

A close encounter with Robert Moss

by Robert Dreyfuss

“Which one is Robert Moss?” I asked the woman next to me, who motioned with a surreptitious gesture toward a little knot of ladies and gentlemen engaged in conversation not too far away. Before she could identify which of the three or four possibilities was in fact the intrepid Mr. Moss, however, I realized that I knew instinctively which one it was. There, amid admiring ladies of the Anti-Defamation League and stern NATO partisans, stood only one man with the appearance of an overgrown, fattish Eton schoolboy.

“Is it him?” I asked, though knowing the answer already, and she nodded. I drifted over to where Moss was holding forth, catching snippets of a conversation whose content I could have predicted. Moss was intently pushing his just-released Grade B novelette, *The Spike*, which was coauthored with Arnaud de Borchgrave, editor of *Newsweek*. Its subject—like everything Moss does—is the urgent danger of the Communist-PLO plot to destroy Western civilization, using agents trained, it seems, at a secret base near the East German-Czechoslovakian border.

The occasion was a conference of the National Committee on American Foreign Policy, on the subject: “The American Stake in Southwest Asia and the Middle East.” I had come primarily to encounter Robert Moss. As the editor of what is usually described as the “prestigious” *Foreign Report* of the London *Economist* and the columnist for the *Daily Telegraph* of London, Mr. Moss has gained a place in history as the twentieth-century’s most informed expert on terrorism. But, in his detailed and incisive commentaries on terrorism he neglects to mention that it is the particular circles of Anglo-American intelligence with which he associates who are, in fact, the primary sponsors of terrorist political violence. In addition, Mr. Moss is perhaps the leading specialist for British intelligence on Lyndon H. LaRouche, Jr., and his associates.

After a polite period of waiting I introduced myself as an associate of Mr. LaRouche and a correspondent of the weekly *Executive Intelligence Review*, and I proposed to Mr. Moss a meeting to compare our understanding of the world strategic situation. Whatever response I might have expected was not the one I got. He giggled.

“LaRouche? *Executive Intelligence Review*?” exclaimed Moss. “You mean the the U.S. Labor Party? Ah, yes, yes, yes. I know you—very well.” Then turning to several people nearby and pretending to address them but not really speaking to anyone in particular, he continued, “Do you know the USLP? Do *you* know them? *You* know them, don’t you? They call me the coordinator of British-Israeli intelligence. I wish I was.” And with an insipid smile, he pranced away.

Upon close observation, it was clear that Moss was afflicted with the typical British disease. Exhibiting the strong flavor of faggotry, the puffy-cheeked, baby-faced Moss combined the worst English pomposity with that exquisite simpering quality that most Americans dislike about the British aristocracy. I had noticed that as soon as I had introduced myself, the paranoid Moss became intensely concerned with the appearance he would give to the people around him, and he sought immediately to justify himself to them. What a worm, I thought to myself.

But it was time for the panel discussion to begin. After suffering through an hysterical diatribe by Zionist apologist Joan Peters, who was concerned primarily with convincing her audience that the Arabs would always hate the Jews, the gathering prepared itself for Robert Moss’s performance. As he approached the podium, I looked around at the hundred or so who had gathered there and noticed quite a few quizzical and skeptical glances exchanged among those seated.

“Conspiracy of silence”

Moss began his presentation with the cadence of a military briefing officer, though in fact his effort fell short of being convincing, sounding rather like a queer Walter Winchell. His call to arms began with a rousing plea to break what he called the “conspiracy of silence” and expose the “systematic campaign of disinformation and lies” spread in the West by agents of the KGB, Soviet intelligence. The main subject of the conspiracy is the Palestine Liberation Organization, said Moss. “We are facing brutal choices and a grim task,” he intoned, “confronted with the combination of Soviet power, Arab instability, and Islamic revolution.”

His voice rising, he declared that the Soviet bloc “is intimately and deliberately engaged in support for international terrorism,” and he asserted that the chief tool of the KGB in this work is the PLO. “The PLO is a surrogate and auxiliary force for the KGB, and it is the coordinating body for world terrorism against the dem-



EIR Middle East Editor Robert Dreyfuss (center) behind Henry Kissinger during a U.N. General Assembly session in 1976.

Photo: NSIPS

ocratic and pro-Western forces everywhere. The PLO has formed hit teams to strike at targets assigned by the KGB.”

Now Moss was in his element. With obvious great relish, he fulminated with details of how the U.S.S.R. and its allies recruit and train Palestinian terrorists, issuing a stream of facts and figures, names and dates, people, and places. For instance: “And in East Germany, whose intelligence chief, Marcus Wolf, is the only Jewish head of an East bloc intelligence service, hundreds of PLO activists are trained in several camps”—here he rattled off three or four names—”led by the PLO’s Abu Taib, having created the dangerous Force 17 for the purpose of sowing terror in Western Europe.”

Then came the clincher. Clearly, this was what Moss was waiting to say. Lowering his voice into a hushed, confidential tone, he warned: “But perhaps it will take something inside your own borders before the American people will wake up to this danger. Within the next four weeks, according to my information, there will be a spectacular terrorist action in Washington, D.C. It will be sponsored by the Ayatollah Khomeini, who has networks in Washington, and they intend to retaliate for your raid into Iran.

“When President Carter closed down the Iranian embassy there, agents of Khomeini were seen by intelligence people taking cartons of high-powered rifles and automatic weapons from the embassy. They were taken to the home of the top agent of Khomeini in Washington, an Iranian rug dealer in McLean, Virginia, just down the road from the headquarters of the CIA. . . .”

I was shocked. Moss was obviously referring to Abol fazl Nahidian, a Persian rug dealer, who is indeed the behind-the-scenes coordinator for SAVAMA, Kho-

meini’s secret police. But Nahidian was the subject of a series of exposés in this publication in December 1979 reporting his intimate connections to the U.S. Office of Naval Intelligence. At that time, *EIR*’s exposé of Nahidian and his cohort, Capt. Siavash Setoudeh—who then had a 35-man office inside the Pentagon’s Office of Naval Research—forced the Carter administration to expel Setoudeh from that office and severed an important secret link between U.S. military intelligence and the Muslim Brotherhood terrorists associated with the SAVAMA.

Nahidian, who still lives in Washington, closely collaborates with the Muslim Students Association, a branch of the Muslim Brotherhood, which sponsored the entry into the U.S. of 200 Iranian terrorists on false passports stamped with the visa stamp stolen by the “students” who seized the U.S. embassy in Teheran. Now, Moss was saying, “And these people entered the United States on false passports. . . .”

“This terrorist action will reveal the cost of ignoring the realities I have presented,” he said. The message was clear: the British controllers of the Muslim Brotherhood terrorists are planning to stage another “Reichstag fire,” right in our own backyard. “That will wake up the American people,” he declared

The rest of Moss’s speech centered on the existence of a “Soviet-PLO-Libyan conspiracy” to foment revolution first in Iran, and then in Saudi Arabia “to sweep away the feudal monarchies of the Arabian Gulf.” Revolution, said Moss, would topple the Saudi royal family in a few months to a year. He cited dark plots involving “Saudi colonels who were recruited by Syrian military intelligence on behalf of the KGB, during their stay in Lebanon, who resent the sanctimonious princes with their

bottle of scotch a day.” His voice now entering a rising crescendo, Moss flailed wildly against the PLO operation in Africa, in Latin American banana republics, running revolution in Nicaragua, and terrorism in European capitals. He ended with a climactic paroxysm on PLO Chairman Arafat’s reference to the Persian Gulf as an “area of volcanos.”

With an air of satisfaction, convinced he had succeeded in casting a spell over his audience, he glided back to his seat.

The show fizzles

I raised my hand, and went up to the mike with the first question. “Watching Mr. Moss’s performance, I am reminded of the evil gnostic priest Simon Magus, who attempted to infiltrate the Christian church during the first century,” I began. “But Simon was accompanied by a circus, complete with fireworks and smoke bombs that he used to attract an audience. I must congratulate Mr. Moss on his showmanship even without the use of any stage effects. Of course, I want to assure the audience that Mr. Moss believed not a word of what he has just said.” In fact, I continued, “his theories of involved conspiracies are so far-fetched as to make the right-wingers who believe in the ‘Rockefeller conspiracy’ seem mild by comparison.” Then, point by point, I noted several cases of Mr. Moss’s lying.

I had introduced myself as from the *Executive Intelligence Review*. As I sat down, Moss could just barely control his anger. “I should inform you that Mr. Dreyfuss is from the U.S. Labor Party of Lyndon LaRouche. They often use respectable-sounding names of their publications to impress people. This is a very interesting organization. I have made a careful study of it. I have a thick file in my office on them.”

Aha! I thought. So our informants were correct. The grand Mr. Moss is a “LaRouche expert.”

“The USLP believes that the real threat to the world comes from a British-Chinese-Israeli plot. I myself have been accused by them of being a coordinator of British-Israeli intelligence. And they accused me of being a Rothschild agent, just because the editor of my publication is a Rothschild. The USLP also hates monarchies.” On and on went Moss, causing giggles of embarrassment from some in the audience. “It is a cult. They may appear well-dressed, but about their eyes there is a manic glint, a staring”—here he started to wiggle his fingers in front of his eyes—“that makes them look dangerous.”

When he was finished, sweating profusely, the next three questioners—from the United Nations missions of Pakistan, Egypt, and Czechoslovakia—each got up to say, with differing emphasis, that Moss was insane. Even

Hermann Eilts, the self-respecting former U.S. Ambassador to Egypt, politely stood up to assert that Moss’ theories of worldwide Soviet-PLO terror plots appeared to be rather kooky. The spell that Moss thought he had cast was broken.

After the close of the panel, I approached Moss to determine his reaction. I intended to tell him, privately, that he should drop the pretense and talk straight. But as I approached, he fixated on my coming and exclaimed, “You’re brainwashed. Why don’t you tell these people about your sources of finance? *Our Town* newspaper here exposed how you get your money from East Germany.” I pointed out that the *Our Town* slander, which originated from John Loeb, Jr., one of the sponsors of today’s event, said that my organization was “Nazis,” not commies, and that he had mixed up his slanders. “Uh, er, oh, yes, quite right,” he stuttered, then recovering, said: “But you see, sometimes communists do fund rightist extremists.”

Clearly, there was little hope of saving Mr. Moss’s soul.

Goodbyes

But I was not to be free of him. Just before I was to leave, a few minutes later, as I was waiting on line behind two women to use the telephone there, all of a sudden Moss was at my elbow. Bending close to my ear, he growled.

“You are barbarians. You are despicable. You are a bunch of sexually frustrated, paranoid schizophrenics. I can’t stand you. I suggest that you get out of here at once. You’d better watch yourself—or else.”

Quietly, I refused to leave, stating my intention to use the phone nearby.

“I repeat myself. I suggest that you use another phone, elsewhere in the building.”

Smiling with contempt now, I said: I will not.

“Who do you think you are!” he shouted, flying into a rage. “Listening in on other people’s phone conversations!” It was then that I noticed that he obviously knew the woman standing in front of me, also waiting for the phone, and that she was his wife or mother. To her, he said, “Come dear. Then *we* will have to use another phone.” Turning to me, with supreme British sadism, he said: “This is quite a little victory for your movement, isn’t it!” And away he stormed.

“Goodbye, Robert,” I said. He turned on me, in an incredible fury.

“How *dare* you use my first name!” he sputtered.

I pointed out that this was America, not Britain, where it is common. But it did not satisfy him. So I did the honorable thing. “Goodbye, *Lord* Robert,” I said. For some reason, it only made him angrier.