to you how and why. And by doing so, I hope to explain to you how and why if you let the most profoundly liberating principle in known civilisation die, that is what Britain exported to the world over the past 750 years to its death in 1974, you will only be left with the squalid immorality and senseless violence of the sheltered, mean lives of the parts of the world that have already rejected this principle."

Who cares if that sounds too much like a prepared speech? I've put a lot of time and energy and time- and energy-sapping thought into this. Ever since dear young Delia's run-in with Western culturally relativist hubristic elitist indoctrination's offspring, terror and insufferable misery at the hands of repressive and fundamentally anti-Western ideology and cultural belief, I've been unable to think of anything else but this. And her. It's just the sheer dumb luck of God's Design that I not only met her, but that my soulmate is her elder brother. In her suffering, as I at least hope to vaguely demonstrate to these anti-human indoctrinated amoral morons tonight, is the absolute encapsulation of the abject abdication of the greatest moment in history for the wholesale adoption of the

English Common Law and democracy that made the West great, and the rest of the world rightly envious. It matters not that that moment was missed. Several moments, in fact. All that matters is that what the West was is also now losing primacy, destroyed by those charged with its preservation. As God is my witness, that is something I cannot abide to occur unchallenged. That challenge begins here.

“And what is that?” Tina speaks to break the fearful silence of the usually boisterous *Come What May* audience. It’s her job as host, I guess, to keep the show moving. I only wish she’d paid more attention to what’s going on in the world around her and less attention to what’s going on in her bra before thinking she was a match for what a show like this should throw up. Notably, me. Or someone like me. Surely the thought had occurred to someone to do what I’m here to do. Maybe they were too demonstrably contrarian for the ABC and their googling of potential guest’s backgrounds. Thanks to closed bureaucratic Admin Review Tribunal proceedings, my name doesn’t appear in Google searches. Which must be why they thought I was *that* kind of Jew. More’s the pity, I suppose. Not for me. But for the fact checker about to lose their job for letting me have my pulpit. Remind me to send him something as a token of regretful thanks. Now. Back to Tina and her question.

“What is that what?”

“Well.” I don’t know why she’s looking to the audience for help. I know how this show works. The audience only comes in when I wish for them to do so. And since I have no intention of bringing them into it interactively, she’s looking to them forlornly. Almost as forlornly as they are begging Tina, as host, to make sense of it all for them. In spite of the fact that they are probably better mentally equipped to handle this than she is, it’s up to her. If only the ABC had thought to employ a woman of brains rather than brawn. Oh, well. Their mistake. My advantage.

“Well, what? What did you want me to explain?”

“Well. You said something about us not being the people we say we

are. Maybe you could tell us what that means. And maybe we could have the audience have a say on that one.”

“No. Your audience aren’t going to get a say just yet. What I have to explain to you is quite complicated. And would only become more complicated if you interrupt me. Besides, what you’ve lost as Aussies, as I said, isn’t unique to you. It’s been lost the world over. I only single you guys out because you, along with Americans, are the only nation, at least privately, that will admit to having lost it. Which is why your two countries are working so hard at demonising and discrediting those who would have it restored. Like conservative politicians and commentators. And your ordinary man, woman and child in the street.”

“So, what would conservatives do to us if we let them off the leash?” Let them off the leash? “Hmm? Force rape victims to bear the children of rape?” *Oh, my brothers! How the child of zina¹ grows within me! How it makes me feel lower than a dog! Or a pig! As one with a Christian! So dirty am I with the swelling of rape’s burden!* Bloody ‘Palestinian’ propagandists. I’d never have forced Delia to bear Jacob. It’s amazing, however, how she genuinely loves him... “Hmm? Never allow women to work?”

“Women have always worked.”

“What?”

Stunned ABC-type neo-feminazi blonde-headed big-breasted indoctrinated dolt.

“Women have always worked. Owned their own businesses, too. Why would a conservative stop a woman from doing what women have always done? Makes no sense, does it?”

“What? No.”

-sigh- More gracious than she deserves.

“You’re a feminist. Yes?”

“As proudly as you’re an Israeli Jew!” I’ll ignore the sneer in your voice and take your applause as my own.

“So you worship at the altar of Charlotte Brontë. Yes?”

“Of course.”

1 Arabic for adultery or fornication.

“Of course you do. You even grew up wanting to be Jane Eyre. Didn’t you?”

A wistful smile of childhood’s lonely, wasted hours. “Yes. I did.”

“Ignoring the fact that *Villette* is based on Charlotte’s experiences as a teacher – a job, ladies and gentlemen – I’ll move on to Charlotte’s best friend, Elizabeth Gaskell. Who was also Charlotte’s biographer.”

“What about her?”

“Ever read anything she wrote? *Mary Barton*? *North and South*?”

“Yes.”

“So.” She can read? “*North and South*. Factory girls by the dozen. At once too many such working women and too few. We know that women really did *work* in English factories. We also know from *Mary Barton* that dressmakers were women. Women employed by women. So you have women working and women owning businesses. How was what I said about women always working wrong?”

“What? That’s not working.”

“I’m sure that will come as news to every female textile worker, nurse, teacher, cleaner, business owner, chef, waitress, etc., etc., the world over. How can you be so conceited? How is owning your own business and being a skilled labourer and employing skilled labour and apprenticing young labour to learn such skills not working? How can you, a feminist, diminish women and their social contribution?”

“What?” I think it’s sunk-in that she’s defeated. I don’t think she’ll ever be able to grasp why, though. “Well, what would conservatives do to us that would ever make us better off? Hmm? Especially as we’ve always gotten along perfectly well without them? You’re not conservative, are you?”

I’m Jewish, too. You sneering harridan. “Proudly. As proudly as you’re a feminist. Maybe more proudly. And ever more proudly with each day that passes and another conservative pillar is lost. A pillar lost, not because we as conservatives wanted it gone. But because we wanted it defended. So you Lefty-type people destroyed it to show us how mindless you are. And as each day passes and you reap the

consequences of your actions, each consequence bad, and each playing out as we as conservatives not only envisaged and predicted, but warned you against, you blame us for the consequences of your actions. Why? Because whatever it was you did didn't work as you said it *should* but as we said it *would*." Yes. As we said it would, not as you said it should. "What can conservatives do for you? Well. That's very simple. Allow you to once more face the world truthfully."

"What do you mean 'face the world truthfully'?"

"You can once more become Aussies, under conservatism, if you would only let them remove your stultifying and insipid Hate Speech Laws."

"So, conservatives should have the right to call black people subhuman? Hmm?"

"Of course. But not for the reason you're thinking."

"So you admit that all conservatives are extremist misogynistic racists. So you admit that we're right to push our enlightened, progressive, liberal agenda of more respect and tolerance in the community through positive activist legislation." The applause that receives is so depressing. How can supposedly intelligent people be so insipid? "Well?"

"No." It's always amazed me how one word can bring about such profound changes in people. Especially in the mob. The current silence is enough to make me smile. "I said nothing of the sort. I said a conservative should have the right to call black people subhuman. Of course he should. Everyone has the right to be moronic, ignorant, racist and wrong. Neither does it require legislation to call that man wrong. In fact, it requires a lack of legislation. Why? Because. If you allow him to be heard, you can rebut his words with your own. If you, however, silence him, you never get to hear his words. And thus never rebut his with yours. It is this lack of open and honest debate which is the problem. And if you can't see that, I'll more than happily explain it to you."

"I don't need you to explain. I get it. You want a return to slavery."

More applause of the ignorant by the ignorant. And I shake my head and look to You for strength, God. Please, allow me to retain my

cordiality. “Do you know who started the slave trade?” Mahmud was right about the power of the silencing finger in this country. It even shuts up ignorant, Left-wing groupthink-show hosts. “It was the tribal black Africans, themselves.” Again Tina baulks at the authority of the finger. Dahl must have been writing about Aussies when he wrote about the finger. “It was facilitated by Muslims. And brokered by Europeans.” Still the finger silences Tina and the audience. Though her look of vindication puzzles me. Especially since it’s about to be wiped off. “Europeans, and eventually even Americans, stopped buying slaves. They still exist, though. The same tribes in Africa still sell the same slaves to the same Muslim go-betweens who now on-sell them to other Muslims.” Yep. A look of confusion where once there was vindication. Let’s see if she’s smart enough to overcome her ideology and follow me to the logical conclusion of my statement. “So, if slavery is an ultimate wrong – which it undeniably is – and a violation of fundamental human rights – against which no one could argue slavery is anything other than a gross violation – and the West no longer practices slavery, but the Middle East, Africa and Asia still do, why do you not direct your rightful invective against those who still commit slavery, rather than those who stopped it?” Stunned silence as once again Tina looks to her audience for support and wherewithal enough to compete with me and they look to her for leadership and a line to mindlessly parrot and equally mindlessly applaud. Once again, to their shameless chagrin, they find no such support from each other. And I mean to press my advantage. “Such is why you need to remove your Hate Speech Laws.”

“Why?” Tina, honey. The best way to defeat a trap is to trip it, yes. However, you first need to know it’s a trap. That way, you can defend yourself.

“Because. Then you could be Aussies and ‘call a spade a spade.’ Or, as I heard it the other day: Call a spade a bloody, motherfucking shovel, mate. The spade in this instance would be slavery. The bloody, motherfucking shovel is the fact that your hate speech protectorate, Islam, Africans, Asians, still practice slavery. If it was evil, backward,

unenlightened and any other epithet when Westerners, not Aussies by the way, practiced slavery, why is it not the same thesaurus full of epithets when everyone else does it?" I know they can't answer it. And even if they can, they won't. No one in the once-West seems to be able to do so anymore. Well, who's not of the aptly named Right, anyway. "Well? Why do you punish the same evil differently? And –" Tread lightly, Sharni. Tread very lightly. "– given that you can't answer that, do you now understand how Hate Speech Laws are actually racist?"

"They're not racist! Only racists would want to get rid of such affirmative legislation!"

"Which makes me a vile, rotten Jew-racist. Right?"

"If you want to get rid of affirmative antidiscrimination laws? Yes."

At least she gave me a caveat. She might be smarter than I gave her credit for. Still wrong. But smart. "So you think passing laws that *only* apply to certain groups is non-discriminatory?"

"Yes."

"Well, allow me to prove you wrong." I only hope I have thought this through well enough to make sense enough to get through to those who will hear about this in the news reporting tomorrow. The world's unpaid bloggers are worth more culturally than every journalist, opinion writer, broadcaster and talking head in the world combined. "It's really quite simple. If you understand a couple of very simple things: the difference between respect and pity; and the bastardisation mistaking one for the other licenses." So far, so good. I've yet to be lynched. And a couple of people actually look as if they're interested in what I'm saying. "Put very simply: It is impossible for someone to earn your pity. People can only earn your respect. Therefore, you also cannot bestow respect. You can only bestow pity. Thus, when you 'bestow' rights through your oxymoronic 'positive' legislation, you are not respecting those upon whom you 'bestowed' such rights, you are pitying them. So, when you say I can't call a black person black, or criticise a black person's actions, because of your 'respect' for them, it has nothing to do with your respecting them. It has everything to do with your pitying

them. And because of this simple lack of understanding of language, you license to most horrendous bastardisation of what it once meant to be Western. Which is what? Free and fearless speech.”

“What about fair speech?”

“What’s unfair about calling someone who’s fat, fat? What’s unfair about calling someone who’s Asian, Asian? What’s unfair about me calling someone who’s black, black? What’s unfair about pointing out things that are blatantly obvious not only *about* everyone, but *to* everyone as well?”

“Maybe fat people feel badly about being fat. Did you ever think of that? Why would they want to be reminded of something they’re ashamed of?”

“Why wouldn’t they just lose weight if that’s the case?”

“What?”

“If you’re ashamed of being fat, lose weight and you won’t be fat anymore.” Go there, Tina. Please, go there.

“Well, what about black people? What can they do to stop being black?”

Don’t smile like that, Tina. The British have a beautiful word for you and women like you: Bint. Yep, Tina. For not recognising the trap, you show your Dozy Bint status. “Why would you say something so racist?”

“I’m not racist! I’d never call black people black!”

“Cos their ashamed of their colour, right?”

“Exactly!”

Dumb bitch! Almost as dumb as the rousing applause of your audience. I know you guys would never worry yourselves by so doing. But, do you guys hear yourselves?

“I didn’t hear you say *that*. And, do yourself a favour. Don’t repeat it. Not if you ever want to appear on television again.”

“Don’t repeat what? I never take back anything I say. I *mean* everything I say.”

“So you *mean* to say that you can’t call a black person black because

they're ashamed of their colour?" You can't mean that. Not in your 'affirmative' world. "You actually *mean* that?"

"Yes."

An affirmative nod and more inane applause. I'm in *The Twilight Zone* now.

"How's that not racist?"

"What?"

I'll ignore the 'It's not racist because I don't mean it to be' look on her face and move on. As, hopefully, her appreciative audience, not to mention the sycophantic 'intellectuals' who made her, will follow. "How is it *not* racist to say that black people, *all* black people are so *ashamed* of their colour that it can *never* be mentioned? *How* is that not racist?"

"Because..." I didn't intend to bait my hook with silence. But, given the uncomfortable squirming of the audience, in concert with Tina's jiggling breasts, I think I'll just allow my hook to drift on the uncomfortable currents of Lefties with Groupthink-challenged-to-my-face Syndrome. As often as I've seen it, it has never ceased to amaze me how pervasive it becomes and how quickly it sets in. And this sets in. And settles. And decides to raise its family here. The silence is in turns pregnant, birthing, suckling, pregnant, birthing, suckling, pregnant and birthing. And Tina opens her mouth to speak. And pauses. And closes her mouth with momentary dignity. Her only problem, however, as she's now discovering to her albeit dignified chagrin – her only problem is it's not as simple as that. Now her mouth's closed – what? What does she do now? What can she do now? I'm not going to be stupid and open my mouth and feed her a line. Nope. Neither am I going to allow myself to fall into the trap so many other conservatives fall into by distracting from the debate by repeating my question. I don't know how many conservatives have ever noticed. The greatest mistake they make is to allow the Lefty to fixate on some irrelevant minutiae, thereby allowing the Lefty off. And how do they do that? By being too conscious of the blow that begins the silence, and not conscious of the fact that the silence is the greatest pain a Lefty can

feel. Why? Simply because it forces the Lefties to do what they most loathe doing: reflect on the veracity of their beliefs. Why they fear that so badly, I don't know. With everything I've observed on my trip, that is the one question I've yet to have answered. I understand that the Left is insipid. I further understand that the best and only function of the Left is to destroy, to tear down, to demean and to defame. I also intimately understand that all the Left care about is the process of everything, rather than the content and the judgment required to properly drive the desired, or at least, stated through expert taqiyya that would make an Imam suspicious, outcome of whatever design the Left-wing mind can momentarily foment. Were it not for their abject devotion to process, Delia never would have suffered. Also, Tina would have answered my questions by now. At least with some weird, co-dependent Lefty-type question. Something along the lines of 'Why is it racist?' won't work, no. But, no. No. There is no way for Tina to turn the question back on me by asking what I think. I wonder how many people have figured that one out. 'Why do we need gay marriage?' 'Don't *you* think gay marriage is a good thing?' By turning it back on you, the Lefty accomplishes two things. One: they avoid expressing a personal opinion. Something a Lefty will only ever do among other Lefty-types. Two: they can then do what they do best. Turn on you and make you justify your opinion. Your opinion as distinct from theirs without them having to either state or defend their opinion. I often wonder why so few people have picked up on that. As I also wonder why it is so hard for the Left to have a position that is challenged. Especially when they hold their position to be both self-evident and contrary. It's always seemed to me that if you argue from a contrary position, what you're necessarily doing is arguing against entrenched and trenchant opposition. Thus, when everyone is against you, when everyone is making you not only argue your position, but justify it, why is it so difficult for the Left to do so? Why is it that they will only argue a position in the express absence of opposition? Which is ironic, if you think about it. Which is really all I've done since my discharge. If