

## Appeal - Libel Action

As many of you know, in December 1993 I served a libel writ on Gerry Gable, publisher of the so-called anti-fascist magazine *Searchlight*, in connection with certain allegations made against me in the November 1993 issue. Later I added three further defendants, and later still I issued a further writ in connection with allegations made against me in the February 1994 issue.

I have sued people successfully before, albeit in the County Court. However, the High Court is a different kettle of fish, and I soon found out to my cost that a libel writ has to be pleaded in a very specific manner, the rules of the court have to be observed strictly, documents have to be prepared in a certain fashion, and so on. As a litigant in person I have received a great deal of latitude by the court, and indeed, but for a merciful judge, I would have had the first action dismissed a year ago.

Fortunately also I have had access on an ad hoc basis to free and virtually free legal advice; I have also put in some time studying the *Supreme Court Practice* and other law books, and have had assistance from an anti-Zionist Jew in Hendon who hates Gable almost as much as I do. This person has provided me with cut price desktop publishing services and other things. However, he is shortly leaving the country and my office facility will be at an end, which means that in future I will have to pay commercial rates. I have found a cheap office service in Croydon, but every penny is a struggle.

At a hearing of the case in July I reached an out-of-court settlement with one of the parties in the second action. Subsequently W.H. Smith - owner of Waterstones - made a payment into court of eighteen hundred pounds (fifteen hundred pounds damages and three hundred costs) on a without prejudice basis. For reasons that I can't explain until after the case is over, I saw only just over three hundred pounds of that money. Needless to say that has all long since been eaten up in costs.

Gable and the other parties are represented by one of the most prestigious firms of solicitors in Britain, so whatever the strength of my case - which I cannot comment on because of legal restrictions - I have a very stiff task. I am therefore writing to you to ask you for your financial support.

As I needn't tell you, British nationalists and their fellow travellers are libelled, mocked and derided by the British media and treated worse than dirt. I am not a nationalist, although I was one for a short time at the start of the eighties, so I have personal experience of this. The main reason for this is because the so-called anti-fascist movement is a thinly veiled front for the communist movement and its fellow travellers and has been making a comfortable living for decades out of the mythical fascist menace, a scenario that is repeated the world over. The incessant hysteria over the BNP's theoretical policy of repatriation is in stark contrast to the media silence over the actual policy of repatriation as practised by the so-called "anti-racist" government of Nelson Mandela, and the other, countless, abuses of human rights in Africa, all of them black on black.

The prosaic truth of course is that the reds don't really give a monkey's about blacks or about anyone else, as the better among the blacks realise, and indeed, one finds very few black members of the SWP and other anti-white, race-hate groups.

The main reason the far left have been able to get away with this nonsense for so long is because they have effected a stranglehold over all the major channels of information, and have at times not shrunk from using violence and intimidation. It is not a case of conspiracy, the simple fact is that there is now so much specious "anti-racist" and anti-discrimination legislation and policy in place at all levels of society that no one is able even to raise the sort of issues that concern nationalists, except in the most narrow terms. This hysteria has even been extended to homosexual issues; Hackney, Lewisham, and doubtless other libraries the length and breadth of the country now openly stock throwaway pro-homosexual newspapers which carry obscene advertisements and articles; young children have free access to this sort of poison.

The Searchlight Organisation has been a major player in the campaign to destroy what is left of Western civilisation. Over the past two years I have published exposé after exposé of the people behind it. My work has received high praise and has been called iconoclastic and devastating. I like flattery as much as the next man, but the reality is that all I - and my team - have ever done, is examine minutely the claims made on the one hand and the facts on the other, and compared the two. A fourteen year old could do this with minimal training, as could anyone else who has access to a decent library.

I might just as well not have bothered though for all the good this has done, because the media simply do not care, and however many times certain lies are reiterated, they and the people who tell them are never discredited if their lies are in a *good* cause. And the ultimate *good* cause is of course to save everybody from the gas chambers the BNP are building for them, even if it means promoting sodomy in the process, a la Hackney libraries.

There is though one language that everybody understands, and that is the language of money. When lies cost people money they become paragons of virtue. It is for this reason that I am asking you to send a donation to me at the address below; the reality is that although our publications have been widely read, the amount of support we have received from nationalists to date has been diminutive, and most of that support has been down to one man, Nick Griffin. I personally have received more support from a small number of anti-Zionist Jews than from anyone on the far right, which says it all. Please send a donation, however small. And please continue purchasing and distributing our publications, because eventually the message will get through, and when it does, I will flush this piece of slime down into sewers where he belongs.

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