



OUTLOOK

by Heimdall

Amongst the bizarre menagerie of quasi-humanoids lurking around this year's Anti-Nazi League (ANAL) Conference (reported in our last issue) was one Richard David Roberts, aged 29.

Although he cut a less than heroic figure even by the undemanding standards of an ANAL Conference – he is 5' 6" tall, scruffy, dark-haired with a perpetual nervous twitch in his left arm and a malodorous mouthful of rotting teeth – and although he spent much of his time cadging drinks and cigarettes from his comrades, Roberts ("Dave" to his cronies) gained 96 votes in the ANAL Steering Committee Elections. A respectable total, less than 20 short of a figure which would have secured his election to that august body. This reflects his rise to prominence in the "anti-fascist" movement in recent months, due largely to his association with a "magazine", "Forewarned", which specialises in printing lengthy if generally out of date lists of the home addresses and telephone numbers of British Nationalists combined with semi-literate exhortations to local Reds to intimidate, spy on and generally harrass these people and their families at home and at work.

Since Roberts seems interested in "monitoring" people, and since it seems he is destined to play a leading role in ANAL in the near future, it would be appropriate, I think, to have a closer look at this unprepossessing but not altogether untypical specimen of an "anti-fascist militant". This should prove especially interesting as Roberts typifies an aspect of ANAL less widely publicised, but far more characteristic, than the superficially normal and respectable TV and football "personalities" which ANAL usually presents to the outside world.

Roberts began his rise to fame, after a brief flirtation with Maoism, by being expelled from the Communist Party of Great Britain in 1973. His crime was, strangely perhaps for one who seeks ostensibly to defend "democracy" from the Nazi hordes, denouncing the CP leadership as "social democrats", which they did not appreciate, and "social fascists", which they appreciated even less.

He then joined a strange body called the "Provisional Anti-Fascist Committee" (PAFC). This consisted of approximately 2 men and a dog (the latter being the intellectual wing of the group) who had already been expelled from the CP in 1971 after several years of service to the vanguard of the proletariat in the dark satanic mills of Bexley. The PAFC leaders, Eddie Jackson – who for some reason best known to himself prefers to be known as "Wat Tyler" (Phone No. 04747-2395) – and Mick Laws, had previously led a faction within the CP known as the

"Appeal Group". The Appeal in question was against CP Rule 2(b), which since it pays nominal lip service to preserving some vestige of British democracy after the Revolution they denounced as "fascist". After a lengthy, typically Marxist, theological disputation of the "how many comrades did Marx/Engels/Lenin say can agitate on the head of a pin?" variety the CP demonstrated the real depth of its commitment to democracy, by ejecting Jackson, Laws and all their suburban cohorts. (Jackson is also notable for having written a book claiming that constant shivering was the cure for the common cold!)

Reinforced by Roberts, the PAFC proceeded to indulge in jolly proletarian pursuits such as choosing "revolutionary pseudonyms" for themselves in the time-honoured Bolshevik tradition (Roberts chose "Beria", after his hero, Stalin's notorious secret police chief) and denouncing anyone less extreme than Stalin as "fascists" (following the policy of the Third International during its 1928-32 "Third Period"). Doubtless they also held clandestine Joe Stalin birthday parties at which everyone dressed up as an NKVD concentration camp guard and sang the "Internationale" in Russian. They also invented their very own theory of "fascism", which Roberts still holds. According to this, "fascism" doesn't represent the sinister plots of the capitalist class against the working class (the orthodox Marxist theory) but the even more sinister schemes of the feudal landowner class against both "progressive capitalists" (especially abundant around Golders Green, it would seem!) and workers.

These antics were lavishly funded by Stalinist "composer" Dr. Alan Bush, more notable for his friendship with Benjamin Britten than for his cloth cap. Further evidence for these sinister plots of the crank musician class against the British class can doubtless be found at Bush's lair at 25, Christchurch Crescent in the proletarian slums of Radlett, Herts. (tel: 09276-6422).

Roberts, however, had his eyes on higher things. By 1974 he was involved with *Birmingham Evening Post* hack and Communist Party football correspondent Maurice Ludmer and convicted burglar Gerry Gable in arranging endless hours of light entertainment for British patriots at the expense of the Board of Deputies of "British" Jews in the shape of the *Searchlight* comic we all know and love.

Alas, Roberts' outspoken Stalin-cultism and abortive plots to set up para-military "Red Guards" did not accord with the "respectable defender of democracy" image Ludmer and his sinister backers wanted for *Searchlight*, nor did his lavish "expenses" claims go down well (as one might expect!) with Ludmer's Woburn House paymasters. So our Dave was soon slung off *Searchlight's* Editorial Board and sent to infiltrate the National Front, in the hope, presumably, that henceforth the hated "fascists" would keep him in beer, fags and indefinite loans of fivers! Subsequently Ludmer was even to deny that Roberts – by then an even less kosher ex-convict – had ever been associated with *Searchlight*, let alone one of its founders. In turn Roberts, resenting this hiding of his light under a bushel (or a shekel) was to denounce *Searchlight* to Reds up and down the West Midlands as "being funded to the tune of £7000 per year by Israeli Intelligence" and to plot against Ludmer in Birmingham ANAL.

But at the time, early 1975, Roberts dutifully obeyed orders from Ludmer and the PAFC and joined the NF in Birmingham under the name of Ralph Steven Marshall. Anxious to give "Marshall" a leg up in his projected rise through the ranks of the Nationalist Movement, Ludmer went to the bizarre lengths of smearing him with a "right-wing extremist" background in the August 1975 *Searchlight*. "Marshall" was described as "hypercautious and very

secretive" (spies generally are, of course) and – presumably in the hope that this would assure "Marshall/Roberts' elevation to the highest ranks of the sinister coterie of plutocrats/feudal landowners "behind" the NF – with a "long record of anti-Trades Union activity". "Marshall" was also described as "one of the key men in the pro-Tyndall camp in the Midlands". This at least was true: John Tyndall had secretly entrusted this enemy spy with reporting on the factional allegiances of loyal West Midlands NF members, as the publication in *Searchlight* of a "top secret" letter from, and signed by, Mr. Tyndall to Roberts alias "Marshall" was subsequently to reveal. The *Searchlight* article on "Marshall" ended "We think Trade Unionists should be alert to this man". As indeed they were: TGWU shop steward Tom Finnegan and his stalwart comrade Jock Spooner, who just happened at the time to be the Organiser and Chairman respectively of Birmingham NF, soon saw through Roberts' "hyper-cautious and secretive" 007 amateur theatricals and duly showed him the door as far as the NF was concerned.

Desperate to report that he had successfully infiltrated some organisation in the Nationalist Movement, even if he had to found one himself, Roberts, having ignominiously failed to obtain any worthwhile information about the NF, and other patriotic groups now being wise to him, proceeded to inveigle two gullible youths into a "Ku Klux Klan" firebomb attack on an Indian restaurant (that it was next door to the local HQ of the hated "social fascist" CP may have been mere coincidence). The whole thing ended in farce, with Roberts, in the dock, frantically "blowing his own cover" to escape the hospitality of Her Majesty. The Court was less than impressed with Roberts' claim to be an "anti-fascist secret agent" but let him off with a suspended sentence, which due to his own stupidity he eventually served. Ludmer and his "respectable Jewish businessman" backers were even less impressed by having their *Searchlight* magazine publicly dragged into this sordid tale of crime, incompetent espionage and bungled violence, and Roberts was eventually disowned by *Searchlight* (surely the ultimate ignominy!)

However, Roberts was not long in finding ears more ready to listen to his report, and in May 1976 ITV's "World in Action" programme broadcast, a lurid tale in which Roberts (suitably silhouetted on TV to protect himself from the scores of "fascist death squads" he believed were after him) portrayed himself as a combination of James Bond and Conan the Barbarian as he alternated between grappling ferociously with overwhelming hordes of gigantic pistol-welding "fascist stormtroopers" and suavely insinuating himself into the highest councils of British Nazidom where sinister "feudal landowners" plotted and conspired against freedom, democracy, Momma's gefilte fish and the Thoughts of Comrade Stalin.

Few of his "feudal landowners" in fact hold fiefs larger than a suburban back garden, but Roberts, having been ordered by the PAFC to prove their "feudalist plot" theory, doled out broad, if alas imaginary, estates amongst the British Nationalists he named with the generosity of William the Conqueror rewarding his Norman barons. Much of the substance of Roberts' ramblings were eventually to find their way to a wider public thanks to an ITV journalist Michael Nicholson in the form of a paperback thriller novel, "The Partridge Kite", but whilst acceptable as profitable pulp fiction Roberts' attempts to represent this rubbish as sober fact eventually caused even the PAFC to expel him as "a meddler and a diletante".

Expelled with him was his girlfriend, irregular five-foot-diameter spheroid Daphne Liddle. Evading the latter's

husband, they set up the scrappily duplicated *Forewarned* magazine. Apart from its lists of names and addresses and incitements to violence this was and is chiefly notable for its appalling grammar and spelling, even worse than that in *Searchlight* (whose authors at least have the excuse that in most cases English is not their mother tongue!) and its pro-Moscow Stalin cultism. *Forewarned* and the group which publish it, "Anti-Fascist Democratic Action", operated and still operate from Liddle's lair at 45 Gooding House, Valley Grove, London SE7 (not on the 'phone "for security reasons"). Roberts sponged for a while off his Welsh Communist parents at 22 Ashmore Road, Kings Norton, Birmingham (tel. no. 021-459 0188) but as their Marxist principles did not extend to having their home used as a "revolutionary command post" he moved on 25th February 1979 to 85 Alton Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham 29 (tel. no. 021-472 8602). However, the landlady of this establishment, who rejoices in the rather un-anti-fascist name of Anne Britten, was afflicted with the bourgeois deviation of demanding rent and so in late July Roberts, who of course as proletarian revolutionary is above such mundane trivia, was obliged to depart. Since then he has been scrounging floor space off his long-suffering comrades in the Birmingham area and spending his days discussing Ugandan dialectics with young female members of School Kids Against the Nazis in the Socialist Workers' Party bookshop at 224 Digbeth High St., Birmingham 5, where he can generally be contacted on 021-643 5717 (Roberts' hero, Lavrenti Beria, shared his interest in schoolgirls, though he manifested it chiefly by raping and killing them). We shall, of course, inform our readers of Roberts' new address as soon as he finds one.

Forewarned itself, although making it clear what it means by "Anti-Fascist Democratic Action" by ramblings about "times of street warfare" and by frequent exhortations to readers to "establish monitoring committees" to spy on local patriots, to get them sacked from their jobs and driven from their homes and to do other, even less legal, things to them, has failed to make the slightest impression on the "feudal landowners' fascist plot": the opposite in fact.

For example, in late 1978 Roberts very kindly and helpfully inserted in *Forewarned* the address of Rotherham ANAL Branch at 19, Ryecroft Road, Rawmarsh, Rotherham (tel. no. 0709-823077). This was not entirely appreciated by the inhabitant, sinister toadlike Stalinist apparatchik Gavin Reid, as he was engaged at the time in an attempt to infiltrate the radical Racial Nationalist Wessex Study Group (publishers of the excellent booklet on Race and Immigration). Reid, alias "Derek Foster", had considerable and in the end insuperable, difficulty in explaining how a staunch Nationalist Trades Unionist like himself came to be living in an ANAL Branch HQ, and after further investigations revealed his true identity. "Mr. Foster" made a rapid departure from the Nationalist scene. The enquiries Roberts unwittingly instigated revealed a mysterious figure, who manages to afford 200 guinea suits on the salary of a G.P.O. clerk, and to surround himself with a group of large muscular friends at least one of whom has a criminal record of violence against the Police and whose motivations appear to be less concerned with building the Revolution and more concerned with building their own bank balances, not entirely in conventional ways, but that is another story. Reid is believed to enjoy particularly warm and friendly relations with the Soviet Union and led the Yorkshire Region of the CPGB into the ultra-Stalinist New Communist Party when that group – otherwise composed of horny-handed sons of toil from the plutocratic slave pits of Surrey and Sussex – split away in

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disgust at the "social democrats", "anti-Soviet elements", "Eurocommunists" in the official CP leadership. Comrade Reid was apparently able to return Roberts' "assistance" – Roberts' subsequent application to join the NCP was mysteriously refused.

Again, after the ANAL Branch in Sheffield had gone to great pains, and no little expense, to obtain a Post Office box behind which to hide their identities and addresses from the British people, *Forewarned*, thanks again to kind Dave Roberts, helpfully printed the home address, 1 Portsea Road, Sheffield 6 (tel. no. 0742-346740), of the Branch Organiser, bespectacled stick insect Simon Ogden, who apart from a moustache sports a very proletarian B.A. degree from Cambridge University.

After these and other embarrassing fiascos, Liddle and Roberts split up, Roberts being expelled from their "Anti-Fascist Democratic Action" outfit, according to Liddle because Roberts was "inept, ungrammatical and unable to take criticism" but according to Roberts for considerably more personal reasons which in the interests of the laws of libel and of good taste we do not propose to reprint here.

Since this momentous breach, early this year, Roberts has concentrated on attaining high office in ANAL. His rise has not been entirely smooth. He has been barred from the Birmingham Communist "Morning Star Social Club" after several mysterious fires broke out there (blamed for public consumption on "fascists" of course). He is frequently rude and obstreperous at ANAL meetings – he was nearly thrown out of the one called to plan the violent attack on the NF's Election Meeting in West Bromwich. He has been denounced, not without reason, as a congenital liar, sponger and parasite and with less foundation by the Communist Party as a "fascist spy" (no thanks!). Despite all this, and even despite being perhaps Britain's most fervent Stalin-worshipper, Roberts has succeeded in building up considerable personal support, especially amongst the despised Trotskyites of the Birmingham SWP. He became especially friendly with Birmingham SWP Organiser Sheila McGregor, and also gets on well with Birmingham ANAL Organiser and SWP member Bill Carson.

Months of assiduous grovelling and secretive plotting, much of it carried out in "gay" (i.e. queer) bars in and around Brum (perhaps, and understandably, his association with the less than voluptuous Liddle has put him off the fair sex for good!) paid off when Roberts was the only candidate for the ANAL Steering Committee to receive unanimous endorsement from all present at the members-only pre-Conference meeting of Birmingham ANAL – even Roberts' enemy Ludmer, who apart from being much better known to the outside world than Roberts is also Birmingham based, was not endorsed by several members (a clear case of "Local Goy Makes Good"!) And, as we have seen, he got a shock (even to him) high vote at the ANAL Conference which makes it virtually certain he will get on the Steering Committee next year (if there is anything left to Steer by then!)

Since the Conference, Roberts has been conspiring with other ultra-Stalinists in ANAL as well as cashing in on his new-found standing in ANAL ranks by indulging in an all-expenses-paid speaking tour of ANAL Branches around the country where audiences in packed halls (or half-empty pubs) sit open-mouthed as Brave Dave the Mighty Midget relates his numerous brushes with death at the hands of the National Front, British Movement, the League of St. George, Column 88, the Waffen SS Veterans

Association, Martin Bormann and the Thing From the Black Lagoon and basks in the adulation and free drinks of the assembled Tooting Popular Front types who pack the average ANAL meeting.

The rise of David Roberts, incompetent, scrounger, Stalin-cultist, buffoon, political Munschausen and evident crank, the archetype surely for TV's Wolfie Smith, to prominence within the Anti-Nazi League is in many ways heartening. Obviously the "Anti-Fascists" have more than their fair share of people who are less than paragons of intelligence and ability.

Roberts himself is no threat to anyone, but his ideas, which include violent assaults on ordinary British Nationalists and their families not only on marches and at meetings but in their homes and at work, and the establishment of a "secret police" of Red monitoring committees backed up by paramilitary execution squads, in the wrong hands could be a very great threat to everyone, Nationalist and ordinary British citizen alike. And, with his increasing prominence, Roberts may soon be in a position to put his more extreme ideas to the test by encouraging others of like mind to put them into practice. Roberts is typical of the sort of violent lunatic that lurks behind the "respectable" ANAL facade. You have been "Forewarned". . .

Finally, an important correction to a major error in my column in the last issue. As a result of a typographical error, the number of men, women and children murdered by the Left was given as "two million". The actual figure – according to the Establishment *Sunday Telegraph* – is nearly two hundred million, between three and four times the population of the U.K. This figure is worth bearing in mind when other figures, rather less well authenticated, such as six million, are mentioned. No non-Communist estimate of the number of people exterminated by Marxists since 1917 is lower than 75 million. Oh, and one other thing: whatever the truth about Dachau, Auschwitz and the rest, they closed down 35 years ago. The Soviet death camps such as Vorkuta are still going, and from Cambodia to the Arctic Ocean, and the Berlin Wall to Hanoi, men, women and children are still being gassed, shot, worked and starved to death and used in medical experiments.



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