



Tim Hepple was a young football hooligan who was attracted to the National Front's radicalism but turned towards the British National Party because it was more active and violent.

Then disillusionment set in and he volunteered to work for Searchlight as a mole inside the most violent and dangerous sections of the nazi movement.

In April 1993 he came out with a bang and appeared on the World in Action television documentary exposing the secretive nazi terrorist organisation Combat 18.

This is the story of his odyssey through Britain's far right, of his seedy life inside the British National Party headquarters, of street battles and organised attacks on blacks and anti-fascists, of how the BNP orchestrated a race riot in Dewsbury.

Out of their own mouths.....

"Look, Tim, there are definitely no moles inside the BNP."

John Morse, editor of British Nationalist, speaking in February 1992

"He hasn't got a clue about economics, this is just pure waffle, I don't know where he gets it from!"

Morse, speaking about the BNP's leader John Tyndall

"Look at that white garbage. We used to leaflet around here but now the whites have been beaten and crushed down."

"You can tell a lot about a place by how strong the local BNP branch is. Look at Portsmouth, it's always been NF and full of losers. They've got no guts down there."

John Morse

"Der Führer hat immer recht."

"Just tell that f*ing reporter that we have no policy on the Jews, no policy."**

"The Holocaust is lies, all lies."

"Non-white immigration is a racist attack on the British people."

"Madam, we describe ourselves as nationalists, British nationalists."

Richard Edmonds, BNP headquarters manager

"The BNP is nothing more than a bunch of Jew-obsessed losers."

Jennifer Edmonds, Richard's wife

"I joined the NF for its economic platform."

Shane Tocher, Ealing NF, a week before being admitted to St Bernards mental hospital

"Blackham, you're a red, a Jew, a traitor."

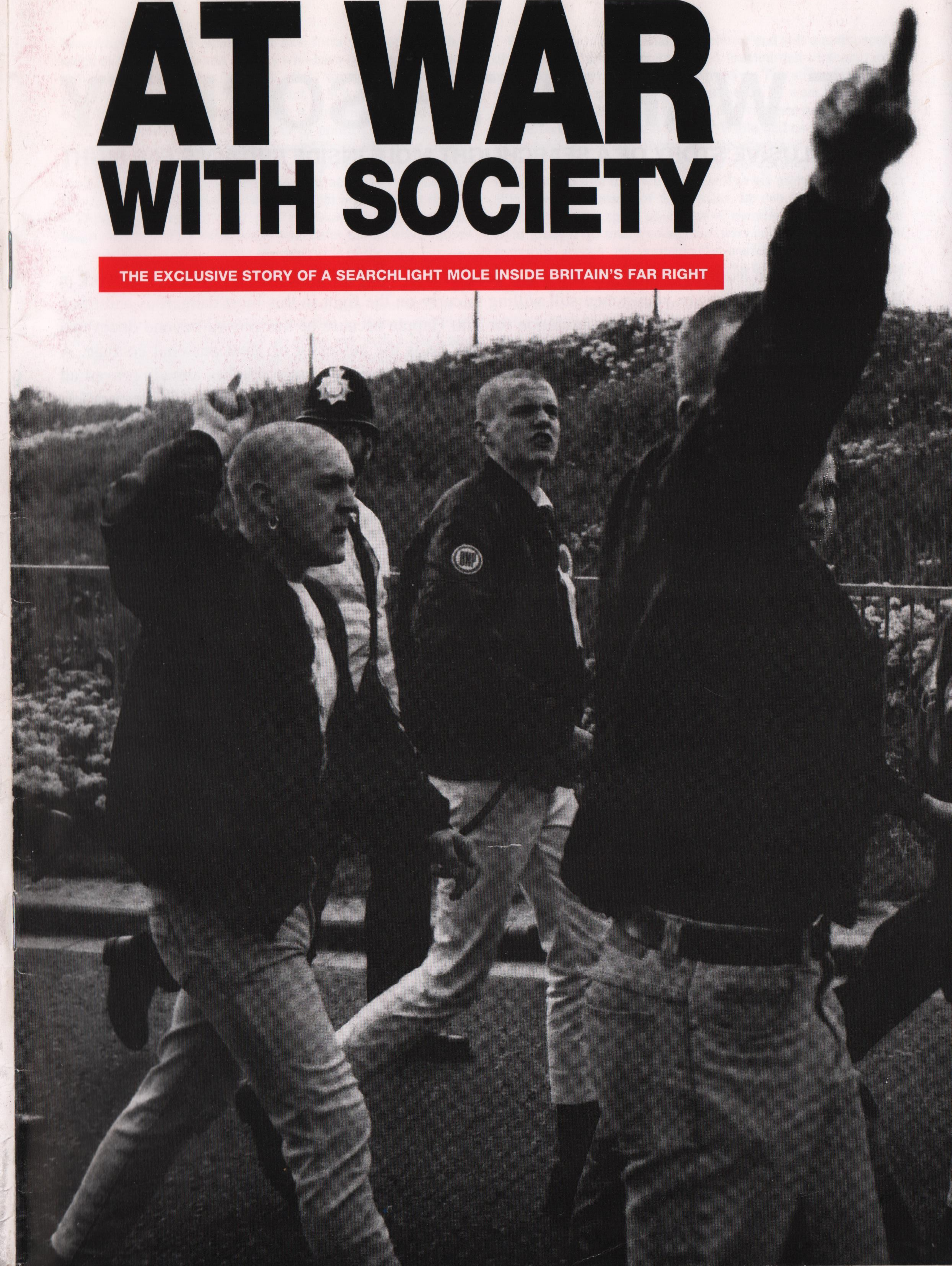
Bill Hitches to Terry Blackham, the NF's London organiser, who has 20 convictions for violence

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AT WAR WITH SOCIETY

THE EXCLUSIVE STORY OF A SEARCHLIGHT MOLE INSIDE BRITAIN'S FAR RIGHT



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It was gratifying to learn that nearly one and a half decades after I had infiltrated the fascist terror network in Britain and Europe there are young men still willing to carry on the fight in this most dangerous and often thankless of ways. I have the greatest admiration for Tim Hepple because he has proved beyond doubt that whatever mistakes he may have made in his young life, he is the possessor of great personal courage. A person with courage, moral as well as physical, is a valuable asset to any cause. He has already proved all this. He recognised evil and he fought it in the way in which he was best equipped to fight it. The next few years will not be easy for Tim. He will need the understanding, the help and the support of his friends. He deserves at least that. We, all of us, owe it to him. May God bless him.

Ray Hill
July 1993

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INTRODUCTION

Searchlight has had dealings in one form or another with a range of nazis, racists and fascists who have defected from their organisations, over the 31 years of its existence. Some have seen the errors of their ways and want to make amends for their fascist politics. Others have wanted a financial deal and others again have just wanted to drop out of politics. For reasons of security, one rarely reads about most of those who have chosen to stay inside the enemy camp after experiencing a change of heart, as publicity could jeopardise their new roles or potential future roles as active moles for *Searchlight* inside the far right.

These defectors are only part of *Searchlight's* operations inside the far right. Anti-fascists who enter the far right movements as infiltrators for us are the other side of the coin.

Searchlight's best known mole was Ray Hill. He spent many years inside extreme and dangerous groups doing daring and important work, which created havoc and long-term damage to the far right, not only in Britain but also in France and elsewhere. He was eventually able to come out with a bang and maximise the effect he had on the enemies of democracy. He is now a public adversary of the far right and his frequent speeches and lectures inspire many people to oppose racism. Ray was not alone, as he himself knows, others have done work which is as brave as his and from time to time of equally damaging proportions. Some who were in the far right before Ray came to us are still in place carrying on with the exemplary work they do.

Ray's example often attracts others to follow him along the same path out of the darkness of fascism and into the light. Tim Hepple, whose story is told in this booklet, was one of them. While Tim, who is much younger than Ray, came to his decision to defect from the nazis for different reasons from Ray, what they had in common was that they did not take this step for financial gain or an easier life.

Ray has gone on to broaden himself. After bringing up three children, in middle age he has taken the intellectually brave step of returning to his education, which had stopped when he left school at 15. Tim Hepple, on the other hand, is still a rather confused young man and has a long way to go in forming a more reasonable view of society and his role in life.

Starting out: Tim Hepple's first political steps

Tim Hepple became obsessed with violence in his early teenage years. At first he was non-political and mainly involved in violence around Reading Football Club matches. By 1983 he had developed an interest in politics in a rather disorganised way. He says he was firmly opposed to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND), largely inspired by hostile reports of the Greenham women's campaign, which took place not far from where he lived. He claims to have been anti-communist and wanted to be part of an elite.

His first opportunity to express his ideas in public came when his school held a mock general election. To this day he swears that he was not at the time consciously aware of the British National Party, although he placed himself on the ballot paper as the BNP candidate. Standing on a platform which attacked the left and CND, he polled 72 votes – 15% of the poll. *Searchlight* asked him why he had not stood as a Conservative as most of the ideas he was expressing fell within that political orbit. His response gives an insight into how his ideas were developing. He did not want to become part of the herd and believed that in the end the Tories would not have the guts to take their more authoritarian views to a logical conclusion.

In August 1983 his parents, who were then both teachers, moved to Lancashire. Towards the end of 1984 Tim was studying in a library in Lancaster and came across a copy of *Nationalism Today*. This magazine, although one of the

Whereas Ray, once a man of violence and still a man capable of defending himself, matured and learned that violence, even as a means of self defence, is destructive, Tim still subscribes to some of the simplistic ideas he had when he went into the fascist movement. He seems to think that violence can have a positive effect on people and society. While he has left his racism far behind, force still forms an important part of his way of viewing the world. Force, violence and elitism, the very ideas that attracted him to fascism, are still in his mind and until he is able to purge himself of these ideas, he can never fully throw off the years he spent as an active member of a series of far right groups. So many youngsters who come into contact with extremist groups are permanently scarred by the association, but it is to be hoped that in the course of time Tim will rejoin society fully as a useful human being.

Let none of this detract from the fact that for more than two and a half years he operated inside the highest echelons of the far right on *Searchlight's* behalf, causing the nazis numerous problems at all levels, passing to *Searchlight* huge numbers of documents and membership lists, giving incisive views on senior members and violent activists and never asking for a penny more than his expenses, and sometimes not even that.

Most of this booklet is in Hepple's own words. He expresses many views that *Searchlight* would not share, for example about the left and the state, but we publish them so that readers gain a greater understanding of the man and his motivations.

Tim Hepple comes from a comfortable middle-class background. His parents are proud of his academic achievements, and share with *Searchlight* the concern and hope that one day their son will fully rejoin society.

In fairness to them, we should mention that they did not want us to publish this booklet, but we believe there is a strong moral imperative to go ahead with it as a contribution to preventing other youngsters from getting involved with violent far right groups.

Gerry Gable
London, June 1993

National Front's official publications, represented the views of the group within the NF that was about to take control of the party. This group espoused ideas that were new and radical for the British right but had their roots in the German national socialist movement at the time of Hitler's entry into politics and had been imported into the NF by Italian fascist terrorist exiles like Roberto Fiore.

The young Tim Hepple was greatly impressed by the radicalism of *Nationalism Today* and found its views close to his own. For example, while it was against American nuclear bases in Britain, it also shared Hepple's opposition to CND. Its outlook was that of Hitler's opponents in the German Nazi party like Otto and Gregor Strasser, who sought a more radical form of nazism, and this appealed to his more revolutionary zeal.

Eventually Hepple wrote to the NF's headquarters, then in Croydon, south London, for more information. The more he read the more attractive the party's ideas became to him. He says he was really taken in by the claims of the NF's leaders at the time, like Patrick Harrington and Nick Griffin, that the party's new constitution would be democratic. Hepple's sudden concern for democracy was strangely inconsistent with his desire to be part of an elite group. But having fallen under the spell of the emerging "political soldiers", who was he to contradict them?

Early in 1985, he invited to Lancaster members of the fairly

strong NF branch in Blackpool and met Graham Williamson, who later became Harrington's administrative officer, Paul Shepherd, Mike Harris and Wilf Smith. They arrived with bags full of propaganda and Tim and a group of friends started to plaster the area with it. Blackpool had always been a good area for the NF with a seemingly compliant police force and some hardline extremist Tories. Nobody ever bothered the NF much in its work up there.

Although he remained closely associated with the NF in Blackpool, he became increasingly concerned by the NF's internal arguments, which culminated in a mass purge of those who remained after the 1983 coup against Martin Webster, the NF's former national organiser, and the old guard. By 1986 even those who had gone along with that coup were seen as not "politically correct" by a small hardline group who saw Colonel Gaddafi of Libya as a hero and spoke of armed struggle.

In September 1986 Hepple's political life reached a watershed. Having won a scholarship to the Royal Academy of Music in Glasgow, he headed north to Scotland and moved into the Loyalist Dennistown area of Glasgow. He revived his old interest in football and started to attend Rangers football matches. He quickly got involved with the Rangers hooligan crew who leaned very heavily towards open support for the Ulster Loyalist paramilitary campaign.

Two months later he attended an "Ulster says no" rally at Glasgow Green organised by the Scottish Orange Order and Loyalists. As he wandered around, bored by Reverend Ian Paisley's speech, he bumped into Eric Brand and Norman Mackenzie, two of the British National Party's leading activists in Scotland. They were selling *British Nationalist*, the BNP's newspaper, with other nazi activists. Hepple says they were doing a roaring trade with such an audience of bigots.

Hepple had been hoping for such a meeting. They clearly saw potential in him and invited him to the Alpine Lodge near Central Station, then the Glasgow BNP's favourite watering hole. There he met Gus McLeod, the former marine, Kenny Ball and Ian Gorman, at the time an activist in the Federation of Conservative Students. (The FCS was later closed down by Lord Tebbit, while he was chair of the Conservative Party, because it had got out of control and too extremist.)

The Glasgow branch was very active and attracted many violent people. Some would even travel from London, like Mark French bass player and former drummer in the nazi white noise band, Skrewdriver. French, commonly known as Frenchy, joined the British army some years later where, as *Searchlight* reported at the time, he was able to continue his nazi and violent activities.

Frenchy's appearance on the scene brought back a memory from Hepple's early teens. He turned out to be a Reading Football Club supporter and Hepple recalled seeing the NF selling its notorious youth paper, *Bulldog*, there. *Bulldog* published hit lists and was so hardline that its editor, Joe Pearce, had twice been sent to prison under the Race Relations Act. Frenchy, however, had little time for the BNP's leader, John Tyndall, and often referred to him as a pompous bastard. He spent hours over numerous beers regaling Hepple with tales of battles at football grounds like the violent clash between Bolton and Chelsea at Burnden Park in 1981. Television pictures at the time showed about 40 nazi thugs brawling. He had also taken part in football violence abroad and spoke about how the NF had recruited in the armed services.

Another Londoner called Tim, a football thug who followed Wimbledon FC, was also a regular visitor to the Glasgow BNP branch. No far-right group had achieved much in Scotland before the BNP arrived on the scene in the 1980s.

Hepple started joining in the branch's activities. Much of the time they would hang around the Ibrox Park home of Glasgow Rangers selling papers or giving out leaflets. On other nights they covered areas of the city with hate stickers sent from London.

John Tyndall was about to visit Glasgow and its members were busy organising the *Führer's* visit. Tyndall had recently been released from prison, where he had served a term for offences against the race relations sections of the Public Order Act. He was a hardline nazi of the old school and no stranger to prison for offences ranging from paramilitary organising in the early 1960s to firearms offences.

The occasion of his visit was to be a rally for St Andrews Day, the most important date in the Scottish nationalist calendar, which the BNP wanted to hijack for its own ends. BNP members were working hard among people like the regulars in the District Bar, where Rangers supporters gathered, hoping to mobilise them to come and see the party's leader. Tim was constantly travelling to football matches where clashes between fans were the norm and sold *British Nationalist*, particularly when the fights involved Celtic and Hibernian supporters.

At that time the BNP in Glasgow was experiencing very little organised anti-fascist resistance to its activities. Hepple's first trip to a major BNP event was to be a real eye-opener for him on several levels.

Although he had met Ian Gorman from the FCS alongside the BNP in Loyalist pubs, he was very surprised when Gorman turned up with another unknown FCS member on the BNP minibus heading for the BNP's march in York on Remembrance Sunday. This march, which insulted the concept of Remembrance day, was at that time an annual occasion. About a dozen nazis from Scotland were packed onto the minibus.

There he met BNP members from all parts of the country. John Wood, an old National Socialist Movement member from Sheffield, was there, as was Jim Tyrer from Doncaster, another member of the old guard. David Owen came from Leeds, Tony Braithwaite from Hull and Andrew Oxley, the Leeds BNP organiser, chaired the rally. Hepple's meeting with some of the Sheffield members helped him make up his mind, when seeking a university place the following year, to apply to Sheffield University, in which he was successful.

Despite all the hype and build-up to which Hepple's nazi comrades had subjected him, only 50 BNP members turned up in York, possibly because they knew there would be well organised opposition to them.

In the event they found themselves surrounded by, as Tim puts it, "at least 200 reds who did not look physically impressive". As the nazis formed up in a local car park behind the bearded John Wood, who is well known in the movement as a maker of moonshine or illegal liquor, a strange and eerie event took place. Eric Brand produced what he claimed was the original BNP flag from the early sixties, when the BNP had an earlier existence before being absorbed into the newly formed National Front in 1967.

The German Nazis used to perform a ceremony at their Nuremberg Party Day rallies in which Hitler and the head of the SS and SA took the *Blutfahne* (blood flag), which had the bloodstains of the nazi martyrs of the failed 1923 Munich putsch, and with it touched the growing number of new nazi banners. Now young Eric Brand repeated this disgusting throw-back to the bloody history of the Third Reich with John Wood, who proceeded to touch the BNP's Union Jacks with the Sun Wheel banner of the original BNP, while intoning the words: "This Flag is the strengthmaker". By this time Gus McLeod and even Brand himself looked as though they thought Wood was off his rocker.

Fighting had already broken out before the march, between the BNP and student anti-fascists who were in York not just to oppose the BNP but to observe Remembrance Sunday. The students were holding a rally with international speakers at Cliffords Tower, site of the worst antisemitic massacre in British history in the 13th century. The reason why the BNP were so keen on York for its rally was their admiration of this mass slaughter and their obvious hope that it would not be the last within these shores.

On this occasion the wreath-laying party consisted of John Wood, Andrew Oxley, Dave Owens and a throw-back from the past, Phil Stone from Leeds. Stone was part of a notorious Leeds fascist family that included a number of boxers who had been the backbone of far-right extremist politics in Leeds in the 1950s and early 1960s, when they were running the original British National Party branch there. Their pugilistic prowess was put to the test in London in 1962, when the BNP nazis clashed with the Jewish anti-fascist organisation, the 62 Group, who wiped the floor with them and another 100 nazis.

When the march set off the BNP, which nearly always enjoys more than adequate assistance from the forces of law and order, found that the anti-fascists had been allowed almost to join on the tail end of the march. Several BNP members were angered by this and tore into the anti-fascists, only to find themselves arrested and paying huge fines in court later on. Among this motley crew were Dave and Richard Howard, two former council employees from Sheffield; Dave Oakes, a well known thug from the south and these days a keen follower of Combat 18; Andrew Varley, a former British Movement leader in Sheffield and a man with a keen interest in certain chemical substances; and the sons of John Peacock, the infamous former gunrunner from Leicester who today runs the BNP's international liaison wing through the Odal Ring set-up.

After the day's debacle Hepple returned to Scotland where preparations were in full swing for the long-awaited St Andrews Day event, with Tyndall as the star attraction.

These are Hepple's own recollections of that day.

I met Tyndall getting off the train at Glasgow Central. With him were Richard Edmonds, the man who runs the BNP on a day to day basis, and John Morse, the loyal lapdog who had served a jail sentence alongside Tyndall for being editor of *British Nationalist*, which had carried the article that had got them both locked up. Also tagging along was the scruffy figure of Alan McIntosh, a Newham activist who earned his living digging graves at an east London Jewish cemetery, which must have given him no end of pleasure.

Due to police intervention and the fact that Rangers were playing that day, attendance was around 40 and we had to hold the "rally" in a city centre hotel. We had already lost a booking fee from the first venue and I remember Edmonds coughing up £50 for a new room for the gathering.

I was reasonably impressed by Tyndall, who was really attacking the state for its corruption and decadence (and the fact that Britain's rulers were "controlled by the Jews" – the evidence of this being Tyndall's recent imprisonment). He managed to inject a bit of emotion into the speech when talking about his young daughter: how difficult it had been for Valerie, his wife, to "fend for herself" when her husband was detained at Her Majesty's pleasure.

He reserved his worst invective for the creators of the Anglo-Irish Agreement, the hot issue of the moment (by which we were able to gain a toehold within Scottish Loyalism) – further evidence of the government's "hidden agenda" of attempting to split up the (dis)United Kingdom and its spinelessness in the face of republican terror. He trotted out the familiar story about his "Loyalist grandfather" who had been stabbed in the back by the British government during the home rule conflict of 1920.

After the rally we went back to a pub near the station and chatted. I talked to Morse, Tyndall and Edmonds at length. My attendance seemed to warrant some interest. My student status confirmed the belief of the leadership that there were "many students" (one person is proof of this bent theory) sick and tired of the "red academia" on campuses up and down the nation. Universities were "a nest of Marxists" said Morse. On this occasion Morse told me that we didn't need a swastika for the party. "The Union Jack is our swastika, it has the same effect on the niggers that the swastika had on the Jews," he informed me.

Tyndall told me that he had "done it all in the 1960s" with "open nazism" and that we didn't need it now. Coincidentally as we were sitting in the pub drinking and poisoning each other's minds with nazi ideology, the TV news was turned on in another part of the pub and lo and behold a report on the activities of Eugene Terre'Blanche and his AWB came on screen. I said something like "shit, that looks good". Tyndall rushed over to the TV and I turned up the volume. The report lasted a good five minutes and showed men in brown shirts, children lighting torches at an AWB rally, men on horseback and Terre'Blanche ranting on to the true believers present. This spectacle put our efforts somewhat to shame and Tyndall was strutting around like an overgrown schoolboy saying that we needed to be like the AWB. "Did you see those young men in uniform – bloody marvellous," Tyndall exclaimed. "That's what we need for the movement here."

I talked at length to Edmonds as well, commending him on his marvellous comments in a recent *Time Out* report on fascism in Britain, where he'd said: "We should put the queers in camps and make them wear pink pyjamas with black triangles on." Even at this stage Edmonds was able to truthfully claim that on one south London estate he could sell a copy of *British Nationalist* to one in three households. (This is still true today throughout south and east London, as I can testify.) This seemed remarkably impressive. Many times I had seen weak looking left-wing papersellers from the 57 brands of Marxists attempting to sell their pathetic little rags to an uninterested public. They had 20 times more members than we did and yet we were obviously a lot more in tune with the white working class than the Trots were.

My doubts about the obvious nazism of the BNP were dispelled by both this rally and Eric Brand's comments during meetings at his house. The party attempted to look respectable – no out of control yobbos here, I thought – quite good discipline, a successful series of papersales in and around Glasgow and seemingly intelligent members.

The chaos and uncertainty of the NF was not to be seen within the BNP. To some extent I fell for the early BNP slogans like "One Party, One Will!" If only I knew about these and other characters inside the BNP at that time in late 1986. I still can't believe how naive I was to believe the nazism of people like Brand, McLeod and Morse.

I just wanted to smash the state, to show my anger, to hate somebody. Like many others I was scared about the future and had little respect for myself. I wanted to be part of a gang and I really enjoyed slagging people off and getting in fights. The BNP provided me with some sense of identity and belonging.

To some extent I fell for the idea that nazism was an extreme form of opposition to the government. The BNP was the vehicle for expressing hatred and violence. By late 1986 I thought myself to be a hardline national socialist with little interest in plain old nationalism. Every time I heard a Hitler speech I virtually lost control. I don't know exactly what it was – the tone of voice, the power, the spectacle? He certainly held a tremendous fascination for me. It reminded me of Winston Smith in George Orwell's *Nineteen eighty-four*: "I loved Big Brother".

Returning to England

Hepple was now to head back south into England. He takes up his story again at the end of 1986.

In December 1986 I left Glasgow. I was suffering from a tinge of homesickness (or girlfriend sickness) as well as having to live in a really shitty flat in Dennistown, Glasgow. In addition I never seemed to have any money. Even then a student grant was barely enough to live on.

The one thing I missed back in Lancashire was being part of the movement and revenging myself and venting my pent up

hatred on the perceived "enemies of the Race", a bit like a junkie without his fix. I was away from the "family".

Having got a decent job in a local wallpaper warehouse and with the intention of restarting my music course at university at a later date, I wrote to Tyndall asking him for details of activists in the northwest that I could contact. As per usual, a reply took ages, but around six weeks later a reply turned up at my girlfriend's house and I was given a list of activists including Alan Payne (Manchester), Ian Sloan (Liverpool) and Mick Gibson (Leeds). I proceeded to ring Payne and Gibson on numerous occasions and was invited to "help out" at Leeds BNP papersales at the Lords Lane precinct in central Leeds and also at Elland Road, home to Leeds United FC.

Both these sites were of major importance. The generally low ebb of the movement (the slow progress of the BNP and the continuing factionalism in the NF) meant that "real" activities on the streets were highly valued by everyone involved. The only other place in the whole of the north where there was any real attempt to sell papers and give out leaflets was over in Liverpool. Leeds has always had a fascist presence – this can be traced back to the 1930s and in fact various old Mosleyites helped out at meetings, donated funds and so on, like George Shellito. For the BNP there were three or four regular sellers – David Owens, Mike Gibson, the young Kevin Whatmough (a glue sniffer) and occasionally myself. (Owens got locked up for inciting racial hatred. He later returned to his native Liverpool and became active in Patrick Harrington's Third Position running Green Wave, an ecological front for their fascist activities and a way of infiltrating and seducing naive greens. His departure was seen as a great loss to the BNP.)

Oddly enough, it was on a successful papersale at Leeds United FC in February 1987 that I was photographed by a *Searchlight* photographer posing as a "nazi comrade from Sweden". Much to my chagrin I was described as an "NF thug selling papers". This got noticed by most BNP supporters, all of them avid *Searchlight* readers, and it made me feel a bit "important". Getting in *Searchlight* meant instant status, even if they had got the paper I was selling wrong.

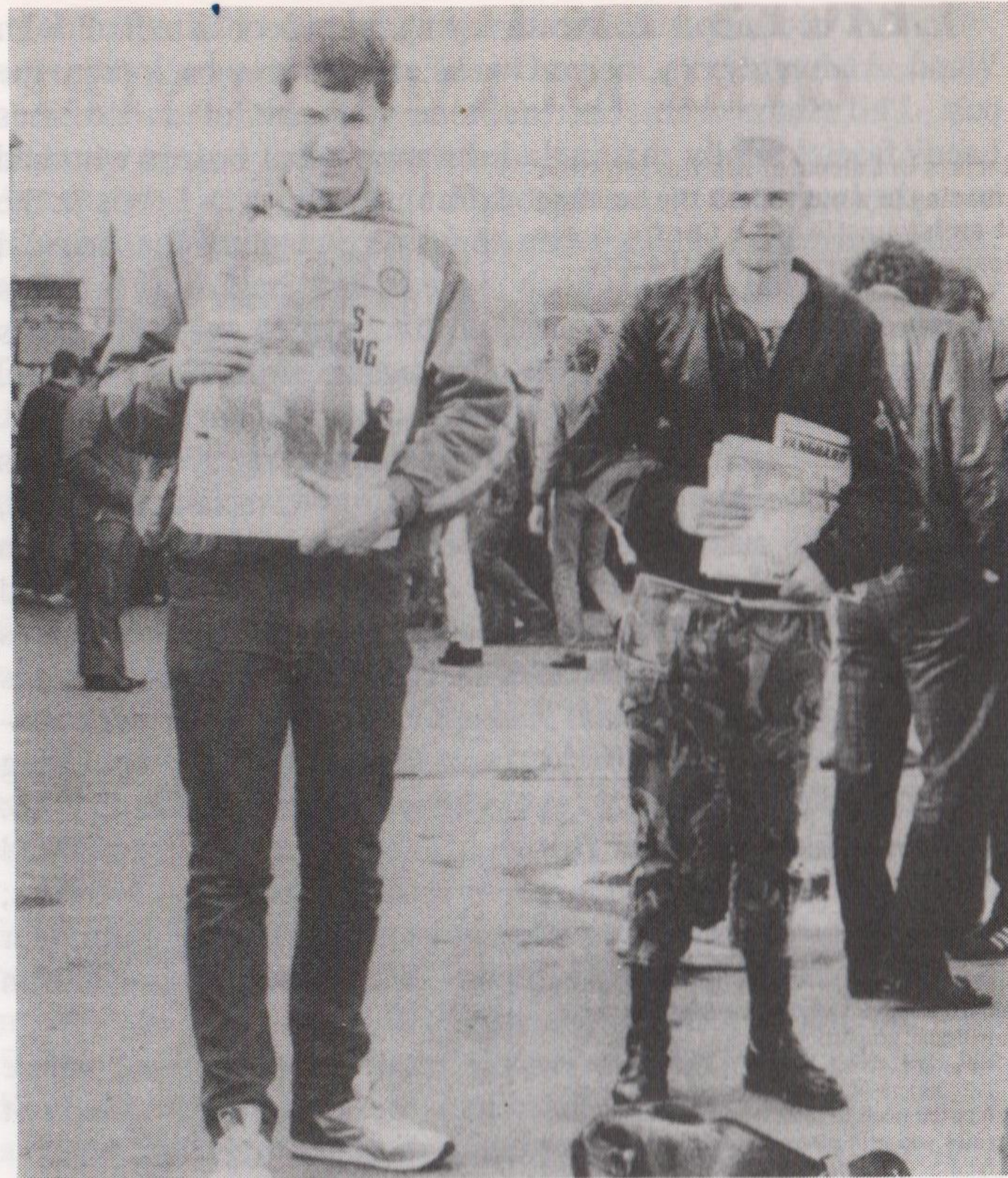
Between the beginning of 1987 and September of that year I travelled regularly to Leeds to sell papers, meet activists and visit the BNP headquarters at Crown Court next to the Corn Exchange to stock up on propaganda to distribute throughout north Lancs.

On one of these trips I met Joe Pearce who had recently published his fairly impressive *Nationalist Doctrine*. Eddy Morrison, the key nazi in the far right in Yorkshire for many years, pointed out to me some time later that the pamphlet took on a similar tone to the Catholic Credo. Pearce had recently converted to an extreme form of Catholicism.

Pearce was a genuine working-class hero within the movement. He wrote his own material though his detractors had claimed that Martin Webster, the former NF national activities organiser and one of the big names on the far right throughout the sixties, seventies and early eighties, had ghosted his efforts. He was also in on the ground floor of the White noise and Oi music scene. His adherence to a form of fundamentalist Catholicism was the basis for growing gossip about him seducing several women members of the Yorkshire NF without the precaution of birth control on his visits there, including the girl friend of one of the Leeds heavies. He all but dumped his wife and children back home in Dagenham, east London. His wife was partially sighted and this did not inspire people to look on him with much charity, despite having served his two stints in prison for the movement.

Hepple continues:

Pearce's stay in Leeds was "curtailed" by his sexual activities and by a wide range of death threats from enraged NF activists – the jilted boyfriends. The hero Pearce had really fallen from



Searchlight's first photograph of Hepple on a fascist activity in Leeds in 1987. He was upset because we described the papersellers as NF thugs instead of a BNP and an NF thug

grace. No longer the golden boy, rather the naughty boy of the movement. After this Pearce disappeared from public life and activity in the movement. The departure of people like Pearce made it easier a year or so later for the BNP to step into the void created by the decline of the NF.

Personally, I found Pearce difficult to talk to and a little bit arrogant, but maybe this was because I was a BNP member. The NF hated the BNP and *vice versa*. At this time the BNP beat the NF at the Greenwich by-election. Pearce had been the NF's candidate and the whole idea of one outfit splitting another's vote caused much trouble for all concerned.

One one day of paperselling at Leeds in early 1987 I met Andrew Brons, former NF chief and lecturer in constitutional law in Harrogate. He was not impressed by the BNP and particularly John Tyndall. I argued that at least we didn't keep splitting, but I couldn't help thinking that his obvious Strasserite working-class radicalism had a lot of credibility. The BNP was still trying to play the right-wing Tory card at this time and trying to exacerbate differences between the BNP and Brons's Flag group of the NF – the few hundred Fronters who were left out in the cold after the second purge of the NF, in 1986, by the "political soldiers" of Patrick Harrington and Nick Griffin. Brons's group had held onto the title NF after legal wrangles which were resolved by Harrington taking the name Third Way and Griffin, a former NF chair, setting up the International Third Position after a further split between him and Harrington a couple of years later.

The arguments between the rump of the NF and the BNP were mainly ideological. Tyndall often wrote cheap attacks on the skinheads, who were mostly, at that time, pro NF Flag group, in *Spearhead*.

I had some respect for Brons. He at least had an idea of where the movement could go, although it is interesting that at this time – mid to late 1987 – Brons was, on the surface at least, attempting to forge a new unity between the BNP and NF. He was one of the prime movers in the Nationalist Alliance that existed for a couple of months in mid-1987. It was obvious that both sides sought to wipe out the other. This desire for a single party to represent racial nationalism goes right back to Hitler's

writings in *Mein Kampf*, where he states that there must be a single, strong party to lead "the Volk". Both the NF and the BNP had taken this to heart and the scheme soon fell to pieces amid allegations of stealing members, dirty tricks and so on.

At a meeting in late August/early September 1987 at the Leeds HQ, Andrew Oxley, a "respectable" BNP spokesman, told a stunned audience that the alliance was terminated. Activists were angry because we all recognised the need for unity if we were to make any impact in the future. Arriving late and looking very depressed, Andrew Brons told us that the alliance was dead and that he didn't really know why (or he wasn't telling us). He related to us how both he and Stanley Clayton Garnett had worked hard to create a new unity and how disappointed they both were. I was depressed but not surprised by these developments. Tyndall was either going to be leader or else he would carry on fighting the good fight alone with his BNP cohorts. Brons knew that as well – he knew Tyndall too well. He tried to keep Tyndall out of the early NF in 1967/8, he told me on one papersale – a pity he didn't stop "the Führer".

Hepple has only a partial view of negotiations between the BNP and the NF that were taking place at national leadership level in London. Agreement had all but been reached when the question of electing a leader was brought up. The BNP negotiators appeared to have had the idea all along that there would be no elections, just a joint endorsement of Tyndall's Führership. It all ended in tears and without the unity that might have changed the course of events for the British far right.

In September 1987 Hepple's life was to become centred on Sheffield and its university. It is clear that he looked forward to studying and to a politically extreme environment with a fairly large left-wing grouping on campus, a strong trade union tradition in the city and a hotch potch of right-wing extremists going back a long way.

Hepple, while he was developing into a young man keen to destroy society, was oddly enough a student of classical music and a very bright one.

Once again Hepple takes up his story.

Around a month later I started off my degree course at Sheffield University. As soon as I arrived I arranged to meet John Wood and David Howard, the Sheffield BNP organisers. Howard and his sidekick, "mad" Pete Oakes (whose son is a member of the South African army) had told me in Leeds a few weeks earlier that "we aim to crack a few heads together in south Yorkshire." It was my aim to attack "Red Sheffield" as much as possible. (At this time the BNP had about 100 members in Yorkshire, according to David Owens.)

Even in September 1987, when I arrived in Sheffield to start my B Hons course, the NF was in a bad way, although the BNP was unable to press home any advantage. One success for the party had been the takeover of Doncaster NF and its conversion to the BNP. In September 1987 the branch had around 25 members and held fortnightly meetings at the Railway pub in Doncaster. The meetings were really talking shops, although soon my activities in Sheffield were to provide a new focus. The branch did have some good activists, including ex-NSM activists Frank Walker and Jim Tyrer, who related how in the past their NSM activities had taken them nationwide and how Tyndall travelled to meetings with a loaded pistol for protection. In addition, Doncaster ex-NF stalwart John Atkinson gave solid support. He was very loyal and turned up in Sheffield at subsequent court cases.

Dave Howard and Pete Oakes soon left the BNP to join the Strasserite Flag NF. However, I met them on a regular basis at the Landsdowne pub in London Road, Sheffield, along with their Sheffield United racist thug friends. These were very violent types and although we grew apart as time went on, we were involved in a whole range of vicious assaults on socialists and

anti-fascists in Sheffield. Howard and his brother Richard certainly weren't afraid of the anti-fascists although they had some local support and respect. I was very isolated up at the university. We last met during an attack on a socialist movement conference at the Octagon centre in early 1989 where we combined to send Tony Benn and his colleagues running for cover.

The truth in Sheffield was that a lot of nazis were around and although I was almost to get killed trying to organise them, there was in 1987/88 too much of an atmosphere of mistrust and apathy. In the late 1970s to early 1980s up to 80 British Movement supporters from Sheffield attended BM activities. There was also a long history of fascism in Sheffield upon which to draw, right back to Frank Hamley and the Union Movement in the late 1950s to early 1960s.

One of the big problems was disunity and trying to run before we could walk. In addition, at this time – about November 1987 – few of us saw any reason particularly to push the BNP, thanks to bad leadership and unfavourable economic conditions. In that month I got involved with a serious scheme and thus began my total immersion in hard-core nazism.

The "national socialist freemasonry"

It was completely by accident that in November 1987 I attended a secret meeting of former and current Sheffield nazi activists. It was a reunion and discussion and was held at "our" pub, the Three Cranes, Queen Street, Sheffield.

Present were the following: Mike Calton (ex-Union Movement, original BNP, and a convicted synagogue arsonist who had later joined the NF in Sheffield, before moving up to Manchester); Gordon Gee (ex just about everything, a nazi, always showed us photos of him as Mosley's bodyguard and was organiser of north west National Socialist Party (UK) in the early 1980s); Ivan Pierson (of Wilding Way, Kimberworth, Rotherham, now an accountant, was big wheel in Yorks NF during 1970s and early 1980s, candidate for the NF in 1974 and 1979, close ally of Martin Webster); Peter Revell (ex-NF leader and trade unionist in Sheffield, stood for Sheffield Heeley in 1974 election, his talent is highly regarded even now by Tyndall, owns a tourist attraction cave in Hope Valley); John Wood and Len Oldfield (of Stonelow Road, Dronfield near Sheffield, ex-NF activist and small businessman).

The prime mover was Mike Calton, one of the most, if not the most, impressive people I've ever met. He had been active in the movement since a young age in the 1960s. He had got involved in a stupid firebomb attack against a synagogue in Sheffield in the late 1960s along with Barry Bolton and Joseph Short, a nazi satanist. Calton never forgave himself for mixing with rubbish like Bolton and spent some time in prison. He is a remarkably self-sufficient man who picked himself up after imprisonment and spent a long time living in a motor home. He later moved to Manchester and became a small businessman. At the time I knew him he was operating (in Clayton, Manchester) a small business known as Clayton Exchange, which ostensibly was to be used as a fundraiser for his group.

Calton was, quite rightly in many respects, disgusted both with the British people and more specifically with the human trash that inhabited the extreme right. He valued loyalty more than anything else and had far-reaching plans for the future. He was a totally dedicated national socialist although he admitted a grudging respect for small Asian businessmen (who I suppose he empathised with). He was not particularly interested in taking any kind of leadership role, seeking rather to influence events from behind the scenes.

Calton, the man whom Hepple found attractive, was one of the most dangerous nazis around, responsible for many of the attacks against the Jewish community in Manchester and Leeds in the late 1980s and early 1990s. When Searchlight

named him he fled to France but is now thought to be back in Britain.

Hepple continues his tale.

At the initial Sheffield meeting my obvious intellectual capacity grabbed his attention and I listened with amazement as he laid out his unusual though exciting new strategy.

We were to create what he described as "the freemasonry of national socialism", not the usual rock hard elite who dressed up in uniforms and listened to Wagner operas in rooms full of Third Reich regalia, but a small group of influential activists within the BNP (as it was obviously more national socialist than the NF) who would push it into more open national socialism. But this was only the first stage. In many respects Calton was right to argue that the British end of the nazi movement was incompetently led, especially by the "traitor" (to nazism) Tyndall, who was accused, along with others, of selling out national socialism in the late 1960s (a strand of thinking which runs very deep even within BNP) in favour of "British nationalism". Therefore, the movement needed German leadership rooted in Hitler's Germany and such a movement would be European in orientation, dedicated exclusively to the Fourth Reich, or New European Order. Calton had the leaders already lined up. He'd made contact with ex-SS officers in Germany and Austria via the interesting figure of "Gerry" Gerhardt. Gerhardt was our very own nazi hero, who had left the fatherland after the war for Britain, where he became an aircraft mechanic in north Wales. Gerhardt was a nazi simply because "Hitler brought good times to our village in Germany". He had survived the Russian Front as well. His identity and activities were kept a closely guarded secret, although he was not a war criminal, having been only an average Wehrmacht soldier (in terms of rank at least).

Calton had met Gerhardt through Pete Grier, a stand-up comedian and entertainer from Chadderton, near Oldham. Grier had married Gerhardt's daughter and got involved with Calton. Grier and Calton were by now close friends and they certainly trusted each other. I was impressed by their emphasis on loyalty and also by the fact that they refused to compromise their beliefs or get directly involved with the various scum that inhabited the NF and BNP.

The weakness of the BNP in Yorkshire and my own profile within the region as an activist led the "group" to believe that I could both recruit members to our cause and put pressure on Tyndall to work for an openly national socialist agenda. Calton worked very hard for this in his area by offering to transport BNP members to and from meetings. He also pushed the use of *Holocaust News* and other nazi publications within his circle of BNP allies. I sometimes spoke at Manchester BNP meetings at a seedy pub not far from the big Manchester newspaper offices. At these and at meetings at Leeds BNP headquarters I would talk a lot about developments in Germany and the need for us to both learn about and be inspired by the Third Reich and to dedicate ourselves to building a more European perspective. Although this clashed with the xenophobic and little Englander attitudes of many BNP members, we won respect from members and supporters in Doncaster, Leeds, Sheffield, north Nottinghamshire and Liverpool.

The first test of our new group was at the inaugural meeting of Worksoop BNP, where my new colleagues Peter Baynes and Mark Hopkinson had friends interested in the movement. At this meeting real divisions arose – all the warring factions were present. John Peacock, the Midlands regional boss, was shocked to be surrounded by a ten-strong group of nazis (our people) putting on heavy pressure, whilst Dave Howard, who had recently joined the Flag NF, brought a couple of his Strasserite mates to wind things up. It turned out, yet again, that nobody had a good word for Tyndall and I knew that with the right leadership a new national socialist party could be formed.

With this in mind, I travelled to Richard Edmonds' flat at

Vale Lodge, Perry Vale, London SE23 for the January 1988 BNP organisers' conference, attended by Tyndall, Edmonds, Ian Sloan, Kevin Scott, David Bruce, Keith Axon and a few others. My brief was to ask Tyndall straight out about his views on national socialism. My chance came during the lunchtime recess at a nearby pub, where I cornered the *Führer* at the bar. I said: "I've been asked to find out about your views on Hitler and national socialism. A lot of people in my area are looking for a more openly nazi agenda and links with German comrades." Tyndall was reasonably open and he told me something that has stuck in my mind ever since. "Well, Tim, I'm quite prepared to admit to you over a drink that I'm a national socialist, but there's no way I'd say that in public." This was an interesting comment and it gave me something to take back north.

The rest of the conference was mundane, but my suggestion that we should put a Union Jack at the masthead of *British Nationalist* was accepted (and later acted upon) by all present. I left the conference fairly unimpressed and uninspired, but I did take around 400 copies of *Holocaust News* back to Sheffield for distribution by our group.

Back in Sheffield I rang both Calton and Mick Gibson to report to both camps on the London conference. Calton was quite pleased and we got ready to step up our activity.

Our next move was to fully infiltrate our people into the BNP. This took place at a meeting in Leeds at the headquarters where Tyndall was to speak. Calton, Grier, Peter Raven and myself were present with our supporters. Although nothing decisive happened, the turnout was good from our side and I was able to boost my own credibility by speaking alongside Tyndall and Clayton-Garnett.

We soon devised a telephone code in order to throw the Special Branch off the scent. We were, after all, starting to get very active. Not only were we pushing out hundreds of copies of *Holocaust News* in and around Manchester, but we started to hand out leaflets denying the Holocaust at the Town Hall, Manchester. We also stickered the place up and abused its ethnic minority staff on their way into the building. Night raids were carried out in central Manchester where three or four of us would rip down left-wing posters and on one occasion Calton and I vandalised a peace statue near the town hall by pouring white hammerite paint over it. On the basis of these successful raids we planned to go further by getting involved in a madcap scheme to place a rubber tyre around the Nelson Mandela statue in Manchester town hall and set it on fire in true Winnie Mandela ANC fashion. Calton, Gee and Grier were on top of this now, targeting Jews in central Manchester (at the stock exchange and railway stations) for a systematic campaign of intimidation by giving them copies of *Holocaust News*. A graffiti hit team was organised by Calton. One slogan we painted up in the Piccadilly area was: "Viraj Mendis – one down, 4 million to go".

The biggest meeting of the group took place in the Manchester area on 20 April 1988, Hitler's birthday. I travelled over from Sheffield with my close comrade Peter Baynes. At the time we were both on bail as a result of a violent clash in Sheffield with anti-fascists. We had a lot of faith in Calton's group – a lot more than in the BNP who had done sod all to aid us in our court case.

Nazis from all over the area met at Piccadilly station in the morning. We were all dressed in full nazi gear. I had a leather jacket, brown shirt, black tie outfit on, for instance, whilst Calton and Grier had their own real jackboots! We got into a convoy of cars and converged on Glossop Moor where we rallied at the site of a wartime crashed Nazi plane. We had swastika flags flying and all wore swastika armbands. With me were the following: Peter Baynes, Bob Elliott and his dad, a woman called Linda, Alan Payne, Bob Jones, Alan Milnes (who I'd recently met in Lancaster for the first and fateful time), Mike Calton, Peter Grier, Steve "Jan" Smith (the twat from Bury) and Gerry Gerhardt – all BNP members except Gerhardt. Gordon

Gee brought himself along with his usual photos of him and Mosley back in the 1960s.

Calton brought a bust of Hitler with him and we all "hailed" the bust as it faced north! This lunacy was only topped when Calton enthusiastically announced that we were to go into mass production of these Hitler busts in order to raise money for our group as well as to export them to Germany where Calton's SS mates would create an eager market.

Calton also announced a trip to Germany by minibus. The tour was to include legendary sites such as Braunau am Inn (Hitler's birthplace) and Dachau. This eventually took place as well a second visit which was an excuse for Gerhardt to visit his homeland and speak his native tongue whilst Calton developed links with any and every nazi he could get hold of.

All this activity inevitably led to conflict between us and the totally incompetent organisers inside the BNP. Around May/June 1988 two things happened.

Firstly a central plank of our plan collapsed when it transpired that our great white hope, Kevin Randall, refused to get actively involved in national socialism, preferring instead to pursue his career at Lloyd's Bank. Calton had been impressed with Kevin Randall after a meeting of loosely associated nazis from the northwest organised by one Betty Showman in mid-1987. Calton wanted local groups of unaffiliated nazis previously involved in the NF and Mosleyism to coalesce around a network headed by the young Randall. This was an interesting deviation from straight nazism with its emphasis on a strict hierarchy organised centrally and from the top down. Both Calton and Randall in their own way were encouraging local groups to prepare for the future by stocking up on supplies and lying low. This was a sort of inferred "autonomous nazi self-sufficiency" movement. Apparently Randall had been addressing other like-minded groups and Calton was talking a lot at this time about having "already taken measures to prepare for the future".

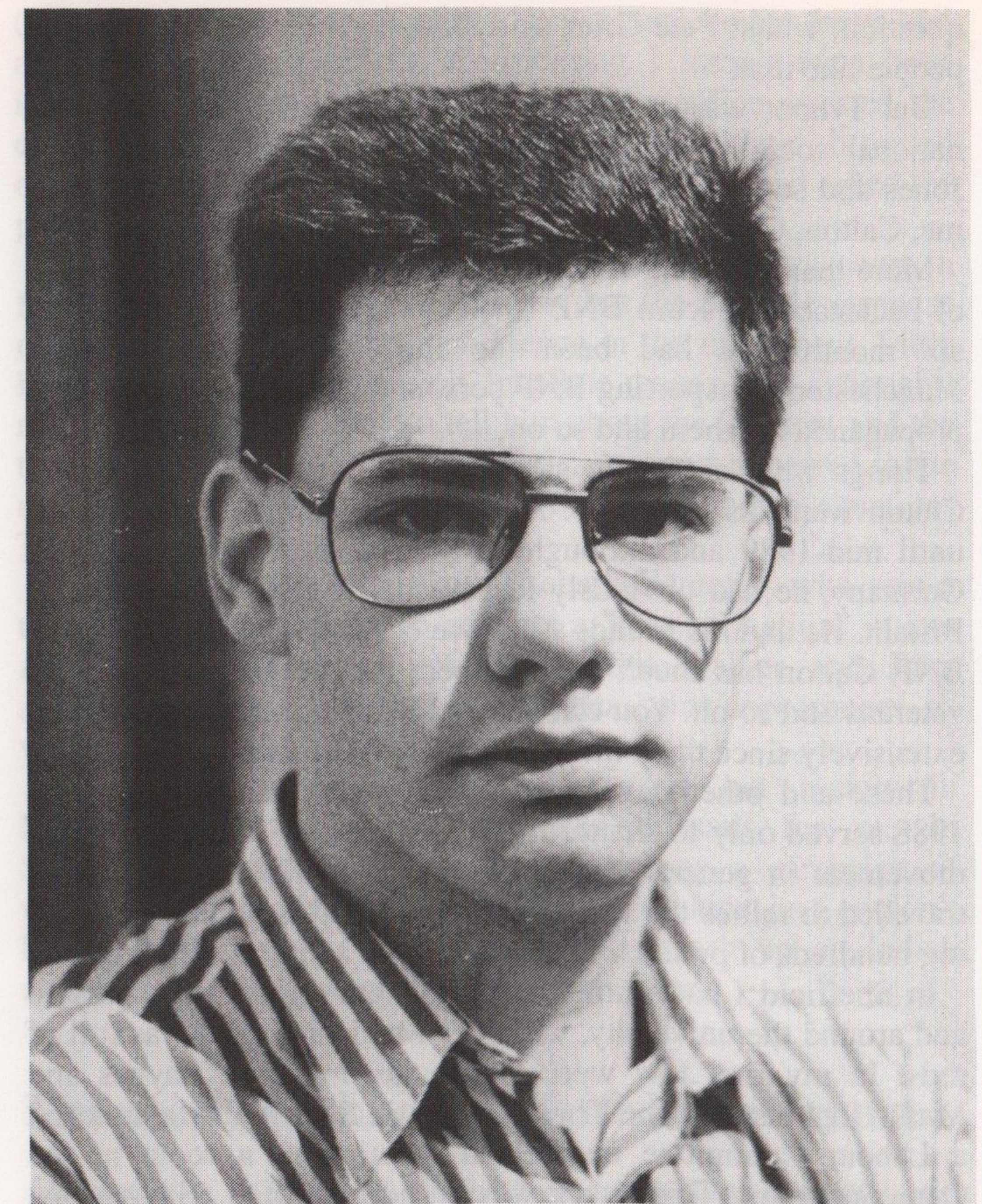
Randall, who had been an active NF member, was one of the bright young thinkers emerging in the early to mid-1980s and got involved with the small but nasty and noisy National Action Party. The party collapsed after a group of members meeting in London were ambushed by anti-fascists and seen off. Searchlight had received information about their activities from its moles inside the group and from the drunken loose-tongued rantings of Eddy Morrison.

Tim goes on:

Secondly, there was a big bust up between us and Tyndall at a meeting in Manchester around May/June 1988 addressed by me, Tyndall and boring Dave Bruce. I was in an awkward position, straddling the divide between the BNP and Tyndall's most vocal critics. The main focus was less anti-BNP and more anti-Tyndall (who was seen as a "sellout to moderation" in 1967/8 when he joined the NF and Colin Jordan formed the British Movement).

On previous occasions Tyndall had tried to mollify his critics by private assurances of his nazism, both in London and again at a grievance meeting in Leeds in early 1988 which took place as a result of his complete mishandling of a situation with Doncaster BNP. He had basically told Doncaster BNP to "get sorted out" and had sent all its members a rude and critical letter after he found out that they were criticising his leadership. At the Leeds meeting Tyndall answered ex-NSM members and party disloyalists Frank Walker and Jim Tyrer, with the words: "We have constructed our political programme as close to national socialism as possible".

At the Manchester meeting, attended by about 30 people, Tyndall waffled on about the BNP up in the Manchester area needing to "get more active" and sell more *Spearheads* etc. The "speech" was totally lacklustre, the high point coming when Dave Bruce came in having been held up by a late train.



Hepple in studious pose while studying at Sheffield University

David Bruce, who is now technically deputy leader of the BNP, has been on the nazi scene since the 1960s. Most members thought he was an accountants' clerk because he was always advising about budgets and finance. In fact he is a licensed black cab driver in London, a fact that he has kept well hidden. As well as being accused of being a Jew by some of the more loony members of the BNP, he is attacked because he lives in the rather smart town of Cheshunt in Hertfordshire. As the nazi thugs put it: Cheshunt is not full of niggers and muggers, so how should he understand the problems of the inner cities.

Others accuse him of being like a schoolmaster who is sent around the country by the Führer to chastise naughty members. This does not go down too well with the average member and certainly not the nazi hard core of the BNP.

I was on next and talked about the idea of "more clearly stating the fundamental political philosophy we all share, as exemplified by the European movements of the prewar period". I also mentioned the need for the leadership to take more account of its membership (some hope!), in other words the "open" nazis, and to help push *Holocaust News*. After this attempt to introduce our group agenda, Dave Bruce launched into a tirade against "Hollywood Nazis" and "people interested in German ideology", describing them as "heavy drinkers and Wagner fanatics". (Can you believe such shit?) This went down badly – the whole room was full of nazis! Open nazis as well. Calton immediately asked Tyndall a question: "Mr Tyndall, you've said a lot about nationalism, but what about national socialism? A lot of us are interested in this and feel you ought to be honest about this issue."

At that point my first real glimpse of Tyndall the prima donna emerged. He went barmy: "I'm not answering that. We've done it all before. Nobody can accuse me of not doing my bit. You, my man, are a Jew, Alan [Payne] he's a bloody Jew, remove him at once! I didn't come here to answer these questions. I'm off." At this point he picked up his briefcase and went off to the bar. As chairman I said that I thought Tyndall should answer the

question, whilst Pete Grier said “Mosley wouldn’t walk out on people like that.”

But Tynpot wasn’t the only one lacking the courage of his national socialist convictions. Alan Payne, the Elliotts, Bob Jones and son, as well as one or two others, quickly turned on me, Calton, Grier, Pete Baynes and Gerhardt in complaint.

More than anything else, this incident showed me what a pile of backstabbing scum BNP “loyalists” really were. In the past six months we had been the lifeblood of the scene in Manchester, transporting BNP personnel to meetings, obtaining propaganda for them and so on.

Things were never the same after this and, as I suspected, Calton went his own way. Although we kept in close contact until mid-1989 and although he offered me a chance to visit Germany, he had obviously lost his belief in the movement in Britain. He and his friends still have occasional contact with the BNP. Calton has much more respect for the Germans, the SS veterans and so on. You can hardly blame him. He has travelled extensively since then, including a stay in France.

These and other developments between late 1987 and mid 1988 served only to shatter my faith in the BNP and the whole movement in general. From September 1987 to June 1988, I travelled to rallies the length and breadth of the country, spending hundreds of pounds. The demands on activists were high.

In Sheffield I had immediately got into things, especially in and around the university, which as I had suspected was full of reds. In my first few weeks after meeting Pete Baynes and Mark Hopkinson at the Three Cranes in Sheffield, we attacked a Labour Committee on Ireland meeting in a room at the Octagon centre. This attack was an ad-hoc affair. Having just been turned away earlier from attending a BNP activity in Dewsbury, the racial hot spot of the moment, and having been booted out from one place by the police, I suggested we went back to Sheffield and have a go at this LCI meeting which was being addressed by an apologist for the IRA, a Sinn Fein councillor.

Having met John Wood in the centre of town, we decided to go for it. Wood gave us a lift up to the university, but chickened out of the violence. So it was left to me, Baynes, Hopkinson and Adrian Whitmore (more recently of Blood and Honour fame) to attack. We quickly located the room and stormed in, overturning tables and bashing people with chairs. I shouted “IRA murderers” or something. The scene was one of panic and destruction. Baynes had dropped a literature table on someone’s head whilst Hopkinson and Whitmore kicked a lot of people with their moonstompers. The LCI tried to block the door but I managed to get out in time, receiving a nasty cut above the eye. We stormed out of the building shouting “Sieg Heil”. We could see the panicking students staring out of a window, so I picked up a brick and hurled it at the waiting target, to be rewarded with a direct hit and more blood. By this time the LCI had realised that there were only four of us, so they gave chase. We left quickly but were really happy. Nothing like that had happened to the bastards for years, especially in “Red” Sheffield. Further hysteria followed when about half an hour later Dave Howard came up to the area with some of his mates to have another go.

This drove the university reds into a panic, but I made the big mistake of telling my student friends about it and in following weeks student activists were able to trace me to Stephenson Hall and photograph me eating my evening meal in the canteen. On the basis of this the students’ union was able to get a positive ID on me and gather witnesses for a subsequent “kangaroo court” and investigation by student “representatives” into my activities. They also had the *Searchlight* photo from early 1987. At a “meeting of enquiry” some weeks later I was hauled up in front of a “board of enquiry” to answer various charges that I couldn’t really deny.

My only defence was to cast doubt on the student eyewitness reports, which, it has to be said, were all identical and very

over-emotional with references to the Holocaust and racist attacks which had little bearing on the matter in hand.

The outcome was a “slapped wrist” and threats and promises about my being barred from the students’ union – a prospect that didn’t really bother me as I only went in there to put up stickers, leave BNP leaflets lying around and to verbally abuse various left-wingers and anti-fascist activists.

Obviously somebody more serious than whinging students was bothered about my activity. Days later at nighttime I was attacked by two masked anti-fascists with clubs and ended up in hospital with six stitches in the back of my head, a badly damaged left leg, a broken or bent nose and a neck brace.

This attack in no way deterred me. It redoubled my will to fight and led me from then on to vary my route home, vary my daily routine and go more “underground”. I took to stickering at two and three in the morning, sometimes walking miles, and pushing leaflets under the windscreen wipers of stationery cars. In addition, I carried an acid-type spray in an old Windolene squirter bottle and a large iron bar. They weren’t going to catch me again. They never did either.

Although hassled constantly by student reporters from the university newspaper *Scan* and watched (when they found me) by the ever so persistent activists from the Sheffield Defence Campaign, I spent a lot of time out of town, in Manchester with Mike Calton and company and in Worksop and Retford with Pete Baynes. I hoped to encourage activists from outside Sheffield to come and help me sell papers in central Sheffield. I was quite successful and we soon took to the streets in town selling *British Nationalist*. Harry Lindsay, Frank Walker, John Atkinson and Jim Tyler came from Doncaster; Pete Baynes and his brother Philip, a former Sheffield NF member and hard-core Hitlerite who worked for British Rail in Crewe, helped out, as well as two out-of-town Sheffield Wednesday fans – Richard Ward from Rotherham and “Masher”, a train driver.

A gang of skinheads who hung around town also helped out. We often met at their local, the Barrowboys, for drinks. On some occasions we had up to 18 people on site or watching out and this didn’t include John Wood and Barry Bolton who continued to prop up the bar of the Three Cranes.

1987 York Remembrance Day disaster

One big explosion took place in November 1987 before Remembrance Day. Dave Howard and his mates were going to travel to London for the NF parade whilst I was unsure what to do. Calton and his friends wanted to go to Cannock Chase to lay wreaths at the SS graves there. The only problem was that the loonies of Terry Flynn’s November 9th society might be there as well. Eventually I rang Colin Jordan and asked him for advice, explaining our problem. Jordan basically said that we should over the next few years try and set up an “alternative venue” for Remembrance Day that would attract national socialists. I was in regular contact with Jordan and wrote him many letters. Many people wanted him to return as leader and I have no doubt that if he had decided to come out of retirement and his life as a recluse at Greenhow Hill, he would have overtaken the BNP in no time at all.

In fact Jordan’s alleged retirement from his role as the godfather of postwar national socialism is just a smokescreen for his growing activity in producing nazi and anti-Jewish propaganda and advising various far right leaders.

It transpired that the Calton group was going to “do something in Manchester”, so I went in John Wood’s car to York. The days leading up to the event had seen Tyndall interviewed by a local radio station where he said that York was “a natural place for us to march”. It was, considering the anti-Jewish pogrom and events at Clifford’s Tower hundreds of years ago.

The event was a real confidence shaker and disaster, a catalogue of basic errors from start to finish. Firstly, there was no official meeting point so a few others and myself walked around York city centre picking up nazi strays and other lost BNP souls. We found Dr Peter Peel in the Station Hotel having lunch and suggested he came with us. Around 50 of us met in a pub and the usual drinking started. After around an hour John Wood came in telling us that we couldn’t march but that a rally was to be held in the Crest Hotel. How he knew this was anyone’s guess, but instead of simply telling us he was strutting around telling everybody the venue. A group of reds outside the pub heard him too, so off they went to get their ragbag of comrades together. Five minutes later we arrived at the Crest Hotel only to find it blocked off by York police who were obviously going to make things very difficult. The hotel overlooked Clifford’s Tower, ironically enough, so I suppose we were in the right place.

The hotel manager knew who we were and it turned out that the room had been booked under the name of “Mr Wiggins”. Matters were only worsened by the arrival of Tyndall who was ranting on about freemasonry and the police being under “Zionist control”. However he told us that “Mr Wiggins” was actually Mick Gibson, who for some reason hadn’t yet arrived. More trouble erupted when an old black ex-serviceman turned up and tried to start a fight with us. He got arrested as did a few silly student protesters.

The whole thing stank. Tyndall decided to leave and travel the 40 miles to the Leeds HQ for a rally. Off we went in a convoy of cars in the knowledge that at least we’d get in there. No such luck! We got there to find that nobody had the key and Mick Gibson still hadn’t arrived. We held an impromptu rally in a taxi drivers’ café next to the HQ building.

The whole thing was a disaster and a farce. I went back to Sheffield very depressed, less by the ideology, more by the people in the BNP – a real gang of losers.

Back in Sheffield we decided not, for the moment, to travel all over England attending rallies, but to concentrate on activities locally. This was to take the form of paperselling. We sold for about six weeks in and around Sheffield, often near the markets in the city centre and sometimes at Sheffield Wednesday matches at Hillsborough. My constant visits to the Independent bookshop in Surrey Street, Sheffield were interesting because I read all the local anti-fascist bulletins, which made it clear that opposition to our activities was increasing. Large numbers of anti-fascists hung around the fringes of our sales but were often seen off by skinheads. They never attacked *en masse*, seeking rather to hurt individuals. We did quite well and launched a series of violent attacks on anti-fascists. A favourite target was a small group of real loonies called the Spartacists, who seemed to be mainly Americans and Australians. Their paper featured glowing reports of our activities so we put a lot of them in hospital. They had this idea that “industrial workers” would unite with them against us. Dream on!

By mid-February we really had it all wound up, but bad luck was to put a spanner in our works. A papersale in Sheffield on 27 February (I think) was stopped by the police and because of the number of anti-fascists we decided to let things cool down and return some weeks later. Most people just went off home and we went off for a drink at the Three Cranes. Around 3 o’clock the landlord, a friend of John Wood, had to close up. I opened the door and saw about three anti-fascists across the road. There were six of us. Baynes, Steve Hill (ex-army and ex-BM), Barry Bolton and Dean Thorpe charged off after them to the bottom of Bank Street. Unfortunately for them they bumped into another 20 anti-fascists. A fight ensued but the police were very quickly on the scene. Steve Hill disappeared sharpish – we were later to learn that he had seriously battered a red and was covered in blood. Baynes had a bruised eye. Thorpe was unscathed, whilst Bolton, an old man by now, lost a few teeth.

We were all bundled off by the police and they charged us

(me, Baynes and Thorpe) with affray, actual bodily harm and assaulting a police officer. Considering I hadn’t even been involved, this was nonsense. As usual the police arrested the easiest and smallest group and invented a story later. It turned out months later that MPs and Labour councillors had asked the police to sort us out.

We were bailed to appear at Sheffield magistrates court in May. It was not the events of the day but the pathetic response of the BNP that shook my confidence in the movement. Little legal support was forthcoming, let alone money, and although I rang Tyndall the next day to tell him about the incident and the trumped up charges, he did very little. A report appeared in the next month’s *British Nationalist*, but as in other situations Tyndall used us as cannon-fodder.

The main support came from Richard Edmonds who sent a team of London activists to conduct a “Day of Action” in late April. Some Doncaster activists, Frank Walker and John Atkinson, turned up at later magistrates court appearances, as well as Mike Calton and friends.

Baynes and I continued to be active but mainly in Nottinghamshire. The situation was difficult for me in Sheffield: Wood and Bolton were launching a campaign of whispers against me, whilst the Sheffield skins just couldn’t keep out of trouble. They managed to smash up an Indian restaurant but this was of no value whatsoever.

The secretive thugs of British Movement

At a meeting in a pub in Worksop one Saturday, Baynes and I met a skinhead from Nottingham called Benny. He told us that the British Movement was active in the area. I was surprised by this to say the least, but a phone call to Steve Smith, a Hollywood nazi and nutter from Tollington Road, Bury, a week or so later revealed more interesting information. He was going to visit Steve Frost (of Nields Road, Slaithwaite, Huddersfield), the BM organiser, the following weekend. I got Frost’s number from Smith and rang up asking to be allowed to join in the meeting.

We met Frost and a colleague of his from Heckmondwike, who claimed to be in the Territorial Army. Frost told us that since the early 1980s the BM had gone underground and was finished with the “open shop window” approach of the 1979-81 BM. They had chosen to have activities apparently centred on Huddersfield in order to “draw attention away from London”, where BM members had “taken over” various TA units. Members were encouraged to join local gun clubs and to take security seriously. The BM were totally paranoid about security, choosing to believe that the entire secret state, Special Branch and MI5, were on their case. I promised to join the BM and weeks later I sent off my money and got back a party card. A list of rules and regulations were sent as well, which stated that members of BM were not to fraternise with other activists from BNP, NF and so on. We were to “take orders” only from BM leaders.

Frost likened the BM “secret leader” to God. “If he told me that the moon was made of cream cheese, I’d believe him,” Frost once said. So just who was BM’s God, I asked? “That’s for me to know and for you to find out. I’m not authorised to tell you,” said Steve Frost. What a pratt!

I wanted to know what the BM was actually doing. I continued to sell BNP propaganda in Leeds, preferring to be doing something rather than wait for the BM to act. At that time people joined many different groups in sweepstake betting style (I was a member of the BM, November 9th Society and BNP in 1988), hoping for somebody somewhere to take up the mantle of serious and responsible leadership. In early to mid-1988 we could certainly round up activists but there was so much mistrust and factionalism that most of the activity centred on smoke-filled rooms and seedy bars.

The BM at that time had some terrible publications. One was *White Rose*, produced by Frost and company in Yorkshire. *White Rose* was illiterate with spelling mistakes everywhere. The layout was awful and the quality was worse. The whole thing was a compilation of newspaper reports, stickers and posters from foreign groups, and badly typed screeds by Frost.

I was not impressed but a lot was revealed a week or two later when I travelled to meet Gordon Jackson, organiser of Nottinghamshire BM. I travelled by train to Retford where he met me at the station. Jackson was a huge guy, obviously not the sort to mess around. He also had an evil smile, which I'll never forget. We went to his dad's house in a nice part of Retford where we chatted about things in general. Jackson was very paranoid about security, but a lot of what he said made sense: the need to go underground, to indoctrinate members, security, self-defence training. "It doesn't matter how many reds you're up against, if you're in a doorway only a few can get you." He was the sort of guy you might need around if things got heavy.

A couple of hours later Jackson told me he was off to a party in Worksop. His brother Andrew, a skinhead thug, appeared and drove us there. To my surprise we bumped into Adrian Whitmore, the Worksop thug who had helped in my attack on the LCI in Sheffield. He had completely changed. He seemed brainwashed, or scared of Jackson. (Pete Baynes agreed. He knew Whitmore better than I did and also couldn't understand the change.) Whitmore had no brains. He was nicknamed "witless" by BNP people. Now he was very quiet and just sat and listened. This in itself was a change.

An hour later a huge gang of Notts skins arrived, including "Benny", the small skin who had alerted me a few months before to the existence of the BM. By now the pub we were in was full of BM skinheads, around 25. I was impressed by this goodly number of thugs – they could be useful, I thought. Most of them came from Nottingham and Mansfield.

At one point Jackson threatened to break Benny's neck for even talking about the BM to me earlier on. Benny was the secretary of Notts BM (he could read and write) so Jackson gave the orders and expected 100 per cent obedience. I just couldn't understand this violence against our own people. Internal violence was one of the things that turned me against fascism later on.

I was the next victim of Jackson's uncontrollable temper. A couple of weeks later I travelled to Retford where one of my favourite bands, Condemned Street, were playing at the Porterhouse. I met my usual mates at a pub in the town centre: Baynes, Hopkinson, Thorpe and friends. We got quite drunk and proceeded to attack some anarchists who, we thought, were from Sheffield. They were there for the other half of the gig, the group GBH. The promoters made a big mistake putting bands with opposing views and supporters on the same bill.

Inside the gig, where a big crowd of skins and nazis were present, I talked to various "comrades" present. We were all having a good laugh at some leaflets I'd brought along produced by Terry Flynn's mad November 9th group. "Raise the flag and fight with Flynn, only then will our race win," was the hysterical slogan on the leaflets. We were all in fits of laughter. I mean what a pratt Flynn must be in that uniform. The leaflets circulated freely and all the nazis were in hysterics.

Unfortunately the story was related to *Führer* Jackson back at his bunker. BM skins present at the gig had obviously told him that I'd been "recruiting for the November 9th society". This was a load of nonsense. Nothing could be further from my mind. That week I returned to my room at Stephenson Hall in Sheffield, only to be informed by a porter that a gang of skinheads "from Nottingham" had visited his office earlier that day looking for me. Jackson had left a message with the porter: "contact me a.s.a.p."

I rang Jackson, but he wasn't in, so I rang Whitmore. He told me to meet him at Worksop station the following Sunday after-

noon "for a branch meeting". I duly obliged and travelled to Worksop station. After meeting Whitmore, who looked very serious indeed, two cars pulled up and skidded to a halt. What was going on? "Get in the f***ing car" said the driver. I was unceremoniously bundled into the Sierra and sat in the middle of the back seat sandwiched between two nasty looking bouncer types. "What the f*** is this – the Krays or something?" I said. "Just shut up, you're going for a little ride," said someone. Great, I thought. Not another word was uttered until we arrived at "location X", Jackson's house, in Hucknall.

Jackson's face had an evil smile and the front room of his house was full of BM people. "Sit down," he said. "Do you want some coffee?"

"Is this the condemned man's last request, or something?" I joked, trying to inject a modicum of humour into these odd proceedings.

"Just sit," said Whitmore, who looked as nervous as I did. After receiving my coffee (luckily not containing arsenic), Jackson sat in an armchair and the room fell silent.

"I hear you've been a naughty boy," said Jackson.

"I don't think so. I haven't told anyone about the BM except my girlfriend," I answered.

"Your girlfriend – she's a potential security risk. You know that don't you?"

"No, I didn't, but what's this all about, Gordon," I asked.

"You were observed handing out leaflets for the November 9th Society last weekend. This is very serious. It is a dangerous society, full of lunatics and Hollywood nazis [what a joke coming from him]. Have you read the BM rules and regulations enclosed with your membership card?" I was under the distinct impression that the dangerous lunatics were rather closer to hand than the November 9th Society.

"Yes, of course, but we were only having a laugh with people I trust implicitly."

"You've been acting like a plonker. You will have no contact with other so-called nationalists. This is very serious. We cannot afford for our security to be compromised at this stage. Normally people like you would be taken somewhere and beaten up badly."

At this point I was told to go into the kitchen of the council house where Jackson's kids were having a birthday party. Weirder and weirder, I thought.

It reminded me of a scene from the *Turner Diaries*, where a member of the "Order" is tried for oathbreaking, taken out and shot! I wondered if Jackson and his nutters had been trying to recreate this scene.

I was called back into the room and from this different angle I could see a baseball bat in one corner. This did not bode well.

"We have decided to overlook this breach of security. Now do you want to be active in the BM or not?"

I didn't have much choice at that stage, so of course I said "Yes."

"Good," said mad Jacko. "You will be useful to us in an information-gathering role, looking things up, especially as you have access to libraries in your university. Now get him out of here."

I was shown to the door, feeling glad to be alive. It was not so much what Jackson said as the horrible atmosphere of hate and venom in the front room of this innocuous-looking council house. Whitmore and I got in the car with another unknown heavy. I said how shocked I was but Whitmore told me that in other cases people had been beaten up by Jackson and how lucky I was. Some BM members distrusted me for being a student – far too clever to be a nazi, they thought. They wanted me dead. Whitmore himself had been threatened and recalled how he had burst into tears.

According to Whitmore and the driver of the car, one unfortunate potential member had been taken to nearby woods, forced to dig a hole in the ground and had a gun placed on his temple. I could just see these loonies doing something like this. Maybe

Whitmore was exaggerating, but I'll never know for sure. The fact that BM members visited forests reminded me of the scene in the *Turner Diaries* in which the nazi terrorists buried guns in forests.

On the journey to Worksop, Whitmore opened up a bit, as did the driver. "We're into raising money really, mainly for a land fund we've got so we can train there, away from the Special Branch." How do you "raise money", I thought. Whitmore said that "all methods" were used, including mass production of T-shirts and organising "gigs for blacks" in London.

After that mad day I kept away from the BM as much as possible. What was to stop them visiting me again? I wrote a couple of articles for Jackson's *National Socialist News*, a more illiterate version of *White Rose*, and got a call from Frost during my 1988 summer holiday asking me to translate various letters from French and German for them.

Other than that I attended a social organised by Notts BM at the Sports Centre, Hucknall, after the trip to Jackson's house. Tickets appeared one day in the post under the guise of the Robin Hood Sports Club. Some interesting people turned up, including Leicester BNP activist Karl Brown. Micky Lane, a former "Ovalteenie" lead singer and east London thug also came along.

I got a glimpse of the "secret leader" as well, a small grey-haired chap with a crew cut. BM organisers were obsequiously grovelling to this leadership figure, who I didn't think much of.

The man Hepple had met was Danny Tolan from southeast London, an old British Movement activist who now runs the core group in the British National Socialist Movement, the reconstituted BM, using the Norse name Odan.

I told Pete Baynes and Dave Howard about the BM and they seemed neither impressed nor intimidated. Baynes had met Jackson at a pub in Retford. On that occasion Jackson had been sitting at the bar with his cronies. He was wearing black leather gloves and told Baynes that this was to stop "the SB getting my prints".

The university summer holidays were approaching so I would have to leave Sheffield for two and a half months. Before doing so I travelled up to Leeds HQ for a rally where over 60 people were present, including Pete Baynes, Steve Smith from Bury and a few NF activists like Kevin "Beefy" Taylor and Dave Howard. Tyndall was billed to speak.

At this meeting I gave what was probably one of my best speeches, lambasting Hollywood nazis and "parasites" who fed off the BNP, seeking constantly to undermine it. I also attacked homosexuality and degeneracy within the movement and those too frightened to come out as national socialists. In addition I called for increased attacks on the reds who occasionally turned up at our paperselling sites and for more unity on the streets between the NF and BNP.

This went down very well and I got a lot of applause. Only one person in the crowd was unhappy: "Sid the Snake" Paul Jeffries, a BM member who sold American nazi gear amongst BNP and NF members to raise funds for the BM. He approached me and asked me whether I had taken leave of my senses. "Nobody ever leaves BM," he said. I told him politely that I had been invited to speak and that I had put forward a national socialist agenda. I also poured scorn on the BM saying that they were playing games and at least the BNP was doing something.

Jeffries runs Life Rune books, a hardline nazi mail order set up which among other things has sold US army bomb manuals to its crazed subscribers. He has always been fanatical about his own security and for years nobody knew his real name.

The main reason the BNP kept going was because there were a few good men in there. Mick Gibson was a steady activist,

involved in the BNP from the start and a member of Eddy Morrison's BNP in the 1978 period. Stanley Clayton-Garnett, although not a well man, gave credibility to the party. I was also very active and had a lot of friends in the NF and BNP. The old Mosleyites tended to congregate inside the BNP. We also had the HQ at Leeds, which was very important. As for the NF, well they were badly led, to say the least. Their organiser was the violent alcoholic and moron Beefy Taylor.

I went home for the summer holidays to Lancashire and although I travelled down to Leeds for a couple of papersales, it wasn't until the end of September, when I came back to Sheffield for my second year and moved to a new address (which it took the reds nine months to find), that things started up again.

Eddy Morrison returns to the BNP

The big event in September 1988 was the return of Eddy Morrison to the BNP. He had been putting out feelers for months since the decline of his last project, the National Workers' Party, which had 59 members at its peak. I had heard a lot about Morrison. Most people had a good word for him but he was also criticised for his drinking and inconsistency.

I first met him at a meeting of the Leeds area BNP at the HQ in September 1988. I was impressed by a speech he made, especially his remarks about my then hero of heroes, George Lincoln Rockwell.

George Lincoln Rockwell was the leader of the American Nazi Party who visited Britain in 1962 to draw up the Cotswold Agreement, which led to the formation of the World Union of National Socialists, an international nazi organisation. Rockwell was later shot down by John Patler, one of his own members. His chief theoretician, Dr William Pierce, wrote the Turner Diaries, a blueprint for nazi terror. This book inspired the formation of the US nazi terror group, The Order, and more recently Combat 18 in Britain.

It was Morrison's admiration for Rockwell that drew us together and Morrison invited me to visit him a few days later at Plimshaw, Wakefield.



Eddy Morrison, long-time nazi activist and a target for Searchlight's early Hepple operations

Morrison had all kinds of plans for the BNP and was full of enthusiasm. He was virtually able to come in and take over. He was a go-ahead guy, very interested in computers and technology. He hoped to revitalise the Yorkshire region. He often talked about creating “the new Bavaria” in Yorkshire. Morrison seemed to know what he was doing and we set to work. In the next three months I got to know him very well. We were virtually inseparable and travelled together to at least 30 or more meetings in Hull, Dewsbury, Huddersfield, Leeds, Wakefield, Doncaster, York, etc.

The months up to Christmas 1988 saw a vast increase in activity within the Yorkshire region. Morrison and I took to paperselling by ourselves in Wakefield with some success, whilst we continued to start new units in small towns.

We often met at Wakefield Westgate station and travelled to the many small towns nearby in order to leaflet and sticker. I remember going to Normanton, Castleford and Barnsley. We also used up all the old stocks of *British Nationalist* sitting in Leeds HQ by delivering to hundreds of flats in east Leeds, where Morrison had stood in the past in elections and received good votes.

By November 1988 Morrison, with help from me, had revitalised the region. We had an influx of new young thugs, exemplified by John Simpson, Simpson’s brothers and Dave Appleyard from Driffield. Papersales were going well and three new units were operating. In Huddersfield, eight or so activists from the Anglo-Saxon League, an outfit that distributed material produced by Lady Jane Birdwood’s organisation, had now moved over to the BNP and were carrying out low-level operations. In Dewsbury a very large group of football hooligan types under the nominal leadership of Mark Doel and John Toller had joined the BNP *en masse*, and Morrison, Ivan Pierson and I travelled to the town regularly to speak to these very enthusiastic new recruits. This area was a potential goldmine, especially in the light of the situation in Thornhill, where parents were refusing to send their children to “an all-Asian school” and chose instead to educate their kids in a local pub. In Wakefield around ten people formed a new group. Lady Jane Birdwood addressed a BNP meeting in Wakefield in November 1988. The attendance was over 40 with people from Leeds, Dewsbury, Rotherham and Wakefield. I spoke first, followed by Morrison and then Birdwood.

Soon after, a series of activities took place for Remembrance Day. We knew that the police in York were likely to give us a hard time, so we opted for a multifaceted approach. Tyndall, Morrison and ex-serviceman George Shellito, chair of Leeds BNP, would sneak into York early on Remembrance Sunday and lay a wreath at a lesser known memorial there. After this, activists would meet at Leeds HQ and move off to Dewsbury for a mass leafleting in the racist stronghold of Thornhill. Then a rally would be held in Huddersfield.

Everything went to plan. The only disappointment was that only 80 people joined in the day’s events. However, we had propaganda photos of the wreath-laying ceremony in York to disprove the inevitable red lies that the BNP hadn’t been there. In addition, we held an excellent activity in Dewsbury. Thornhill was a goldmine for us. Lots of people came out to see the Union Jacks flying and I sold over 30 papers door to door. My girlfriend managed to get herself photographed for *British Nationalist* along with her two kids, Ruth and Helen. This was used as “evidence” that the BNP was a family party with participants of “both sexes and all ages”. Tyndall was always happy to use people for his own ends. My girlfriend, Christine, was not happy at being in *British Nationalist*. She hated the BNP, and couldn’t believe that anyone could follow a pompous little man like Tyndall. Her judgment was impeccable in most situations. (She dumped me two and a half years later.)

Having taken an array of propaganda photographs for *British Nationalist*, we went off to Huddersfield, where Mike Smith, the local BNP boss, had sorted out a room without difficulty.

Edmonds and Morse looked rather strange. Morse had a black eye and broken arm, whilst Edmonds had a bruised face. Apparently they had cocked up an attack on a republican meeting and suffered the consequences. Photos of the injured parties appeared in a later issue of *British Nationalist*. I spoke at the rally and said that the second world war had been a big mistake and “the next war will be black against white.”

Around this time Tony Wells was released from prison, where he had served part of a three-year sentence for setting off a nail bomb and possession of home-made handgrenades and electronic detonators. He was an old friend of Morrison from London days. I met Wells soon after when he came to visit Morrison at his home in Wakefield. Like Morrison, he was full of ideas and seemed to be shaking things up in London. One thing he was doing was circulating tons of anti-NF propaganda, deriding the party for its abject failure in a series of by-elections. In Epping Forest, having said “anything less than 300 will be a disaster”, the NF got 286 in a BNP stronghold. The BNP got over 100 votes in a local ward in Loughton at around the same time. In Vauxhall opposing NF fractions fought it out on national TV – and there were others. This was the end of the NF and Wells was determined to push home the advantage. He spoke at Leeds HQ to activists and received a favourable response.

Wells was one reason for the huge success (by extreme-right standards) of the following seven months leading up to the riot in Dewsbury. He was a total activist, the complete enthusiast who travelled the length and breadth of the country like an evangelist, preaching a “nationalist revival” and promoting the BNP as the “straight face of British nationalism” without the “dangerous democratic tendencies of the Flag NF” or the ideological waywardness and “left-wing nigger-loving” of the Third Positionists.

Wells boosted the sometimes flagging morale of BNP supporters who found it very difficult to believe that the party had finally got its act together after nine years of failure.

It is important to understand that Tyndall can take no responsibility for the growth of the BNP in those vital months. Wells, Morrison and Edmonds were the prime movers. Edmonds put his entire payoff from his former employers, Cable and Wireless, into the acquisition of a new HQ for the BNP in Welling, Kent. He was sacked for denying the Holocaust and received £18,750 – I found a photocopy of the cheque in filing cabinets in February 1992.

Tony Wells was quite dismissive of Tyndall. He told me that if Tyndall wouldn’t authorise something then he would just carry on regardless. “F*** Tyndall” would sum his attitude up well, I think.

I knew there was something seriously wrong with a lot of the people I was involved with. Morrison was one of them. The downside to his constant activity was a very serious drinking problem. From early on in our relationship the problem loomed large. Morrison told me he suffered from panic attacks. I had little or no idea what this meant but I was soon to find out. I cannot remember when he had his first serious “attack”, all I can remember is going round to his house and finding him sprawled on the floor mumbling to himself. He had been drinking and I knew that he had a drink problem. He’d also been taking pills – nitrazepam or diazepam, I think. This lethal cocktail combined with stress had obviously taken him over the edge and it was some days before he recovered. One thing I did know was that Eddy was an emotional character – more than some might expect. It is a little known fact that he was a prolific poet and actually had some poems published in various magazines. These literary efforts showed a completely different side to the potential “nazi leader”. When drunk and out of control, Morrison was totally alone, like an upset small child. His wife Kathy took a lot of the strain and this led to inevitable problems. She had to go out to work and also lectured at a local college. Relatives had to help look after the kids. I often collected

them from school. I also lent money to Eddy to buy drink from a local Asian off-licence. I probably wouldn’t do the same thing again, but at the time he was desperate and at least the drink knocked him out.

One reason for the loss of control and panic attacks was his fear of going back to prison. In the late 1970s Morrison had been in Arnsley jail in Leeds. This had crushed him mentally. He couldn’t face going back and the problem was that given his heavy involvement in the BNP, the chances were that he would go back to prison sooner or later. I think the reason he flipped after the Dewsbury riots in June 1989 was the fear of being done for incitement or conspiracy by the police as well as mental exhaustion.

Eddy was a manic depressive of sorts. He would have days of madness and then suddenly recover and take off with his BNP activities. I sat through days of agony watching him flip in and out of consciousness. I had no idea what to do except “be around” when he needed support. It was really strange because at meetings I lied through my teeth about his condition and covered it up. Often I got really angry with him and, it has to be said, lost my temper with him. He needed help and eventually went into a local hospital where experts rapidly sorted him out.

I felt as if I was doing some good for somebody at last and positive emotions began to take a hold. Of course most BNP members just thought of Eddy’s problems, which it was hard to conceal, as plain “weakness” or “lack of willpower”. You can hardly expect these hate-filled monsters to have any thought for the unfortunate, but the whole situation made me aware of a number of things. Firstly, everybody had problems and just blaming them on a convenient enemy or scapegoat was not the answer. Sometimes, even the weakest or most ill people become full of anger and hate for others because of their own shortcomings. Also, I suspected that even the most ruthless BNP supporter could have real feelings and emotions. Once at Leeds station, whilst Eddy and I were waiting to get the last train to Wakefield, an old tramp came up and asked for 10p for a cup of tea. I said “no” and commented to Eddy that people like that “ought to be arrested”. I said it because it was what I thought I should say in Eddy’s presence. I was rather shocked when he castigated me for refusing the old man’s request. “That could be you, or me, or anybody in a few years’ time. How do you know. What’s 10p? You wouldn’t like to live rough.” I was quite impressed by Eddy and gave the old guy 50p, feeling very guilty.

Experiences like this were enough to convince me that there was a lot more to Morrison than met the eye. I began to see things in terms of people being victims of capitalism or at least a system which ground people down and took away their respect. National socialism and “survival of the fittest” may have a certain credibility, but would it not be possible for people to cooperate and share their problems, find the answers?

Eddy continued to drift in and out and I continued to play a cat and mouse game with him, trying to hide his alcohol. He had some remarkable hiding places – under the bath, under the floorboards and in the loft. He got into a number of bad situations with local off-licences and the police were called in more than once. I felt sorry for his kids, Danny and Fifi, who were both lovely and didn’t deserve this kind of hassle. They couldn’t understand what was going on. Sometimes I had to make their tea for them while Eddy lay upstairs in a stupor.

Morrison stole from their money boxes as well. This was understandable but Danny and Fifi were very upset. I’m sure that other things went on, but I didn’t dare think what. Morrison was certainly into indoctrinating them; he often taught them nazi slogans and songs. He also told them ludicrous stories about “dirty Pakis and Jews” and although I was supposed to be a hardened national socialist, I found myself revolted at this spectacle. It just stopped me in my tracks and made me realise that for years I had not thought about what I was doing or the effect my activities might be having on others.

When you’re in the movement you and your “comrades” poison each other’s minds with hatred on a day to day basis and you are so active that you just get on with the job in hand without thinking. Because you close your mind off to all other options, you cannot envisage life without the movement; you just do not imagine the possibilities of any other way of life. And you only read your own propaganda. I used to read *The Turner Diaries* by William Pierce once a week. That book served only to indoctrinate me and others beyond street violence into the dark world of nuclear warfare and all out “*Totaler Krieg*” (total war) against your perceived “racial enemies”. We thought we wanted to “die for our race”. I don’t know how far I was prepared to go, in fact I hate to think. I had gone far enough already.

The doubts begin

You can only stay a nazi by blocking out all other options, beliefs and ideologies. Unfortunately for the BNP and fortunately for me I began to read books in the Independent bookshop in Sheffield as well as radical green, socialist and anarchist publications. My interest in the green movement developed at this time – late 1988 to early 1989. I had already rejected all forms of Marxism as no better than fascism. There were equally high body counts in the USSR and Nazi Germany. Although many Marxists condemned Stalin, a basic look at Trotsky showed me another bloodthirsty butcher who murdered millions of peasants, “white Russians” and opponents between 1918 and 1924 in his role as Red Army leader.

Marxists in general were just as dogmatic and unthinking as the BNP, it seemed to me, opposite sides of the same coin.

Living at home in the countryside helped as well. I got a feeling of inner peace and contentment out in the sticks “in harmony with nature”. I read a number of books about green issues – *Silent Spring* by Rachel Carson, *The Ecology of Freedom* by Bookchin and *Blueprint for Survival* by Goldsmith. My favourite book was *The Monkeywrench Gang* by Edward Abbey about a gang of green saboteurs who trash construction projects in the American wilderness. I also read a lot of Third Position stuff that I picked up from Glen Taylor in Leeds.

At Christmas 1988 during the holiday a girl in my village was going out with a black guy. Despite everything, I couldn’t think of one good reason why they shouldn’t go out together. In this tranquil setting race theory just seemed plain stupid.

Early in 1989 I set off for an organisers’ conference at the new BNP HQ in Welling. On the way down I remember reading *Mein Kampf* and looking for answers to my objections. There weren’t any, but during the conference I got carried right back into things. The ties were not yet ready to break.

When you’ve given years of your life to a cause in such a fanatical way, it’s remarkably difficult to believe or admit that you have been terribly wrong. Late 1988 to early 1989 was the beginning of certain doubts, which came around mainly because of the sick characters that inhabited the BNP and associated groups.

Tyndall was the best known leader of the “movement”. According to *Mein Kampf* and a whole host of other nazi propaganda, the leader should be the embodiment of the movement: strong but fair, a good orator, charismatic, etc. Tyndall was none of these – he is a man who is quite unable to come to decisions, a man who is backed up by a tiny hard core of “loyalists” no more than 100 strong. Edmonds, Morse, Derek Beackon and that crew are among them as well as people like Ian Dell. These are mentally weak people who are happy to voice objections to Tyndall in private but don’t have the guts to say anything to his face. All of them back each other up in their incompetence and stupidity but are able to get away with everything because of the pathetic opposition to fascism in Britain today.

Not many people in the know about fascist activity in the last

five or so years in this country can properly understand the true irony of Tyndall's continued leadership of the BNP. He is by no means the most important or dangerous man within the extreme right and to some extent he is regarded as a figure of fun – the idiot who can be blamed for the mistakes. Tyndall himself never admits the mistakes or takes the blame. He occasionally says that he *has* to "carry the can" in his role of leader, and of course that is right because he is the dictator in a completely undemocratic political structure, the BNP.

If he only knew how much we hated him in late 1988 and early 1989. In late 1988 a meeting was held in the BNP HQ at Leeds. Present were myself, Morrison, Clayton-Garnett, Steve Smith from Bury and others – some ex-NF people from Bradford, including someone called Stuart. We basically had the Yorkshire region BNP under our control and we knew it. We plotted that afternoon and on other occasions to split the North West and Yorks BNP from the party's southern base.

This was not pie in the sky. We all had specific proposals to put forward: serious plans. I would say that the ailing Stan Clayton-Garnett was the main mover behind this, with Morrison as his sidekick.

The plan was relatively simple. We would set up a National Socialist League in Leeds with its own PO box, publications and propaganda material. All activists in the regions would be "encouraged" to subscribe to the NSL and to take a lead from it. Indoctrination and training sessions would be held to convince waverers of our beliefs.

The eventual aim, around six months to a year hence, was to take full control of the Yorks BNP, lock, stock and barrel, and to set up the "Northern BNP" under the control of the inner core of NSL nazi leaders. Morrison was to provide the propaganda on his Amstrad computer. Clayton-Garnett would act as spokesman, whilst Kevin Whatmough and I were to flog the Northern BNP newspaper (to be called *The Sunwheel*) on the streets. Kevin and I were the two main papersellers anyway and we already distributed Morrison's own paper, *Truth* (a continued propaganda sheet from his defunct NWP).

From the start it was quite clear that both Clayton-Garnett and Morrison saw themselves as leaders, but we all believed that such a split would help the movement develop an more pro-NS edge and tap into the anti-southern hatred that existed in the hearts and minds of many Yorkshiremen, or more specifically, Leeds United "Senile Crew" hooligans.

It was also quite clear that Morrison wanted to recreate the heady days of his 1970s brown-shirted nazi movement, whose thugs, directed by Morrison, carried out a campaign of terror against the left in Yorkshire and parts of Lancashire. Morrison had the charisma to recruit new members. He also had the drive to get down to the everyday activity of leadership, but his drink and mental problems largely stifled his hopes and dreams.

What is most important is that all the people in Yorks BNP knew about the proposed split because we informed them. We took careful soundings. People would look favourably on a new northern movement led by Clayton-Garnett and Morrison which, at last, could fulfil the undoubtedly vast potential for racism and fascism in Yorkshire's towns and cities. And the meetings took place in Tyndall's HQ in Leeds!

Central to the new NSL and Northern BNP was the new PSO, or Party Security Organisation, which was to be organised by Joe Hilton, a vicious thug and an old friend and ally of Morrison from the 1970s. It was in many ways a set up not unlike today's nasty Combat 18, with an emphasis on a stormtroop type group to be used to defend Northern BNP activities and wipe the reds off the streets.

The PSO never took off, but the idea is still there. Joe Hilton is still around. He was seen on the BBC *Public Eye* programme in January 1993 at the Rochdale BNP rally.

As I said, the first thing I did in 1989 was to go down to the organisers' conference at the new bunker in Welling, Kent. I was the only one from Yorkshire, which means my role was of

a certain importance. My head was full of doubts but the acquisition of the new HQ made it look as if maybe, at last, the BNP was going somewhere.

The main aim in 1989, we were informed by Dave Bruce, was to get the BNP's name known by holding "wind up" events in racial and political hot spots. This idea was echoed by Tyndall who hoped to cause riots across the nation and finally to seal the fate of the NF by making the BNP *numero uno* racist party for the 1990s. Although to a great extent the argument within fascism (BNP vs NF) had been won by the BNP, a lot of people got the two entities confused. Of course the decline of the NF was firm evidence that Tyndall's "hardline" and "more extreme" BNP creation was the perfect vehicle for building the movement in the years to come. The ideological experimentation of the 1980s – the Strasserism of the Flag NF and the distributism and separatism of the Third Position – had failed. This was the fault of "democratic tendencies" and "inherent constitutional weakness" within those movements, according to our leader.

Basically, nazism, dictatorship, extreme racism and Holocaust revisionism had triumphed in its own small but sick way over comparatively moderate forces.

During the boring proceedings Tyndall took me to one side and asked me about Eddy's "state of mind" and health. I was honest with Tyndall and told him that whilst a vast improvement had taken place in Yorkshire since Eddy's return, there were certainly question marks over his ability to see things through. Of course Eddy admitted as much and Tyndall was merely asking me to confirm rumours he'd heard from the various storymongers in Yorkshire. I told Tyndall that I thought that Eddy ought to be asked to become Yorks regional organiser in the future, when his drinking problem was sorted.

"Eddy, I understand, has aspirations to leadership" Tynpot continued, "but he will never be leader in the BNP, because I don't intend to retire for well, at least 10 to 15 years. Morrison can't even write in grammatical English [which is true] for a start, he's too much of a maverick."

This was all very interesting and although Tynpot had told me that those remarks were in confidence I fully intended to tell Morrison as soon as I got back home.

The conference ended around 5 o'clock and a few new ideas had been put forward. What struck me was that, yet again, the same people were making the decisions. It was obvious that the growth of the BNP could be to some extent put down to economic and social changes that had recently taken place, because people like Axon, Henton, Wells, Bruce and Edmonds had failed during the 1980s to do anything more than keep the BNP tottering along.

My return to Sheffield was quiet enough but after my report back and phone call to Morrison the shit really hit the fan. I told Morrison that Tyndall had accused him of being illiterate and said he would never be leader. On the strength of this and various comments made by Steve Smith about Morrison's abilities, Eddy rang Tyndall and had a furious argument on the phone, by all accounts.

I don't know what crooked deal the two worked out, but there was obviously a reason for their cooperation in this matter and they turned on the messenger. I was that messenger and the next day I received a vicious call from an enraged Morrison accusing me of working for the Special Branch via Gerry Gable. "Do you know those f***ers pay £1 a name, do you?" he ranted. "You bastard, you've deliberately split the movement and caused trouble between me and Tyndall. I don't want to hear from you again. Goodbye."

I was so upset that I cried, not an easy admission to make. Tears of anger at betrayal. Morrison couldn't stand Tyndall one bit and just weeks earlier we'd been planning to overthrow Tyndall in the BNP equivalent of a palace coup. I had helped Morrison during his illness, listened to his deepest psychological problems and secrets. I'd lied for him to BNP comrades.



John Tyndall addresses the BNP rally in Dewsbury in June 1989. Hepple (far left) helps guard the platform party

Well, that was it, finished. Now that it came to it I felt really empty and totally alone. The only friends I had were in the BNP and now I'd been dumped.

I wasn't going to go out without a bang so I wrote a vicious letter to Morrison mentioning all these things and also bringing up the question of his hypocrisy. To call me an SB plant and *Searchlight* mole was ludicrous: he often rang an "old school friend" called Eddy Kinnon (or Kinnen), a Special Branch man, who I suppose was from Leeds or Wakefield, to try and grass up various groups and to exchange information about BNP activities. Apart from that I was present on the occasions when he phoned *Searchlight* to grass up his political enemies, one of whom was none other than "Sid" Paul Jeffries, of BM, Blood and Honour and Life Rune Books fame.

My letter was rather emotional and hysterical. I said that if I was an SB mole then the BNP would have to do better with me than they had in their attempts to get Ray Hill if they wanted to kill me. (At this time and previously, John Wood had told me that he was party to reports of activities by a group of South Africans who were "monitoring Ray Hill".)

Morrison obviously felt guilty after reading my letter and a week later he rang up and said that everyone had overreacted and that we should meet a couple of weeks later to discuss the matter.

After much wrangling and a host of phone calls from Manchester BNP activists asking me what I was doing "wrecking the BNP" (this whole thing sent ripples throughout the BNP), a date was fixed for a month later, where, at the Leeds HQ, I was to face a tribunal of BNP elders.

I was rather worried that this would be an opportunity for a few nutters to beat me to a pulp, but Morrison convinced me that he would smooth things over and that the tribunal would be nothing more than a formality. He didn't want all the plotting to come out in the tribunal, although it would hardly be a shock for Yorks BNP elders who knew all about it, neither did he want his "problems" to be publicly aired.

OK, one last chance, I thought. What I needed now was a

vast publicity stunt involving me in order to prove my credentials. Luckily enough the hapless lefty students at Sheffield University fell into the trap by organising a union meeting in the Octagon Centre where a group of republicans would try and force through a motion supporting the Troops Out Movement.

I immediately invaded the students' union offices asking about how I could trash the meeting and oppose the motion. One "representative", who knew exactly who I was, said something about proposing a "counter motion" and presenting 50 student union names to back it up.

Balls to that, I thought! I opted instead to try the suicide method of agitation and speak at the union meeting myself. I made no secret of my intentions and to my delight the reds took the bait and picketed the hall to stop me getting in.

I turned up to find over 200 screaming students and the 57 varieties of Trotskyism blocking the hall entrance. I waved a black and white placard board in their faces from 50 yards away which said "Smash the IRA, reject Republican terrorism" and got my photo taken by an assortment of cameramen. A few anarchists came over and shouted at me whilst the union security men stood around looking terrified and a group of Conservative students applauded my rantings and ravings. This wound things up further and the union president crawled out to tell me that my action had made the meeting iniquitous as all the potential votes were outside the hall shouting their weak slogans at me from a safe distance.

I got a massive amount of coverage in the union newspaper *Scan* and the editor even printed a letter from me slugging off the pathetic mob of reds who had been "wound up by outside agitators".

This was exactly what I needed. I photocopied the various *Scan* articles and sent them to every nazi I knew as proof of my sincerity. Tyndall was even forced to write to me and say that it looked as if I had at last come to my senses.

After this series of comic events, which reinforced my belief that the reds were pathetic weaklings and that fascism had a

psychological effect on them, making them incapable of action, I decided to give the BNP one last go.

The Leeds tribunal was a walkover for me and the only thing that didn't go to plan was a vicious verbal assault by me on John Wood, who turned up accusing me of being a traitor and "Jew agent" and responsible for the recent imprisonment of my friend Pete Baynes, to whom I wrote numerous letters. The facts were very different: Wood had not told me about Pete's trial and I returned to Sheffield to find that he'd been jailed. Wood invented a pack of lies. He said that I knew all about the trial and had "talked about it to Barry Bolton on the phone". At this disgusting insult I flew into a rage and threatened to kill Wood on the spot and had to be restrained by Morrison.

Organising race riots in Dewsbury

After the tribunal and my clean bill of health I became very active and patched up my friendship with Morrison. I helped organise lads from Dewsbury to travel to Darlington for an important rally and to organise the huge race riot in Dewsbury in June 1989.

Eddy, Ivan Pierson and I travelled weekly to Dewsbury where I spoke at meetings of up to 50 young men. The place was a potential stronghold for us, because of the Overthorpe parents' dispute and the complete racial segregation of the town itself.

Eddy and I introduced a cheap membership scheme for the large number of thugs we were now talking to, while travelling around Yorkshire for a constant series of rallies and meetings. We went to Hull to help Tony Braithwaite set up a new branch with his sidekick Steve Rock. We developed a new understanding with the Yorkshire papers and one reporter, Kathy Wilkinson, had a very good relationship with us.

We knew that something was in the air and we went all out to kick off a riot in Dewsbury by holding regular meetings and papersales there and by promising that "Chelsea headhunters" would come up from London and help out at the June rally. Some moronic reporter started a rumour that we were going to "burn the Koran" in public, a ludicrous claim that wound everyone up.

I stayed at Eddy's house a lot and answered the numerous phone calls from BNP activists and the press, whilst I went out regularly with John Simpson and Dave Appleyard to leaflet in local towns. Appleyard was very pally with Toz Stewart, a Ku Klux Klan fanatic from Morley, near Leeds. They were both in the KKK and encouraged me to join the Klan and use my speaking abilities to help them make a Klan video.

They had all the Klan gear and regalia and Toz was a "kleagle", a Klan officer. I received letters from Alan Beshella, the Klan leader who lived near Cardiff, and attended a big event in the Medway area around May 1989. Various Klansmen were present, but an air of secrecy surrounded proceedings. Four of us drove down from Leeds and met others, like Mike Putley and Ron Goat, a former Hell's Angel from east London, at a Little Chef diner on the A2 in Kent. Plans were laid for a series of nationwide "cross burnings" to put the Klan on the map, whilst it was hoped that James W Farrands, the Imperial Wizard, or whatever stupid title he had, from Connecticut, USA, would visit Britain in the not too distant future.

I was not impressed by the Klan, which, much like the BM, was full of violent lunatics and gunrunner types. You got the distinct impression that these people were like little children dressing up in uniforms.

Hepple's old comrade from the British National Socialist Movement in Nottinghamshire, Gordon Jackson, was having his own problems with the emergent KKK, when one of its young members suggested that the BNSM was not too choosy about what it did with its funds. Jackson had the youngster seriously beaten and got himself two years in prison for his trouble.

Hepple's fear of this thug was evidently well based. In 1993 Jackson was charged with possession of guns and drugs.

The KKK group in Britain in 1989 was the first success the American Klan had ever really had here. It was not a party organisation and was able to draw the worst thugs from several different British far-right British. But the roof fell in on them after a series of exposures in Searchlight, the national press and on television especially when it came out that Alan Beshella had been convicted in the USA for sexually molesting little girls.

The substantiated stories that some Klan members were in the navy and territorial army units never attracted the action from the authorities that any reasonable person would have expected.

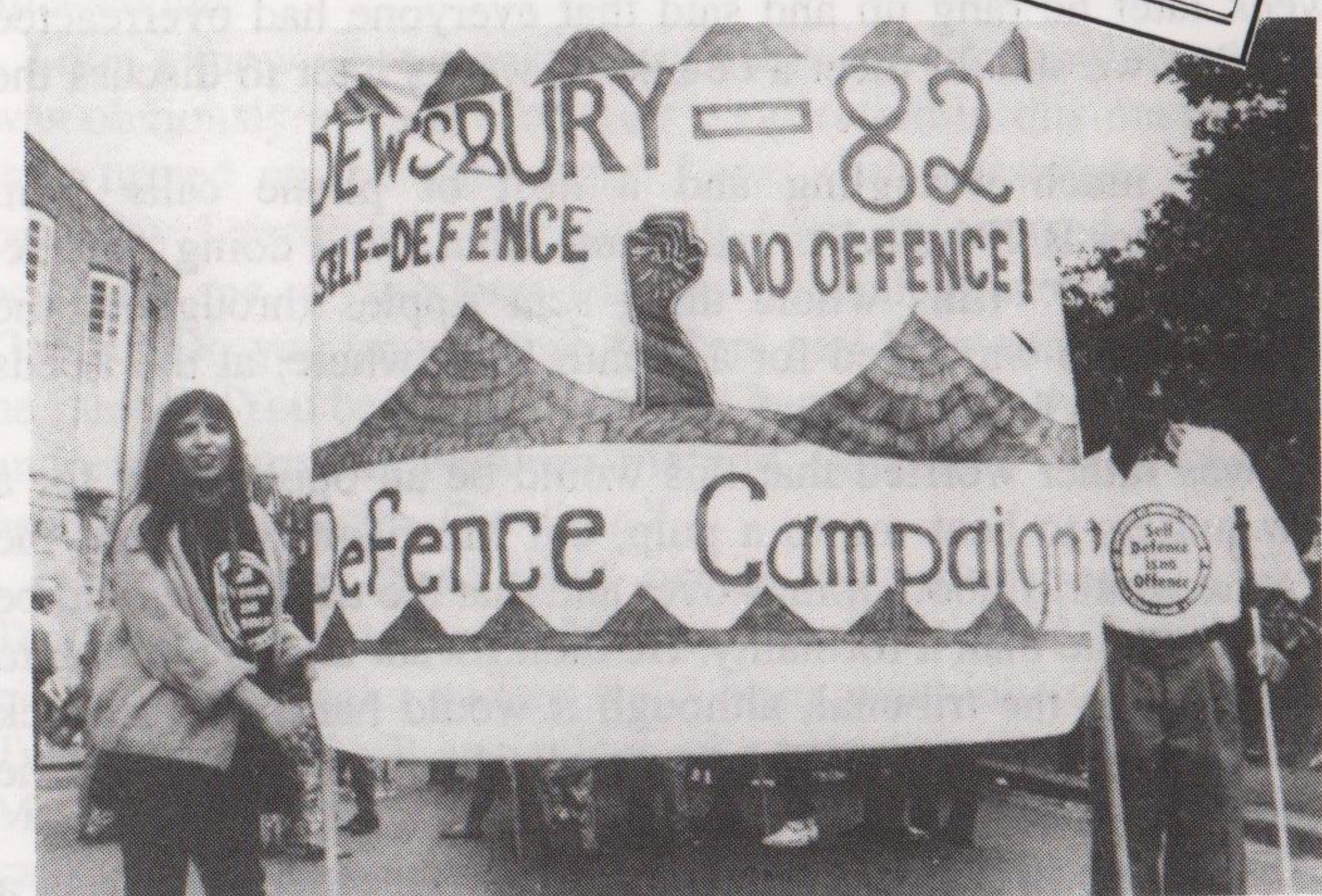
Tim continues:

After the Dewsbury rally I left Sheffield for good for various reasons and never returned to the BNP until late 1991, except for the occasional visit to Eddy Morrison in Wakefield, who by then was back in his old job, running a successful travel agency in Dewsbury.

I take a lot of responsibility for the Dewsbury riot. Eddy and I



Above: Hepple at Dewsbury with black-shirted Eddy Morrison on the platform
Below: anti-fascists demand justice for the 82 Asian demonstrators arrested during the BNP rally



really managed to wind it up. Hundreds of hours of work went into the event, which succeeded in its aim of putting the BNP on the map. I had a tremendous feeling of power and exhilaration leading hundreds of young thugs to the rally site next to the town hall past the police. That day we completely destroyed the opposition, who, like in Bermondsey two years later, found that their international Marxist ideologies could not help to explain or stop the tribal hatred of white youths on the rampage.

I remember watching the recordings of the violence on TV and getting a tremendous feeling from it all. Whatever happened from now on, I had at least done something infamous. I appeared in the photograph of the rally in the July/August 1989 issue of *British Nationalist*. I also remember seeing the red smoke drifting around from the army smoke bomb that John Toller put in my bag the morning before the riot.

The day after the rally, I learned later, Morrison had another drink and panic attack and dropped out for a month. All the energy and good work went down the tubes. The region has never again reached the peak it did in June 1989, proving that Yorkshire is a place of unfulfilled potential, thanks to incompetence and bad leadership, for racial nationalism.

I am not proud today of these events, which destroyed race relations in Kirklees for years. The 660 votes obtained by Lady Birdwood in April 1992 only tell half the story.

Hepple revealed to Searchlight how he, Morrison and a handful of helpers from the Yorkshire BNP had worked in the area in and around Dewsbury for weeks before the rally took place, systematically going from pub to pub, to football supporters' groups and football thug gangs, and around all the white youth clubs and meeting places.

At the same time they circulated stories among the Asian community and press that a Koran would be burned at the rally and that a certain pub, which had years before been the local racist watering hole, was still frequented by racists. Toller had acquired the army-issue smoke bomb from a military source. On the day of the rally, Hepple had carried it into town and passed it on to a BNP thug who had worked his way down to the front of the Asian and left-wing counter-demonstration, where he set it off. This caused public disorder and the police moved in. The disinformation about the pub resulted in the premises being ripped apart by a frustrated and angry crowd and eventually led to the arrests of 82 Asian youths and a handful of white anti-fascists. The BNP tactics on the day were to have a long-term effect both on the Asian community and on anti-fascist work in the area.

What was not made clear at the time was just how large a turnout the fascists achieved. The BNP presence was relatively small, with Hepple in dark glasses helping look after Führer Tyndall. But nearly 600 other youngsters and some older people had gathered and were seeking a full confrontation with the Asian community. Senior police officers realised how things were developing and took steps to isolate the Asians behind police lines and separate the racist mob from the BNP rally. But when it came to arrests it was the Asian youths who were rounded up, while the BNP instigators of the riot got off scot free.

Now for the first time Hepple thought about not only leaving the BNP but also seeking help and advice from anti-fascists.

Tremendous disappointment at the leadership of Tyndall, the character of Eddy Morrison and my disillusionment with nazi ideology combined to make me reconsider my whole system of beliefs for the next 12 months. This involved a lot of soul searching, re-education, reading, confusion and hassle, leading up to a decision to do the right thing and volunteer to help *Searchlight*.

In May 1989 I was attacked in the Whip pub by Beefy Taylor for "stealing NF members" and "attacking the NF". He nearly strangled me in a furious assault. After this a lot of NF support-

ers apologised to me. Tony Wells formed a hit squad to "deal with" Taylor. Wells was not prepared to let any NF people intimidate the BNP. He wanted to operate from a position of strength and only called off an attack on Beefy after Morrison received a grovelling apology from Taylor some weeks later. This attack was another factor in turning me against the movement.

What had started as a dislike for the assortment of cranks and lunatics inside the BNP had led to a complete hatred for the BNP and its disgusting nazi ideology. It had to be stopped.

I decided to leave Sheffield University after my second year. I'd passed all the exams well enough, but I had little or no direction in my life. A serious period of unemployment led me to join the army and try to find that direction. All I found was a cold hard world where the narrow-minded ideas that I thought I supported were fully exposed for what they were. My initial intention was to join the army, work up from the bottom and try to develop my language skills and move into an intelligence role. I do not intend to dwell on this experience, except to say that I found the army to be an organisation that promoted the worst aspects of racist thought and intolerance. Racism was never far from the conversation in the barracks and on the training ground. I became completely sickened by the racism and hatred. I was not impressed by the army, an institution forever praised by the BNP and its allies.

By the early months of 1990 I had left the forces and was in a dead end, but soon got a job in a local motorway service station. I stayed there until January 1992.

During this period I involved myself in what I considered to be worthwhile causes, especially the local anti-poll tax group in Lancaster, my home area. The potential and possibilities of radical politics were brought home to me at the marvellous poll tax riot of March 1990. I have never seen anything like it. The atmosphere was amazing and I will never forget that day.

I tried to open up tentative links with the Third Position, run by Paul Shepherd in Blackpool. I even managed to meet Roberto Fiore, errand boy for Italian terrorist bombers, and Colin "Saddam Hussein" Todd, who travelled to Forton services to meet me. I was unimpressed by these people who despite their veneer of radicalism still blamed every problem and disaster on the "perfidious Jew". It was quite clear that although the Third Position had altered the emphasis in its propaganda and adopted a revolutionary tone, its arguments with the mainstream fascists of the NF and BNP were arguments within fascism. For them it was a question of style, content and window dressing. They were still after the Jews, blacks, minorities, etc *ad nauseam*.

I had met some really decent people within the anti-poll tax movement. I even made it to the front page of the *Lancaster Guardian* in my role as spokesman for the local Anti Poll Tax Union after a series of activities against bailiffs in the Marsh Estate, Lancaster. But something was nagging me. I was sick of both naked and institutionalised racism and intolerance but I felt that this was not enough. For a time I helped out at a night shelter for the homeless in Lancaster, but I felt that my previous activities could not be so easily pushed into the past and forgotten, either by me or by those anti-fascists I had come across during my recent nazi days.

I had heard all about *Searchlight* and as far as I was concerned this was the only organisation that bothered the fascists psychologically or mentally. Of course anti-fascists on the street had bothered me, but you could always evade them, fool them and lose them. *Searchlight* was different and it had an uncanny habit of getting its stories about the extreme right more than 90 per cent correct.

I felt like a lost soul in need of a "religious conversion", so I rang *Searchlight* and told the chap on the other end of the phone who I was and said that I wanted to give them any useful information that I could. He had certainly heard of me but was friendly nevertheless. I still haven't met the face behind the

Geordie accent. I wrote *Searchlight* a long letter detailing the various lunatic activities I had been a part of (as if they didn't already know) and some days later I got a phone call from Gerry Gable.

This was quite a traumatic experience for me. After all, this was the supposed human incarnation of all evil for the BNP and up to a year before, 1989, I had accepted this unthinking view to some extent. Having said that, I felt a lot better to have talked to somebody who knew, I suspected, just what I was going through and who also knew the sort of sadistic scum who had been part of my life for over seven years. I now felt that I had made up in some small way for my previous activity.

Becoming a *Searchlight* mole

Gerry invited me to meet him and a friend at a location in central Manchester. I was happy to meet him and I recognised his colleague, Steve Tilzey, by face at least. I'd bumped into him, I think it was in early 1987, photographing nazi graffiti in a cemetery in Lancaster's Beaumont Estate and had seen him on various protests against my BNP activities in the last few years.

We had a long chat. I can't remember the ins and outs but I basically volunteered to do what I could for *Searchlight*. Whether the Jew-obsessed fanatics who will undoubtedly read this believe it or not, I was not interested in money and I made this clear at the outset. However Gerry insisted on paying my train fare, which was fair enough really.

I felt as if I was in an excellent position to act against the fascists. My first trip for *Searchlight* was to find out what my old megalomaniac and alcoholic mate Eddy Morrison was up to at his Wakefield base of operations. I travelled to Wakefield by train trying to get my mind in gear for the approaching meeting. From now on things were different: it was all "an act" from now on, or so I thought.

Searchlight's reward on this occasion was an almost complete BNP membership list. Paul Cox, the BNP's Yorkshire based counter-intelligence officer has been trying for the last couple of years to trace the source of this leak. Well now he knows.

Morrison wasn't up to much and was his typical self, full of grandiose schemes for world domination. Despite the usual flannel, he made it clear that it was still his intention to make Yorkshire his power base and future springboard to national leadership. He was also courting Keith Thompson, whose League of St George umbrella group was to provide behind-the-scenes help for Morrison. Ironically Thompson turned out to be one of Gerry Gable's key paid informants in the late 1970s and early 1980s.

I reported back to *Searchlight* and despite my passing on various bits of low-level information, nothing happened in particular until October 1991. Between August 1990 and October 1991 I explored the "radical" movement and attended lots of meetings and demos. I joined the local anti-Gulf war group but quickly became disillusioned with its pacifism and weak liberal values. I soon learned that vast sections of the left were "pissing in the wind", but my main disgust was reserved for the specimens of the not so radical Marxist left, who seemed to jump on every bandwagon and talk more dogmatic nonsense than the entire nazi movement put together. I eventually found a home of sorts in the animal rights and direct action movement as well as in the radical green movement, attending various Green party conferences, seminars and meetings.

My main interest was in radical green politics and I continued to read as much information about this as possible. I must have read over 60 books on the fundamentals of the green movement and on ecology in general.

Unfortunately some of the people Hepple was talking to in

these groups were not as progressive as he thought. Some of the things he told them were eventually passed back to fascists like Patrick Harrington and names and addresses that he handed over to green anarchists were used in hit lists circulated by nazi infiltrators like Tim Scargill during the Combat 18 investigations in 1992 and early 1993. The fact that Hepple had not told Searchlight about his other activities backfired on him in mid-1993 when nazi counter-intelligence produced a booklet A Lie Too Far, which used some of the material.

The important thing that happened during this formative period was my meeting Ray Hill, who by complete coincidence lived in the same village outside Lancaster as I did, unknown to me. I was eventually introduced to him and at last found somebody locally who impressed me. Ray was very friendly and a very down-to-earth character. No revolutionary talk from him. We discussed a whole range of issues in his front room and I came to respect his deeply held views. It became clear right from the start that, like me, he had initially been disgusted by the personalities within the extreme right, which had then led him to realise that the whole nazi ideology was historically unsustainable and morally unacceptable.

I must point out that despite the fact that I was involved in radical politics and was a close personal friend of Ray Hill, I was still able to join the security paranoid BNP some months later.

I was given a glimpse of the fundamental strength of the anti-fascist movement on a trip that Ray and I made to Scotland for May Day 1991. We initially travelled to Glasgow, where we stayed with anti-fascists, moving on next to Dundee for a May Day march and rally. The anti-fascist organisation was very tight – there were rumours that the BNP would attack the march. The Scots from the trade union movement, backed up by broad support, were tremendously impressive. These were not the sneering and weak specimens that characterised so much of the left. These were well organised and dedicated people with the physical capability to stop the fascists.

The most important reason for the success of the day in my view was that a broad range of groups was involved. Unity was indeed strength. The impressive spectacle was topped off by a brilliant speech by Ray Hill, accusing the government of being soft on fascism and allowing BNP thugs to intimidate minority groups unchecked. He called for unity within the labour movement to oppose fascism by pointing out that division would only lead to an increase in the number of vicious racial and political attacks, which had grown in number in recent months.

The ending of a long relationship with my girlfriend in mid 1991 left me like a fish out of water. It did however offer the possibility of increased activity on my part for *Searchlight*. In October 1991 I travelled down to the anarchist book fair in Conway Hall, London. During the proceedings I left to meet Gerry Gable, who asked me to "go back in" to the BNP. I somehow knew that this moment would come, but now the time was right. I felt as if I had matured a lot since leaving the BNP in June 1989 and that I was now ready to inflict some serious damage on the BNP.

At this early stage I thought I would be in the northwest for some time, working my way into the BNP from the outside. To this end I phoned my old comrade Alan Milnes from Haverthwaite in Cumbria and told him that I was renewing my fascist activities. He was very enthusiastic and invited me up to his house at Abbots Reading farm, a beautiful spot off the main A590 road to Barrow with a panoramic view of the Lakeland mountains in the distance. I had to tread carefully, but things went well. Alan is one of the most impressive and intelligent people within the nazi movement. He is very militant: yet another activist unimpressed by both the BNP and John Tyndall. He is a member and supporter of the hard-core Church of the Creator and this central ideological foundation gives him the drive to maintain his level of activity within the movement,



Ray Hill (third from left), *Searchlight's* mole in the far right in the 1970s and 1980s, about to address a BNP rally with John Tyndall. John Wood from Sheffield is immediately next to Hill

despite his geographical distance from the heartlands of racism in the Midlands and southeast.

It transpired during this first of many visits to Alan's place that he had been invited to a Ring UK [also known as the *Odal Ring*, the BNP's international liaison organisation] event in Leicester a few weeks hence. We both wanted to go: Alan could meet the leadership (Peacock and Edmonds), whilst I could survey the nazi scene two years on. We travelled down by motorbike and met the BNP at a motorway service station between Leicester and Nottingham. We were enthusiastically met and I shook Richard Edmonds's hand.

After a few more nazis and old hands like Keith Axon and Kevin McHugh from Brum turned up, it was off to the Knight Hotel in Nottingham for the Ring rally. We arrived at the hotel only to find that this was another redirection point. Five minutes later two of John Peacock's Leicester crew turned up and we followed them to – would you believe it – a Samaritan hall about a mile away.

I was not surprised to find a group of BNP women serving coffee, tea and biscuits to the assembly of warriors of the master race – around 20 skinheads and a freaky assortment of BNP oddballs – although I was surprised by the low turnout, which added up to no more than 60. Not only that, but the promised "foreign surprise guests" failed to materialise. We were supposed to have been addressed by Philip Dewinter, a Vlaams Blok MP, but, said Peacock, they were in Belgium for "important elections". Instead we were bored to tears by the rantings and ravings of Peacock and Edmonds. As usual, Peacock had a stack of newspaper clippings to "prove" to the assembled masses that the movement was indeed "on the way", while Edmonds droned on about "our friends abroad", mainly for the benefit of some German television reporters present. These were the only international element who, true to form, turned up in a new BMW and must indeed have been desperate to travel to this dingy hall to get a story.

There were a few interesting points to the afternoon's dire proceedings. Firstly there was a noticeably greater skinhead presence than I had been used to two years previously. A large

Blood and Honour stall at the back of the hall did a brisk trade. It was run by Richard Fawcus, a nazi nutter from Milton Keynes, where he is the BNP organiser. I knew him from previous London BNP rallies. I noted the wider range of nazi propaganda that was now available. You could even buy a Skrewdriver CD if you wanted – a clearer presentation of nazi drivel for the benefit of skins who couldn't read the lyrics on the record sleeve, or maybe the CDs were for use in the nicked CD players, proceeds of Simon Biggs's housebreaking in Penge.

Some total plonker stood on another stall selling League of St George material of the expected low standard. The guy on the stall said he knew "John Wood from Sheffield, an old League comrade". To me this was rather an insult and hardly a recommendation. He went on to say that in his opinion Wood was a "marvellous orator". Yes, Wood could have made a living as a standup comedian or standing joke in a disreputable and seedy night club! The guy on the stall was obviously a lunatic, so I didn't buy anything from him.

Much to Alan's and my disgust, there was not even a social event after the disappointing rally. It transpired later that the skins went off to Hertfordshire and viciously attacked a group of Asians. [In July 1993 four of the attackers were sent to prison for between 21 months and three years for the attack. Four others had been bound over in autumn of 1992.]

We travelled up to Cumbria very unimpressed to say the least. I was surprised by the low turnout and the lack of any proof that the BNP-Ring UK had in any way progressed since mid-1989. I got the distinct impression that although the Ring UK was a good idea on paper, in reality it was very difficult to entice nazi VIPs over from Europe to attend Ring events and that those present were only going through the motions. Having said that, there was plenty of hatred in the hall. Maybe those present got off on such a totally negative discourse.

My impressions changed only weeks later when I travelled by train down to Bermondsey in south London to attend a "Day of Action" in support of the BNP golden boy and election candidate Steve Tyler. I met Tyler, who I recognised from photos in

BNP publications, as well as Darren Parker, a new recruit – one of the few new real recruits – whose father has a stall at the Blue market, Bermondsey. They live not far away in “racist Rotherhithe”. Darren was a window cleaner until he got chucked out for his nazi sympathies.

Tyler was a lot more intelligent and clued in than the Ring UK people. He was well dressed and oozed respectability. He was also relatively polite. By this time Gerry Gable and I had decided that I should move to London as soon as possible in order to get right to the heart of the BNP headquarters in Welling. Our plan was to infiltrate me into the south London area and preferably as close to Tyler and Edmonds as possible. Tyler was very happy to hear that I would soon be moving into his area and most of the conversation from him was on the need to get really active within the Southwark and Bermondsey electoral constituency for the forthcoming general election.

Soon Edmonds turned up in his battle bus and we drove to the Blue market for the activity. Over 50 activists were present and, although many were new faces, I recognised the oh so familiar Ian Dell and Derek “Daddy” Beackon, as well as the omnipresent John Peacock. For some reason Edmonds forced a large Union Jack on a pole into my right hand, so I had the immense pleasure of waving the flag (“our swastika”), which, you may remember, “has the same effect on the niggers as the swastika does on the Jews” according to John “the Third Reich is our only example” Morse.

I got to talk to various BNP activists: John Peacock’s youngest son, who told me he worked at a car rental firm in Leicester; Ray Dobing, a builder from Basingstoke, who along with Ian and Mark Wilson helped keep BNP activities going in south London in 1983 to 1985; and Gabrielle Dell, the poor girl married to Ian Dell who obviously lived on another planet most of the time.

Most of the talk was about the recent BNP victory in Bermondsey on 24 August when a black nationalist march had clashed with a football hooligan mob of over 400, backed up by BNP and NF street fighters. Some stupid Maoists had set fire to a Union Jack in front of some of the most hardened street thugs in England and the BNP were gloating at the widely reported comment by a Red Action supporter, who had gone down there as an observer, that “we were lucky to get out alive – that was our only success.”

Edmonds said to me: “Don’t ask what the reds have been doing to us, but rather what we’ve been doing to them recently.” I was quite impressed by the BNP that day and I could now see why Gerry and his team were worried about the continued growth of BNP violence.

Before leaving I visited the shop in Welling with other activists. The place was in a right state, piles of old *British Nationalists* everywhere along with piles of letters, invoices, cups, plates and dust, dust, dust. Nevertheless, in the back half of the shop, the administrative HQ of the BNP, a large board had hundreds of newspaper cuttings of reports from recent BNP activities.

One cutting of mine was added to this collection. Entitled “Nazi Fury”, this article was a report on a wave of stickering undertaken by me around Lancaster, taken from the *Lancashire Evening Post* and featuring hysterical quotations from local Lancaster councillors. I had put up over 600 stickers in Lancaster and on the basis of this the Socialist Workers Party organised an anti-nazi disco, while the local university newspaper ran a three page special on “nazism in north Lancashire” showing photographs of BNP and Church of the Creator stickers in and around Lancaster.

This response was and is typical of the media hysteria created by just one man with a carrier bag of stickers. This is a big joke in Lancaster. Five or six enquiries were to come into the BNP HQ at Welling as a result of this stickering, but I burnt these later during my time at the HQ.

I left with a good impression of the BNP in London. Things

had changed for the BNP, whilst our plan was working well. Richard Edmonds and co now knew that in January I would be travelling down to London to become a full-time BNP activist.

Before the new year, however, Alan Milnes and I paid a weekend visit to London for another papersale in Bermondsey, which was to prove very revealing. We took the train down and arrived at Surrey Docks tube station at around 11.30 am. Unfortunately Richard Edmonds and his crew of BNP thugs had already moved off to the Blue market for the activity so Alan and I used our A-Z map to find the way.

On arrival we were cordially greeted by Richard Edmonds and Steve Tyler and were introduced to Jim White, an unfit looking Scotsman, and a rather overweight John Bowles from the northeast. The group was around 15 to 20 strong and we were not bothered by the low key activities of the local SWP sellers 20 feet to our right. We did a brisk trade, selling over 30 papers, and eventually we stopped selling and got into the old transit van for the 20-minute trip to Welling. En route we stopped at a house in Greenwich next to the flyover leading to the Blackwall tunnel so that I could pop in and pay a deposit to my new landlord, Bill Owen.

The Owen connection to the party was through Andrew Lightfoot, the paranoid rising star of the BNP students, who had lived at the same address the previous summer. Owen was said to be sympathetic to the party, but he was still quite happy to take a ludicrous £330 deposit off me. The house, in Woolwich Road, Greenwich, was to become my base for the next five months of activity. It was conveniently situated on the well used “BNP pickup route” from Welling to Bermondsey or east London, was next to the tunnel and was also two minutes walk from Westcombe Park railway station. The neighbourhood, it turned out, had a fair few Africans and Asians living in it, but even here a thoroughly racist atmosphere existed.

A few doors away, ironically enough, was the local Labour Party HQ, which, I was gleefully informed, had been the target of numerous graffiti attacks and incendiary devices by Ian Dell and Dale Baker, a skinhead thug from Erith, Kent.

We had a long chat with Richard Edmonds, Gabi Dell and Milton Ellis, a mad postman from Ealing, west London, who idolised the American nazi theoretician William G Simpson, and Alan stocked up on literature. The phone continued to ring all afternoon with various activity reports from around the country, while Richard Edmonds kept us liberally supplied with disgusting mugs of tea filled with vile UHT milk from the local co-op. This tea-drinking ritual was an oft repeated part of long “intellectual” chats on Saturday and Sunday afternoons back at the base in Welling after morning activities.

Later on, Jim White rang up and kindly offered to put Alan and me up for the night at his house at 86B Gosterwood Road, Deptford, SE8. That evening we were dropped off by Richard Edmonds at White’s house. It transpired that Edmonds’s wife Jennifer worked as a computer programmer at the University of London, in the afternoons and certain late nights during an average week.

The late night “fireside” chat and drinking session was punctuated by a number of revealing comments by White and his friend John Bowles, down from York for the day. White had been part of a BNP hit squad that attacked a black rights meeting addressed by Reverend Al Sharpton at the Friends Meeting House in Euston, NW1. Edmonds had driven the van and the squad consisted of some of the following: Conrad Happe, Paul Williams, Dave Blezard, Derek Beackon, Jim White, Ian Dell and Tony Wells. Wells had brought along some tear-gas (imported from France by persons who shall remain nameless, said White) and used it liberally, while some other nutter chucked smoke bombs around. The stewards for the meeting must have been thick or asleep or both, because they allowed the BNP contingent, the only whites there, to march up the steps into the hall unhindered.

The only parts of this kamikaze strike that went wrong were

when Ian Dell tripped over and got photographed by an over-zealous cameraman and when Edmonds dropped the keys to the van while his comrades were legging it from a larger gang of enraged black stewards. White seemed to think that this was both funny and par for the course. His other main hobby horse was a particular hatred of mine: Ulster terrorism, dressed up as Loyalism. Of course I couldn’t tell White that I actually thought that the troops should leave Northern Ireland, so Alan, who disagrees with “white division” in Ulster, and I had to tolerate two hours of nauseating drunken Catholic bashing and Ireland hating from White. He hated Catholics – “Papist scum” he labelled them. There was “no place for these mick bastards in the BNP” he told us, and he related how Scottish BNP members not only involved themselves with extreme Loyalists but also forced new members to become “militant Protestants”. I couldn’t quite work out if this was just the drink talking, but I didn’t ask White how his hatred of Catholics fitted in with the roots of national socialism in Catholic Bavaria and Hitler’s own upbringing in Catholic Austria.

White’s worst words were left for Red Action, who always came up in BNP conversation. “The worst of the lot, total scum. When you bump into them, you know it’s a fight for survival; some of them are even skinheads!”

The next morning the bleary-eyed four of us walked to the nearby Surrey Docks tube station and travelled to Shoreditch, in order to help out at the traditional Sunday morning papersale at Brick Lane. “Get on at the front of the train at the end of the platform,” said White. “That way any red scum on the train can’t see you as they pull into the station.” “Red scum” aside, we liberally stickered the carriage with the usual range of BNP hate stickers, but got no reaction from the Asians and blacks on board.

We got off at Shoreditch and walked up Brick Lane, which was surprisingly multiracial. In future conversations Edmonds

would talk about local tourist guides that mentioned the “heavy atmosphere of racism” that existed down the Lane, and certainly that day I noticed people looking at us and then looking away, either in fear or disgust, I couldn’t tell which. At the Bethnal Green Road end of the Lane we met around 15 other BNP – the usual crowd, Edmonds, Morse, Beackon, and so on – but these were supplemented by a chap introduced to me as John Hobbs, “a COTC supporter like you”, and Steve Martin, who was peddling extreme Loyalist publications and BNP T-shirts. During the sale, a young long-haired thug called Alan Thomson came up to us and demanded money for the “nationalist welfare fund”, which stood at “over £1,000” according to him. I coughed up a quid and the donations rolled in for this new fund. Thomson was to be involved in some serious incidents later, including the attack against the ANL featured in *World in Action*, an attack on a mixed race – black girl white guy – couple in the streets behind the BNP HQ after the Welling march. This attack nearly made me sick on the spot, a totally unnecessary and unprovoked attack on two innocent and local passers by who walked into 40 of us. Most of us were happy to let them pass, but not Thomson. He was also responsible for a verbal assault and threats against the Tory candidate for Bethnal Green during the general election and a series of vicious beatings of his girlfriend Joanne, an ex-skin girl from Woolwich. Eddy “Dustman” Whicker turned up later for a few minutes to talk to Steve Martin, but soon left quietly.

The Brick Lane sale is the number one regular event for the BNP. It takes place, with written police permission, from around 10 to 12 every Sunday morning and attendances vary from 15 to 60. Passers by just ignore the sales, which are undertaken by Edmonds, Morse and Beackon, while a number of customers drive up in cars to buy copies of *British Nationalist* and *Spearhead*. Others slope up as if they are about to walk into a sex shop and try to get their purchase over and done with as



Jim White (left of centre in dark glasses), then a Customs officer, marching with the BNP at Thamesmead in May 1991, before Searchlight exposed him with Hepple’s help on the cover of the September 1992 issue (inset)

quickly as possible. Normally around 30 to 40 papers are sold, but it is the actual street presence that is important. In a totally mixed area the BNP is an insult to ethnic minorities. The sellers stand in front of a fast food joint owned by an Asian. A group of thugs sit in the café across the road making racist comments in the faces of the Asian staff, while others look around the gun shop across the road, next to the café, owned by another Asian, at the selection of knives, guns and so on. An occasional posse of skins will walk down the Lane menacingly and abuse the stallholder of the radical book stand, or maybe an activist will be sent by the BNP leaders to buy a copy of *Searchlight* from the bookstand to peruse at their pleasure back at the bunker in Welling later on. Some good comes out of this then, what would *Searchlight* do without its loyal nazi readers who pay £1.50 a shot to see themselves exposed and attacked?

Brian White was often there with his wife and little dog selling hard-core antisemitic material. Even the really crazy Church of the Creator's publication *Racial Loyalty*, with its calls for armed struggle against the Jews and blacks, is on open sale without any interference from the police.

Normally, as on this December occasion, a leafleting session with a large team of activists will take place after the sale in east London. Eddy Butler and activists from around London will often turn up to direct leafleting sessions, ably assisted by Steve Smith, a local alcoholic. Edmonds calls Butler "the commander" and rightly so, because he knows the territory very well indeed.

Hepple infiltrates BNP headquarters

I moved down to London properly during the middle of January. Although I had the possibility of a job with a cycle courier firm in the City of London, it was my intention to get as close to the BNP HQ in Welling as soon as possible. On the day I moved down to Greenwich, I was picked up by Edmonds for leafleting in Bermondsey. I met Peter Skelton, a longtime activist originally in Eltham NF in the 1970s, and his daughter Teresa, along with Bill Hitches, a truck driver and also a long-time activist who lived in Eltham. These three are typical of the hard-core BNP activists who go out night after night leafleting and stickering.

It soon became apparent that Richard Edmonds was the main tactical leader of operations with an amazing knowledge of the London area, whilst Steve Tyler and Jim White argued with him about where we should go next. The rest of us just followed behind shoving leaflets through doors.

This was a completely different type of operation to the ones I'd become used to in Yorkshire and elsewhere. Here there was purpose, determination and planning behind the activities. The group operated well as a team and I was quite impressed. We were given simple advice. Always leaflet from the far end of a block and back towards the middle, in order not to get cut off by an irate householder or local politico, and split up into groups of four per floor in a block of flats. This way whole blocks could be leafleted within minutes, with little or no chance of trouble. Although there rarely was any trouble, care was always taken and the minibus parked within an accessible distance.

Groups were not to split up, to use their common sense and to stick together in the face of trouble. We were also told not to leaflet houses obviously occupied by non-whites, although it was quite usual to leaflet a house with left-wing posters or stickers in the window. We only came across a few houses like these, mainly on the border between the boroughs of Southwark and Lewisham (marked out by different coloured rubbish bins – green and blue respectively).

The thing about activities in south London, with which I was involved on a daily or often twice daily basis, was the animal-like territorial nature of activities. Edmonds, Tyler or White

would know a "bad street" from a good one, and often, a "bad house" from a good one.

I was amazed that the south London group leafleted as far up as London Bridge station. Before going to London I had always considered the whole area of Southwark and Bermondsey to be a multiracial one. This is not the case. The dingy blocks of flats around Borough tube station, London Bridge and the Imperial War Museum were and are the new recruiting grounds for the BNP. As I say, I was amazed. We would just march into these estates and out again without incident. Some of the blocks, like the Heygate estate, were immense and these were regularly leafleted.

Every Tuesday and Thursday at least two hours' leafleting would be undertaken, if not more, whilst most Fridays Jim White, Darren Parker, Bill Hitches and I would poster around the Blue market area in central Bermondsey. Saturdays would see a papersale at the market followed by leafleting in east London.

At the end of January and beginning of February, the BNP leaders were under the impression that a series of local by-elections would soon be held as a result of a court case that the controlling Liberals in Tower Hamlets were involved in. At an east London BNP meeting in my third week, Eddy Butler explained how he was planning to put up a whole bunch of candidates – around four or five – in these elections and that maximum effort was required to increase the good votes won by BNP candidates previously in these wards. It was interesting that south London and Bermondsey, the scene of a massive pogrom-type event just months previously, took second place in the overall plan for BNP growth in London. This was not just my imagination: south London activists were unhappy with east London, and this showed itself in heated arguments between opposing camps, where Richard Edmonds would step in and act as peace-maker.

This apparent split, or disagreement, was further heightened by the fact that Woolwich skinheads Kenny, Lee, Liz, Eddy and Jason were active with south London, while in east London, casuals, like Alan Thomson, who was hated by Kenny, Lee and Jason because he abused their old friend Joanne, made up the main body of activists. This skinhead-casual split reared its head on numerous occasions and was a major topic of conversation between comrades in our regular Woolwich watering hole, the Greyhound, off Kingsman Road, Woolwich. East London always seemed to win the arguments and get all the glory, while we over the river were fighting an uphill battle to pull in votes for Steve Tyler for the forthcoming general election.

The thing about the Liberals in east London was that they were universally known by the BNP as "London's secret racist party". Edmonds's description of London Liberals was: "A bunch of bored housewives with nothing better to do; they're too weak to join us." The line, to some extent correctly, was that many Londoners "hated Labour". Edmonds and Morse always repeated this idea to me. "They hate Labour, Tim, believe me they hate Labour". This was more than borne out by my experiences on the doorstep and it seemed that the Liberals did indeed operate a racist housing policy covered up with the meaningless platitudes of political correctness. In Bermondsey I became convinced that the Liberals were the main opposition and they were treated as such. The Conservatives, in Bermondsey at least, all knew Steve Tyler personally. Tyler is a former Conservative activist and chairman of a local Bermondsey housing association. We thought the Conservatives to be an obstacle that would easily fall in the future, whilst Labour were just hated.

By early February clear impressions were being created in my mind. I had volunteered to help out at the BNP headquarters as I was unemployed and willing to work 24 hours a day for the party. At first I would turn up around midday and do mundane tasks for Edmonds, folding papers, sorting out stickers, going

down to the post office and so on. After a month I was in there working full-time, often from 10 in the morning to 10 at night, with late night leafleting. I became a mainstay in the operation, answering the phone, reading the mail, sending out BNP information packs (a copy of *British Nationalist*, one of *Spearhead*, an introductory letter and a few leaflets), answering the door to visitors, posting letters, tidying up, typing letters and numerous other tasks.

It was not my brief to put a spanner in the works, not only because I could easily have been incriminated, but also because *Searchlight* and I wanted to get a complete picture of HQ operations over this busy period. It would have been possible to steal money, lose mail and bug the phone, but none of this secret agent stuff took place. Of course, information was passed back to my contacts at *Searchlight* on a daily basis and anything out of the ordinary or serious would warrant more immediate action, for instance a phone call to the *Searchlight* office from the shops in Welling after delivering the parcels and letters to the post office.

Because it would be so difficult to give a chronological report on my activities in London, I think the best way to describe this period is to concentrate on each part of the BNP operation, focussing on particular activists and situations as they arise.

First let me deal with the life of the BNP shop. Officially, the building in Welling is not the headquarters, just a shop, but of course it is really the headquarters. The acquisition of the shop in late 1988 was one of the deciding factors in the decline of both the NF and south London British Movement. Dale Baker and the Woolwich skins were all originally in BM. The money to buy these premises came from BNP activists, who throughout 1988 raised over £10,000 for the building, and a settlement of £18,500 that Edmonds received after being sacked from his job at Cable and Wireless. The location at Welling was chosen because it was a couple of miles away from the borough of Greenwich and in a solidly Conservative area. Eltham and Welling are well known as "white flight" areas, where Londoners moved to get away from the new immigration of the 1960s and 1970s. Kerry, a skin girl, and her family and Peter Skelton are examples of people who moved out of south central London during the 1970s. So there was and is a reservoir of sympathy, if not direct support, for the overt racism of the BNP in Welling. The local people to a great extent distrust the antics of the left-wing council over the border in Greenwich, while a wave of African immigration recently into Woolwich has done nothing to ease people's real or imagined fears of "flooding and swamping".

John Morse and Edmonds chose the shop at Welling after much thought and Morse told me that both he and Edmonds were very happy at the new Welling location. Upper Wickham Lane itself is very quiet, whilst the shop is served both by British Rail (half a mile away) and a bus route, which runs along Upper Wickham Lane.

The shop made the BNP look more respectable and serious as a political party. It gave a new focus for activities in London and acted as an information centre and catalyst for the party nationally. Probably the single most important thing has been the public phone line. The number 081 316 4721 is available from directory enquiries and is in the yellow pages, and this means that not only can the public phone in, but also the cherished media.

For the four months I was there the phone was constantly ringing, example enough of the new interest in the BNP. There was a call at least every 10 minutes, while later, during the election, Edmonds and I had to pull the phone out of its socket in order to fit in a quick meal.

Do not believe the lie that the BNP is not gaining a lot of ground. *Socialist Review* might tell you that it has only 500 members but the real figure is over 3,000. Subscriptions to *British Nationalist* number 400 to 450 – I counted all the cards in Edmonds's old ice cream box where he hides the subscrip-

tion list – while at least as many subscribe to *Spearhead*. These 500 are in many ways the bedrock of support for the BNP. They keep the wheels of the "well-oiled nazi machine" ticking over with donations, of over £900 in one case, from a Mr Palmer of north London.

The BNP receives a lot of mail, very little of it negative. On an average day 50 letters will come in and these combined with phone calls will lead to around 30 to 40 enquiry packs a day being sent off nationwide. The most popular item has got to be the range of stickers, while Malcolm Skeggs, who visits once a week, deals with the handful of requests for the BNP book service.

What are the areas of new support? Mainly the West Midlands, the Northwest and the Northeast, if the mail is anything to go by. One interesting area of support is a group of at least 30 British army subscribers to *British Nationalist*. *Spearhead* is sent out internationally, mainly to the USA, Canada, South Africa and Australia.

Working at the shop was a remarkably revealing experience. Many anti-fascists must wonder what goes on behind those dark blue shutters. The building is heavily fortified against attacks. The front door, which was reinforced during my stay after a half caste lad had a go at Edmonds one night, has four metal bars bolted behind it which have to be removed before visitors can be allowed in, while the wooden shutters are two inches thick. Concrete walls two feet high make up what were the shop windows either side of the door and a peephole in the middle of the door allows you to see who is standing outside. I kept nagging at Edmonds to buy a video camera and place a monitor next to the front door but he seemed reasonably happy with existing arrangements. In March, Jim Guenigault, a drunkard and long-time BNP activist from Deptford, was called in to reinforce the door further at Jennifer Edmonds's request. You can hardly blame her for being security conscious, because on occasions she was left alone in the building late at night. Edmonds himself would boast that even a truck driving into the shop in a ram-raid assault would fail to cause serious damage.

If an intruder entered the building, there were numerous implements to hand that could be used as weapons: four pickaxe handles for a start, as well as a number of fire extinguishers, whose contents were not merely for stopping fires. The possibility of an arson attack has also been considered and now fire blankets are placed behind the doors.

One of the factors ensuring safety for the shop is routine. Visitors normally visited at the same time each day every week, while volunteer helpers like Richard Swain and Andrew Lightfoot would normally turn up during the late morning. Long-time activist Chris Collins, a friend of Edmonds since 1976, popped in regularly. Collins, now a key Combat 18 activist, was another of the hard core of the south London BNP activist team and was part of Edmonds's election campaigns in south London in the 1977-78 period. My friends Kerry, Jackie and Lee would drop in on a Wednesday morning with their kids before going to the local mother and toddler group.

For an event like the Welling march, where I was photographed for *Searchlight*, arrangements were taken very seriously. Before the march in memory of Rolan Adams, the local police chief Philpott paid us a visit in the shop and told us that he wanted a peaceful march (some chance) and that he wanted BNP supporters inside, not outside, the shop. As the BNP believe that the Jews control the top brass in the police force, it was vital to provide for our own defence. The Friday night before the march a group of us, including Simon Chadwick and Graham Tasker, who had come all the way from their home crime area of Chesterfield, as well as myself, Jim White and Dale Baker, slept overnight on the shop floor with our weapons in our hands awaiting an attack. We had heard a rumour that left-wing students were to mount an all-night vigil outside the building and we were ready. We had collectively decided that should there be any hint of trouble from anyone then we would



Left: Tim Hepple with BNP and Brithish Movement thugs protecting the BNP headquarters during a protest march in 1992 over the death of black teenager Rolan Adams
Above: Combat 18 thug Simon Biggs taunts anti-fascist protesters outside a BNP election rally in 1992



attack first and ask questions later. As it was, nothing happened, but nothing was ever left to chance. From 8 am on the Saturday morning scores of BNP activists arrived at the shop with bags of tools and tear-gas. Another large group of over 60 of us got into the pub next to the building, while a group of casual thugs drove around in cars. Yet another group of thugs attacked some marchers outside the notorious Abbey Arms pub and students were attacked by Millwall fans in Deptford. I was glad I wasn't in the shop because there must have been over 100 people inside. All in all, there were at least 250 nazis in the area that day, some of them BNP, and more worryingly, some autonomous groups of nutters most likely from the British National Socialist Movement.

Edmonds and I had been on the phone the previous week ringing up as many contacts as possible. It amounted to a call to arms for the BNP and many supporters were all in favour of a head on attack on the march. As it was, the skinhead group I was involved with got most of the action. We spent the early part of the morning storming around Welling terrifying the public, while after the march we took to the streets behind the HQ and quite by accident bumped into a massive cordon of police protecting the left-wing marchers, only 400 yards behind the HQ. They couldn't believe their misfortune and we couldn't believe our luck! We merrily sieg-heiled the marchers, chucked a few bricks and hurled abuse. The police went through the motions of warning us off but now, as on numerous other occasions, they favoured us. That afternoon the Woolwich skinhead contingent won the tactical victory much to the chagrin of a handful of east London casuals, including Alan Thomson, who had to even things up with a sickening attack on a mixed race couple. Simon Chadwick and Graham Tasker helped out whilst screaming "You race traitor" at the terrified white lad.

Despite tasting blood, it was quite clear that elements of the movement were unhappy with the low body count on that Saturday and it is my belief that it was at this point that the criminal conspirators of Combat 18 stepped in and made their move. It is no coincidence that one of the main complainants about a lack of organisation was Simon Biggs, the violent nazi skin from Penge, south London, whose reputation preceded him. Biggsy had spent a lot of time in prison and was a constant reoffender. But he was no idiot, intensely loyal and with a likable personality. He was more than happy to get stuck in and did so regularly. I witnessed one particularly bad attack while

we were poster in Croydon one night with his friends Neil and Billy and their Staffordshire bull terrier Roxy. We were wandering around Croydon poster on the way to a rendezvous with Croydon BNP at a nearby pub, when they noticed a bearded character pulling down one of our newly put up posters. Immediately they sneaked over to the enemy, who was completely unaware of their presence, and set the dog on him. The dog did a good job and Billy particularly gave the guy a vicious beating. There was blood everywhere. I didn't feel much emotion. It was just another attack in many ways and did not, for me at least, have the connotations or unprovoked qualities of Thomson's attack on the black and white couple I related earlier. It struck me on the way home that night that I had become quite immune to violence, particularly against left-wingers. I was in no way prepared to attack ethnic minorities for any reason, and all the attacks I got involved in were against brain dead Marxists like the SWP who needed to have some tactical sense knocked into them.

At the time of the Croydon attack I had decided to stick close to Simon Biggs because only days earlier, at a papersale and leaflet drive undertaken by over 20 skins in Mitcham, he had shown me a badly produced document published by a group calling itself Combat 18.

On the morning of the sale Biggsy was all excited about the newsletter he had received from his old mate Charlie Sargent. I'd heard the name before but in connection with what, I was not certain. Biggsy briefly showed me the newsletter, a badly typed affair with a large black leterset header entitled *Redwatch*. There were the usual complaints about "lack of organisation", an old hobby horse on the extreme right, and "the need for security". This time, however, specific reasons were given for the need for Combat 18: particularly prominent was the recent attack on Richard Edmonds at Kings Cross station. Although Edmonds himself repeatedly stated that getting attacked was very much his own fault for being in the wrong place at the wrong time and having his brain "switched off", others took a less personal view. The document made various other threats and promises about future meetings and so on, and noted that the recipient, Biggsy, would be contacted later on.

At the time I have to admit that I didn't take any of this seriously, but looking back, this important development fitted into a series of coincidental events.

I had already met the northwest London skinheads on numer-

ous occasions at Brick Lane and BNP meetings. They were a solid group including Peter Illing, an apprentice from Abbots Langley; "Jaffa" Jones, a barman from south Hertfordshire who recently turned up in Croatia as part of the neo-nazi mercenary squads; Gary Robson, a chef from Wembley, who despite an Australian accent and years in Oz was actually English born and bred; his mate Peter, another ex-Oz dweller; and Jason, a pint-sized skinhead thug who worked at a coathanger factory and had TA experience. "The General Purpose Machine Gun would be ideal for blasting the commies," Jason told me in the gun shop over the road from Brick Lane one Sunday.

Although this group was very active around Watford, in terms of paperselling and poster (they had the use of a small white van for nocturnal activities), they often discussed with me the need to go one step further. These discussions were held at the BNP HQ, at Brick Lane and with Simon Biggs at his local, the Anerley Arms, next door to Anerley station in south London. Robson was obviously the man with the knowledge, mainly learned in Australia, where he had been involved with militant survivalists and National Action. He favoured the Identity school of Jewish conspiracy, but had a deep knowledge of weaponry and survival. He was a lot older than any of us and at around 35 years of age he commanded respect, despite the fact that he would only talk to a chosen few of us. Although no concrete plan for action was decided upon, Illing drove his group to numerous meetings to discuss tactics and strategy. We all agreed on the need for activity "outside the party" (the BNP) and one early plan was to attack marchers on the way to Welling for the Anti Racist Alliance march past the shop. We were going to have a man up at London Bridge waiting for some reds to board a train and then get on the train at a station a few stops down and hammer the reds with clubs, hammers and so on. This was just one plan and there were others. A high level of organisation was needed for something like this and the only prerequisite was that these would be skinhead only operations. This ties in with the attack on the Anti Nazi League featured on the *World in Action* documentary.

At the same time, back at Welling, I was listening to John Morse elucidating on plans afoot – exactly whose plans was never made clear – to create a "stewarding group" to defend BNP activities. This was to be comprised of "solid blokes", another "in" phrase for the BNP. They were partly Loyalists like Ian Dell, Chris Collins, Bill Hitches and, yes, you've guessed it, Derek Beackon, nominally the BNP's chief steward and the man who was to form a link between the Croydon BNP mob and the casual thugs from east London who became Combat 18.

The beginnings of Combat 18

The only difference between Combat 18, the northwest London group and John Morse was in terms of personnel. Combat 18 under the nominal control (well he is the figurehead) of Charlie Sargent was to focus on nazi thugs known to him personally as having a good reputation for violence, many of whom, I supposed, would have Chelsea headhunter links and who would bridge the gap between the BM of old and the thugs of today. The northwest London group was to recruit skinheads like Kirk Barker, the nutter from Farnborough who got three years for the Buntingford attack, and other militant Blood and Honour types who had known each other for years. Barker was really out of control. At a Basingstoke BNP meeting addressed by John Morse, Barker was trying to sell knuckledusters and other implements. A widely circulated story was that he had climbed onto the stage at a Blood and Honour gig and brandished an Uzi submachine gun, albeit a replica, or so the story went. On the way back from a Blood and Honour gig in Nottingham, he led an attack upon a group of Asians in Buntingford. To top it all, he was outwardly the prime mover during the infamous

attack on the Anti Nazi League in Bethnal Green and dealt some of the most vicious blows that day. Most of the criminal acts he got involved with occurred at a time when he was on bail for the Buntingford attack, bound over to keep the peace and under curfew. He was also convicted later for using tear-gas at the bloody clash between Blood and Honour and the anti-fascist movement at Waterloo in 1992.

So around mid-February three groups, all of whom were central to the activities of the BNP, were plotting and planning to form their own stormtroops and to strike randomly at the left. Was this a coincidence or was there somebody in the background pulling the strings and bringing these strands together?

What is most remarkable is that the skinheads, of whom I was nominally a member, had a massive bust up with the BNP during March after they were asked to stay in the pub by Edmonds during electioneering in Bethnal Green outside the Weavers Arms in east London. This request was because of filming by both local and Swiss television. He wanted to "show a respectable face" for the BNP. It was slightly late for all that mid-1980s propaganda, I thought, but he only succeeded in getting all the skins to leave *en masse*. What made things a lot worse was that Illing and co were off to a Blood and Honour gig that day and so they shot off to Leicester in a foul mood, recounting their experiences to the skinhead movement and backed up by Blood and Honour boss Ian Stuart Donaldson, who had a few choice words to say. They quite rightly complained that they were "being used" by the BNP to protect its meetings and do its dirty work and were being kept out of the picture the rest of the time. Edmonds refused to sell Blood and Honour material at his shop and this worsened the divisions.

This was a major bust up but Edmonds seemed only slightly concerned. Morse said "the skinheads are nothing without our BNP organisation", whilst the rest of us just sat in silence, completely shocked. Why were these two so eager to split with the skinheads who made up at least half of south London's activist corps? Had assurances of physical support been given, or was Morse's "security force" more than a pipe dream? And why, after being dumped on, did all the skinheads return two months later? The answer appears to have been a grovelling climb down by Tyndall himself.

I believe that this split was part of Harold Covington's master plan to put a hardline nazi group, Combat 18, in control of the streets in true nazi fashion. The skins would carry on in their role as more open activists within the BNP while continuing to promote the Blood and Honour music scene. Combat 18 on the other hand would take on a wider role, of gathering intelligence and undertaking well planned terrorist-type attacks on left-wing activists and premises.

It was during this period that Hepple was helpful in monitoring the activities and terrorist liaison work being carried out in Britain and other parts of Europe by Harold Covington. Searchlight was also getting indirect help from Ben Klassen of the Church of the Creator, who hates Covington's guts.

I was kept away from the inner workings of C18, mainly because of my full-time work back at the bunker in Welling. Nevertheless, I did have a lot of involvement with the darlings of the nazi movement and C18 activists, the "Croydon mob". They came into the picture just before the attack on the ANL in early 1992. The first time I ever met them was when they turned up at a BNP branch meeting at the Sultan pub in Bermondsey. There I met John Merritt and Paul Ballard. Both these names rang immediate alarm bells. They were both well known NF members and Ballard had links with the original British Movement.

Merritt was the most enthusiastic of the two and I found him intelligent and easy to talk to. They explained their move into the BNP as "returning to the roots of British nationalism". This was an interesting comment in itself because not very long ago

the Croydon crew had been deeply involved with the lunatic fringes of Third Positionism. Merritt himself had converted to Catholicism for a while, as had all the leading members of the Third Position in an attempt to recreate a political group of a neo-Conservative-Catholic dimension dedicated to a "European renaissance". Although he dismissed this as a form of experimentation or ideological deviance, I was not so easily convinced. Firstly he did not say that he disagreed politically with the aims and goals of the Third Position and in fact in conversation with me he was very enthusiastic about the ideas of rural revolution and green politics so close to my heart but in a different sense. Merritt told me that he often talked to Chris Marchant, a Third Position activist in Croydon and ex-army man. Marchant had been to Croatia with other Third Positionists who saw the break up of Yugoslavia as the beginning of the much dreamed of "Europe of a thousand flags". According to Merritt, Marchant and his comrades had been given Croatian citizenship, an interesting little tidbit of information.

One of Marchant's areas of interest was animal rights, an interest he shares with Merritt's wife. Mention of this area of activity immediately grabbed my attention as I was particularly keen to try and stop nazi infiltration of animal rights groups. Marchant had asked Merritt to help him attack a number of MacDonald's fast food outlets in south London. Merritt refused because he saw this as a sideline in the race war. On this occasion I acted independently of *Searchlight* and contacted a trusted friend in the Thames Valley animal rights movement, one of the two people who knew what I was doing in London but who were sworn to secrecy and who came through by staying silent, thanks guys. I gave him a brief outline of Marchant's proposed attacks and he promised to spread the word that fascists were trying to infiltrate the animal rights movement.

Unknown to Hepple, Paul Ballard was a long-time friend and comrade of Tim Scargill, alias Wright, who was at that time a leading light in Class War, a member of Militant and an animal rights activist. While playing political footsie with anti-fascist activists Scargill was also urging Ballard to get his people to attack an anarchist bookshop. Scargill had been in three groups with Ballard and two with Merritt – the NF, BM and the Croydon White Defence outfit. By talking to people in the Thames Valley and Surrey areas, where Scargill was active, Hepple was in danger of putting himself in danger of discovery.

I have yet to understand how sadistic nazis dedicated to eliminating the Jews and other races off the face of the earth can even try and con people into believing that they care about animals. In fact of course the handful of nazis involved in the animal rights movement are attempting to dupe decent and concerned animal lovers into attacking Asian and Jewish targets supposedly responsible for acts of "ritual slaughter".

Merritt also provided me with armfuls of Third Positionist literature – so much for his split with the Griffin/Holland faction. None of Merritt's ideological somersaulting between the Third Position, the Andersonian NF or the BNP could be explained easily. What I did know, however, was that the six main activists from the Croydon area who joined the BNP in February 1992 were hardened antisemites and vicious thugs. The quiet man in this group was Paul Ballard, an ex-civil servant jokingly referred to as Trotsky by his nazi mates, who was the brains behind a lot of the activity. We believe that he has acted as a collator for C18 and his civil service past would be an excellent grounding for such a role. Then there was Gary, "the driver" and rugby enthusiast, who had recently suffered the rigours of divorce, thus releasing him to be more active in the BNP. Next came "little drummer boy" Adrian Woods, who was the ultimate branch activist. He enjoyed recounting stories of violent clashes with left-wing demonstrators in his young NF days and his more recent attempts to build up a fully fledged nazi marching band. His best bit of advice to me was to "stay

clean". No, this was not a nazi thug telling me to "down tools". Instead Woods told me to carry a highly sharpened pencil (HB is best) on me at all times in my back pocket, which could be "shoved into a victim's throat" in one swift move. He told me that he had carried out many of these mobile tracheotomies in his violent past and how one victim "had the f***ing pencil sticking out of his neck".

After that assortment of thugs came the seemingly mild-tempered Dave Oakes, a night worker for the post office in Reigate. He, like his mates, was happy to be in the BNP. He too had gone through a range of nazi grouplets on his way to ultimate fulfilment in the BNP, including a brief and unhappy stay with nazi scumbag Terry Flynn's Hollywood November 9th Society. I felt a bit sorry for Dave Oakes because on his first activity with the BNP in east London he got arrested. This was at the attack on the ANL. Dave never actually got to attack anybody, but he still got done for it, although he was later acquitted. Maybe he'll realise now that action with the BNP is a dead end.

The Croydon branch was highly organised and was one of the few to pursue actively all enquiries received from its area at the BNP HQ. Every Wednesday we would meet at Croydon East station and go out posterling or leafletling. Simon Biggs often turned up from nearby Penge while Jackie Brown, an attractive skin girl, often came from West Ham to help out. Violence was never far from the surface and obviously Merritt, Woods, Ballard and friends saw attack as the best form of defence. This became increasingly obvious during the election campaign where the Croydon team became an integral part of the BNP election team. One incident sticks in my mind. In the last days of the 1992 election campaign, we had gone over with Edmonds to work in east London for Tyndall's candidacy in Bow and Poplar. There were around 20 of us and we held a number of street rallies in the various market areas. At one of these we bumped into a group of irate local blacks wound up by two weasel-like American ANL supporters who looked completely out of place. Some of the opposition mob were ready to attack despite a heavy police presence. We were all tooled up. I had some tear-gas (Oleoresin Capsicum to be precise) at the ready and Jackie Brown had her perfume in her pocket to spray in people's faces. We also had flagpoles and hammers. Despite all this, John Merritt walked out from our side right into the hysterical mob of blacks and dared them to attack him. They obviously didn't know what to make of this lunatic act and I remember some of them saying that it would be pointless. Merritt was completely fearless. He got nicked for his trouble but was released soon after. His Third Position terrorist training and cadre indoctrination led him to give a false name to the police and refuse to answer their questions.

He also went straight into the Socialist Workers' Party paperselling contingent at Bermondsey Blue market and threatened them as well. He told me that it brought back memories of the SLAG, or South London Action Group, which had spent a lot of time in the early to mid-1980s attacking left-wingers. On another occasion, Merritt planned to attack Gerry Gable at one of Gerry's court appearances relating to the ludicrous charges arising out of the Kensington library fiasco. Merritt was going to dress up in a suit and "do Gable over in the bogs" at court. I think Gerry might just have spotted Merritt. After all he has hundreds of photos of him.

One thing I could never quite understand was Merritt the nazi as against Merritt the father. He had a lovely little boy and was married to a very attractive wife. He obviously loved both of them but was full of unmitigated hatred towards almost everyone else. Another less personal incongruity was the relationship between him, his Croydon BNP and Tim Scargill. Scargill was an activist with the Class War federation, though he has now been chucked out and threatened to stand for parliament at the Newbury by-election, much to everyone's amazement. I do not know the whole truth behind the following allegations but I can only relate what I know. Basically Scargill has a dubious repu-



BNP, NF and local racist demonstrators confront black marchers in Bermondsey on 24 August 1991

tation as a dreamer and fantasist within the anarchist movement. He was heavily involved with Merritt in both the British Movement and National Front in the late 1970s and early 1980s. Scargill was always interested in the Strasserite or left-wing working-class element within fascism. This led him to leave the movement in around 1984 and join the Militant Tendency. Some time after that he joined Class War and worked his way up to the position of small-time media personality and "face" within the CW federation. I was more than happy to believe that Scargill left fascism nine years ago, but from what Merritt and his friends told me, there is a lot more to the Scargill story than meets the eye. Scargill is a known liar, having claimed in the past that he was related to Arthur Scargill. He also once told a story about how he had been on strike in his job as a post office worker when the strike was broken by "armed police officers". This has no basis in fact.

Hepple's version of events surrounding Scargill just adds to the weight of evidence that he is a nazi or a state agent provocateur.

The story from Croydon BNP, related to me on three separate occasions by Ballard, Woods and Merritt respectively, is that Scargill meets them regularly and that they are in close contact still, after all these years. I once mentioned Class War at the BNP shop during a visit from Merritt to pick up some propaganda material. "Yeah, we know all about that, we know Tim Scargill, you know, he's really into this working class stuff."

One thing that surprised me a lot whilst working at the BNP shop was the way in which everything was seen in terms of the Third Reich and Nazism. Of course the Holocaust was an important part of this fascination, with the gory details of concentration camp history, but it soon became clear why Nazism and the Holocaust occupied the minds of the BNP leadership. Edmonds's view was simply that the Holocaust was a moral battering ram against the white race. "The Jews can now turn around and say: down you dogs, down, because Britain and Europe failed to subject themselves to Jewish domination." Edmonds was the prime mover behind the publication of *Holocaust News* in 1987, but this was more than a passing interest. Incidentally, Edmonds told me that *Holocaust News*

was merely an attempt to win much-needed publicity for the BNP during the late 1980s. This ploy had worked and had to some extent tapped into the Holocaust denial paranoia mentality of the extreme right. At the heart of the matter for Morse and Edmonds was the belief that only the Holocaust stood in the way of a nazi revival in Britain. No activist in the BNP was allowed to work with Morse and Edmonds unless he felt in 100 per cent agreement with the Holocaust denial line. One unfortunate character, Shane Tocher from Ealing, felt the brunt of a joint Edmonds-Morse attack on this issue. He made the hilarious comment that he had joined the NF for its economic policies. This was "characteristic of the weakness of NF personnel" for Morse and Edmonds, who browbeat Tocher into agreeing that the Holocaust was nothing more than lies. Tocher ended up in St Bernard's mental hospital in west London a week later.

Edmonds had a clever line of argument. He would start off by using the first world war as an example of "racial fratricide that nobody can explain" and then moved on into evidence that the second world war was fought for the same reason as the first, entirely for the purposes of creating "Zionist domination" of the world. Part of this fiendish plan was the "myth of the Holocaust" whereby the Jews would always have the whip hand in moral terms over everyone else because they had suffered the most.

Edmonds's filing cabinets are stuffed full of Holocaust denial material whilst the bookshelves in the shop are weighed down by "conspiracy theory" books by Captain Ramsey and Nesta Webster, and Holocaust denial books by Butz, the IHR and Fred Leuchter. For him, all history culminates in the struggle against the Jews and their lies, but unlike many sympathisers, he is not prepared to just listen to tapes of stormtrooper marches and relive the glory days of the Reich. He wants to create the New Order today and his model is the Third Reich in its entirety. He is prepared to live a barren existence at the Welling shop in order to bring the New Order into reality.

His wife Jennifer is an Oxford graduate with a first in history and was part of the Oxford University Monday Club. She is an intelligent woman and although she accepts that the Holocaust is a lie, she is totally pissed off with the Jewish obsession of her husband and more particularly John Morse. She often flew into a rage when Morse talked endlessly of the Third Reich as being

"the only example of the kind of state we want to create" and gave various examples of Jewish conspirators in 20th century history. "The BNP is nothing more than a bunch of Jew-obsessed losers" was one of her more lucid comments, to which there was no reply. She railed against the nonsense of the hardcore writings of various racist writers like Ben Klassen, whose book *Nature's Eternal Religion* is one long anti-Jewish diatribe. She hated John Tyndall who, like Morse, had a Jew obsession. "He's just a pompous old windbag, a Colonel Blimp figure." She apparently hadn't realised the full extent of the BNP's nazism until she married Edmonds. Maybe her excellent Oxford education has shown her that the deep recesses of anti-Jewish paranoia are historically untenable. Quite obviously she would prefer the BNP to move in a more anti-Maastricht right-wing Tory direction and this would suit her Monday Club political roots. Having said that, she must have known what she was in for when she married Richard Edmonds and she seemed very affectionate towards him at times.

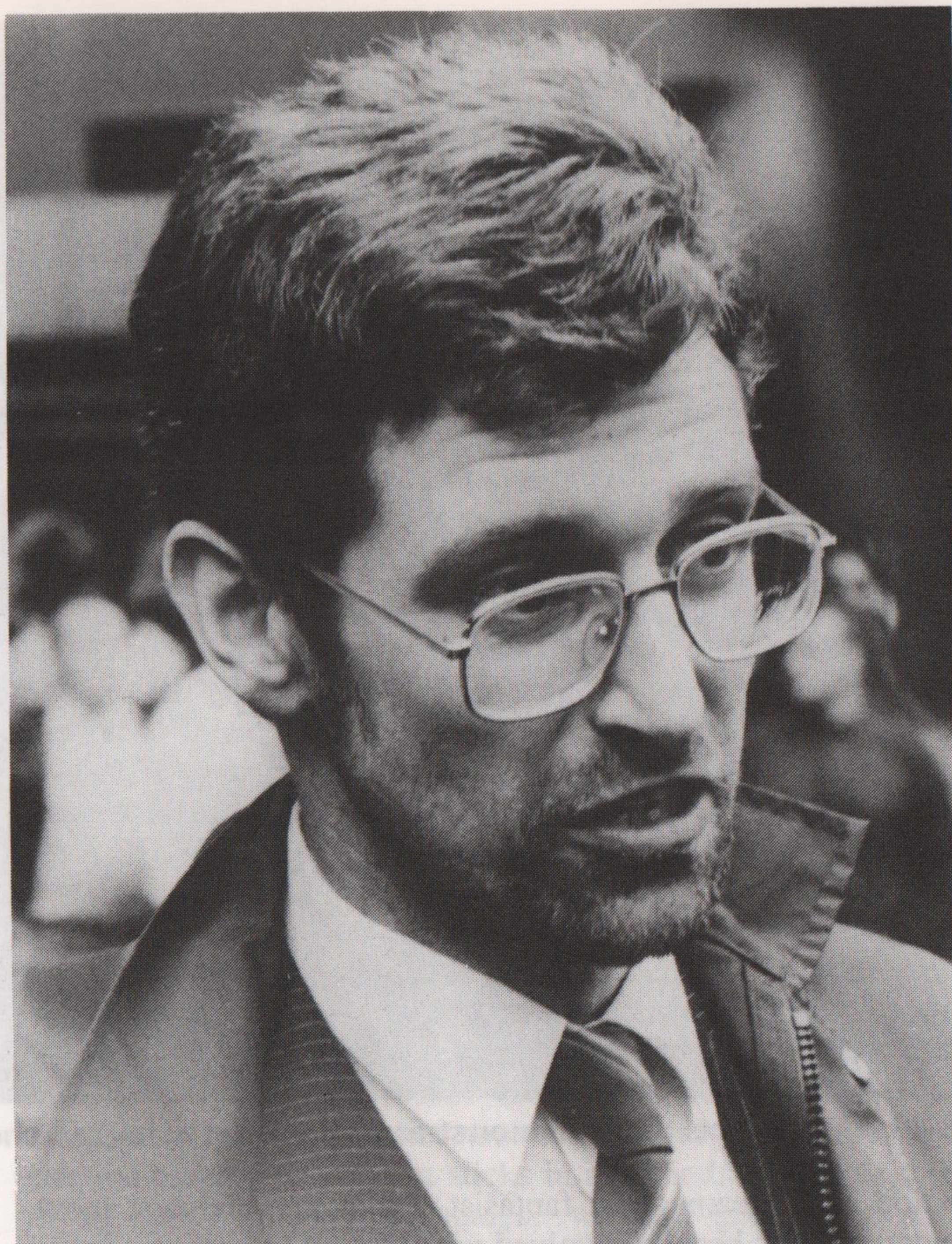
Living at the Welling HQ cannot be easy for either of them. At nighttime the place is very cold indeed and an eerie silence reigns over the building. There is the constant threat of attack, the bare furnishings and, more than anything else, absolutely squalid conditions. As I was at the HQ every day, I tidied everywhere up and gave the place a good dust, more for my own personal hygiene than anything else. For a movement that claims to believe in high standards of cleanliness and strict organisation, the BNP HQ is a disgrace. The dust, before I got there, was inches thick and I filled four plastic sacks of useless rubbish before even attempting to tidy up the actual office part of the building. During my cleaning up operations I found bags of money, enquiries from the public, old BNP files, leaflets and a fax machine, which I soon fixed up. I couldn't believe the state the place was in and I was amazed that any progress could be made under these conditions.

However, Alf Waite from Bromley, a long-time BNP activist and Tyndall loyalist, came in twice a week for five hours at a time to act as chief administrator. He had some sort of system working and he would deal with enquiries and day to day matters with my help. Nevertheless, his efforts met with unanimous disapproval from BNP units, because he kept all the new enquiries back at his house and never sent them to BNP representatives. He was also a tediously slow worker and terrible on the phone. He didn't seem to have the faintest idea about party activities and was only able to carry on in his role as party administrator because of his marsupial relationship with Tyndall. He slagged off the skinhead presence within the BNP and much to Edmonds's chagrin, constantly harped on about the good old days of world war two, when he had been in the navy "fighting the jerries". Here was yet another anti-federalist right-wing Tory who had mistakenly joined the BNP thinking it was in any way "British".

With friends like Alf Waite and Jennifer Edmonds, who needs enemies? At times I had to play the role of the loyal party lapdog, running down to the local co-op to do the Edmonds' shopping. No wonder Edmonds looks so unfit. He lives on a diet of meat and beans, toast, cheese and tea. He also has a penchant for eating whole lemons. My vegetarianism had to go on hold whilst at the HQ and it was very difficult to live on a daily meat and bean diet. I had to spend what money I had on fruit, just to take away the taste and to eat something healthy for a change.

I would be sent down to the co-op with a big bag of letters and parcels to be mailed to Britain's nazis, and afterwards I would trudge around the food hall buying the fixed quota of six tins of meat and beans, a lump of mature cheddar and four litres of UHT milk.

After a meal at midday, Edmonds and I would work in the shop until around six. Then we would leave the building and go off to the van, which was constantly moved around neighbouring streets in order to prevent vandalism and attack. Of interest to anti-fascists is the route from Welling to Bermondsey, east



John Morse, editor of British Nationalist, an obsessive Jew-baiter and racist, who was sent to prison with John Tyndall in the mid-1980s

London. The same route was used time and again and I was amazed that although we kept to a fixed routine, nobody ever tried to attack us.

We would travel down Upper Wickham Lane onto the main road to Plumstead station, where we would often pick up Dale Baker and Paul Williams. The latter was an out and out nazi who wore a swastika badge at all times. His main concern in life seemed to be collecting every book about the Third Reich and its leaders that it was possible to get hold of. His main interest was in the military aspects of the Third Reich. He was a very intense and moody character but a fanatic nevertheless. He worked shifts at a mental hospital but I never found out where. I assumed from what he said that his job was to transport patients around the facility and to restrain the violent elements. (I remembered that four years earlier a friend of Pete Baynes had said that he worked at the infamous Rampton hospital.)

Next we would pick up my skin girl friends from the Greyhound pub in Woolwich. On occasions we would pick up a good number from here: Kerry, Lee, Liz, Eddy and various of their friends. About 20 skinheads live in the Woolwich area. Some like Kerry and her family live on the racist Abbey Wood estate, a couple of miles down the road. Others live in Thamesmead. The Woolwich and Bexleyheath area has always been very strong in skinhead terms and thugs like Dale Baker ("swastika head") straddled the gap between the BM days of old and the BNP of today. Baker is or was a close friend of Nicky Crane and couldn't believe the stories about Crane "coming out" as a gay. At the BM's height over 400 skins were active in the BM in southeast London. A lot of these guys, now around 30 years old, still hold to their old beliefs and get involved with the BNP on an on-off basis. Some of them drink at the Abbey Arms. Quite a few of them are taxi-drivers. I unfortunately managed to recruit three of them to the BNP after a taxi ride in March, when my driver asked me if I knew where "the BNP gaff" was. I told him who I was - it was rather obvi-

ous with the number three haircut and the nazi T-shirt! After that he was a regular visitor to the HQ.

Conveniently enough, Ian Dell lived in a block of flats over the road from the Greyhound in Woolwich, at 82 St Domingo House, Leda Rd, SE18. We picked him and his wife Gabi up on most trips into London. They have split up now, I understand, because Gabi refused to obey the "master of the house" at all times and in all places. Dell and Edmonds go back a long way and have been involved in numerous criminal activities: the smashing of the Mandela statue on the South Bank, the distribution of illegal nazi material in south London, the Friends Meeting House debacle, and so on. Dell just keeps on popping up, at Bermondsey during the 1991 riot and at the battle of Waterloo last year. When I met him in February 1992 for the first time he had been released from prison for knocking down a pedestrian after the van he was driving went out of control. In his appeal solicitors had successfully argued that the dodgy state of the tyres was not Dell's fault, but that of Dell's boss. Dell will end up inside eventually. People like him always do.

On we would travel to Greenwich, sometimes to pick me up, or sometimes take a diversion via Charlton to Blackheath to pick up Pete and Kathy Ubsdell, veteran Edmonds supporters. Kathy was not a well woman. She had serious cancer and it was obvious she was in pain. Edmonds and others showed genuine concern for her condition, so obviously nazis are not devoid of all feelings and emotions.

After this we would pick up Jim White either from his place in SE8 or at Surrey Quays tube station. There we would meet Steve Tyler, Darren Parker and any east Londoners who had turned up. Quite often and especially during the month-long election campaign a carload or two of the Croydon scum would meet us there as well. The tube station served as an important meeting point, but it was also Jim White's and Steve Tyler's undoing in the late part of the election campaign.

John Morse and I had constantly warned that we were meeting at the same place too often and that it was only a matter of time before a small group of BNP personnel would be attacked. This prediction was to come true when White and Tyler, who thought that we were being over paranoid, were badly beaten up by unknown assailants while gormlessly standing around outside the station. On that day Morse and I were in Cardiff doing a token day of action in the Cardiff North constituency. We levelled up the body count with a vicious attack on a group of absolutely moronic students, who we came across handing out anti-BNP leaflets. This student group even managed to exceed the tactical incompetence of the ANL/SWP. They were all stood in a huddle with no security, no look outs, no nothing. Their transit van was parked some way off in the most empty part of a large car park. They paid the price. We punched in the windows of their van and whacked a couple of them quite badly. One young woman made a farcical comment: "You wouldn't hurt a woman, would you?" She got her answer in boot form from a skinhead called Bryn. This motley crew of students made the mistake of being in the wrong place at the wrong time. A group of rather idiotic anti-fascists had already wound Cardiff skins into a frenzy after graffitiing the centre of Cardiff with "Violent Storm, 3 down, 1 to go", in response to the tragic death of three members of the Blood and Honour band Violent Storm on the M4 a few days earlier. The anti-fascists played it all wrong and they might reflect that their actions rebounded badly on a group of well intentioned but naive students.

On that day the Cardiff contingent was bolstered by a group of nazis from Devon, John Morse, me, Peter and Teresa Skelton, the Croydon mob and a young nazi called Mark Faulkner. Faulkner had recently left the Royal Hampshire regiment and, after consecutive tours of duty in Northern Ireland, made a beeline for the BNP. He had a valuable asset for us in the shape of a new J-reg Sierra. For some inextricable reason he became friendly with the scumbag of Deptford, Jim White.

During the election campaign, Faulkner drove us around all the time. He was quite a snappy dresser as well and a valuable asset for the party. He lived in Reading and it was his intention to organise a Reading branch of the party. This was quite ironic for me because back in 1981-83 I started as a football hooligan at Reading FC and bought NF propaganda from the bunch of vicious nazi skins from the Reading district who made the terraces at RFC "all-white" and were infamous for their "Paki-bashing" activities.

Jim White was total scum. A convinced nazi and Loyalist terrorist apologist, I found White the most nauseating specimen I encountered in the BNP. He thought he knew it all and seemed to be under the impression that Bermondsey was already "in the bag" for the BNP. White was Steve Tyler's election agent and lapdog. They had already conducted a campaign in Camberwell recently and obtained a respectable 6.5 per cent of the votes in a borderline area. To a great extent the failure of the BNP to reap the harvest of the August 1991 nazi riots in Bermondsey and bring in a decent vote for Tyler was White's fault. He concentrated all our efforts in the estates around the Blue market and failed to campaign in the new BNP areas up near London Bridge and Waterloo. He also focused on large papersales in the Blue market and futile poster efforts in and around Bermondsey. He seemed to think that the whole of Bermondsey was waiting for the new messiahs of the BNP to turn up and that would be it. Of course this was not the case. Bermondsey is a racist area, but probably more a criminal area with a very high death rate. Local people are more bothered about issues like crime and gang warfare, but White, as coordinator, failed to address this central concern. His failure and the tactical incompetence of Tyndall meant that we failed to hold either an election rally or a march - the constituency was too big. In my opinion it is in local council elections where the BNP can do

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Mike Easter, Copse Walk, Childsbridge Lane, Seal, Sevenoaks.
P. Edwards, Broadfield Rd, SE6. (697-) /690-).
Terry Fitzgerald, Colyer House, Hurst Place Estate, Woolwich Rd, London SE2.
Andrew Edgington, Pieldo Heath Ave, Hillingdon, Middx.
Milton Ellis, Kings Avenue, Ealing London W5.
Roger Evans, Stratford, Hockley Heath, Marks.
Dave Ellis, Byron Rd, Ealing W5 3LL.
Richard Fawcus, Snowberry Close, Overton Court, Stacey Bushes, Milton Keynes.
J. Flannigan, Mull Place, N. Muirton, Perth, PH1 3DP.
Robert Fishwick, Vincent St, St. Helens, Merseyside, WA10 1LE.
Neil Farnell, Hereford Court, 18 Canning Rd, Croydon, CR0 6QD.
M. Flynn, Smithers House, Theiger Rd, Penge SE20.
T. Fitzgerald, Colyer Hse etc etc.....
H.C.E. Fralley, Fairfield Terrace, Hamstreet, Ashford, Kent. TN26 2HJ.
Peter Fowler, Mynachdy Rd, Gabalfa, Cardiff, Wales CF4 3HN.
Andrew Fielding, Alma Pk Rd, Grantham, Lincs, NG 37 9SX.
Jim Guenigault, Pitman Hse, Tanners Hill, Deptford, SE8 4PP.
Stephen Greene, Wallace Close, Thamesmead, London SE28.
Andrew Grays tel 0582-
Tom Graham, House, Holy Jesus Hospital Estate, Claremont Rd, Newcastle, On Tyne

A few of the hundreds of names and addresses recorded by Hepple during his period at the BNP headquarters in Welling in the run-up to the general election in April 1992. (Numbers have been removed to protect their families.) Dozens of other documents were copied

most damage, where it is free to put up a candidate and easy to do two or three leaflet drops within a week and present an image of strength – an idea dear to nazi hearts.

White was a vicious bastard, but a heavy drinker and totally unfit. On one occasion in Bermondsey an old black man stuck his head out of his front door and tore up the recently delivered BNP leaflet that had soiled his household. White's response was very revealing and shows the true nazi mind at work: "You, nigger, get back into your kennel – in, in you bastard, you're finished in Britain, finished." What a performance. It was at times like these that I knew I was doing the right thing working for *Searchlight*. On this occasion I commented that it was a waste of time arguing with black people or abusing them, we should just take no notice. "Look, Tim, let's get one thing straight, they're not people, they're animals, scum," White replied.

The Customs officer who supplied tear-gas

White's job was trainee Customs officer. He would strut around on occasions saying things like: "All I need to do now is produce this ID card and I can make an arrest at any time." This was an obvious abuse of his powers and also a totally unprofessional attitude for anyone working in Customs and Excise. No wonder so many people complained about this government service. And how do people like White get into such cushy jobs with their track record of nazism and criminality? It seems to me that the government is far too concerned about supposed "subversives" like communists and socialists. Maybe the civil service bosses should be more careful in future. However, we did hand them White's head on a platter.

East London casual thugs had been liberally spraying tear-gas in their victims' faces and when I questioned them they said White could obtain further supplies. White admitted that he often brought items back with him from France and in case this wasn't enough evidence then Jennifer Edmonds carried French tear-gas around with her. Edmonds himself has a supply of tear-gas in the upstairs part of the Welling HQ which was brought in from the USA. It would be most interesting to know how he imported this stuff. Oddly enough, this admission by White was only the icing on the cake for *Searchlight*, which had already been investigating claims from yet another mole inside the BNP that White was the source of tear-gas supplies. I didn't know this at the time.

I really hated White and just in case he should every try to deny his nazi beliefs, I sent Gerry Gable a photograph I found in his front room of him, Paul Williams and Andy, a skinhead from Canning Town who turned up on the front page of a recent edition of *Red Action* looking very dejected after the battle of Waterloo, sieg-heiling for the camera.

The posturing of White links in nicely with two court appearances that Edmonds made, on which I accompanied him on both occasions. The first was a quiet magistrates affair, which resulted in him getting an admittedly ludicrous fine for possessing a two inch blade knife, which he had been using to try and mend the steering column on his rickety old van. The JP wasn't interested and although Edmonds only got a small fine, later to be overturned on appeal, it went down on his already blotted record. This first occasion was, as I say, very quiet and devoid of opposition. Mark Twiddy and I acted as minders for Edmonds. Twiddy, a near neighbour of Gerry Gable in Redbridge, is a close friend of Tony Wells and a ex-ICF hooligan never far from the violence.

Edmonds's next visit to court was very different indeed. It was a Crown Court appearance at Southwark. The trial concerned violent clashes that took place at Brick Lane during 1991 between around 80 Anti Fascist Action and 30 BNP supporters. This has been adequately covered in *Searchlight* but suffice it to say that both Edmonds and Tony Wells had been

nicked and charged with affray as were four members of AFA. It was generally believed that Edmonds could be sent down for this and we'd made tentative plans for John Morse and I to run the shop along with Alf Waite should Richard go down. Wells of course was already in the Scrubs for an unnecessary attack on a Jewish teacher at an underground station in east London only the day before the Brick Lane punch up.

It was widely believed that only a small team of thugs would be required to escort Edmonds in and out of the court building. White in his infinite wisdom had declared that although some of the anti-fascist accused were well-known street activists, "they would not dare to try anything". This view seemed to be held by all present. I didn't really know what to expect, but if any of the stories about Red Action were true, I felt that we were a bit undermanned. As we stepped out of the transit van, I remember feeling distinctly uneasy and scared, even though there were no visible signs of red opposition. Everybody was too confident and we were not tooled up. I had told some people not to turn up and help us out on the advice of Edmonds and White.

We got into the building early and went to find the waiting area outside the courtroom. Present were Simon Biggs, Jim White, Alan Thomson, who braved the red mob when he arrived late, Paul Williams, Peter – Butler's mate from the ANL attack, myself, Darren Parker, Dave Blezard, Edmonds and Milton Ellis, the mad postman. Derek Beackon had taken the van and driven to Ken Walsh's flat in east London.

We were on the verge of falling asleep outside the courtroom when the first group of left-wingers turned up. These were not very impressive physically, consisting of various people brandishing copies of crap papers like the *Leninist*. Marvellous, we thought, just a rabble of wimpy reds. The next moment the smiles turned to looks of horror as a quite different group of around 20 large characters turned up. I found this rather amusing to say the least, but I was also rather worried. I remembered that none of these guys would know that I was really on their side. I don't know whether or not this was the much feared Red Action, but I supposed that it was. This was the only time that I saw the BNP thugs terrified. They all looked pale and worried and were muttering on about the need for reinforcements. The authorities would not let us into the courtroom itself, so we were trapped between a large mob of AFA activists and a rabble of lefties. I tentatively approached a policeman, who didn't look very happy to have to watch over such a crowd, and warned him that there was going to be "a major incident" unless he got some backup. Five or so minutes later the uniforms arrived in large numbers, defusing the situation somewhat. A chief inspector advised us that we would be "escorted out of the building".

Soon after, Edmonds came out smiling and looking remarkably happy. "Amazing," he said, "they've let us off with a paltry fine and bound us over to keep the peace." We were shocked. We had envisaged at least an 18-month sentence, but were told that the judge had dropped the charges after reading an AFA leaflet that had been handed out to jurors entering the court building which he considered had prejudiced proceedings. On the basis of this leaflet, which I never saw, the judge had quashed the trial. Also, Edmonds told us that his brief had said that the large mob outside the courtroom had further influenced his judgment. The four reds were also bound over in a small sum.

If it was AFA's intention to trash the trial then the leaflet worked, but it also got two leading BNP activists off the hook.

After this weight had been lifted off our shoulders, it was full steam ahead with the election campaign. It was the original intention to stand candidates in all the big cities in Britain. This worked out reasonably well and we knew that particularly in Edinburgh and Cardiff the party would get low votes. However, the party wanted to appear to be "national" in orientation, and so it went ahead. Only token attempts were made to leaflet in



Steve Martin, Loyalist, BNP and Combat 18 activist

these areas and as far as I am aware no new members joined in either Edinburgh or Cardiff. From the start it was clear that the main focus would be on the east London seats and it was hoped that in one or both of these constituencies the deposits would be saved.

This goal was not achieved but over 1,000 votes came in in each seat, a commendable vote and much improved on the dismal efforts of recent years.

One hilarious event took place with the West Midlands BNP, at that time under the incompetent leadership of Keith Axon. The candidate selected for the Walsall seat was one Darren Kelly. He had no brains at all and wrote to us with some photos for his election leaflets which stated: "I am standing in Warsaw North". This was the brunt of many jokes and Axon's tiny group got an unmerciless slagging over the phone from Tyndall.

Events in Walsall were not helped by the West Midlands NF deciding at the last moment to stand in the Walsall North constituency. The BNP tried to do a deal with the NF whereby we would drop out of the Walsall seat if thug Terry Blackham stood down in Bermondsey, where the splitting of the nazi vote did nobody any favours at all. Blackham did not seem an unreasonable character and was not unhappy at the thought of a deal. But Ian Anderson wanted to stand in the West Midlands and Bermondsey. During the elections Anderson showed himself to be the pathetic little shyster we all thought he was. Edmonds even spoke to NF personnel and offered them the chance to stand in a Lewisham seat which he himself had worked on in the recent past. The NF turned down this deal as well, and I was surprised that they could not see the sense in using Richard's local knowledge. Ex-NF activists from Croydon and Blackham's personal friend Simon Biggs could not persuade either Blackham or Anderson to do the right thing. As a result of this obstinacy, Blackham received a number of beatings from fascists and there was a great deal of heavy talk about "blowing away" Ian Anderson for his vote-splitting exercise.

The NF leadership was widely believed to be in the pay of the Jews in order to act as a vote-splitting tool and the Front lost the last of its credibility in April 1992. Eddy Whicker was increasingly pally with us at Brick Lane and although he made it clear that he would stand for the Front in Hodge Hill as a favour to the West Midlands NF, he was in reality finished with the Front. In the past he'd helped out during fights at Brick

Lane and it was his desire now to get more involved with militant Loyalism. He was very pally with Steve Martin and other shady elements associated with the BNP.

During the campaign it was all go back at the HQ. Scores of people rang up to ask for information about our election campaign and hundreds of enquiry packs were sent out. Edmonds and I paid an interesting trip to the nazi hate print factory, Wilson Press in Uckfield, owned by Tony Hancock, one of the world's leading nazis and an associate of the far-right nazi apologist David Irving. We drove the van down there and filled up with boxes of thousands of leaflets for the 12 constituencies. They were all folded ready to be sent off and we had printed so many for each constituency because this time around the post office would deliver our leaflets for free to every household in the individual constituencies. The BNP was overjoyed at this official free delivery service and although various local post office officials were unhappy with the racist contents of the leaflets and sought legal advice, Edmonds also sought legal advice and the post office went ahead. I understand that a number of decent postmen in the unions decided not to deliver thousands of the leaflets and their actions were an excellent example of the unions standing up to fascism. We believed from our people on the ground that around four fifths of our material was delivered and in Bermondsey we actually met postmen who jokingly complained that our leaflets had nearly broken their backs during delivery. In south London at least the post office did its best for the BNP, despite unease from its men and women on the ground.

I had always been under the impression that Hancock did the printing for the BNP on the cheap, but in nearly all the constituencies the printing bill was £700 plus, although this included the hire of a fancy leaflet folding device by Hancock. That brought the bill for the election to over £1,200 per constituency, including the fee to stand, but over the phone Tyndall told Edmonds and me that we had "plenty of money" to play with. All I can say about the money aspect is that we received many cheques for £100 and some for £500. Although the party had to subsidise the "lame duck seats" at Edinburgh, Darlington, Cardiff and Uxbridge, the rest had sorted out the money in advance.

At least on some occasions there were moments of light relief in the office. One of them was when I was regaled by the story of John Tyndall's attempt to get into computer technology. It appears that the mad bomber, as Tony Wells is affectionately known to *Searchlight* readers, has a passion for getting the BNP into the 20th century by introducing computers. Eventually even the *Führer* was convinced and when Wells suggested to him that he could produce *Spearhead*, the party magazine which Tyndall owns, much more efficiently if he had a computer desktop publishing package, Tyndall rushed out and bought one. Seeing as he is not known for his open handedness with his cash, the cost must have been a real blow to him. It was to be even more of a blow when he got the box home took out several floppy disks and instruction books and tried to set the system up. Some hours later he phoned Wells and said that he still couldn't make it work. Wells asked if the disks were the right type for Tyndall's computer, to which there was silence at the end of the line. Some time later Wells found out that Tyndall did not own a computer and had thought there was some magic way of getting the disks to do the job on their own. But then Tyndall has never had much of a grip on reality.

The media in general seemed to love the BNP and gave the party all the coverage it wanted. I remember being phoned by Duncan Campbell, the investigative reporter, and also by one Mr Silver from either *The Times* or *The Telegraph*. I mentioned that I'd read one of his recent articles and he flew into a rage and demanded to know why the BNP kept files on his activities. My innocent comment led to a torrent of unnecessary abuse and Jennifer Edmonds told me to put down the phone. This unholy argument was the only time I lost my temper on

the phone. Dealing with the vast number of calls became my job and I developed quite a good telephone manner. Lots of reporters seemed to be surprised at being in contact with a BNP activist with a brain. It was in situations like these that you had to forget you were an anti-fascist and start thinking like a real nazi in order to give convincing answers.

During the election John Morse, Andrew Lightfoot and Peter Rushden stayed at my room in Woolwich Road. Enough is already known about Morse, but I was interested to learn that unlike most BNP activists he had actually done something with his life and travelled extensively throughout Africa in the late 1970s, ending up unsurprisingly in South Africa, where he had been involved with the most extreme elements of the extreme right and pro-apartheid movement. South Africa was dear to his heart and he derided the English speaking whites out there as “a bunch of degenerate liberals”, who didn’t care about racial matters as long as they retained their economic superiority. He was, like the entire BNP, mortified but not surprised by the vote in favour of continued reform by South Africans in March 1992, and Morse predicted bloodshed on a vast scale. Unlike most of the BNP, Morse was not impressed by the leader of the AWB, Eugene Terre’Blanche, describing him as “all mouth and trouser leg”. Terre’Blanche did appear to be little more than a mouthpiece for the neo-nazi movement, but the sight of all those uniforms was enough to stop all rational thought within the tiny minds of BNP personnel. Morse’s view was further reinforced by a long-distance phone call from a Conrad Heiden, who was in South Africa – he flits between South Africa and Britain. Heiden was of the opinion that Jaap Maras offered the best hope of leadership, but said that of prime importance for him and his friends was to buy weapons and get tooled up for the inevitable race war. I proffered the view that maybe separation was a sensible option and that racist whites could have

their own state in the farmlands of the Transvaal. This was dismissed as weakness on my part by Morse, who told me that the whites could rule the whole of Africa again without much effort. All they needed was racial motivation.

Lightfoot was a moron and the most totally paranoid person I've ever met. He was under the impression that "the Jews" were watching him at all times and that we were under "constant surveillance". On the way down to the chip shop in Greenwich one night he told me that an old black lady in a phone box was "definitely spying on me". He always made a lot of his troubles at Royal Holloway College in Egham but the reality was that although some students there had formed an anti-fascist group ostensibly to monitor his fascist activities, nobody laid a finger on him. On the other hand Lightfoot was building up his links with a group of nazi thugs in Staines, under the leadership of the convicted Klansman and thug Mark Atkinson. Lightfoot regularly went out on manoeuvres with these nutters and so it is quite clear that the potential for violence was coming from the fascists and not the student left.

Any trouble Lightfoot had got into was entirely his own doing. During his first week at college he verbally attacked Ray Hill during a meeting at the college accusing Ray of wanting to “mongrelise the British race”. It was my view that multiracialism had to be a good bet when specimens like Lightfoot, who had regulation unbleached blond hair and blue eyes, were strutting about calling themselves a political elite or the master race. Lightfoot always raved on about the need for a student group within the BNP and he indeed set it up. Around ten students are members of the BNP, but I only knew two of them, Jamie from Tooting, who was studying at a central London polytechnic, and Richard Swain, an obsequious nazi bigot who grovelled to Richard Edmonds and Jim White. He was a bald-faced liar and many people thought him to be a mole, or at least a student

reporter trying to do a piece on fascism. His chosen speciality at the University of London was foreign policy.

Standing head and shoulders above these student nazis is Peter Rushden, from Ashton-under-Lyme, near Manchester. He is only around 26 years old and has a first class history degree from Oxford University, where he, like Jennifer Edmonds, inhabited the darker realms of the Monday Club. After doing his degree he travelled to America and got a good job as a reporter with the *Washington Times*, a right-wing paper sponsored by the Moonie cult. Peter is currently studying and collecting material for a book he wants to write on the African leader Michael Rawlings. I took him up to Housman's bookshop in Caledonian Road one day in March 1992 and he thanked me for introducing him to this goldmine of rare books. He spent over £50 on books about African politics and British Conservative issues, whilst I avidly read anti-fascist publications and green journals. I also bought a range of papers for Edmonds and Morse to read back at the HQ. *Red Action* wound them up the most with *Class War* and *Socialist Worker* vying for second place.

Church of the Creator

Finally, I want to mention two seemingly different organisations floating about in the orbit of the BNP. One, the Church of the Creator, is small but has a potential for growth and the encouragement of very serious racial violence. The second, Combat 18, is carrying out acts of terror as I write in April 1993, the last of these attacks having taken place just two weeks ago at the Freedom Press and bookshop in Whitechapel High St, east London. *[Since then there has been a second and more serious attack.]*

The Church of the Creator was founded in 1973 by the white supremacist and millionaire Ben Klassen. Between 1973 and 1980 he wrote two books, *Nature's Eternal Religion* and *White Man's Bible*. I can safely say that these books have no equal in terms of sadistic viciousness, racism and hatred. They are the ultimate and final product of years of the ideology of race hatred, the concentration of pure evil into two volumes. Although Klassen retired recently and sold the "world headquarters" of his Creativity movement to William Pierce, author of the *Turner Diaries*, the movement continues to grow unhindered, despite the fact that many of its members, both in the USA and South Africa, have been involved in numerous shootings and killings of a racial nature. The leadership of the "Church" has now been handed over to a group of young fanatics based in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. This group includes the new leader, Mark Wilson, who goes under the pen name of Brandon O'Rourke; Don Armstrong (not his real name), a Canadian skinhead and organiser of the COTC's paramilitary wing, the White Berets; and Steve Thomas, a Vietnam veteran involved with numerous lunatic elements on the supremacist fringes of the American racist movement. Thomas has been implicated in the massacre of civilians during his tour of duty in Vietnam. He has also tried to help racist thugs on the run from the law by spiriting them across America. This group operates out of a huge warehouse in Milwaukee furnished by vast sums of money from Ben Klassen. They have every modern office device at their disposal.

Alan Milnes from Cumbria visited this group in October 1992, going as an envoy from the British COTC group. On his return I visited him at his house in Haverthwaite where he showed me photographs of weapons training he had been involved in. These activities took place in northern Wisconsin on land owned by the COTC. The array of weapons on display shocked even me. Every kind of sub-machine gun was on show. There were also pump-action shotguns, high-powered pistols and the targets used had pictures of black and Jewish people on them.



Paul David "Charlie" Sargent, convicted thug and drug dealer and Combat 18's street commander

In my discussions with Milnes he suggested that we might set up an international training network to enable groups of militant neo-nazis would travel to Wisconsin to undergo crash courses in shooting and paramilitary techniques. John Hill, a young skinhead from Oldham with a fascination for guns, was one of the first to sign up for this scheme and he hopes to travel to Wisconsin this summer. Hill himself is involved in the publication of fanatical skinhead magazines which promote racial hatred at a new level and print the names of left-wing activists in hit list form. It is also widely believed that Hill and his associates have been responsible for a number of racist attacks on local Asians and their property. On the phone to Alan Milnes, Hill told him that he now had access to shotguns, a very worrying development. Hill and Milnes are not only involved with the BNP at local level, but also attended a nazi camp organised by John Peacock in the Midlands last summer.

This is the camp attended by civil servant Cathy Murphy and her nazi lover Adrian Blundell, who are both activists with their own brand of lunacy, the Aryan Resistance Movement, as well as with the BNP and Blood and Honour.

John Hobbs, the violent pony-tailed heavy and BNP Combat 18 activist from Clapton, east London, is also a member of the COTC. His circle of friends include Eddy Butler, Gary Matthews and Derek Beackon. He was selling copies of the COTC paper *Racial Loyalty* at east London BNP meetings last time I met him. In addition, both John Morse and Richard Edmonds support the COTC in word if not in deed. On numerous occasions when I posed as a COTC supporter, Morse told me how reading Klassen's rantings and ravings in the various COTC publications would inspire him to write the editorial for *British Nationalist*. The two main slogans of the COTC are "RAHOWA", which stands for Racial HOLY WAR, and "This planet is all ours". So much for the BNP describing itself as "British nationalist". In fact the party is somewhere to the right of Hitler. Edmonds himself suggested that I introduce COTC publications to current and new BNP members at the shop in Welling because it would be useful as "simple background reading material".

More recently the COTC has gone into hiding in an attempt

Issue No. 65 **Speechard of the White Racial Holy War** **November 1990**

THREE CHEERS FOR A UNIFIED GERMANY!
But, if the White Race is to survive,
Germans and all other Whites must put
Racial Loyalty above National Loyalty

by Ben Klassen, P.M.

There is much rejoicing and great jubilation in Germany these days. In fact, there is an air of euphoria prevalent with all Germans all over the world. East and West Germans are to be united. The Berlin Wall has been down! Communism is collapsing! For the first time in 45 years nearly million Germans can pool their resources and face the world as one. It is indeed a great historical epoch for Germans.

Looking farther into the future, beyond the present day efforts, let us try and visualize the course of future developments, not from the perspective of Germany and Germans, but from the viewpoint of the total White Race and its present domination and enslavement by the contemptuous Jewish race and its evil gangsters. Although I personally am proud of the German people, am proud of my German heritage, I basically consider myself a member of the White Race, and, it is there that my first loyalty should be.

population of 80 million energetic and industrious people, is going to dominate Europe and will out-produce and out-trade Britain, and relegate Britain's already shabby economy into utter chaos. And, she has the good grounds for those fears. The Poles, who have seemingly thrown off the communist yoke, and whose economy is in utter chaos, are fearful that the Germans, once they have again established themselves as a major world power, will want to reclaim vast areas of their former lands that were forcefully torn from the Germans after their defeat. They, too, have solid grounds for their fears. Weak and debilitated, Germany has feared a resurgent and expanding Germany would threaten France and the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71, is fearful of German revenge, that Germany will not only push France's tottering economy into further degradation, but will eventually want to avenge herself for the atrocities heaped on Germany

Another Victim
of the Black/Mud/Isr/Oriental
Terror Against Whites

Ben Kozel, is a White Racial Loyalty-Crusader - While Ben has been listed by a group of Mexican muds on September 15, 1990, in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.


According to the newspaper reports and letters from the COTC activists in Milwaukee, Brian and several other White Braves were walking to a friend's house in Milwaukee when a cabal of nips above up to them shouting anti-White slogans. The report

[illegible]

Church of the Creator

FOUNDED BY BEN KLASSEN, P.M.

WORLD HEADQUARTERS:
POST OFFICE BOX 400, OTTO
NORTH CAROLINA 28763
U.S.A.



WORCESTER GROUP:
POST OFFICE BOX 229
WORCESTER WR2 4SU
BRITAIN

Based on the Laws of Nature, the Lessons of History and Logic

5th. April '92.

Creator Tim Hepple,
49, Woolwich Road,
Greenwich,
London, SE10 0JU.

Dear Tim,

I have some Ben Klassen books and would like to know whether you think that you could sell them to interested people. For a limited period, these books would be supplied to you, free of cost, and any monies collected by you from their sales would be used to augment your current frugal income.

I would appreciate the above topic being treated in confidence as I am unable to extend the offer to others at present.

If you are able to give my suggestion a trial, please let me have an address where the books can be safely received from parcel post, after the JOG 'Election'.

No signs here, yet, of our bulk 'R.I.'s.', but they should arrive any day now.

With best wishes,

RAHOWA!

Waller

E. W. Carr (Rev.)

Racial Loyalty, the newspaper of the US Church of the Creator, widely sold in BNP circles in Britain
Left: the British version, produced by the small COTC group in Britain, which Hepple successfully infiltrated
Above: Letter to Hepple from E W Carr, one of the British COTC's self-styled reverends and a follower of Colin Jordan for over 30 years

to expand its hard-core and activist base. It also hopes to go hi-tech and become part of the international nazi computer network. The funds for this are being provided on the advice of Dr William Pierce by Tom Hickman, a businessman from Stourbridge, and Walter Carr. Both were prominent NF activists in the West Midlands during the 1970s, whilst Carr is a long-time friend and ally to Colin Jordan, the godfather of British nazism. Carr has made numerous donations to nazi activists in the past and both he and Hickman are ready to finance the COTC over here should it fulfil its vast potential. Other members include the Peterborough BNP activist Joe Gould, and the veteran nazi Gisela Horton, who helped run the Racial Preservation Society in the 1960s and 1970s. Walter Carr has handed a list of over 200 names to Alan Milnes for subscription purposes which he got from Keith Thompson of the League of St George. Alan Milnes's latest plan is to help write a new COTC mass circulation newspaper to be printed in Canada by the race terrorists Eric Hawthorne and Don Armstrong. The COTC in Britain has within its ranks some of the most dangerous and hardened nazis to be found active today. Milnes and Gould have been seen at various David Irving "seminars" in the last few months.

In April 1992, after the elections, the long term psychological strain of working inside the BNP finally took its toll and I decided to gracefully retire to the Scottish hills. The BNP were rather surprised by this but believed that I was in Croatia. I continued to visit Alan Milnes and obtain information on the movement from him.

In fact Hepple had undergone a personal crisis. Although he had volunteered to work for Searchlight and the anti-fascist cause, he was still subject to periods of doubt about whether it was right to "grass" on people like Edmonds who had from time to time shared his last slice of bread with him.

Clearly, in late April 1992, Tim became victim of the syndrome that affects many people who work undercover in long-term police and spying operations and he partially cracked. He wrote us a letter saying he was not sure who was right and who was wrong and how, whilst Edmonds was a dedicated nazi, he had a good side to him as a husband and had provided Tim with food when he was broke. Maybe, he thought, some of the stories he had heard among some of his green anarchist contacts were right and that the nazi claim that Searchlight was run by Zionists was true.

Worried about Hepple's state of mind, Searchlight consulted a



Eddy Butler, former Tower Hamlets BNP organiser and key participant in the attack on the ANL in February 1992

psychiatrist, who said that judging by Hepple's letter, it certainly looked like the trauma described above. As Hepple had said at the end of his letter that he intended to go away, the psychiatrist advised us just to let him be. He felt sure Hepple would come back in due course.

Apart from the stress he was under, another reason for Hepple's temporary departure from the scene was the very stringent standards Searchlight sets for people working undercover.

Many years ago when Ray Hill was working in British Movement, an opportunity arose for him to become the organisation's leader. We discussed this with him and it was decided that he should not do so, because if he were leader any action carried out by BM members could be laid at his door and thereby at ours. Like Hepple, Ray often found himself in situations where fascists used violence and he had to remember what his role was and try to curb the level of violence without coming under suspicion as a mole. Unless one has been in that situation one should not be too fast to criticise.

We knew full well that when Hepple came to us he still thought violence was an acceptable part of life. We seriously cautioned him not to go looking for trouble or incite his fellow BNP members to use violence and, if he got into the unenviable situation of being in a fight or involved in an attack, he should make sure he found an excuse to leave the scene or give the intended victim a slap rather than a boot or a blow from a weapon.

In the run-up to the general election, as Hepple has described, more and more violence was taking place and he was on the brink of that violent abyss. When we read his reports at our weekly and sometimes twice weekly meetings with him, we felt that he was getting too close to the edge and again strongly cautioned him to use restraint. His reaction was to disappear to Scotland but also to do something that would be used against him later on by the nazis' key errand boy Larry O'Hara. As well as writing to us, he wrote a letter about his work for us and his doubts to one of the green anarchists and this letter was to surface in O'Hara's booklet *A lie Too Far* in the spring of 1993. O'Hara, not satisfied with what he thought was a political windfall, went on to make veiled threats to Hepple and his family after Hepple appeared in the *World in Action* documentary about Combat 18 in April 1993.

As the psychiatrist predicted, Hepple returned some weeks later and offered to continue working undercover. Searchlight's investigation into C18 was by then well under way. Not wanting to put him under the pressure of going back into the BNP too deeply, we suggested that he keep in contact with the Church of the Creator through Alan Milnes and help Searchlight prepare material for the proposal that was to turn into the *World in Action* programme.

Then accusations were raised inside the BNP and League of St George that he was a Searchlight mole and in January 1993, when the BNP knew that a BBC programme on the party was to be shown later that month, they warned members in an internal bulletin that a second Ray Hill in the guise of Tim Hepple would be appearing in it. Of course he did not appear in that programme, which confused them, but they were still convinced that he was a mole. It was only after O'Hara revealed in his booklet in spring 1993 that he had seen Hepple's letter to the green anarchists that we understood how Hepple had exposed himself by contacting a group that had become a hunting ground for the fascists and nazis.

Hepple ends his account of his activities in the far right with his own appraisal of Combat 18.

Combat 18 started out with a small hard core of Chelsea Headhunter friends of "Ginger Pig" Charlie Sargent, but has grown to engulf and, at one point, almost eclipse the BNP. C18 is the tail wagging the BNP dog. The BNP for its part is in a Catch 22 situation. It needs the thugs to protect its meetings but



BNP election rally at York Hall, east London. From left to right: Bill Hitches, BNP activist, David Bruce, Tyndall's deputy, Ken Walsh, local council candidate, Steve Smith, who became the BNP's Tower Hamlets organiser in 1993 and Richard Edmonds, BNP headquarters boss

has to control them in order to maintain credibility and discipline. The situation has parallels with the early 1930s, but this time the rowdy stormtroopers have taken over the Nazi Party and outmanoeuvred the SS. It is quite clear that the nazi movement will be dragged down and down into the mire of revenge attacks and nighttime beatings by the actions of Combat 18. Their actions have little or no effect on the overall political situation. C18 might batter a small group of left-wing papersellers, but it does not stop anti-fascist activity in any way. If anything it makes anti-fascists more determined and makes waverers more likely to turn against the fascists.

The atmosphere of thuggery grew from March 1992 and showed itself in many ways. Firstly there were the secret meetings between Croydon BNP and assorted East End thugs on Sunday afternoons after the Brick Lane papersales. Eddy Butler and Derek Beackon started showing us hammers and adjustable spanners that they were carrying around. There was more violence against the left in general and increased use of weapons by east London BNP. The whole cycle of violence started in February, and the BNP and skinhead attack on the ANL in Tower Hamlets was obviously a trial run for future actions. The skinheads were clearly being used as cannon-fodder.

This culminated in the York Hall election rally of April 1992, where BNP activists including myself were ordered around by casual thugs, who we didn't even know, equipped with two-way radios and wearing masks. The rest is history – attacks on Socialist Workers Party and ANL activists, racist attacks, firebomb attacks on supposed enemies of the movement. And on a national scale, what started in London soon spread to Nottinghamshire for instance and resulted in the arrest and detention of BNP activists Chadwick, Tasker and Belshaw.

I was witness to the early events in the life of C18 and I reported them back to Searchlight. My and other information led the Searchlight team to set in motion a thorough investigation into every aspect of C18. This is an ongoing process and does not stop with the making of the *World in Action* documentary, or the ongoing reports in Searchlight.

The activities of C18, which at every stage have drawn heavily upon BNP personnel, have thrown into doubt the leadership of John Tyndall and his lieutenants Morse and Edmonds. Activists in the BNP have implicated the party in a wide-ranging criminal conspiracy that has got worse month by month. It is clear that the BNP and C18 are on the road to disaster.

My story is not complete, because more and more things come to mind all the time, but I hope that what I have written here and what I say in the future can be said to have damaged the nazi movement in some way. I was able to get right to the heart of the BNP's headquarters operation for three months in 1992. I met all the leading players in the unfolding tragedy of race hatred and bigotry. I believe that this account will clearly expose the BNP for what it is – a fully fledged neo-nazi movement which stands for genocide. It stands for all the worst aspects of human nature and I am only sorry that I did not realise this back in 1981 on the terraces at Reading football club. Having said that, I feel I have been able in some way to make up for my past activities and I believe very strongly now that the idea "once a nazi always a nazi" has been proved to be wrong. I had to step back and look at what I was doing – to myself, my family and to innocent people in the long dark years from my early teens until I found the courage to ask for help and the chance to give something back to a society with which I had been at war.

To the nazi cowards who have threatened to "get back at me", I can only say that I am out in the open with nothing to hide, which is a lot more than can be said for you. I do not intend to go into hiding, in fact quite the opposite. I can look you lot in the eye with a clear conscience.

Finally, I must thank Gerry Gable and the Searchlight team who have had to put up with my "individual approach" for the last three years. Even on the occasions when I had to wade through hundreds of mugshots of nazi activists at meetings that often lasted into the early hours of the morning, I managed to make only four mistakes in three years. I always confused John Bellamy with Peter Illing and misidentified C18 activist John Cato not once but twice. The Searchlight team has always acted in a most professional manner and I have been very impressed with all of them. I only hope I can be of use in the future.

Thanks are also due to my long-suffering parents, who have stood by me throughout these years of trouble. In addition, I would like to thank AFA, the Sheffield Defence Campaign and anti-fascists everywhere for their persistence. Their activities forced me to think again and to do the right thing. Lastly, I would like to thank all the friends who have stuck by me in the last few years; you know who you are!

For those who still doubt the terror that the BNP and its lead-

ers and thugs are prepared to inflict on society, where the potential victims go far beyond Jews, blacks and other ethnic minorities but include trade unions, churches and all democratic institutions, this is Hepple's account of the BNP's attack on the Anti Nazi League in Tower Hamlets in February 1992.

The attack was well planned. I was not party to the details of the plan. Others higher up in the BNP hierarchy took the decisions and appointed the people who took charge on the day.

We had advance notice that the ANL were to hold a mass leafleting drive in the East End with an assembly point close to Aldgate East underground station. Instead of the usual BNP Sunday morning presence at Brick Lane market to sell papers, people were being brought in from across southeast England.

Scouts were sent out to see where the ANL were and where they were heading. As well as the usual BNP heavies, it was very noticeable that a large contingent of skinheads had come along for the action. My own hair was very short at the time so I was put in with them. We sat in a couple of pubs fairly near where the ANL were assembling and people were sent out at regular intervals. Edmonds was there in the pub; he was driving the BNP transit van which he normally does for the Sunday morning sales at Brick Lane.

What did not register at the time was the fact that Eddy Butler, then the BNP east London organiser, was nowhere to be seen, nor were several other key London activists. Eventually the ANL set off in small groups and went onto a nearby council estate to begin leafleting. We first trailed them at a discreet distance, but once they were on the estate, we ran at them. There was no shouting or threats; a whole gang of nazi skins just poured down on the ANL, who were nearly all youngsters, including women. The wave of skins just swept over them kicking, punching and, as if prearranged, driving them in the direction of two narrow exits from the flats.

There was a skip full of rubbish, bricks, bottles and bits of wood and metal, which the skins grabbed and used to strike out at the anti-fascists. One anti-fascist youngster had a camera and attempted to photograph the attack. He was stabbed in the arm with a broken bottle.

An old mattress had been dumped on the ground by the skip. One of the older ANL people was trapped there and was smashed across the back of the head with a housebrick. His head split wide open and blood poured out, but this was not enough for his attackers who kept beating him and bouncing his body up and down on the mattress. Luckily a squad of police came at us from behind and almost certainly saved his life.

Whilst the skinheads were driving the victims towards the

two exits, Eddy Butler and his team of older thugs blocked their escape route and laid into them with hammers, heavy spanners and other weapons they had clearly brought with them.

As more police swept onto the estate, Eddy told me to follow him and a couple of others. They appeared to have a planned escape route into some other flats – not Butler's home but that of a relative or friend. While on the balcony I realised, and so did he, that he was covered in blood. At first I thought he had been injured but then realised that it was a victim's blood and not his own.

Apart from Butler, the others who I know took part in the violence were Gary Robson, who hit a man over the head with an iron bar, Kirk Barker, who acted like a frenzied animal, and Simon Biggs, who had told the skins to arm themselves from the skip. Because the fighting was spread out, I could not see everybody who was involved. I pushed an Asian man aside as we attacked.

Afterwards some of the BNP who had been present claimed that they had let the women go without attacking them.

The strengths of the two sides were: ANL – six women and nine men; the BNP plus skins – at least 30. We had been 60 strong earlier in the day at Brick Lane and when we were leafleting the area ourselves.

The police arrested a number of people and, as it happened, some of them were the wrong people, although these people were around even if they did not actually attack anybody. The police at one stage stopped Edmonds in the van but let him go. Some of the gang even went back to their usual Sunday pubs in the area and were unmolested by the police.

Without a doubt we had set the pattern that day for future actions and the failure on the part of the police to follow up the attackers gave the BNP and emergent C18 a lot more confidence for the future.

None of the nazis arrested after the fight were convicted. Even a final attempt to convict Dave Oakes for the hate material he was carrying failed. Most of the thugs present were later recruited into Combat 18 and were involved in the vicious attack on a anti-fascist bookstall in Brick Lane in summer 1992. The police failed to investigate this attack properly either and those arrested were released when the cases against them failed.

Eddy Butler, who had gone home from the attack on the ANL with his hands and face covered in his victims' blood, was not disciplined by the BNP leadership and was soon afterwards promoted within the BNP to the post of national elections organiser.



Holocaust apologist David Irving in London, July 1992, protected by BNP and Combat 18 thugs

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