

Diamond in the Dust

SECRETARY

VOICE OF BRITAIN

The Ian Stuart Biography



Mum & Dad



Young Ian



Tumbling Dice circa 1976

Papa Jenks

★ Eager Beaver ★ Tumbling Dice ★
plus D.J.

THURSDAY, APRIL 22nd 1976
8 p.m. to 1 a.m.

Admission 35p

GRANGE PARK COMMUNITY CENTRE

ARGOSY AVENUE, GRANGE PARK

TONIGHT (FRIDAY)

"PHREDD" presents

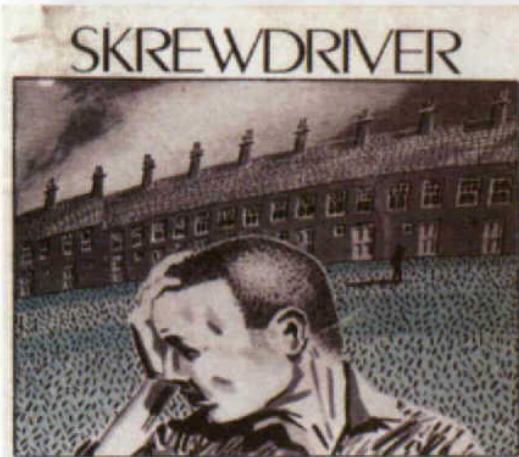
TUMBLING DICE

Children with Parents welcome

Bar 6-30-11-0



Built Up, Knocked Down, recorded at Smile Studios, Manchester





Ian & Cat



Ian & Diane



Skrewdriver headlining the 'Battle of Waterloo' gig



Recording Hail Victory

IAN STUART WAS MURDERED BY THE BRITISH SECRET SERVICE.

Why? Because he was the lead singer of the pro-White band **SKREWDRIVER**.

The Government doesn't care that nigger bands singing Black Power songs are urging their fellow niggers to kill Whites.

IF YOU SPEAK OUT AGAINST THEIR MULTIRACIAL HELL THEY'RE GONNA KILL YOU!

White Revolution is the only Solution

COMBAT 18



INTRO - MOTHER EUROPE'S SON

The White Race in its long and proud history has had an illustrious parade of heroes who have given their lives to the cause - the cause of loyalty to the White race.

One such man is Ian Stuart Donaldson.

The memory of Ian Stuart is the recollection of a real Aryan who gave no quarter and died for his values. Ian Stuart was a special man, a person of noble character, honour, courage and gallantry. A true hero. Ian Stuart did more for the cause than possibly anyone alive. As well as being the front man in the most acclaimed Skinhead band the world has ever known - Skrewdriver - he also formed his own movement - Blood & Honour. A movement which awoke and roused the shackled White youth around the globe with the ear piercing yell of Hail Victory. A shrill cry that has broken the web of lies and distortion propagated by the political and racial enemies of our race and nation.

Even in death Ian's voice and message is being heard all over the world, he left us numerous recordings with Skrewdriver, The Klansmen, White Diamond, Patriotic Ballads, and other solo efforts.

The Aryan youth of the world are realising the truth, they are continuing to waking up with pride in their hearts and fire in their eyes as the Blood & Honour movement marches ever onward.

Every Aryan has a choice: defy the anti-Aryan Zionist tyranny we are forced to live under, or accept the control of the Jewish masters, and so be docile and tame. The choice is simply between being Aryan or being a Jewish serf, a goy. Ian Stuart led a life long struggle against communist subversion and alien control, and despite government, police and left wing pressure he never gave up his ideals and refused to bow down to the ZOG.

I have put together this biography as a tribute to Ian's life, courage and sacrifice, and to keep alive the memory of the great man as a true modern day White warrior.

Ian Stuart opened my eyes, and many others to the Whiteman's cause. I can still remember the first time I heard his voice come growling out of my speakers, sending a shot of adrenalin through my body and from that day on my life changed. In track after track of hard hitting, boot stomping rock he sang of truth, of clenched White fists, the pride of our people's past, and the promise of a bright and glorious future for the youth who dared to dream and dared to fight.

In every cause that men and women have dedicated themselves to throughout history, nothing serves to motivate and inspire revolution more than the loss of a dear friend and comrade who was loved and respected by his brothers and sisters.

Ian Stuart represents the indomitable spirit of courage and strength the surges through the veins of all National Socialists, his blood is soaked on our battle flags, adding fuel to the fire that burns deep within our hearts.

National Socialism is for the brave of heart and the tough of spirit. As National Socialists we have something special - an inner strength of character. We should be resourceful and ruthless, be able to rise to the challenge and meet and match

whatever obstacles are thrown in our path.

Ian Stuart's life was a struggle in the service of this mighty idea, a struggle for a new Europe, a new world. Ian waved our storm banner before the globe - ever young, shining and glittering in the sun, rises the hooked-cross, the symbol of re-awakening life.

IAN STUART DONALDSON - DIAMOND IN THE DUST

(Benny, Blackpool, April 20th 2001)

I. GOTTA BE YOUNG

The decade of the 1950's was a time for new beginnings. Roger Bannister, a 25 year old medical student at St. Mary's Hospital, London, broke the four minute mile. A beekeeper named Edmund Hillary climbed 29,028 feet and conquered Everest. Queen Elizabeth II was crowned. The infamous Soviet leader Joseph Stalin died. Rocky Marciano became the world heavyweight boxing champion. 1950's Hollywood cult icons of the silver screen such as the disaffected James Byron Dean and the voluptuous blonde sex symbol Marilyn Monroe, aided and abetted by the hip swivelling Mississippi born Elvis Aaron Presley, and the newly discovered beat of Rock and Roll invented by Bill Haley are accounted as marking the beginning of modern youth subculture, the dawn of the first teenager.

Dr. Herbert Funck and Dr. Klaus Maertens opened a factory in Munich making boots, and on 11 August 1957 at Nuffield Radio Astronomy Laboratories, Alfred Charles Bernard Lovell completed work on the worlds largest radio telescope. Only 50 miles away, at the same time, a child was born at Victoria Hospital, Blackpool, England. His name was Ian Stuart Donaldson.

If it was possible and you could have put your eye to the ocular on Lovell's telescope on that summer's night on 11 August 1957, looked towards the stars and proclaimed that child's destiny, you would have seen a life rich in rebellion, filled with an undying love for country and race, a man who would not back down, a man murdered for his beliefs.

Whereas the 1950's adolescent was a rebel without a cause, herald the 1970's and the new dawn of Skrewdriver, the teenager was born again and from the smouldering coals of an unquenched fire, the flames of rebellion leapt to life once again. This time the adolescent was awake, a rebel with a cause, a youth mobilised Against Red Front And Massed Reaction.

'The enormity of our task is almost beyond comprehension. Sometimes state oppression, red opposition, and treachery by traitors in our midst makes us all feel like giving up - but at all costs we must continue our battle. Our fight begins in Europe, and spreads across the White World. Certain

***moments in our lives makes us realise
the massive importance of our task. I have walked through Antwerp in the
early evening as Nationalists gather
in the bars. The beautiful architecture in the Flemish City embodies
European genius - the evening in Rotterdam,
as the lights of the great Dutch City sparkle as we have been made
welcome by our comrades; an afternoon in
Stockholm, frost upon the ground, then a journey on the train to
Gothenburg as the beauty of Sweden and Scandinavia
hypnotises me. I think of Germany, France, Italy and all the other great
nations of Europe. Then I think of our cousins
in the U.S.A., Australia, and beyond. White men made these nations and if
White men do not stand up and fight their
enemies our world will crumble. If this happens, when we are gone,
someday and somewhere, the ghosts of the warriors
who did fight will stand and accuse those cowards who did not.
That will be the day of reckoning. We must all make some kind of
contribution, and my songs are but a small part
of what I hope to contribute to the survival of the White Race.'***
IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian's parents, Arthur Donaldson who was brought up in the industrial town of Wigan and Irene Whitehead who was raised in Hyde, Greater Manchester, married in 1953 and the couple set up home in a three bedroom semi in the Poulton-Le-Fylde area of Blackpool.

An only child for the first five years of his life, Ian was pleased to have a little companion to play with when his brother Anthony was born. Though, in later years the two drifted apart and became like chalk and cheese.

Irene was at the heart of the family, keeping the house in order, busy being Mum. Whilst their engineer father was lucky enough, through hard work and determination, to own his own tool makers business in the district giving the family unit financial security.

As a child Ian was rarely at home but always up to something, usually climbing trees and other such mischievous games and pranks. When he did come home he was normally scratched and bruised from his adventures.

Young Ian's greatest passion was football, in fact Ian was quite the little athlete and excelled in most sports. This bore fruit in 1968 when Ian enrolled at Baines Grammar School, in Poulton. Ian's nickname in class was Don or The Don and soon after joining Baines was picked to play for the school football team.

Ian thrived on the spur of a challenge and would put all his efforts and determination into fulfilling a certain ambition and meeting that challenge, as was the case with his flirtation with football. At school Ian would train hard and put a lot of work in at football practice and he became a rather skilled player for his age. Several football scouts came to Baines to see Ian play, a few of these were prepared to sign him up for their clubs, but Ian turned them all down. Once Ian knew he could meet the challenge and fulfil his ambition to become a football player, to Ian the challenge no longer existed, he became bored with the idea

and turned his attentions to something new.

No doubt there will be psychologists, psychiatrists, mind physicians and so-called "experts" reading this biography who will try to rationalise just how Ian's brain ticked. They will endeavour to ply together aspects of his life and circumstances that transpired in childhood and reason that because of some imago or Freudian psychosomatic fixation z equals x so it follows factor y made Ian become a twisted evil Nazi. Sorry Dr. Jung but as far as my research extends Ian was a normal, *compos mentis*, healthy well adjusted child who grew up in an atmosphere of a stable, loving, caring family.

Skinheads made their public debut in July 1969 at the free Rolling Stones concert in Hyde Park, London. The following year author Richard Allen (real name James) wrote a novel telling the tale of a young Skinhead named Joe Hawkins. The book sold in its thousands and helped to popularise the cult. London should always be white, Cockney, true British. That was Joe Hawkin's philosophy. There were niggers in Brixton and Jews in Golders Green and immigration was a parasitic influx, and this made Joe flame with anger. He went to Brighton and kicked in some hippies with his boots. Then he fucked some bird and got dressed again: clip-on braces, new Doc Martens and skintight Levi's so that his boots could be seen in all their savage glory. In Joe Hawkin's world, women existed only for their tits (which usually jiggled). Men existed only to have their heads crushed in (by boots, with aggro) or to do the crushing.

This was 1970. A nation cowered. By the end of the year "Skinhead" was in the Top Ten Best-seller's list, and was required reading for every self-respecting bower boy.

It is interesting to note that in Richard Alien's third novel "Skinhead Girls" a Skin named Ian Donaldson enters the affray, but sadly this is just one of those mad twists of coincidence and has no connection to our cardinal!

The Don was now in the third year at school, and was gaining a reputation for being a bit of a handful, with the Skinhead cult at its height, and even Burton's stocking Ben Shermans and braces, Ian wasn't going to miss out on any of the action, and was soon pulling on his Doc's and shaving his head.

Blackpool is a colourful town, and growing-up in the largest seaside resort in the North of England Ian always found something to do. At the weekend Ian and his mates, the McKay brothers who lived over the road from him, John Grinton who lived next door, and a gang of lads from school, would jump on a bus and take a trip down to Blackpool prom.

The mob would amble down the golden mile bumping into the tourists, loiter under the tower and swagger passed the rock stalls in their Harringtons and big boots. The hot summer air filled with the aroma of candy floss and hot dogs. They'd watch the birds on the Central Pier pigging down chips covered in ketchup in their Kiss-Me-Quick hats, and try their luck at fiddling the fruit machines. A sea of crops on the march looking for bover - and usually finding it. Teenagers, young blood on the prowl, hungry for excitement and drinking in everything that the shit-hole had to offer.

Ian left school with a couple of O Levels and found a job as an apprentice coach trimmer.

By now the Skin fashion had drifted off, and large numbers of Skins started to grow their hair. Ian and his mates were now getting increasingly into rock music, especially the Rolling Stones and The Who. This was probably connived along because Glam was now the latest new craze to hit the streets and the idea of wearing make-up and glitter didn't really fit into the lads' rouge lifestyle or appeal to their sense of Weltanschauung.

'If I had to choose one band that influenced me the most I would have to say the Rolling Stones. Many people disagree with me on this, but I always admired the way that the Stones did what they wanted, despite the media's often hostile reaction.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Sean McKay had been playing the guitar for a while, and Grinny was getting into the drums. Ian could do a few chords on an acoustic he had at home and Phil Walmsley, an old school mate of the lads from Baines, could play the bass and wasn't too bad a singer. So, the boys thought they'd have a go at forming a group. After a bit of messing about they started to suss out their instruments and began to bang out a couple of decent cover versions but it was decided a few line-up changes needed to be implemented. Phil took over lead guitar, Sean went on bass, Ian did the vocals and Sean's brother Kev came in on bass. In early December 1975 the lads officially formed the band and called themselves Tumbling Dice, after the Rolling Stones song by the same name written in 1972 taken from the album Exile On Main St.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TUMBLING DICE

Tumbling Dice did their first gig on New Year's Day 1976 at Newton Hall Holiday Camp. For 30 minutes the band belted out cover versions by the Stones, Free and The Who. It was a decent first gig, with the only complaint being that they played too loud. Payment received £0.

Two weeks later, Thursday the 15th, Tumbling Dice were booked to play at a private disco at Cleveley's Philharmonic Society. The band did two 30 minutes sets, and the group earned their first wage. They were well received, but still inexperienced. During the second half of the set the Police were called in because of complaints the band was too loud! Payment received £3.

Saturday 31 January, Hambleton Disco. The band was hampered by a small stage and a bad P.A. but, a strobe light added to the atmosphere. The cover versions Riot In Cell Block N° 9 and All Right Now went down very well. Payment received £10.

On Thursday 5 February, the band entered a talent competition at the Brunswick Club, Blackpool. Three bands entered and Tumbling Dice came second, Ian thought they were the best of a bad lot, and quite a lot of people thought they'd been robbed. A bloke outside the gig said he would arrange some bookings for the band, and advised them to invest in a van. Payment received £0.

Hambleton Disco, Saturday 28 February. That small stage again, and a pathetic

crowd. Some bloke who didn't like groups tried everything to put the lads off. It was Phil's first night with a new guitar and some geezer complained that the band were far too loud so Ian ended up giving him a slap! Payment received £0. Wednesday 3rd March, Under 18's Teanlowe Disco, Poulton. The band did two 30 minutes sets, played well and went down well. Even some Soulmen were up dancing. Payment received £0.

Two weeks later and Tumbling Dice were back at the U18's Teanlowe Disco. The lads played very well, and no one criticised them for a change. Moocher another band on the bill got booed off stage. Payment received £0.

Tuesday 30th March, Ian and the boys were at the Teanlowe Disco again for a Baines Grammar School 6th Form Association. This time Moocher was the support band, but they didn't go down to well. Tumbling Dice did an average first set despite a bad P.A. and in the second they had the place going wild to Black Sabbath's Paranoid. Grinny put on a commendable performance and put his snare skin through by kicking his drums over at the finale. Payment received £8.

On the first Saturday of April 1976, the lads had a bit of a fall out with Grinny over something and nothing. A mate of the band Steve Gaiter stepped in on drums.

Wednesday 14th April, Tumbling Dice tried their luck at another talent competition this time at the Welcome Inn. Out of seven acts Tumbling Dice came sixth. Steve played well for his first gig, but Ian thought the whole thing was a big hassle. The organisers didn't give the band any time to tune up, as a result all the guitars were out of tune and the group sounded awful! Payment received £0.

Eight days later, Tumbling Dice were gigging at Papa Jenks, also on the bill were Eager Beaver and Jenks Revolution. The lads went down fairly well, but there was only a small turn out, and someone in the audience complained (believe it or not) that the band wasn't loud enough! The Landlord of the Dixon Bar was at the gig he liked what he saw and arranged a booking. Payment received £7.50.

On the 14th May, the band travelled over to The Mill House Rock Club, Blackburn, Ian had a few pints before the gig and ended up dancing about on stage. Someone from the crowd guested with a harmonica, and the band pulled off one of their best gigs yet. Payment received £20.

Carters Arms Social Club, Preston. Sunday 16th May. The first set the band didn't play loud enough, but were tight. The second set they played a lot louder and better, and went down well. Payment received £18.

Friday 21st May. The Landlord of the Dixon Bar kept his word and Tumbling Dice played his venue. The band didn't exactly play stupendously, but to give them their due the place was full of old timers and Rolling Stones' covers weren't really to their taste, the Landlord promised more bookings though. Payment received £20.

Eight days later the lads were gigging at Grange Park Community Centre in Blackpool. The band were expecting a good turn out as the venue had forked out a few quid on advertising. Sadly, someone told the Gazette the wrong date.

Friday instead of Saturday, so only a small crowd turned up. On the up side some bloke was really impressed with the band and wanted to manage them, plus to show he wasn't bullshitting he threw £100 in the pot. Payment received £25.

Wednesday 2nd June the band took a trip up the M6 to The Red Well Pub in Carnforth. They played quite well and went down very well with plenty of the audience dancing and clapping, Ian was a bit pissed off with the microphone as he kept getting electric shocks! Payment received £20.

Three days later the lads were back on the road, this time Preston at the Carters Arms Social Club. The band did three spots and came across very tight and professional with everyone playing well. Chris from Eager Beaver joined the lads on stage in Johnny B. Goode. Payment received £20.

Knott End Social Club, Friday 11th June. Small crowd at first but filled up as the lads played. The band played excellently, with everybody singing and dancing, Ian must have got a bit too carried away as he ended up falling off the stage.

Payment received £20.

Sunday 20th June, the boys travelled over to Burnley to play The Crossed Keys. They went down averagely, not too big a crowd, Ian complained to the band that they needed a bigger P.A. amp. Payment received £20.

Louise Anna Bell Disco Grand Hotel, St Annes, Wednesday 21st July. The P.A. amp blew twice, and the lads caused a bit of a riot afterwards with it kickin' off with a gang of Soulmen. Payment received £15.

Three days on the band was back playing Grange Park Community Centre. The crowd danced and applauded. The lads went down well and included 5 of their own numbers at the gig. Payment received £30.

A week later the band did a two day mini tour of Whitehaven up in the Lake District. The lads thought they'd make it a bit of a do, and brought a few of their mates along. The first night they played Lowca Social Club, they played well, and everybody was up dancing through both sets. The group got 3 encores. Payment received £35.

The second night the band gigged at the Whitehaven Social Club, the lads played very well again. People turned up from the previous night and were up dancing and standing on tables. The band got 3 encores again and everyone had a great night apart from the manager of the venue who said he wasn't going to pay the lads because the bands followers had disrupted his club. The group had a word in his ear and managed to persuade him otherwise! Payment received £40.

When the band returned home a letter from a record label in London was waiting for them offering them a deal. If the lads were serious they would have to pack their bags and move down to the capital. Ian was all for it thinking this was the break they'd been waiting for. In less than a year the band had gone from being a group of amateur musicians getting paid £0 to a tight little band who had built up a loyal following and could demand £40 a gig, plus now they had a London record company who wanted to sign them up. Ian was ready to jump on the next train to the big smoke, but the rest of the band weren't so sure and to make the ultimatum final, Sean McKay refused to move and travel down to the metropolis. The band dissolved and Tumbling Dice came to an end.

II. BOOTS AND BRACES

When Tumbling Dice split, Ian formed a new group and started perfecting the art of playing the guitar, Ian played a little rhythm guitar in Tumbling Dice, but he wanted to write his own material and saw being an accomplished guitar player as the first step in achieving this goal. In the past most of the bands' songs had been written by Sean McKay.

Ian took most of his musical inspiration from bands like The Who, The Rolling Stones, Free, Lynyrd Skynyrd and Led Zeppelin. Ian thrived on the energy and power of rock anthems like Freebird and Whole Lotta Love.

In the Sixties, when times were good, young people were looking for something heavy to get into and progressive rock carried messages of protest and revolution. By the mid-Seventies, times were so bad that people were looking for something light to get into.

There was a decline in music which attempted to carry any kind of message. Radical statements were out, escapism was in, and the bland were leading the bland. John Denver was big, the Stylistics were bigger, and Abba were selling more records than anyone since The Beatles.

In 1975 Britain's biggest recently emerged group was Queen, who had about as much to do with Rock and Roll as Charlie's Angels had to do with private detection. A quartet of University graduates, Queen were bright, bourgeois and dull. Their albums took thousands of hours, and the lighting scripts for stage shows were as complicated as the lighting scripts for a stage play. Every faggot's friend Freddie Mercury was about as controversial as a dead budgie.

For young people of Ian's age, there was nothing original coming along. Overall, rock music was stagnating. It had once worshipped fashion, encouraged youth, and thrived on novelty, but it had become as flabby and middle-aged as it was before The Beatles.

The music industry was just ripe for a wake-up call, and what better way than a kick in the bollocks. Sid Vicious was standing in the wings waiting to take his turn at capturing the rebellious spirit of the youth.

The kids were bored to death, it was time for a change - and the youth of the time had no intention of waiting for the politicians to tell them what they already knew. History had taught them something - the establishment is hard to budge, but it is not immovable if the force of numbers are behind it.

The year was now 1976, and this era brought with it the birth of a new sound, Punk and out it popped yelling and screaming!

Ian and the band travelled down to Manchester to see the Sex Pistols play supported by the Buzzcocks and Slaughter and the Dogs. The sight of Johnny Rotten hunched over a microphone at the Lesser Free Trade Hall, with his spiky red hair and green teeth shouting "Fuckin' Anarchy" to several hundred sweating, pogoing youths was something the lads found hard to ignore.

The band were greatly impressed by this new cult phenomenon - Punk, it was something new, fresh, full of aggression and smacked of raw rebellion. The boys returned home and Ian started to write a few Punk numbers, which the band tested out on the local Pub circuit.

Ian was busy learning the guitar and the band were still in the process of tightening up their act. When they thought they'd got their sound about right, they

decided to tape a few of these new punkier numbers and try their luck with a load of record companies. Ian crossed his fingers and hoped fate was looking down. A couple of places replied saying they were interested, but they wanted to hear a more professional recording, probably because the tape they sent was recorded in a metal factory.

It seemed their luck might be in. Chiswick Records asked the band to come down to London and do a session in the studio. Ted Carrol, the former manager of Thin Lizzy, was the chairman of Chiswick Records and he signed the lads up. As the band didn't have a title at the time he came up with the name Skrewdriver. In the Spring of 1977 a new punk band was born! Skrewdriver did their first gig at Andrew Czezowski's club The Roxy, on Neal Street, WC2 on April 16, and not long after their debut single, You're So Dumb, backed with Better off Crazy, was released.

The band - Ian, Grinny, Kev and Phil - moved to London to be near their record label and set about promoting their name by playing regular gigs. It was at one of these gigs a London Weekend Television researcher spotted Skrewdriver playing, and a couple of days later the lads were interviewed in a cafe by Janet Street Porter, the programme was called Year of punk.

You're So Dumb, didn't go down to well with certain people, as it was an anti-drugs song. At the time (as now) certain circles saw taking drugs as "the in thing to do", but it did gain the band support among the working class council estate punks who saw drug taking as something the middle-class posh kids did trying to be rebellious.

You're So Dumb established Skrewdriver's credentials as a punk band, and Chiswick updated the record deal to two singles and an LP.

YOU'RE SO DUMB

**I'm just trying to get through to you,
I ain't telling you what to do,
If you don't keep away from valium,
I think you're stupid, your so dumb.**

Chorus:

You're so dumb! You're so dumb!

**Dole queue motley's gone right away,
Down to the chemist to get some pills,
Done all your money on chemicals,
Buyin' anaesthetic to make you ill.**

Chorus

**Hey little brother stop fooling around,
Taking this out on me,
The last time you took that many,**

Doctor in a real rage, he said...

Chorus

**Now that the little brother has gone away,
They put him in a mental place,
Don't give him pills just beat him up,
Bruises all over his face.**

In 1997 the Sun newspaper ran a small article under the heading "DJ Drum Secret" in which it revealed Radio One Breakfast DJ Mark Radcliffe once drummed for Skrewdriver. Mark did fill in for Grinny on the odd occasion when John was back home visiting his family. Drummers are hard to come by, not exactly Stop Press classified information!

Anti-Social, c/w a cover version of the Rolling Stones song 19th (Nervous) Breakdown, was released near the end of 1977, as was the 45rpm LP All Skrewed Up. Soon after the single and the LP were recorded, guitarist Phil Walmsley decided to quit Skrewdriver, but his boots were quickly filled by an old mate of the band also from the Fylde, axeman Ron Hartley. It was around this time the lads were invited to attend the BBC studios in Madia Vale to put down a few numbers for the John Peel Sessions. Skrewdriver recorded four tracks - Anti-Social, The Loner, a song about football violence Streetfight, and Non-Believer, an anti-religion number.

'I don't go to church or anything. I think my religion is my race.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

All the band members were greatly impressed by the engineering and sound quality.

Not long after Ronny joined the group the band decided to dump their punky image in favour of the sharp clean cut style of the Skinhead. Basically, all the band got fed up with punk turning more and more left-wing, whereas before, everyone came along and had a laugh and danced about, but soon it got to the stage where it became high fashion, and people would just stand there posing, seeing who had the most safety pins through their nose. A lot of the bands' mates who were coming to the gigs were Skinheads and all the members of the band had been Skinheads in the past, so they all just reverted. The band did get some fairly reasonable press coverage. Sounds gave the All Skrewed Up LP quite a good write up, and New Musical Express gave a decent review. Plus Melody Maker and Record Mirror said it was worth a listen. Things were looking good and Skrewdriver's future looked bright, even one of the bands roadies Graham McPherson thought he'd try for his 5 minutes of fame and started singing with a local band - The North London Invaders.

'When Punk started in London it was a great atmosphere. It was a new thing, it was shit hot. We used to go to a dub every night, get in free because we were in a band. It was a really

good time to be there. We didn't get hardly any hassle except perhaps a little bit off the teds. I used to get on with most of the teds anyway, especially when we turned Skinhead, when we were punks they used to hate us though.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

The demand for All Skrewed Up and Anti-Social outstripped by far the popularity of their debut single You're So Dumb.

Skrewdriver started to gig regularly around the London area, and began to attract a good following. They were supporting bands like Siouxi and the Banshees, 999 and The Boomtown Rats. The lads would often have drinks with Jimmy Pursey (Sham 69) and the likes. On one occasion when they played with the Police, they got pissed up at the bar with Sting and ended up lending their PA equipment to him.

'We played with Motorhead, they were really decent blokes. We would always have a drink with the other bands' members if we were at one of their gigs. The Damned were really good blokes, we supported them a lot.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

Now that Skrewdriver were officially a Skinhead band, an increasing amount of Skins started to follow the group. There was a Skinhead revival in the late 70's and the National Front made the most of this by forming the Young NF in 1977. Skrewdriver were pulling in crowds, achieving house records at the Roxy and at the Vortex. It looked like the lads were well on their way to success then at one gig a fight broke out involving one of the Skrewdriver crew and in the ensuing battle Bob Geldof got sparked out on stage! The band acquired a reputation for violence, and when a near riot kicked off at the Vortex, at which Skrewdriver was playing, the music media made the most of it by slagging off the group's audience as "thugs" and "National Front supporters".

Following further revelations in the press that many Skinheads were involved actively with either the National Front or the British Movement, the Marxist dominated music media began to demand that Skrewdriver and the other leading Skinhead band Sham 69 denounce their audience as racists, or get banned. Skrewdriver refused to condemn their loyal followers, many of whom were friends, and as a result got banned. Banned from playing, banned from advertising, banned from press coverage, banned from radio play, banned from gig promotion, everything!

Sham 69 on the other hand complied willingly to the demands of the press, and Sham's front man and one time Wimpy Bar worker from Surrey Jimmy Pursey danced happily to the music media's tune.

'The geezer (Jimmy Pursey) has never been a Skinhead, he sings about it, but he's never been one. There was only one Skinhead in that band ever, and that was their first bass player,

Alby. He was the only Skinhead that's ever been in Sham 69.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

In the Autumn of 1978 Chiswick Records asked the lads to change their image and sent them to a farm in Peterborough to prepare for a new LP. On their return Skrewdriver had a big row with the management and told Ted Carrol to fuck off. The management at Chiswick didn't like the way Skrewdriver wouldn't bow down to the media and denounce the Skinheads.

Faced with nowhere to play, and unable to get a new recording contract, the pressure took its toll and Skrewdriver split.

Disillusioned with the corrupt set-up of the music industry in London, the lads returned to Blackpool and set about trying to find work. Most, eventually found work hod-carrying and labouring on local building sites, whilst Ian ended up working at a car wash.

Chiswick Records later released the LP Catch A Wave, featuring a couple of Skrewdriver's numbers amongst other artists on the Chiswick label, Ian was so disgusted at the way the Marxist left controlled the music scene in London that he began to take an active interest in Nationalist politics. Ian wanted to find out what it was that the music press were so frightened about, and why they were so terrified of National Front involvement in the music business. During the latter half of the 1970's, the National Front was well on the march, and its ranks swelled to an estimated 18,000 card-carrying members. The Front contested 174 seats in the May 1976 local elections, and 80 of their candidates each polled more than 10% of the vote. By October 1977 the Front had grown to 44 London branches and 187 provincial chapters.

In the Greater London Council election of 1977, National Front candidates out-pollied the Liberals, Britain's third largest party, in 33 of 91 districts and won 119,000 votes. In November 1977 the NF mobilised 6,000 members and led by a forest of Union Flags marched through London in recognition of Remembrance Day and in the local elections of the same year managed to field hundreds of candidates to secure 250,000 votes. The news of this startling increase in the Front's strength made headlines in newspapers around the world.

Ian began to purchase NF publications and attend their meetings in Blackpool. Convinced that he liked what he heard at these meetings, he wrote to the National Front headquarters at Excalibur House, 73 Great Eastern Street, London E.C.2. and joined up as a full member in April 1979.

The music media, in their efforts to browbeat Ian into submission, had made him into a formidable enemy who would still be haunting them many years later.

'You have to do your bit for Britain, some of you in here tonight may not be members of any political party, but you just do your bit for Britain, gather information of all the parties and choose who's right for you, but don't do nothing.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Due to the massive growth of the National Front, the opponents of Nationalism

started several groups. Skins Against The Nazis began in Hackney in July 1978, and the Anti-Nazi League (ANaL) was also formed.

ANaL was financed by Jews and secretly run by the notorious Trotskyite Socialist Workers Party, which openly called for a communist dictatorship. ANaL would, from time to time, put on the "odd" concert under the banner of Rock Against Racism (RAR). With the formation of ANaL and its musical offshoot RAR, the Young National Front came up with its own mirror organisation Rock Against Communism.

After denouncing their loyal followers, Sham 69 were asked if they would like to play Rock Against Racism benefit gigs. Sham left no-one in any doubt on their stand in politics, and they played a RAR gig at the Central London Polytechnic with reggae band Misty in February 1978, and in April, Jimmy joined The Clash on stage at an ANaL carnival. But, by the end of the year, Sham had to pull out of similar events because their presence might have attracted trouble.

In interviews Pursey would say: 'Every gig we play is a Rock Against Racism gig'. Once their colours had been firmly tied to the RAR flagpole, there was an increase in right-wing activity and violence at Sham gigs, particularly in the London area where support for the Front and the British Movement was at its strongest. Promoters wouldn't touch Sham with a 20 foot barge-pole for fear of trouble, and despite the band's appearances on Top of the Pops, Sham 69's days were numbered. The band couldn't play in the UK without fear of violence and Jimmy didn't want to play abroad, so the decision was taken to call it a day. Sham's final gig took place at the Rainbow Theatre, London. The two support bands. Little Roosters and The low Numbers had already had a hard time of it, but the best was being saved for Jimmy and the boys.

Sham took the stage to the strains of the theme to 2001 and opened the set with What Have You Got? All was going well, but by the fourth number, Angels With Dirty Faces, things began to go wrong. A Skinhead tried to get up on to stage and was stopped by security. A scuffle ensued and in a bid to quiet things down, Jimmy Pursey let the Skinhead join the band. That was the signal for other Skins to climb the barriers and storm the stage. The security curtains came down, and Sham ran for cover.

Over 200 Skins, allegedly organised by the British Movement, surged back and forth through the crowd like a runaway Panzer tank, while others joined in the chants of 'Sieg Heil' and 'Skrewdriver' from the stage. So long, Jimmy the back-stabber!

The following day, a hundred Skins smashed a Young Socialists' Jobs For The Youth gig featuring The Ruts and Misty.

'Sham cut their own throats by slagging off those people, because that's what destroyed them in the end.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian soon got fed up with washing cars so he packed his bags and returned to London. Ian was still good mates with Graham 'Suggsy' McPherson, one of Skrewdriver's roadies back in 1977. Now, two years later, Suggsy was the lead singer in the band Madness. Madness had built up a reputation on the London

Pub circuit and in the summer of 1978 were well on their way to fame and fortune when their debut single The Prince zipped up the charts to number 16, and a month later their follow up 45 One Step Beyond reached the dizzy heights of N° 7.

Whilst in London Ian stayed at Suggsy's mum's flat on Warren Street. Suggs had just bought a house, so Ian moved into his old room.

It was during this period Ian met the Young National Front organiser and Bulldog editor Joe Pearce. Joe tried to talk Ian into reforming Skrewdriver, but it wasn't to be. Ian stayed in London for around seven months, then moved back to Lancashire.

Back in the Fylde, Ian managed to secure a job as a clerical assistant at the nearby Premium Bonds office, but that isn't to say he hung up his boots, Ian hooked up with his old mates and was soon getting into scrapes. Poulton and Blackpool had a history of fisticuffs and rival gangs from the opposing towns would regularly meet up at the weekend and have a battle in defence of their turf. On one occasion a gang of Poulton lads who Ian was with went on the rampage down Blackpool. Heads were cracked and windows broken, shit and blood everywhere. The following week The Ramsden Arms Public House on Tabolt Road, had a photo of Ian behind the bar with the words Wanted Dead Or Alive scrawled above it. Ian's reputation as a handful at school was now following him and maturing in adulthood.

On another occasion some NF supporters (Tweety and the Cannon brothers) who Ian was friendly with asked Ian if he'd like to go and see The Stray Cats who were playing at the Norbreck Castle, in Bispham. The Stray Cats were quite big at the time and in the charts, Ian tagged along and at the gig the lads did everything they could to put the band off. Ian thought they looked like a bunch of puffs. The result was a kick off in the car park with the band and their roadies after the gig. The Stray Cats got a slap and Brian Setzer's hair needed re-quiffing, plus as a finishing touch Ian slashed their van tyres.

That wasn't even a one off. Ian was always having a go at some cunt he didn't like the look of, and once ended up giving punk leg-end Iggy Pop a boot in the crown jewels!

Before long the wanderlust hit Ian again and he and Kev McKay ventured down to Manchester. The lads rented a rundown one-room bedsit in the Cheetham Hill district (the Jewish part of town) which later turned out to be infested with rats! Towards the end of 1979, Ian and Kev met up with two local musicians, a drummer called Martin Smith and a brilliant young guitarist by the name of Glen Jones. The four of them set about reviving Skrewdriver.

The new look Skrewdriver gigged in and around the city, supporting Motorhead at King George's Hall in Blackburn and playing regularly at the Mayflower Club near Belle Vue.

The lads soon picked up a good local following, and eventually got a recording contract with the Mancunian based record company Tony Johnson Music (TJM). On the TJM label Skrewdriver brought out the Built Up, Knocked Down EP, a Skrewdriver classic. The musicianship of Glen Jones shines through on the EP

and even though he was destined to remain with the band for only a short period, he stamped his mark on the music of Skrewdriver forever.

'Glen was a brilliant guitarist, he really was good. He would have been wasted on doing punk music. The guitaring on Built Up, Knocked Down is amazing.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

After the Built Up, Knocked Down EP was released Skrewdriver continued to gig at the Mayflower and other local venues, but any hope of making the big-time was being hindered by the music media who still hadn't forgiven the band for defying them two years earlier. Unable to advertise their gigs in the music papers, the band couldn't make any progress outside of the Greater Manchester area. In the end frustration set in and Skrewdriver folded for a second time in the Autumn of 1980.

BUILT UP, KNOCKED DOWN

**The summer was coming, I was out in the fields.
Then I heard a guitar playing, loud and dear,
I saw an old man, sat by a tree,
He said, "Come and listen to me son now,
Come and listen to me,"
He said, "Hey boy, what does life mean to you?
Does it mean go out, get drunk, drown your blues?"
He said, "If that's what it means to you,
well that's a waste of life.
And I've got nothing more to say to you."
Quit my job and I went out, I bought my first guitar,
Then I started to learn that thing,
Instead of propping up some bar,
Sent a tape, got a contract, made us all so glad,
Then they started messing round with us,
Now life's just bad, just as bad now.
Are you trying to mess us up, trying to make us quit?
If that's what you're trying to do,
Jewboy, you're not achieving it
I said. Built up. Knocked down,
Knocked down to the ground.**

Ian and Kev returned home to the wind-swept shores of Blackpool thinking the acclamation they desired was maybe just out of grasp.

Back in Poulton, Ian got a steady job as a machine operator at his Dad's tool-makers shop and stepped up his involvement with the National Front, regularly carrying out activities with his local branch.

The Blackpool unit, when not out and about selling papers and peddling Front

propaganda, would most often be found in the pub sinking a few jars. On 5 May 1981, Ian and the lads had reason to celebrate that little bit harder: Bobby Sands the Provisional IRA hunger striker died after 65 days without food in the H-block of Belfast's Maze Prison. He should have had his chicken supper!!!

Two months later the big social event of the year took place with Charles Philip Arthur George, the eldest son of Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip, marrying Lady Diana Frances Spencer, the younger daughter of the 7th Earl Spencer, at St Paul's Cathedral.

'I've always thought that the Royal family should be kept as a British tradition, and I never think that they should ever have had a political voice. They're a hell of a tourist business, they've always been a British tradition. I never think we should get rid of the Royal family. It's something that people always think about when they think of Britain. They think of the Royal family when they hear about Britain. It seems to me that most of the people that want to destroy the Royal family are either Irish or commies. I don't want to destroy them, but I wouldn't let people like Prince Charles be telling people what they ought to do.

My personal opinion is that it would be better to have Prince Andrew as the King rather than Prince Charles. At least Prince Andrew fought for his country - We should get rid of a lot of the ding-ons. I feel strongly that we can't get rid of the Royal family. It's always been something special about Britain.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian often travelled the length and breadth of Britain to attend NF rallies and marches. On one such activity Ian and five or so mates were in London for a National Front march and needed a place to stay for the weekend. They were walking around Argyle Square looking for a hotel, and as all the lads were wearing Union Flag patches and the like, a bloke came over and asked if they were NF supporters. When they replied they were, he recommended that they stay at the Ferndale, as it was the cheapest hotel in the area and the only one under British management. The bloke's name was Maurice Castle, and it turned out he was the manager of the hotel. From that time on whenever Ian was down London for a while he stayed at the Ferndale.

Back home in the Fylde Ian became increasingly bored with the mundane 9 till 5 and started to get itchy feet again, so in the Autumn of 1981 he boarded a south bound train destined for the bright-lights of London.

Ian soon settled into life in the capital, on his arrival he booked into the Ferndale, and after coming to an agreement with Maurice ended up staying there permanently as a long-term guest.

Ian started visiting a Skinhead shop in Petticoat Lane Market called the Last Resort and there he hooked up with some old comrades and got to know the shop's owners Mickey and Margaret.

Madness were now doing extremely well for themselves with eight top-ten hits under their belt, and when Ian met up with his old roadie Suggsy over a pint or

two, Suggs told Ian that he had started reading a script in April about a Madness full-length feature film and asked Ian if he'd be interested in having a bit part in the movie.

In October 1981 Madness released their third album *Seven* and this reached N° 5. The same month saw the release of the Madness film *Take It Or Leave It*. The film covers the early days of the group, ending before their first hit record with a scene in the Dublin Castle, a Pub in Camden Town. Suggs was quoted in *Melody Maker*: "We don't want to come across as anything we aren't and that's why we're doing it in this Pub. We gave out tickets to as many original people as we could remember and everybody will get pissed and smash a few glasses." Ian didn't have a big starring role in the film, in fact he was on screen less than a minute, first off getting pissed on a garden wall outside a house party and the next chasing the Nutty boys out of a boozier. Blink and you'd miss it, not exactly Oscar winning stuff!

'The Madness film was done in about 1981 or something like that anyway because I didn't have much money at the time, they just got me on the film, that's all. I got the agency fee which was about EGO or something, and that's why I was in the film.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

III. NO TURNING BACK

When Ian was born and gasped his first breath, he must have swallowed with that sea air a little bit of the Blackpool spirit. For his life was filled with more ups and downs than any rollercoaster ride you could hope to find at the Pleasure Beach, more colour than the illuminations and the high hopes and dreams of the Tower. He had been built up, knocked down! But, as ever Ian would rise to the challenge and carry on the fight.

Nationalism played an increasing role in his life and the adrenaline of playing live on stage coursed through his veins.

Ian wanted to reform Skrewdriver for the National Front and Rock Against Communism, but he never got the commitment from the NF he needed. It had been four and a half years since the *All Skewed Up* LP was released, and in that time a new batch of Skinheads had appeared on the scene desperate to acquire early Skrewdriver records. Skins coming into the Last Resort shop would regularly ask Mickey and Margaret how they could get hold of Skrewdriver material. Mickey French, the shop's proprietor, would often discuss with Ian Skrewdriver's music and the chances of Ian putting a new group together. At first Ian was reluctant to reform the band, not least because of his past experiences at the hands of the music industry, but because, Ian didn't have the necessary backing he needed to commit to such a project. Mickey persuaded Ian that there was still a groundswell of support for the band and a very healthy demand for Skrewdriver's music. Mickey further convinced Ian by promising to help out anyway he could, financially or otherwise, if Ian reformed the band. It was around

this time the Falklands War kicked off, and patriotic consciousness was on a high. Spurred on by the support of the Last Resort shop, Ian quickly set about reforming Skrewdriver.

Word soon spread through the Skinhead grapevine that Skrewdriver was being resurrected. Martin Dean, a freelance photographer who used to frequent the Last Resort, told Ian he knew a bass player who maybe interested in joining Skrewdriver. His name was Mark 'Frenchy' French. Frenchy used to play for the Skinhead band The Elite, a band no stranger to the NF themselves. Frenchy then introduced Ian to The Elite's former drummer Geoff Williams. The band was starting to take shape, but they were still in need of a guitarist. The lads placed an advertisement in the music press and for the duration Ian sang and played guitar at rehearsals. The advert was soon answered by a Mark 'Lester' Neeson, who passed the band's audition with honours. After a few rehearsals Ian thought the band was ready for the studios and sure enough Mickey French kept to his word and the band released the very popular Back with a Bang maxi-single on Last Resort Sounds which found its way into the independent charts.

Riding on the success of the Back with a Bang single, it wasn't long before the lads were back in the studio recording for the United Skins compilation LP, another Last Resort Sounds project.

Ian and the lads laid down two tracks: Anti-Social, the old Skrewdriver classic and a new number called Boots and Braces. Boots and Braces soon became a crowd pleaser at gigs, but Ian wasn't too happy about the song believing it to be bland with a very basic tune and boring to play.

Support for Skrewdriver grew and the band was now regularly packing out the 100 Club and Skunx, but as support for the band grew so did the hostility of the music press and Ian became increasingly pissed off with the constant attacks by music journalists branding the group racist and their supporters as morons. In the end it was obvious they were never going to praise Skrewdriver for anything and in any case Ian saw nothing wrong with being a Nationalist, it came totally natural to him anyway!

BACK WITH A BANG

**Do you remember in the summer,
Back in nineteen seventy eight?
When they reckoned that the
Skinheads days were numbered,
And the papers dripped with liquid hate,
Being Patriotic's not the fashion, so they say,
To fly your countries' flag's a crime,
Society tried its best to kill you,
But the spirit lives until the end of time.**

Chorus:

**Back with a Bang now.
Back with the gang now.
Back with a Bang now.**

Back with the gang now, 2, 3, 4,

**They reckoned every Skinhead was a bad man,
Enough to make an honest man be sick,
And they filled their papers with this rubbish every day,
Never miss a dirty little trick.**

Chorus

**And still today they keep on lying,
Four years on and they still ain't learned,
That the Skinhead way of life
is getting stronger every day,
And we are never gonna turn.**

Skrewdriver started to take a more openly Nationalist stance and at a gig at the 100 club one night Ian raised his right arm and proclaimed "This one's called Tomorrow Belongs To Me." The crowd roared and thus began the true legacy of Skrewdriver.

The music media continued to have digs at the band and tried with very limited success to get venues to ban them from playing live.

It was around this time Ian travelled over to Islington to watch a young punk band called Brutal Attack. The front man for the group was a tattooed Skinhead living for kicks by the name of Ken Mclellan. Ian was impressed with the band's material and Ken's stage presence and asked them if they would be interested in supporting Skrewdriver the following week. Ken was all for it, but others in the band weren't so keen. The band had a ruck resulting in two members of the group leaving the band. Replacements were soon found and a week later Brutal Attack was rocking for Race and Nation with Ian and the boys. The owners of the clubs were content with Skrewdriver filling their venues, plus they were making plenty of money from the partnership, so the media hounding came to no avail. But that Summer things went slightly pear-shaped when Skrewdriver had a kick off at the 100 club with the Rock Against Racism band Infa Riot from North London and their roadies. The music papers jumped on the situation and told the clubs if they continued to book Skrewdriver they would suffer a media ban and be unable to advertise any of their events in the press. It was the straw that broke the camels back and the 100 Club caved in and banned Skrewdriver.

Much to the annoyance of the press, Skunx in Islington continued to book Skrewdriver who were then their biggest attraction, but at the end of the year due to Police pressure the club was forced to call it a day.

It seemed to the band history could be repeating itself, again they were faced with a gig ban and no media publicity, but this time things were different: Ian was now an active member in the National Front and had a good working relationship with the NF cadre. Ian remembered his discussion with YNF organiser Joe Pearce 3 years earlier in the Hoop & Grapes Pub in Farringdon Street and Ian

met up with Joe again and the two of them reactivated Rock Against Communism.

WHITE POWER

**White Power 1, 2, 3, 4,
I stand and watch my country, going down the drain,
We are all at fault now, we are all to blame,
We're letting them take over, we just let them come,
Once we had an Empire, and now we've got a slum.**

**Chorus:
White Power, for England,
White Power, today,
White Power, for Britain,
Before it gets too late.**

**We've seen a lot of riots, we just sit and scoff,
We've seen a lot of muggings, and the judges let them off.**

Chorus

**We've got to do something, to try and stop the rot,
The traitors that have used us, they should all be shot.**

Chorus

**Are we going to sit and let them come?
Have they got the White man on the run?
The multiracial society is a mess,
We aren't going to take much more of this.
What do we need?**

Chorus

**If we don't win our battle, and all does not go well,
It's an apocalypse for Britain, and we'll see you all in hell!**

The first RAC gig for nearly 4 years took place in Stratford, East London. Skrewdriver supported by The Ovaltines played to over 500 people. The National Front were keen to exploit Skrewdriver's popularity, seeing it as a great opportunity to recruit new members into its ranks. The NF set up Britain's first Nationalist record label - White Noise Records - and produced Skrewdriver's first political tracks in the form of White Power, Smash the I.R.A. and Shove the Dove.

'I like White Power. The lyrics, for me, apart from Tomorrow Belongs To Me, mean more than any other song we've ever done. It's such a stark statement. It's there. It's very direct.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

The EP sent a shock wave throughout the music industry with one paper claiming that White Power was "The most evil record of all time."

The reds in the media were intent on crushing Skrewdriver and the Skinhead movement, but with reviews like that Ian and the boys couldn't wish for better publicity. Sales of the White Power EP were enormous with the single selling like hot cakes not only in Britain, but France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Sweden and as far afield as the USA and Australia.

Owing to Skrewdriver's success new patriotic bands emerged and flocked to the Nationalist music scene. Skrewdriver played several Rock Against Communism gigs in and around the London area with attendance's averaging 500. Bearing in mind that the concerts could not be advertised and the bands' supporters only got to know about the gigs by word of mouth via the Skinhead grapevine only added to the prosperity of the RAC movement.

This was a real kick in the gob for the music press because here was an underground movement thriving right under the noses of all who had tried to destroy it.

Due to the massive turnouts at Skrewdriver gigs, it was decided that some form of security needed to be implemented. This was not so much for the protection of the band, but to stop the hordes of drunken fans from killing each other in the frenzy of stomping and Sieg Heiling on the dancefloor. Put in charge of Skrewdriver Security was a Skinhead by the name of Nick Crane. He was a British Movement organiser from Bexleyheath, London and a bouncer by trade. In 1981 Nick appeared on the front cover of the second Sounds compilation LP Strength Thru' Oil, which later gave Gary Bushell cause for embarrassment when he found out about Mr Crane's political beliefs.

Meanwhile, Geoff Williams, Skrewdriver's drummer, was becoming increasingly unreliable by letting the band down at rehearsals and not turning up at gigs. Luckily, Skrewdriver's producer Mark Sutherland could play the drums and he helped the lads out by standing in for Geoff at various RAC concerts. Eventually, Geoff quit Skrewdriver due to outside pressures and Mark took over permanently. With the increased popularity in Rock Against Communism, the NF youth magazine Bulldog, whom Joe Pearce was the editor, started to cover Skrewdriver's progress within its pages.

White Noise Records released Skrewdriver's second vinyl offering on their label: Voice Of Britain, a fast, catchy number with Ian growling out his call for a British rebirth, and on the B-side Sick Society which is best described as a modern day folk song inspired by the murder of NF member Albert Mariner.

At 7:45pm on Tuesday 3rd May 1983, old-age pensioner and National Front

member Albert Mariner was walking to an NF election meeting when he was struck on the head by a brick hurled from a "mainly black" mob of rioters. They had been mobilised by an unlawful election leaflet issued by Labour Councillors of the London Borough of Haringey. Albert was taken to hospital where he died the next day. The police refused to investigate the events which led to Albert's death.

Throughout 1983 the RAC concerts carried on apace with the lads gigging on average once every month, Ian carried on his work for the National Front handing out pro-White leaflets and newspapers on the streets of London.

In the studio Skrewdriver recorded *When The Boat Comes In*, which was put out on WN3 - *The This Is White Noise EP* - along with three other up-and-coming RAC bands the Diehards, Brutal Attack and ABH.

The band finished the year off by doing a RAC gig in Kensington on the 19th of November and a White Xmas gig in Barking on the 16th of December.

I don't know if Ian made any New Year's resolutions but 1984 brought with it many new beginnings. Lester waved goodbye to Skrewdriver, and then Frenchy left the band and went on to join the Para's.

IV. WHEN THE NORTH WIND BLOWS

From the British Brothers League founded in 1901, past Rotha Linhorn-Orman's British Fascists, to Oswald Mosley's BUF and onward the British right has led a curious life.

In the late 1960's there were six organisations of any note in the field of Nationalist politics in Britain. Apart from the Racial Preservation Society, there was John Tyndall's Greater Britain Movement and the League of Empire Loyalists, under A.K. Chesterton. There was the British National Party led by John Bean and Andrew Fountaine, and there was the British Movement.

The British Movement was founded in the summer of 1968 by Colin Jordan, a former school teacher who built up his die-hard reputation in the 1950's. In 1962 Mr. Jordan and the American National Socialist leader George Lincoln Rockwell settled a blueprint for all future National Socialist activity. It was called the Costswold Declaration. It reflected their assessment of N.S. direction after 1945 and the death of Adolf Hitler and the role of National Socialists as a worldwide political movement.

THE COTSWOLD DECLARATION

WE BELIEVE that an honest man can never be happy in a naked scramble for material gain and comfort, without any goal which he believes is greater than himself, and for which he is willing to sacrifice his own egotism. This goal was formerly provided by fundamentalist religions, but science and subversion have so weakened all traditional religions, and given man such an unwarranted, short-sighted conceit of his "power over nature", that he

has, in effect, become his own God. He is spiritually lost, even if he will not admit it. We believe that the only realistic goal which can still lift man out of his present unhappy selfishness and into the radiance of self-sacrificing idealism is the upward struggle of his race, the fight for the common good of his people.

WE BELIEVE that society can function successfully, and therefore happily, only as an organism; that all parts benefit when each part performs the function for which it is best suited to produce a unified, single-purposed whole, which is then capable of out-performing any single part, the whole thus vastly increasing the powers of all co-operating parts, and the parts, therefore, subordinating a part of their individual freedom to the whole; that the whole perishes and all of the parts suffer whenever one part fails to perform its own function, usurps or interferes with the function of another part, or like a cancer, devours all the nourishment and grows wildly and selfishly out of all proportion to its task - which latter is exactly the effect on society of the parasitic Jews and their Marxism.

WE BELIEVE that man makes genuine progress only when he approaches Nature humbly, and applies her eternal laws, instead of arrogantly assuming to ignore and conquer Nature, as do the Marxists with their theories of the supremacy of environmental influence over the genetic truth of race, special laws of biological equality for humans only, and their insane denial of the primitive and fundamental human institution of private property.

WE BELIEVE that struggle is the vital element of all evolutionary progress and the very essence of life itself; that it is only method where by we have won and can maintain dominion over the other animals of the earth; that we must therefore welcome struggle as a means of testing and improving us, and that we must despise weaklings who run away from struggle. We believe that life itself is awarded by Nature only to those who fight for it and win it, not those who wish or beg for it as a "right".

WE BELIEVE that no man is entitled to the service or the products of the labour of his fellow men, unless he contributes at least an equal amount of goods or services of his own production or inventions. We believe that the contribution by a member of society of nothing else but tokens called "money" is a fraud upon his fellows, and does not excuse a man capable of honest work of his responsibility to produce his share.

WE BELIEVE that it is to the advantage of society to see that every honest man has freedom and opportunity to achieve his maximum potentials by preserving his health, protecting him from unforeseeable and ruinous catastrophes, educating him to capacity in the areas of his abilities, and guarding him against political and economic exploitation.

WE BELIEVE that Adolf Hitler was the gift of an inscrutable Providence to a world on the brink of Jewish-Bolshevik catastrophe, and that only the blazing spirit of this heroic man can give us the strength and inspiration to rise, like the early Christians, from the depths of persecution and hatred to bring the world a new birth of radiant idealism, realistic peace, international order, and social justice for all men.

THESE SEVEN PRINCIPLES are the rock of our faith. With them, we shall move the world. The political party program we adopt, based on these principles, can and will change as events and facts change, as we discover better methods. But these seven principles are fundamental, absolute, and timeless truth. They will not change. We bind ourselves permanently and without reservation to these idea, and the battle to establish them as the only scientific and realistic basis for human society.

Mr. Jordan is a remarkable man of vision who has set his face implacably against the national death-wish. Many have come and many have gone, but Mr. Jordan is to be hailed for his steadfastness of belief and action over so many years. The British Movement kept the ideology of National Socialism alive and functioning in Britain, and in 1975 Mr. Jordan handed the leadership of the organisation to the then National Secretary and Merseyside organiser Mike McLaughlin. Mr. McLaughlin slowly but steadily built up the Movement by redirecting its recruiting tactics, and soon the BM began to overshadow the National front. Then in late 1983 without warning Mr. McLaughlin resigned the leadership and closed down the national offices at Shotton in North Wales. He did not appoint a successor and simply put the organisation "on ice".

'This one's for the British Movement and it's called White Power.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

To add too the global influence that Skrewdriver was having on the White World, two Australians said G'day to the band and took over the vacant positions. Adam Douglas on guitar and ex-Quick and the Dead bassist Murray Holmes hopped in Frenchy's boots.

The international limelight was now shining on Skrewdriver, with not only the European pan-Aryan press taking an interest in the band, but the Nationalist journals in the USA also doing articles on the band. Most noticeable being Willis Carlo's ultra conservative newspaper The Spotlight interviewing Ian in their March issue under the heading "UK White Youths Proud of Heritage".

Ian was now regularly getting fan letters of support from all over the White world. The NF decided that their coverage in Bulldog magazine was not enough and launched White Noise magazine and an organisation to run it.

In June 1984, the Greater London Council held a Jobs For A Change festival at Jubilee Gardens on London's South Bank. Billed to play in front of eighteen thousand teenage morons high on mind-bending drugs; student floozies with their heads stuffed with universal brotherhood; perverts and queers of every

conceivable stripe; freaks and misfits; bleeding hearts and racial masochists; every modern miss and liberal trendy, were the communist, homosexual group The Redskins, Aswad, Billy Bragg and The Smiths.

Skrewdriver Skins along with a firm of Chelsea Headhunters, numbering only around eighty, took umbrage at this outrage.

Skrewdriver were banned from playing their music and voicing their democratic rights to freedom of speech, yet these bands were actively encouraged to take to the stage and sing their lungs out at huge open air festivals and peddle their shitty opinions and vile political viewpoints.

The Redskins were in the middle of Lean On Me, when a beer bottle was thrown at them, just missing Chris Dean. This acted as the signal, and our boys stormed the stage.

To the sounds of Sieg Heil, breaking glass and feedback, The Redskins were soon beaten down, covered in blood and begging for mercy. Heads were cracked and bones broken, the bass guitar even ended up going through the drums. Despite the massively overwhelming odds the Skinheads and Nationalists reigned triumphant.

Running battles followed in the streets around Jubilee Gardens along Waterloo Station and it even kicked off in St. Thomas' Hospital where the injured commies had been taken. The Redskins, their supporters and the rest of the race-mixing degenerates shit their pants. The casualty ward certainly lived up to its name that day!

Following the phenomenal success of the White Power EP in Europe, a West German record label Rock-o-Rama began to take an interest in Skrewdriver. Herbert, Rock-o-Rama's chairman, realising the bands potential on the continent, contacted Ian and offered him a contract to produce one LP and a single. A few months earlier Rock-o-Rama released Combat 84's album - Send In The Marines, which boosted sales of their recordings across Europe.

'I am not the type of person to creep and crawl to a bunch of weak-kneed, pacifist lefties and two-faced Zionists.

One must be honest to people about one's beliefs and especially when the survival of our very race is a stake.

I have no doubt that anyone who expounds patriotic beliefs has a little black mark put against his name, and by now I must have a massive black mark near my name.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian accepted Herbert's deal and Rock-o-Rama was able to give Skrewdriver far more revelation and exposure than White Noise Records.

The new look Skrewdriver recorded the Invasion/On Our Streets single and at the same time laid down 14 tracks for their second LP Hail The New Dawn. Hail The New Dawn, which was released in the Summer of 1984, contains some of Ian's finest work including what has been termed as Skrewdriver's greatest song Free My Land.

FREE MY LAND

**I stand and watch my country today,
It's so easy to see that it is being taken away,
All the immigrants, and all the left-wing lies,
Why does no one else ask the reason why?**

Chorus:

**We were the country that had everything,
We were the country Rule Britannia we would sing,
We were the country and we could never lose,
Once a nation, and now we're run by jews,
We want our country back now!**

**It's time our people stood together side by side,
It's time we stood and fought against the media's lies.
The capitalist and the communist,
Well they co-exist,
And if you love your country you'll be on their list.**

Chorus

**The sands of time are running out for this land,
It's time the people stood and raised their hands,
It's time we drove out the traitors that we can see,
Now is the time this nation should be free!
Free my land now!**

Free My Land was Ian's rendition to the six point master plan and Zionist dream of Eric Arthur Blair's (aka George Orwell) book Nineteen Eighty-Four which, published in 1949, told the story of Winston Smith and his rebellion against the ruling party, of his hatred of Big Brother, Doublethink, Newspeak and Thought-crime. 1984 is Blair's vision of a brutalised and manipulated humanity by a totalitarian state, which although over 50 years old is still gripping and supremely relevant today.

Hail The New Dawn contains nearly all the songs Skrewdriver did live in the early eighties and registered how the band was moving away from it's humble Oi! beginnings and progressing into the earthy realms of rock.

Mad Matty Morgan of Skrewdriver Security contributed to the album by writing track five - Race And Nation. Nicky Crane, also administers by not only doing the artwork for the cover design, but penning the lyrics to the song Justice, which tells the tale of Nick's own dished out British justice when he was sent down for four years for defending himself, along with a group of friends who happened to be British Movement members, against a bunch of rampaging Negroids who were attacking them.

Following the alliance with Rock-o-Rama Records, massive inroads into the booming German Skinhead scene were made and a far larger market for Skrewdriver's recordings was opened up, plus sales of the bands records, including repressed earlier singles were now thriving.

On the 29th September 1984, the White Noise Club organised a Rock Against Communism open air festival on a private estate in Suffolk, which was in fact Nick Griffins' fathers farm. The amount of patriotic bands emerging from the shadows due to Skrewdriver's prosperity and Ian's accomplishments at this time can only be described as amazing. Due to the success of RAC, groups of NF supporters were forming their own bands and the White resistance to the multiracial music industry swelled and developed. No longer did patriotic bands have to submit to communist intimidation or capitalist financial pressure and become Mammon's play thing. The formation of RAC signified that Nationalist bands could now stand on their own two feet and did not need to dance to the tune of the music press. At the first RAC open air festival Skrewdriver supported by six bands, including Public Enemy, Indecent Exposure, Brutal Attack and the Die-Hards, played to nearly six hundred Nationalist Aryan youths with not a hint of trouble, unlike The Redskins event three months earlier. Just proud White folk raising their voices and their right arms in the glory of Nationalist rock. At the gig, Skrewdriver's line-up comprised of two Englishmen and two Australians but, in March 1985 the band brought in a second guitarist, adding even more of an international flavour to the group introducing an Italian into its ranks by the name of Steve Roda.

The Skinhead from Bologna played his first Skrewdriver gig at a RAC concert in East Ham, London. Before long the new five-piece Skrewdriver was in the studio recording two tracks for the compilation LP No Surrender, a joint White Noise / Rock-o-Rama project involving eleven bands.

With Steve now on second guitar, more scope was added to Skrewdriver's musical compositions, and a heavier sound was evolving. Skrewdriver contributed Don't Let Them Pull You Down and Tearing Down The Wall to the album.

'Tearing Down The Wall was about the Berlin wall which divided East and West Germany.

It was built by the communists to stop people escaping from their "paradise", their "workers paradise"!

That song was recorded for the album out of respect for our German comrades because we share their belief in a united Germany which can only help strengthen European ties.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Not long after the release of the No Surrender LP, Skrewdriver was dogged with yet more line up changes with Murray Holmes leaving the band. Lacking a bassist Steve filled in and Paul Swain joined the boys.

Swainy was the ex-axeman with the Oi! band the 4 Skins, and was no stranger to the Nationalist cause himself.

The 4 Skins were involved in the race riot at the Hambrough Tavern, Southall in 1981. The band were doing a gig at the Hambrough Tavern, along with fellow Oi! boys The Last Resort and The Business. The 4 Skins were in the middle of belting out Chaos and the pub windows went through, bricks and bottles rained in and over two thousand of our Asian friends went on the rampage throwing petrol bombs about.

Gary Hitchcock, the 4 Skins manager was also an ex-member of the British Movement.

It is worth mentioning, even though Swainy used to play in an Oi! band and that Skrewdriver started life as a Punk group, Skrewdriver were now developing musically and evolving towards a sound more akin to Heavy Metal than Oi! music. In the 1950's the DJ Alan Freed coined the phrase Rock and Roll. In the 1980's Ian Stuart pioneered the term White Rock.

Ian's musical roots lay buried within the semitones of The Who and the octaves of Lynyrd Skynyrd. Now, after nearly ten years of song writing Ian's musical education was reaching maturity and this was beginning to bear fruit in Skrewdriver's work.

This rings especially true of the band's third album Blood & Honour which marked a new beginning in the musical direction of Skrewdriver - it waved goodbye to their Oi! past and heralded the bands coming of age.

'I like it (Blood & Honour). Personally, I think it's the best thing we've done. It's heavier and better produced than anything we've done before. The tunes on the album are more intricate, not so basic, though the music is still raw and powerful which is the way I like the band to be. There's more to the tunes, more to the lyrics and better musicianship.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON (1986)

Blood & Honour was recorded in the Autumn of 1985, along with two other tracks intended to be released on single. As well as showing the transition to more of a Rock sound, the album reflects Ian's strong belief in National Socialism.

Outstanding tracks on the album include Blood & Honour, The Way It's Got To Be, Prisoner Of Peace (to the memory of brave heroic Rudolf Hess, who on the 10th of May 1941 landed by parachute in Scotland seeking to end war between Britain and Germany and was imprisoned for forty six years to the everlasting shame of humanity), The Jewel In The Sea, and the anti-drugs anthem Needle Man.

Needle man leads me nicely on to the album cover designed by Bugs Tattoo Parlour, which was then based on the Caledonian Road, North London, but has since moved. Many Skins visited the shop and had the Blood & Honour Viking etched into their flesh.

OPEN UP YOUR EYES

Open up your eyes, you are in for such a surprise,
You have no idea what is going on. You're just being used once again.

Chorus:

Open up your eyes, tell me can you see now,
Open up your eyes, can you see clearly?

Tell me why you're doing what you do,
Is it someone else now or is it you?
You tell me you are in it for the wealth,
But your just there for the profit, yeah nothing else.

Chorus

Left wing elements are using you,
I tell you now there must be something you can do,
At least my self-respect remains with me,
Cos I don't pretend that I'm something I cannot be.

Chorus

You have got to try to run your own life,
You keep yours yeah, and I'm gonna try mine,
You look around and then you will realise,
You see so many people in a different light.

The LP was released in December 1985, but eleven days into that month Ian found himself, along with Des Clarke of Skrewdriver Security, in court and sentenced to a 12 month jail term. It would be six months before Ian could hear the album again.

'We were attacked by a mob of blacks after Searchlight (a left-wing magazine published by Jewish communist Gerry Gable) had been giving out leaflets with my face, my address, where I drink on them, we used to get trouble most weekends from gangs of blacks going past my house on the way home from college, and one particular night we got attacked by about eight or nine of them, we fought back, the police arrived and we got arrested. The blacks didn't even turn up at court for three days in a row and the police had to go out and bring them to the court.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Here are some reports from various tabloids on what "allegedly" transpired:

David Brown in the Sunday Observer:

'Led by Ian Stuart who was jailed for 12 months in 1986 for a street attack on a Nigerian in the King's Cross area of London, Blood and Honour is planning to tour Holland, Belgium, France, Sweden and the United States later this year'.

Garry Bushell in The Sun, 6 March 1986:

Stewart, 28 - who changed his name from Donaldson - is serving 12 months in Wayland prison, Norfolk, for attacking a West Indian'.

Chris Dignan in a local Derby newspaper, 1993:

'He was jailed for 12 months in 1986 for attacking a Nigerian woman on a London Street'.

WHERE HAS JUSTICE GONE?

**We see it on the streets today, we see it on the news,
The so-called British law machine, and it's us who pay the dues,
Then we read it in the papers, that the black man gets it tough,
But we all know that this is wrong, and we have had enough.**

Chorus:

**Where has justice gone, where does it hide?
Where has justice gone, or is it just another lie?**

**If there's a mugging on the streets today, or riots in the town.
We get told by a blinkered lord, discrimination brought it round.
He says "they've got no money", he says "they've got no jobs".
Well neither have we, and I don't see,
that it gives them the right to rob and loot now.**

Chorus

**It seems we stand convicted, accused of being White,
It seems that we are criminals, for we're not scared to fight.
There'll be no surrender, to all our people's foes,
We'll fight until the victory, we'll find the way to go.**

Ian spent the festive season of 1985 in Wormwood Scrubs working on the hot plate dishing up the porridge and in the new year got shipped out to Wayland prison.

If the System thought incarcerating Ian in their dungeons would weaken his resolve and make him submit they were deeply misguided. Although inspiration is arduous to come by in a smelly, decepted twelve by six cell, Ian managed to write an article for National Front News, and pen the lyrics to many new songs. Whilst inside Ian received more mail than the rest of his fellow inmates put together, and he would spend much of his time corresponding with comrades and supporters from around the globe. Apart from listening to the radio and writing, Ian also read a lot; he found David Livingstone's books engrossing and helped

to pass the time, but his favourite author was J.R.R. Tolkien and Ian would study and pore over his magnum opus "The Lord of the Rings" for hours at a time. One of the main characters in "The Lord of the Rings" is an old wise wizard by the name of Gandalf the Grey. It is interesting to note that in book three, The Two Towers, Chapter V, Gandalf the Grey also becomes known as The White Rider, if this is just a facetious coincidence regarding the title of Skrewdriver's forth LP or no I can not be sure, but I do know Ian read and reread "The Lord of the Rings" afresh over ten times!

'I've no real regrets, I didn't like being in jail much. But that wouldn't stop me defending myself from a gang of blacks again if I had to.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

The White Rider album was released in 1987, and included many of the songs Ian wrote whilst in prison. Where Has Justice Gone and Behind The Bars was Ian's venomous reply to the corrupt legal system. The LP was well produced, a mixture of gritty Rock anthems including Ian's favourite Skrewdriver track I Can See The Fire, and the haunting ballad concerning the Waffen-SS and their endeavours on the eastern front - The Snow Fell.

THE SNOW FELL

**He sat in a room, in a square the colour of blood,
He'd rule the whole world, if there was a way that he could,
He'd sit and he'd stare, at the minarets on top of the tower,
For he was the beast, as he hatched his new plans to gain power.**

Chorus:

**And the snow fell, covering the dreams and ideals.
And the snow fell, freezing the blood and the wheels.
And the snow fell, they had to keep warm for survival.
And the snow fell, and defeated the beast's only rival.**

**They took the old roads, that Napoleon had taken before,
They fought as the forces of light,
Against the darkness in a holy war,
One day they where looking out,
In the sunshine on the cornflowers,
The next day they were freezing to death,
In the snow and the ice cold showers.**

Chorus

**Then came the deadly road back,
On the steppes of their retreat,
The cold racked their bodies,
But worse was the pain of defeat,**

**Many people who had hailed them once,
Now turned and looked away,
Those people now knew, that the beast was no his way.**

Chorus

**They finally came back, to the borders of their Fatherland,
Enemies came, traitors everywhere at hand.
Many people fought and died,
knowing that they had to win.
And still it sickens my heart,
To see a picture of the red flag in Berlin.**

The cover design for the LP was drawn by a Skrewdriver supporter called Christian from Germany, which is an indication to the growing global influence the band was having on the World. In fact, on the back of the album cover, the band thanked people from America, Australia, Austria, Bavaria, Belgium, Denmark, England, Finland, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Italy, Poland, Rhodesia, Scotland, South Africa, Sweden, Switzerland, Ulster and Wales.

V. BREAK THE CHAINS

'Although it's a bit of a cliché, it is a way of life. I don't actually go around saying to myself - I'm a Skinhead. But I've been one since 1977, and before that I was one the first time around in 1971 when I was at school. I do believe in what the right-wing Skinheads have got to say, and on and off due to various reasons since 1977 I've been one. But that doesn't mean to say that everyone who comes to our gigs has to be one. We get a complete mixed audience.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

Skinheads may have started off in the late 1960's, with bald Mods listening to Ska music, but by now the movement was a way of life for true, White people in its own right. The Skinhead movement had made its irrevocable mark on Nationalist politics. To me Skinhead epitomises insurgence, militant White working-class rebellion; it makes the ruling powers in this country, and elsewhere in the world, petrified! Skinheads have their own way of life, and their own way of dealing with their enemies. They should not be condemned as nihilistic adle pates because they have short hair or by the way they dress. The Skinheads are an army, an army of patriotic self-respecting White people and like all armies they generate a harsh image to their adversaries and our enemies. Surely this is a good thing, isn't it? Read on...

After his release from prison, Ian carried on his activities with the National Front, but it wasn't long before Ian sensed something wasn't quite kosher and nurtured growing inner misgivings that not all the money raised via the White Noise Club was being circulated back into the movement.

Simultaneously, the NF leadership, in an attempt to curry flavour and gain respectability with the British populace, tried to water down Skrewdriver's National Socialist image by censoring Ian's lyrics and telling him what to sing about. The White Noise cadre (namely Patrick Harrington, Nick Griffin and Derek Holland) dictated that there was to be no Sieg Heil's and no derogatory references to blacks. To top it all, the National Front split again, and it gradually emerged that the White Noise Club had not been paying royalties due to the bands, had been ripping off supporters of the bands ordering records through their mail order service and that Rock-o-Rama in Germany was owed around £3000 for merchandise obtained via the WNC. Rightly, Herbert, the chairman of Rock-o-Rama records, refused to release any new material by the WNC bands or supply any further records to the National Front until the debt was paid in full. Totally disgusted with the way Harrington, Griffin and Holland had gone about things with their gross dishonesty, Ian handed in his letter of resignation to White Noise magazine and the National Front, with most of the other White rock bands following him.

***'It's us who do all the fighting in the streets. It's us who do the fighting, getting nicked.
It's us who get harassed by the Old Bill all the time, not them cunts in suits.
Fuck em all!'***

IAN STUART DONALDSON

As a direct result of the widely felt disappointment with the incompetent leaders of White Noise, Ian launched a new independent organisation that would be run by the people that it would serve, on a street level basis. The organisation was given the appellation Blood & Honour, and within a year nearly all the Nationalist bands and their supporters in the country had joined the association, leaving Harrington and his cronies with only a handful of members and even a smaller amount of bands to cash in on. Nevertheless, the White Noise Club struggled on and started to pursue a strange path towards what they called National Revolution. Developments had been taking place within the NF for some time now with a few representatives looking to pre-Hitlerite national revolutionary and Strasserite ideas as a way of taking the movement forward. Michael Walker's magazine, Scorpion, provided a forum for these discussions. At the start of the 1980's, over in the USA, a group of our kinsmen had enough of talking and pussy-footing around and decided to take the war to ZOG. Robert Mathews banded together a group of fellow White men and went on a killing and robbing spree accumulating in dead bodies and a war chest of over 7 million "counterfeit" dollars repossessed from the Jewish banksters of America, of which only \$500,000 was ever recovered!

Meanwhile, in Europe a wave of extreme-right bombing took place. In Italy, the bombings, which took over 100 lives, were carried out by the Armed

Revolutionary Nuclei (NAR), a cell structured organisation that advocated a style of fascist politics known as the Third Position. These terrorist activities proved inspirational to some quarters of the National Front. Italians wanted for questioning about a series of killings and bank robberies were provided with safe housing in Britain with the help of the League of St. George. Led by Roberto Fiore, the Italians made contact with Nick Griffin, Derek Holland and Joe Pearce. Fiore, Holland and others worked jointly on a magazine called Rising, which put across this new thinking, and Holland went on to produce a booklet, The Political Soldier, which became their guiding publication.

'No longer will weaklings rule the White Man by lies and deceit but, the warrior will make his comeback and rule by honesty and love for his race.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

The political soldier element of the NF made drastic changes to its policies, dropping public racism and replacing it with support for black nationalists such as Louis Farrakhan. Griffin and Holland even travelled to Libya, and this resulted in Colonel Gaddafi becoming an unlikely hero and the National Front News appearing with a black power fist on the cover with the words Fight Racism!! If you thought things couldn't get more confused and schemozzled accusations then started to abound that homosexuals and perverts had taken control of the NF.

The Blood & Honour movement couldn't fathom or digest these prodigious turn of events, and ended up dubbing the Harrington, Holland and Griffin fragmented division of the National Front the uncourtly moniker - Nutty Fairy Party!

The Nutty Fairy's continued for a few more months, but it was only a matter of time before they died of death and went down the plug-hole. They only managed to stay afloat as long as they did, because the Geordie Odinist White rock band Skullhead refused to believe that it was a corrupt and dying organisation.

Skullhead formed in 1984 and built up a strong following in the North. The bands' vocalist Kev Turner was in HMP Arlington at the time of the NF fallout, and on his release continued to remain loyal to the White Noise Club. In fact, much to the infuriation of the Consett MP at the time and the anti-fascist magazine, published by Jewish communist Gerry Gable, Searchlight, Kev even managed to gig with Skullhead whilst out on weekend leave!

A TIME OF CHANGE

**Times are changing, everywhere,
Our flags are raising, the time is near,
Our lives are just a struggle, that we're fighting everyday,
I know it can't be easy,
It's a time of change,
It's a time of change.**

**Stood against us, are the scum,
They are worried, because their time will come,**

**One called himself a revolutionary, turned out to be a gay,
Just a mummy's little rich boy,
It's a time of change, It's a time of change.**

**They call themselves political soldiers,
But they have a massive yellow streak,
A soldier has strength,
But they are bent, limp wristed and weak,
Pathetic little mummy's boys,
there was nothing they wanted for,
But come the day, when they have to pay,
we'll see who they were working for.**

**The other enemy, he held aloft a cross.
And in his church that day, he prayed to be the boss.
But all he wanted was money,
And all he wanted was praise.
Now he's gone, and the bands play on.
It's a time of change, It's a time of change.**

In a bid to scotch rumours of corruption and allegations of foul play Pat Harrington took a trip to Bruhl, West Germany. There he visited Rock-o-Rama records and gave Herbert his long over due debt of £3000. Once the bill was paid Harrington then had the gall to ask if it was hunky-dory to take more records on credit. Predictably, he was told where to get off.

Harrington also asked for a letter from Herbert stating that he had paid the £3000 debt, so he could deny having ever ripped people off.

He then proceeded to have a little tantrum when he was informed that he could have this letter, but it would state the eleven month delay in payment. In one final attempt to gain credibility, the White Noise Club dissolved and was replaced by a new alliance calling itself Counter Culture. Counter Culture was a medley of a whole sundry of musical tastes, which meant Skullhead and Cardiff's Violent Storm found themselves in a conglomeration with such unlikely companions as opera and classical music. To add insult to injury, the Nationalist bands were then told they needed to smarten up their image and assertively informed to hang up their 14 hole cherry reds and ditch the White Power T-shirts! This was all too much for Skullhead and the band quit the National Front / Counter Culture set up and went on to form their own association Unity Productions. Unity Productions, like Blood & Honour, operated independently and aligned itself to no specific political organisation, and it wasn't long before the two groups were co-operating together and holding joint Unity / Blood & Honour gigs.

***'Unity, when it first came out I wasn't so sure that it was a good thing
because I thought that it might be distracting
from Blood & Honour a little bit, but when it got of the ground, it was good.
It worked alongside Blood & Honour.
It's a good thing to have different organisations all working together, as***

long as there is no rivalry.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

The NF Flag group, which split from the Nutty Fairy Party at the very beginning, continued to be street active throughout all these developments. By January 1990, now led by Ian Anderson, the Flag Group were able to claim the National Front throne as their own. By January 1990, the Flag Group were able to claim the National Front throne as their own.

The whole White Noise debacle should and could have been dealt with more satisfactorily if the movement movers and shakers united in common bound and aired their grievances in a positive manner. Alas, this was not to be, and a quantity of mud, accusations and slanderous indictments were slung, not least by the zine editors of Welsh Leek and British Oi! adding fuel to the fire when there was no need, dividing the movement more and causing further ructions.

1987 saw the release of two Skrewdriver mini LP's: Voice Of Britain put out on White Power Records and Boots and Braces by Rock-o-Rama. The LP's were just a gathering of Skrewdriver's singles. The band's singles had now become much sort after items and this was seen as a way of getting them out to the public.

To commemorate the launch of the Blood & Honour movement and their magazine by the same name on the 5 September 1987 a gig was arranged in Morden, Surrey. Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, Sudden Impact and scene newcomers No Remorse gave a bold account of themselves in front of a 500 strong crowd which included French, Italian and German supporters.

Skrewdriver's line-up had undergone yet another overhaul, the band now consisted of: Ian Stuart - vocals, Merv Shields - bass, Martin Cross - guitar, and John Burnley (brother of Paul Burnley from No Remorse) on drums. The B&H Founding Statement is reproduced below:

BLOOD & HONOUR IS:

An independent National Socialist movement supporting all active NS / Nationalist parties and groups in the White world.

A magazine promoting NS ideals, NS music, be it rock. Oi!, metal, etc.

A cog in a movement that has divisions in most countries. A no compromising stand against all we consider corrupt.

OUR AIMS:

To unite White youth.

To promote White Power through positive ideals and a positive message.

To create units in every city hi every town in every country. To promote our

culture and our traditions.

To help any worthy political organisation either financially or with manpower on the streets.

To win our nations back, once and for all.

Blood & Honour was an immediate success and within the space of only a few months was a very stable organisation. Circulation of Blood & Honour magazine was massive and there was a huge increase in the number of gigs being organised.

On a cold winter's night in 1987, South London, nearly 300 supporters turned up to watch two of Britain's premier Nationalist bands, No Remorse and Brutal Attack, belt out some White Power Skinhead Rock and Roll. At the same gig Skrewdriver decided to do a guest spot of five numbers and were filmed by Belgium Television. Ian was intrigued by the growing interest from the European community and arrangements were soon under way for a Blood & Honour gig to be held in Scandinavia. There had been a spurt in Nationalist fervour in Sweden around the mid 1980's and a rise in popularity in the Skinhead scene and Ian deliberated that it would be too good an opportunity to be missed and the perfect time to spread the credo of the Blood & Honour movement.

Skinheads first appeared in Stockholm, Sweden back in 1979. The first Skinheads used to meet in a rock club called the Underground, which was in the heart of the city. After that was closed down the Skins found a new venue near the subway station in Gamla Stan (Old town), the Shopper Plate.

'Most of Europe seems to be doing quite well as regards to anti-Marxist movements.

The only two nations who are being left behind are the USA and Britain. The reason for this as far as I am concerned is the complete control of the media

by the Zionists. Also the legal system of this country is also more or less completely run by Zionists. The control of the media is an extremely powerful means with which, a large percentage of the people are force-fed exactly what Zionists want to tell them.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

On 29 November 1987, after a lot of messing around and hard work, Skrewdriver finally got to Stockholm. First the PA didn't turn up, then the original hall got cancelled. The police tried their best to give the organisers the run around, however against all this pressure an extremely small PA was acquired and the gig went ahead. As a direct result of the concert, Blood & Honour established new units in Stockholm and Gottenberg. Visiting supporters from Finland, Denmark and other countries from the Northwest European peninsular saw Blood & Honour bands Dirlwanger, Vit Aggression, Agent Bulldog and Skrewdriver sing their message of White Pride/White Unity. Supporters snapped

up copies of Blood & Honour Issue N° 2 and returned to their native shores with the doctrine of the Blood & Honour movement, the doctrine of hope. The seeds were being sown!

'What we are fighting for is the survival of the White race and no vermin will ever sway us from our historic course. Long live White Pride, Long live Blood & Honour!'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

We now come to a stage in the proceedings not yet broached in this biography - Ian's love life. Ian was a busy man, heavily involved in British Nationalism, touring around the country / Europe with Skrewdriver, writing for and replying to zines and recording albums. This is not to say Ian had no time to fit in a girlfriend or three, on the contrary Ian had his fair share of female admirers, but as yet that special person had not entered his life and twanged on his heartstrings. Most people associate Paris as the city of romance, but to Ian the love capital of the world was the Swedish port of Gothenburg. Gothenburg is where Ian met a maiden by the name of Agnetta, and the two of them started a relationship. At first comrades thought Ian and Agnetta's fling was just a bit of fun, but it quickly transpired things were getting serious and rumours started circulating that Ian may stay on in Sweden after the gig to be with Agnetta. As it goes Ian returned to Blighty, and the brief, but passionate relationship came to an abrupt finale.

'I love Sweden, the country is brilliant. Germany is Brilliant: If it ever came to the stage where I had to move out of England, I'd have to be a country where you wouldn't get so much hassle being a Nationalist, and I think at the moment Germany is far from that. I'd probably go somewhere like Antwerp in Belgium. It's a nice city, there is a hell of a lot of Vlaams Blok MPs in the Antwerp City itself. It's probably the most right-wing city in Europe at the moment.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Copies of Blood & Honour magazine were now coming out at regular three month intervals, and the size of the paper increased from eight to sixteen pages in the space of only a few issues. The magazine included regular features such as gig reports, band interviews, readers letters, RAC charts and a White Whispers column.

In practically no time at all the subscription only magazine rocketed its circulation to 5,000. A mail order service was also soon to be found within its pages selling Nationalist albums. Flags, Loyalist tapes, T-shirts and Swastika pendants amongst other items. The name given to this distribution centre was Skrewdriver Services.

The business of Nationalist merchandise sales was a fertile and fruitful profession and it wasn't long before money hungry businessmen saw that juicy

profits could be accumulated. Stores in London's fashionable Carnaby Street began to stock neo-Nazi regalia, including Skrewdriver wares. One such shop was Cutdown, owned by a business named Mr. Andrew St. John. Cutdown set up a mail order outlet, and found the Nationalist scene a rewarding and lucrative venture. The shop not only stocked patriotic produce, but also Ska, Mod and Oi! Merchandise.

In a bid to cream more money from the Skinhead scene, Cutdown organised a Oi! concert at the Astoria Theatre titled The Main Event. The police allowed the gig to proceed at the Astoria only if tickets were sold by mail order, and limited to one per person per address. Booked to play were Section 5, Vicious Rumours, The Magnificent, Condemned 84, Judge Dread, The Business and the Angelic Upstarts.

Back in the 1970's the Angelic Upstarts played numerous Rock Against Racism gigs, and now their lead singer Mensi was a violently outspoken red. In June 1979, the Upstarts played a concert in Wolverhampton but present at the gig were 50 National Front members who thought Mensi and his merry band needed putting straight on a thing or two. Bottles and glasses rained in on the stage, the band shit their pants and their manager at the time Keith Bell took a pint pot around his napper and needed six stitches.

Now nine years on Mensi and the boys were regularly playing Anti-Fascist Action gigs, attending commie activities and red functions. It seemed the band had not learnt their lesson and needed a refresher course.

1,500 people turned up to The Main Event paying £8.50 a ticket. Alex Hughes had finished singing one of his rude numbers, and the Upstarts came on. Blood & Honour activists in the crowd took umbrage at Mensi and his commie cohorts, and started to liven things up. As a result the management of the Astoria called the police, brought the gig to an abrupt halt and got 16 people arrested.

'Blood & Honour has took off so well because of it's idea. There has been no other magazine that promotes the advancement of the White Race and that does not tie itself to any political party. Blood & Honour is not tied to any party, it is mainly run by the bands. The bands are popular so the magazine is popular. It's main achievement has been to get more people involved in the White cause and to push the music of the bands over to a lot more people than would be possible otherwise.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

'At socials we invite people from the NF, the BNP, the Klan, the League of St. George and everybody socialises and gets on.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

Regardless, the White Power Rock and Roll bands rocked on, and the European

Skinhead Army of Blood & Honour took a tour of duty in France. In May, No Remorse went over to Brest. Paul and the boys were suppose to be topping the bill at a five band concert which included Legion 88, Skin Korps, Brutal Combat and Bunker 84. However, Inspector Clouseau and the French police in their wisdom decided to cancel the gig an hour before the doors were due to be open, leaving the 300 or so Skins who had journeyed from Italy, Germany and the UK aground.

Violence soon erupted with teams of Blood & Honour supporters storming through the Brittany town stabbing, cutting and coshing any brown faces they saw.

A new compilation LP named Gods of War was released on White Power Records, the same label that did Voice of Britain.

Gods of War is in much the same vein as the No Surrender LP's, 4 bands appeared on the album with Skrewdriver contributing three songs: Land on Fire, I'm a Free Man and Ian's response to the NF episode The New Boss. Soon after Gods of War, Skrewdriver became a five piece band again, with Ross McGarry joining Crossy on guitar and in the autumn the lads were busy in the studio recording a new LP for Skrewdriver entitled After The Fire and at the same time did the hard-hitting single The Showdown. The Showdown, also known as Race War, was the last proper single by Skrewdriver, financed independently by Ian and Cutdown, and put out on the new record label. White Pride.

THE SHOWDOWN

Look to the future, our law! Storm is coming now. Race War!

The sky darkens, night falls!

The battle's conning now, your race calls!

We'll carry on the fight until the day we die,

**Against us the people that would kill us,
for the flags we fly,**

We won't surrender, we won't give in,

We'll fight the fight and we will win.

Chorus:

Stand up beside us and we will have our day,

Stand up against us, get out of our way.

The storm is rising, blood flows!

The banks are bursting, overflow!

Here it comes now, tidal wave!

Millions of people now, mass grave!

Chorus

People to the left, people to the right,

People in the middle that don't want to fight,

Traitors fight against us, a Showdown!

**The people in the middle get knocked down!
We fight for freedom, we fight to win,
The colour of our uniform, the colour of our skin!
We know the traitors are in our midst,
But now they're running like the others did!**

The Yuletide of 1988 saw the release of Rock-o-Rama N°75, After The Fire. The album could be compared to White Rider, but with more aggressive vocals. The songs that stand out are the excellent 46 Years, which, like Prisoner of Peace on the Blood & Honour LP, is about Hitler's deputy Rudolf Hess, Retaliate, Win or Die and Land of Ice, a song about our Nationalist comrades in Sweden. Also, on the LP are two cover versions, the ballad Green Fields of France by Bogle and some ole honk - Sweet Home Alabama from Ian's favourite son's of the South Lynard Skynard.

The cover artist for the album was again Skrewdriver Security man Nicky Crane.

FORTY SIX YEARS

**Eighty seven was his final year,
Nearly five decades through a veil of tears,
A man whose courage was unsurpassed,
No surrender to the very last.**

Chorus:

**Forty six years. Forty six years,
Forty six years, he stayed true to his faith.**

**They tried to break him with their corrupt ways,
Offered freedom to the end of his days,
They wanted him to denounce the Fuhrer,
But his devotion was always true, yeah.**

**Now he's dead Rudolf Hess is free,
He paid the price for his loyalty,
A man who left a son and a wife,
We won't forget his sacrifice.**

Also released in 1988, much to Ian's indignation, was a live Skrewdriver bootleg album called We've got the Power. The LP is of very poor quality, and was put out on the Viking Records label operating from a London box number.

***'Fuck the Beastie Boys.'*
IAN STUART DONALDSON**

The start of 1989 began with a bang for Ian. Blood & Honour organised a private function in Swiss Cottage, North London. Before the gig, Ian and Brutal Attack vocalist Ken McLellan were having a quiet drink in a local pub, when a group of

around twelve reds burst through the doors and attacked the two with CS gas, knives and bottles.

Despite being injured Ian and Ken valiantly fought back and the commie cowards were sent scuttling down the road, several sporting bloody faces, Ian had been stabbed in the face and badly gashed by a bottle, but rather than go to the hospital and let the crowd at the gig down, he went straight ahead and did the concert.

The commies, albeit unwittingly, were driving Ian on. Just like when the Don was at school and playing football, once he knew he could meet and match the challenge, he would turn his attentions to different concerns. But, this was Ian Stuart Donaldson, he would not back down. No Surrender! Ian had to push on, onward to victory, meet the challenge and break it. If you tried to stop him he'd just push that much harder!

THE MEAN STREETS

**It's not easy outside, looking in,
Never being part of things, they say that we have sinned,
We stand alone, those precious few,
they knew that we won't hide,
We're surrounded by red mobs,
and the police who take their side.**

Chorus:

**We're on the mean streets, out in the city,
We're on the mean streets, everywhere,
We're on the mean streets, out in the city.**

**We're on the mean streets, the fighting is there,
What's that smell? What's this hell? It's democracy,
Who owns the press, we can guess,
the ones with the money. One man, one vote, but they still gloat,
the media has control. Three party state, decides our fate, the TV owns our
souls.**

Chorus

**We're attacked behind our backs, we're doing all we can,
If the knife should take our life, at least we never ran,
We know the reds are in the beds,
with the police tucked by their sides,
The real scum are the ones who run,
and once we believed their lies.**

Ian's answer to the reds was to organise the 1989 Break The Chains tour. In April 1989, Skrewdriver were to play in Eskistuna in Sweden. A week before the gig Gerry Gable, the Jewish communist with a criminal past, and one of his

goons from Searchlight, Graham Atkinson, travelled to Sweden and gave a press conference. Gable apparently told the newspapers that he was a journalist and said that Skrewdriver were not going to do a gig.

He told the listening reporters that Ian Stuart was going to speak at a political meeting and the gig was just a cover.

By his outright lies and blatant fabrications Gable managed to get the hall in Eskilstuna closed by the police who were worried at Gable's threats of violence in the streets. The police brought in an extra 120 officers to Eskilstuna from Stockholm to meet two dozen anti-fascists led by weirdo Gerry and his funny little friend Atkinson.

Meanwhile, realising that Gable, Atkinson and others of their ilk were against the freedom of choice of Swedish people to watch bands that they chose to watch, Blood & Honour organisers had booked a standby hall. Gable and company had wasted thousands of Swedish taxpayers money for the extra police, and Skrewdriver were holding an extremely successful concert (not a meeting) in Stockholm. Over 300 supporters from Sweden, Finland and Germany enjoyed a great musical evening with no trouble and no arrests.

LAND OF ICE

**Talking about a land that is made of ice,
A land in the North that is full of pride
,Hearts full of fire, forests full of snow,
Always made welcome by the friends we know,
As we board a Swedish ferry,
And journey through the night,
Gothenburg is waiting.
Hearts of fire - land of ice,
Hearts of fire - land of ice.**

**We cross a mighty ocean and arrive next day,
Comrades are waiting on the dock of the bay,
We toast old friendships as we shake their hands,
We swear to keep fighting to release our lands,
The next day on to Stockholm, to meet comrades of the fight,
Their pride is Sweden's struggle,
Hearts of fire - land of ice. Hearts of fire - land of ice,
Bevera Sverige Svensk is the slogan there,
Nordic pride is the thing they share,
To save their Northern country from the Marxist plague,
To stop their country dying they fight every day,
They're fighting in Uppsala, In Sodertalje they fight,
In Boras and in Malmo,
Hearts of fire - land of ice,
Hearts of fire - land of ice.**

April also saw the release of The Showdown single released by Ian and

Cutdown. By now Ian was a bit of a cult figure in the Carnaby Street area with the stores attracting large numbers of disaffected White youths acquiring Skrewdriver merchandise.

Numerous Jews tried to get the Cutdown shop shut down including the head of Westminster Council, Lady Porter, Councillor Paul Dwimoldenberg, Gerry Gable (Searchlies) and Liz Kafete of Anti-Fascist Action. Plus, on the back of all this the British Board of Jewish Deputies declared Ian to be the worst anti-semitic in Britain.

Due to this sudden surge in popularity Mr. Andrew St. John and two other businessmen operating under the name of The British Performance Company asked Skrewdriver and other Blood & Honour bands if they would be interested in doing the 1989 Main Event concert.

From the off, Ian had concerns over the security arrangements. The gig was not a Blood & Honour event and the promoters were in charge of all the logistics. However, it was agreed to do the gig, not least because of the publicity that could be generated towards the Blood & Honour movement, and the promoters assured B&H staff that there would be no complications and everything would run like clockwork.

The gig was billed The Main Event - Chapter Two, and the bands lined up to play were Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, Sudden Impact, No Remorse, Squadron, Vengeance and Bunker 84. The concert like the Oi! one a year previously was an all ticket affair, and they were selling for £7.50 a go, and could only be obtained via The British Performance Company. Over 1200 tickets were sold giving Mr. St. John and his friends a reasonable return on their investment.

The promoters in a bid to ensure the concert went ahead booked three venues for the night, all under different names, and told people before buying tickets that the crowd at the gig would be video recorded and that all trouble makers would be identified and reported to the authorities. Plus, as an added security bonus the concert goers were told to rendezvous at Speakers Corner in Hyde Park where they would be told the concert venue and directions how to get there, Ian still had concerns regarding the security arrangements and told the organisers to send leaflets to ticket buyers to transfer the redirection point to Euston Station, so as to avoid trouble with reds who were meeting at Hyde Park, and stop Blood & Honour supporters getting provoked into giving the commies a good hiding.

All the security assurances from Mr. St. John that the gig would run like clockwork were correct, if you purchased your timepiece from Poppadum Street flea market that is. As it turned out Ian's concerns were just, and despite all the promises from the organisers the Reds and their allies discovered the locations of all the concert halls and through Zionist pressure got the proprietors to cancel their obligations.

Blood & Honour staff found out about the cancellations on Saturday 27 May, the day of the gig, and undeterred through hard work and a bit of luck, managed to find a small venue in Kent.

If things were not strained enough, it then transpired that Mr. St. John never sent out the new rendezvous leaflets as promised. Luckily, most people heard by

word of mouth to meet at Euston, but unfortunately a few people in one's and two's went to Hyde Park. At odds of a hundred to one the brave Reds attacked a few people, which included the beating up of a fifteen year old girl. Against all the odds the gig when ahead, but lessons were learnt never to work with outsiders again. In the aftermath of The Main Event - Chapter Two, it emerged the owner of Cutdown, Mr Andrew St John was really Mr Andrew Benjamin, a shady Jewish businessman who ran the shop just to make money. Obviously Ian and Skrewdriver cut all connections with Benjamin and his business immediately.

VI. NAPALM IN THE MORNING

In Pulaski, Tennessee, on a cold December evening in 1865, six young Confederate veterans whiled away the evening. One of them hit upon the idea of founding a social club to relieve the drabness and misery of postwar existence. The club was to be purely for amusement, drawing on college fraternities and secret societies for it's rituals and by-laws.

As the night wore on and the embers in the fireplace died down, the six outbid each other in enthusiasm for the projected society. It's members would be initiated with weird rites and each of the men assumed a grandiloquent title for office.

The founders devised a grotesque costume, consisting of flowing robes, a peaked hat and an eerie mask. One member proposed the name Kuklux, inspired by kyklos, the greek word for circle, and another completed it with the alliterative Klan, doubtless called to mind by the founding members' Scottish ancestry.

The first six Klansmen, McCord, Lester, Kennedy, Crowe, Jones and Reed, began the circumspect recruitment of friends for the embryonic fraternal group. Soon the Kuklux Klan was large enough to stage a bizarre procession through the streets of Pulaski. The Klansmen mounted on horses, wrapped in sheets decorated with mysterious emblems, greatly heartened their fellow Whites by their zany skylarking and evident good humour.

But, the Klansmen observed a curious reaction among one segment of Pulaski's residents. The town's Negroid population, frightened by the masked apparitions, fled to their homes in terror. The fledgling club's members were not long in taking to heart the lesson of this incident, and they quickly recognised the Kuklux Klan's potential for restoring order among the disobedient blacks in the area. By April 1867 the Ku Klux Klan as it was then known blossomed with dens throughout central and western Tennessee. The membership continued to grow rapidly during the late 1860's with General Nathan Bedford Forrest, one of the leading tacticians of the Civil War, accepting the leadership of the movement and taking the fanciful title of Grand Wizard. George Gordon drafted a constitution known as the Prescript which laid down the Klan's purpose and procedures and at one time the Ku Klux Klan had a strength of over 4 million activists.

Adolf Hitler once said "Somewhere in a faraway place, a Nazi band is playing Dixie and Suwanne River, the blood will run in the streets of America and Great

Britain, then my spirit will rise from the grave and the world will know that I was right." Ian must have read this quote and took it to heart! Ian wanted to reach out to other youth cults and to expand and promulgate the message of Blood & Honour the way Skrewdriver had with the Skinheads. Taking inspiration from the Ku Klux Klan he started to work on a project that would involve the Rock-a-Billy scene - Ian teamed up with the leading Psychobilly group Demented Are Go and together they formed the studio band The Klansmen.

The Klansmen were Jeb Stuart, Bones, Jed Clampett and J.B. Forrest. They mainly did songs about the US Civil War, Vietnam and the Klan. It was pure Rock and Roll Nationalism with a deep south flavour for those with quiffs and confederate flags.

In early 1989 The Klansmen released their first album Fetch The Rope on Rock-o-Rama and soon Psychobilly clubs and Rock and Roll discos about Albion were Reich and Rolling.

"Tonight we are armpit deep in broken glass, solidifying sweat and brain-dead soulless psychobillies with tattoos on their foreheads and bloodlust in their eyes all hunting for live brains to nourish their rotting flesh as every horror in London assembles. Things quickly get out of hand as huge evil mutant flat top monsters take over the dance floor to wrench and claw at each other in the tenffyingly violent ritual of rockabilly dancing. I try fighting my way down the front but I'm beaten back by a hideously malevolent deathwalker messily devouring a weaker victim."

'Back, you evil spawn of hell,' I scream. You are blocking my view of the lead guitarist' I clutch my crucifix but against these creatures it is of little use. A few, the dim light of pronto-intelligence shining feebly in their eyes, battle with equally foul bouncers and intestines fly in the ensuing carnage as more zombies pile on top, naked flesh gleaming with raw blood and splattered human remains. I am backed into a comer and resolve to sell my life dearly. Four of the creatures start eating my girlfriend.

'Don't kill her,' I protest. She is paying my bus fare home.' Mercifully the gig ends and the walking dead shuffle off, shoulders hunched, flesh dribbling from mouths. I find I am limping. One of my feet has been bitten off. Never mind, it's a small price to pay. The Guana Batz were fab." *Review of Psychobilly gig at the London Clarendon Klubfoot by Martin Millar in the MME.*

Soon after the release of Fetch The Rope, The Klansmen brought out the 12" maxi single Johnny Joined The Klan, which was a take off from Chuck Berry's Johnny B. Goode. And on the B-side Tomorrow Belongs To Me was revamped and done deep South style.

'We have had several requests from Germany for the Klansmen to play live over there. We normally do a couple of Klansmen songs at most Skrewdriver gigs anyway. The Klansmen haven't actually been a steady line up anyway, we tend to use musicians from other bands. It's good for them, as they get

***to record which a lot of bands don't manage
to do, and it also gets more people involved in our cause.'***
IAN STUART DONALDSON

The Klansmen took off really well, and many people thought the diversion into the Rock-a-billy scene could have been a colossal success, if only Rock-o-Rama had put enough backing and investment into the venture.

By the Spring of 1989 The Klansmen project was in full swing. The Break The Chains tour had just been accomplished and in May Ian decided to venture out alone to release a solo effort No Turning Back.

Ian was writing so much material doing a solo album seemed the obvious way to get his songs out to the fans. No Turning Back is in much the same vein as previous Skrewdriver albums with songs like Triumph Of The Will, Red Flags Are Burning and Firepower, but it was also a slightly more personal album (I feel) with Ian trying to convey how difficult it is to continue playing in a White Rock and Roll band and putting up with all the pressures of Zionist intimidation everyday by including No Turning Back and the cover versions It's A Hard Road and the Who's Behind Blue Eyes to the LP.

TRIUMPH OF THE WILL

**Only few men in history achieve a lasting goal,
Stand true against adversity that reach your very soul,
The people stand behind these men,
their hearts and minds are one. They want to share their destiny until the
job is done.**

Chorus:

**This is a triumph of the will,
This is a triumph of the will.**

**History books are written by liars,
Nothing that you read is true. If they don't want you to know about
something,
They keep the facts from you,
Some now say that Karl Marx was great,
And communism's good,
What they don't tell is Marx is in hell,
And his flags are drenched in blood.**

Chorus:

**We are the vanguard, the blood and the honour,
The truth bearers of freedom and light,
Government pressure is out on the street,
The communist media we fight,**

**Remember places, traitors faces,
They'll all pay for their crimes,
All their lies will someday die,
I've told you six million times.**

Chorus:

**There will come a time when every man,
Will have to make a stand,
Will you, be amongst the few, who fight to keep our lands,
Does the flame still burn in your heart,
Because it still burns in mine,
You know you'll have to make the choice,
Because we're running out of time.**

1989 was an incredibly busy time for Ian. It must have seemed he was forever on the road touring, writing new songs or in the studio laying down tracks. White Power Records released their seventh accomplishment Gods Of War -Volume 2, with seven bands doing twelve songs. Skrewdriver's contribution to the album were the tracks Rising and We Can't Be Beaten. Plus, the mysterious hooded figures The Klansmen added their versions of White Power and Tomorrow Belongs To Me to the collection.

***'One day we shall grasp victory.'*
IAN STUART DONALDSON**

TOMORROW BELONGS TO ME

**The sun on the meadow is summery warm,
The stag in the forest runs free,
And gather together to greet the storm,
Tomorrow belongs to me!
Tomorrow belongs to me!**

**The branch on the linden is leafy and green,
The Rhine gives its gold to the sea,
But somewhere a glory awaits unseen,
Tomorrow belongs to me!
Tomorrow belongs to me!**

**The babe in his cradle is closing his eyes,
The blossom embraces the bee,
But, soon says a whisper, arise, arise,
Tomorrow belongs to me!
Tomorrow belongs to me!**

**Now Fatherland, Fatherland, show us the sign,
Your children have waited to see,
The morning will come when the world is mine,**

**Tomorrow belongs to me!
Tomorrow belongs to me!**

Skrewdriver were now back to being a four piece outfit, with Martin Cross going over to Paul Burnley's cluster and aiding the No Remorse spin off band Public Enemy (not to be confused with the earlier Nationalist band who brought out the England's Glory LP), as well as teaming up with the Mitcham crew and playing bass with Brutal Attack on a habitual basis.

As the year rolled by, so did the Blood & Honour movement and the printing presses at Gables fables factory. The British / American Oi! Compilation No Surrender - Volume 3 hit the streets, and so did copies of Searchlight magazine filled with lies and libellous accusations.

'Searchlight is now going so over the top that it's become more like a work of fantasy rather than a political journal. As an example, a recent Searchlight accused me of being an arms dealer, a drug peddler, an acid house party organiser, a child pomographer, plus, conspiring to murder Patrick Harrington. That was all in one issue as well. It is funny though, how Jewish people such as Gerry Gable are allowed to publish all these figments of their tormented imaginations, without fear of prosecution from the press control people. On the other hand when you discover the people who run the press and if control boards it's not so funny after all.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Continuing the prosperity of Fetch The Rope in August, Ian met up with the Rock-o-Billy band the Krewmen and recorded the second Klansmen album for Rock-o-Rama Records, titled Rebel With a Cause. It was on this album that Ian paid tribute to Bob Matthews, the Order he led and the valiant sacrifices he made. Robert Jay Mathews was born on the 16th of January 1953, 29 years later we would tell an audience in a stirring speech at a National Alliance convention:

"Ten hearts, one beat! One hundred hearts, one beat! Ten thousand hearts, one beat! We are bom to fight and to die and to continue the flow, the flow of our people. Onward we will go, onward to the stars, high above the mud, the mud of yellow, black and brown! Kinsmen, duty calls! The future is now! So stand up like men, and drive the enemy into the sea! Stand up like men, and swear a sacred oath upon the green graves of our sires that you will reclaim what our forefathers discovered, explored, conquered, settled, built and died for! Stand up like men and reclaim our soil! Kinsmen, arise! Look towards the stars and proclaim our destiny!"

On December 8, 1984 an assault team of nearly 100 US Marshalls, FBI, Secret Service and treasury agents bombarded a small house on Whidbey Island, near Seattle in which The Silent Brotherhood militia movement leader Robert Jay Matthews was making his last stand. A ruthless barrage of gunfire from handguns, rifles, and automatic weapons went on for two minutes, killing

Matthews. Then the Zionist Occupation Government agents fired incendiary missiles into the house and burned it to the ground, thereby cremating the Aryan hero. Ten members of the Bruder Schweigen went to prison with sentences ranging from 40 - 252 years!

GONE WITH THE BREEZE

**You're gone with the breeze, just like the leaves on the trees.
And gone are the times with your family - with your family.
You left life behind,
You knew they had your death warrant signed.
But there was no way that you would compromise, no compromise.**

Chorus:

**You're gone with the breeze, but you'll always be there on our minds.
You're gone with the breeze, just a memory of those times.
You're gone with the breeze, but you left a lot of people who loved you.
You're gone with the breeze, but we'll remember you.**

**You stood against lies, and you would never hide.
You stood face to face with the enemy - with the enemy.
Against all the odds, danger's path you trod.
You knew it could only end in tragedy - in tragedy.**

Chorus

**All end in devastation, for a man who loved his nation.
Another warrior they took away, yeah they took him away.
But in our hearts he did not die,
Forever more his flag we'll fly.
One day the land will stand in his memory, Robert Matthews.**

In the summer of 1989 the people at PO Box 189 were busy putting together Gods of War - Volume 3. The LP includes two songs by The Klansmen - What Happened and The Men Who Fly The Flag. Skrewdriver also appear on the album by contributing the crowd pleaser The Showdown, plus the flip side to the single Deep Inside.

'The thing is that I write so much material that it is a way of getting songs on to vinyl rather than just forgetting about them. At present I have nearly completed the material for the next Skrewdriver LP which should be out by summer.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

On November 9, 1923 Adolf Hitler launched what was to become known as the Beer Hall Putsch, 65 years later - to the day - the Berlin Wall was torn down. Since 1945 the Soviet Union had kept military forces in the countries of eastern

Europe. Those countries had been cut off from the West by the Iron Curtain that Stalin had built in 1945-46. The most famous example of the Iron Curtain was the Berlin Wall, which had been built on Khrushchev's orders in 1961. These actions proved to be very expensive, and in 1989 Mikhail Gorbachev began to withdraw forces from the eastern bloc in an effort to save money. The West German government paid the expenses of the forces, which left East Germany. As Soviet troops withdrew, country after country left the Warsaw Pact and threw off Communism. Finally, in November 1989, crowds in Berlin began to dismantle the Wall, and by the end of the year pieces were being sold as souvenirs.

'The most memorable events of 1989 for me has to be the coming down of the Berlin Wall and the inevitable reunification of the German people. I have many good comrades and friends in Germany and I am happy for them in their hour of victory - Also the crumbling of Marxism in Eastern Europe has been great to watch as Karl Marx's perverted doctrines have been toppled by national pride.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Slay The Beast followed No Turning Back as Ian's second solo concern. His hatred for the Berlin Wall and all it stood for was shown several years ago in Tearing Down The Wall, now it was portrayed beautifully in Wall Of Tears. The Compact Disc was launched in 1983, and six years later Rock-o-Rama invested in their production. Included in this first batch of CD's was Skrewdriver's sixth musical offering Warlord.

The musical relish of Warlord is very much in the cut of Heavy Rock and this is reflected in Ian's translations of AC/DC's anthem Back In Black and Guns N' Roses One in a Million.

The works of John Ronald Reuel Tolkien were not the sole writings Ian gained pleasure from, he also enjoyed T. H. White's "The Once and Future King" concerning Camelot and the legends of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Indication of this is apparent on the tenth track of the Warlord album with the song Excalibur, a sword said to have mystical powers. Arthur who was born in Tintagel, Cornwall, in the 6th century, found the sword Excalibur whilst riding beside a lake with Merlin and suddenly Arthur saw rising from the water an arm clothed in white silk, grasping a sword, and a maiden coming over the water toward him. She offered to give him the sword, but made Arthur promise that on his death Excalibur should be returned. Arthur promised gladly, for even from far off he could see the sword was fine. He and Merlin rowed to the sword, and as Arthur took hold of it, the arm that had grasped it sank below the water and disappeared into the depths.

The following psalm on the album The Warriors Song also registered Ian's cherish of the finer things in life such as sinking an ice cold stein or dozen of the amber beverage.

THE WARRIORS SONG

Returning home from the battlefields,
Take your seat in the hall of Kings,
Celebrating recent victories,
Look towards what the future yet may bring.

Chorus:

The warrior is here, fighting for victory,
The warrior is here, fighting for victory,
Let's drink to the mighty warriors,
Let's drink to the northern winds,
Let's drink to our women's beauty,
Let's drink before the war begins.

When you were young you chose the life of a warrior,
To live and die to keep your people free,
You had good times, you had bad times,
You did everything by heart,
Your life is built around honour and loyalty.

Chorus

Let's drink to the coming battle,
Let's drink to the blood soaked fields,
Let's drink to the thrill of combat,
Let's drink as our foes all yield,
Let's drink to our mighty warriors,
Let's drink to the northern winds,
Let's drink to our women's beauty,
Let's drink before the war begins.

WAR!!!

Redbeard, Boss and Melvis the Pelvis assisted on the recording by way of backing vocals and their strains can heard on track 9 - Glory, giving thanks to German Blood & Honour stewards Thorstens Schedes and Krekeler. Stockholm activist Hasse is also shown appreciation for his sleeve design.

***'Searchlight even accused me of printing Swedish Nationalist magazines.
God knows where I keep this
printing press, under my bed probably! I can't even understand one word of
Swedish! I must be a busy man!'***

IAN STUART DONALDSON

With Ian voicing his concern for a White resurgence and our slumbering kinsmen on hearing his distressing calls becoming transient, the enemies of Aryan freedom decreed to step up their offensive in an attempt to halt the progress Ian was forging. Gable continued his libellous assaults in Searchlies, but more alarming was the police harassment campaign Ian had to undergo.

'Don't start a Nationalist band unless your willing to accept a hell of a lot of harassment and a lot of hard work to get anywhere. You've got to be very dedicated to do it. If you want to make money just forget it, sing like Englebert Humperdink and get interviewed by Terry Wogan.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

VII. WHAT PRICE FREEDOM?

1989 was a very successful twelve months for the Blood & Honour movement with regards the amount of gigs, record releases and sales of LP's surpassing previous years.

To grant Ian more of an opportunity to effectively dedicate his time to pursuing Blood & Honour objectives, the decision was made to pass the editorial of Blood & Honour magazine on to new hands.

A Skrewdriver Security personnel representative going by the pseudonym of Cat was made responsible for the publishing of Blood & Honour magazine. Issue N° 10 of the sixteen page, 50 pence paper saw the light of day in the fledgling months of 1990, the monograph included a Blood & Honour gig report from Germany, an account of No Remorse playing in Italy, an interview with Division S of Sweden, a Blood & Honour fact file on New Jersey band Doc Marten, Dirlewanger and the White Pride group Celtic Dawn from Eire. As well as the regular RAC charts, special notices, advertisements and White Whispers column.

'It seems that being Proud to be British is a crime.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

To say Ian had a turbulent time living in London would be a feeble understatement. It got to the stage were Ian couldn't even go for a quiet jar in his local pub or eat his breakfast in peace at a cafe without pinko students and Red rabble following him around like lost puppies in an attempt to get him banned from various premises.

'I used to go into a pub and I'd only be drinking there for about a week and then the reds would start to hassle the landlord and then picket the pub, so obviously I got banned. All this was happening, and also the fact that there was literally nowhere we could meet and have a drink. Also everytime there was a left wing

march in London, they used to visit my house, plus I was getting demonstrations outside my house every three to four weeks. The police always informed me that if I came out of my house while they were there I would be nicked for inciting them to cause violence!

IAN STUART DONALDSON

If the commies were not enough to contend with, the police then had to get involved and stick their oar in.

One night a queer got stabbed in the Kings Cross area, Ian was in the vicinity, which was very probable seeing as he lived in the district. The police in their wisdom decided to drag Ian in, even though they knew he had nothing to do with the incident, and charge him with a Section 18. As a result Ian got slammed in The Scrubs for two and a half months until The Crown Prosecution Service decided they hadn't got any evidence.

In one sense it can be said that by imprisoning Ian his enemies did him a favour by providing him with some peace and quiet, a luxury which his duties as director of Britain's premier National Socialist band and figurehead of the Blood & Honour organisation seldom, if ever, permitted.

Similar to Adolf Hitler's incarceration in Landsberg Castle in December 1924, where the Fuhrer compiled the anthology Mein Kampf, Ian's enforced leisure afforded him the opportunity to write a fantasy book called "The New Dawn", much in the spirit of his favourite author Tolkien.

'It was basically a fantasy story about a land that was being invaded, all the tribes fought against each other, but in the end they all united to fight the invaders.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian hoped to publish the book one day, and maybe even do a concept LP to go with it. Unfortunately, being the trusting soul that he was, Ian lent the manuscript to a member of the Skrewdriver Security team named Del O'Connor, and the book was never returned.

'Whatever the vermin does, we'll be there with a pint and a stiff right arm!'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Following his release from Wormwood Scrubs, the commies continued their picketing campaigns, and the police pursued their harassment offensive. In the end Ian decided that it would be best all round if he upped sticks and moved away.

'One day, a load of British Nationalist Party supporters were attacked by IRA supporters. The police arrived on the scene and took all the BNP supporters names and numbers, they went around to their houses later on and asked them if they would testify in court and get their attackers

charged. The only problem was that the police had made a mistake and thought that they were the IRA supporters. I was tipped off by these BNP people that the police officer in charge had actually said to them (still thinking that they were IRA) that they should say that they saw me (Ian Stuart) causing all of the trouble. Basically, if they hadn't got the IRA and the BNP muddled up they might have got away with the frame up. So I thought if that's what's going to happen every time anything happens in London and I'm going to get stitched up for things, I mean, it was time to go. I wasn't too bothered about the commies because they were arseholes, it's when the police started to stitch me up. There's not a great deal that you can do.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Cat had friends and family in and around Derbyshire, with his parents owning a public house in the district and Ian travelled up to the Midlands and found himself a residence in the pastoral hamlet of Heanor.

Ian relished his new found freedom away from the stresses, stains and smog of the metropolis. It wasn't long before Ian established himself in the area, and he imminently found a loyal company of friends who he could enjoy a beer and a laugh with, including a girlfriend.

Meanwhile, Merv Shields abandoned the good ship Skrewdriver, and was substituted for Jon "Icky" Hickson of Rochdale band Lionheart celebrity prestige. Skrewdriver's guitarist Ross McGarry also decided to leave the band for pastures new, and Ian was busy looking for a replacement.

As it happened, Ian's girlfriend Diane Calladine had a brother named Steve, also known by the handle Stigger, who played guitar and had previously gigged with local rock bands, Ian gave him a go, and despite his long hair and rumours of vague nepotism he passed the audition and was signed up as the neoteric Skrewdriver axeman.

Stigger played his first Blood & Honour gig with Skrewdriver in the fledgling months of 1990 at a venue called Chimmlys in Warsaw, and was supported by Skullhead.

WE FIGHT FOR FREEDOM

**Out from the smoke, our blood stained battalions fly,
We charge at the enemy, no-one unwilling to die,
Our banners are flying, our sabres point to the sun,
Our pride is our race, and our enemies scatter and run.**

Chorus:

**We're fighting for freedom, our destiny hangs by a thread,
We're fighting for freedom, the flag of our race at our head,
We're fighting for freedom, the land of our fathers at stake,
We're fighting for freedom, the blood of our ancestors sake,**

Our enemies' ranks are a mixture of colours and hues,

**We are as one, and as such, we never shall lose,
We fight for our honour, we fight for a future of light,
For darkness will fall and engulf us,
Should we lose the fight.**

Chorus

**Hear the sounds of battle,
the screams of the wounded are loud,
The warrior stands,
and wipes the hot blood from his brow.**

Chorus

**We knew that the victory is ours,
As we gazed at the sight,
The flags of our fathers are raised,
In victorious flight.**

Away from London Ian was able to focus on his objectives anew, and Skrewdriver were soon gigging on a regular basis. The band picked up a large local following, and Cat's parents even benefited from the Blood & Honour concerts with the rendezvous point chosen for the gigs often being their boozery The Red Lion.

For a time it looked like the police were going to leave Ian alone to get on with playing music, but you know the old proverb about counting chickens, and soon the boys in blue were back up to their old jests.

'We were doing regular gigs around here, getting increasing audiences, getting a lot of locals interested, so the police firstly tried to stop the gigs, which they managed up to a certain extent by threatening the governors of the pubs with their licences. Then we were rehearsing at a pub at dinner times, and people used to come in on their dinner breaks to watch, so the police spoke to the governor of the pub and said that they (Skrewdriver) are allowed to rehearse but they must shut the doors because no-one is allowed to listen to them. Then after a while of rehearsing behind closed doors they decided that we couldn't do it any more, and then more recently they have tried to stop me and a friend from even drinking in the pubs, but they didn't really get away with that, and due to the governors sticking up for us the police have let that one drop for the moment, so we are not barred from drinking anywhere yet.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

In 1964, White-despising Nelson Rolihlahla Mandela, a leader in the Marxist

African National Congress, was arrested and given a life sentence on charges of sabotage and conspiring to overthrow the government. In February 1990, the Jewish puppet government of South Africa sold out the White people of that country and released the communist terrorist.

By April 1994, the votes were in and Mr Mandela, he who refused to renounce violence and his belief in armed struggle to execute power, was now in power as the new State President. R.I.P. the old South Africa, and welcome to hell. As well as being the world's murder capital. South Africa is also the world's HIV and rape capital.

The early 1990's saw a resurgence in Nationalist bands with the likes of Grade One, Bladeout, Hobnail and the fine Razors Edge from Brum reinforcing the Aryan backlash. Frequent RAC functions were also being arranged with two or three concerts taking place a month.

April 21, 1990, saw Blood & Honour and Unity Productions stage a gig in Newcastle. Over 400 followers were in attendance at the concert to behold familiar RAC favourites Skrewdriver, Skullhead and Brutal Attack, but also mixed in with these Nationalist die-hards were the new melodious talents of English Rose and Chelmsford's Battle Zone to pump fresh blood into the scene. Ushering this White rising the Blood & Honour movement spread its wings and took flight to the USA with No Remorse playing at the Oklahoma Aryan Fest in July. Internationally Blood & Honour was now bigger than ever, and the Rock Against Communism cause had certainly advanced a long way since it's architects The Dentists and Coventry's White Noise of 1977.

Skrewdriver were refused entry into the USA on several occasions, and never did get to play in Uncle Sam's backyard, but this didn't stop strong bonds being formed between our two nations. Links were forged with the White Aryan Resistance, led by Tom Metzger, the Minnesota dragon slayers Bound For Glory, Hammerskins Nation, KKK, RAHOWA! (the Church of the Creator band that went on to found Resistance Records), and No Remorse even formulated an American contact point in Dearborn, MI.

Now Ian was living in Heanor he was able to travel to Blackpool on a more frequent basis and visit his friends and relatives. His mother's health had gradually deteriorated over a time due to malignant cancer, and under elegiac tones Irene sadly passed away.

Ian attended the funeral at a peaceful cemetery not far from where he was raised. Irene's eldest son looked on in tristful spirit as his mother's ashes were scattered on the sea breeze in the rose garden.

If things were bleak in Ian's personal life, happenings elsewhere did not improve matters as the police, acting on orders given by Alan Greene, the Director of Public Prosecutions, carried out a raid on the premises of Neil Parrish, the Skrewdriver Services co-ordinator. The outcome was to seize and confiscate masses of material housed there and arrest (and eventually imprison) two representatives of Blood & Honour. Alan Greene later had to resign from his post after being spotted canoodling with ladies of the night.

'Well, it's just unbelievable, being put away just for selling records. As far as I'm concerned and as far as anybody I knows concerned there has never been anything to say that you can't sell records, whatever they were. I mean, there's bands going around singing songs about killing God and loads of these anti-religion groups, they've all got a bit of stick, but there has never actually been any court cases trying to stop them selling records. Take American rapper Ice T, some stores said that they wouldn't stock it, but most stores do still stock it It was all a publicity stunt and has sold more records because of it He's never been charged. Obviously there is nothing wrong in singing about killing white people and police. No-one was ever done by the law for selling Ice T records, and no one has ever been arrested either. Our records do not incite violence at all, our lyrics are basically about being proud of our white race. If it's illegal to be proud of your race, why isn't it illegal to be proud to be black, Asian, etc.?'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Below is an example of the type of lyrics that if sung by a White band would be instantly outlawed, but because they are sung by the negroid Ice T you can purchase the recording at virtually any musical outlet:

STRAIGHT UP NIGGA - DAMN RIGHT I'M A NIGGA, AND I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU ARE, CAUSE I'M A CAPITAL N-I DOUBLE G-E-R, BLACK PEOPLE GET MAD, BECAUSE THEY DON'T SEE, THAT THEY'RE LOOKED UPON, AS A NIGGA JUST LIKE ME, I'M A NIGGA, NOT A COLOURED MAN, OR A BLACK, OR A NEGRO, OR AN AFRO AMERICAN, I'M ALL THAT, YES I WAS BORN IN AMERICA TRUE, DOES SOUTH CENTRAL, LOOK LIKE AMERICA TO YOU? I 'M A NIGGA, A STRAIGHT UP NIGGA, FROM A HARD SCHOOL, WHAT EVER YOU ARE, I DON'T CARE, THAT IS YOU FOOL, I 'M LOUD AND PROUD, WELL ENDOWED WITH THE BIG BEEF, OUT ON THE CORNER, I HANG OUT LIKE A HOUSE THIEF, SO YOU CAN CALL ME DUMB OR CRAZY, IGNORANT, STUPID, INFERIOR LAZY, SILLY OR FOOLISH, BUT I'M BADDER AND BIGGER, AND MOST OF ALL, I'M A STRAIGHT UP NIGGA.

'We can't really win either way. Axl Rose from Guns and Roses can get away with saying that naughty N word, because he's a druggie and has got a black in the band, but I can't risk saying that N word, unless of course I smoke a joint at gigs and get a rasta bass player, then it's okay. That's how fucked up and hypocritical every thing is.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Whilst our armed forces were occupying their time fighting for Jewish masters in

the Middle East in the name of International Capitalism, Skrewdriver were busy working on their latest musical sacrifice. Things were going well, the lads began to play regularly and build up a large groundswell of local support, the added agency of Stigger on guitar shining through.

The boys journeyed to the Fatherland and played a gig in Stuttgart with local band Noie Werte. The powers that be tried their hand to halt the gig, but were thoroughly unsuccessful.

Skrewdriver finished laying down the tracks for their seventh album, and left Meadow Farm Recording Studio with a dirty grin on their faces, this was Skrewdriver back at their very best - a howling Gibson guitar, thunderous drums, a right-hook of a bass line, lyric's like semtex and detonation box vocals, a mix of haunting ballads and vehement rock. The Strong Survive LP had it all. Stuart Field engineered on the recording and must have twiddled all the right buttons. In Voice of Evil Ian expressed his loathing for red teachers poisoning our children's minds with White self-hate. In Track 8, Backstabber, Ian tells us to be awake to the menace of renegades in our midst and in Mist on the Downs, Ian voices his love for our green and pleasant land.

The Strong Survive, was an apt title for the bands latest release, having survived commie antagonism at gigs, the police censure to concerts and all the media slander.

STAND PROUD

**I get a feeling, despite the double dealing,
Someone is trying to grind us down,
Despite the storm breaking, people are awakening,
We're always going to be around,
Shout out loud, we're strong and proud,
No-one's going to kill our voice,
No treacherous scum, will have us on the run,
Trying to murder freedom of choice.**

**Chorus: If we stand proud, and get knocked down,
Well that's the way it's got to be,
If we die trying, well I prefer dying,
To living on my knees.**

**Will it be a red day, not if I have my way,
You can shove your stinking two-faced lies,
If they get their say, there'll only be bad days,
Stand and watch as freedom dies.**

**Chorus:
Don't give up the fight for what is good and right,
We've got to keep the vultures at bay,**

**I'm living for the times when they pay for all their crimes,
And we're sweeping all the rubbish away.**

Two months after the release of *The Strong Survive*, and after 15 years of being on the road Skrewdriver brought out a double LP *Live and Kicking*, recorded in Staffordshire. This was an official live Blood & Honour recording capturing the energy and raw electric atmosphere of the Skrewdriver gig. On the back of the Warlord LP Skrewdriver gave special thanks to amongst others The Cans Bikers, The Honkers, Black Hogs and Easy riders, plus the Flemish Motorcycle Clubs, Ian met up with the Bikers Against Communism back in Belgium, 1988. A spin-off band for bikers was an idea he had on the back burner for awhile, now he thought the time was right and *White Diamond* was composed.

White Diamond and *The Reaper* LP they brought out was Ian diversifying again, this time into Heavy Metal. Stigger even has a bash at singing *Wishing Well*, the number originally done by Free.

'With the Klansmen it has brought in a lot of Rockabilies into the Blood and Honour movement, which is a good thing. Hopefully the White Diamond will do the same thing with a few bikers. Basically we are just spreading our wings and trying to appeal to everybody, not just Skinheads. People that I have spoken to about it (The Reaper) seem to like it, As far as I'm concerned the guitar could have been a little bit louder and the vocals a little quieter. The original mix of it the guitar was too loud and you couldn't hear the vocals, so we took it back to be re-mixed and it went the other way around.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Stigger brought another added dimension to the band, not only could he bang out rock riffs and power chords with the best of 'em, but he could also arpeggio, hammer-on and pick slide harmonics in the classical style. Again, Ian was thinking ahead and increasing his ever expanding curriculum vitae, this time he came up with the notion of Patriotic Ballads.

Patriotic Ballads was originally put out on tape, mixed and engineered by Mark Lilley at Meadow Farm Recording Studio, but was later released on compact disc by Rock-o-Rama. The foreword on the tape inlay card reads:

'Everyday in the media we are bombarded with stories of injustice against minorities. What we never hear about are the many cases of oppression and discrimination by the state against us, the white majority, Ian Stuart and Stigger of SKREWDRIVER have therefore put together some acoustic ballads to highlight this injustice, and to offer some hope to a much maligned people. Listen and learn.'

Now that the Blood & Honour magazine had been passed on to other hands, Ian was becoming dismayed at the way some of the movement was being ran. Ian spoke with Chris Hitchin the editor of *British Oi!*, who was now also living in the East Midlands area, and the two of them discussed plans which included ceasing publication of *British Oi!* and relaunch the old NF journal *New Dawn*. Luckily, Ian

changed his mind, but he did however start contributing towards British Oi! by way of writing Skrewdriver News articles for each issue. This must have rattled some people into action, because the Autumn of 1991 saw issue N°11 of the Blood & Honour magazine (complete with new editor) back on the streets after a break of nearly two years!

By the end of the 1980's the British National Party (BNP) had begun to emerge as the main British Nationalist association. In June 1989 the BNP held a Rights for Whites rally in Dewsbury, resulting in 82 commies and their great unwashed cronies being arrested.

The BNP grew on the back of increased street activity and confrontation. The bringing of its Rights for Whites campaign to London in 1990 signalled a massive concentration of BNP activity in Tower Hamlets, East London. Every Sunday over a 100 BNP supporters would gather in Brick Lane to sell papers and leaflet. In the Autumn of 1991, they expanded their campaign to Bermondsey and over 1,000 people took to the streets to smash a Black Power march.

Meanwhile, as our adversaries tended to their wounds after the Battle of Bermondsey, Skrewdriver were busy waking up Europe over in Vicenza, headlining a four day Italian festival for the V.F.S.

The Rittorno A Camelot festival was a huge success with contacts being made with Basse Autonoma, Movimento Politico, Avanguardia and Blood & Honour representatives Peggior Amico. Skrewdriver played a set of old and new songs including Red flags are Burning, Stand Proud, Back with a Bang, Street Fight, plus Suddenly and The Snow Fell were performed acoustically by Ian and Stigger. Three weeks later Ian and the boys were packing their bags again, this time on their travels to Cottbus in Germany. On 2 October 1990, the reunification of Germany took place, now a year on Skrewdriver were in the Fatherland to celebrate the anniversary of this much desired coming together. Fifteen British Blood & Honour supporters went on tour with Skrewdriver to watch the band headline the White Power concert in Werben, near the Polish border.

Two days before the gig a mixed group of British and German comrades were relaxing, enjoying the mild evening air having a quite drink in a few of the local bars and Inns of old Cottbus town, when, suddenly, the German police appeared on the scene and started handcuffing our people and throwing them into waiting vans.

Five of the British contingent were arrested and charged with grievous bodily harm, including three members of Skrewdriver.

Ian wasn't with the lads at the time of the incident, and the first he knew of the occurrence was when he was awoken in the early hours by the German police with a gun to his head.

It transpired that a 20-year-old youth in the area had been stabbed several times in the back. The lads had nothing to do with the incident, but what can you do?

'The way that I see it is that Skrewdriver are being made scapegoats for the fact that the German government have

brought too many immigrants into the country. So if we had anything to do with waking German feeling up, all the better for it Although I do not think It has got anything to do with us. It's just the German people rising against the influx of immigrants and I wish that the British people would do the same.'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian was later released, but the authorities refused to grant bail to the other Blood & Honour people - Jon Richard Bellany, Steven Calladine, Jonathan Hickson, Richard Brierley, Kevin Noon and a German comrade by the name of Bo. Come the night of the gig Ian took to the stage and told the assembled audience about the previous night's events. Filled with anger and fuelled by Ian's stirring words, plus the moral sense of injustice of it all, 300 enraged Skinheads marched on Cottbus police station and demanded the release of their kinsmen. When the authorities refused, our brothers attacked the jail and at one stage it seemed that they were about to be successful in their bid to free the captive Nationalists.

'I think that it may have been aggravated a little bit by the fact that the police kept them all in prison, obviously I was still out which was a bad mistake on the police's side, cos I was able to go to the gig and tell everybody what had happened, and after the gig obviously there was some trouble with the police.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Shortly after the siege the 6 prisoners were transferred to the top security gaol of Moat Prison in Berlin.

On his return home Ian immediately set about organising a campaign to free his comrades which included the release of a six track mini LP recorded with Rough Justice entitled 'Justice For The Cottbus Six'.

Two months after being arrested and left to rot in a German prison the 'Cottbus Six' were released on bail and the charges quashed after an agonising two years of intermittent trials.

JUSTICE FOR THE COTTBUS SIX

**And the people call for Justice - Justice,
And none of your dirty little tricks,
Yeah the people shout for Justice - Justice,
And that means freedom for the Cottbus Six,
Within four evil walls, accused of a crime,
But all they done,
Was be in the wrong place at the wrong time,
Doing all that we can do to free the innocent,
But our hands are bound,
By the lying press and the corrupt governments.**

Chorus:

**And the people shout for Justice - Justice,
And none of your dirty little tricks.
Yeah the people shout for Justice - Justice,
And that means freedom for the Cottbus Six**

**Six young lives are wasting,
scapegoats for the powers that be.
Sacrificed for one world men and their immigration policy,
I tell you now if it's your plan to try and break us down,
Your corrupt plans will tumble cos we'll always be around.**

Chorus

**Arrested by the remnants of a Communist regime.
Corruption in high places still around it seems.
As six young men at rotting in a dungeon that's still red.
One day the truth will break on through,
And the chains will all be shed.**

On a brighter note Neil Parrish the Skrewdriver Services director, and his long time girlfriend Debbie got wed on Christmas Eve. Not to be outdone Ian and Diane did the honourable thing and got engaged.

VII. EARLY WARNING SIGN

***'Why are our government telling the South African government that they
have to talk
with Nelson Mandela, a dirty old fucking terrorist who blows White people
up?'***

IAN STUART DONALDSON

There are many who say the AWB "did nothing" to try and physically prevent the takeover of South Africa by the ANC - as had long been Terre'Blanche's war cry at AWB rallies.

This criticism is based on ignorance of the facts, the truth is that out of all of the numerous right-wing organisations which threatened violence and uprising should the ANC take over, the only organised active physical resistance came from the AWB, and this was acknowledged in a strange way by the government of the time with the calling out of a state of emergency in the Western Transvaal in April 1994.

After a series of diminutive bomb blasts in Western Transvaal towns such as Bloemhof and Sannieshof, the first indication of real trouble came with the destruction of the SABC broadcast tower serving the Western Transvaal during the week running up to the April elections.

On Friday night, 22 April 1994, a bomb destroyed the Department of Home

Affairs offices in Potgietersrus in the Northern Transvaal, and an important petrol pipeline running from the Sasol complex in the northern Orange Free State was severely damaged, causing a spectacular fire, by a bomb the same night. It was however, a bombing campaign which occurred in the days immediately leading up to the election which caused international headlines, and for a while did cause many observers to seriously question whether the elections would go ahead or not. During this bombing campaign, the largest bombs ever to be detonated in South Africa's history were to go off, bombs four times as big as the biggest bomb that the ANC had ever been able to detonate during its 29 year long guerrilla campaign.

The origins of the AWB lie deep in the psyche of extreme Afrikaner Nationalism, which dates back to the independent Boer Republics of the late 1800's. After their defeat at the hands of the British Empire during the second Anglo Boer War of 1899 - 1902, Afrikaner Nationalism reorganised itself into formal political groupings, most notably the National Party, founded in 1912 by a Boer War General, JBM Hertzog. This was the National Party which (after a number of splits which resulted in its name being changed to the Herstigte National Party - HNP - the reunited National Party) won the 1948 general election and formally introduced the Apartheid era in South Africa.

The HNP which won the 1948 election was however, by no means a single united party and consisted of a formal alliance with another party (the Afrikaner Party) and an informal alliance with several smaller Afrikaner National forces which dated from the Second World War.

Amongst these forces were the remnants of the militant Nationalist Os-sewabrandwag, (Ox Wagon Sentinel) which had actively opposed South Africa's involvement in the Second World War, and had tried to physically sabotage the war effort with a campaign of urban terrorism and violence; and the Greyshirts, an openly Nazi organisation whose emblem was an orange, white and blue swastika.

STAND BY YOUR OWN

**The Storm clouds are gathering, the liberals are bleating,
The vultures are looking down,
On the land of South Africa,
The traitors are growing, cause they see the Whites falling,
They lie in their papers about apartheid's evil ways.**

Chorus:

**Stand by your own, that's the best way,
Stand by your own, from the ruins that came,
Stand by your own, it's the only safe cry,
Stand by your own. Red terror will die.**

**False prophets are moaning, and the bankers are groaning,
As the leaders of the weak White West,
sell out the White man again,**

**We sit here in Europe and wonder what the future holds,
The murdering ANC walk free around our countries.**

Chorus

**As we look to the future and hope that our kin survive,
All we can do now is trade with them more.**

Very early in the new year of 1992, when most of us were still recovering from our Hogmanay hangovers and hoovering-up the pine needles, Skrewdriver were busy releasing the 12 track Freedom What Freedom LP. The album was due to be brought out at the end of February and called Back To Basics, but due to the Cottbus Six oppression in the Fatherland, Ian gave the LP a title change and Rock-o-Rama pulled out all the stops and brought the release date forward.

'Right, fuck the Old Bill - Jewish tools. The fucking silly little boys in blue. Are we the Jewish puppets or are we fucking not!'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian certainly pulled no punches in this musical gift attacking in true rebellious form the police and the commie scum, furthermore he celebrated Skrewdriver's recent triumph in Italy at the Vicenza gig with Return To Camelot and Germany's reunification with the anthem One Land.

***'Dieses Album ist dem Deutschen Voike zum ersten
Jahre-stag der Wiedervereinigung gewidmet.'***

IAN STUART DONALDSON

The LP also contains a splattering of Odinist matter reflected in God Of Thunder, When The North Wind Blows and the classic ballad The Road To Valhalla. To add a continental flavour to this truly European record, one of the songs Stolz is sung in German.

'We sell more records in Germany than anywhere else. As the Germans support us and give us so much support, I thought that it was about time that we done something in German for them. I wrote the song in English, I got a German lad to translate it, put it on tape for me so I could here the accents and pronunciations and done it from that. Also Germany has probably got the biggest growing Skinhead scene in Europe, and German people have stood by the band almost as long as the English have. We've been on a German record label since 1982. It's a lot easier for the Germans to obtain our records in Germany too, a lot of normal record shops stock them, and even if they don't people can order them through the record shops. There not banned over there, as a matter of fact they are not actually banned over

***here either, the newspapers say that they are, so all the
shops won't stock them.'***
IAN STUART DONALDSON

The Battle of Bermondsey emboldened the BNP leadership to a more confrontation approach, but if the BNP aspired a more offensive mode with the Reds they needed to be equally sure of their own defences. The spring of 1992 saw the formation of a new stewarding group that would provide this desired added security and defence.

This stewarding group soon established itself as a street fighting force in its own right. Soon the people involved within the task started to organise themselves into an ordered method of troops and began to produce a periodical targeting our foes entitled Red Watch. For years Searchlight printed the names and addresses of our people unavenged, with the arrival of Red Watch the boot was on the other foot and now it would be the commies who would experience intimidation and exposure.

'Right, I'll like to dedicate this next number to a new group that's sprung up on our streets, I think the Reds have just found out about them. I've known a lot of them for a long time and their very good blokes and I would like to dedicate this number to a new group called Redwatch and especially to a little bloke called Charlie, looks like a school boy, but I've never known anyone fucking less like a school boy. And this is for Redwatch their doing a fucking good job and this is a number called When The Boat Comes In - Nigger, Nigger.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Back on the Blood & Honour battlefield Ian had been in the studio again, this time working on his third solo activity the Patriot LP, and with The Klansmen laying down the tracks for the Rock N Roll Patriots CD, both recordings saw the light of day around February time.

Patriot way outshone Ian's two previous solo efforts, and should have really been released as a Skrewdriver LP. Ian included a commendable cover version by his favourite band The Rolling Stones with Paint It Black, but the meritorious ballads of Ship Of Destiny and Down In The City alone turn the eleven tracks and twelve inch's of black vinyl into pure Ian Stuart hallmarked gold. Rock N Roll Patriots was technology catching up with the Rock Against Communism ensemble with the recording only being released on CD. Added to this enhanced sound quality was a report which was meatier than the other Klans-men delights. Outstanding tracks include Route 66, Coming Up To Midnight, Get It Right and Freedom, What Freedom?

FREEDOM, WHAT FREEDOM?

**You may wake up one morning,
and your life's been took away,**

**And you may think back on memories,
and dreams of yesterday,
And you may think life is okay,
and you just keep struggling on.
But your freedom's being stolen,
so wake up before it's gone.**

Chorus:

**And they're taking our freedom away,
They're stealing our freedom today,
They're taking our freedom away,
So listen closely to what I say,
The words that you are saying could be taken as a crime,
They're even finding faults now,
in the words of nursery rhymes,
One group can't sell their records,
because the law is on their backs,
Well we'll all be mindless prisoners,
if we don't start fighting back.**

Chorus

**The TV and the papers keep on saying that it's alright,
But they're controlled by the reapers,
Of the dawn of endless nights,
You may think I'm exaggerating,
and you look down to the floor,
But you'll realise and raise your eyes,
as they're kicking down your door.**

Following Skrewdriver's dramatic episode in Deutschland, Accion Radical, the National Socialist assemblage in Spain, threw caution to the wind and booked local Valencian band Division 250, No Remorse, Battle Zone and Violent Storm to play a gig for them on Saturday 14th of March 1992. The Cardiff based White Power band Violent Storm formed in 1986. Back then, bricklayer Billy was the vocalist and Casey played bass, their guitarist was Dennis and the drummer a Skinhead called Clarkey, but after about a year of getting nowhere due to lack of money for equipment and an absence of places to rehearse, Dennis quit the group and joined the Army and Clarkey moved to Stoke-on-Trent with his fiancée. Soon after Brian took over on guitar and his brother Darren picked up the sticks. Now six years later, the band had a recording contract and had just completed putting the finishing spit and polish to their debut LP Celtic Warriors. All the band were in high spirits due to their recent accomplishment in the studio and at the anticipation of playing at the first international RAC gig ever held in Spain. On the morning of Friday the 13th, as the lads made their way to the airport along the M4 near Bristol, the car they were travelling in suddenly went out of control and

slid into a ditch. It resulted in the deaths of Casey, Darren, Brian and their friend Jason Oakes. Billy who was driving was the only survivor, dazed and covered in blood he clambered from the wreck and wandered down the motorway aimlessly until a truck driver found him in a state of shock on the hard shoulder.

Surmising that Violent Storm would get the following plane to Valencia after failing to meet up at the airport Battle Zone and No Remorse flew in to Spain, only to discover the full extent of the incident.

After much consideration it was decided that the gig would go ahead and it deemed fit to dedicate the concert to Violent Storm. A three minute silence was observed and Blood & Honour supporters gathered at the gig from France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Germany, Britain and Belgium raised their right arms and paid homage to our fallen brothers.

The majority of the national newspapers carried the story, and only nine days after the incident the Wales on Sunday ran a report revealing the "real truth" about the "racist roots" of Violent Storm. It came as no surprise to see the name Searchlight mentioned in the article as the source for their information. Whilst family and friends mourned the passing of four young lives, the brave Reds under the cover of darkness daubed Violent Storm's local pub with the words "FOUR DOWN ONE TO GO".

All this happened before Paul Casey had even been laid to rest. In April a benefit concert was organised in Leicestershire. Skullhead, Squadron and Skrewdriver played. A collection was made and well over a £1000 was sent to the families of the fallen.

Billy soon recovered from his injury's and hastily set about forming a new band. The new band was named Celtic Warrior, after the Violent Storm LP. Celtic warrior in a bid to keep the memories of Violent Storm alive continue to play their venerable songs in their set. I think it would have been what the lads would have wanted.

Just as the White Power music scene was struggling to recover from the Violent Storm tragedy, further pain beset the movement with news of the murder of Blood & Honour supporter Paul Carter. On the Easter Bank holiday weekend, Paul was attacked by a gang of Asians and knifed to death. His only crime was to be White.

One member of the vile mob attempted to escape the law by fleeing to Pakistan, but fortunately he was apprehended by the police.

'They keep sending us these fucking Niggers, they keep sending us these Paki's, they keep sending us these dirty Jewish fuckers to take over our fucking country, and it's about time the people in this country started putting their own fucking people first.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

These were certainly dark times for the Blood & Honour movement, but further storms brewed on the horizon.

Stigger abruptly quit Skrewdriver and Ian was forced to abandon playing in

Britain for a time and journey to Germany and use Storkraft as his backing band. Whilst there he played to over 1000 supporters in Cottbus. Hundreds of Reds turned up in an attempt to stop the gig but were unceremoniously booted back from whence they came.

Then, just as you thought it was safe to go back into the water, a turd floated to the surface in the guise of Nicky Crane.

It wasn't unusual for Channel 4 to air programmes attacking the National Socialist cause with the likes of "The Oprah Winfrey Show" and "Reportage", and even screen shows documenting queers. "Out" was a series of one hour programmes about gays and dikes. Through the weeks it featured shirt lifters in cowboy suits, freaks dressed up in women's clothes and even had sickening scenes of mentally disabled men kissing and undressing each other. Skinheads was one of the subjects covered on the show, and who would appear on TV - former Skrewdriver Security chief Nicky Crane.

'I feel more betrayed by him than probably anybody else, because he was the head of our security. I actually used to stick up for him when people used to say that he was queer, because he convinced me that he wasn't. I always used to ask him why he worked at these gay dubs, telling him that he'd get a bad name. He used to say that it was the security firm that he used to work with, that they used to give him the job there. I accepted him at face value, as he was a Nationalist. I was fooled the same as everybody else. Perhaps more than everybody else. I felt I was betrayed by him and I want nothing to do with him whatsoever. He's dug his own grave as far as I'm concerned.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Nicky Crane died of Aids a year later.

Following Ian's recent visits to the Fatherland the multiracial backlash was near to boiling point. Hundreds of National Socialists and Blood & Honour followers sick and tired of Romanian gypsies and other non-Whites immigrants pouring into their nation demanding to be fed, clothed, given money and housed hit back by petrol bombing the refugee hotels and hostels. The youth of Germany yelled enough!

The Rostock night sky lit up like the dawn of a new day and an aroma of smoky bacon crisps wafted in the breeze.

IX. HAIL AND THUNDER

As the flames of the multiracial nightmare roared into the Rostock sky, the winds of miscegenation, turmoil and violence approached the troubled shores of the USA and this time racial tension snapped on the streets of Los Angeles. The race riot ensued in reply to the acquittal of four White policemen charged with

beating Rodney King, a black motorist who was deranged on mind bending drugs.

Los Angeles exploded into racial violence. The LA race riot was the largest and most dangerous since the turn of the century, more than 60 people were killed and 2,383 injured by the time local and federal law enforcement personnel were able to restore order. The race riot cost the city over \$800 million in damages, but the greatest concern was the volatility of the black response, which included unprovoked attacks on White civilians and widespread looting and arson.

'Many people feel that races and cultures don't mix. It might be touching nerve ends, but the truth is that blacks are taking our jobs and leaving the White man with unemployment. Then look at the Jews. Their staple diet is money and controlling everything that smacks of a pretty profit. Then you have the communists who want the nonsense of equality for all. Come on, where does the White man stand? He's at the end of the dole queue. He's on the wrong side of the larder cupboard. Look, governments come and go and still the country's sliding down the drain.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

RETALIATE

**The petrol bombs are flying, the people lock their doors,
We've got to make a choice now, in the middle of a war,
The enemy is taking over, out on the streets,
And we are not united, and so face defeat.**

Chorus:

**Retaliate, will be our only hope.
Retaliate, can we ever cope,
Retaliate, face them on the streets
Retaliate, fight against defeat,
As a young man lies dying, the mob begins to cheer,
Older people tremble, they have never known such fear,
The enemy is taking over, out on the streets,
And we are not united, and so face defeat.**

Chorus

**Mr Politician, I won't tell you so,
But now the flames are rising, do you want to know?
You're blaming unemployment and the racists on the beat,
But I don't see White unemployed looting on the street.**

By September Stigger had rejoined Skrewdriver, and he and Ian travelled to Germany to perform the Patriotic Ballads live. Ian didn't know how the crowd would react to the slower numbers, but the gig went down very well and on their

return to England the two entertained a Nationalist meeting in Mansfield with an assortment of jingoistic tunes including There Goes The Neighbourhood, The Devils Right Hand, The Snow Fell and The Green Fields of France.

THE GREEN FIELDS OF FRANCE

**Well, how do you do young Willy McBride?
Do you mind if I sit here down by your graveside?
And rest for a while in the warm summer sun,
I've been walking all day and I'm nearly done,
I see by your gravestone you were only nineteen,
When you joined the great call-up in nineteen-sixteen,
And I hope you died quick, and I hope you died clean,
Young Willy McBride was it slow and obscene?**

Chorus:

**,Did they beat the drums slowly?
Did they play the pipes lowly?
Did they play the death march as they lowered you down?
Did the band play The Last Post and chorus?
Did the pipes play the Rowers of the Forest?**

**Did you leave a wife or a sweetheart behind?
In some faithful heart is your memory enshrined?
Although you died back in nineteen-sixteen,
In that faithful heart are you forever nineteen?
Or are you a stranger without a name?
Enclosed and forever behind a glass frame,
In an old photograph battered and stained,
And faded to yellow in a brown leather frame?**

Chorus

**Well the sun now it shines on the green fields of France,
As the warm summer breeze, makes the red poppies dance.
And look how the sun shines from under the clouds.
There's no gas, no barbwire, there's no guns firing now,
But here in this graveyard it's still no-man's land.
The countless white crosses stand mute in the sand.
To man's blind indifference to his fellow man.
The whole generation was butchered and damned.**

Chorus

**Young Willy McBride, I can't help wondering "why",
Do those that lie here know why that they died?
And did they believe when they answered the call,**

Did they really believe that this war would end wars?

**The sorrow the suffering the glory the pain,
The killing and dying were all done in vain,
Young Willy McBride it all happened again,
And again and again and again and again...**

Whilst the two troubadours Ian and Stigger commuted to the Fatherland, Skrewdriver's bassist and drummer were also on their travels. Icky and Johnny B were standing in for No Remorse at the Aryan Fest 92, which was being held in a desert camp on the outskirts of Los Angeles.

Again, links were assembled and fortified in the States with band members meeting the likes of CIS, Frontline and Aggravated Assault, plus a Blood & Honour USA was established in Garden Grove, California.

The back page of Blood & Honour N°13 carried an advertisement stating Skrewdriver plus support would be back gigging in London on Saturday 12th September. A huge publicity offensive was arranged with posters and flyers being displayed on walls and buildings up and down the land informing people of the gig and the Waterloo Station redirection point.

Obviously, the commies and the authorities were none too pleased with Skrewdriver planning to play in the Capital, plus with all the publicity Blood & Honour was generating, so our enemies constructed plans to stop the concert. Every Liberal do-gooder, mulatto mud slinger and tin pot politician voiced their sinful concerns.

Put in charge of safety, order and assurance for the gig was the British Movement Leader Guard. Following Mike McLaughlin's resignation and the organisation being unceremoniously tossed in the freezer, the British Movement Leader Guard came together in 1984 to salvage the association and restructure the BM. The gig caught the attention of the media with the majority of the tabloids running an article on Blood & Honour and Ian even got invited on radio which concluded with the interviewer wishing him well.

Things were looking good and the publicity campaign seemed to be working, over two thousand people were expected to attend the gig with Blood & Honour supporters travelling from all over Europe. Then the night before the gig whilst Ian was relishing a pint in a pub in Burton upon Trent he was attacked by a mob of Negroes.

'A gang of Nigger's walked in, first one glassed me straight in the fucking mouth. Three teeth less, a few stitches in the mouth and he said - Right, the gigs off tomorrow ya Nazi bastard.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

For weeks before hand the commies had been handing out leaflets to every left-wing cluster, drugged-up anarchist and scruffy yahoo they could plum, vowing that they would stop the concert. Herald the Saturday, at seventeen hundred hours, a rabble of reds verging on 1,000 had mobilised and amassed at Waterloo.

The police actually closed down Waterloo Station and the tube stopping a lot of

people reaching the rendezvous point and hundreds more Blood & Honour supporters who had journeyed from abroad were turned back at ports in Folkestone and Dover.

Most skins had heard by word of mouth that the actual venue was in Eltham, and made their way directly there, but a hundred or so Skinhead stragglers, mostly Europeans, massively outnumbered, clashed with the reds. Stuck on the embankment with only the Thames to cross our boys marched over the bridge with flags flying high and voices raised. Missiles, bricks and champagne bottles taken from bins outside of South Bank restaurants rained in from all sides and for the next two hours running battles ensued. The red scum seemed quite willing to throw rocks and (when the champagne ran out) lucozade bottles on mass, but when it came down to one to one combat they just didn't want to know. Injuries on our side were slight considering the odds (one thousand versus one hundred), the morgues of London would have been doing a brisk trade if it was the other way around!

Despite what the reds and their friends vowed, the gig went ahead and was a great success, the atmosphere in the venue was electric and all the bands played brilliantly. About 700 made it to the gig, and it is thought that police stopped another 800 - 1000 coming to the concert.

'Do we want these sub-human black bastards in this country? Do we fuck! It's about time the lot of them were either gassed or fucking shipped out. Walk down the street in this country, what do you get? Some fucking big lipped, flat nosed black bastard walking along going "rass man", fucking barging the Skinheads out of the way, he don't fucking do that if it was a fucking proper society. We'll have the black filth out one day, don't worry about it, and if we don't throw them out we'll fucking gas them.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian dedicated Streetfight to those who had been at Waterloo, and at one point the police threatened to storm the venue.

'Now we've got the fucking police outside telling us the gigs off, who's orders are them bastards taking? You know what I mean? We're British people and we're European people here to listen to a fucking concert, whilst them wankers outside telling us we can't have one. When down the road Public Enemy are playing going "kill whitey", their allowed to play! You've got the fucking Rouges down the other side of the road, singing bomb the British people up the IRA, their allowed to fucking play! So why the fucking pigs telling us we can't have a fucking gig in our own country? Fuck them!'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian played one of his best gigs since the 100 club days and some would say Skrewdriver's best live performance ever. The gig left the crowd riveted: There was no terrorism, no violence, no fighting or anything of the sort at the gig. People were there by their own choice, in this free country, to listen to the music,

talk with friends and enjoy the atmosphere. These are the common human values that the rabid protesters were trying to stop, the right for any man to do what he in his heart feels is right. This is what the reds are all about, robbing you of your freedom, robbing you of your choice.

'We, the Leader Guard of the British Movement send our congratulations to you, your fellow National Socialist Skinheads and other comrades that joined in the "Battle of Waterloo." Despite the best efforts of the Red scum that were well-armed, not searched by the Police and allowed to attack as a mob, the gig that they said would never happen went ahead and was a tremendous success.'

The media termed the gig the "Battle of Waterloo", and it made international news, both in newspapers globally and on television worldwide. Thirty-six people got arrested, thirty-five of them reds, but it was the Blood & Honour movement that got the blame for all the trouble and held responsible for the violence.

'The news coverage of this gig was both local and nationally put out on both TV and Radio, and on our TV screens we witnessed the scenes of police cowardice towards the reds, we will not forget! I expect the sort of coverage that we got. It's obvious that you're never going to get anything good said about you. It would have been nicer if a lot of the lads that came from abroad actually got to the gig. It made it a lot more awkward having so much publicity about it in advance. But in the end the gig went ahead, it was a good gig, everybody that made it their enjoyed it So basically it was a victory- But then again I did think that it was a bit of a shame that police acted illegally again by shutting down a main line train station, to try and stop people getting to the concert. They shouldn't have allowed a left-wing demonstration at the station on the day because it was pretty obvious that they were only there to cause trouble.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

For a time the tabloid gutter press hounded Blood & Honour representatives, but slowly the aftershocks of the Battle of Waterloo palliated and the needle on the Richter Scale fell.

If anything, all the agitation drove Ian forward and stimulated him into resurrecting White Diamond. Ian and the band, which now included a female drummer by the name of Zoe Briggs, recorded the album The Power and the Glory. Stigger sings two ballads on the recording: To Freedom we Ride, taken from the No Turning Back LP, and No Man's Land, which is in the same vein as The Snow Fell. Ian also incorporated a couple of cover versions on to the album with the aide of the Rolling Stones number Jumping Jack Flash and The Only One obtained from Skrewdriver's first LP All Skrewed Up. Ian also sings about corrupt politicians, senseless rap music and does a track called Refugee, a strong number about people who come into our countries and are given housing and jobs before our own needy folk. Following a lengthy delay the album was finally released by Glory Discs.

The impact Patriotic Ballads had on the White World did not go unnoticed. The concept of the slower more thought provoking chorus gave birth to an abundance of our older, more mature following investing in Skinhead music and thus promoting and propagating the holy psalm of National Socialism and Ian and Stigger were soon back in the studio laying down the tracks for the second instalment. The CD was entitled *Our Time Will Come* and the feel of the recording is much like the first Patriotic Ballads, but with a lot more to the music than the previous offering and with the added bonus of female accompaniment on vocals. Songs that come to the fore are: *Another Pray For The Dying*, *Never Give In*, *Wasted Life* and *Our Time Will Come*. Again, like the first Patriotic Ballads this is a peaceful, but powerful album likely to install pride in your heart and above all make you think.

'We've got the guts to stand up and shout for what is rightly ours. We're not going to turn a blind eye on decent human beings being trampled on. Eventually there will be a race war and we have to be strong enough in numbers to win it I'll die to keep this country white and pure, and if it means bloodshed at the end of the day, then let it be.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

EUROPE ON MY MIND

**So many lives have been wasted,
Scattered as dead leaves upon the ground,
In the cause of the freedom they had tasted,
And for the liberty they found,
Ground beneath the heels of Red jackboots,
And half of Europe ruled by the Red beast,
Whilst the other half were fooled to think they were free,
The kosher power ruled at every feast.**

Chorus:

**Beloved Europe's on my mind now,
It's on my mind and in my soul,
Beloved Europe's on my mind now,
Liberty and justice is our goal.**

**So many wars withhold their bloodshed,
The flower of Europe died in muddy fields,
So much blood has bled from the bodies of our lands,
White Pride has forced us not to yield,
Yeah, once again a brother for a brother.**

Whilst aliens stood and laughed down on the fight,

**Their interests were enough to kill our Europe,
Make us all the slaves of endless nights.**

Owing to the current publicity boost, and a rise in the Ian Stuart offerings now being composed a Skrewdriver Services - Northern Division was opened. This coupled with the already well established Skrewdriver Services - London Division and a new Blood & Honour caucus operating in the East Midlands was testimony alone of the amplified evolution of the Rock Against Communism scene, but further to these commendable achievements the Blood & Honour magazine now accommodated within its pages a section dedicated to the ever expanding German contingent entitled Blut und Ehre.

The traditional White Xmas gig was seen by many as the Blood & Honour gala party to round off the year. The newly formed Blood & Honour Midlands Division was put in charge of organising the 1992 Yuletide concert and all the booking and hiring procedures. They choose a working men's club in Mansfield to hold the festivities and on the 19th of December it wasn't just the turkeys that were feeling nervous as over 400 Blood & Honour supporters gathered at the venue to watch No Remorse, Razors Edge and of course Skrewdriver give it some White Power Rock and Roll.

Skrewdriver, as mentioned previously, were now back to their full line-up and had been gigging around the British Isles and elsewhere extensively. Through this continued touring they had administered their performance into a finely honed piece of craftsmanship and a sea of right arms filled the room as Ian growled down the microphone to a backing chorus of 400 White youth hailing the new dawn. The Blood & Honour boys pulled a cracker and even when Paul Burnley failed to appear this didn't dampen the stirring atmosphere as a burly tattooed Cockney Skin named Jacko took to the stage and filled in on vocals for No Remorse.

WHY WORRY

**The sceptic said to me one sunny day,
Why the worried look upon your face,
He just smiled and he looked at me,
What will be is going to be,
I said surely you would fight,
For what you believe to be right,
He said no cos life's so short,
I said your life has now been bought.**

Chorus:

**Why worry, he said to me,
Why worry, it was meant to be,
Why worry, he asked me why,
Why worry, cos I don't want to die.**

**I see what's happening and it makes me mad,
I think about it and it makes me sad,
The sceptic says that I should not think,
Sit back and let the future sink.**

Chorus

**We'll stand and fight the rot,
Fight for the hopes we have got,
We will stand - not runaway,
And you will thanks us on a future day.**

As the New Year beckoned and Blood & Honour looked to the future, our cousins in the USA were delivered an uppercut in the form of murder. Erik Banks, a White Power Skinhead, who for a time sang with Bound for Glory, was shot dead in cold blood by reds on the 31st December. He left a wife and baby behind. The evolution of violence in the USA registers the marked difference between our two nations: in the UK a fight outside a boozer at kicking out time, or even a stabbing might be regarded as the general way of things, but a death in a street scuffle is still something that makes you sit up and take notice. However, over in the States, fists and blades are commonly substituted by firearms and munitions. Not so long ago a Skinhead in Sacramento tried to leave his gang and abandon the scene, as a punishment the fellow gang members nailed him to a piece of wood and crucified him. Plus, when a Skingirl from Chicago tried to do the same thing she was flogged and punched so efficiently in her own home that her blood was used to daub a swastika on the wall.

Back in Britain and one person who should have been flogged and crucified is Neil Parrish. Skrewdriver Services had for many years operated outside of the band without any problems. All of that came to an end due to one mans greed and betrayal! Ian told us on The Strong Survive LP to be vigilant to backstabbers but little did we know that Parrish would be the one. He conned and ripped-off his fellow companions for thousands by pocketing their cash and not sending out ordered merchandise. Mick, Peter and others who helped out at the Skrewdriver Services - London Division hold no blame in the affair, it was Parrish who had his name on the bank books and he who gained at the expense of genuine Nationalists.

RENEGADE

**You've been seen lyin' for far too long,
Your just another snake in the grass,
You've been stealing from your own comrades hands, I reckon your a pain
in the ass,**

**Chorus: We're gonna bring you down, bring you down,
Bring you down to the ground,**

**Cos you're a renegade, how much you get paid?
For robbin' your comrades and then running away,
You're a renegade, is judas your name?
One day we'll find you,
You're a renegade!
If we knew then just what we know now,
You would never have the chance to steal,
But I tell you now what the future will hold,
One day those tears will be real.**

Chorus:

**We're gonna bring you down, bring you down,
Bring you down to the ground,
Cos you're a renegade, how much you get paid?
For robbin' your comrades and then running away,
Your a renegade, is judas your name?
One day we'll find you,
You're a renegade!**

On 30 January 1993, the 21st anniversary of Bloody Sunday took place. About 1,500 pro-IRA supporters congregated on Hyde Park Corner to mark the occasion.

Several hundred Nationalists and Blood & Honour supporters also flocked to central London to appose the parade. Police made 378 arrests, all the people detained were anti-IRA British Nationalists and Blood & Honour supporters.

'If the NF ever want to march, the police ban it straight away because of the trouble it would cause. It's the same with the recent Bloody Sunday IRA march, the IRA who kill British people were allowed to march while the police did all they could to stop the people against the march by arresting 378 people. It seems to be proud to be British is a crime.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

By now the movement was getting used to the underhanded way the government, the authorities and their lackeys the police went about doing business. So maybe we shouldn't have been too surprised when the German government outlawed countless Nationalist musical benefactions in a vain endeavour to stem the tide of popularity that envelops the German RAC scene. German police raided the homes of 28 Blood & Honour bands and Rock-o-Rama Records was also raided. An estimated 30,000 CD's, tapes and records were seized. The band Radikahl even had a lyric sheet confiscated entitled A Nobel Prize For Adolf Hitler and just to put the cherry on top received a fine totalling more than £10,000.

'Freedom, what fucking freedom?'
IAN STUART DONALDSON

Indifferent to whatever our enemies could muster, Blood & Honour carried on, and by the summer Skrewdriver was ready to record a new LP. Johnny B how now been replaced on Drums by a fellow called Mushy, who used to play for the punk band Resistance 77.

***'We have reds and the police trying to find out where are gigs
are so they can try and get them cancelled. It gets to be a
pain sometimes and people have just dropped out over the years.'***

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Skrewdriver entered the studio with "The Pint Pot Patriot Choir" and a cache of musical masterpieces. Ian took stimulus for his lyrics from the recent Neil Parrish incident with the song Renegade, led the onslaught against unscrupulous MP's in the guise of House of Treason, as well as attacking Jan Ludvik Hoch alias Robert Maxwell the multi-million pound pension fund thief in the form of the biting track Vampire.

The LP was called Hail Victory and from the opening notes of Diamonds in the Dust, through to the closing bars of Night Trains, Skrewdriver takes you on euphonious odyssey of dynamite rock and earth-shattering compositions and onward to spiritually and racially ennobling sonatas. From the emotional Old Albion, to the Angry Renegade this musical oeuvre is Skrewdriver personified, Ian's magnum opus.

OLD ALBION

**The scent of an English meadow,
wafts gently through the bars,
The sounds of summer harvesting can be heard from a far,
The beauty of old Albion a beauty hard to beat,
But the heart has been corrupted,
by the changing power seat.**

Chorus:

**Will we stand and watch them taking our freedom away,
Will we stand and watch them taking our freedom away,
Our warriors are slandered and thrown into their jails,
And kept from all their loved ones,
In dungeons deep and stale,
They say that self defence is no offence,
until the law starts with their lies,
They'll send you down for protecting your own,
Already guilty in their lying eyes.**

Chorus

**Our hearts are full of love and pride,
for England is our home,
The hills and dales are in our souls,
and the forests ours to roam,
But now we lie back in ourselves,
And think of times gone by,
We think back on our lives and homes,
and the girls who wait and cry.**

Despite his lengthy musical pursuit Ian did not go in for the drugs and rock & roll lifestyle, he did not possess a luxury yacht moored in a Mediterranean quay or even a flame red Lamborghini, but he did have a semi-reliable automobile that just about managed to get him from A to B.

***'If I went to the press and told them that I've changed my ways I could be on Top of the Pops.
I could make a hell of a lot of money that way. If I was only in it for the money I wouldn't be as dedicated as I am to the Nationalist cause. I would have sold out years ago.'***

IAN STUART DONALDSON

Ian relied upon his car to get him to his various functions and on more than one occasion he would awake to find the vehicle had been tampered with in some way. On top of this, during the past few months, mail and post he was expecting began not to arrive, his phone started to go on the blink and the answer machine would wipe messages. All very perplexing and Ian mentioned his misgivings to a select few, but on the whole wanted to dismiss the individual events as bizarre coincidences not wanting to seem paranoid.

Following the death of his mother Ian tried to visit his ageing dad more frequently and would make the 120 mile drive to the Fylde coast at least every couple of months.

Whilst in Blackpool Ian would also try to meet up with some of his mates and have a night out. Ian still enjoyed visiting his old haunts, going for a drink in the Poulton pubs and having a couple of pints in the Castle Gardens. On one of these occasions following a knee's up at The Tash nightclub, Ian stopped off at a chippy on Talbot Road and in the process bumped into a load of Queers leaving The Flying Handbag, a gay pub. Words were spoken and Ian, having had a few glasses of lager, lost his temper. The police arrived and carted him off to Bonny Street Police Station, Ian was given bail, but was due before the courts at a later date on a charge of GBH.

'Nationalism and homosexuality do not fit together, because Nationalism is a true cause and homosexuality is a perversion.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

The Blood & Honour movement was always looking to the future, and in a bid to

make the present triumphant they studied their past glories. The RAC gigs of the early 1980's were often reminisced upon and seen as the crusade's heyday, through the Blood & Honour East Midlands Division plans were soon afoot to stage a huge open air festival and revive the summer soiree. The gig was planned for 31st of July and booked to play was a conglomeration of Blood & Honour bands including a posse of our European brothers. On the day of the gig the sun would of shone, the beer would have flowed and a conducive and congenial time would have been had by all. A day to remember, but sadly it was not to be. The authorities were scared, they feared our growth and our message. Ian was becoming to much of a threat, he was arrested and served with an injunction order not to play at the gig. The venue was totally sealed off by the police, they seized amplifiers and confiscated the sound equipment, helicopters buzzed overhead. It was the largest police operation in the area since the miner's strike of 1984. The authorities were beginning to panic, Ian fought on.

'Either put me in prison or kill me, there's no other way that I'm going to give up.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

X. EPILOGUE - THE ROAD TO VALHALLA

During the early 1990's the Redwatch formation continued to grow, and began to develop an organisational identity of its own. Combat Group 18 was born. The group took their name from the first and eighth letter of the alphabet, AH - Adolf Hitler. C18 attacked our opponents on the streets and fire-bombed red bookshops.

THE AIMS OF C18:

- 1) To ship all non-Whites back to Africa, Asia, Arabia alive or in body bags, the choice is theirs.**
- 2) To smash the IRA and anyone else who kills British squaddies and civilians. There are NO legitimate targets.**
- 3) To execute all queers.**
- 4) To execute all White race mixers.**
- 5) To weed out all jews in the government, the media, the arts, the professions. To execute all jews who have actively helped to damage the White race and to put into camps the rest until we find a final solution for the eternal jew.**
- 6) To form a White Commonwealth containing Europe, America, Canada, South Africa, Australia, etc.**
- 7) To build up our armed forces.**
- 8) To stop killing White Babies before they are even born and return to traditional family values.**
- 9) To make Britain as self-sufficient as possible by wresting back control of**

our national assets, and investing in British industry, banning foreign imports and only trading with like minded White countries. To go and plunder whatever raw materials we require from Africa, Asia, etc.

10) To hang all rapists and child molesters after chopping their bollocks off.

11) To re-educate and re-introduce decent White values and promote a healthy White community free from Jewish poison and phoney ideas of "freedom" and "democracy".

Ian agreed with the aims of C18 and maintained that the climate for electioneering had gone, and supported that a new approach needed to be implemented in these changing times. As the new millennium loomed ever closer C18 began to question traditional strategy and tactics. They studied guerrilla warfare, the art of terrorism, reflected upon the writings of Dr. William Pierce, especially The Turner Diaries, and reached the conclusion that leaderless resistance was the way forward.

The concept of leaderless resistance was first proposed by Col. Ulius Louis Amoss, the founder of International Service of Information Incorporated, a tireless opponent of communism, and later enthused upon by Louis Beam, a former Klansman.

Leaderless Resistance is a system of organisation that is based upon the cell network, but does not have any central control or direction. Utilising the Leaderless Resistance hypothesis, all individuals and groups operate independently of each other, and never report to a central headquarters or single leader for direction or instruction, as would those who belong to a typical pyramid organisation.

It becomes the responsibility of the individual to acquire the necessary skills and information as to what is to be done. Those idealists truly committed to the cause of freedom will act when they feel the time is ripe, or will take their cue from others who precede them. It goes almost without saying that Leaderless Resistance leads to very small or even one-man cells of sabotage. Those who join associations to play "let's pretend" or who are "groupies" will quickly be weeded out.

The last thing the police and government snoops want, if they had any choice in the matter, is a thousand different small phantom cells opposing them. It is easy to see why. Such a situation is an intelligence nightmare for a government intent upon knowing everything they possibly can about those who oppose them.

'I would describe myself as a British National Socialist, not a German one, and so don't think I'm at odds with British patriots.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

By September, concerns regarding Ian's outstanding court case were at the fore of everybody's mind as it seemed likely he would reap a custodial sentence. The Blood & Honour East Midlands Division organised a gig for the 25th and plans were in progress for Skrewdriver to play at the largest ever Nationalist festival in Europe.

Three days before the gig Ian, Cat and a few friends travelled over to nearby Burton-upon-Trent in Ian's car for a night out. Robert Sherlock was elected driver for the evening and put on the orange juice.

Following an enjoyable evening and a few beers in the pub the quintuple journeyed home, Ian sat in the front passenger seat laughing and joking with the lads about the BNP Millwall election victory, then on the A38 dual carriageway the steering wheel suddenly snapped from the driver's hands, Ian grabbed the wheel, but the car span mercilessly out of control and ended up in a ditch. Rob received a broken arm. Cat suffered minor wounds and his brother severe neck trauma. Stephen Flint alias Boo a Skinhead from Nottingham was killed instantly, Ian was cut from the wreckage and rushed to the local hospital with multiple injuries. He was later taken to The Queens Medical Centre in Nottingham and at 10.40am on the 24th of September 1993 Ian was pronounced dead.

The following day one hundred Skrewdriver supporters travelled to the Blood & Honour social in the Midlands, not knowing anything about the tragedy. When Stigger informed the crowd of the news one Skinhead passed out and lay unconscious on the ground for over 5 minutes.

'The actual fans of the band have never let us down, and I don't think they ever will.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

On the day of the funeral Ian's father had to make the painful decision to cremate his son's remains so the reds couldn't dig up his body and desecrate the grave. Ian's ashes were scattered where once his mother's were cast and in the sanctuary of the rose garden old band members, friends and associates mixed with new, and together they paid tribute to Ian. Lemmy from Motorhead even sent flowers to the funeral.

The pain, disbelief, anger and sorrow of grief hit everybody who had ever known Ian and listened to the music of Skrewdriver. Comrades and supporters far and wide made the pilgrimage to Ian's final resting place in the days and weeks proceeding the cremation and gave homage to their fallen hero. Many did not know the plot number in the crematorium and soon a mass of Celtic cross garlands, English roses and red, white and black wreaths engulfed the entrance of the graveyard.

SUDDENLY

**We live in changing times,
Where certain thoughts are now a crime,
Power flows through an evil pen,
And freedom's light is growing dim.**

Chorus:

**One day if suddenly, I'm forced to take my leave,
Will you still carry on, with the things that we believe,**

**One day if suddenly, they take my life away,
Will you still be fighting, to win a brand new day?
The people stood against us,
Seem to be above the law,
With the power to listen into private moments in our lives,
With the power to kick down your door.**

Chorus

**Our strength has come from ideals many years old,
A strength that has survived within our blood,
A strength our foe has recognised,
And sworn to drag it down,
He wants to drag our people through the mud.**

An independent investigator was refused access to the car wreckage, but at the inquest Derby coroner Peter Ashworth concluded:

'We are still no nearer finding out what caused this tragic accident. All we can say is that because of the car's two defects the car became less easy to control. But there must have been some other factor which contributed to the crash, even if Ian had not grabbed the wheel in a way many others in the same situation would have done.'

The suggestion is that Ian's car had been tampered with.

Many people have their own views on conspiracy theories; some people believe fluoride is put in the water to soften our brains, others that the weather is controlled by the government, still others that we have all been hypnotised by the rapidly flashing light of the television. It is my assumption that Ian Stuart Donaldson was murdered. I believe he was murdered because:

- a) His car had previously been tampered with.
- b) His death was a carbon copy of Violent Storm.
- c) The threat he had become.
- d) The police and press cover up.
- e) He was about to play the biggest ever festival in Europe.
- f) The date of the "accident" coincided precisely to the 1939 Nazi law forbidding Jews from owning a wireless and listening to music on the radio. Retorsion served ice cold by the Diaspora.
- g) Ian informed C18 members that he believed he was about to be killed. He was right!

The path we have chose to tread is beset with many perils: On either side of the trail runs the quagmire of prison and death. Hidden dangers lurk behind every corner and strangers we pass on our journey. Onwards we march. Sometimes we feel tired and want to rest, but we carry on. The trail is winding and long, but at the end awaits freedom and truth. A place rich in splendour, free from the race-mixing, drugs, crime, abortion, muggings,

paedophiles, homosexuals, rape and hate. A place for White children to play and our people to live a happy and productive life. If our enemies even contemplated victory by murdering Ian they were deeply misguided. Ian is now a legend, a martyr, a hero, an idol and by killing him they have made him immortal. Ian's deeds shall reverberate through time and his songs shall echo throughout eternity, Ian Stuart Donaldson will never be forgotten, a true Aryan son. His fire still rages in our hearts. Through his music and his deeds he will remain a great inspiration to many people. We will continue his fight to win a brand new day!

'Live your life to the full, never say die. Keep breaking rules until the end.'

IAN STUART DONALDSON

DIAMOND IN THE DUST

Do you remember, the 24th of September?
What happened on that cold autumn day?
A man was slain, Ian Stuart was his name,
Zionist agents took his life away.

Now the tears have dried, but the pain deep inside,
It still lingers on,
Gambled with Tumbling Dice, made the ultimate sacrifice,
Against the house of treason.

Ian Stuart always in my heart,
Just what did you do so wrong?
Sang of love of your race, a green and pleasant place,
Murdered just because of a song.

You spoke the truth, to Aryan youth,
That was your only crime,
The pain I feel, it will never heal,
No matter how much time.

Ian Stuart Donaldson, you will never be forgotten,
Your name we will always cry,
The lyrics that you penned, will live on until the end,
Your memory will never die.

We will carry on your fight, against the endless nights,
Until all our peoples are free,

And on that fateful day, the bands will play,
Hail Victory.

So the battle rages on, for the sake of Old Albion,
We will be the fools no more,
We are awake from our sleep, no longer are we sheep.,
Can't you hear the lion roar?

You made a stand, for your land,
Sang with pride in every breath,
Now you're gone,
Big Brother still watches on,
Ian Stuart we'll avenge your death.



FOREVER IN OUR HEARTS!

Footnote: We have decided to reproduce this biography of Ian Stuart online so that this excellent publication can be read by the thousands of White comrades across this planet who remember Ian from the paper sales, leaflet drives, the fights with the reds, the marches, the fabulous gigs and the unforgettable evenings that we enjoyed in his company. It's also here for the many thousands more who never had the pleasure of meeting the great man in person or hearing his work live and have become followers of our Cause through the legacy he left us - his unique and beautiful music

that will be an inspiration to many more Aryans in the years to come. At this moment in time, the author of this excellent publication is rotting in a British prison cell, gaoled merely for writing and distributing this book by the same scum who murdered Ian, the Zionist Occupational Government and their Shabbaz Goy lackeys. Originally published in 2004, all known bulk copies of this document are now in the hands of the Thought Police and comrades have or are currently serving time for allegedly distributing it.

Combat 18
10th June 2006

[BACK](#)