

THE
**REVOLUTIONARY
CONSERVATIVE**

Conservative, Nationalist, Unionist. Issue No.1, £1.50
...a journal of new thinking...



In this issue...

Jonathan Bowden on Madonna, John Major and Spengler

Stuart Millson on England and Maastricht

John MacLaughlin on Andrea Dworkin

PLUS other *totally* illiberal writers to outrage you on
Wyndham Lewis, Camille Paglia, Bruckner, the state of
the Tory Party, and sexual deviation

What the papers say...

A new thrust from The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus

Ideological penetration from the Right, an open letter by way of introduction to the principles, aims and purpose of *The Revolutionary Conservative* magazine

This magazine has been created in order to fill a glaring hole on the Tory Party's Right wing. For a long time now an educated and purposeful organ of the radical Tory Right has not existed. Various magazines like *Dreadnought*, *Bastion*, *European Dawn* and so on have come and gone - and the Right faced a period without a publication. We have decided to charge into that gap and provide a magazine that the entire range of opinion within the Conservative Party will be able to enjoy, if some of them don't enjoy it that is not our

responsibility. We intend to be a movement based around a magazine, a tendency of opinion and whilst not describing ourselves as the Militant Tendency of the Tory Party in the way that we have been described by various journalists, we are certainly both militant and a tendency of opinion. But unlike Grant, Mulhearn and Taft - various stain-on-the-mac no-hope Trots coming together in a pub room in Bootle, we are aiming for the heights.

Just as Militant Tendency on the left wing of the Labour Party organised around a journal, but in reality was a tight-knit, authoritarian and rabid grouplet called the Revolutionary Socialist League, *The Revolutionary Conservative* is a radical journal of opinion associated with a political organisation **The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus** which is dedicated to national sovereignty, European culture, masculinity, ruthless elitism, and racial purity (we can already sense the icy foreheads, sweating palms, and beetling brows at Central Office. We can already

How to get your copy of this most excellent journal, a magazine which was described by the decadent Left-liberal Observer as a journal of radical elitism and inegalitarian outrage. For a modest £1.50 you can purchase one copy of this journal of Rightist outrage, an opinionated dialectic - a journal which is the equivalent of a Rottweiler savaging a *Guardian* reader. Are you sick of the stale liberal opinions forced through the cretinous medium of television? Does your gorge rise as you see effeminate vicars pontificating on starvation in the Third World as they reach for their muesli? Are you repelled by the sight of some trans-racial rock star strutting his stuff? Do you long for Spengler, Mahler and Wagner and detest Vanilla Ice, Public Enemy, Iced T, Janet Street-Porter, Public Image Ltd, and Hippy Drogoid trash - people who are in good need of a bath and a stint in the army? Well, if you are, then why not take out a subscription to this journal? For this magazine is dedicated to European civilisation - Shostakovich's Fourth Symphony, rather than Duran Duran's absence of a symphony - order, will, hierarchy, honour, and the pounding of the blood. Our view of reality is harsh, spare, Sophoclean, and sophisticated. We are *Europeans*, we are not from the Third World. It is widely believed that we represent a superior order of culture that was born to rule and seeks access to its necessary election. A hundred years ago, men like us would have been building an Empire which once ran a quarter of the globe. Now we are faced with a country which is liberal, sick at heart, decadent, and going down hill at a fast rate of knots. The country is economically compared to Greece, Spain, Portugal and Italy - we are not even in the first rank of European powers, let alone world powers. The Editors of this magazine on the other hand believe there has to be an end to drift, flabbiness and complacency. We seek a total purge of decadence and drossiness, under our tender mercies there will be no slacking. There will merely be classical symmetry, patriotism and a yearning for order, for as Louis Ferdinand Celine once said, "*better hierarchical inequality than humanitarian anarchy*".

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hear the "clink clink, fizz fizz" of Sir Norman Fowler's Anaddin tablets). For unlike the Labour Party it is impossible to influence the Conservative Party democratically. It is a totally undemocratic party, an extension of the party in Parliament rather than the other way round, so it is impossible to "take it over" in the way Militant envisaged doing with the Labour Party. What you have to do in our opinion is to disseminate radical Right-wing ideology of various types and for different audiences within the Party, to such a degree that it finds its own level. Structurally the Party is a loose-knit federation of associations any one of which can be proscribed or shut down by Central Office at any time. Most Party members are totally oblivious as to how their party actually runs, as they sit quaffing cheap and relatively poor quality ale in Conservative clubs such as the Salisbury Club, or the Curzon Club, up and down the country. To many good old boys, as they would be called in the American context, the Conservative Party is primarily a social gathering, it is an extension of the Lions, Rotary, Round Table and similar groupings. In a sense it is the equivalent of the masonic lodge, but on this occasion politics can be mentioned. To break through this platitudinous, deadbeat, self-satisfied and ultimately unpatriotic milieu, a bit of dynamite needs to be applied. The truth is that many Tories are perfectly sound people, it's just that they don't know what to do beyond a very rudimentary level of political organisation. Few of them have much of a clue about political ideology, ideas generally, or the link between political practice and intellectual opinion which is widely understood (at least relatively so) on the Left.

The editors of this magazine believe that a new ideological vista has to be created for the Party by a totally new Right intelligentsia. No-one will do this task for us, it has to be done by ourselves. Our intention is to produce a range of quality propaganda which is completely illiberal in tone and disseminate it throughout the Party. The plan is for it to be sold at constituency party AGMs, general purpose meetings, Conservative Political Centre discussion groups (truly pathetic they are as well), the Conservative Collegiate Forum (yawn - the dead successor to the lunatic, silly, let's-prat-about libertarian FCS, which at least was some fun), the Young Conservatives (where pimply teenagers like John Major go to meet girls), the Scottish and Welsh Conservative parties,

Diary

Andrew Moncur

MORE trouble, I'm afraid, with militants at work inside the party. These activists are, as you might expect, committed to struggle — of a political, cultural and ideological nature — to undermine the present leadership and establish a *tendency*. Yes, all right, what about it? Only that we're speaking here of the Conservative Party. The leader that this group swears it's 100 per cent against is the strangled talk-machine — is understood that a key Western Goals activist, Stuart Millson, formerly of the British National Party, tried in September to join the Tory Party in Wiltshire, the constituency where John Taylor, a bloke late, was elected. "We intend to be a right wing Monday Club without the dullards and brain-dead colonels. We will truly be a new, healthy, revivifying anti-liberal, right-wing party." But Mr Millson and Jonathan Bowden, another Western

the defeat of the Provisional IRA; a complete end to all immigration; the "monocultural hegemony of the majority"; restoration of the death penalty; the recriminalisation of male homosexuality; and restrictions on abortion "and other alleged women's rights". Oh, yes — and "a revolutionary war" against liberalism". So, which staunch Tories are behind this outfit? Answer: Stuart Millson, formerly of the British National Party, who was recently expelled from the right wing Monday Club; and Jonathan Bowden, described as a fellow right wing

renewing their assault on the Tories. *The Observer* has obtained the first issue of a new publication which they edit, *Revolutionary Conservative*.

Mr Millson — who has described the BNP as 'a party whose only crime is to love their race, nation and heritage' — is author of an article calling on disillusioned nationalists to rejoin the Tory fold. He states: "To smash the spiral of economic decline, Britain needs a healthy, revivifying anti-liberal, right-wing party."

OBSERVER
David Rose
Home Affairs Correspondent
THE CONSERVATIVE Party's determined attempts at infiltration by extreme right-wingers active in the fascist and Western Goals Institute, an organisation responsible for last year's visit to Britain by Marie Le Pen of the Front National.

[his italics] vehicle for achieving the great British restoration. Mr Bowden contributes a virulent attack on John Major.

Sources say Western Goals has changed its strategy towards infiltration, having abandoned plans to exploit opposition to the Maastricht Treaty and so become a mass party on the French model.

However, one of the difficulties

plan to infiltrate Tory Party's top ranks

Conservative Trade Unionists, Women's Groups and so on. We also intend to disseminate our material in both the Official Unionist and the Democratic Unionist Parties in Northern Ireland, and in nationalist parties in Europe such as the Front National, the RPR, impressionable elements in the UDF, the Republikaner, CSU/CDU, the MSI, Rightist Christian Democrats in Italy, the People's Party in Austria, the Vlaams Blok in Belgium, centre-Right to Right opinion in the US Republican Party...

We are well aware that certain people consider this to be strong stuff, a little too much so. The faint hearts say "tone it down, it's a little too fierce, I'm just going to the toilet". We say "publish and be damned"! The Editors of this magazine are totally unafraid of having radical, purposeful, acidic and often ironically expressed Right-wing views. The Right has to grow up and express its views with the vigour and lack of concern for non-existent social respectability which exists on the Left. The politics of this journal is essentially radical Tory nationalist, what the Left would call "fascistic, or intellectual neo-fascist" with

Press comment about The Caucus, including Andrew Moncur's remarks "what can you say about a Tory group which launches itself with this declaration: we intend to be a Right-wing Monday Club without the dullards and brain-dead colonels". Watch out, the RCC is about! We are not the Primrose League!

influences from the De Benoist New Right, corporatist/authoritarian Tory thinking, democratic nationalism, and the doctrine of inegalitarian socialism in a patriotic context. We intend this magazine to be a cross between *Marxism Today* (now defunct) and *Living Marxism* on the Left, but this time from the Right. This makes our publication more radical and robust than either *The Sunday Telegraph*, or *The Spectator*. In a sense it is a Right-wing *Spectator*, albeit with a certain Nietzschean and hard-edged quality which the former lacks. Ladies and gentlemen, we rest our case. We hope you enjoy our magazine.

The Editors, *The Revolutionary Conservative*, *The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus*. BCM, 6137, London WC1N 3XX.

JOHN MAJOR ALONE IN TOYTOWN WITHOUT BIG EARS

In recent weeks, Britain has lurched from crisis to crisis. Chiefly responsible for this disgraceful and inept performance is the Prime Minister himself who seems to lack both courage and intelligence. His European policy is deeply unpopular in the country and he is facing a crisis of confidence over the economy. In this article, Jonathan Bowden takes a critical look at the Boy from Brixton.



It is becoming increasingly apparent that John Major is completely out of his depth as Prime Minister. He is a nice man, the equivalent of an undertaker's clerk or a fishmonger's assistant in a small shop in South London who has suffered from a dose of over-promotion. One has only to look at his face to see a certain blankness, a sense of incomprehension as if to say "Norma, what is happening?" In some ways he resembles the virginal heroine of certain sordid melodramas about to be taught the facts of life by a defrocked vicar. In the circumstances, one can feel a certain sympathy for him. Indeed when I look at him, I automatically think of those clowns who can be hired for depressing children's tea parties - you know, those advertisements in the local papers which say "Entertain your kids, the Great Rondo and his performing seal (Norman Lamont) perform for £15 per hour".

But to make a more serious point, it is quite obvious that the economic policy pursued since 1987 has been completely wrong. Initially Chancellor Lawson wished to shadow the Deutschmark without his Prime Minister's endorsement. This meant a very lax credit policy, artificially-constrained interest rates and an inflationary undertow to the late 1980s' boom. Why was this done? The real reason is not economic at all. It was primarily political. Lawson, Howe (the previous Chancellor), and a large number of the political class, whether they are in the Labour Party or the Lib Dems have decided on a particular course for this country, irrespective of the wishes of the people.

They believe that post-Empire Britain is a small, isolated, economically second-rate

island tied to the foreign policy of the United States and desperate for an EC lifeline, by way of some form of insurance. Once this fact is grasped, the reason for entering "the Snake" (the forerunner to the ERM) becomes obvious, as does the shadowing of Europe's most powerful currency - itself the basis of any proposed Euro-currency in the future.

This had tied us in turn to German economic developments completely beyond our control. Once the true cost of German reunification became apparent, the Bundesbank put German self-interest

first as they were entitled to do. Interest rates were hiked up in Germany to prevent the inflationary consequences of East-West currency parity within Germany. This in turn caused British rates to rise further than was necessary for domestic counter-inflationary purposes, all of which contributed to a deeper and darker recession, more job losses, one person being made unemployed every minute and tens of thousands of small businesses going to the wall. It also became apparent that for reasons of vainglory and misconceived national pride, we went into the ERM at

How *The Times* recently viewed John Major's political problems.



ENGLAND ADRIFT

Years of liberalism, establishment complacency, and political drift have virtually destroyed this country.

Stuart Millson believes that England can still be saved by a patriotic Tory New Right.

the wrong rate. The City of London realised this at the time, but John Major and Norman Lamont were the last people in Britain to recognise this fact. As a result of their mistake, the markets tested their policy to destruction and destroyed 25% of our currency reserves in the process.

But after this monumental fiasco, Norman says that he will not resign. "I will not resign", he said. "I will not be hounded from office like David Mellor (replete in Chelsea shorts after a good spanking) - no I do not intend to resign, we are making steady progress". As *The Sun* would say, steady progress down the toilet. But seriously, the country is in a mess. We have no European strategy, no industrial strategy, no fiscal strategy, and a general sense of aimlessness and drift seems to have settled over the country's affairs. The final straw for public opinion seems to have been the precipitous decision to shut down 50% of the coal industry without consulting the full cabinet, parliament or the country. This is yet another failed policy of the 1980s coming home to roost - the desire to shift to nuclear power despite its inefficiency, in order to prevent the country's energy needs being held to ransom by Arthur Scargill. Mr. Scargill is a caricature even of himself, a Christian Stalinist with a South Yorkshire accent who is overly fond of baseball caps, misappropriating (allegedly) Soviet miners' money, and brawling with the local constabulary.

Mr. Scargill, a man who is overly keen on the meaningless use of statistics particularly in relation to coal tonnage (an exhilarating subject at the best of times) - "how's your tonnage darling?" - is partly responsible for the destruction of his industry. Many NUM members don't seem to have realised that electing a revolutionary communist would not be viewed in certain circles as "just a good laugh". The tragedy which has befallen the coal industry is due to old-fashioned class warfare on both sides. We, the editors of *The Revolutionary Conservative*, are opposed to the communist doctrine of class warfare and the Thatcherite doctrine of devil take the hindmost, or alternatively, let them eat coal.

If we were running the national economy, a few mines which were grossly inefficient might have to shut. But if they did, they would be mothballed, privatised, or otherwise preserved for the future. Subsidies would be extended to the

Few would doubt that our country is in an appalling state. Britain is ravaged by escalating crime and violence, drug abuse is on the increase, and there is a burgeoning urban underclass that seems to have rejected society itself. In addition to this miserable picture of modern-day domestic life we are faced with serious political problems on the European front, problems that revolve around the Maastricht Treaty and our role in Europe.

Thanks to John Major (and his predecessors) we are now lumbered with a top-heavy, low-investment, low-growth European Community that is in every way a burden on our helpless economy. Dominated in Brussels by a bureaucratic liberal elite and controlled fiscally by German banks, the European Community is now attempting (under the auspices of Maastricht) to turn itself into a unitary state. Contrary to what the Government claims, Maastricht is an explicitly centralist measure. It enshrines the idea of a common Euro-citizenship, a single Euro-currency, and consequently a common economic policy for the whole community - administered of course by centralised supra-national institutions. At present, the EC is working on proposals for a Euro-Constitution, proof indeed that our rights, liberties and laws will all become the property of the brave new European order.

In this homogenised system, the England we once knew will be an even more distant memory than it is now. The Maastricht Treaty will have turned our

industry in this time of trial, but they would be productivity-related. Privatised electric generators would be prevented from buying Colombian or Polish coal etc, but at the same time the NCB must provide coal at competitive prices, given the market conditions in Britain. In any event, further contraction of the industrial base would only send this country lurching towards banana-republic status - a status some of our erstwhile leaders seem happy to accept.

island into nothing more than an offshore dependent territory of Europa. Having lost our sovereign independence and thus our position as a world influence, the politically-emasculated British will find that there is very little to fall back on for comfort even at home. Thanks to the criminal incompetence of the post-war political class, the very cultural fabric of our nation will also be dead - withered and finally killed off by years of exposure to multiculturalism and liberalism.

The great icons of nationhood such as Parliament and monarchy, as well as the traditional structures and ancestral culture of our society will be dissolved and lost forever in the everlasting darkness that will envelope our land. And what will our country be like in the last years of the 21st century now that we are on the road to European serfdom and multicultural disintegration? The population, long since stripped of all self pride and cultural identity, will probably be forced to share what is left of their land with the vast numbers of non-indigenous peoples who began settling our island in the 1950s and 60s.

But why have we sunk to this abysmal level? Why have we allowed Britain to be wrecked by crime, social disorder, cultural collapse, and now a political coup d'etat from Europe? The answer is something to do with the way we have been led for the past 40 years and the ideology that has guided our leaders. When Britain should have been vigorously reconstructing itself economically after World War II, our politicians allowed us to float towards a world of materialist indulgence and personal enjoyment. When we should have been protecting our political institutions and advancing our national interests, our politicians just wanted the quiet life expending the least possible amount of energy.

So for decades the captain's bridge has been manned by the weakest and wettest people imaginable who have succeeded in driving the ship of state onto the rocks.



^ Our Finest Hour...Britain stands alone against the merciless fiery bombing of the Nazi Luftwaffe, London's monuments rising up amidst the smoke and rubble in their full grandeur, as the capital's citizens show they can take it. But today we may ask, what did 400,000 of our people die for in that epic struggle?

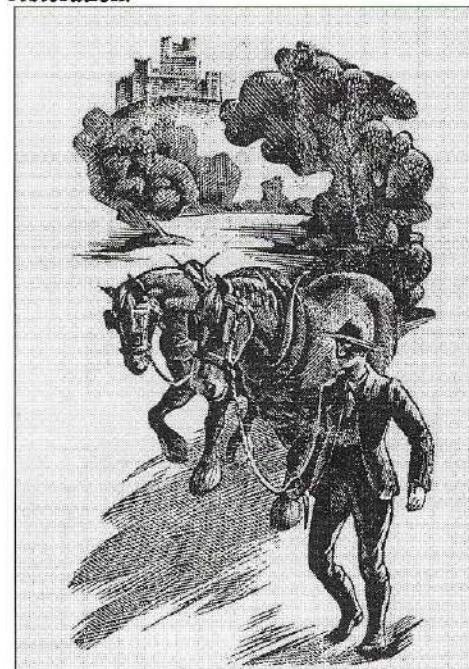
Whilst at the helm, concentrating on everything apart from the best interests of the vessel and her crew, our "leaders" have managed to pass on to their subjects the worst aspects of their "do-nothing" philosophy. Consequently many British people no longer care for anything, preferring instead the absorbing delights of evenings in front of sub-cultural American pop videos. With such an atmosphere prevailing, it is little wonder that we have allowed ourselves to be so utterly eaten away by the cancer of liberalism.

To smash the spiral of decline, Britain needs a healthy, revivifying dose of anti-liberal, Right-wing Toryism. By Right-wing I do not mean the politics of electricity privatisation, and by Toryism neither do I mean government by latter-day versions of Salisbury and Balfour - a sort of old buffer-ocracy. The

new Toryism for which this magazine and I stand is a belief in the innate greatness, creativity and industrial muscle at the heart of the British nation, the immense strength of our immemorial institutions, and the collective instinct for national survival that can be re-awakened in the British people.

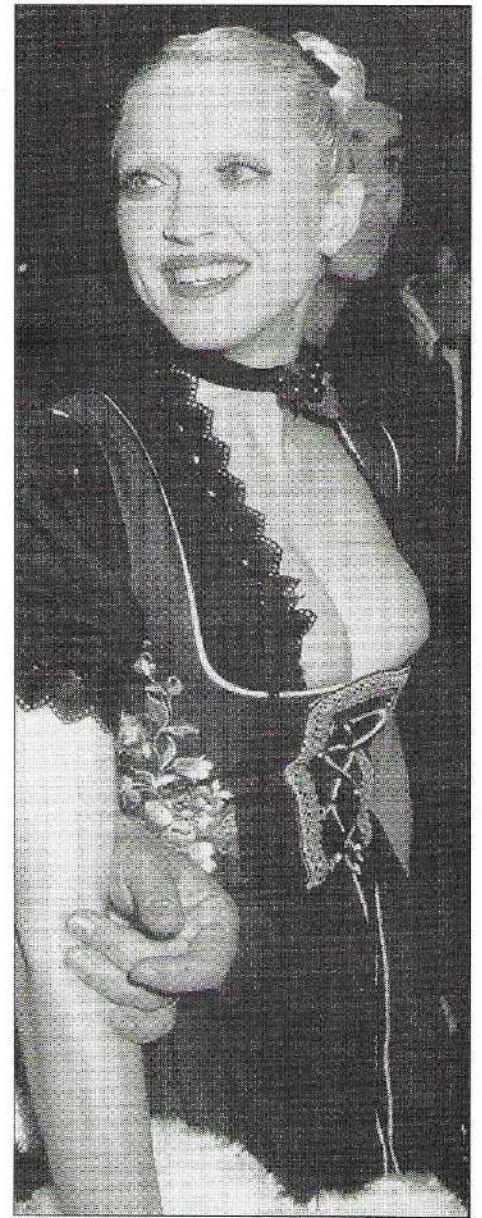
A tidal wave of nationalistic emotion is now sweeping the Conservative Party. Gone are the days when the rank-and-file would become excited over such things as internal markets in the NHS, and gone are the days when Tory folk would sit and listen quietly to speeches by establishmentarians such as Douglas Hurd. Today at Conservative conferences they are screaming abuse at pro-Maastricht speakers, heckling Mr. Major, and waving defiantly that red, white and blue symbol of our nationhood - the Union Jack!

There is no other party but the Tory Party, and those who left her in the 1980s through disillusionment (like this author) must now return to the fold. It is at heart a national party, it is in reality the true party of government, and it will be *our* vehicle for achieving the great British restoration.



MADONNA AND SEX; THE EROTIC CAVORTINGS OF A DERANGED BIMBO.

Madonna, mass-media starlet as "divine" slag. In this dispassionate look at the infamous American rock star, Jonathan Bowden argues that the liberal age has created a trash culture.



PORN AND BREAD ▲
Madonna, seen here as a sado-masochistic Heidi, made millions from *Sex*, a soft-porn volume sealed in plastic and costing around £25. Few were convinced it was value for money when they got it home. And the same went for her record

We are told that Madonna's book (if it can be described as such) *Sex* is top of the best sellers' list. Her albums sell millions of copies all over the world and she is quite possibly the most photographed woman at the end of the 20th century. Yet what does all this activity signify? In many ways relatively little. What separates Madonna from the myriad of stories in the popular press about rebellious step-daughters, teenage mothers, drug-addicts, 15-year-olds forced into prostitution (or engaging in it eagerly) is the fact of her success, the millions of dollars pouring in and out of the industry around her. For in truth Madonna is a relatively sad and pathetic figure - the slightly cracked or psychologically disturbed woman, the little girl made big, who is rebelling against society (for which read her father) by using her sexuality, alternately as a weapon and as something to shock and titillate others.

In a sense she is a prostitute, but unlike her sisters in and around King's Cross, the backstreets of Mayfair, Bayswater and streets and courtyards south of Paddington Station - not to mention girls who work out of massage parlours, escort agencies and the like - she has made it into the big time. At least Marilyn Monroe - the stereotype upon whom Madonna has modelled herself - had the honesty to admit that she actually began as a call-girl or a prostitute, whereas Madonna merely plays at being a whore. The important thing to ask however is why have her antics emerged and become an important public icon in the way that they have? For if we put it very crudely, women of Madonna's "type" take two forms: the one are rather sad, depressed creatures - women who have been broken by lack of paternal affection or too much paternal attention of the wrong sort - or they are hyper-active, overly-rebellious girls who experience an almost uncontrollable sexuality in their teens which is not channelled effectively by

paternal discipline and love. In a sense these women are confused, angry, sullen and rebellious.

Yet female rebellion, rather than male, tends to be misdirected or misapplied - it is primarily masochistic - and rebounds upon the individuals concerned. After all many prostitutes do not like men, hence their present occupation. They are women who may have engaged in polymorphous sexual activity for small amounts of money (usually) in a hundred and one hotel rooms, but they rarely have a good sexual experience, meet a man they are generally fond of, or have even had a boyfriend, a meaningful sexual relationship. Indeed, the use of drugs in this world is primarily to make this "occupation" bearable; it is a way in which sexual emotion is heightened as well as distanced. The investment (in every sense) in sexual perversion in this world is also due to a desire to distance as well as heighten sexual emotion, or sex without emotion, because these activities are more distant, pornographic and extreme. They are dissociated from the self and therefore larger amounts of money can be charged for them.

If you like, all Madonna has done is to commercialise prostitution in the area of popular culture - all the starlettes and movie actresses (such as Raquel Welch etc) who are there for their appearance and who cannot really act, have been tending in the same direction. Madonna is essentially a psychic whore; a mass-masturbation phantasy with the courage or shamelessness to admit what she is. She is also a woman who can sing reasonably well and who can turn her hand to a few half-decent lyrics. In short, with her the sexual underworld of prostitution has come up from underground, partly for the desire for erotica in the era of AIDs, but primarily because mass-liberalism allows it to.

What is happening - although it can be dismissed humorously - is a considerable change in social psychology. In previous

incarnations of society, only policemen, lawyers, doctors, the courts, criminologists, psychiatrists and novelists and artists of the more serious sort (people who wanted to explain things like Dostoyevsky) bothered with this area of psychopathic sexuality. Now it is served up on a dinner plate for everyone to look at. For make no mistake about it, the trajectory of the *120 Days of Sodom* by the Marquis de Sade and Krafft-Ebing's *Psychopathia Sexualis* is going to become the wave of the future.

In the past the state has banned or restricted certain forms of sexual activity and its representation. These were acts, or

the representation of acts, which dealt with homosexuality, paedophilia, bestiality, necrophilia and extreme forms of perversion such as fetishism and sado-masochism. In Krafft-Ebing's sexology there is also Exhibitionism - the taint of psychotic self-indulgence from which Madonna suffers - the degree to which she actually wishes to act out her rebellious pose with photographs of her being tied up (bondage/sado-masochism), assaulted with weapons (sadism), having sex with a dog (bestiality), and engaged in lesbian sado-masochism (homosexual sado-masochism) and so forth.

As a reaction to this, the Vice Squad has asked for the publication to be taken to court to test existing Obscene Publications Legislation. For make no mistake about it, behind Madonna lurk the porno "actresses" Trine Nicholson and Suzy Young, who can't even sing and dance; the justification of paedophilia (already supported by the Libertarian Right and tacitly by certain elements of "gay liberation"); and complete sexual anarchy in cultural matters. For Madonna is a sort of symbol, the psychic whore for a liberal and materialistic society who attracts dollars...and jism towards her from all directions.



^Above, Madonna in a scene from her so-called book *Sex*, not as attractive as Marilyn Monroe or as talented as Marlene Dietrich, but still raking in the cash as a result of multiple slagdom. Seen here in a Weimar pose - and look what happened to them!

REVIEW: MAN AND TECHNICS

A major political work has just been published by the European Books Society. In this review we examine the relevance of such works to contemporary life.

Man and Technics is a small book by Oswald Spengler, just published by the European Books Society. In certain respects it seeks to put in a condensed form the message of *Decline of the West*. Where Spengler was profoundly depressed by the outcome of the Great War, Germany's defeat and the threat this posed to civilised values. Indeed a whole array of literature produced during this period had a similar orientation, a sense of dislocation and insufficiency in relation to the events of November 1918.

In the confused, brutal anti-war pageantry of Barbusse in *Under Fire* - a collective reflection of the existential trauma of *Hell* (written in 1906) - or the spectral landscape of Ernst Junger's *Storm of Steel* we can discern a deep sense of pessimism over these events. It is a sense of loss, not just of European manhood, but also of a civilisation; a type of culture - the culture reflected by the highly-poised, if decadent, 19th-century bourgeoisie. The classical bourgeoisie whose civilisation was to be swept away, as the Marxist historian E.J. Hobsbawm somewhat gleefully puts it, by the "century of the masses", most particularly the First World War. Wyndham Lewis, for instance, refused to consider the Great War as a war, he regarded it as a revolution; a deep-seated change in the soul of man, after which everything, art as well as politics, had to be different. Indeed his wartime periodical *Blast* prefigured the description of the Front, the movable mass of steel and men, in a manner which is reminiscent of Junger's wartime diary. For Junger's response is truly nuanced. On the one hand, he celebrates the war - the almost lunar landscape of the Front; its mud, flies, lice and stalk-like trees lit up by illuminated tracer-bullets, flares and the flash of high explosives - on the other hand, he is appalled by it.

Spengler missed the war - he was too neurotic and vainglorious to serve in the German army - but he experienced psychically, emotionally as well as intellectually, what the generation at the Front went through. He understood that many of them did not really want the war to end. They wanted it to continue in

civilian life. Indeed the mastery of technics with new forms, all of which was to be accompanied by rhythmic masses of men moving in unison - the Spartiate rigour of organised games; the crowd scenes in Fritz Lang's *Metropolis* - fascinated the architects of the Conservative Revolution. In a sense these devout individualists wanted to find a mass purpose for suffering and redemption - Junger's works of the Thirties, *The Worker* and so on, are obsessed with the desire for a totalitarian order based on the pathos of the Front.

The degree to which the Front had become sacred; an experience which only the initiated had passed through - whether in the "anti-democratic delirium" of Conservative Revolutionary prose, or the verbal dislocations of Goebbels's novel *Michael*, the classical fascism of the war generation is obvious. What Spengler does in this particular work is to compress the entire metaphysic of *The Decline of the West* into a linear anthropological narrative whereby the swiftness of the animal gives rise to the hand and then the tool, all of which comes together to work the machine. Yet this work is bathed in post-war pessimism - the melancholy which gave rise to the demand for a Caesar - at a time when Spengler is becoming disillusioned with the "national revolution" he sees all around him.

It is to be hoped that this excellent start by the European Books Society will be followed up by further publications which attempt to improve the intellectual profile of the Right. For too long the Right has abandoned cultural struggle to its enemies. Hence the fact that universities and many institutions of higher education have virtually become no-go areas for Right-wing ideas. If feminists have Virago, Sheba, the Women's Press and other publishing outlets; "gay liberationists" have Brilliance Books and GMP, while the Left has a whole miscellany of publishers - Lawrence and Wishart, Pluto, Junction Books, Allison and Busby, Verso etc - then the Right has to learn to create its own media.

Jonathan Bowden

CULTURE OF THE NEW RIGHT

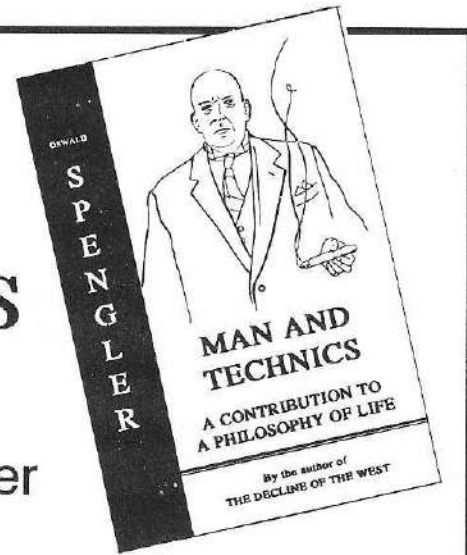
Wyndham Lewis: radical Rightist as modernist avant-gardist. Jonathan Bowden celebrates the work of a Right-wing cultural hero.

Percy Wyndham Lewis was one of the most dynamic writers and artists of the 20th century. He first made his name just prior to the Great War, which he fought in with distinction as a gunner during the Battle of the Somme, out of which came a large number of his most famous paintings, such as the Candian Gun Pit on exhibition at the Imperial War Museum. In many respects Lewis was a modernist who reacted in a violent and aggressive manner to the canon of late romanticism. Like several other important figures of his generation, T.S. Eliot and Ezra Pound for instance, Lewis believed that fin de siècle romanticism had become mushy, effeminate, and altogether lacking in purpose. He believed that a certain neo-classical bite had to be introduced into what otherwise had become a somewhat decadent and hot-house post-romantic atmosphere. Together with the artistic guru T.E. Hulme, who unlike Lewis was to die at the Front, Lewis believed in a corrective dose of neo-classical ardour - the reconstitution of a certain degree of angularity, a type of hard-edged formalism which could be used to cut through the clinging nature of Romantic kitsch. At this time the Right, particularly in its most radical formulations, was violently opposed to modernism and a famous incident occurred when Right-wing gangs smashed up Epstein's sculptures on the Chelsea Embankment just before the Great War. The irony is that part of the Right has always detested modernism, yet many of the early modernists were illiberal, anti-democratic, culturally elitist, and would generally conform to the Left-wing label of "fascistic". In Alastair Horne's *Fascism and the Intellectuals*, the hard-edged and masculine quality of this work becomes apparent.

In fact in Lewis's case, his allegiance to the Right was metapolitical and not at all straightforward. In his political and literary texts Lewis adopted many positions which would be anathema to an orthodox and somewhat stuffy

conservative disposition. However, Lewis was by temperament and ideology a cultural elitist, a man who believed that most human lives are otherwise worthless in a spiritual sense. He denied some of the most cherished liberal assumptions of his or any other era, one of the many reasons why he was described by the pro-Lewis critic Julian Symmonds as "one of the most hated writers in Britain in the 20th century". His particular *bete noire* was the soporific literary cult of Bloomsbury, Virginia Woolf and so on, who believed themselves to be the successors of the great Victorians, Arnold, Ruskin and Carlyle.

To Lewis Bloomsbury was a decadent, inverted, snobbish, philistine, and cretinous cult, ruthlessly satirised in



MAN & TECHNICS by Oswald Spengler

"An intellectual novelist of seriousness and importance" - Thomas Mann (Nobel Prize for Literature)

"The rich cadences and lyricism of a forgotten type of prose... this type of writing is classical, no longer available to us" - Henry Miller (Author, *Tropic of Cancer*)

Written over fifty years ago *Man & Technics* is a tireless, juicy polemic presenting a merciless case for social pessimism. Spengler blasts away at utopianism and political optimism, using a fierce and iconoclastic stream of language. Colourful insights leap off the page at the reader, and the underlying logic, while questionable in places, is based on a clear vision of the true workings of society.

The fundamental premise of the book is that the world is governed by natural forces, forces in man and nature, not genteel political and religious creeds. All in all, *Man & Technics* is the work of an astute intellect, keen to the true operation of the universe. It contains startling and refreshing ideas guaranteed to stimulate your thinking, if not re-arrange your whole world-view.

All but impossible to find until the European Books Society republished it, this new edition of *Man & Technics* contains an introduction by Jonathan Bowden.

PRICE:- £3.95, plus 50p post & packing from the -
European Books Society, BCM 6137, London WC1N 3XX.

probably the most brutal, satiric portrait of the 20th century, *The Apes of God*. Indeed Lewis's whole support for fascist Italy, initially the Bolshevik Soviet Union, and Hitler's Germany was his belief that liberalism needed to be replaced by a form of neo-classicism in art and politics. Indeed the entire thesis of his book *The Art of Being Ruled* (the title as ever with Lewis is important) is about how a modern machine civilisation can be squared with the demands of art. Lewis believed that only in an authoritarian system, initially of either Left or Right, but ultimately of the Right, could the artist be free of liberal and decadent restraint. These views, although they were to be slightly recanted later on in works such as *Self Condemned* - primarily so that Lewis could continue to have an artistic career in the democratic West -

always remained illiberal in their essential intellectual thrust. He gave and expected no quarter, considered himself to be a literary and artistic outlaw, and even styled himself as "the enemy", even producing a magazine of that title. Later on Lewis managed to outrage artistic liberalism even further by denouncing empty and trashy modernism from the perspective of the leader of Vorticism, Britain's most advanced avant-garde art movement. In *The Demon of Progress in the Arts*, Lewis attacked empty and purely formalist late modernism and advocated a return to representationalism and a form of heightened or super-realism in art. This caused absolute outrage from several of the chief gurus of the day, such as Herbert Read, who Lewis once described as a "spineless runt of the first order".

It is important to point out however that some people object to the term "Right-wing" being used to describe Lewis. They have a point in that such nakedly political designations are always too crude when applied to the arts ("Bertold Brecht is a communist author", for instance). Yet in Lewis' case the cap does fit. He didn't write a long anti-communist article for British Union quarterly, the theoretical magazine of Mosley's BUF for nothing. Indeed Mosley once described Lewis as a man for whom he entertained considerable mental sympathy, and yet he also described him as a complicated person, vengeful, a veteran feuder, paranoid and generally difficult to get on with: a man who was "pursued by the furies", as Ezra Pound once remarked. Yet in my view the designation Right-wing does fit Lewis if only in an extended cultural and metapolitical way. He was an individualist anarchist at the level of theory, yet his mental processes were always authoritarian and elitist. In sum the argument is - was Nietzsche a Right-wing author? The answer is yes, in the terms in which he wrote, when we remember that he was concerned with ethics, metaphysics, personalised metaphysics, even the absence of metaphysics. It is important to understand that with these figures we are dealing with culture at its highest level. These individuals are not concerned with denationalisation and a penny off income tax: they are rebels, iconoclasts, extremists at the level of high culture, but at the end of the day it can be said that Lewis was totally politically incorrect in his innermost assumptions. He was a neo-classical modernist masquerading as



WYNDHAM LEWIS
The Apes of God



^The art of the Conservative Revolution...top, William Roberts' illustration for an orchestral work by Bliss; bottom Wyndham Lewis' design for *The Apes of God*.

a violent intellectual survivalist, a Nietzschean, an extreme individualist who advocated socially authoritarian solutions to life and art because he was opposed to the frightening emptiness of liberal certainty, just a T.S. Eliot found redemption in authoritarian Anglo-Catholicism as an alternative to *The Wasteland*.

REVIEWS: BRUCKNER, PAGLIA, AND DWORKIN.

People on the intellectual Left, quite rightly, laugh at the philistinism of the modern Conservative Party. With the sole exceptions of David Mellor and Sir Edward Heath, there is probably nobody on the Tory backbenches who has any love whatsoever for Western Classical and Romantic music. Heritage Secretary Peter Brooke finds inspiration in banal popular songs such as *Clementine*; Kenneth Clark is a fan of jazz; Terry Dicks describes opera as "noise made by fat Italians"; and John Major...well...it's best not to guess. But the Conservative Party is a cultural wasteland no longer, because the Revolutionary Conservative reviewers have been attending symphonic and operatic performances in London and the provinces, and appraising them from the perspective of the Right.

Last September, in the final week of the Henry Wood Proms season, the veteran German maestro conducted the BBC Symphony Orchestra in a breathtaking and deeply-spiritual performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony. Anton Bruckner (an Austrian) was a devotee of Wagner, and he has often been referred to as "the Wagner symphonist". The musicologist and modern British composer Robert Simpson, an authority on Bruckner's music, has noted that the structure of Wagnerian opera (in particular the slowness of motion) was successfully introduced by Bruckner into symphonic writing. And the Eighth Symphony fully reflects this, with four vast, dramatic, and climactical movements lasting 80 minutes.

The BBC Symphony Orchestra captured the epic grandeur of the music, filling the cathedral-like Albert Hall with an immenseness of sound. But Bruckner does not always unleash his full orchestra. For long passages the symphony is restrained, hushed, and devotional - almost like church music - and reflects Bruckner's simple religious faith and mystical vision. Such feelings naturally convert into pure elation and there can be few experiences in all music that compare to the titanic power of the Eighth's finale. The listener is stunned, and not just by the composer's writing. The energy displayed by the orchestra is also uplifting and unforgettable, a tribute to maestro Wand's absolute oneness with this genre of music.

To the Rightist, the greatness of Bruckner throws down a challenge to an era that worships Madonna. In the heady atmosphere of tomorrow's Britain, where the vacuous nature of "pop" no longer holds any attraction, the people (as Elgar once said) will "long for something that can stir them". The culture represented by Bruckner's Eighth Symphony will do just that.

Stuart Millson

Camille Paglia is all the rage in contemporary America, a hitherto obscure academic languishing in the humanities department of the University of Philadelphia, she has burst on the scene like an exploding meteor. Her views are deliberately paradoxical and complicated, Nietzschean in a sense, and deliberately designed to outrage contemporary campus opinion, intellectual androgynes and the politically-correct. In a sense she is a populist reaction to "the closing of the American mind" which has proceeded apace since the 1950s in the American academic world. What has happened in the United States is a sort of tragedy whereby one of the best high school and higher education systems in the world has been degraded and ultimately destroyed. This thesis has been magisterially described in Alfred Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, which like Paglia's *Sexual Personae: Art and Decadence from Nefertiti to Emily Dickinson* has been at the top of the best-sellers list for many years.

The essential point of this thesis is the de-Europeanisation of intellectual life in the United States, first the desire to pretend that culture is non-hierarchical (a non-elitist posture where petro-musicology, the academic study of rock music, is treated on an equal level to Bruckner), a situation where the lyrics of Meat Loaf's *Bat out of Hell* are treated on a par with the mordant dithrambics of Aeschylus's *Oresteia*. Both Paglia and Bloom in their very different ways - Bloom a sullen post-Mencken academic elitist and Paglia, an American version of Julie Burchill on acid - are complaining about the sordidness and racial proletarianisation of the American intellect. What they really object to is the counter-intellectual philistinism of the political-correctness movement which has been latched onto by psychological inadequates amongst the *journeuse doree* in American college life. These are the young women who have never had a

thrusting member between their thighs, but who spend most of their lives complaining about the possibility of non-existent date rape. In short, Camille Paglia - a woman whose ideas we will return to in greater depth - is opposed to feminism and the politically-correct notions of the hour from a position which is anti-Leftist, non-Right wing (to a certain extent), quasi-libertarian, opinionated and elitist. She is a breath of fresh air, a female Mencken, who frightens the life out of the wee young things of Somerville College, Oxford who think that sexual de-segregation of the college forecourts is allowing unwelcome members of the college within the gates.

Oliver Prendergast

Over the last 15 years, Andrea Dworkin has been the ideological guru, or *eminence grise*, to the radical feminist movement. She first came to public attention with a form of stylised pornography in reverse, whereby the male sex was demonised and thought to consist of enormous troglodytic hairy men who could be essentially reduced to thrusting phalluses. In short, Dworkin has a sub-genocidal view of the male, which says that men are inhuman, fascistic, unwholesome - the sort of creatures which no self-respecting girl should take to her bed. Indeed, Dworkin has written a book called *Intercourse* which advocates heterosexual abstinence. She believes that women must avoid penetration by the male organ which she has described as a "gun" between the male legs. At present, Dworkin lives with a man who has written a book entitled *How not to be a Man*, thereby revealing his de-sexualised and runtish state in relation to the influence of *la Dworkin*.

Dworkin is essentially a biological determinist, an essentialist of the genes; a woman who believes, unlike most socialist feminists for instance, that men are irretrievably evil, sexist, debased, violent and deranged. She believes in the reality of the radical feminist slogan "all men are rapists". Moreover she believes that pornography is a conspiracy by the male sex to degrade womankind. Of course, there is no question of pornographic degradation of Andrea Dworkin herself, in that she is quite possibly the most ugly woman on earth. The hideous, gargoyle visages which peer down from mediaeval cathedrals are not a patch on the Dworkin visage. Rather like a character in a triptych by Hieronymus Bosch, she resembles a swollen hag-like



A dunghareed blamange of male-hating flab...Andrea Dworkin as she appeared in a recent *Sunday Telegraph*.

visage - an appalling mound of distended flesh. To avoid penetration with this is to truly adhere to the ideology of *Intercourse, Fire and Ice, Pity, Pornography: Men Possessing Women*, and other Dworkin masterpieces. One of the interesting things about her though is her use of pornography in an anti-pornography cause. In a sense she believes that ritualistic humiliation of women can be used as a means to their liberation. She is a sort of De Sade in reverse; a sort of "Venus in furs". She believes that the metallic and torpedo-like nature of the phallus can be softened or made detumescent in relation to the nature of her prose. She believes essentially in a weakening of the male flesh in an anti-heterosexual ardour, although it would be more true to say that she is concerned with the feminisation of men rather than the abandonment of heterosexuality. She basically desires men

to look like her and women to look like Robert Redford. In a sense she is a gender sex artist in reverse, a sadistic Barbi doll with a pair of scissors. In all seriousness, one could say that there was nothing wrong with Andrea that would not be sorted out by a damn good rogering!

John MacLaughlin

Coming soon from The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus...

A major new statement of principle and ideology from the leading intellectual spokesmen of the British Right, the New Right, a fusion of Nationalism and Toryism, a tendency of opinion which is the British equivalent of the

French/European New Right of Alain de Benoist and GRECE, but without being beholden to them, for whilst being undeniably European, the British as against the continental New Right will be different. For this is the British New Right, not the European New Right in Britain. A detailed and rigorous intellectual grenade in pamphlet form is the next product from the RCC stable, answering everything you ever wanted to know about the British New Right's ideology, composition, history, opinions and plans for the future - its views on socialism, the economy, capitalism, the Conservative Party, foreign affairs, sexual politics, culture and intellectual life etc etc...a statement of opinion from the new guru of the Right which will build into review-length and book-length statements of the new creed.

Homos, an analysis of an infested cesspit, or a shortcut to shaking hands with Princess Diana. Tom O'Hoolahan takes a peekaboo at the culture of Hampstead Heath.

One hears a great deal these days in the media about homosexuality, a phenomenon which has only been described as such for around 100 years. It is safe to say that before 1900 the term homosexuality did not exist. Various other sexological abstractions were used such as urnate, uranian, zoophyte, the third sex, Inverts, and so on, but it was only until the 20th century that the term homosexual was used. In many respects this is important because to name a thing is to partly justify it, and to name it in such a way as to equate it with heterosexuality (so called) is highly revealing, for what this use of language indicates is an attempt to place the normal and the abnormal upon a similar footing. Before the use of this terminology there was a normal form of sexuality, and abnormality or sexual perversion, of which **THOUGHTCRIME** was one of the chief examples. This is certainly the treatment accorded it in Krafft-Ebing's bible of sexual criminology *Psychopathia Sexualis*, a work upon which most western law in this area was traditionally based.

The decision to decriminalise male same-sex relations was taken slowly and hesitantly after a decade of growing liberal incompetence in the 1960s. Many people voted for this measure for quite reasonable ends, Enoch Powell was one of them. The whole point of these tacit supporters of the measure was that consenting acts between adults should be in private and *should be kept in private*. Few of the well-meaning sponsors of this legislation believed that it meant license, libertinage, do-what-you-will, devil take the hindmost and sodomy on Hampstead Heath. Nor that it would generally lead to the creation of what can only be described as a condom culture of decadent inversion, a mixture of blood, semen, and faeces - a truly disgusting brew that generally appalls most normal people who do not wish to have to see it. It is not contrary to the radical homosexual's fancy that most people hate homosexuals individually, or wish to see terrible things happen to them, it is just that people do not wish to see it all. They wish to have it pushed to a grey area at the edge of society; they wish to see it beyond the pale of what is otherwise permitted.

Indeed every reasonably civilised social order, including every state throughout Latin America, Africa, Arabia, Asia and so on, outlaws this practice and to various degrees regards it as a criminal offence. In our opinion, civilisation always draws a line - a mark which understands the nature of human hypocrisy, but nevertheless a line which is drawn in the sand. Every civilisation has banned sexual relations between members of the same sex, relations between humans and animals, adults and children, humans and corpses, together with gross forms of sexual perversion involving human fluids and torture.

Unlike the libertarian Right, we believe that individuals are not sexually free and what they are is primarily conditioned by biology to begin with. This is why inversion is essentially a human tragedy, very few individuals are affected by it (around 2-3 per cent at most), and even those that are can often entertain relations with the opposite sex, so the core number of inverts - those who would find heterosexuality completely impossible - may be as little as 1 per cent of the population. The libertarian Right (so called) and the classical liberal posture which it represents are extreme sexual libertarians who advocate a form of libertinage *a la* the Marquis De Sade as an expression of human freedom. We totally disagree with their vision, in later issues we will return to the libertarian Right and demolish it on all essential points, but for the moment we are concerned with its ideas about sexuality which are very current, partly because they can be made to appeal to the Left. Their view of man is of an atomised psyche alone in the world, they see human beings as nomads in their own deserts - often stunted and shrunken beings in a room of their own (rather like the characters in Samuel Beckett plays). In such circumstances the individual defines himself for himself against society; whereas we say that the individual is defined by society in accordance with the limited conception which he has of his own freedom. We believe that man primarily exists for the state, rather than the other way round, a doctrine which appears to be extremely harsh and severe on first reading but is in actuality straight Catholic theology and very close to the truth. Few people wish to be free and are genuinely terrified of the prospect of real independent thought, while those individuals who are sexual perverts and so on that the libertarian Right would support are not free either.

The idea, as shown in a recent trial at the House of Lords (the Spanner case), that men who wish to force spikes through each others' members are free, "are expressing their liberty", is a nonsense. These men are not free: they are lonely, isolated, maladjusted, cretins, too frightened of life to admit that someone might actually like them irrespective of pain. If you like, they are the sexual equivalent of would-be secret policemen let loose in their own dungeons, such individuals often refer to their own "romper rooms" as dungeons. As a result these people are a total excuse for human beings, they are virtually dead and manically depressed. Moreover, if they harm other human beings or commit murders then they should be punished with the full rigour of the criminal law, which means the death sentence in certain instances.

To return to homosexuality however, is to leave a gutter of absolute abnormality for an area of life only one degree less decadent, for homosexuality is on the road to absolute or arrant **THOUGHTCRIME**. It needs to be prevented by the criminal law - a law which should be exercised in a discriminating and permissive manner in the 19th century sense of that term. We would point out that pre-Wolfenden in the 1950s, so-called "gay" establishments existed in Soho with the clear knowledge of the police and the authorities, but they were polite, discreet, and veiled in secrecy for those that did not know they were there. This is the situation we wish to return to.

If we are to have a manly, purposeful, priapic, and virulent new order then inversion - the intermingling of the sexes with one another within an individual, rather than *between* individuals - has to be stamped on. In all periods of decline and social decadence, whether in Weimar Germany, the Commonwealth of Independent States today (particularly big cities like St. Petersburg and Moscow) and even to a more moderate degree Britain itself, softness, introversion, inversion and general effeminacy in men proliferates. It is the opposite of the military virtues. In such circumstances, the biologically-ordained division between the sexes needs to be instilled. Men need to be men, rather than women, or men masquerading as women, for in truth most homosexual men are unhappy and inadequate men. They are partly female in the worst sense without any of the endlessly attractive and genuinely endearing traits of a real woman.

Differences of opinion over the invert...

Dear Sir: Thanks for sending me a specimen copy of the magazine. Speaking as one who thinks of himself as an ally, I feel sure you will want to learn of my critical reactions.

I am not certain what you mean by cultural hegemony. To my mind hegemony has negative connotations, whereas I seek a hegemony of the best, an elite which is both noble and holy.

I do not believe in making private vice against secular law, for I want to live in a society of free men whose ethics grow from them rather than are put upon them. I know that homosexuality is wrong for he who has been born a heterosexual, but I do not know whether it is wrong for one born with the appropriate instincts. I thank God that that is one problem I do not have to worry about, but our sons might. Rather than homosexuality, I would sooner support the criminalisation of masturbation or swearing in mixed company, or indeed the promotion of multiracialism, thus I oppose it. I presume we are in accord in not wishing to live in a society where acting on opinions contrary to our own when no other person is involved except the actors is against the law.

I look forward to reading a full issue of *The Revolutionary Conservative*. - S.H.P. Steadman, Kent.

** Dear Mr. Steadman, We are delighted to print your letter in order to encourage debate amongst our readers. To take your first point, the term hegemony does have a domineering side to it, but we feel that before you can celebrate a culture you have to possess one. As to your second point on homosexuality, the editors of this magazine have thought long and hard before they arrived at various policy decisions. We always used to think that the criminalisation of the spread of decadence would be the best form of alleviation, however we now feel that there are so many gay liberation groups in existence, such as Act Up Against AIDs, Outrage, and so on, that this is no longer possible. In present circumstances we feel that a recriminalisation of inversion would be good for the inverts and good for ourselves. Decadent permissiveness needs to be punished by the forces of outraged justice.*

LETTERS

This page of the magazine is devoted to provocative letters from our mass-readership, from amongst the crumpled hordes of multi-faith vicars, left-wing bag men, outraged Tory buffoons and other sots. The most interesting missives are sorted and compiled after a process of rigorous, if somewhat tedious, proof-reading and grammatical correction. But seriously folks, we welcome your well thought-out contributions towards illiberal debate, but in truth we would prefer money.

Unlike you we believe that individuals partly exist for the state rather than the other way round. Liberty is not libertinage, the rights of the individual are not always paramount and have to be restricted if they err. In short we would point out that prior to Wolfenden life was not hell on earth for the 2 per cent of the population at best who are inverted. They kept their vice to themselves and were left alone. - Ed.

Leftist Outrage

Dear Sir: I do not wish to reveal how I obtained a copy of your noxious publication, but safe to say I have. I must say I was appalled by the tone of many of the articles. To call Michael Jackson in Mr. Bowden's piece, a trans-racial runt is bordering upon the most cruel, the hurtful and the heinous. I almost threw up my breakfast when I beheld such cruelty. To refer to Madonna as a slag is over the top, as they say. She is merely a distracted and somewhat sad girl in need of prayer, recuperation and the sort of church socials my wife organises. In conclusion the general tone of your magazine is harsh, masculine, ultra-reactionary and yet radical, abusive as well as stentorian. It is far too strong, it is in danger of being offensive to liberal opinion. Yours with concern. - Rev. G. Lillipole, Dorset.

** Dear Vic, We were pleased indeed to receive your missive The idea of you gagging on your All Bran and Hovis gave us considerable pleasure in the Editorial Department. We have decided to use your description of the magazine - harsh, masculine, ultra-reactionary and yet radical etc - as an advertisement. Thanks for providing us with free copy. - Ed.*

Teenage Mutant Turtle...with a gob on.

Dear Sir, I was outraged and disgusted by your attack on Michael Jackson and Madonna. These people are my heroes, they are all over my bedroom wall, I love them. You're really nasty, you've abused them rotten, I think you are really horrible, Michael Jackson is gorgeous and wicked. You old-fashioned reactionary people are just not up to date with what young people want. We want Macdonalds, we want nice rich burgers, we want plenty of rap music and large floppy trainers. We love Eldorado, I consider myself to be a young with-it person, not an old fogey (spelt wrong, Editorial correction). You people are just awful. - Sandra, aged 18, London.

** Dear Sandra, We have had to tidy your letter up no end in order to make it literate, but we are otherwise delighted to receive it. You are quite obviously a person of discernment, an individual who is dedicated to the pursuit of trash, for your entire cultural vision, if it can be described as such, is a form of garbage - junk pop stars, male to female, black to white, with mis-shapen craniums sporting peroxide-streaked rats' tails - a vista of appalling ugliness and cretinism. What you need Sandra is a total re-conditioning during which your mind and body will be purged of this cultural detritus, the equivalent of obesity, too much sugar content in the blood, hypertension, bad breath, foot odour, and a generally weak anus. What you really require is a traditionalist boyfriend and a few good bracing country walks. - Ed.*



^The Rev. Lillipole has a turn after reading *The Revolutionary Conservative*.

AN INTRODUCTION TO REVOLUTIONARY CONSERVATISM

Are you sick of being bullied by women who look like men in your local library? Are you sick of transvestite vicars running the country down as they reach for their macro-biotic dieting recipe books? Are you sick of anti-racist Noddy? Does your gorge rise when you see Peter Tatchell engaged in a die-in opposite the Palace of Westminster? Are you sick of your local council hosting Chad-awareness days at your expense?

What flag is that they are flying over the Town Hall? Is it the PLO's, is it North Korea's? Is it the Republic of Laos, is it the banner of the Somalian people? Is it a symbol of Zimbabwean self-esteem? No.

The truth is there isn't a flag at all, although occasionally a flimsy blue flag with 13 yellow stars on it is seen in the distance. But, I hear you ask, where is the eagle in this allegedly European flag - the eagle of Caesar's legion, of Charlemagne's court, of Napoleon's imperial regiments? No. It is a pale anaemic flag, 13 dollops of paltry yellow amidst an insipid back-drop of blue.

But where is that other flag, the Union flag? (Not to be confused with the Organisation of African Unity!) The truth is that many local authorities regard the Union Jack as an enemy emblem - "we find that flag offensive", they say. We of the truthful, insightful, charming, masculine, chivalrous, and romantic *Revolutionary Conservative* regard the Union flag as the only flag.

We say, burn the Red Flag! Kick those trendy vicars in the seat of their pants (although they would probably enjoy that), let Peter Tatchell die of AIDs (the sooner the better) and put tanks on the streets of Handsworth. If you agree with these modest proposals to quote Jonathan Swift, then you should subscribe to *The Revolutionary Conservative*.

THE CHALLENGE OF THE NINETIES! from the European Books Society.

In the last decade of this millennium with communism everywhere defeated in Europe, and liberal capitalism everywhere triumphant, apologists for the latter, such as Japanese-American writer Francis Fukuyama, are proclaiming "the End of History". An end depicted by Robert Ardrey 20 years ago as:

"The morning...that the philosophies of two centuries have praised, the morning of identity, of the commonly-induced conditioned reflex, the morning of egalitarian actuality, of the brave new world, of order beyond argument, of grey

shadows beyond distinction, of uniform response to uniform stimulus, the morning of the tinkling bell and sheep proceeding to pasture".

The morning of the triumph of cool, rational self interest over passion, the victory of the global market over national and ethnic identities and cultures, of the mass over the individual, of sterility over spirituality, of egalitarian levelling over hierarchy and tradition, of commercialised pop culture over art, of the road and the beefburger ranch over the rainforest, of cynicism and the mentality of the counting house over Science, of the machine over Man.

History ending, as thousands of years of human diversity, individuality, identity and vision, peter out in a desert of drabness, decadence and despair. The

challenge of the Nineties is to offer an alternative to the *End of History*. For an alternative there must be. As *Sunday Times* columnist Brian Appleyard aptly observed recently, "Neither the bland liberal Coca-Cola dream of global tolerance, nor the equally bland Saatchi and Saatchi dream of a unifying global capitalism make any sense in the real, non-rational world. Choices and loyalties are what count."

Choices and loyalties are what we in the European Books Society exist to offer. In the sphere of ideas, where first they must be made manifest, before they can be coherently and with the prospect of success offered in the field of political and social action.

We aim to publish and distribute ideas offering an alternative to those of bland egalitarian universalism, which have dominated European thought since the *soi-disant* Enlightenment, well-spring of Marxism, liberalism and capitalism alike. Works forgotten, ignored or neglected, but whose ideas we need now.

These are the writings and translations of such writers as Oswald Spengler, Ze'ev Jabotinsky, Alain de Benoist, Ernst Junger, Julius Evola, Otto Strasser, and Moeller van den Bruck, who articulated and made explicit the ideas and world view which inspired the novels of, for example, Thomas Hardy, D.H. Lawrence, Henry Williamson, and J.R.R. Tolkien. The ideas of the European radical conservatism which the Enlightenment stifled - with the results we see all around us. These results, the decay and decadence of European civilisation whose impending demise is now hailed as "the End of History", are the fruit of victory in the field of ideas. Of winning what the Italian communist Gramsci called the "metapolitical struggle for ideological hegemony", for it is from ideas held by an intellectually-aware, opinion-forming elite that actions and policies flow.

Of Fukuyama's "image of history as a long series of railway wagons reaching town after a perilous journey" George Walden MP has asked: "Can he conceive of the possibility that, although we all know that a liberal democratic arcadia is the right and proper place to end our journey, some people might read his book on the way, and feel the urge to make a jump for it?"

**If you want to make a jump for it,
join us!**

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