



Book Review

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At war with society

By Tim Hepple

Available from your local red bookshop at £4

It is a sad comment on life in our times that a political grouping exists in Britain which has systematically permitted, in only a few years, a panoply of misfortunes to overtake the country which must have our forbears, and the builders of the nation, spinning in their tombs. Mass unemployment, a breakdown in law and order, a collapse in standards of civilised behaviour, a collapse in educational standards, the homeless and unemployed sleeping in the streets, the mournful toll on our national life increases daily.

A pamphlet about a political group in Britain, which is described as being "At war with society" must surely then refer to the Westminster gang of three - the Conservative, Labour, and Liberal parties - if these people are not at war with society then they make a good fist at giving that impression! Well no, funny thing, but not exactly! It is about, or purports to be about, another political group, the British National Party, who are in fact doing their best to turn back the tide of national misfortune.

Of author Hepple little need be said - a poor fish who, for reasons best known to himself, joined the British National Party, and other groups left and right, and offered himself as infiltrator and informant for a left wing magazine. With such a motive for participation in the political life of the right, Hepple inspires little expectation that an unbiased account will flow from his busy HB pencil, and the result is further dollops of the

unvarnished drivel so familiar to regular readers of Searchlight. Indeed, one doubts if Hepple wrote the account: the style bears a suspicious resemblance to the regular output of the distinguished editor of that journal. The account contains little about the politics of the right. Much consists of trivial details of party leafletting sessions and similar activities. One supposes that there must be a limited market for such a publication - hungry readers eager to learn that UHT milk has been used at the party bookshop. One imagines the average reader, outside those in right wing circles with a personal interest, as a timid train spotter anxious for the thrill of danger, at second hand, through accounts of right wing party meetings attacked by left wing demonstrators.

The moments of unconscious humour are perhaps the best parts of the pamphlet. Hepple "Finds the courage to ask for help" towards the end of the account - from father figure Gerry Gable, who is solicitous in his concern for Hepple's future! Hepple, not wishing to bite the hand that feeds, also compliments Searchlight's "uncanny habit of getting its stories 90% right".

If those involved in the publication of this pamphlet expected it to damage the patriotic movement in Britain, then they must have suffered a bitter disappointment. Hepple's sacrifice was in vain. Within weeks of publication, including serialisation in the New Statesman, the British

National Party won its first election.

So much has changed within the political landscape in Britain since Hepple's departure from the BNP in the middle of 1992, that At War With Society, only a little over a year later, reads as though it were from a different era swept away on the tide of history. □

FILM REVIEW IN THE LINE OF FIRE Clint Eastwood

by Paul Wassington

Innovative cinema has never been an art form in which Hollywood excels. The success of the greatest film industry in the world has long been based on formulas developed in the early days of the motion picture industry, and stuck to through thick and thin. Why fix it if it ain't broke is the motto of Hollywood. Those who have risked adventure, by attempting innovation, have often found it an expensive error. The glory of Hollywood lies in making age old formulas look so fresh, that they transcend their artistic limitations. Few do it as well, both as actor, and sometimes director, as Clint Eastwood.

Clint's new film *In The Line Of Fire* directed by Wolfgang Peterson develops the role Eastwood has made his own - the laconic unbreakable adventurer, politically incorrect down to the last notch on his gun, who we meet in Spaghetti Westerns, and as *Dirty Harry*.

Eastwood plays a Secret Service agent, seen by his superiors as over the hill, who failed to catch the



The Capitalist

*By
Paul Comben*

Knee-high in carpet
The capitalist stands
Puffing Havanas
And counting his Rands
His aims and objectives
Are pinned to the wall -
For his Dollars to rise
Maybe Sterling should fall?
And that spells the end
For the pound in our pockets
Since the whole exercise
Is to maximise profits.

He's often a knight
- But more often a lord -
With his hand on the cash
And his seat on the Board
And his ulcers play up
During that time of year
When he's tearing down this
And he's building up here
But the P.M. adores him
The flatulent figure
Full of credits and debits
And alien vigour
For he's always to hand
With the sweetest collection
Each time there's a call
For a rapid election.

But in times of decision
His manner is worse
Motorways? Take-aways?
Which to build first?
That village in Berkshire
Is bound to be trouble
But after a "deal"
He can market the rubble
And let no-one doubt
Of its need for destruction
If such is the price
Of his bumper production.

Over his portrait
A favourite saying -
"Nations may pass
But the business is paying"
And while this is so
You can bet that the creep
Will sell where it's dear
And buy where it's cheap
And those who produce
All the wealth that he takes
Must suffer and die
For his Masonic 'shakes
fabulous yacht
and glittering Halls
- But his stocks and his shares
Mark the place where he falls -

bullets intended for Kennedy in Dallas. - as he puts it himself the only living agent who lost a President. Borderline burnout and questionable social skills is the verdict of his superiors. Having known several presidents he prefers not to get to know any more, in case his work is affected by deciding they are not worth saving.

When the Press is threatened by an assassin (John Malkovich), one last important job comes his way, and a chance to redeem his career. No political assassin this one - as he suggests himself there is nothing worth fighting for anymore, so why not just do it for the hell to "punctuate the dreariness". A useful message nevertheless from our friends in Hollywood - there has never been more to fight for, as far as whites are concerned as now. May one suggest the possibility of a sneaky little subliminal propaganda message here. They wouldn't be so sly would they?

Clint just does his job, weathers the amusement from his fellow agents who expect him to drop dead from old age at any moment, and then ...well go and see the movie. No black sidekick proving himself nonsense. The man can really act too. Its jolly good. Go see. Make my day. □