



At war with society

By Tim Hepple

Available from your local red bookshop at £4

times that a political grouping exists regular readers of Searchlight. in Britain which has systematically Indeed, one doubts if Hepple wrote permitted, in only a few years, a the account: the style bears a panoply of misfortunes to overtake suspicious resemblance to the regular the country which must have our output of the distinguished editor of 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 activities. One supposes that there educational standards, the homeless must be a limited market for such a and unemployed sleeping in the streets, the mournful toll on our national life increases daily.

"At war with society" must surely then refer to the Westminster gang second hand, through accounts of of three - the Conservative, Labour, right wing party meetings attacked and Liberal parties - if these people by left wing demonstrators. are not at war with society then they make a good fist at giving that The moments of unconscious 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 the tide of national misfortune.

known to himself, joined the British National Party, and other groups left and right, and offered himself as If those involved in the publication and the result is further dollops of the in the New Statesman, the British

It is a sad comment on life in our unvarnished drivel so familiar to that journal. The account contains little about the politics of the right. Much consists of trivial details of party leafletting sessions and similar publication - hungry readers eager to learn that UHT milk has been used at the party bookshop. One imagines the average reader, outside those in A pamphlet about a political group right wing circles with a personal in Britain, which is described as being interest, as a timid train spotter anxious for the thrill of danger, at

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 in fact doing their best to turn back figure Gerry Gable, who is solicitous in his concern for Hepple's future! Hepple, not wishing to bite the hand Of author Hepple little need be said that feeds, also compliments Search-- a poor fish who, for reasons best light's "uncanny habit of getting its stories 90% right".

infiltrator and informant for a left of this pamphlet expected it to wing magazine. With such a motive damage the patriotic movement in for participation in the political life Britain, then they must have suffered of the right, Hepple inspires little a bitter disappointment. Hepple's expectation that an unbiased account sacrifice was in vain. Within weeks will flow from his busy HB pencil, of publication, including serialisation 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.

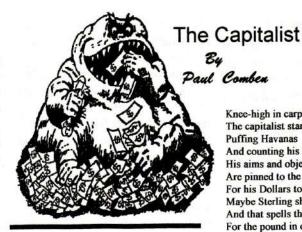
FILM REVIEW IN THE LINE OF FIRE Clint Eastwood

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 When the Press is threatened by an industry, and stuck to through thick who have risked adventure, by Clint Eastwood.

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, agents who expect him to drop who we meet in Spaghetti Westerns, and as Dirty Harry.

Eastwood plays a Secret Service himself nonsense. The man can agent, seen by his superiors as over really act too. Its jolly good. Go the hill, who failed to catch the



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.

assassin (John Malkovich), one last and thin. Why fix it if it ain't broke important job comes his way, and a is the motto of Hollywood. Those chance to redeem his career. No political assassin this one - as he attempting innovation, have often suggests himself there is nothing found it an expensive error. The worth fighting for anymore, so why glory of Hollywood lies in making notjust doit for the hell to "punctuate age old formulas look so fresh, that the dreariness". A useful message they transcend their artistic limi- nevertheless from our friends in tations. Few do it as well, both as Hollywood - there has never been actor, and sometimes director, as more to fight for, as far as whites are concerned as now. May one suggest the possibility of a sneaky little sub-Clint's new film In The Line Of Fire liminal propaganda message here. They wouldn't be so sly would they?

> Clint just does his job, weathers the amusement from his fellow dead from old age at any moment, and then ...well go and see the movie. No black sidekick proving see. Make my day.

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