

# Eurabian Nights

## A Horror Travelogue

by Srdja Trifkovic

**T**housands of young Muslims, armed with clubs and sticks and shouting, “*Allahu akbar!*” riot and force the police to retreat. Windows are smashed; stores are looted; cars are torched. Europeans unlucky or careless enough to be trapped by the mob are viciously attacked, and some are killed.

The scene could be Mogadishu in the aftermath of Pope Benedict’s Regensburg address; or Tripoli during the Danish-cartoons fury; or Karachi, Kabul, Gaza, and countless other cities in *Dar al-Islam*’s heartland, on any number of occasions. Yet a year ago, such scenes were unfolding, for weeks on end, in places with such names as Clichy-sous-Bois, Argenteuil, and La Courneuve. The trouble in the *banlieus* finally ended, as various Muslim “community leaders” had claimed it would, only when various levels of French officialdom quietly accepted that there were *de facto* no-go areas within the country, mini-Islamistans run by the dominant local majority. “*Mon Clichy à moi, c’est ça!*” just about sums it up, on the official website of Clichy-sous-Bois, whose population is 80-percent Muslim.

In practice, this means that local groceries refrain from selling wine, and young Muslim men feel emboldened to use violence against “sluts”—women who do not follow Islamic ways. Many more French-born Arab girls wear the *hijab* today than did so a year ago: It is their protection against mutilation and gang rape. Failing to do so makes them fair game for both: A knife slash across the scarless girl’s cheek from the lip to the ear is especially common and known as a “smile.”

The demand for communal self-rule is not new, and it will be made with increasing frequency in the years to come. Of some 25 million Muslims in Western Europe, the majority already consider themselves autonomous, a community justifiably opposed to the decadent host society of infidels. This demand is but the first step: It will lead to the clamoring for the adoption of *sharia* within segregated Muslim communities and, finally, for the imposition of *sharia* on the society as a whole.

Europe’s elite class is prepared for this challenge. Dutch Justice Minister Piet Hein Donner—a Christian Democrat—sees the demand as perfectly legitimate and argues that *sharia* could be introduced “by democratic means.” Muslims have a right to follow the commands of their religion, even if that included some “dissenting rules of behavior”: “It is a sure certainty for me: if two thirds of all Netherlands tomorrow would want to introduce Sharia, then this possibility must exist. Could you block this legally? It would also be a scandal to say ‘this isn’t allowed!’ The majority counts. That is the essence of democracy.”

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The same “essence” was reiterated in similar terms last July by Jens Orback, the Swedish Integration [*sic*] Minister, who declared in a radio debate, “We must be open and tolerant towards Islam and Muslims because when we become a minority, they will be so towards us.” Yes, *when we become a minority*; the fact that, four months later, both Orback and his Social Democratic government remain in power aptly illustrates Sweden’s political and cultural scene.

Until a generation ago, Sweden used to be one of the safest and most law-abiding countries in the world. Today, in the southern city of Malmö, the authorities are no longer able to deal with the problem of crime among Muslim immigrants, 90 percent of whom are on welfare. They make up one third of the city’s 300,000 people; at the city’s Rosengrad School, of 1,000 students, only 2 were Swedes last year. “If we park our car it will be smashed—so we have to go very often in two vehicles, one just to protect the other,” says policeman Rolf Landgren. Both vehicles are needed to escort Swedish ambulance drivers into certain neighborhoods. Robberies of all sorts increased by 50 percent in 2004 alone, with gangs of young Muslims specializing in mugging old people visiting the graves of relatives. Thomas Anderberg, head of statistics for the Malmö police, reported a doubling of “rapes by ambush” in 2004. Almost all of the increase is attributable to Muslim men raping Swedish women.

Next door in Norway and Denmark, two thirds of all men arrested for rape are “of non-western ethnic origin”—the preferred euphemism for Middle Eastern and North African Muslims—although they account for under five percent of their residents. The number of rapes in Oslo in the summer of 2006 was twice that of the previous summer. All “gang rapes” in Denmark in 2004 were committed by immigrants and “refugees.”

The victims are overwhelmingly Scandinavian women, yet only one in twenty young Muslim men say they would marry one. Their reluctance is explained by an Islamic scholar, Muf-ti Shahid Mehdi, who told an audience in Copenhagen that European women who do not wear a headscarf were “asking to be raped.” His view is shared by Unni Wikan, a professor of social anthropology at the University of Oslo and a self-described feminist; she holds that “Norwegian women must take their share of responsibility for these rapes” because Muslim men found their manner of dress provocative: “Norwegian women must realize that we live in a multicultural society and they must adapt themselves to it.”

Swedish courts are adapting by introducing *sharia* principles into civil cases. An Iranian man divorcing his Iranian wife was ordered by the high court in the city of Halmestad to pay *Mahr*, Islamic dowry ordained by the Koran as part of the Islamic marriage contract.

In the judicial sphere, Britain has gone even further, legitimizing *sharia* compliance even in criminal cases. A key tenet of *sharia* is that non-Muslims cannot try Muslims, or even testify against them; and this has been upheld by Peter Beaumont, QC, senior circuit judge at London's Central Criminal Court, the Old Bailey. Before the trial of Abdullah el-Faisal, a preacher accused of soliciting the murder of "unbelievers," Justice Beaumont announced that, "[f]or obvious reasons, members of the jury of the Jewish or Hindu faith should reveal themselves, even if they are married to Jewish or Hindu women, because they are not fit to arbitrate in this case." (One can only speculate what would be the reaction if equally "obvious reasons" were invoked in an attempt to exclude Muslims from the trial of BNP Chairman Nick Griffin for "Islamophobia.")

The legitimization of *sharia* has also penetrated culture—both high and popular. In the fall of 2005, British audiences enjoyed a widely acclaimed production of *Tamburlaine the Great*, Christopher Marlowe's 16th-century classic. Few noticed, however, that several irreverent references to Muhammad had been deleted. An essential scene in the play, in which the Koran is burned, became the destruction of "a load of books" relating to any culture or religion. Director David Farr and Simon Reade, Old Vic's artistic director, said that, if they had not altered the original, it "would have unnecessarily raised the hackles of a significant proportion of one of the world's great religions." Both agreed that, in any event, the censored version—produced partly with public funds—was better than the original, making the play more powerful and relevant.

The British Council, another taxpayer-funded organization that sponsors cross-cultural projects, sacked one of its press officers, Harry Cummins, for publishing four articles in London's *Sunday Telegraph*. British Muslims took exception to his observation that Muslims had rights to practice their religion in the United Kingdom that were not enjoyed by Christians in the Islamic world, "despite the fact that these Christians are the original inhabitants and rightful owners of almost every Muslim land." His cardinal sin was to note that "it is the black heart of Islam, not its black face, to which millions object." Abdul Bari, deputy secretary-general of the Muslim Council of Britain, welcomed Cummins' firing but expressed "dismay" that the publishing company had not taken action against the editor of the *Sunday Telegraph* as well.

Public funds were also used to build state-of-the-art senior housing in London's East End. This housing is to be reserved strictly for Muslim "elders": English and other white pensioners need not apply. Sirajul Islam, in charge of social services at the local borough of Tower Hamlets, responded to the journalists' questions about racial and religious equality by stating that a "one size fits all" approach to public services was no longer acceptable in 21st-century Britain: "Tower Hamlets is fortunate to have a diverse mix of communities, and the council strives to ensure that its services are responsive to the differing and changing needs of its residents."

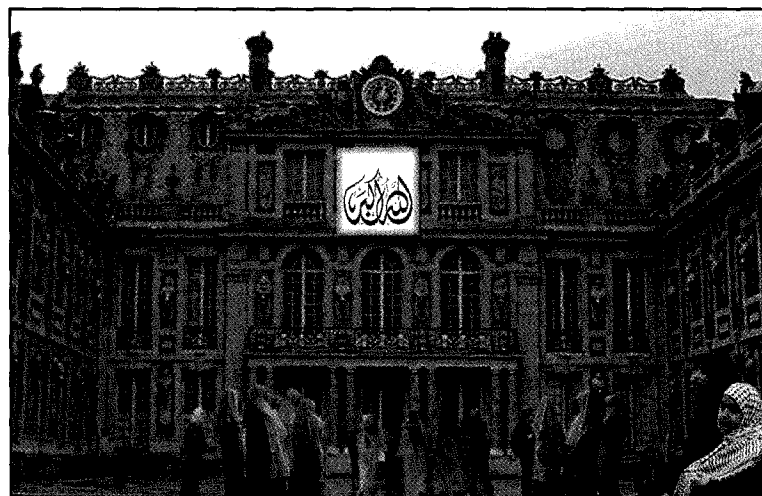
That these and other fortunes are befalling Britain under "New Labour" is perhaps to be expected, but the revamped Tory Party hardly offers an alternative. Determined that out-Blairing Blair is the only way to regain power, it has, under David Cameron, jumped on the multiculturalist bandwagon and come out in support of retaining and expanding racial, ethnic, and sex-based quotas. Cameron's colleague, Conservative

Party Chairman Francis Maude, claims that immigration has been "fantastically good" for the United Kingdom.

Such inanities are light years away from Churchill's warning, over a century ago, that "no stronger retrograde force exists in the world" than Islam:

Far from being moribund, Mohammedanism is a militant and proselytizing faith. It has already spread throughout Central Africa, raising fearless warriors at every step; and were it not that Christianity is sheltered in the strong arms of science—the science against which it had vainly struggled—the civilization of modern Europe might fall, as fell the civilization of ancient Rome.

Churchill's prescience could not envisage the possibility that the invader would find his best friends and allies at No. 10, Downing Street, at the European Community Headquarters in Brussels, and in dozens of chancelleries and palaces across the Old Continent. Their joint efforts are helping change the face of Europe. Its southern maritime frontier is as porous as that on the Rio Grande. Boats packed with thousands of migrants from Africa and Asia land somewhere along Europe's coasts every day. Their numbers are unknown, but the cumulative effect is not in doubt: By 2050, these people will account for one third of Europe's young residents.



In Germany, mostly Muslim immigrants already account for about one quarter of all teenagers and ten percent of the population as a whole. But mention "integration" to Evelyn Rühle, a teacher in Wedding, a predominantly Turkish suburb of Berlin, and she will murmur, "disintegration, more likely," with a sad smile. Her students' Muslim parents routinely demand the separation of girls and boys in sports and take their children out of biology classes. Most students speak poorer German than immigrant children did 20 years ago. Their extracurricular activities are limited to attending Koran classes, and many speak only Turkish or Arabic at home.

The growth of digital television has made a host of Turkish and Arabic-language channels available, intensifying language problems and nurturing identities that are informed more by the situation in Lebanon, Gaza, or Iraq than by the events in Paris, Berlin, or London. Millions of Muslim youths all over Europe live in a parallel universe that has very little to do with the host country, toward which they have a disdainful and

hostile attitude.

The elite class responds to hostility with ever-greater inclusiveness. Giuseppe Pisanu, Italy's former minister of the interior, who is responsible for controlling the country's borders, declared three years ago that the high fatality rate of North African illegals on the high seas *en route* to Sicily was "a dreadful tragedy that weighs on the conscience of Europe." His reaction was paradigmatic of the utopian liberal mind-set. If "Europe" should feel guilty that people who have no right to come to its shores are risking their lives while trying to do so illegally, then only the establishment of a free passenger-ferry service between Africa and Southern Europe—with no passport or customs formalities required upon arrival, and a free shuttle to Rome or Milan—would offer some relief to that burdened conscience. Now that Sr. Pisanu and his boss, Silvio Berlusconi, have been replaced by a leftist government even more deeply committed to tolerance and diversity, this solution may finally become a reality.


And along with the shoes or sandals, the empty bottles of water they'd used to wash their feet before praying. A tent placed in front of the cathedral with Brunelleschi's cupola and by the side of the Baptistery with Ghiberti's golden doors . . . Thanks to a tape player, the uncouth wailing of a muezzin punctually exhorted the faithful, deafened the infidels, and smothered the sound of the church bells . . . And along with the yellow streaks of urine, the stench of the excrement that blocked the door of San Salvatore al Vescovo: that exquisite Romanesque church (year 1000) that stands at the rear of the Piazza del Duomo and that the sons of Allah transformed into a shithouse.

Europe is increasingly populated by aliens who physically live there but spiritually belong to the *umma*. They do not want to "adapt" to Florence or any other new abode they conquer; offended and intimidated by beauty and order, they instinctively want to remake it in the image of Anatolia, Punjab, or the Maghreb. Their influx, made possible by the Pisanu malaise, is making the transformation irreversible.

A century ago, Pisanu's class shared social commonalities that could be observed in Monte Carlo, Carlsbad, or Paris, depending on the season. Their *lingua franca* was French. Englishmen, Russians, and Austrians shared the same outlook and sense of propriety, but they nevertheless remained rooted in their national traditions, the only permanent vessels in which *Weltanschauung* could be translated into *Kultur*. Today's "United Europe," by contrast, does not create social and civilizational commonalities—except on the basis of wholesale denial of old mores, inherited values, and "traditional" culture. It creates a cultural similarity that has morphed into the dreary sameness of antidiscriminationism. The Continent is ruled by a secular theocracy focused on the task of reforming and reshaping the individual consciences of its subjects.

The fruits are greeted with haughty arrogance by Tariq Ramadan, professor of Islamic studies at the University of Fribourg in Switzerland, and a grandson of Hasan al-Banna, founder of the Muslim Brotherhood. Ramadan insists that Muslims in the West should conduct themselves not as hyphenated citizens seeking to live by "common values" but as though they were already living in a Muslim-majority society and were exempt on that account from having to make concessions to the faith of others. Muslims in non-Muslim countries should feel entitled to live on their own terms, Ramadan says, while, "under the terms of Western liberal tolerance," society as a whole should be obliged to respect that choice.

If such respect continues to be extended, by the end of this century, there will be no "Europeans" who are members of ethnic groups that share the same language, culture, history, and ancestors and inhabit lands associated with their names. The shrinking populations will be indoctrinated into believing—or else simply forced into accepting—that the demographic shift in favor of Muslim aliens is actually a blessing that enriches their culturally deprived and morally unsustainable societies.

The "liberal tolerance" and the accompanying "societal obligation" that Tariq Ramadan invokes are key. "No other race subscribes to these moral principles," Jean Raspail wrote a generation ago, "because they are weapons of self-annihilation." They need to be understood and discarded. The upholders of those principles must be removed from all positions of power and influence if Europe is to survive. 

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The tangible results in Italy are as devastating as the moral and spiritual ones. In Venice, the invaders have taken over the Piazza San Marco. In Genoa, the marvelous *palazzi* that Rubens so admired have been seized by them "and are now perishing like beautiful women who have been raped." In the late Oriana Fallaci's native Florence, a huge tent was erected next to the cathedral to pressure the Italian government to give immigrants "the papers necessary to rove about Europe," and to "let them bring the hordes of their relatives" to Italy. As Fallaci described it:

A tent situated next to the beautiful palazzo of the Archbishop on whose sidewalk they kept the shoes or sandals that are lined up outside the mosques in their countries.

# Fictional Muslims, Nonfictional Muslims

## *The Flying Inn* Revisited

by Derek Turner



Melanie Anderson

Ninety-two years ago, at the apex of England's Edwardian ease, Gilbert Keith Chesterton published a curious little novel, written in his inimitable light-but-serious style. In the context of a literary ambience that had recently produced *The Wind in the Willows* and *Peter Pan*, *The Flying Inn* must have seemed like just another piece of whimsy, from an author already noted for whimsical productions (albeit ones espousing a traditionalist manifesto). Only now can we view this book in its proper light, and only now can we appreciate Chesterton's keen insights into the meaning of modernity.

For those unfamiliar, *The Flying Inn* is a story of how Islam creeps up on an unsuspecting England and its rapid progress from fringe nuttiness to the highest offices of state.

In the first chapter, an old man in a battered fez is regaling indifferent passers-by with the ridiculous theory that English culture is really distorted Islamic culture—"proved," he says, by the English habit of eating turkey for Christmas. Just a few weeks later, he is wearing rather better clothes and addressing Ethical Societies; a few weeks more, and he is a respected guest at all the fashionable parties.

And so it goes, until leading politician Lord Ivywood, who is temperamentally drawn to Islam because of its puritanism and extreme abstraction (to the point of inhumanity), ushers in an un-English England of abstemiousness, humorlessness, cross-crescent hybrid symbols on the dome of St. Paul's, and fez-wearing policemen enforcing brand-new restrictions on ancient liberties. The Flying Inn has become a banned, peripatetic public house, literally run by an English Tory publican, Humphrey Pump, and a hotheaded Irish adventurer, Patrick Dalroy (whom we first meet as an anti-Turk freedom fighter in Greece). They race around the country with the old pub sign and a barrel of rum, defying the authorities, defying joyless-

ness, and keeping alive the spirit (and spirits) of England.

Eventually, Pump and Dalroy, leading an impromptu army of patriots, defeat a Turkish army that has been smuggled into the country with the connivance of the by-now-insane Lord Ivywood: "There, encamped in English meadows, with a hawthorn-tree in front of them and three beeches behind, was that something that had never been in camp nearer than some leagues south of Paris, since that Carolus called the Hammer broke it backwards at Tours." After the battle, the English pub is restored to its rightful place in the physical and emotional landscape, Ivywood is under medical care, and Islam is again relegated to the status of safely distant artifact.

Chesterton has his stylistic faults, including cardboard-cut-out characters, a fondness for sermonizing, and a sophisticated delight in placing paradoxes on top of paradoxes. He also has a gusto for life (he and his comrade Hilaire Belloc were renowned for their gourmandism and the gales of laughter that they almost constantly emitted), a deep love of England and of Christendom, an enviable ability to evoke places and moods and encapsulate complex worldviews, congenial political views, and considerable insight into human nature. The great strengths of *The Flying Inn*—and the reasons why it repays study today—are its masterly evocation of English topography and character; Chesterton's impressions of the differences between Europe and Asia ("We dress the characters and they paint the scenery"); and his analysis of the ways in which militant ideologies can exploit weakness and the strange connections that can exist between seeming opposites, such as Dalroy and the Turkish tyrant Oman Pasha, powerful and flamboyant warriors for their respective faiths who are prepared to battle to the death, yet have a chivalrous regard for each other. "I hope we shall meet again in the only life that is a good life," says Oman Pasha to Dalroy—a reference to a much more interesting and colorful universe beyond the mundane, carpetbagging present.

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