



*British agent Ambrose Evans-Pritchard at a press conference by the LaRouche presidential exploratory committee on April 6, 1994. The committee released its "Assault on the Presidency" report, exposing the British Crown's effort to drive President Clinton from office.*

Nichols disappeared from public view, and stayed in Conway, Arkansas until February of this year, when Ambrose Evans-Pritchard paid him a visit. On March 13, Evans-Pritchard ran an "exclusive" story, datelined Conway, reviving the exact same allegations against President Clinton that Nichols had recanted in 1992. Evans-Pritchard added one additional spin: Nichols now supposedly feared for his life.

### **Falwell joins the circus**

Within weeks of the Evans-Pritchard story, the former ADFA bond salesman was being touted by Rush Limbaugh, Pat Robertson, and, especially, Jerry Falwell. Nichols was the star of a Falwell-made videotape called "The Clinton Chronicles," a compendium of smears against the First Family that Falwell mass-marketed through one of his front groups, Citizens for Honest Government.

While the Falwell legions were raking in the cash from marketing the Nichols video, Nichols was making the rounds of the gun shows and western states populist rallies delivering threats against the life of the President. *EIR* does not know how many times Nichols has brandished a weapon while fulminating at "that commie" Bill Clinton. It is worth noting that the attempts against the life of the President escalated after Nichols hit the rubber-chicken circuit with his silver-plated gun in tow.

Nichols personally is a low-level player in a deadly seri-

ous war being waged by the British Crown against an American President who has dared to violate the Anglo-American special relationship. What makes the Nichols case unique is the fact that he was unleashed by the Hollinger Corp., through Ambrose Evans-Pritchard, who is himself the son of a leading figure in British Intelligence's Arab Bureau.

Hollinger's chairman, Canadian-born Conrad Black, is not only a second generation retainer of the British Crown. Like his fellow Canadian Maj. Louis Mortimer Bloomfield (now deceased), Black is a charter member of Prince Philip's 1001 Club. He is a product of the same Montreal-based intelligence circle that produced Bloomfield's Permindex, the organization prosecuted by New Orleans District Attorney Jim Garrison for the 1963 assassination of President John F. Kennedy.

It is this apparatus that has unleashed Nichols. It must be taken deadly seriously.

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## Documentation

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### **Nichols: 'I'm gonna get Bill Clinton'**

*On May 11, 1994, Larry Nichols appeared at a rally in Boulder, Colorado sponsored by a populist group called the Boulder Patriots. The event was videotaped by one of the attendees, and a copy of the videotape was turned over to the U.S. Secret Service just days after the event. The following is a transcript of Nichols's remarks from that videotape.*

I want to tell everybody in Colorado: In Arkansas, I'm hated. My family is embarrassed, my wife on a given day hates me. But I made a deal with Bill Clinton. In 1994, we're gonna meet at high noon and one of us is getting out of town. [At this point, Nichols draws a silver-plated, semi-automatic handgun from his hip and waves it in the air before placing it on the podium. Several voices from the audience are heard cheering "Shoot the bastard!"] Sorry about that. My britches were about to fall down.

I thought all day long. . . . I didn't know what to say because I owe you so much. The best thing I can tell you is where I'm going. I'm gonna walk, crawl on my fingers if I have to, and the day Bill Clinton resigns I'm gonna plant an American flag on the Capitol steps and the POW flag.

Bill Clinton is a liar. . . . Since Oct. 3, 1991, every word that man has said has been a lie. Every campaign

promise he made—lest it's been to the queers—has been a lie. His staff is a lie. Hell! He lied on the videotape about himself that he played at the Democratic Convention. . . .

In Nicaragua, they called me and I went. And those little people would sing songs. I've seen what happens when bad guys win. I've seen the faces of the children. We had one rule in Nicaragua, [in] Angola: Don't look at the children, don't look in their eyes, because if you look into their eyes, you see hopelessness.

I owe you an explanation—the reason I went to Adolfo Calero and said I can't play anymore. There was a lady and her daughter about the age of my daughter, about nine or ten. Her mother had been shot into just about a pile of goo. Nothing left of her at all—a 60-caliber machine gun had just cut her to pieces. I went and got her daughter, picked her up, carried her over behind the stump and looked down. I said, "Honey, it'll be all right." There wasn't anything left. Her whole bottom half was gone. She died looking at me. I couldn't take it. I went to Adolfo and I said, "It's history. No more. I can't believe what God has done to me."

I guess it's because I ran, but God's got me right in the eye of the tiger, and the very people I'm having to fight today is my country. And I promise you this—from General Singlaub, from Adolfo Calero, from Mario Calero, from Enrique Bermudez, he's dead, but if he was alive he'd tell you: I'm gonna get Bill Clinton . . . and we're gonna be free, and we're gonna make a difference this time.

There's good news in that, but when Bill Clinton falls—and he will—my war's over. It's up to you to get the rest of them. Are you ready? Can you do it? In Special Forces, there wasn't many of us in a team. But I knew where you would be. I knew where my team members would be. Do you promise me that when Clinton falls, you'll get the rest of them?

We're gonna take this country back. They work for us. Do you know how hard it was to get [House Speaker] Tom Foley [D-Wash.] to back off? How hard it was to get John Breaux [D-La.] to back out of running for the [Senate] majority leader? One phone call from me and I said: "I'm gonna get you." Now imagine if you called him and said: "We're gonna get you." Politicians see which way you're going and they run to get in front of the parade.

I'm no leader. I didn't come here to lead you. I came here to tell you where I'm going and to tell you what I'm gonna do. You don't need a leader. We're Americans, by God.

I want to close my little talk with one thing. I haven't seen "Schindler's List." But I can only imagine that they fed those Jews the same lies that we're being fed. I ain't getting on that truck. I ain't getting on that train. You're not gonna bullshit me. We're in this for the long haul and we're Americans. Don't get on the truck, don't get on the train.

We wake up in the morning pleading for the rights they took away from us yesterday.

I carry a gun [pointing to the handgun sitting on the podium]. Who in Hell am I going to go to? Am I going to go to the police? Am I going to go to the FBI? Is the FBI gonna ride down and say, "Nichols, we're gonna take care of you"? And then they're gonna bitch because I've got ten shots in that pistol. We're gonna rescind all those laws they put on top of us. . . .

I've been in a lot of countries and fought a lot of people. The drug gangs, they understand one thing: force. And if you lost the ability to seek peace through strength . . . remember it's always been peace through strength. And when they come to my house and they try to take my daughter or they try to rob me, what in the Hell do you think they're gonna find? [Several guns are drawn from the audience, rounds are loaded into the chambers.] Yeah!

They're not going to mess with me. Just like Foley. What did Foley do? He said, "Oh, Hell, Mr. Nichols, don't do nothing." "You're the queer." That's what I told Foley's wife. . . . They don't call him Lips Foley for nothing. . . . She already knew. And then John Breaux. "Tell John he's next." He's been doing more drug laundering than Bill Clinton ever thought about. Next day, John Breaux steps down from running for Mitchell's seat. Don't you see how easy they are to beat? They're afraid of you. They're afraid of me and I'm crazy. But they're afraid of you. . . .

They say we don't care about Whitewater. The polls say the American people are tired of it. I talk to probably 2-3 million people a day. And I haven't found anybody tired of it.

There's pure evil in the White House, folks. Pure evil! I wish I was perfect. I've got sins. I'll admit it to you right here. I've sinned. I've probably sinned worse than any of you. I worry about the Ten Commandments because I've probably broken all ten. I worry about whether I'm doing the right thing. I don't know any other way than fight; and I wonder about the footprints behind me.

There's only one set and I think they're God's footprints. I think God's the one that's got me in this mess. I think God has a sense of humor. And I know God ain't listening when I say pick somebody else. And I believe in Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ died for my sins.

You're gonna hear things about me in the up and coming weeks. You're not gonna believe what you hear about me. But I will tell you this. Everything I did, I did for God and country. And when you're playing with commies, it ain't easy. In the old days before Clinton took over, communists were bad guys and I was trained, I was taught to get in the other man's world and beat him at his game. I'm in Bill Clinton's world now, and there's not ever gonna be the day when the draft-dodging, lying, woman-chasing, dope-smoking, cocaine-using womanizer that exposes himself will be the President of this country!