

The Biggest Liar Who Ever Walked The Earth

Good afternoon ladies and gentlemen,

The subject of this dissertation although odious in the extreme, is one dear to my heart; he is a man to whom I owe much, because not only did he and his supporters pay me a considerable sum of money – although admittedly not out of the milk of human kindness – but he has enabled me to build something of a reputation, and to build that reputation at the expense of diminishing his.

January 27 is remembered with fondness by many Jewish people of a certain age, because it is the date Auschwitz was liberated, a date to celebrate. But, it is also a date which marks a great tragedy for the Jews, because on January 27, 1937, Gerald Clark Gable was born.

Mr Gable, better known to most of you as Gerry Gable, and to me as lying Kosher scum, was the co-founder of and at times editor of, and publisher of, *Searchlight* magazine. This hatesheet is often alluded to, with good reason, as *Gable's Fables*, that reason being that much of what has gone into it over the years has been manufactured by his sick Jewish mind, and by the equally sick minds of his mostly *goy* collaborators. The information I shall impart to you here though, will be 100% factual, and like the bulk of my publications, researched almost entirely from the public domain, so if you are suspicious of my general veracity, or of any part of my speech, you can, with a little effort, confirm that what I say is the Gospel truth.

I will here and there venture an opinion, but as is usually the case, it will be clearly discernable as opinion, and will not be dressed up as proven fact.

In 1993-4, I brought two libel actions against Gerry Gable and his magazine, and his printer, and his distributor, and a number of *Searchlight's* retail outlets. This was an action he did everything in his power to wriggle out of, but when he was able to wriggle no more, we exchanged witness statements. His witness statement is a truly remarkable document; dated 7/4/97, running to 170 paragraphs and nearly 44 pages, it contains much which is undoubtedly untrue, and much which cannot be verified, at least not by me. I have no doubt that he was advised by his experienced legal team to curtail this statement drastically, but fortunately for posterity, he did not.

If you thought the Balfour Declaration was a remarkable document, or the *Protocols Of Zion*, trust me, it ain't got nuthin' on this one.

As we all know, most Jews are highly educated and literate, so it should come as no surprise that at paragraph 38 Mr Gable says: "I attended part-time courses at the London School of Economics. This was between 1958 - 1959, when I was around 22 years of age...I obtained a Diploma in Social History."

Curious that, because in a letter dated 10 September 1998, Catherine Murray of the LSE's Alumni Relations Team wrote: "Thank you for your letter of 1 September 1998 regarding Mr Gerald Clark Gable. I am writing to inform you that we do not have a record of anyone with that name in our Alumni database. Furthermore to the best of my knowledge the LSE did not run a course for a 'Diploma in Social History' in 1958-9".

That being the case, I was inclined to treat with some suspicion two of his other claims to academic prowess; the claim that he holds a Professorship in American Journalism, and that he has an MA in Criminology. Incredible though it may seem, both these claims are true, which does rather lead one to pity the state of American journalism. I tried to obtain access to his Masters thesis; I'm sure it would make fascinating reading, and even more fascinating analysis, but Middlesex University would not permit this. [Sigh].

It is though well-known that he has indeed lectured at the Hendon police college; Britain's police being amongst the most liberal and politically correct of our citizens, they will doubtless have approved of his views on race and race relations. Perhaps in his lectures on tolerance he echoed the sentiments of the late Bernie Grant that they had received a bloody good hiding during the Broadwater Farm riot where PC Blakelock had his head hacked off. Then again, perhaps not.

At paragraph 138 of his witness statement, Mr Gable shows that he can dish it out, but can't take it, because he says of me: "I have worked on investigations against the mafia, war criminals and Nazis of all shapes and sizes but I have never before come up against anything like the behaviour of Alexander Mr Baron".

So it's true, the pen really is mightier than the sub-machine gun. Get real, okay, I'm flattered, but is this really an intelligent thing to say? I mean the Mafia, war criminals, come on. All I've ever done is compare what he says and does with what actually happened, and broadcast it to the world. Okay, I did write a poem about his fourth wife, Sonia. And one or two other things, but if he, and she, had been honest about her antecedents, I wouldn't have had so much ammunition.

As I am sure many of you here know, during her youth, the former Sonia Hochfelder was a member of the National Front and of the League of Saint George; although of Jewish extraction, she was a right wing extremist and committed racial-nationalist. I came across her maiden name when I went through Searchlight's accounts which are filed with Companies House; the name Hochfelder rang a bell, as they say. It came as a big surprise to me to find that Gerry Gable, as obsessive an anti-Nazi as they come, and of course a Jew, was actually married to a woman who – in his parlance – was once a Nazi. And of course, once a Nazi, always a Nazi.

Now in the real world, leopards do change their spots, especially when they have been young and foolish. If the Gables had come clean about this, no one would have held it against them, not even me. But instead, they concocted a ludicrous story about her being some sort of Kosher Mata Hari. Well sorry, she wasn't.

Mr Gable has also accused me of stalking him and his family; this phrase is a relatively new invention of the media and the legal authorities, but what does it mean exactly? In this case, it means researching him. Well, he has certainly researched me, he even posted an advertisement in *Searchlight* requesting information on my background, and among other things he found out that I was adopted. True, I had never made any secret of this or of much of my personal background, such as it is, but if I stalked him, then by the same definition, he stalked me.

For the record, I never found out anything about my own father, although apparently he was a Belgian national and died either shortly before or shortly after I was born, but I had better luck researching your family, Gerry. As I pointed out, randy Gerry has been married no less than four

times, and it seems the apple didn't fall far from the tree, because on May 31, 1923, the nineteen year old Rebecca Levy, daughter of tailor Morris Levy and herself a draper shop assistant of 268 Hackney Road, married 21 year old Albert Keller at East London Synagogue, and on January 19, 1928, Sir Maurice Hill of the High Court dissolved her marriage because naughty Jewish girl Rebecca was said to have frequently committed adultery with the *goy* Walter Gable. You can call that stalking if you wish; I prefer to call it research.

Nowadays of course, in the age of Google and Facebook, it is easy as pie for anyone to find out background information on almost anyone else. It's a pity no one told the Duchess of York. But to return to the pre-Facebook age, on March 16, 1995, Gerry and his lovely wife Sonia appeared on BBC's Radio 4 *Soundtrack* programme, where he was quite candid about *his* stalking activities - if I may call them that – such as following people, looking them up on the electoral register, and so on. Similar activities, including covert photography, can be found in countless back numbers of his hatesheet. Again, sauce for the goose, but not, apparently for the *goyim*.

At paragraph 160 of his witness statement – one-six-oh- Mr Gable writes “In 34 years of working in this field I think Mr Baron's material is by far some of the most vicious and offensive I have ever seen. Mr Baron must know what hurt he causes by his outpourings.”

Well, I have to plead guilty to that one, Gerry, because I find it difficult to be anything but vicious and offensive with regard to one particular lie of yours that I was to spend fifteen years of my life refuting. This is a lie which exposes Mr Gable not as a champion of tolerance, racial or otherwise, and certainly not as a friend of the Jews, but as a cynical exploiter of Jewish suffering, real and imagined.

Way back in 1994 – sixteen years ago, can you believe that, Troy? – I published a pamphlet called *A Revisionist History Of The 1960s Synagogue Arsons*. The 3rd - and what I considered the Definitive - Edition of this short monograph was published in 2002; you can download both a scan of the 2nd Edition and an HTML version of the 3rd Edition (with additional documentation) from my *SearchlightArchive* website.

In October 1987, the *Jewish Chronicle* published a now notorious interview with Gable, in which the gullible David Winner painted a hagiographic portrait of this valiant Jewish “anti-fascist” where *inter alia* he related how he had brought to book a gang of arsonists in the 1960s. Not only were they arsonists, but wicked Nazis. One might also have concluded they were murderers, because one of the fires they set was said to have led to the death of a yeshiva student.

Of course, the police being totally incompetent – if not anti-Semitic – were unable to progress the inquiry, but Gable brought the entire gang to justice. He told David Winner: “I stood in the burnt-out shell of that yeshiva at four in the morning and made a private vow to get the people who'd done that”.

“Super Jew!”

“Able to leap ten bagels at a single bound”.

Heroic stuff, but when my colleague Mark Taha and I went through back issues of *Searchlight* with a fine tooth comb, we found a somewhat different account. This was in an obituary that Gable had

written for one of his Kosher buddies, a man named Harry Bidney. In this full page spread, he lauded Bidney as his hero.

There is an old Chinese proverb, man who owns watch knows time; man who owns two watches is never certain. There is of course a third possibility; both watches may be wrong, especially when they were manufactured in Israel rather than Hong Kong. So, I went through back issues of the *Jewish Chronicle*, and a few years later, after the relevant documents had been declassified, I went through the original police and DPP files at the Public Record Office. This is a long story, but I will keep it brief.

In the 1960s, there was indeed a series of arson attacks in Greater London which were directed against Jewish premises. This campaign was incited by Mrs Françoise Jordan, the fanatically anti-Semitic wife of the British Nazi leader Colin Jordan. There were two gangs, both of young men whom she had seduced, ideologically, and if anything can be said in their favour, it was that they went out of their way to ensure that only property was damaged. The gangs were brought to book when one of the more youthful members had a change of heart, and decided to turn himself in and shop the rest, and to that end he approached Gable's hero, who took him to the police, but not before he had first attempted to frame the hapless Colin Jordan as the mastermind behind the fires.

There was indeed a fire at a yeshiva, the Mesifita Talmudical College, Cazenove Road, in the heart of Jewish London. That fire led to the death of a trainee rabbi, and to another student suffering terrible injuries. I actually spoke to the survivor, Judah Gottesman, many years ago.

Tragic though this fire was, it happened before Mrs Jordan launched her short but unsettling reign of terror; it was thoroughly investigated by the police, and was ruled by the coroner to have been an accident. Disgusted that Gable had fabricated not only a hate crime but a murder to boost his prestige, and to quite cynically and shamefully exploit the death of a pious young Jew, I churned out my *exposé*, my *exposés*, and I even sent a copy of one of these publications to the *Jewish Chronicle*. I had expected this august Organ of British Jewry to take him to task, at the very least. Alas...

Regardless of my ongoing *exposés*, Gable continued to peddle this vile lie about this accidental fire, and in April of last year, when Colin Jordan died, that other august organ, the *Guardian* newspaper, commissioned him, of all people, to write Jordan's obituary. And of course, he repeated this lie yet again. That didn't surprise me, but I was both surprised and disgusted when the *Guardian* refused to repudiate it, and in fact kill filed me. So I took it to the Press Complaints Commission, which the paper also ignored, although it did agree eventually to publish a somewhat limited qualification. I wasn't entirely happy with this, but realising it was probably as good as I would get, I told the PCC to acquiesce. Then I had another bright idea.

If the coroner had ruled the Mesifita fire to have been an accident, and Mr Gable insisted it wasn't, perhaps this was not a matter simply for the PCC but for an organisation with real teeth. So on July 10 last year I wrote to the Police Commissioner suggesting that Mr Gable be questioned in relation to his withholding evidence about a forty-five year old murder. Obviously, this was not a pressing matter, so the police took their time, but in a letter dated 29th September 2009, Detective Superintendent John Sweeney – yes, Sweeney – replied to my letter and follow up letter to the effect that, quote: “Mr. Gable has been spoken to and does not claim to be personally in possession of any evidence relating to the Mesifita fire...there will not be a reinvestigation...” unquote.

That letter has been scanned and placed in the public domain; you will find it on Archive.Org under details forward slash MurderSquadExposeGableAsLyingFilth.

It's a pity that is the only such document that has been made public. Wouldn't you just love to have been a fly on the wall during that encounter?

Ding dong!

"Thonia, it's the doorbell?"

"I'll answer it, my hero; you finish your bacon bagel".

"Be careful, Thonia; it might be one of those anti-Semites like the postman".

"Don't be silly, Gerry, our postman isn't anti-Semitic".

"Then why does he keep delivering us hate mail?"

"Gerry, it's two men wearing size eleven boots, and they're desperate for your assistance to solve a hate crime".

There are always two of them – as you know, tits come in pairs. The plods walk into Sonia's Kosher kitchen, and flash their warrant cards.

"Hello, Mr Gable, we are the Sweeney, at least, he is".

Da-da daaa, da-da daaa.

"Oy vay, always glad to help the boys in blue, even after that incident in 1947. And that other incident, the one with the door knob. And that one at Kensington Library. And that time I was banned from lecturing at Hendon. What can I do for you goys, er, guys?"

"Well, Mr Gable, we are investigating a fire at a Jewish college".

"I thought that was tomorrow night, Gerry."

"Thonia, please".

"We have received information from a Mr Alexander Baron that you may be able to help us with our inquiries into a fire way back in December 1964; we've spoken to the St Pancras Coroner, and this fire was recorded as accidental, but we understand you have information to the contrary."

"Baron? That Nazi!"

"Yes, Mr Gable, but Mr Baron says..."

"You can't believe a word he says, he's gaga".

“Yes, Mr Gable”.

“And an anti-Semitic”.

“That may be the case sir, but we have received information, and we are obliged to investigate his allegation that...”

“I hope you’re not an anti-Semitic too...”

“Mr Gable, this is a potential murder investigation, now if you don’t want to answer our questions here, perhaps you’d like to speak to your solicitor and arrange to answer them at New Scotland Yard. Under caution.”

“Oy gevalt”.

“I think I’m going to kvaint”.

“Now, we believe you have information that the 1964 Mesifita College fire was arson. Is that indeed the case?”

“Vell, not really”.

[That’s enough of that. Anyone wants to buy a T-shirt – worn once – see me afterwards].

“You mean not at all?”

“No.”

“No what, Mr Gable?”

“No, it was not arson at all. I only said it was.”

“Why did you say that?”

“It was meant to be...a joke.”

“A joke? You think the death of a trainee rabbi is funny?”

“Not half as funny as your American accent; in this household we watch *The Bill*, not *CSI*”.

Now, there are all manner of conclusions one may draw from this sordid affair. One is that if Gable and his ilk can’t be trusted to tell the truth about one Jewish death, how can they be trusted to tell the truth about six million?

I will return to that, but first I would like, briefly, to run through some of his and *Searchlight*’s other scams. Although I have published more *exposés* of *Searchlight* than anyone else, and could probably use these for my Masters thesis, I am far from the only person to have exposed him and it;

I was not even the first. Anarchists have always been suspicious of *Searchlight*, although they misinterpret its perfidy as its being some sort of front for MI5.

The *New Statesman* published two *exposés* of Gable back in the 1980s; Larry O'Hara has also written critically about both him and his perfidious organisation, although he has taken his assertions, assumptions and speculations to ludicrous extremes.

Other elements of the left have also been suspicious of both him and it, but it was not until they were hit in their wallets that they decided to dump *Searchlight*. My libel action, the subsequent action of my colleague Mark Taha, and the spectacular success of the late Morris Riley, have led to its being virtually impossible to obtain over the counter in radical – quote unquote – bookshops nationwide.

One of the first scams pulled off by *Searchlight* was the Column 88 Nazi Underground hoax; this was said to have been a veritable terrorist army that was prepared to wreak mayhem and murder the length and breadth of the country. It turned out to be what was described by the Minister of State for Defence as a small drinking club of neo-Nazi nutcases. In early issues of *Searchlight* magazine, Column 88 was portrayed as a menace to Britain comparable with the IRA, then years later Gable and *Searchlight* claimed it had been a honey trap organisation operated by British intelligence. Just like that. I will give you a precise citation for that: *Searchlight*, April 1993, issue 214, page 11. Yet curiously, a mere two years earlier, Gable had claimed in an essay contributed to the book *Neo-Fascism In Europe*, that John Tyndall was ousted from the leadership of the National Front because he had reneged on his oath of allegiance to Column 88, into which he had been inducted at the age of nineteen.

What are we to make of this? Are we supposed to believe the leader of the BNP is working for the secret state? Its previous leader, not the current one?

Rubbish like this has found its way not just into the left press and the mainstream media, but into the halls of academe, and the corridors of power. Gullible activists, journalists, academics, police officers and powerful politicians read this garbage, and even base public policy on Gable's lies and nonsense. It isn't even well thought out lies and nonsense; Gable is simply making it up as he goes along. And if you don't agree, if you dissent, or perish the thought, if you expose his lies, well, you can only be an anti-Semite.

Then of course there was the Notting Hill Carnival bomb plot, another total fabrication, and one worked in collaboration with his *shabbez goy* Ray Hill, a man who was attracted to the *verboten* cause of white racial-nationalism for all the wrong reasons, a man who hated Jews virulently, but suddenly decided they weren't such bad chaps after all. And the more money they gave him, the more wonderful he thought they were.

I could say much more about Gable's dirty work, but I would like to pose a question which if often asked, is seldom answered correctly. Why?

Is it because he is motivated by ideology? Is he a Marxist perhaps? No.

Is it because the *Searchlight* Organisation is a front for Larry O'Hara's ubiquitous secret state?

No.

Is it then simply that Searchlight is a money-making scam?

No.

Is it because Gerry Gable is a Jew, part of the all-pervasive international Jewish conspiracy, perhaps? No, not that either.

There is another reason, a far simpler reason, and one that few of Searchlight's detractors, and no one in the halls of academe even considers. That reason can be summed up in two words: racial hatred.

This is something everyone in the world can recognise, when it comes garbed in pointed hats and white sheets chanting "Niggers out", or wearing swastika armbands and crying "*Juden raus*", or when the cry "*Allāhu Akbar*" issues from the lips of a suicide bomber moments before he blows both himself and a few dozen of us heathens to Kingdom Come. Most people even acknowledge it when the Israelis murder innocent Palestinians, wherein it is usually referred to as anti-Arab *racism*, or simply *racism*. But there is another type of racial hatred, the unconditional hatred of a certain type of Jew for the society he holds responsible for the historical persecution of his race – Final Solution, *gas chambers* and all.

But this racial hatred is far, far more than an understandable if extreme over-reaction to the excesses of Nazism, or to the racial anti-Semitism that reared its ugly head in Germany with the founding of the Anti-Semitic League by Wilhelm Marr in 1879. Rather it is a visceral, almost *primaeval* hatred. The conspiracy literature is replete with manifestations of this hatred, where it is always misinterpreted, either as some sort of bizarre Talmudic plot, or as an international conspiracy by wealthy Jews intent on destroying the white race as part and parcel of their plan to enslave the world.

The conspiracy theorists may miss the mark as far as the Jewish religion is concerned, but they're not that far off beam with regard to certain other members of the Kosher crew. If you study the involvement of Jews with so-called revolutionary movements from the 19th Century to date, you will see that it is not, and when I say not, I mean never, the religious Jews, the *Torah*-true Jews, who cause all the trouble. Even modern Zionism, which might just be construed as a Jewish ideology, was founded in the first instance by racial rather than religious Jews. In fact, if you speak with *Torah*-true Jews they will tell you that Zionism is a worldwide conspiracy, the goal of which is to transform the Jews from a religious community into a nation.

So what is the goal of the Gerry Gables of this world? It is, quite simply, to kill you, whitey. Not with the direct approach of the aforementioned Islamist suicide bomber, but by subversion from within: promoting non-white immigration into the white nations of the world, what is left of them, promoting abortion for whites, so-called *gay* rights, and most of all, by brainwashing the next generation into accepting miscegenation, and ultimately racial death.

If this sounds like paranoia, we have only to look around us to see what is happening. Because that is precisely what *is* happening: immigration, falling white birth rates, brainwashing, and racial death.

If you look closely, you will even find direct evidence of this racial hatred in back issues of *Searchlight*, when occasionally the mask slips. One of the major hate figures for *Searchlight* and similar organisations, including the misnamed Anti-Defamation League, is the Nation of Islam, in particular that organisation's charismatic leader Louis Farrakhan. Normally, Jewish and leftist organisations crawl up the...crawl up to, black organisations of any kind, but not to Minister Farrakhan. For them he is a hate figure. Why? Because his organisation promotes black self-determination, black social responsibility, and black separatism.

In 1979, *Searchlight* published a pamphlet called *Women And The National Front*; this was written, ostensibly, by the *shikse* Veronica Ware, who would later edit the magazine, briefly. It was though almost certainly written by Maurice Ludmer, the racial Jew who along with Gable founded *Searchlight* magazine, and was its head honcho until his sudden death in 1981. It was probably Ludmer as much as Gable and Ray Hill who was responsible for setting up the Notting Hill Carnival bomb hoax, although he died just as it came to fruition.

Women And The National Front is a thinly veiled plea for miscegenation. A similar and somewhat more direct plea was made by Gable himself in the pamphlet *At War With Society*, although he put it into the mouth of Tim Hepple. The very same plea can be found in a book called *Racism*, which was published posthumously in 1938. At page 265 we find the sinister phrase

MANKIND A UNITY TO BEGIN WITH,

AND DESTINED TO BECOME A UNITY

ONCE MORE

This book appears to be the first time the word *racism* appeared in print; the author, who died in 1935, was one Magnus Hirschfield, and yes, he was yet another one.

It would though be wrong to tar Hirschfield with the same brush as Gable simply on account of their shared ethnicity. An examination of Hirschfield's motives indicates that while he was clearly deceiving himself on race issues, he was not entirely evil. The same cannot be said for Gerry Gable. Who is. Although he advocated miscegenation, by the now time honoured tactic of denying the very existence of race, Hirschfield also did pioneering work on sexual aberration, and advocated tolerance for and understanding of those so afflicted, such as homosexuals. But Gerry Gable's idea of tolerance is very different. It involves lying persistently if not consistently to all and sundry, including his own kind, and lying about all and sundry. It includes making common cause with the likes of Ray Hill, an avowed anti-Semite and racial bigot; and inciting less sophisticated white racial-nationalists to commit criminal acts in order to demonise and even to proscribe the entire movement. And lobbying for yet further restrictions on freedom of speech in order, ostensibly, to protect the very communities he has exploited and betrayed.

The most astonishing thing I have found in my documenting the perfidy of Gerry Gable and his gang, is that they have been so remarkably easy to expose. There has been no great detective work involved, by and large; as the saying goes, it ain't rocket science. If I can do it, so can anyone else, certainly anyone who works in the media. Or so you would think. Again, alas...

In December of last year, Gable and his wife were interviewed by John Gulliver of the *Camden New Journal*, and in this interview he claimed, quite brazenly and shamelessly to have...well, let Mr Gulliver tell you: “He did tell me, however, he had been able to provide the police with ‘intelligence’ on the gay bar bombings in Soho that helped the police send the perpetrator to jail”.

This is clearly a reference to David Copeland. I’m sure that most if not everybody in this room is *au fait* with the actual circumstances which led to Copeland’s arrest; he was captured on CCTV, and identified by a workmate, Paul Mifsud. This was a massive story at the time, certainly anyone of a certain age who lived in London and paid the slightest attention to the local or national media would have known about the CCTV if not the name of the witness. Yet this muppet of a journalist is clearly incapable of doing the most basic fact checking. Perhaps he was afraid if he did he’d have been branded anti-Semitic?

I wrote to the paper pointing out this gross factual error/lie, but they didn’t bother to acknowledge my letter much less publish it.

To me, that just about sums up the mass media where Gable and his gang, and indeed his kind, are concerned. They simply lie through their teeth, and are parroted uncritically. I have to say this is not unique to self-styled anti-fascists and “anti-racists”, but the fact that the lies and poison of hatemongers like Gerry Gable is largely swallowed uncritically by the mass media and often by other institutions as well, is one of the reasons Britain and indeed the world is in such a terrible state.

If Gable and his gang had his way, I would be silenced, we would all be silenced. It was scum like him, Jew and Gentile, who started all this no platform hysteria. It is him, and scum like him, who have been responsible for extending it, and for perverting not only the rules of debate but the rule of law with the framing of Draconian so-called *race relations* and similar legislation, which has been used in Britain in a completely arbitrary fashion to persecute people who have the temerity to oppose their tyranny, and which in Germany and other countries has been used to silence those who have dared to expose their state sanctioned lies.

I will say too something about Gerry Gable that does not necessarily apply to similar fanatics, Jew and Gentile. He is clearly insane. This is not intended to be a humorous or polemical observation but an objective one; Gable appears to have a unique ability to believe two mutually exclusive facts simultaneously. To give just one example, in his witness statement in *Riley v Gable & Others*, he claimed Morris was a Walter Mitty character who fantasised about being a spy; later in the same statement he claimed to have followed him covertly to the headquarters of the Security Services, and said that he walked through the door unchallenged. In other words, he wants to have his cake and eat it. I think it is not too big a leap from there to his believing that Column 88 was both a secret Nazi Underground, and a state honey trap. And it may be he really is so delusional that he truly believes he solved a murder that never happened. We have a word for people who have such a loose grip on reality; we call them psychotic.

Nowadays, scum like Gerry Gable, and that is what he is – mad or sane - scum like him are not able to have it all their own way, which is the major reason they hate the Internet, because by and large cyber-space is beyond their control, beyond anybody’s control. Above all else, we must ensure that we do not lose the Internet. But Internet or not, the struggle must go on until we have flushed

Gable and his infernal organisation down the toilet and into the sewers of history where they belong. And I'll say one last thing, Gerry Gable, the *Jewish Chronicle*, the Anti-Defamation League, they brand us, and people like us, anti-Semites.

I'd like to finish this speech with a question, and an appeal. I'd like to put this question to any and every member of the Jewish establishment: do people hate Jews because of me, you, people like us, or do they hate Jews because of Gable and his ilk?

Which is the truly evil act: to claim a Jew was murdered during an arson campaign, or to expose this as a lie? Which is the truly evil act: to recruit scum like Ray Hill to incite hatred and violence, or to expose Hill and his manipulators? Which is the truly evil act, to libel a nation with the claim that six millions Jews were murdered during the Holocaust, or to point out the self-evident fact that a delousing chamber is not a homicidal gas chamber, anymore than is a shower bath?

In short, is the true enemy of the Jew the anti-Semite – real and imagined – or someone much closer to home?