

OUTLOOK

ON THE LIE MONGERS



by Heimdall

IN RECENT MONTHS Britain has reeled under a torrent of lies, smears and vicious abuse aimed by sections of the press at ordinary patriotic British men and women. For the first time, thanks to in-depth investigation by 'League Review' reporters we can reveal those responsible. We expose who the smearmongers are, where they live and how they operate. We open the chilling dossier we have prepared on the gutter press. We speak out against the liars, crooks and hate-pedlars of Fleet Street. We name the guilty men! EXCLUSIVE only in 'League Review'.

Well, unlike the 'Sun', 'Star', 'Mirror', 'Sunday People', 'News of the World' and the rest of the gutter press we do not believe in insulting the intelligence of our readership. So we shall not continue in the vein of our opening paragraph. A vein with which many patriots will have become familiar in recent months, as the gutter press turned its venom on British nationalists.

Nor will we waste our time rebutting the allegations the gutter hacks have made in their 'We expose the Nazi Menace' type diatribes. The security forces of Italy, Germany, France and our own country are doing that for us. Their investigations into the terror bombing atrocities which sparked off the global witch-hunt move ever nearer to other culprits - The MOSSAD, the terrorist gang operated by the Israeli state.

Most of our readers know for themselves without needing us to tell them what an utter pack of lies and rubbish the sundry 'Chilling dossiers' and 'Scare Series' of the 'Sun', 'Star' and Sunday rags are. Those few of our readers who are our enemies do not need an answer either, since they will not believe - or will pretend not to believe - that answer anyway.

Instead we are going to turn the spotlight round and have a look at the smearmongers of the gutter press, those who, in recent months have added vicious lies about us to their normal fare of 'Gay Bishop Speaks Out in Coronation Street Star Vice Shock Horror Scandal Swop Probe Expose' with which they steadily pollute the minds of those who lap up their logorrheic offerings. If they care to drag their hired sewer rats out of their normal haunts such as Soho strip joints and the public toilets at Piccadilly underground station, and send them lavishly funded, to sniff, sneak, squawk and bribe their way around the fringe of our movement in the search for a story which, however nonsensical is sufficiently sensational to sell; if they choose to set up their paid agents of degeneration upon our movement of regeneration then they can hardly complain if we turn the tables. For, far from being 'objective reporters of the truth bringing matters of importance to the public eye', they are sordid muckrakers who never let the truth get in the way of a good story, let alone any consideration of good taste or public morality. The harm they do is in direct proportion to the breadth with which their excremental offerings are scattered, and it is unfortunately true that the gutter press rags, the 'Sun', 'Star', 'Mirror', 'People' and 'News of the World' regularly top the circulation tables. They vastly outsell rivals which, though no less biased, are at least subject to some constraints of honesty, good taste and literacy. The fact that the 'Sun' and the 'Mirror' provide most British voters with information upon which they supposedly decide the destiny of the nation is one of the best arguments against our present interpretation of the system mis-named "democracy".

The harm to the public at large is of course clearly visible. What is less well known is the harm the gutter hacks do on a more personal level to those whom they single out as suitable targets on which to vent their spite. For they seem to take a vindictive and evil glee in wreaking as much ruin as they can upon those into whose lives they obtrude uninvited.

In some cases such wreaking consists of deliberately seeking to destroy the livelihoods of those whom they take it upon themselves to 'expose'. A typical example was the hounding of a young teacher from his post in March 1980. This was done by one Harry Warschauer of the 'Sunday People'. Relying on the lies of an informer who had defected, Warschauer penned a hysterical diatribe of hate, demanding the sacking of the teacher for being a national socialist. He did not dare to suggest that his victim, unlike thousands of Marxist teachers, had ever introduced his political views into the classroom, where indeed he was popular with immigrant and British children alike. He was aided in his little game by the local ANAL, who tastefully handed photocopies of his rantings to 12 year old children entering the school in which the teacher worked.

Although he had performed his duties entirely to the satisfaction of pupils, his staff colleagues, parents and the local education authority, Warschauer did indeed get him 'sacked'. The result, incidentally, was that the teaching of several classes facing imminent G.C.E. and C.S.E. exams suffered severely, classes including a large proportion of those coloured immigrant children for whose welfare Warschauer so loudly expressed concern, doubtless damaging their career prospects. Clearly the lives of these young blacks meant nothing to him in his ruthless pursuit of a political vendetta. This was and is Harry Warschauer, a revolting overweight black bearded alien who appears to have just crawled

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off a cartoon in 'Der Sturmer'; combining his gutter press activities, not inappropriately, with organising the ANAL branch in High Wycombe, Bucks. and standing in Parliamentary Elections there as a Liberal. This excuse for a human being may be found in his rat hole at 21, Phillip Drive, Flackwell Heath, near High Wycombe, Bucks, and if so inclined the reader may enjoy its gutteral lisplings and raspings by telephoning Bourne End (062 85) 25352.

If some readers feel I am unsporting in printing the addresses of these reporters they should remember the old adage 'What's good for the goose is sauce for the gander'.



Andrew Drummond.

For example, when Andrew Michael Parker Menzies Drummond, a 29 year old 'News of the World' hack, notorious for inventing a lurid tale of fascistic revelry over the Diksmuide weekend to cover his state of stupefied intoxication throughout, singled out attractive and charming NF girl Carolyn Giles for his unsavoury attentions, he was at great pains in his 'News of the World' "expose" to dwell upon her flaxen-haired beauty in terms such as to excite the twisted lusts of the corps of lavatory attendants, sex shop habitués, professional masturbators, pervers, 'flashers' and other 'dirty raincoat' types who comprise such a conspicuous proportion of his distinguished journal's readership. Having capped his "journalistic" performance by printing Miss Giles' home address, Drummond could then sit back whilst this young woman was bombarded with a vile and sickening torrent of obscene, perverted, pornographic and threatening letters and telephone calls, many containing graphic descriptions of disgusting sexual perversions. Drummond appears to like this sort of thing, for earlier he dragged another attractive young lady, the 18-year-old daughter of a League official, quite irrelevantly into one of his rantings, complete with home address, for the titillation and threatening phone calls of his degraded readership.

Even that does not plumb the depths of gutter press attempts to wreck the lives of their victims. One gutter scribbler boasted to our informant how a female colleague, on orders from her rag, infiltrated a private school where, so rumour had it, there had been a certain amount of "wife-swapping" amongst the staff. Although such activities, whilst scarcely admirable, were conducted discreetly and without harm to the pupils under their care, the hackette in question duly exposed all. As a result, the school was closed down and the headmaster committed suicide. On hearing of this death caused directly by her activities, our caring and socially-conscious reporter thrilled excitedly "Oh good! That means I get to put in a follow-up piece this week."

No more salubrious than the muck they print are the gutter rags' means of obtaining it. Normally they rely on buying information from tipsters, usually anonymous. This has always been their main source of information on our Movement. We have very rarely been infiltrated by the enemy, but we have often been betrayed by those we thought were our friends. In the case of the recent smears, those concerned perpetrated a deed fouler even than that of selling true stores about their comrades to the foe — they sold false stories instead. Though from the tales they told one would imagine that the principal traitor concerned would be on the next plane to Haifa or Moscow in fear for his life, in his pride and great folly he identified himself by name and in pictures in the course of the tales he sold, thus relieving us of the need to besmirch our pages with such coprological data.

If they are unable to buy a suitable traitor our friends of the gutter resort to such distinguished means of acquiring information as "service jobs" (burglary and theft, as practised by Mr. Gerry Gable of London Weekend Television) and female reporters making themselves sexually available in the hope of charming out useful tit-bits (prostitution, as practised a few years ago in the course of a smear job on a South London NF Branch). If such elevated journalistic practices fail, they can always resort to that traditional fall-back of the distressed gutter-Pressman, Making It All Up.

This is rarely quite so outright — or so entertaining — as when practised by Mr. Dave Roberts, the famous anti-fascist journalist and member of ANAL's ruling "Steering Committee" (currently learning how to print at a Stafford college). For example, when in the April 1980 edition of the incisive expose of Nazidom and scourge of the Feudal Gentry, "Forewarned", he revealed that Column 88 was actually commanded by Roddy Llewellyn with H.R.H. Princess Margaret as a sort of "Colonel in Chief of the Regiment", with full supporting cast including, to add a bit of glamour, actress Diane Cilento (we have sent a copy to the Palace, in the hope that Dave will get his head chopped off for 'less Majesty' at the behest of the clique of fascistic feudal landowners disguised with fiendish cunning as Her Majesty's Corgis).

More mundane hacks usually support their inventions by reference to such traditionally reliable sources as the "resigned former member" (anonymous) or, on TV, the unnamed Mystery Figure with his or her back to the camera. Since "former members" of Nationalist groups prepared to agree to having seen or heard anything you like can be hired by the dozen of late in certain East End public hostelrys, this is rarely an over-risky proceeding.

With such conduct the order of the day it is scarcely surprising to find that certain gutter rags are none too particular about whom they choose to hire as "reporters". For example, the 'News of the World' is, to judge by recent reports in the satirical journal 'Private Eye', not adverse to putting convicted crooks on its "journalistic team". This revelation is but one of many damaging to the system from the Eye. This is what distinguishes that journal from the gutter rabble. Whilst the gutter creeps and fawns on the System bigwigs, reserving its venom for ordinary people it hopes are too small to fight back, Richard Ingram's 'Eye' hits the establishment foe where it hurts, revealing to the public just what a degenerate crooked shower their "leaders" are, and not even shrinking from incurring the wrath of the Children of Israel even unto the Courts (by contrast, the Chosen Few are

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venerated with the utmost respect by the gutter press, which is hardly surprising). So, although Lord Gnome has not withheld purses containing appropriate numbers of pieces of silver (or, in one case, bottles of cheap cider) from those prepared to betray or slander their comrades, and although he continues to keep Trotskyite Martin Tomkinson in booze in return for his "Mental Health" snipings (but then of course the 'Eye' needs Trots, notably the SWP-front Feb Edge Litho, for its printing and distribution) on the whole the 'Eye' is socially beneficial.

Not so the gutter rags. They have no such purgative effect. Unlike the 'Eye', they make no attempt to clear the waste out of the system (of course, if they did clear all that waste out, there would be nothing of the System left!). Instead, in their endless burrowing through the sewage farm of society's excrement, pimps, gangsters vice-racketeers, queers, film stars and so on, like pigs rooting in the muck for some especially juicy morsel, their only social effect is to spread the muck wider, until it threatens to contaminate and besmirch whatever little remains good and pure and wholesome in this rotting manure heap of a society. They also make no attempt to educate or raise the cultural level and degree of understanding of national issues of their readership; indeed, at least one national gutter daily tells its reporters "Write at the level of an average ten-year-old" (sex maniac, they might add!

It is hardly surprising, in view of the way in which they operate, that members of the public upon whom gutter hacks choose to call do not invariably welcome them with open arms, causing them to make "house calls" backed up by thuggish bodyguards. One visit by two 'People' reporters attired in paramilitary black leather jackets to the home of an 80-year-old lady was later described in terms more appropriate to a call from the brothers Kray regarding an outstanding bill than a journalistic enquiry. Even their fellow hacks on the more up-market Press regard gutter pressmen with thinly veiled contempt and disgust. On being informed that a 'News of the World' "journalist" sent to cover a story got so drunk on his expense account that in the morning, clearly unable to remember what really happened, he made a story up, a journalist on a reputable Sunday newspaper sneered "Typical!" and added that he could well believe it of that journal. Not that the "quality" Press are much better, but doubtless the rats that run about in a sewer do tend to look down upon the worms crawling in the slime at the bottom!

At this point, the reader may well be asking how it is that the gutter rags can get away with the malicious smears and downright lies with which they fill their pages. Surely there are laws against such libel? Well, as a prominent advocate once put it, "The Law, like the Penthouse Suite at the Hilton, is open to all" — all who can afford the bill! To fight a libel suit costs the would-be litigant over £20,000 before the verdict is announced: it costs several hundred pounds just to draft and issue a libel writ. As the law of libel is contentious and complex even by legal standards (often, for example, it prevents any action being taken by a victim who can prove his detractor lied because technically no libel has been committed) victory often attends that side who can wheel on the biggest legal gun, irrespective of the rightness of their case. Obviously, to a national newspaper, £20,000 or so is just petty cash — it is often more than their victims possess in the world. Fleet Street can command the most professionally convincing barristers

in the land to uphold its lies. The ordinary citizens they smear is lucky if he can pay for a decent solicitor. Anyway, even if they lose a few tens of thousands in damages (which patriots would have small chance of being awarded in any System Court!) it is no real loss — they make more in a day. If the victim's case is swamped in a tide of polished verbiage spewed forth by the gutter hireling 'brief', costs alone will ensure he is ruined for life. Such an unequal contest is hardly justice, but then, when did that ever feature prominently in the machinations of Establishment Courts?

So, in effect, the gutter hacks think they are safe. They think they can say what they like about us, and for that matter, ordinary people generally: whip up their readership against their victims in lie-packed hate campaigns, set them and their families up for abuse, harassment, loss of jobs, obscenities and threats, vilification, assault and, for all they care (except that it would make a good "follow-up story") rape and murder; and they think their victims can't hit back. They think they can hide behind the lawyers their millions can buy, and with their print runs of millions shout down by sheer volume any reply our little journals with circulations of a few thousands may dare to make in the interests of setting the record straight.

But one day something will shut them up. For in a way their rantings are right. There exists a growing challenge to the chaos of the current system (the "Nazi Menace" of their fevered imaginations. A menace not from "sinister plotters", "Direct Action Squads" or "fanatical terrorists", not of "direct action — shootings and bombings", and not to the British people. It is a menace that comes from the British people themselves, especially from hundreds of thousands of white working-class youths thrown from school straight onto the dole queue whilst they see coloured immigrants pampered with "job creation programmes". It is a menace which finds its voice, however confusedly at first, on the football terraces and in the back alleys, that finds its form, however unexpectedly, in short haircuts and big boots worn by tens and hundreds of thousands of young Britons, that expresses its growing anger in the beginnings of a direct fight back against the alien interloper. It is a menace to the gutter scribblers of the 'Sun', of the 'Star', of the 'People' and all the rest of the lie-mongering hacks of Fleet Street. But still more it is a menace to the rotten system that spawned them, the system whose liars, traitors, tools and fools, whose brain-numbed bureaucrats and sinister alien plutocrats let the future of our Race and Nation slip between their soft, weak, flabby fingers, the system which, as unemployment and inflation mount and our once mighty Motherland sinks into obscurity and ruin, more and more people are seeing has failed. And the system knows it, even if preoccupied with our trivial squabbles, we don't, yet. That's why they unleashed the sudden spate of smears in the gutter press.

It is a menace which will bring down a corrupt system and build on its ruins a new and better Britain in a new and better world.

