

The REVOLUTIONARY CONSERVATIVE

*Conservative - Nationalist - Unionist - New Right
Issue No.5, Winter 1994-95*



*Above: John Major addressing last year's conference fringe meeting of the Revolutionary
Conservative Caucus. He received polite applause.*

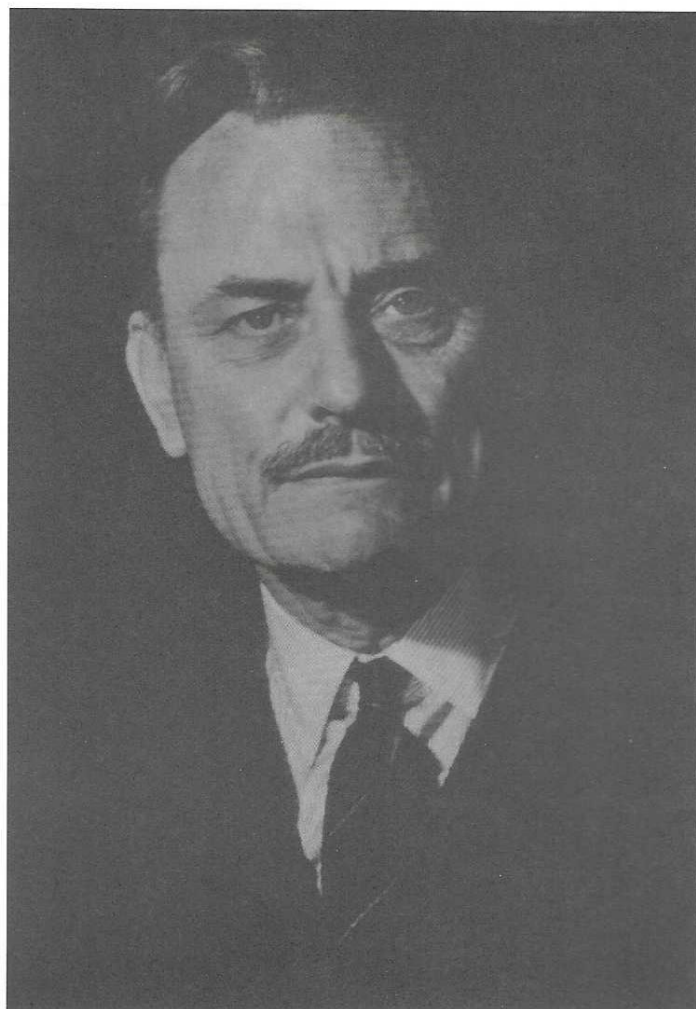
Conference Special

**The Editors examine the future for the Conservative Party - a
Nationalist Party for the 21st century or a watered-down version of
the Liberal Democrats?**

Message to the Conservative Party from the Editors

The Conservative Party is at a crossroads. Irretrievably divided over the issue of European Union and beset by sharp ideological debates between Nationalists and (in Conservative terms) liberals, the future could not be more uncertain. In recent months we have seen former Cabinet ministers such as Norman Lamont make strongly Right-wing speeches in defence of national sovereignty and the union between Great Britain and Northern Ireland. We have seen many thousands of traditional Tory voters switch their support to anti-federalist protest parties, and we have watched with some amusement the Conservative establishment attempting to adopt the language of the Right in order to head off further party fractures. Although we in the Revolutionary Conservative movement wish to see political change and the emergence of new possibilities and new voices, none of us can take any satisfaction from the way in which Labour has taken advantage of this period of uncertainty. Tony Blair and his gang have found new confidence and thanks to their PR image-makers, the electorate is no longer scared of socialism. Yet the RCC would like to remind the people of this country that Labour is still hard-Left. In local government their activities are scandalous, with Labour Councils bleeding the productive classes dry in order to support the self-appointed underclass and finance the politics of ethnic minority dissent and militancy. Tony Blair may smile from the nice Labour campaign platform with its pale red rose, but in reality he stands for the discredited tax and spend policies of the past. Whatever our differences in the Conservative Party we must remember our real enemies: Labour, the Liberal Democrats, the Scottish and Welsh "nationalists" (in reality separatists); the republican movement in Northern Ireland and all those who plot to dismember our nation. This edition of the Revolutionary Conservative will deal in part with the internal trials and tribulations of our party, suggesting ways and means for the revival of conservatism in Britain. Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party, but we must remember that being a loyal Tory does not necessarily imply blind obedience to party leader or Central Office. For us the nation and the triumph of the Tory will are the things that really matter.

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Above: Enoch Powell hero of the New Right. If only he was 30 years younger...

The impact of Revolutionary Conservatism on British society

"We have received further evidence of organised far-Right infiltration into the Conservative Party. A leaflet from a group styling itself the Revolutionary Conservative Caucus appeals to activists to join a Tory organisation like no other". - *Tribune*, March 1993.

"The real danger of racism in British politics today does not come from fascist groupuscules, still less from the Italian example, but from the Tory Right, for whom the race card may offer a means of regaining the political initiative amid the party's current incoherence". - *Martin Kettle in The Guardian*, April 1994.

"The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus is beginning its long trek into the foothills of the Conservative Party". - *Francis Wheen writing in Esquire magazine*, June 1994.

"We are interested in the Caucus and its work". - *Sunday Mirror magazine*, June 1994.

**Monday Club update and Conference
Special review - a scintillating insight into
Lord Sudeley's monocled gang of repro-
bates and second-hand car dealers + an
analysis of why John Major probably
won't be Premier by the time you read this.
*Jonathan Bowden investigates...***

Unfortunately we had to leave our million-strong readership in suspense at the end of the Revolutionary Conservative No.3 concerning the outcome of what we call the "struggle for the Monday Club". We basically took this travail up to the AGM in late May. The elections for six posts on the Executive Council were to be announced as one of the last items on the agenda of business at the AGM. But most of the proceedings were completely taken up with posturing by the *soi disant* leadership and procedural matters which were tediously moved by Brian Rathbone. Unfortunately few of the brain-dead colonels and blue-rinsed/Devon violeted Cheshire-cat-grinning-imbeciles were at all concerned with the interconnected points that Brian was making. As far as they were concerned the leadership could spend up to £40,000 on legal costs out of Club collective funds (the members' assets by any other name); according to many of the nincompoops present The Lord Sudeley has the right to do whatever he wants just by virtue of the fact that he is genetically descended from the Emperor Charlemagne. When everyone knows that if Merlin could be reincarnated and returned to the Court of the Emperor of the Franks it could only ever be in the form of a croissant! As Charlemagne leaned over to consume this rare Anglo-French morsel with a sigh of satisfaction: *hmm...Sudeley, c'est bon!* For let's face it - can anyone see Merlin cutting a dash with the Frankish knights? They'd be much more likely to hang him up by his heels and use him for knife-throwing practice - and that's just between courses!

Moreover, if anyone accuses us of using valuable textual space to abuse a nameless peer - let it not be forgotten that the sole strategy of the other side, the ex-defendants in the Monday Club legal action, was to use rank snobbery and a sense of false noblesse oblige in order to win the election. Six candidates were proposed and seconded by two peers - Sudeley himself and Viscount Masserene and Ferrard (the son of a former President) - and lo and behold all six were elected with a two-thirds to one-third majority in their favour. A particularly contentious performance was put up by Barry "League of Rights" Lenz against heavyweight

challenger Stuart Millson. (A man who was born to be Publications Editor - but not of that Club). Suffice it to say that a combination of a Monday Club electoral puff sheet pretentiously entitled *The Journal* together with the possibility (no more) that the Membership Secretary did a ring-round of the available voters beforehand; added to the peers' signatures and the restricted franchise which operated within the Club due to dubious procedural changes - all combined to do down the pro-active caucus. Viewed objectively the Monday Club AGM was a defeat for the supporters of the Revolutionary Caucus - the only minor achievement on the evening itself was to prevent the Monday Club being rechristened the Conservative and Unionist Monday Club (Conservative and Unionist) - a piece of unparalleled party loyalism, funk and spineless super-oragation. The question now arises - is it worth carrying on with this organisation which will waste its money on paying off lawyers' costs - it is estimated that Penningtons have writted the ex-defendants in order to obtain their costs back - and which is forever doomed to campaign tepidly on behalf of the Prayer Book, Unionism, Trafalgar Day and other even more inconsequential matters. It appears that by playing the snob card at the death the Sudeley bats in the belfry faction have reduced the Club to a sort of P.G. Wodehouse farce. A situation in which the organisation resembles a joke grouping of yesteryear such as the Eldon League - a largely ceremonial neo-feudal and reactionary grouping which deliberately modelled itself around a man who regarded procrastination as a political weapon and (wait for it) was presided over by The Lord Sudeley.

It appears as a result of this that the Club should be effectively abandoned as an arena of Right-wing struggle and effort and resources should be put into the pursuit of new vistas - such as were obtained by the Caucus when two of its leading members were interviewed by Francis Wheen for *Esquire* magazine. This interview - while containing the usual element of nonsense which one has come to expect from liberal hacks - was an improvement on previous media comment about the Caucus. Unlike the *Sunday Express* (now subject to libel writs as a result of this) various Caucuses were not described as Nazis, traitors, infiltrators, extremists and neo-fascists. All of which is completely untrue. Wheen on the other hand chose to describe us as "struggling away in the foothills of the party"; he describes one of the Caucus's leaders as "burly and brutal - knowlegeable in foreign affairs" - and the Caucus overall as having "climbed out of the wreckage of FCS and Western Goals into a type of politics which is basically serious". This was reasonably

decent media coverage in our view. Mr. Wheen himself was a short, skeletally protuberant man, bony and effeminate, dressed in standard-issue *Guardian* ware of yellow ochre shirt, green suit and splatter-gun tie from *Next*. Despite his relatively sympathetic comments Mr. Wheen could not help the odd snide dig - and seemed to pick out a relatively minor point concerning Caucus policy (namely our detestation of homosexuals and belief that they should be placed back in the closet) and pumped this for all it was worth. Mention of homosexuality appeared several times in the article when in actual fact it was only brought up once as a topic of conversation between ourselves and Mr. Wheen during the interview. But then again perhaps the fact that Mr. Wheen (now *Grovel* in *Private Eye* and once the Deputy Political Editor of *The Independent*) allegedly began his career on *Gay News* has something to do with it. Perhaps we should be told?

Despite boring with unnecessary Wheenery - one serious point should be made and this was Mr. Wheen's attempt to render our viewpoint on race and immigration as in some way confused. This is arrant nonsense. First it has to be remembered that we are a Caucus within the Conservative Party that represents a range of opinion - we are not a party within the party, we are loyal to the party - we merely represent a tendency on its most radical flank. We are certainly not a party with a fully-codified viewpoint (like New Britain for instance) which we put in manifestos and enunciate at election time. But this does not mean that our viewpoint is incoherent - no more than the range of views about class, money and status would be found to be incoherent in either the Tribune or Campaign groups on the Left-wing of the Labour Party. What are our views about race and immigration? Basically - and without writing a large manifesto on the topic - we believe that non-white groups and individuals who are settled in this society must defer to the majority culture in public and yet retain an element of their separate identity in private - thereby avoiding the twin perils of identity destruction through enforced assimilation, on the one hand, and ghettos of minority power through binding segregation, on the other.

* * *

Here we are again in sunny Bournemouth - the seat of this year's annual Conservative Party conference. But the question that loyal Tories have to ask themselves is whether the Conservative Party stands any chance whatsoever of winning the General Election which is due in 1996/7 under its present leaders. Already the party has suffered relative humiliation in the local elections - where a succession of authorities which have

been Tory for over a century have fallen to political opponents - and it has seen its strength in the European Parliament halved to 16 seats. Moreover in Scotland the party has virtually been reduced to the fourth party in the state; whereas in Wales the party is only electable in the mid-Welsh belt and in Northern Ireland the separate existence of the Tories (clamoured for at previous conferences) has come to nought - given the fact that the Official Unionist Party is there to take their vote (occasionally the Alliance Party for the unionist-minded Catholic middle class). The party is in danger of becoming not even the "English national party" of Robin Cook's usage, but the Southern English national party (sic) and even that is not particularly true given disastrous local results in the shires. Who is to blame for this? There is only one person to blame and that is John Major Esquire - the Tory Party's most incompetent Premier since Lord North. Any Government reshuffle, such as the one which is scheduled for mid-July and which may involve the removal of up to six ministers in harness, is completely meaningless without the removal and guillotining of J.M...MAJOR MUST GO! Remember that you read it here first in *The Revolutionary Conservative*! Although it is true to say that a leader of the Caucus called for Major's removal in an RCC newsletter over a year ago. So the RCC is the only campaigning group within the party - hated and despised by conspiratorial plonkers in Central Office like Julian Lewis - who has campaigned against the corrupt, grey, defeated, dormant and morally cretinous leadership of a man who didn't even have the gumption to get off with his cook! But it's not only Major that should be replaced. Out into the trash can of history - to use a Trotskyist coinage - should go Sir Norman Fowler (already scheduled to retire as party chairman); Gillian Shepherd, John Selwyn Gummer - a definite candidate for the chop - Hunt, Hurd, Waldegrave (destined to be done down by the Scott Enquiry in any case), Sir George Young, Virginia Bottomley, Nicholas Scott (although we salute his noble attempt to sabotage politically-correct legislation in relation to the disabled), Sir Patrick Mayhew - should be hanged for treason - the Minister for Fun Peter Brooke, and the Chancellor Kenneth Clarke (for being a pro-federalist, fat, Wettish creep and neo-Heathite who has never properly renounced the faith). Into this reshuffled pack we suggest: Nicholas Winterton as Chancellor, Winston Churchill as Home Secretary (given his excellent views on race), David MacLean as Ulster Secretary, Tony Marlow for Foreign Secretary, Nicholas Budgen to replace Leon Brittan as British Commissioner, Andrew Hunter as Defence Secretary, and the recall via the Lords of Alan Clark as Premier.

A Political Odyssey

by

M.R. Bridger

"This sharp decline in the moral quality of life within Britain, depressing in itself, has been accompanied by a corresponding diminution of the country's place and importance in the world...Virtually nothing else survives of the majestic power which, under Winston Churchill, fought the Second World War to a triumphant conclusion. Thus, internally and externally, the Britain I knew in my childhood had changed totally by the time, in November 1993, I began to draw my old-age pension. I doubt if many generations in the whole of history, have had to undergo such a dispiriting and humiliating experience". - Paul Johnson in Wake Up Britain!

This eloquent summary of Britain's decline since the end of the Second World War must encapsulate the feelings of every Briton of the pre-war generation. And yet, curiously, it has a deep meaning for those of us who were born into the age of ruination; the post-war years when practically every outlet of information and opinion - schools, colleges and media - were spreading the idea that Britain should be taken to bits and hated. But despite the uplifting sense of patriotism in Paul Johnson's writing and our deep desire to see Britain revive, there is nevertheless very little to be proud of in our country. We are crumbling; falling from one disaster and mess to another; suffering from a new British disease. The symptoms of this disease can be seen in many ways. Most obviously the British disease manifests itself in the degradation and disorder of our surroundings. The streets are filthy. Everything looks ugly, worn out and near to collapse. Our towns are disfigured by hideous "developments", modernistic shopping centres, ring roads and motorways. We could have become a smart and attractive country, with our public services the envy of the world, but our North Sea oil wealth has been squandered by our politicians on Europe, Third World Aid, endless welfare benefits to thousands who don't deserve them and vast subsidy to every cause apart from that of building up Britain. Our environment, our countryside, our historic buildings are all under serious threat - the Government couldn't care less about preserving them. Our railways (once the best in the world, now the worst) are crippled by the mindless Jimmy Knapp and his leftist associates, thus further wrecking industry, commerce and the daily working lives of ordinary commuters. We are bombarded by propaganda from the Commission for

Racial Equality and from all manner of liberal groups, cabals and agencies who want to smash whatever sense of nationality and identity that still remains in the hearts of the demoralised British. We seem also to have lost all common courtesy and self pride. Society has become ignorant, rude, shabby, proletarianised and brutal. Manners? In Britain in the 1990s? Forget it. Meanwhile the thugs, yobs, criminals, muggers, the murderers and all those who prey on us are allowed to walk free from the courts. Indeed some of them even receive "compensation" from the Conservative Government. And the victims of crime? They don't matter in 1990s Britain.

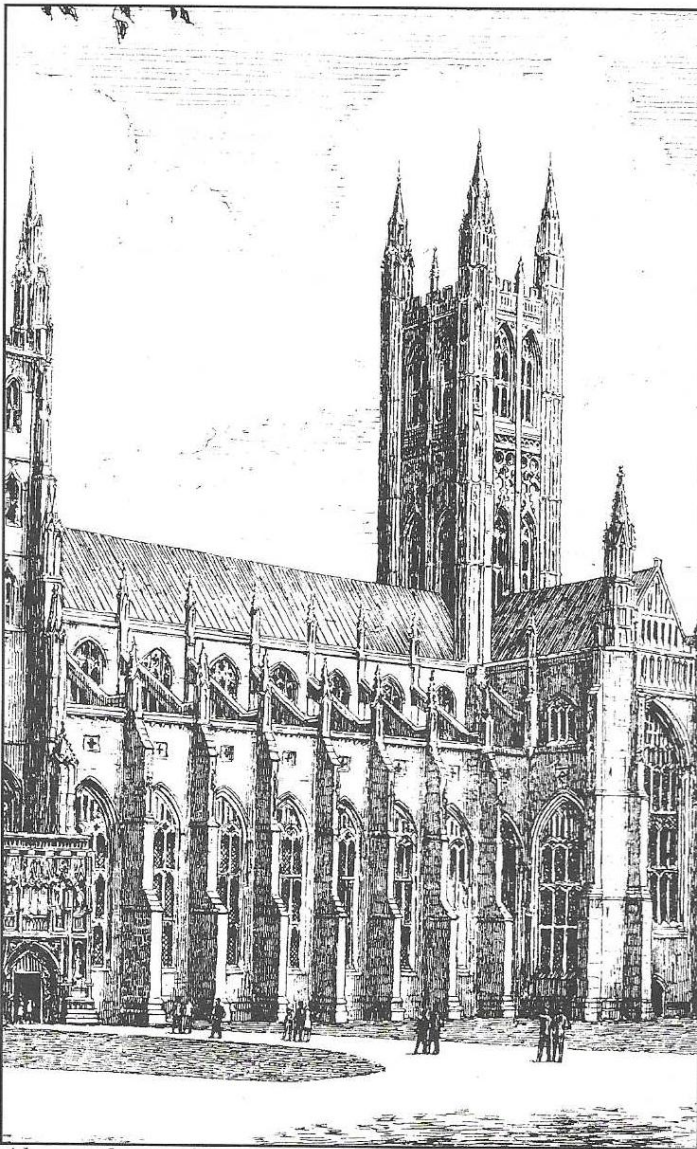
For once I have to say that *British is not best*. The French, the Austrians, the Americans, the Italians - they are in a far better way than us. Paris, Boston, Vienna, Innsbruck and Florence are a million times better than London in almost every way. Their citizens seem charming and there is a sense of civic and national pride - of decency, quality and yes, niceness. Tidy, clean and safe, these foreign cities really underline to the British visitor how far we have fallen. It is ironic that I as a loyal subject of the United Kingdom should now be so repelled by the nature of my own country! But this feeling is nothing new. The actor and writer Dirk Bogarde, who now very sensibly lives in the South of France, once remarked that he was loyal to Britain, but to a Britain that has gone. Increasingly I share this view. The Merrie England image expressed in the Romantic magazine *This England* - the nation of meadows, villages, squires and maiden aunts - has virtually disappeared. Our nationalism is but a sad echo of the past and our eyes look longingly back to the landscape of Constable, Turner and Stubbs - to the land of lost content. We have lost so much.

It is difficult to know what to do next about Britain. Can we be saved? Will there still be a United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland in 2094?

[Continued overleaf]

"Somewhere out there are people who committed the most brutal murder of a police officer in history and managed to keep themselves free of the law and a secret amongst themselves - because he was not killed by one person - and this is frightening".

- Michael Bennett, Chairman of the Police Federation, on the failure last June by the legal system to charge the murderers of PC Keith Blakelock. PC Blakelock was hacked to death by a mob in an anti-white racial attack. Who could have believed that such a thing might happen in London?



Above: the traditional Britain, but can it ever be recaptured?

I have devoted much time to politics, to fighting the endless rot, decay and betrayal that has marked our post-war history. Others, far greater and learned than this author, have tried hard and failed, leading us to wonder whether anything can be done to reverse the trends of the last 50 years. If Enoch Powell with all his intellectual strength and stature was unable to do it, what chance do we on the contemporary Right have?

There are of course glimmers of hope and flickering lights at the end of the tunnel, but we are far away indeed from the sort of wholesale transformation that Britain needs. Conditions are still far from satisfactory and the political will to change our society has not captured the hearts and minds of the people in anything like sufficient numbers. Naturally we must keep the faith and ensure that the barricades remain up, but I fear that we shall not see the great revival in our lifetime.

Words of wisdom...

"Six weeks ago I trespassed into the 'No-Go' area of British politics with my speech in Bolton on the subject of Immigration. The reaction it provoked was incredible: almost universal condemnation and scorn was heaped upon me by the media, while support from the public at large was every bit as overwhelming. But if I was stunned by the hysterical, knee-jerk reaction to my remarks in the media, I was bowled over by the incredible volume of support I have received from the public in the form of more than 7,500 letters, which have been running at an amazing 100-to-1 in support of my remarks - including more than 2 dozen from members of the ethnic minorities..."

The EC, in addition to being besieged by millions of economic migrants, is confronted by no fewer than 3.3 million claiming to be asylum-seekers, including 1.9 million from Eastern Europe and the former Soviet Union, 900,000 from Asia and a further 500,000 from Africa. The scale of the problem is enormous, indeed unquantifiable, and can only get worse with the world population set to double by the year 2050. In this regard, we must not ignore, or sweep under the carpet, the impact on our society and the British way of life of the arrival in our midst over the past 40 years of 3 to 4 million immigrants from Africa, Asia and the Caribbean.

The unhappiness - indeed bitterness - of the indigent population runs very deep in those areas of our inner cities where the native English find that they have become the "ethnic minority" in their own land and where their children have to attend schools which, not infrequently, are made up 80% or more of ethnic minorities. The toleration shown by the overwhelming majority of British people to the establishment of a sizeable ethnic minority in their midst has been nothing short of remarkable. But the relentless flow of tens of thousands of immigrants - both legal and illegal - to this country each year risks breaching the limit of toleration.

- Extracts from the remarks of Winston S. Churchill MP to members of the Association of Jewish Ex-Servicemen at the House of Commons on Monday 19th July 1993.

An Analysis of Bill Hopkins' largely forgotten novel, *The Leap!* published in the early 1950s and republished by the author in a de luxe self-published edition in 1986 with an introduction by Colin Wilson.

John MacLaughlin looks at a metapolitical Bildungsroman of the extreme Right.

The *Leap!* is largely forgotten today and yet when it appeared it produced an absolute furore in the press which was almost unprecedented at the time. As Hopkins himself comments in his own preface to the second edition "an abcess seemed to have been punctured in the general culture". He goes on to say that anyone who wishes to analyse the nature of contemporary literary censorship - no longer about explicit mentions of sex but now primarily to do with incorrect political thoughts - should spend a couple of hours in the Colindale Newspaper Library in North London surveying the literary press's response to this novel. The novel is essentially a novel of ideas - it deals with a philosophical viewpoint, a sort of aesthetic response to political reality, laid out in the form of a traditional narrative with a beginning, middle and end. In a sense it is similar to a range of politicised fictions that occurred in the early 1950s across the Channel with Sartre's *Roads to Freedom* trilogy and Camus' existential novels such as *The Outsider*. But the irony about this novel is that although it takes a relatively traditional form - it is in actuality a complete moral reversal of the left existentialist works mentioned above.

In his anatomisation of the culture of the 1950s, *The Angry Decade*, Kenneth Allsop describes this work as both unregenerate and morally evil - he basically declares that it is a loathesome product which should have been banned - although like all true liberals Allsop cannot bring himself to openly desire the censorship he actually seeks for this particular work. The work in question deals with the metapsychological origins of a fascist dictator. It depicts the psychological trajectory of "a British Hitler" on his way to what is conceived of as complete power. If you like, it is a version of Herman Hesse's *The Glass Bead Game* played with human eyeballs. It depicts the amoral trajectory of Peter Plowright after he has murdered the Chairman of the New Britain League - his vehicle to obtain supreme power - and taken refuge on a small deserted island called Vachau which is depicted as a small outcrop of the Channel Islands. In actual fact this island does not exist - it is purely imaginary and used for the purposes

of the narrative. On his arrival in Vachau Plowright comes across various human types or archetypes against which he tests the nature of his will and his apparent teleology or view of the world. These correspondents in a sort of dramatic dialogue in the form of a novel represent a Christian and female perspective (Clermont); a weakened but ultimately humanist male perspective (Lumas); and the blindly drunken sensualist and man addicted to the pleasures of the flesh (Lachanell). Plowright is a man who is obsessed with the nature of his own destiny - irrespective of all other things, human warmth and comfort. He is a sort of perfect paradigm of the dictatorial urge - a novelist's version of the young Saddam Hussein (as it were) set in England some time around the middle of the century. (Most especially when we remember that Saddam Hussein himself had set upon his course at an early age - he first came to prominence when he tried to machine-gun the Premier of Iraq when he was a mere 17 years of age.) Plowright is of a similar human material - a man who believes in a purely Nietzschean sense that the will to power is the basis of all civil existence and that human beings only ever learn anything through their ability to transgress thresholds of pain. In a sense Plowright appears in this novel by Hopkins to be almost a mediaeval figure, a mystic, a man who wishes to go beyond what presently exists but with a totally different moral equipment to that of quiescent liberal humanism. That is why Allsop and various literary journalists of similar demeanour reacted so violently to this particular novel - in that it completely contradicted the basis of their own beliefs and the liberal Enlightenment values that encapsulate them. For Plowright does not believe in the right to life, in humanist values, in opposition to slavery, in the belief that the weak are morally best, that women are ethically superior to men, that sentimentality is a form of grace, that people do not wish to be dominated, that destruction is wrong and that human freedom is anything other than a meaningless conceit which is to be utilised by those of a higher power. In a sense Plowright is what we might call a moral Nazi - not in the crude political sense (this is not entirely true and Hopkins does not dwell on straightforwardly political matters to any great extent - with the exception of a few vague phrases about the populist New Britain League.) For when we describe Hopkins's character in this way we mean that he is a figure who in an ethical sense is closer to Aleister Crowley as depicted in his novels such as *The MoonChild* and *The Diary of a Drug Fiend* rather than the contemporary Archbishop of Canterbury. For Plowright is in a purely normative manner a sort of left-hand occultist or social magician - an amoralist and an anti-Christian; a man who

believes in a religion older than Christianity which is in any sense dismissed as the weak-kneed religion of those unfit for life. In spirit this is closer to the Plato of *The Laws*, rather than *The Republic*. It is a sort of sadic faith beyond morality which sees war as the crucible of human meaning and death as a state of liberation in relation to preconceived notions of being. For Plowright preaches a pessimistic doctrine of force and challenge - he believes in the manipulation of mass-emotion through the use of both force and persuasion. He basically stands for the sort of values that animated the regime that was defeated by Britain and the other allies in the last war - hence the fact that there was such a furious reaction to this metapolitical enquiry which occurred only a very few years after the war itself was over.

In this sense Colin Wilson totally misunderstands the book in his otherwise interesting introduction when he speaks of it as little more than a mystical travelogue or fake biography in the manner of Ouspensky's treatment of Gurdjieff. For in actuality this novel is an exercise in imaginary psycho-history before it has been written - it is an attempt to fuse the Sabbatesque revelations of Dennis Wheatley's *The Devil Rides Out* with an imaginary autobiography of the young Enoch Powell.

Welfare Overdose

by
Peter Gibbs

The Post Office opens its doors. Few of the people in the queue are there for stamps or TV licences. The majority have come for the spoils of the welfare state - allowances for this, benefits for that...Some are there for genuine reasons. Unemployment for example has claimed millions of lives, reducing skilled and honest men to the level of claimants. They deserve their benefits. But so many - too many - are collecting easy money from the system. It has been estimated that every penny collected in taxes from the productive sector of the population goes to finance the social security budget. It is not clear whether this is just the figure for the burgeoning benefit bill, or whether it also includes the salaries and office costs of the bureaucracy that administers the whole operation. But even with the latter left out of the equation the figures involved are just too large and completely beyond what is acceptable and affordable. In Britain today local authorities are paying out cheques for rents, mort-

gages, property improvements, cleaners, new furniture and an endless array of items that many of the recipients could and should provide for themselves by working. A recent case in one of the London boroughs highlighted the absurdity of the situation. One claimant had turned his front garden into a makeshift motor repair centre. The garden was filled with the rusting wrecks of old cars and bits and pieces of broken and obsolete machinery - washing machines and other junk. Over time this activity has resulted in the front fence and gate falling into disrepair. One of the claimant's children was one day playing in the garden and happened to climb onto the fence. The structure collapsed giving the child nothing more serious than a grazed knee and a nose bleed. But it was enough for Mr. Claimant to go shouting and screaming to the Local Authority who duly compensated him to the tune of £300. No wonder honest folk resent paying their council tax. All over the country every day similar events are occurring. In the East End of London and in other urban districts, Councils are falling over themselves to finance feckless, jobless drop-outs. Officialdom bows and scrapes and runs around after a whole army of costly and useless spongers - an increasing number of whom have mysteriously found their way to Britain from places such as Romania, Pakistan and Kingston Jamaica. In short, England has become a giant feeding, watering and servicing station for its own self-appointed underclass as well as that of the Third World.

The dreadful welfare system, which began amid high-minded and laudable post-war idealism, has now become a monster. The welfare system has become a replacement for work and self-sufficiency; an excuse for the able-bodied to sit back and do nothing at the expense of a shrinking productive sector. Welfarism is crippling the United States and is gradually strangling Britain. If we do not act now to abolish the welfare state (installing in its place a sensible system of generous benefits to those who have paid for them) our country will become a giant dumping ground for dross. The few people still working will not be able to afford to carry the rest and the entire out-of-control welfare state will come crashing to the ground. The Revolutionary Conservative Caucus says: let's switch off the welfare tap before Britain runs completely dry. It may be our last chance to save ourselves.

Erratum- the following sentence in the last issue of The Revolutionary Conservative on Militant Tendency should read: "British Trotskyism began in the 1930s with the Balham Group of ex-Stalinist Communists in South London who broke away to become the revolutionary marxist socialists."

Ulster and the Future of the Union

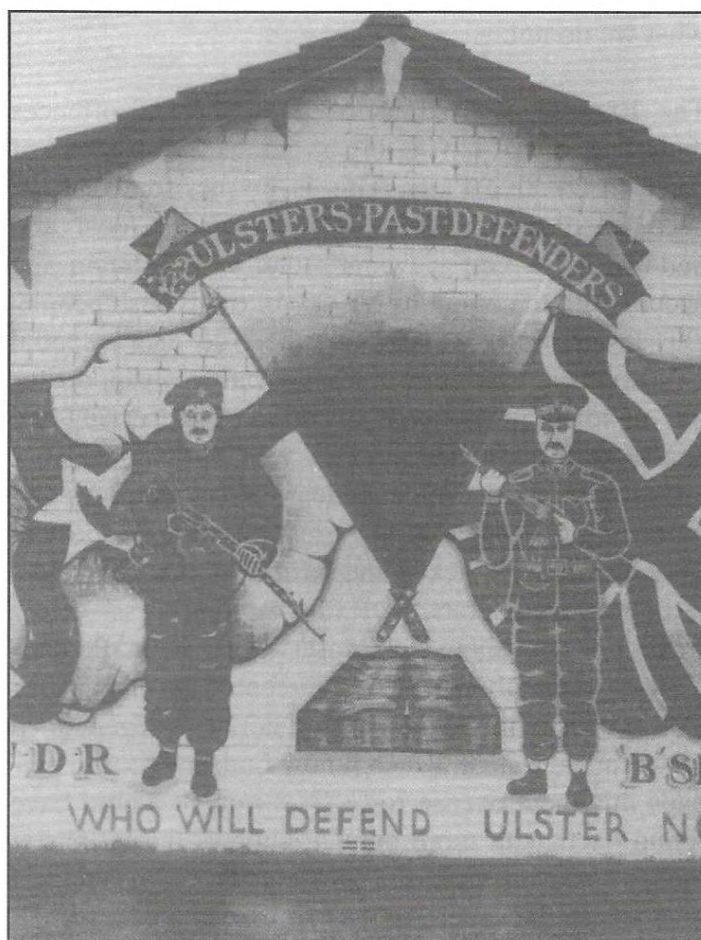
by

Tom O'Hoolahan

Northern Ireland is an integral part of the British nation. In our opinion the campaign of terror, violence, intimidation, murder, arson and so forth to which the people of the Province have been subjected is a disgrace. Successive British Governments have refused to deal with this state of national emergency. What they refuse to recognise is that Ulster faces an armed revolutionary socialist insurgency by a nationalist minority. This cannot be allowed to continue. The Provisional IRA - the main wing of Republican terrorism in the North - has to be offered a stark choice. It either has to surrender (in which case its political wing Provisional Sinn Fein would be allowed to contest elections in the normal manner) or it faces destruction. The British state has all the intelligence necessary to remove nearly every member of all IRA active service units throughout Ireland. The British state also possesses the means to implement this policy of radical counter-terrorism, namely the SAS Regiment. This mixture of carrot and stick was used most successfully by the Madrid government to emasculate the Basque Separatist movement ETA. Little is now heard of this group. Without the Provisionals the mainly Catholic SDLP and the rump of Sinn Fein would be little more important than Plaid Cymru or the SNP - parties which are regarded as minor irritants on the British scene, even though they do represent a legitimate Celtic aspiration to preserve Scottish and Welsh identity. It is our opinion however that Celtic people, whether Irish, Scottish or Welsh, are part of the *British* people. Contrary to present-day Tory thinking, Scotland is not a foreign country. We also do not regard the Irish people as enemies of Britain. We earnestly counsel our Government to affect as much reconciliation with our fellow Britons in the Republic of Ireland, short of yielding any sovereignty over the North. Also, the Right in Britain cannot be seen to be anti-Catholic. This debate is long since over and the vast majority of British Catholics are totally loyal to this country.

Protestant para-military activity becomes totally superfluous if Britain acted resolutely against Republican terrorism in the North of Ireland. Resolute dealing with the Provisional IRA would cause the UDA to wither away. Peace and reconciliation in Ireland begins and ends with the total military defeat of the Provisionals - as every politician in the South tacitly acknowledges.

On the practical front we would abolish the Anglo-Irish Agreement and replace it with multi-party local government at Stormont. This is always the best way to guarantee any minority rights which may be thought to be infringed among our own people. It is a mistake to think that the Provisional IRA represent a genuine national liberation movement. They are not a European equivalent of the Algerian FLN - whatever one thinks of that particular organisation. Britain faces in the Provisionals a quasi-nationalist urban guerilla/terrorist movement which is no different in kind to Action Direct, the Red Army Faction, the Red Brigades, the Fighting Communist Cells and other similar groups. All of these have passed into history rather like the British Angry Brigade. We should deal with the IRA in a similar manner.



Above: a symbol of Ulster's long and loyal resistance to republicanism. The loyalist people of Northern Ireland are an inspiration to us all. We will always stand by British Ulster and fight against Government betrayal.

"The conflict of Northern Ireland is not about law and order...it is not about participation, community relations and all the rest of the newfangled claptrap expressions; it is not even about religion. It is about nationality; and unless it is understood to be about nationality, all discussion and contrivance and policy remain in the limbo of unreality and insincerity".
Enoch Powell, to the Belfast East Unionists, 2.6.72

An open letter to the Conservative Party from the Revolutionary Conservative Caucus

On Sunday 6th February 1994, the Express newspaper, allegedly assisted by certain malicious and mischief-making individuals within the party machine, printed a disgraceful report about our organisation which libelled several prominent members of the Conservative Party. Although this report is now history, it nevertheless deserves to be countered. We would like you - our friends in the Tory Party - to make up your own minds about us. In this open letter to all Conservative MPs, councillors and party workers, we wish to make it clear exactly what we stand for - and what we do not.

The Express accused us of a number of offences including that of having organised an "infiltration" of the Conservative Party. This is untrue, for we have been loyal members for many years at local and national level. Our views are totally mainstream and accord with the opinions of 90% of the British people. Our programme is based on the true and essential philosophical traditions of Conservatism - support for our national institutions; a belief in preserving the character of our nation; and a deep faith in our history and future as an independent self-governing and monocultural people. It is a great pity that the present Tory hierarchy, hijacked and infiltrated as it is by closet Liberal Democrats, SDP fans and classless-society freaks does not share our Conservative vision. Perhaps if they did subscribe to the central principles of Conservatism our country would not have degenerated to the rancid state in which it now finds itself. And perhaps this inept excuse for a Government would have found itself with more popular support than it has at present. Given that the present level of support amounts to the square root of zero such a transformation would not be too remarkable.

It has been announced by Conservative Central Office that there is to be a witch-hunt against Right-wingers in the party. The former party chairman Sir Norman Fowler initiated this disgraceful campaign by circulating a blacklist of RCC members to all constituency chairmen in a bid to keep us out. It is a pity Sir Norman could not have spent more time fighting the Labour Party, Liberal Democrats, Sinn Fein, and the left-wing leadership of the public sector and teaching unions instead of his own party members.

Under Margaret Thatcher the Conservative Party

underwent a revival. Although we disagreed with some of her policies, there can be no doubt that she tried to stand up for British interests and allowed within her party a wide degree of dissent and democracy. Today the present "leadership" seems afraid of all political debate and thought within the party. The whips are used to crush those MPs who voted against socialist European Union, and the structures of Central Office are used to gag the pressure groups of the Right - the last remaining guardians of true Conservative ideas. Why is it that the hierarchy are so afraid of debate? Are we forever destined to exist at the moronic level of "Back to Basics" or citizens' charters? How can we go on like this shuffling from one disaster to another while Tony Blair prepares for Government?

Today one is almost embarrassed to call oneself a Conservative. Once we had statesmen. Now we have a bunch of grey bureaucrats who appear to know nothing of the Conservative Party and its deepest philosophical roots. Isn't it about time that we true Tories took control of our party and guided it back to the Right - the ideological ground where it belongs? We would like to ask Central Office this question: since when has Conservatism meant European Union, liberalism, and a classless society? The Tories have of course never stood for anything remotely like this and the unrepresentative liberal clique who have taken the party over know it. Instead Conservatism is really about defending the Union; fighting for nationalism and national identity; and ensuring that our people are untroubled by the petty controls of bureaucracy, political-correctness and the worst aspects of statism. Yet never before has Britain been so strangled and dominated by busybody leftist officialdom and overbearing state control. It is as if we are living under Labour already.

The Conservative Party must ditch the present leadership and more than half its MPs before the next election. They need to be replaced by men who believe in the Tory creed of nationalism and freedom - the creed of the Revolutionary Conservative Caucus. If this change does not come soon then our party will disappear into the wilderness of perpetual opposition and our message will be lost. Britain and the Conservative Party deserve better, but we will only achieve our desires and aims if we have the courage to challenge those who currently speak for us. The Conservative and Unionist Party is the true British national party. It is the party of new forces, of the new order - or could be - if we take control of it.

The time has come - the time is now. Let us not waste these historic opportunities.