

Introduction by Jonathon Boulter (1)

Our next speaker is Alexander Baron; about five years ago he read about an alleged miscarriage of justice in which an Asian was wrongfully convicted of the murder of a white man who had racially abused and attacked him. But after investigating for himself, he was so disgusted by what he saw that he set up a website about the case. He believes that the way the media portrayed the murder has ramifications that extend far beyond this particular crime.

SATPAL RAM: A Case Study In “Anti-Racist” Brainwashing

Good afternoon lady (2) and gentlemen,

In February 1993, I interviewed the distinguished psychologist Professor Hans Eysenck, and one of the things I put to him was that the results of some of his researches were controversial. This was with reference to race and intelligence, in particular the well-documented fact that blacks, ie Negroes, score consistently considerably lower in IQ testing than whites. He replied that in this field at any rate the only place such controversy existed was in the media, and that when people like him published books on race and intelligence, they were reviewed by hostile journalists, usually of a left wing inclination, and that these journalists simply refused to look at the data or face the facts.

This was a truism which has been affirmed for me many times before this interview, and countless times since, and I'm sure that every one of you has had the same experience. Indeed, it can be said that not only do some controversies exist only in the media, but that some controversies have been created entirely by the media.

One such media created controversy is the so-called Bermuda Triangle. The plain fact is that the Bermuda Triangle as such, does not exist. Another and far more prosaic controversy is the controversy over the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. Was Kennedy really shot by Lee Harvey Oswald? Yes. Was Oswald part of a conspiracy? No.

In view of the considerable published literature to the contrary, including the fantasies of Jim Garrison and Oliver Stone, one might be forgiven for forgetting that Oswald was arrested within two hours of the shooting, and that his prints were all over the murder weapon.

That being said, the Kennedy assassination was a truly spectacular event, and happening as it did and when it did, hard on the heels of the so-called Cuban missile crisis, and at the height of the Cold War, there is little wonder that it caused and still causes so much mendacious ink to flow. The assassination of the most powerful man in the world is one thing, but the murder of an ordinary working man is an event which would not usually attract much attention, unless there was attached to it the suggestion of a miscarriage of justice. The murder of Clarke Pearce by Satpal Ram does contain such a suggestion, and as the victim was white, and the murderer Asian, it didn't take much to inject a considerable element of controversy into the case.

Years after Ram's conviction, the case began to attract substantial publicity, not just in the left wing press and to a lesser extent the Asian press, but also in the mainstream media, which almost invariably reported it as a likely, probable or indeed outrageous miscarriage of justice. What though is absolutely fascinating is that not only is any such suggestion ludicrous, but that any journalist, researcher or lawyer who examined the facts critically could have exposed this outrageous scam at the drop of a hat, but nobody did. Not one.

The first I heard of this case in any meaningful sense was when my colleague Mark Taha gave me a leaflet he'd picked up at some left wing meeting or bookfair. The leaflet is, frankly, lachrymosal.

It reads in part:

“Satpal Ram's nightmare began thirteen years ago, in November 1986. He was the victim of a brutal racist attack, but due to police racism and incompetence was not seen as the victim and was charged. This was followed by a farcical trial that resulted in his conviction. Satpal was given life imprisonment for a crime he did not commit. Over the last thirteen years Satpal has suffered the brunt of racist abuse, prison brutality and loss of human dignity...Satpal deserves public support and action to put an end to this injustice. He must be released now.”

The leaflet goes on to relate how Ram was dining in an Indian restaurant when six drunken white people came in, racially abused the staff during the course of the evening, and after he asked for the music to be turned up, the white men shouted “...we don't need any more of that black crap, fucking paki-wog music”, then one of the white men “smashed a glass on the table and slashed Satpal across the cheek and on his arm. He then backed Satpal into a corner so that, with a table and walls behind him, he had nowhere else to go. At this point Satpal was really in fear of his life. He had already been slashed twice. Satpal had a small knife that he used in his work at a warehouse, and warned Clarke Pearce not to come any closer. Pearce lunged at Satpal and in the ensuing scuffle both men were hurt. Satpal left Pearce still shouting racist abuse and went to get treatment for his injuries.

Clarke Pearce went to hospital but he was very abusive to the medical staff and he pulled out his drips, saying he did not want to be treated by a woman doctor. He discharged himself and went home, where he later died.

Here began the appalling treatment of Satpal by the criminal justice system. Satpal was charged with the murder of Clarke Pearce. His barrister met with him just once, for about 40 minutes before the trial. Although Satpal's actions were clearly in self-defence, the barrister decided to change the plea to provocation. In court, the racist context of the attack on Satpal was not fully explained. In fact most of the evidence which was heard came from friends of Clarke Pearce. Satpal's witnesses were Bengali-speaking waiters with limited English - the judge said he would interpret their evidence even though he did not speak a word of Bengali!”

The leaflet goes on to explain what a wonderful person Satpal Ram truly is, and how he has been persecuted and tortured in prison.

Ram's solicitor Gareth Peirce is quoted thus: “This is a forgotten case, it is a litany of mistakes, of things not done, of evidence not pursued”.

It ends with a demand that Ram be released from gaol, an inquiry into the trial which had led to this palpable miscarriage of justice, and another inquiry into the appalling mistreatment of Ram in our *racist* prison system. All very reasonable, you might think, certainly Ram does, indeed he has absolutely no qualms about either his innocence or his martyrdom, and has compared himself with the hapless black teenager Stephen Lawrence, a comparison which is more than a little ironic, as will be demonstrated shortly.

This is, I am sure you will agree lady and gentlemen, a sad, tragic story, and one that I am not ashamed to say brings tears to my eyes; if you listen closely I swear you can hear the violins playing in the background. Here is poor Satpal Ram, dining in an Indian restaurant, minding his own business, when for no reason at all he is attacked by this big brute of a man who backs him into a corner and slashes his face with a glass. Satpal is in fear of his life, struggles manfully, somehow manages to draw a small knife, a pen knife that he used in his work, pleads with his attacker to desist...please stop, don't come any closer, I don't want to hurt you. Then somehow, almost accidentally he manages to stab his attacker, and both men go to hospital.

Heck, this wasn't murder, it was clearly self-defence, accident, even assisted suicide; Clarke Pearce gets to hospital, and he's having none of it...What's going on here, I've already been stabbed by a Paki, I'm not gonna be treated by a woman, that would be the final indignity. And he pulls out his drips, goes home, and dies. Well, it was his own stupid fault, he deserved it, he was a *racist* after all.

The foregoing scenario is what might be called the Gospel According to Saint Ram of Birmingham. It is indeed similar to the Biblical *Gospels*, although it bears a greater similarity to *Hansel And Gretel*, or to *Jack And The Beanstalk*, because like those famous folk tales, it is pure fantasy.

When first I read this leaflet, I realised that it was a bit dodgy, to put it mildly, but just as the police often frame the guilty, so do campaigners often go overboard in their advocacy of genuinely worthy causes. So like the intelligent open-minded individual I like to think I am, I was not prepared to dismiss all its claims on spec. Instead I did a little homework, from three angles: I decided to listen to the tale of Ram's supporters, to the tale of his victim's family, and to ferret out the official version.

With that in mind I contacted the Free Satpal Campaign and also wrote to Ram himself. Then I went along to the Probate Office. I did not expect a man of his age to have made a will, but I did find the last address of Clarke Pearce, so assuming it to be the family home, and hoping she still lived there, I wrote to his mother. (3) As by this time, Ram had fought and lost two appeals against his conviction, I also fished out the law reports. There was a brief one in the *Times* relating to his failed November 1995 appeal, and at the Supreme Court Library there was a full transcript of the judgment of his 1988 appeal, which had been dismissed at the leave stage, and had therefore not been reported. Having the important dates under my belt, I went along to the Newspaper Library at Colindale, and fished out the original reports from the local press.

At some point I heard from the Free Satpal Campaign, in particular from a young woman named Lesley Naylor, who was very enthusiastic. I never received a reply from Ram, but Lesley sent me some information by E-mail about this - quote unquote - outrageous

miscarriage of justice. And at some point I also received a phone call from a lady who told me she was the sister of Clarke Pearce, her elderly mother having passed on my letter to her.

I think it is fair to say that Clarke's sister, Mrs Nadine O'Neill, sounded a very bitter and cynical woman, especially when I told her I was a journalist of sorts. After all, far more distinguished and dare I say more reputable journalists than myself have written about this so-called miscarriage of justice. To take just one example, in the *Observer* of January 30, 2000, Jay Rayner wrote "The facts of the case are deeply disturbing". The Gospel according to Saint Ram has also been reported in the *Guardian*, *Socialist Worker* - unsurprisingly - and even *Republican News*, the mouthpiece of the Provisional IRA.

In September 2001, the Criminal Cases Review Commission declined to refer Ram's conviction back to the Court of Appeal, which prompted Channel 4 to devote a considerable chunk of its evening news programme to this non-story, and Ram was heard speaking from prison whining about this continued injustice.

When he was eventually parolled in June 2002, he said he was angry but not bitter, and vowed to fight on to clear his name. That hasn't happened, and I'll explain why in due course.

Mr Ram had quite a few high profile campaigners - including the rock band Primal Scream, and the British-Asian band AsianDubFoundation, whose music I might find appealing under other circumstances, but the song they recorded *Free Satpal Ram*, just doesn't do it for me:

**"Self-defence is no offence
Had to protect himself from the murderous fools...
A plate to the chest and a glass in his face
An Asian fights back
Can't afford to be meek
With your back against the wall
You can't turn the other cheek...
...Free Satpal Ram!" (4)**

Okay, that's enough of fantasy, so what really happened?

The true story of Regina v Ram begins in an Indian restaurant in Birmingham in the small hours of November 16, 1986. Dining in this restaurant were Clarke Edward Pearce, a 22 year old postal worker, his fiancée; Clarke's elder sister Mrs Nadine O'Neill and her husband Eddie, and another couple, Dave Lea and Sharon Badger. Contrary to the claims of Ram's supporters, this group was already in the restaurant when Ram arrived with his German girlfriend Evelyn Schneider, and his friend Narvinder Singh Shinji. Ram was twenty years old and a warehouseman, although sometimes it is claimed that he worked in the restaurant as a waiter.

Clarke Pearce the arch-racist had dined in this restaurant many times before, as had Mr and Mrs O'Neill; that fact alone indicates that his and their behaviour was unlikely to have been very outrageous. And like a typical white racist, Clarke had also been playing snooker with an Asian friend a few hours before his untimely death.

It is common ground that Clarke made a remark about the background music that was being played in the restaurant, something apparently innocuous, to one of the waiters, but like many innocuous remarks it was the catalyst for an act of insane violence.

Ram, who was sitting at a nearby table, piped up: "...don't you like Paki music?"

Clarke Pearce told him politely or maybe not so politely to mind his own business, or words to that effect. What happened next is the subject of legitimate debate. It is well known that when a sudden, traumatic incident occurs, not necessarily a murder, but an accident, anything sudden and out of the ordinary, and there are many witnesses, there will be just as many accounts of what actually happened. Judges recognise this, and routinely direct juries to bear it in mind when deliberating their verdicts. Nadine O'Neill and her husband stress that the incident happened so quickly, it was literally over in a flash, and when it was, Clarke was lying on the floor mortally wounded.

Ram's supporters have made much of the fact that his victim - often referred to simply as a *racist* - was much the bigger man. Pearce was six feet two and thirteen and a half stone, while Ram was five foot nine and nine stone. Unfortunately for them, the much touted claim that Pearce attacked Ram rather than vice versa contains the seeds of its own destruction. There is no evidence that Ram was the proud owner of a Lonsdale Belt, or that he was proficient in the martial arts. Leaving that aside, the difference in size and stature between Pearce and Ram is about the same as between Lennox Lewis and myself. I can't speak for anyone else in this room, but if Lennox Lewis were to hit me in the face with a glass, I would find it heavy going to take out a pen knife and stab him in self-defence almost accidentally. But even the heavyweight champion of the world can be vanquished by an inferior opponent if he is attacked from behind, and that is what happened in this instance, because Satpal Ram stabbed Clarke Pearce in the back.

The pathologist's report on the victim states that he suffered, among other injuries: "A complex double incised wound". He was stabbed at least twice, possibly three times. It is my belief that Ram actually stabbed him twice, and that the second time he twisted the knife. Whatever, the incident was over very quickly - it doesn't take long to kill a man - and immediately afterwards, Schneider dragged Ram into the toilet to clean him up; he had somehow sustained a small cut to his face. Meanwhile, in the restaurant, pandemonium reigned.

As is often the case when someone is mortally wounded, the victim didn't realise just how badly he was injured; this again is well documented. Clarke sat down, then staggered towards the door and ended up lying in a pool of blood.

Eddie O'Neill left the restaurant to phone the emergency services - this was in the days before mobile phones were in widespread use - the restaurant staff were more interested in getting paid, washing up and going home to bed, and I think it is fair to say that they too were probably not aware of how badly Clarke was injured.

Then Ram emerged from the toilet and fled the scene of the crime; it appears that nobody attempted to stop him; that could have been because he still had the knife in his hand. The knife in question was a flick knife, contrary to Ram's facile assertions that it was a pen knife that he used at work and might have been carrying legitimately if absent-mindedly. Though some flick knives can be purely functional, this one was a dagger, a stiletto. But regardless of

its functionality, a flick knife is defined by statute as a weapon which has one use and one use alone: to inflict injury on the person. In Britain, you cannot buy any sort of flick knife openly. The point is that a pen knife cannot ordinarily be used as a weapon, not on the spur of the moment; generally its blade is neither particularly sharp nor long, and it takes two hands to unfold it. The Court of Appeal recognised this in November 1995 when it said that Ram's version of events was clearly untrue. I might add that in this judgment the court took what might be termed a worse case scenario for the Crown; it conceded that Clarke Pearce may have initiated the violence, and that he may have been holding or even have hit Ram with a broken glass, and yet it still upheld the murder conviction. So even allowing for this, Ram did not behave in any sort of reasonable fashion, whether acting professedly in self-defence, or out of provocation, the defence that was run at the actual trial.

Returning to the scene of the crime, as he left the restaurant with Shinji and Schneider, Ram couldn't resist a parting shot; turning to Sharon Badger he asked: "Is he dead?" and when she said "No", he replied in fluent Anglo-Saxon "Well he's fucking gonna be".

His words were prophetic of course, because shortly after being transported to Birmingham General Hospital, Clarke Edward Pearce was pronounced dead. Ram went to hospital too, but under his own steam. He turned up at another accident and emergency department, where he gave a false name, and was initially too drunk and abusive to be treated. Eventually a doctor managed to insert three stitches into a slightly cut cheek.

These facts, which are readily demonstrable, are in stark contrast to the aforementioned claims made in the leaflet, which at the risk of boring you I will repeat: Clarke Pearce was "very abusive to the medical staff and he pulled out his drips, saying he did not want to be treated by a woman doctor. He discharged himself and went home, where he later died."

When I pointed out this error - quote, unquote - to Lesley Naylor, she was totally unrepentant and said she didn't know how the claim had got into the leaflet, but assured me that apart from this mistake - quote unquote again - everything else in the leaflet was true.

Curiously, this so-called mistake found its way into not just this leaflet but into the House of Commons, where on January 12, 2000, the Labour MP John McDonnell put down an Early Day Motion which read: "That this House calls for the release of Mr. Saptal Ram who has now served 13 years in prison for killing in self-defence a racist who, with five accomplices, attacked Mr Ram, stabbing him twice and who died because he refused medical treatment; and further calls for an inquiry into the investigation and trial which resulted in this miscarriage of justice."

Now, the *racist* has become one of a gang. This is not simply a case of a myth growing with every retelling, but an example of conscious lies by conscious liars. Eight days later, the Early Day Motion had been signed by a total of six MPs.

This vile, despicable lie also appeared on the website of the grandly titled National Civil Rights Movement, which like the aforementioned leaflet published in addition to the written lies a visual lie, a much touted photograph of Ram with a badly bruised face. (5) The implication is that this bruising was caused by Clarke Pearce - or by a gang of *racists*. I have a copy of this webpage - text and photograph - which I will pass around. It is clear from a careful scrutiny that the man in this photograph is somewhat older than was Ram at that time - just short of his twenty-first birthday. Ram actually sustained these injuries in prison;

they appear to have been inflicted by prison officers, but they are not necessarily the result of wanton brutality. These facial injuries bear a striking resemblance to those inflicted on Donald Neilson when he was apprehended by the police and public in 1975. By the time he was arrested, after kidnapping two police officers at gunpoint, Neilson had murdered five people, so we shouldn't shed too many tears for his black eye and fat lip.



The battered face of Satpal Ram – from the Free Satpal Campaign leaflet – bears a striking similarity to that of Donald Neilson, the infamous “Black Panther”, shortly after his arrest. The latter photograph is taken from the *Murder In The UK* website.

The point of course is that a bruised face does not necessarily equate with unreasonable force or outright brutality, however emotive a staged or misleading photograph may appear.

I wrote to the National Civil Rights Movement to protest about this webpage and to point out the lies it contains. My letter was ignored. Some time later I wrote to the President of this organisation, a certain Michael Mansfield QC. I received an acknowledgment dated 8 February, 2002, which contained an assurance that a certain Mr Suresh Grover would look into the matter. Surprise, surprise, nothing happened, and in fact as recently as last month when I checked the NCRM's website, this lie was still there, displayed for all the world to see, and for the uninformed to take at face value, as you will see from the date in the bottom right hand corner. The fact that this particular webpage has not been updated for many years is no excuse.

Returning to November 1986, after a drunken Satpal Ram had had his cheek stitched, he sobered up fast. Facing a certain life sentence, he decided to flee the country, but was unable to obtain a passport, so realising the game was up, he went to see his solicitor, John Morgan, and span him a cock and bull story about poor, victimised Satpal. Morgan is an affable but not particularly bright man, that being said, he did what any half decent solicitor would have done, and took his client along to the police station where he listened credulously while Ram repeated his tale of woe. The police though were not so dumb, thankfully, and charged him with murder.

It is my experience that it is the innocent rather than the guilty who have anything to fear from the criminal justice system in this country. An accused who is obviously guilty of an heinous crime will be treated extremely fairly, including by the trial judge. The reason for this is that nobody wants to see the likes of Harold Shipman or Ian Huntley walking the streets because the Court of Appeal feels obliged to quash their convictions due to some tiresome procedural irregularity.

Ram is of course not in the same league as the Doctor Deaths or Soham Murderers of this world, but the case against him was both very serious and extremely compelling, so following a remand in custody, he was allocated a top flight QC, Douglas Draycott, who among his other talents was a former Recorder of Shrewsbury.

Unlike the dim-witted John Morgan, Draycott realised his client's story was a tissue of lies, and that he was facing an uphill struggle at trial, so he convinced him to enter a defence of provocation rather than one of self-defence. He also advised Ram that entering the witness box would not be in his best interests. Had he given evidence, Ram would have been what is termed a vulnerable witness, which can mean many things, but in this case means liar.

However reluctantly, Ram accepted his QC's advice, and unsurprisingly was convicted of murder in double quick time. Unhappy with the verdict, he launched an appeal, which was based primarily on Draycott's failing to properly cross-examine one of the prosecution witnesses, a waiter named Abdul Mozomil, who appears to have been a somewhat nervous and probably reluctant witness. This fact has been twisted by Ram's small but dedicated army of liars to the claim that Asian witnesses who could have bolstered the defence case were not called; what they never mention is the fact that the restaurant manager was also a prosecution witness, and that the evidence he gave was particularly damning.

Although his first appeal was dismissed, Ram's dedicated liars kept up the pressure until his case was referred back to the Court of Appeal, where Lord Justice Beldam sent him away with a flea in his ear.

By this time, 1995, the Internet had come of age, and the Gospel According to Saint Ram had spread across the globe, but the Internet alone cannot account for the consistent misreporting. Fortunately though, the Internet cuts both ways, and in April 2001 I opened a website dedicated to the facts of this case.

Sometime ago when I spoke with Nadine O'Neill she said a contact of hers who visited the site regularly thought I was a genius. I like flattery as much as the next man, but unlike Oscar Wilde I have no genius to declare; I never attended university; I certainly didn't attend Sheffield University where the imbeciles of the students' union made Ram their Honorary President.

Ram's high powered supporters include lawyers and MPs, people who are almost by definition more intelligent, sophisticated and cultured than little old me; I don't feel like a latter day Isaac Newton standing next to them, but I do at times feel like the young boy who saw through the Emperor's new clothes. I said once that with the exception of the original press reports of the murder and the law reports, anything you might have read about this case was a tissue of lies unless it was written by me. I was very proud of that claim, but in

retrospect it is not a fact of which I should be proud, but one we should all find deeply disturbing.

When Ram was paroled in June 2002, his supporters arranged a carefully staged press conference. They didn't invite me, for some strange reason, but any of the journalists who attended could have let the air out of his tyres with a few select questions such as isn't it true that you were drunk at the time of the murder, Mr Ram? After you'd stabbed Clarke Pearce, didn't you express a desire to see him dead? And so on. But these questions remained unasked.

When I use the phrase the Gospel According to Saint Ram, this is not mere sarcasm; in order to exculpate Ram from a murder conviction, one would have to throw out not just the prosecution evidence, but the evidence of Ram's own witness, Schneider, and the laws of physics as well. One would then have to permit him to advance his absurd story about defending himself against a much bigger and heavier attacker with a pen knife and stabbing him almost accidentally, and one would have to do this without putting a single critical question to him.

This is not law, it is not philosophy, it is not even mere religion, it is revealed truth. And "anti-racism", the entire "anti-racist" movement, is about precisely that. "Anti-racism" is a revealed truth. That is what we are up against. Blacks have lower IQ than whites - the reason must be *racism*; Africa is in chaos, again the reason can only be *racism*; the wicked Imperialists sucked the wealth out of the Dark Continent leaving Africans poor, and of course don't forget slavery.

In 1994, at the height of the Rwandan genocide, the newspaper *Socialist Worker* wrote: "The roots of Rwanda's civil war lie in the divisions caused by decades of colonial rule by Western powers and the deep poverty that the capitalist world system has brought to Africa.

There will be no solution from French troops or the United Nations. They represent precisely the forces which have pillaged Africa." (6)

So black men are hacking each other to death with machettes, the whites and the rest of the world are trying frantically to stop the horror, and it's all the fault of the Great White Bigot.

When we have race riots in this country or anywhere else, it's all the fault of *racism* and oppression. And when London is bombed by self-styled Islamic fanatics, and over fifty people are slaughtered, well, it's our fault, we deserved it for our *racist* invasion of Iraq and for centuries of Imperialist exploitation and oppression. No amount of reason, evidence, logic or rational argument will ever convince the true believer otherwise. Revealed truth is exactly that. Anyone and everyone who challenges any of these views can only be an agent of the Devil, or in "anti-racist" parlance, a *racist*, and therefore not only unworthy of belief but unworthy even of a hearing. Satpal Ram's supporters as good as said this about his murder trial - all the witnesses were *racists*, how can you not believe poor Satpal?

Happily, this story has a fitting ending. After he was paroled, Ram brought an action for false imprisonment because Home Secretary Jack Straw had blocked his release, a move which the European Court of Human Rights declared illegal. He was awarded twenty thousand pounds damages for the extra time he had spent in prison. I would have been inclined to charge him rent, but before he could receive this money, there was a rather large deduction to be made. He had been granted Legal Aid to bring a frivolous action against the

prison authorities, and when he withdrew from this, the cost of this action was deducted from his award, which left him about a thousand pounds. Still not a bad prison discharge grant, you might think, but before he could collect it, Mr Ram had reverted to type, and his life licence was revoked following allegations of criminal damage and assault. He remained unlawfully at large until April of this year when he was arrested in London. During the course of his arrest he assaulted two police officers.

Unsurprisingly, he has fallen off the radar, and none of his myriad braindead supporters has mentioned him since. Again, this is a typical “anti-racist” tactic, batter away at a perceived injustice of the *racist* system, and when the truth outs, quietly forget it until the next campaign comes along.

So how do we fight this sort of revealed truth, this sort of insanity? We can’t do it through the regular media, and we can’t do it through the usual legal channels, but nowadays we have the Internet - which as I said earlier cuts both ways - and we have other outlets. Like this meeting. We can and must concentrate on those of our people who can be saved, and who deserve to be saved. And they can be found in the strangest of places.

I wrote a considerable number of letters to the media correcting the wilful lies that have been spread on behalf of Satpal Ram; all but two of them were ignored, but two were published, one by the left wing newspaper *Tribune*, and the other by an Indian on-line newspaper. In the first I stressed the working class background of Clarke Pearce, and that appears to have gone down well.

The publication of the other letter indicates I think that often non-whites are not quite as dumb as some people on the so-called far right would have us believe, and do have the capacity to swallow unpalatable truths. This applies equally in the field of race. Most blacks and the vast majority of Asians aren’t that enamoured with forced race-mixing, as the Yasmin Alibhai-Browns of this world readily admit. They have no time for so-called *gay* rights, and as far as economics goes, they realise what side their bread is buttered; nowadays as ever it is the air-headed intellectuals who find the appeal of socialism most alluring. Most non-whites, especially Moslems, realise too that the repressive laws that have been piggybacked in on the current wave of terror can and will be used against them as much as the Draconian race laws have been used against the likes of the late John Tyndall.

We can and should work with like-minded individuals and groups from whatever background who share our goals and ideals, and who oppose the tyranny and brainwashing of the race-mixers, because although we cannot break their stranglehold of the media, we have now the means to build a counter-media that is so effective as to render their lies and nonsense impotent in the face of irrefutable truth.

Notes And References

- (1) The introduction was written by me as well as the text; the speech was delivered with a certain amount of humour, comment and ad libbing but this is a fairly accurate transcript.
- (2) There was one lady present, Arlette Baldacchino, who also spoke. Another, also a speaker, had already left by the time I took the floor, due to a prior appointment.

- (3) I can't remember the exact chronology or sequence of my early researches, but I wrote to the victim's mother in October 2000; a copy of the letter is reproduced on the *satpalramisguilty* website.**
- (4) I found these lyrics on the web; as with many songs, transcripts may vary. The actual song can be download from many sources by Limewire, for example. I would advise the reader against this, as the song really is as appalling as the above sample suggests.**
- (5) To be scrupulously fair, the leaflet states "This photo was taken by police investigating an assault by prison officers at Nottingham jail", but this photograph has been reproduced numerous times with the claim or implication that these facial injuries were caused by Clarke Pearce or by a gang of *racists*. The NCRM website does not tell the reader the cause of these facial injuries but leaves this to the imagination.**
- (6) In its July 23, 1994; most tellingly, the idiot who wrote this article concludes "The only lasting way out is for Rwandans of all ethnic backgrounds to unite against the foreign troops and the rich."**