

THE
REVOLUTIONARY
CONSERVATIVE

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...a journal of new thinking...

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WHY ARE WE IN BOSNIA ? - AS MEMBERS OF THE CHESHIRE REGIMENT ARE CAUGHT IN A FIRE-FIGHT BETWEEN MUSLIMS AND CROATS THE REVOLUTIONARY CONSERVATIVE CAUCUS ARGUES FOR RIGHTWING NON-INTERVENTION.

The essential reason we are in Bosnia is to support the United Nations in relation to resolutions over the Yugoslavian conflict . The new war in the Balkans has erupted due to the collapse of the Titoist regime which kept these inter-ethnic conflicts in a state of perma-frost since 1945 . In a way it is now 1946 throughout the Balkans , not 1993 . The Titoist regime existed as a third force which was independent of Soviet control (much to Stalin's anger) and had been supported most particularly by the British and the Special Operations Executive (SOE) during the war against the nationalist / monarchist Serb elements , the Chetniks . The Croatians and their Bosnian Muslim allies - all of whom are ethnically Croatian - fought on the German side (one of the many reasons why contemporary Germany favours national politics in Zagreb rather than Belgrade .) Indeed the previous German Foreign Minister Hans Dietrich Genscher set the alarm bells ringing in the French Quai d'Orsay when he described the Slovenian capital as Laibach - the name of a " culturally-fascistic " rock group as well as the German title for this republic's capital . It is very easy for old patterns of thought over what was once called the Eastern Question to re-assert themselves . For the truth is that the Balkans have always been a tangled crucible of feud and counter-feud , plot and fratricidal strife . Indeed it was the assassination of Grand Duke Ferdinand , the heir to the throne of the Austro-Hungarian Empire , which alone started the First World War in which 1,400,000 Britons lost their lives . The Arch-Duke had been assassinated by a Serbian nationalist who wished to see self-determination for his own people - in such circumstances one can ask what has really changed ? There are those on the Right who believe that the modern post-Yugoslavian Civil War is a conflict between lightness and dark , a Manichean struggle between the forces of righteousness (the Croats / the West) against the satanic forces of neo-Communist imperialism (the Serbs and their allies in Croatia and Bosnia , Macedonia , Montenegro and Kosovo ...) The editors of this magazine beg to differ from this simplistic interpretation . The truth of the matter is that the government in Belgrade is not a communist government , certainly not a Marxist one . It is in effect a post-communist / hard-line nationalist regime which represents the unassimilable , unilateralist and corporate politics of the Third World . Western European commentators will have to get used to the fact that post-communism a large number of white Third World countries essentially exist . For when the " humanistic " and allegedly pacifist editorialists of the *New Statesman and Society* refer to the Belgrade government as a " fascist regime " they are not totally inaccurate . One of the reasons why this regime should be supported - at least to the extent of not intervening in order to frustrate its policy objectives . What are those objectives ? Essentially the Serbian government has gone native , it has fallen into the streets and decided to represent radical illiberal nationalism through the organs of the state and the power of the JNA (the Yugoslav National Army) . In a sense the Serbian leadership had a choice to make at the end of the Cold War - would they shut up shop and join the New World Order , or would they engage in savage irredentism in relation to their territory in order to create a new Serbian empire out of a rump Yugoslav state . (Various African wars , such as the total restart without outside help of the Angolan Civil War between UNITA and the MPLA , has to do with Savimbi's refusal to accept anything less than total independence for Angola . As a military representative of UNITA told an American diplomat : " you are not an Angolan " .)

The Serbian military-political command has exactly the same view . Given this situation one can genuinely ask : what do European countries and the United States of America think they are doing by intervening in this conflict ? In part the desire to interfere is for humanitarian reasons which are quite understandable - a type of liberal imperialism which the Clinton White House in particular will find difficult to resist . But the actual presence of Western troops is a non-starter . First, their presence is to essentially protect Bosnian Muslims, when it is quite clear that the Muslim religion has no place in Europe . In such a context ethnic cleansing , as conducted by the Serbs , is completely understandable - although we are certainly not in favour of the massacre of people after they have surrendered who are ethnically european and only Muslim due to an accident of history , namely the Ottoman Empire . We believe that they should be converted by force to either Orthodox or Catholic Christianity - in the manner of other religious groups so forcibly transformed from one faith to another throughout countless european wars in centuries past . It is no business of British soldiers to arbitrate , police or attempt to defuse any of the warring factions in Bosnia . Even the Owen-Vance plan is a non-starter , insofar as it does not accord with Serbian gains on the ground , all of which in the perspective of battle are legitimate . All of which is not to make us lyrically pro-Serb - it is just that this is not our war , an independent Croatian state in non- Titoist borders is definitely supportable , as is the destruction of Bosnia and the creation of a Greater Serbia .

JONATHAN BOWDEN

WHITHER THE ROYALS ? - AS THE ROYAL FAMILY LURCHES FROM ONE DISASTER TO ANOTHER , THE REVOLUTIONARY CONSERVATIVE CAUCUS LOOKS AT AN INSTITUTION IN NEAR - TERMINAL DECLINE . A CASE FOR RENEWAL (?) - OR BRING BACK OLIVER CROMWELL , ALL IS FORGIVEN !? THE RCC INVESTIGATES ... THE FIRST OF SEVERAL ARTICLES ON THE HOUSE OF WINDSOR IN THIS AND FORTHCOMING ISSUES .

The British Royal Family has certainly been through the wringer during the last couple of years, as any honeymoon with the popular press came crashing down amidst ignominy , charlatany , accusations of coup and counter-coup (possibly Koo Stark) in the Royal household , the use of bugged telephone lines and allegations of adultery . All in all it has been a sorry affair .

In many ways the Royal Family has come a cropper - it has suddenly and somewhat brutally run full tilt into a brick wall which is called the modern world . For until relatively recently , as late as the latter half of the 1980s , the House of Windsor was treated by the media with extreme gentleness , if not kid gloves . Although the days of Movietone cinema newsreels where the first item on the news would consist of moving snapshots of the family at breakfast are long gone , the entire British media treated the family with a mixture of mawkishness , sentimentality , and occasionally genuine but often slightly cynical reverence . Any sense of holding back , of treating the Royals as an idealized family structure - a perfect exercise in living iconography for the nation - has well and truly come to an end . Partly due to a dynamic which exists in the media itself - for in truth every other institution of national life , with the exception of the Royal Family , had long been opened up to ruthless and excoriating inquiry . Why did the change happen in relation to the Royals ? The reasons are many and varied - the proto-republicanism of the Australian-owned Murdoch press , the desire of some of the younger Royals to marry outside of their extremely restricted class -

thereby " democratising " the reportage of the family , most particularly in relation to Diana - but ultimately in relation to the anti-elitism , demythologisation and radical egalitarianism which is sweeping British society . There have also been generational changes in relation to the family itself which has encouraged media intrusiveness and yet has also left them in a vulnerable position in relation to repelling the paparazzi and the screaming horde of journalists with their pens and pads aquiver .

What has basically happened with the Royal Family is merely a metaphor for the country's long and undulating decline - a decline that has been progressing steadily since the 1880s . The monarchy increasingly seems to have no goal , to have no direct purpose in relation to the man or woman in the street , to have lost its way , to no longer see itself as a custodian of national self-determination and honour - and as its power has been stripped away one increasingly sees a set of exceedingly rich and spoilt young people , the British *journeuse doree* , who basically treat the institution as an excuse for a free lunch . Indeed such individuals - Sarah Ferguson chief amongst them - are little different to spoilt , rich , upper class , decadent no-marks anywhere on earth, irrespective of royal status . Such people are just part of an international jet set which exists all over the world and for which it is never winter - people who have more money than they necessarily know what to do with and no great purpose in life . Many of them spend their days *a la* the Marquis of Blandford in a drug-induced haze of partying , promiscuity , excessive drinking , prattling about , and waking after hours in drained swimming pools surrounded by their own vomit . These individuals are specks on their own Eton ties ; they are the equivalent of Mick Jagger and Jerry Hall (a couple estimated to be worth £400 million) with titles , tiaras and a little bit of blue blood . The difference between such people and the *habitués* of Stringfellows in Covent Garden during the 80s boom is merely money and class , little more .

It was not always like this - at one time the consort to a future monarch was not expected to leap into a Jag and race down to the hairdressers where she could have a good moan about the future monarch as she was having her blond streaks put in . In a previous era the family may well have had a seamy and somewhat sordid side - Mountbatten's alleged homosexuality , the suicide of his eldest son possibly due to the same cause , the extra-marital gymnastics of the eventually abdicated Edward VIII (with or without themorganatic marriage to Mrs.Simpson), the paparazzi-revealed teats around the pool of Sarah Ferguson (replete after a toe-job by her " financial adviser ") etc... but at least it stood for something , it represented the country at home and abroad . It had a role , a purpose , a destiny , even a teleology - something to do and represent . We are not arguing , however , that modern monarchs such as George VI or Elizabeth II can lead troops into battle , besiege recalcitrant towns , behead traitors , build cathedrals , or with the dispensation and divine arrogance of mediaeval popes , stimulate totally new forms of art through the power of patronage . Much as we would like to see a return to these values - as Julius Evola once said " the real purpose of the Right is to return to the ancient world " - we recognise the limitations placed upon monarchy , the exercise of personal power , in a secular , democratic , egalitarian , non-symbolic , and increasingly plebeian era . But we do demand a return to neo-traditionalist non-dross monarchy as soon as possible . Individuals such as Prince Charles will have to understand that architectural populism and speaking to one's rubber plant may not be enough . We desire to see a monarchy of service to the people , we do not wish a social-democratic or Scandinavian -type monarchy - a sort of TV *Neighbours* monarchy where you invite the social worker who lives next to the palace to come round and drink gin off the ermine - but nor do we wish to see a loutish

upper-class binge that consists of the socially-august *refuseniks* from a drama by Harold Pinter going under the names of Princess Margaret (where a lot of the modern rot set in - she should have been allowed to marry Townsend all along) and Lord Litchfield (another well-known plonker !)

The next generation of Royals , in particular the Princes William and Harry , will have to be brought up to expect not Mills and Boon romance with the partner of their choice, not the trough of Annabelle's in Mayfair when viewed with the over-excitability which amphetamine sulphate always generates , but a lifetime of sacrifice , service , self-denial and patriotism . Where like the present Queen and Prince Philip, but unlike some of their fellow family members , they will have to devote themselves , without expectation of reward , to the nature of Royal service to the state . Only if these youngsters are brought up to have arranged marriages (in a Western sense) , military backgrounds , and an entire personal regimen that consists of the equivalent of cold baths , cross-country runs , and other like-minded pursuits , will they be capable of exercising their duties . For the entire future of the modern monarchy now hangs in the balance . Make no mistake about it , the relentless nature of media exposure together with the facility to tape calls , seize letters , rely on disgruntled servants and expose personal details will lead to more and more disillusionment with this institution as the years pass . Already people who regarded themselves as died-in-the-wool monarchists , true-blue supporters of the Crown in all classes , can scarcely bring themselves to watch news items about the contemporary Royals , so drossy has the institution become . In a sense such people are loyal to the spirit of a monarchy which no longer exists - but that can be recreated . If it is to be recreated , however , the preparations for life , in effect the early origins - if not the *bildungsroman* - of the young royals , such as William and Harry , will have to be harsh , spare and forbidding . Their lives , like the young princes in the Tower , whose sorry plight was ably chronicled in dramatic form by Shakespeare in *King John* , will have to be the model for future monarchical youth-work . Such a background must be a continuous preparation for personal hardship and psychological warfare in the service of the state - their schooling , national service , girlfriends , and all aspects of their private lives must be controlled by senior members of the Royal household and the state . For truly they were born not free but in a gilded cage to serve the people of Britain . Only if there is a return to a martial , social , and inegalitarian form of monarchy will the institution have any purpose in the next century . If it is to survive it cannot be an exercise in happy families or the semantics of the Wombles of Wimbledon Common . In the future monarchs will have to understand that they are born for service to the state - they have no personal freedom and their private life must be controlled by the state . They must have the attitude , as they approach their duties , of tank commanders in the Gulf preparing to storm Iraqi positions . We wish to see a more Right-wing and politicised monarchy , more hierarchical , traditional and racial in tone . For the danger to the present Royal clique - ably described by David Cannadine as the " Monaco monarchy " or somewhat less decorously as a " whorehouse run by queers " by a Tory councillor who shall remain nameless - is less republicanism than indifference . (For the benefit of our less intellectual readers David Cannadine is not the star of the TV series *Kung Fu* in the 1970s.) The danger to the monarchy is less the antics of an avowed republican and ex-Labour MP like Willie Hamilton (author of *The Queen and I*) than mass popular apathy and the somewhat sullen withdrawal of support . For a younger generation is growing up now who were never taught to look upon the monarchy with reverence and who instead regard it as a near-useless anachronism or as something which has no

relevance to their lives . It does not even resemble hatred - blind leftwing opposition to the institution itself -but merely indifference , the worst form of " hatred " . As a consequence one cannot really expect a republican movement to arise in Britain , even though there will be occasional blips - a quarter of Labour MPs reportedly favour a republic (much to the chagrin of John Smith) and the opinion poll rating of the monarchy has plummeted as more and more people become desensitised to the prospect of a republic . Yet one can hardly see revolt on the cards . It is merely a grinding and somewhat dispiriting sense of " let down " on behalf of the general population as yet another institution bites the dust .

JONATHAN BOWDEN

Letters

NO SEX PLEASE, WE'RE BRITISH!

Dear Sir ,

I was totally disgusted to find coarse , lewd and offensive references to extreme forms of sexuality and bodily functions in the last issue of *The Revolutionary Conservative*. I was looking forward to this magazine which I had paid for beforehand . But to my consternation I was confronted with a publication which was too scatological for words . I had to ban it from the living room so that my mother-in-law could not become offended at the sexual explicitness of its contents . It now languishes in my garage . Yours disgustedly ,

A.J.Witherington-Smythe,
Bournemouth

Dear Miss : We have had very few complaints of this sort from various old women amongst our many and varied readers , but the fact that we have had some at all makes it worthy of reply . To begin with , the first issue was not devoted to sex in the way Mr. Witherington-Smythe (afterwards referred to as Smythe) believes . There was certainly a theme of sexual politics running through the first issue which does not necessarily need to be repeated because it has been adequately dealt with . As far as we are concerned there are three meaningful areas of sexual politics ; first , feminism - for and against - second , pornography and the use of sublimated erotica to sell consumer products and third , gay rights (so-called) . All of these matters were dealt with in three or four explicit and direct articles in the first issue , namely the Paglia / Dworkin pieces on feminism , Mr.Bowden's piece on Madonna (examining the use of commercialised sexuality) and Tom O'Hoolahan's piece on the pathology of inversion - cast in the form of an analysis of the political anthropology of Hampstead Heath . The editors of this magazine believe that all of these articles were necessary and to the point - they may have involved moments of crudity or directness of expression , but if various people on the Right cannot take this sort of thing then they are basically saying that they have not yet fully grown up . Indeed the whole of the Right spectrum seems to suffer from a certain mawkishness , a type of knowing innocence , an actual fear of coming out with what people actually think or are prepared to say in private . There is , in a sense , a type of compulsive naivete ; a refusal to face certain facts or to examine the explicitness of the contemporary mass-media in relation to sexual politics . It is as if parts of the Right take up contrary positions without the desire to expound them - rather in the manner of Winston Churchill MP when he complained to the anti-pornography campaigner Ann Widcombe that he would support her Private Member's Bill except that it was pornographic . Why so ? Merely because to get certain material

proscribed it had to actually describe what it was , thereby leaving itself open to the charge - amongst innocent and deluded intellects - that it was peddling the very smut it allegedly wished to muzzle .

So on the Right of British political life we are faced with various imbeciles who are themselves beholden to a neo-totalitarian erotic dispensation : people whose idea of a *Guardian*-in-reverse article on sexual politics is a mixture of Mother and Child in neo-classical guise by Kolbe . Such a thing represents a hidden culture of not-so-sophisticated hypocrisy and misstatement - a reluctance to call a spade a spade ! We do not suffer from this paralysis . We do not regard contemporary politics as the equivalent of playing croquet on the vicarage lawn . If the Right is ever to succeed it has to get into the mass-media , it has to turn various assumptions and attitudes around . For to our mind , canting puritanism , Christian fundamentalism , the megaphone diplomacy of moral re-armament and similar initiatives are not enough - they are just speaking to the converted . You have to get beyond small isolated ghettos of redundancy and political failure in order to reach the world *out there* : the generation which takes its political attitudes , if it allows itself to have any , from the cultural pages of the *Guardian* tabloid , a skim-reading of *The Independent* and the excessively liberal and yet obliquely delivered message of *Time Out*. What is necessary in relation to mass-media distribution is a form of *Time Out* in reverse - the idea that a political magazine from this end of the spectrum should only carry articles about Ulster , Europe , race , South Africa and a few related areas , needs to be knocked on the head . The truth is that everything can be subject to comment - *Eldorado* , Michael Jackson , the state of the Anglican Church , AIDs , famine , Janet Street-Porter's hairstyle , Meibion Glendowyer , and the politics of animal liberation . There is nothing that this magazine will not comment on with the ferocity and directness of its assault on Left-wing interpretations of sexual politics . In short , we say f--k Foucault (who wrote the four-volume *History of Sexuality* before he died of AIDs) - here's the *Revolutionary Conservative* ! -Ed.

MESSAGE FROM SALTWOOD...

Dear sir :

Thank you for your letter , and for sending me a copy of *The Revolutionary Conservative Review* .

If I can think of an appropriate topic I would be very glad to take advantage of your offer .

The Hon. Alan Clark (ex-MP & Minister for Defence Procurement)

ANGRY OLD WEDGE

Dear sirs:

I regret that I cannot be bothered to join another group of conservative wets. The only morally-defensible function of the sovereign (Parliament) is as in the Magna Carta the defence of property, which includes one's body, for which one gives "payment in lieu of Castleguard" (taxation). Using taxation to defend people from their own folly (homosexuality, abortion etc) in order to obtain the votes of the ignorant majority is precisely what is bringing about the collapse of law and order. So I am a minimum government libertarian, and an Old Liberal and condemn you for being one of the promoters of the breakdown of law and order. You must be a dullard to fail to

recognise that the primary function of the sovereign is to prevent theft with the death penalty. Brain-dead wets like you are undermining law and order,

- Yours faithfully, David D. Wedgwood, Twickenham.

Dear Wedge:

Your letter is completely insane, but we were otherwise pleased to receive it. The editors of this magazine have been called many things throughout their political careers, but we have never been called wets! For those not in the know, the term wet refers to the Tory liberal-left during the 1980s, whereas the term dry refers to the quasi-libertarian Thatcherite Right. It should be clear to the Mr. Wedgewoods of this world that we are authoritarian nationalist Conservatives if we are anything at all, We are certainly not wets! Although Mr. Wedgwood is more than entitled to his opinion - it is usually called Care in the Community. But seriously Old Wedge does have a point: for as far as he is concerned, almost everyone is a wet who doesn't agree with total minimum government and hanging for nicking a packet of liquorice allsorts. We can only suggest that Wedge takes a rest cure: tenant-landlord relations in Twickers are obviously deteriorating and forcing him near the edge! But ultimately we agree with Wedge: we think that old women who steal rashers of streaky bacon from Safeways should be instantly put to death - perhaps given his doctrine of private utility Mr. Wedgewood could put up the cash for the scaffold. Ed.

A MONARCHIST WRITES...

Dear sir:

I have today received The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus Supporters' Bulletin plus the European Book Society leaflet.

Congratulations on your new publication RIGHT and I hope that it sells. It's frustrating - to say the least - if it doesn't. Hawk it around!

Your big problem is that you are trying to be *too* intellectual with some of the material I have read. The British, really, are not at all intellectual and a broad appeal to the masses must be more mundane. It must scream out at the reader in simple terms - appeal to his basic (or basest) instincts. Given that more and more of the population now have square eyes, you'll need to grip them in the early part of anything you write otherwise they'll drop it and return to the television. Your heart is in the right place, but don't credit the chattering classes with too much!

Regards, Gregory Lauder-Frost, Arundel, Sussex.

Dear GLF:

The editors of The Revolutionary Conservative and the companion Revolutionary Conservative Review always dovetail their linguistic exactitude and metaphysical abstraction to fit in with the low IQ rating of the *canaille*. As far as we are concerned The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus isn't intellectual enough. As Heidegger once said after a bad night: *you ain't seen nothing yet!* (Some confusion with Ronald Reagan surely - Ed).

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOLSHEVIK BROADCASTING CORPORATION (OTHERWISE KNOWN AS THE BBC) FROM THAT RABID CULTURAL ELITIST STUART MILLSON, CO-EDITOR OF THIS MAGAZINE. MR. MILLSON BLASTS AWAY AT THE TIMID,

POLITICALLY-CORRECT CULTURE OF THE BBC STAFF CANTEEN - A RENEGADE AND EXCLUSIVE CULTURAL QUAGMIRE MADE UP OF LAURA ASHLEY, FADED HIGH CHURCH ANGLICAN LIBERALISM, AND THE LIMP-WRISTED FOREPLAY OF TODAY'S PARLOUR BOLSHEVIKS. SM RIPS INTO THE PINK-RINSED CULTURE OF TODAY'S MEDIA SUPREMOS, HE KICKS OVER THE TABLES IN THE BEEB'S CANTEEN AND SENDS FLYING THE TEA/NICARAGUAN COFFEE AND OTHER CUTLERY. AS HE REMINDS THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS AND THEIR PC CRONIES THAT THIS CULTURE NURTURED THE NEO-COMMUNIST TRAITOROUSNESS OF THAT WELL-KNOWN BUM-BOY AND MOSCOW EXILE GUY BURGESS (WHO WORKED AT THE BBC FOR MANY YEARS) AND OTHER WELL-KNOWN FUDGE-PACKERS.

Dear Sir:

I am writing to complain about the Kaleidoscope special feature on "classical music in a multiracial society" broadcast on your network not so long ago.

I believe your assertion that Britain is a multiracial society to be quite wrong: this country is intrinsically an Anglo-European society with an ancestral culture and artistic tradition that is basically white. It should therefore be no surprise that Britain's composers, musicians and concert audiences are also white. If black and Asian people do not flock to the Royal Festival Hall it is due to the fact that they tend to have their own cultural traditions and identity.

Just as I would not seek to impose a quota of white Europeans on a Hindu arts festival or an Indian classical concert (given by Ravi Shankar), so it is the case that Parsifal (Wagner), Riders to the Sea (Vaughan Williams), or A Village Romeo and Juliet (Delius) should not really be performed by multiracial casts.

From these examples it is clear that racial identity in music need not mean racial hatred, as liberals fondly imagine.

THE BRITISH UNDERCLASS : VICTIMS OF SOCIETY OR HUMAN GARBAGE ? A CASE OF A RESPECTABLE MAN WHO IS DOWN ON HIS LUCK AND WHO IS WAITING FOR HIS DOLE (A POSSIBLE VICTIM OF INSTITUTIONALISED MIDDLE-CLASS *MEDIOCRITY*) - OR DRONGOID TRASH --- UNFIT FOR POLITE SOCIETY --- WAITING FOR ITS BENEFIT-ASSISTED SWILL !

There has been much debate during the nineteen eighties about the underclass . What is it ? Who constitutes it ? Are they society's victims or drop-outs , human refuse or some such trash , the *residuum* of the consumer society . As with many of these sociological matters the truth , as Paddy Ashdown would say , is neither one or the other but somewhere in between . For it has to be admitted that many people can fall socially . Their businesses can go bankrupt - like John Major's father who was reduced to trapeze artistry as a result of personal failure . People can also be made redundant through no fault of their own . In the course of events such people may claim social security benefit which they have paid for and to which they are entitled . Our quarrel is not with these people . We reserve our scorn for the self-elected under-class , whether proletarian or bourgeois , which has chosen to drop out of society , take social security and live in unheated drug-infested squats in Hackney . These are people whose

essential metaphysic about life can be summed up by the anarcho-punk acronym F.O.A.D.

These are the unwashed lumpen elements of human flotsam and jetsom which wash around the fringes of contemporary Britain . Some of these people are essentially excuses for suicide statistics . They are people who have gone out and and left the gas on ; but they did not return . In their subterranean world , they are known as s "Drongoes " , white rastaffarians , anarcho-punks , New Wave punks , all the little niches of punkdom , together with "Crusties " . (The latter a particularly malodorous assortment of tramps --- all of whom refuse to wash and are therefore encrusted with scales of dirt and grime . They are often to be found in city centres , the beautiful precincts of Bath being an obvious example .) While the female of this *sub-species* is truly bizarre . She is often bald , the head shaven in the manner of the rock balladeer and IRA-supporter Sinead O'Connor , atop which rises a purple or turquoise Mohican . The latter is a strange form of flora ; a type of human topary which bisects the skull of these fe/males . Moreover , this peculiar head-gear is offset with facial jewellery , traces of Hindi rolled-gold which puncture ear , nose , cheek and on occasions other elements of the face : all in the manner of a strange post-60s trellis-work : a pawn-broker's or Rattner's display tray seemingly tipped out into the face --- the latter resembling the facial masks of plastic surgery gone awry ; the enclosure for the cannibal in Tom Harrison's *Silence of the Lambs* ; a humanistic version of Alexander Dumas' *Man [?] in the Iron Mask* . There are also other characters : New Age travellers , life-long squatters , " dole culture junkies " , perpetual ' students ' , itinerant bag ladies , nihilistic hippies , failed and frustrated Yippies (politicised hippies) and the like . There are also various neo-mediaeval characters : replete with woollens and large brown bottles of cider --- the new breed of tramp's methylated spirit , etc...

What should our response be ? We believe that these people need sorting out . They need a bath and to be put to work . According to the editors of the *Revolutionary Conservative* , "workfare" as it is practised in the United States is far too liberal , even though it has a useful side to it we believe in going much further . We call upon the government to immediately enact task forces in our urban areas to get this dross off the steets and out of their squats . All benefit claimants should be assessed and those who are quite obviously using benefit to finance an alternative life-style will immediately be forced to clean themselves up , and then volunteer for prescribed work . Any refusal to go along with this programme for social re-orientation will involve the immediate loss of benefits , and for people who are recalcitrant on the job (as it were) , a brief involuntary stint in civic action squads run by the military , specialising in cleaning public lavatories and other unpleasant duties , will be the order of the day . There can be no benefit without work ; no work without benefit . For those who refuse to contribute to the society , the shower , the military , the work unit and the empty benefit claims form awaits them . To paraphrase Nietzsche : *work means freedom* . The **Revolutionary Conservative Caucus** is totally determined to have a Conservative Government clean up anti-social dross using the full-rigour of the state .

Oliver Prendergast

MICHAEL JACKSON --- DANGER !!! SYNTHETIC HUMANOID AT WORK !!! IN THIS ARTICLE JOHN MACLAUGHLIN LOOKS AT THE TEENY-BOP ROCK STAR WHO IS A CROSS BETWEEN A MULATTO TRANSVESTITE AND FRANKENSTEIN'S " MUNSTER " .

It seems (at the time of writing) that Michael Jackson is about to return to the United States because of a bout of flu which has kept him from performing at Wembley Stadium . None of which will disguise the fact , however , that the man appears to suffer from what can only be described as a spiritual form of AIDs . He is truly a creature of modern coca-cola capitalism --- a product which he markets world-wide . In a sense this not-so-youthful scion of the Jackson Five (an old Motown group) has become emblematic of a certain type of modern sensibility . He is without race , sex , gender and is altogether lacking in any sense of poise , any form of arrestation or rest , or what was once referred to as beauty (insofar as this concept can ever be said to relate to masculinity - a pretty dubious category in M.J.'s case.) In a sense Jackson represents a type of metaphysical ugliness ; a type of squalid interregnum between different forms . For instance , he is neither white or black , but a process of radical plastic surgery has affected some delinquent combination of the two . Far more than somebody who is naturally of mixed race, he represents a type of cosmic ugliness ; a truly cretinous dispensation . Another factor which is raised by the Jackson circus is whether he is male or female . Obviously he is male in a purely biological sense , yet he seems to suffer from a jerky , spasmodic and delinquent physical posture . He resembles a victim of Dropsy or St. Vitas' Dance , as he struts about the stage in an androgynous stupour . The truth is that Jackson's gyrating hips have become an exercise in shallow erotic titillation for a generation of the world's teenagers , irrespective of the fact that many of today's adolescents are to be found in their nineties . Jackson has a truly wide appeal : he alienates neither white or black , hetero-or-homosexual , male or female , young or old , poor or rich . All you need is a video recorder to keep up with the antics of this breathless waste of space . In truth , the only threat to come from *Dangerous* , *Bad* and other albums is a sort of threat to the psychic health of the listener , for Jackson , unbeknown to himself , sucks the listener in to a uniquely cultureless form of culture . It has no beginning , no end , no sense of triumph , no perspective of tragedy , no depth , no understanding as to when it should cease . It is literally a highly synthesised and technically proficient form of crap . It is essentially a post-modern juke-box filling up the emptiness --- the musical equivalent of chewing gum , something to while away the hours between one's thoughts . In a sense , therefore , it is a form of musical neuroticism ; the creation of the absence of a space ; a redundant exercise in futility ; music as a form of social therapy .

THE CULTURE OF THE NEW RIGHT : ERNST JUNGER - THE NON-NAZI PROPHECT OF THE GERMAN RADICAL RIGHT . JONATHAN BOWDEN ANALYSES THE CAREER AND OPINIONS OF ONE OF THE CHIEF ARCHITECTS OF THE CONSERVATIVE REVOLUTION .

Ernst Junger is one of the most important Rightwing intellectuals of the twentieth century . His interesting and provocative career began in a highly romantic vein when he ran away from school to join the French Foreign legion slightly before the outbreak of the Great War . He was persuaded back to Germany by his father , but immediately left home again to sign up for the Imperial army on the first day of the Great War . Junger steadily rose through the ranks and ended up a commander of storm troops . He was wounded either 14 or 20 times depending on whose statistics you believe and won two Iron Crosses and the *Pour le Merite* - the highest award for

bravery in the old Prussian army . He was one of the ten most decorated soldiers on the German side during the First World War - the future Commander Rommel was another one . Soon after the war Junger - along with many of his contemporaries- began to write in earnest about his experiences . Yet the peacetime army did not suit him and he returned to scholarship at Leipzig university . His first and most famous book was *The Storm of Steel* and various reworked versions on the same theme , such as *The War Within* , *COPSE 125* and *Fire and Blood* . As has been widely commented on by critics , all of these books are qualitatively different to the rest of Great War literature , whether we are thinking of Guy Chapman's novels , Robert Grave's *Goodbye to all That* , Frederick Manning's *The Middle Parts of Fortune* (widely praised by Hemingway and T.E.Lawrence) or retrospective pacifist works like Peter Fuller's *War and Modern Memory* . For Junger's work is a celebration of the war . It is an attempt to find meaning in a maelstrom which had been characterised as meaningless and contingent by most of the best minds of his generation . In a sense Junger regarded the war as akin to a religious experience or revelation - a cathartic moment or shock - and the configuration of a terrible beauty . In Junger's view , the Front took on the aspect of a new form of life - at once spectral and abandoned - a lunar landscape of mud , flies , barbed wire , incessant sniping and the pounding of the big guns which churned up the earth into cauldrons of elemental fury - and the brief inconstant glare of flares , thunder flashes and high explosives . To most people it was a form of Hell ; to Junger it had to be an experience which was mastered by style . Indeed Junger's whole metaphysic , as George Steiner has pointed out in his introduction to *On the Marble Cliffs* , portrayed the hard-edged sensitivity of the dandy . When we use the term "dandy " in its masculine , brutal , refined and yet delicate form - the manner and temperament of the duellist . The man who always approaches life (for which read the prospect of conflict) in cold blood , with the expectation of pain and the foreknowledge of unrequited ecstasy . For Junger's art is a masculine art , devoid of both sentimentality and self-pity . All of his books throughout the 20s and 30s and after that are an attempt to find meaning in modern life , to renew the prospect of the sacred in relation to an increasingly liberal and decadent society .

Around his example gathered the intellectual circle of the Radical Right , the Right intelligentsia in Wiemar Germany consisting of Fritz von Salomon , his brother , Bronnen , Niekisch and various other national bolsheviks / revolutionary nationalists / radical Rightists . Together they formed the German intellectual culture of the Conservative Revolution - whose stentorian oratory and radical ideas undermined the fledgling Weimer Republic . Contemporary liberal opinion has never forgiven these figures , for undermining Wiemar and paving the way - in their view - for Hitler and the NSDAP . Yet as Armin Mohler has pointed out in his book " The Conservative Revolution in Germany " (1918-1932) , the Conservative Revolution has been misunderstood . For it represents , in reverse , the leftist intellectual culture which existed to one side of the bolsheviks and that partly preceded them , but which found itself crushed out under Stalin . These were people like George Luckasc , Korsch , Adorno , Plekhanov (Lenin's theoretical mentor) and many others . The Conservative Revolution - for its part - were precursors of , rivals to , critics of , and intellectual auxiliaries for German National Socialism --- a phenomenon which was at once revered and despised by them . In that they represented a much higher order of civilisation and intellectual force . There were overlaps certainly , both Goebbels , Gunther and maybe Baumler were members of the Junger circle at one time or another , but one only has to compare the work of the Revolutionary Conservative authors to

the conspiratorial vapourings of *Mein Kampf* or even Rosenberg's Mythos to sense the difference .

In a sense Junger and the others went into internal opposition (" internal exile " as it was called) in relation to the regime , but rather like humanistic Marxists , such as Luckasc , who had to adopt proto-Stalinist positions in order to survive , the Junger circle never went into opposition to the regime . Junger's diary certainly makes clear that he and others were approached by Stauffenberg and the Bomb Plotters prior to their actions in July 1944 , but Junger refused to join it . He also refused to take part in the American de-Nazification process after the war - something which resulted in his books being proscribed by the Western military authorities until the late 1940s . So what do we have ?

Junger was neither pro or anti-Nazi. Instead he remained neutral, cynical, diffident, aloof - with a steely calm - as he viewed Germany's Gotterdammerung in 1944-45. He also believed in a manner somewhat reminiscent of Thomas Mann that the Germans must fulfill their tragic destiny and that Hitler - the talismanic demagogue, the small man made big, the brilliant General and statesman/moral cretin and aberrant psychopath - was partly Germany's destiny. For he saw Hitler and what he represented as a movement he vaguely endorsed and yet was ultimately revolted by, much like Stalinist fellow-travellers such as Bertold Brecht, W.H. Auden and Andre Muraus on the other side. Yet he had never endorsed the regime to the same degree - nor did he repudiate it to the same degree. Junger's honesty and sense of steely calm was always stronger than that. In a sense he regarded Hitler as an imp of the perverse, a Wagnerian troll metamorphosed into a giant of The Ring cycle, a mixture of a technocratic Caesar, a bank clerk foaming at the mouth and a Western Attila - a man who once boasted that the grass always withered wherever his horse had trod.

We salute Ernst Junger - the Nietzschean intellectual of the Right *par excellence* - and recommend his work to a new generation of readers, and a new generation of the Right. - JB.

AFTER THIS GERMANIC INTERLUDE, WE TURN TO THE ROLLING ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE AND A ROMANTIC VISION OF ENGLAND AS TRANSLATED INTO THE MUSIC OF EDWARD ELGAR. STUART MILLSON, THE LEADING MUSICOLOGIST OF OUR MOVEMENT, PROVES THAT THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ARE NOT GERMANS LIVING ON AN ISLAND OFF EUROPE.

One of the few areas as yet uncorrupted by the cultural levelling of our liberal age is that of Western Classical, Romantic, and post-Romantic music. Despite attempts to introduce "relevance" into Bayreuth productions of The Ring (i.e. drain the music of its specifically Germanic and antique elements), and despite embarrassment (largely on the part of liberal arts programmes in Britain) about the politically-incorrect nationalist sentiments of Elgar symphonies, the recording, performance and interest in this indigenous European art form has never been more intense. And there is every indication that the audience likes its music "pure", preferring authenticity in meaning and atmosphere to interpretations and "new approaches", that respond only to the cries of the age.

A jittery arts establishment, afraid of anything that might be construed as racist or elitist, tells us that Elgarian patriotism, or Wagnerian primal emotion should be overlooked and that the listener should just enjoy the "good tunes". But this is as absurd as asking somebody to ignore the meaning of a Thomas Hardy novel and admire only the sentence structure and punctuation. The appreciation of music, like the appreciation of any art, involves an interest in and a sympathy for the artist's world. Without this, the work cannot be related to anything or explained, and listening to it becomes largely pointless.

One conductor who takes the Romantic artist and his environment at face value is the Italian Giuseppe Sinopoli, the music director of London's Philharmonia Orchestra. Sinopoli's outstanding achievement has been to restore the symphonies and major orchestral works of Elgar to their rightful place in the European mainstream, for Elgar has been incorrectly cast, largely by sneering English journalists, as a provincialist; a Victorian backwoodsman whose writing appeals only to English insularity. But this view has only existed in recent years, and is a product of modern ignorance, hypocrisy, and the crass feeling that Englishness in music is synonymous with cultural xenophobia. This hypocrisy is easily exposed by looking at the case of Mahler and Bruckner - worshipped by the musical press (and rightly so) - but who, like Elgar, came from provincial backgrounds and expressed regional or national idioms. Mahler even went as far as using Tyrolean cow bells in some of his symphonies - a very local, very national splash of colour indeed!

To Sinopoli, who has recorded the two Elgar symphonies, the "Enigma" Variations, and Pomp and circumstance marches with Deutsche Gramophon, the composer's Englishness is not a barrier to audiences outside England. As a European composer, Elgar's national roots are just as valid as those of his Viennese contemporaries, and this is why the Sinopoli recordings have led to a re-appraisal of Elgar on the continent, as well as at home. The famous yellow label of Deutsche Gramophon, for decades a symbol of Herbert von Karajan and the dominance of the Austro-German tradition, has now been opened up to a new facet of European music. It can only be a short while before Vaughan Williams, Britten and Walton follow Elgar into the European mainstream, thus providing continental audiences with full access to the whole of their musical heritage.

Yet in Elgar's day the English composer was not regarded as an outsider by people across the Channel: let us not forget that it was Germany and Richard Strauss who hailed Elgar as a modern genius. Now, thanks to musicians such as Sinopoli, history seems to be repeating itself.

AS THE NEWSPRINT, VEGETABLE STALKS AND BROKEN BEER CANS GURGLE IN THE GUTTERS - THE MUEZZIN CALLS THE FAITHFUL TO PRAYER...THIS IS THE NEW EAST END. IN THIS ARTICLE "ALL THOSE SAM WELLERS GONE!" JOHN RAGGLEY MOURNS THE PASSING OF THE OLD EAST END.

At last, the rain has come, washing down the long-suffering streets of Spitalfields. It makes them English again, in a way, after the sticky summer; it quietens the shouting in Bengali and makes the roving drunks seek shelter. All the vulgarity is temporarily silenced - the only sounds are the immemorial ones, of traffic passing (although cars now, rather than hansoms and post-chaises) and the noise of running feet, as the crowd

from the real ale pub makes a dash for taxis or the Tube at Liverpool Street or Aldgate East. The pub across the road looks inviting now, with its golden lights spilling out onto the soaking street, and a burst of beery laughter can be heard before the door slams to again. Essex porter and Fullers are working their alchemy. The Georgian terrace down slightly to the right looks tired and yet resilient - this is not the first storm it has seen. A huge sheet of lightning lights up the sky to the east, and a great abdominal rumble shows Thor's displeasure; the rain, which had eased off, returns with renewed vigour. The umbrellas are up everywhere, mostly black, such is the innate conservatism of the English; the chimney of the old Truman's brewery stands up, black and dead, like a tree that has been struck by lightning.

English life is draining out of this area, like the swishing rain in the gutters; and as the English retreat, England goes with them. Only the street names and buildings remain. During the run-up to the last by-election, the local Conservatives didn't even bother printing any of their election literature in English, so despised, so forgotten has the English minority become. Small wonder that many East Enders have made the trek out to Basildon and Colchester! The Cockney, wide-boy though he may have been, is at a premium around here...all those Sam Wellers gone, and gone for good! Now words cannot really explain the enormity of the loss. The only thing that will drive it home to you is walking around here; dodging the piles of rubbish and trying not to trip over the crooked paving; looking at the Bengali fly-posters and buying your cigarettes in the shop where the raw *halal* meat lies naked on the counter and the brown shopkeeper doesn't even look at you, just outstretches his hand for the money.

Only when it rains does a sort of hush descend and everything seems kinder for a while - "re-Englished" if there is such a word - and less tropical. Rain is spilling down the drains with a gurgling sound, clear from up here, down to join the Thames just a mile or two to the south, beyond Whitechapel High Road. Another flash of lightning, and subsequent roar, and the roofs of the jumbled buildings are revealed in their awfulness - a nightmare vision of television aerials, dirty brick and roof-felt, and a stray, bedraggled piebald cat crouching miserably under the inadequate cover of a chimney-stack. It seems that nobody else can see, or will admit, the dreadfulness of what has been done to London since the war. Only the lightning is unafraid to portray it as it actually is; only the thunder makes noises of anger.

As the rain eases off, so the street comes to life. The gentle harpsichord of the Bach that I am listening to as I write cannot disguise the tropical imprecations that are being swopped at top volume across the road, nor the thin whine of police sirens that you hear all too often. There is some kind of shouting match in the pub - the alchemy has turned into black magic. A cool breeze has sprung up, and wafts a faint smell of curry up in through the open window. Deracinated City workers leaving the pub weave around the streets and into curry houses to satisfy "the munchies"; they have always lived with this great multicultural mess, and know no better. (Although that is really no excuse for them; I am only 28, and have lived with this great multicultural mess, too, for as long as they). The storm moves away eastwards, to spend itself impotently over the "flat and windy coast" or above the North Sea, leaving Spitalfields, Stepney, Whitechapel, Bethnal Green and Limehouse and all the other avoidably destroyed districts to their own devices. As the storm declines, the silvery, shivery bells of Christ Church can just be heard over the increasing hubbub...

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