

THE GREAT COMBAT 18 HOAX

Six months ago, *Searchlight's* Gerry Gable created a bogus Nazi paramilitary group with which to frighten the tabloids and enhance his own tarnished image among the British Left. At the time, "Combat 18" was a figment of Wee Gerry's paranoid imagination....but today? American National Socialist HAROLD A. COVINGTON analyzes the evolution of a daring hoax and the bizarre motives of the man behind it.

IN APRIL OF 1993 I WAS RATHER surprised to learn that I was a Mastermind of Terror. I was informed of this startling fact by a strange little man named Gerry Gable, who publishes a scurrilous magazine called *Searchlight*. I had recently spent a year in the United Kingdom taking a City and Guilds course, or so I had thought. But now it appeared that in actual fact I had been setting up a rampaging right-wing death squad called Combat 18, which was running about London whupping up on poor defenceless wogs, Trotskyites, anarchist booksellers, and other shining ornaments of politically correct diversity.

My astonishment in learning of my true purpose in Britain may be imagined. How could I possibly have forgotten something as memorable as organizing the odd terrorist cell or two? The thought that Wee Gerry might conceivably *lie* about such a thing never entered my head for a moment. After all, Mr. Gable is a former official of the Communist Party of Great Britain, a convicted burglar who has also faced court proceedings for such peccadilloes as assaulting a police officer and criminal libel, and he is of the Jewish faith. Obviously, anyone with these credentials is utterly above suspicion and is to be believed implicitly, no matter what he says.

OR SO THE BRITISH NEWS MEDIA seem to feel. The *Guardian* published an article with my photograph which repeated virtually every one of Gerry Gable's allegations as if they were established fact. Granada Television's popular *World In Action* series ran a half hour program based on Gable's ostensible research, which accepted the existence of Combat 18 without question and gave extensive credence to the maunderings of an odious man named Timothy Hepple, the much-touted *Searchlight* mole in this mythical organization. (Our Timothy's deep involvement with a homosexual

American cult leader and his self-confessed lifestyle of petty crime and theft was carefully concealed from both viewers and the *World In Action* producers by Gerry Gable.) Over the past few months I have seen news clippings from the British press which indicate that Combat 18 is now as firmly entrenched in the modern urban legendry of the U. K. as the Squidgy tapes.

Naturally enough, I was a bit irritated at being called a terrorist in the international news media. I've been called worse things, but I found the ease with which Gerry Gable put this absurd hoax over on so many ostensibly intelligent people to be repugnant. I dislike sleaze and deception in general, and ideologically motivated sleaze and deception in particular. Gable and people like him are spiritual pollutants of the very kind who have completely poisoned the moral atmosphere of this terrible century. On the long chance that anyone cared to listen to the truth, I wrote several open letters to the British media and to the British Left, wherein I explained that Combat 18 did not exist and that Gerry Gable was simply making it all up.

At the time these statements were written this was the truth, but in a bizarre and ironic twist, it may be that this is no longer the case, and that now there *is* in fact a movement or group called Combat 18---because Gerry Gable created it.

IT HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO MY attention by my British friends and correspondents that ever since the *World In Action* broadcast last April, there have been a number of apparently bona fide incidents where young Britons have acted upon their anger and their passionate rejection of multi-racialism under the name Combat 18. Like Wat Tyler, John Ball, and Jack Straw of old, these husky young lads of working class stock are taking direct action against the new privileged class which oppresses them---the hordes of non-White immigrants who

deprive them of jobs and housing, and who are stealing these young people's future in their own country with the active aid and assistance of every level of the British establishment, from Tory ministers down to the arrogant street-corner Marxist scum who swagger and boast and bully.

FOR EXAMPLE, ON ONE OCCASION an Asian minicab driver mouthed off to some British kids and got himself royally thumped for his trouble. At the conclusion of their impromptu lesson in courtesy the youths left a calling card on the rather ruffled person of the wog stating, "You have just been ethnically cleansed by Combat 18". On other occasions persons unknown have engaged in extensive and creative re-decoration of such facilities as left-wing bookstores, mosques, Jewish community centers and whatnot, leaving the letters "C18" scrawled on the walls, when any walls remained. The name of this heretofore non-existent group has begun to appear by magic all over Britain, spray-painted on hoardings, chalked on street signs, faxed into a thousand offices. One correspondent told me, "Suddenly everybody and his grandmother wants to join Combat 18." This is the same story I get from my post office box.

DURING THE BROADCAST OF THE *World In Action* program, in an effort to give some kind of credibility to Gable's paranoid fantasies, several 14-year-old sound bites of interviews I gave to the American news media at the time of the Greensboro incident were broadcast, and my North Carolina mailing address was shown on the screen long enough for an astounding number of people to copy it down. (I understand that bootleg video copies of the broadcast are still a hot item in the British right-wing underground.) The result was that quite without warning I began to receive a deluge of mail from your Scepter'd Isle, a torrent which has slackened but not abated to this day.

About 15% of the response I received from *World In Action* was hate mail from multifarious leftists and monkoids. The remainder of it was from young White people, mostly male but from a few girls as well, wanting to enlist in this Combat 18 thingie. I deeply regret that I was unable to accommodate them. I also got a surprising number of anonymous letters providing names, addresses, employers, and other information about Jews and leftists living in

Britain. One such anonymous delator included detailed maps of the target's home and business, with suggested escape routes marked. There is no reason for me to believe these people were anything but sincere in their desire to have their favorite Hebraic asshole or Labourite git "taken care of". Many enclosed money; I have to date received the sum of over two hundred pounds sterling as a result of the program, which I have forwarded to those in Britain who will make good use of it.

The upshot is that I have no difficulty at all in believing that large numbers of young Britons have adopted this Combat 18 idea from what they saw on television, courtesy of Wee Gerry Gable. Combat 18 did not exist, but the young people of Britain seem to have decided that it *should* exist, and so they have brought it into being. Gerry Gable's ludicrous fantasy of April has become November's spontaneous reality.

All of this begs the question: when he concocted this all this Combat 18 taradiddle, was Gerry Gable aware of the possibility that precisely this kind of spontaneous reaction might result among young British men, many of them already steeped in the football hooligan subculture? Did he simply not care what the consequences of his monstrous pork pies might be? *Or did he do it deliberately?*

WHAT CONCEIVABLE MOTIVE MIGHT this repulsive dwarf have to create a mythical terrorist group out of whole cloth? How was he able so easily to convince the news media that this fabrication was indeed real?

The how of it is fairly easy to analyze. The news media in Britain are notorious for their abysmal standards of good taste, journalistic ethics, and accuracy. The news media *wanted* to believe in Combat 18; it made such a good story. In addition, the pundits of the press were putty in the hands of a past master in the art of disinformation. Combat 18 was the wee one's most ambitious media hoax to date, but by no means his first. His previous assays into humbuggery include the famous nonexistent plot on the part of South African commandos to blow up the Notting Hill Carnival, which he sold to the *Daily Mirror* some years ago to the subsequent excruciating embarrassment of that tabloid's editors when the whole story turned out to be fraudulent. Gerry has also tried to peddle an alleged conspiracy on the part of a well-

known Conservative Member of Parliament to assassinate him (Gable), but the once-burned, twice shy press didn't bite on that one.

When preparing his latest project, Gable understood that the most essential ingredient for a successful fraud is that it must contain as much truth as possible, in order to achieve superficial credibility. Hence he didn't simply make names up out of thin air. All of the people whom he accused of involvement in his bogus terrorist group, myself and the British men whom I supposedly command, do in fact have past associations with radical right-wing politics, the British National Party, National Front, the American National Socialist movement in my case, so forth and so on. The fact that it's all cobblers, the fact that I have never met any of these men in my life means absolutely nothing, either to Gable or to those who profit from treating his gibberish as gospel. Their minds are made up, and I have learned the futility of trying to confuse them with facts.

THE WHY OF IT IS A BIT HARDER TO pin down. What must be understood from the beginning is that Gerry Gable is a man who makes his living telling lies, by all accounts a rather good living. Now in his late forties, he has spent almost his entire adult life with his prominent proboscis stuck in the socialist trough, leeching off Britain's extensive and well-financed left-wing establishment. Indeed, so far as I can determine the man has never held an actual job in his life.

Gerry lives off donations to his sordid magazine from wealthy Jews, and off princely "consulting fees" from the media, having marketed himself successfully as an expert on the right wing and racial nationalist movements. Gable also earns more than a few bob in back-handers from various police agencies, due to his extensive activity as an informer against both Right and Left and an intermittent MI5 asset, an aspect of his career which is now such common knowledge across the political spectrum that Gable no longer even bothers to deny it.

A classic example of Gable's cozy relationship with the spooks occurred several months ago, when a man named Baron running a small home publishing business made the mistake of referring in print---quite truthfully--- to the sexual escapades of Gable's wife Sonia when she was a member of the National Front during the

1970s. Within a matter of days, the offices of the Anglo-Hebrew Publishing Company were raided by the Special Branch. All Mr. Baron's computers, files, inventory, and office equipment was seized, and Baron was threatened with prosecution if he so much as mentioned either of the Gables again.

Anyone who can call on the the services of the Branch, diverting them from the hunt for IRA bombers and Iraqi arms smugglers in order to defend his wife's reputation from inconvenient facts, has some helluva clout in the putrid corridors of power.

THE DIFFICULTY LIES IN THE FACT that in order to keep those media consulting fees and MI5 honoraria coming in Gerry has to come up with the goods, and this is something he finds increasingly difficult to do. The British racial nationalist movement is getting tougher, smarter, and a lot less trusting as racial and economic conditions worsen and something close to a revolutionary situation begins to build.

The macho munchkin himself has admitted in the pages of *Searchlight* that it is no longer as easy as it has been in the past to slip infiltrators into Nationalist groups, steal mailing lists, locate employers of the politically incorrect, and other such anti-fascist heroics. One gets the impression that the disgraceful Tim Hepple affair has finally provided a much needed wake-up call among the right wing in Britain. The present *Searchlight* informer in the British National Party, a man named Rushton, has been known for months and publicly identified as such by a Nationalist counterintelligence unit.

For the first time, a modicum of genuine risk is creeping into affiliation with *Searchlight*. Recently the magazine's top photographer was shooting at a politically incorrect gathering when he was seized, swiftly and efficiently beaten within an inch of his life, and his camera smashed by young men who then melted away into the crowd, leaving the Marxist scumbag screaming and bleeding on the ground. In addition, a spiffy little magazine called *Target* is beginning to turn the tables on the lefty rent-a-mob by tracking down and identifying the primary Red touts and bully boys, publishing *their* photographs, phone numbers, home addresses and employers, etc.

It is my experience that very few of these Red jackasses actually believe in the coming great

proletarian revolution sufficiently to place themselves at any degree of personal risk. A few hard working-class White fists in the gob, and most of these student-union Marxists quickly lose interest in radical politics. They are mostly spoiled middle class wastrels who never grew up and who are still in rebellion against all authority because Da wouldn't let them borrow the car back in 1963.

But there are a few among them, as indicated by the responses I have received to my two "Open Letters to the British Left", who do have sufficient cop-on to recognize the anomaly of Gable's presence among their ranks, and more than a few who are uncomfortable over Gable's open mateyness with assorted agencies of the British secret state. There has accordingly been a move among many British left-wing groups to distance themselves from Gable and *Searchlight*, a move which has gained momentum over the past year as the demented munchkin has clearly begun to resort to pure fantasy in his wild claims of evil right-wing conspiracies.

THE POINT IS THAT GERRY GABLE has experienced increasing difficulty of late in producing the kind of product that embellishes and sustains his reputation as a Fearless Fascist Fighter, and which keeps the shower of shekels from media and police slush funds raining into his bank account. His excursions into outright fabrication have not been attended with notable success. *Searchlight* has gained a reputation for growingly erratic and inaccurate information. Several people inform me that the publication has become quite literally a joke among British racial nationalists, who chip in to buy a copy and then pass it around in the pub to laugh at the palpable errors of fact and outright lies.

On more than one occasion Gable has been forced to issue grovelling and humiliating public apologies under the threat of libel writs, a recent case in point being a man named Stuart Riddle of Exeter, who was smeared as a Nazi in *Searchlight*, by Gable writing under his "Ray Hill" alias. (Ray Hill was a convicted embezzler and petty thief who served as a *Searchlight* informer in the 1980s. Gable continues to use Hill's name in a monthly column in order to make himself look less like a one-man band.)

Gable has taken to publishing wild and baseless denunciations of his political opponents on the Left as "Nazi fellow travellers", including

socialist researcher Larry O'Hara and Green Anarchist activist Tim Scargill. Recently Gable published an attack on Anti-Fascist Action member Malcolm Astells, accusing Astells of being a Nazi spy. This so outraged AFA that the offending issue of *Searchlight* was banned from sale at their annual Anti-Racist Unity Carnival.

This practice of using the magazine as a platform for hysterical smears against left-wingers who refuse to kiss his ass has done little to enhance Gable's credibility among those who control the still considerable financial resources of British socialism. Nor, I would imagine, are Wee Gerry's minders in MI5 impressed by his increasingly erratic behavior.

What better way to restore his flagging credibility on the Left, as well as with his money milch cows in the media and the police, than a sudden threat from a right-wing terrorist group, so secretive and dangerous that only Young Gable, Daring Defender of Political Correctness, can penetrate its ranks and expose its evil machinations? And if some enthusiastic telly viewers decide to take up the Combat 18 scenario in earnest and start actually fighting back against multi-racialism using that designation, so much the better!

BUT THE PRIMARY QUESTION HAS yet to be answered. Is Gerry Gable a fool or a rogue? Babbling to himself about a non-existent Nazi conspiracy in his puerile magazine is one thing, but did he not think of the possible consequences of publicizing the Combat 18 hoax through a nationwide television program? Does he understand the psyche of the race he so viciously hates sufficiently well to predict that young Britain would adopt Combat 18 as its own?

Or did he go ahead with the *World In Action* program in full knowledge of the likelihood that fed-up working-class Whites in the U. K. would find the idea of an underground resistance movement battling against their oppressors irresistably appealing? If the latter is the case, then every act of violence and destruction, every arrest, and every pound of taxpayers' money spent on dealing with subsequent events needs to be invoiced to the account of one Gerry Gable, liar and fraud.

(Reprints of this article are available free of charge from Dixie Press, P.O. Box 37001, Raleigh, N. C. 27627 U. S. A.)