

The Handwriting on the Wall

Lynette Burrows

I know that G. K. Chesterton is very popular in America, and that American publishers have been republishing many of his books over the past few years. You even have a couple of fine magazines devoted to his writings: *Gilbert* and *The Chesterton Review*. Chesterton was writing at the turn of the last century and died in 1936, but he seems to be as relevant to Americans now as he ever was to us here in Britain. This is curious and interesting, given the differences between our countries in terms of size, history, and demography. The “exposed flank” of a shared language enables us to share ideas on what the French call “Anglo-Saxon attitudes”: We influence each other, for better or worse. Chesterton thought that, in the moral field, it tended to be for the worse; he ascribed this to the malign influence of Darwin (whose theories of survival of the fittest were enthusiastically taken up by the Germans as well, and developed via Nietzsche into the idea of the “superman” and the doctrine that “nothing is true; everything is allowed”).

In a period of rapid technological and institutional change, Chesterton identified—and traced forward by means of his unerring moral imagination—developments that started in the 19th century and would give rise to serious moral and political malformations in the 20th. He realized, further, that these would eventually metastasize into an onslaught against everything we hold dear. His relevance to *The Human Life Review* is marked; the *Review*’s founder, J. P. McFadden, loved Chesterton’s work.

One of the first big movements that foreshadowed today’s culture of death was the eugenics craze in Britain and America about 100 years ago: The Anglo-Saxon countries had decided that the wrong people were having children and must be stopped by scientific means. Eugenics—the scientific selection of “good births”—was started by Francis Galton, Darwin’s cousin, and it was eagerly taken up by just the same kind of people who embrace mad theories now; that is, they were well-educated, mostly rich, and strongly against religion (which they dismissed as superstition).

There was massive discussion on the subject in the press, yet few seemed to realize the sinister implications of having one class of “better” individuals decide who could or could not have children. People became quite euphoric at the idea that the undeserving poor, alcoholics, and habitual petty

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criminals would just disappear if they were not allowed to breed. The profound change that this would mean to the very nature of the way people lived, and the society they lived in, didn't seem to occur to great swathes of those who should have known better. In particular, no political party broke ranks to oppose the proposals and no Church, apart from the Catholic Church, supported Chesterton in his lonely crusade against this monstrous crime against society.

The American editor of a new edition of Chesterton's collected writings on the subject—*Eugenics & Other Evils*—commented that, amongst the multitude of well-known people who enthused in print about eugenics, Chesterton was the only person of note who fought for the natural, human family. His bulky form stood more or less alone against the aberration of allowing officials to decide who was fit to “breed” and who should be sterilized (and incarcerated if they refused). The very idea seems to us now so deeply shameful that any past support of it is considered embarrassing; yet this malign fantasy infected the intelligent classes in several countries, including so great an intellect as Einstein. The proposals even resulted in legislation in Britain, known as the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913.

The nub of it was, in Chesterton's words, to “incarcerate as madmen those whom no doctor would consent to call mad. It is enough if some doctor or others may happen to call them weak-minded.” This practice also became law in some of the states of the U.S., where people had to present themselves before a panel for permission to marry and, if they were found wanting—not mad, you understand, just “wanting”—they could be refused that permission unless they consented to be sterilized.

In the event, of course, the Great War intervened before the British legislation could be implemented; the country found itself at war with the home of the “superman” and nine-tenths of the professors and philosophers who had done so much to advance the ideas of racial superiority. Overnight, even the name of a German became anathema to the general public, as they realised where this “scientific approach to life” had led the Prussians. As Chesterton commented, “Death shone on the land like a new daylight, making all things vivid and visibly *dear*.”

After the war, however, the old preoccupation with the “wrong” people having children made a strange comeback—in another form. This time, it was birth controllers; they had in their sights, again, the families of the poor. Chesterton confessed himself to be astounded that the intellectual elite was prepared so quickly to return to a scientific approach to life, in view of where it had led in the previous decade. Alone among intellectuals, he predicted that the Germans had not got over their obsession with a “master race,” and

would pursue it by other means when they could.

He took out his old notes and articles and entered the fray again. The birth controllers were just as insane as the largely male eugenicists had been, but much more obviously unpleasant, and almost all female. They didn't like families at all—and didn't want anyone, not even the clever, having children or making good-sized families. They are with us today, and abortion is their preferred method of eradicating those too “unfit” even to use contraception.

The whole eugenics episode, both pre- and post-WWI, bears an uncanny resemblance to our present situation. Consider these words Chesterton wrote in 1913: “*I call this atmosphere anarchy; but insist that it is an anarchy in the centres where there should be authority.* Government has become un-governable; that is, it cannot leave off governing. Law has become lawless; that it cannot see where it should stop. The chief feature of our time is the madness of government and the meekness of the mob.”

Doesn't that make you gasp? It's a spot-on accurate description of government in our own day.

Cannot the people rule?

In Britain, hardly any of the wild and immoral legislation that has been enacted over the past 30 years came in response to public demand. Nobody asked for divorce to be made easier, or for the no-fault divorce that rendered the marriage contract less enforceable than contracts over household goods. It was a lawyer-led coup. Nobody wanted school children subjected to inflammatory indoctrination into premature and illegal sexual activity that could only result in under-age experimentation and consequent disease and breakdown. There were no calls for abortion and contraception to be given out to under-age girls without their parents' knowledge and consent.

Neither did the public want mock marriages enacted between homosexuals that guaranteed them rights not available to family members who have lived together for a lifetime. In Britain, we have an iniquitous system in which family members, apart from married couples, must pay a 40 percent inheritance tax on the value of the property they inherit—even if they have lived in the property for years in order to care for aged parents or siblings. If they cannot pay it, they have to sell their home. And yet, at a stroke, the parties to a “civil partnership” have been given the same rights as a married couple even if they don't actually live together—e.g., Elton John and his “partner”—or have done so only for a matter of weeks: *They* can inherit without paying the tax.

Or again, most people regard unlimited welfare to those who don't work as wrong—it is the former, after all, who have to pay for the welfare. Yet we

financially encourage girls to take the career option of getting pregnant and living off the state, even as all other European countries simply say the girl is the responsibility of her parents (as a result of which, it should be pointed out, those countries have low illegitimacy rates).

No, all this drastic change has been top-down—which is why policies are never changed when they are plainly causing great harm and are not even achieving their stated goals. This is *intended* by those—somewhere—who govern us, and they are not telling us why; and it is defended and kept in place by the well-meaning minions whom Chesterton referred to as “gigantic dupes,” who probably don’t understand what they are doing but talk the talk to keep themselves in jobs.

The largest and most serious piece of this sort of social engineering has been undertaken on behalf of an undisclosed program of making Britain “multicultural”—and you don’t need to be a prophet to see that this program is heading for a fall. Nor is this because the British are, in any meaningful sense, “racist”: We are, on the whole, very friendly to strangers and interested in their culture. But we do not want our culture to be taken over by them—and our governing class clearly does.

There is a striking parallel here with the way that homosexuality has been forced upon the public as being a perfectly acceptable lifestyle choice, even though most people’s instincts revolt against it. Such feelings are too strong and too allied to self-preservation to be within the control of social indoctrination, and yet an experiment in thought-control seems to be the main aim of our governors. Like the word “racist,” uttered with the right amount of moral fervor, the term “homophobia” is designed to make us immediately collapse. It’s like the uttering of a spell in the Harry Potter stories; perhaps the reason spells are so much a part of our folk tradition is that such psychological tricks have always been a potent way of gaining control, and fairy stories are a way of describing the phenomenon.

Our government has tried to reinforce this thought control by means of the law—as I found to my cost earlier this year. I was telephoned by the police following a discussion on the BBC in which I had expressed the opinion that it was an aberration to allow two homosexual men to adopt boys, the same as it would be to allow two heterosexual men to adopt a little girl; it would be a risk. The policewoman told me that they now had a “policy” about homophobic and racist opinions, and that a “homophobic” incident had been recorded against me for this remark. I told her that I believed I lived in a free country and intended to continue to behave as if I did—and then went straight to the newspapers. In the furor that followed, with articles and editorials right across the English-speaking world, the police climbed

down and said they would be more “sensitive” in future. They were no doubt helped in this decision by the fact that a group of lawyers in London was preparing to sue the police for the common-law tort of attempting to suppress free speech.

In their effort to turn Britain multicultural, the elites have also fomented an immigration catastrophe. The regular inflow per year—223,000—was topped in 2004 when a total of 900,000 were allowed in. So-called “asylum seekers” account for only 10 percent of the total, with the rest being “economic migrants” with a right to settle with their families. These are just the legal ones; our lax immigration laws ensure that the estimate for illegal immigrants is many times that number. Professor Robert Rowthorn of Cambridge said recently in the *Sunday Telegraph* that at the current rate—unprecedented since the invasion by the Saxons and Danes 1,500 years ago—the population of Britain will increase by 12 million by 2046. (The U.K. today has a population of just 60 million.) Commenting on the same phenomenon, former Labour party minister Frank Field said that this yearly influx of foreigners amounted to eight parliamentary constituencies *every year*, or 41 seats over the life of a Parliament. This will transform our society in a very short space of time.

As with the Mental Deficiency Act back in 1913, there has been an eerie silence on immigration, from all the dogs that should have barked. No trade-union leaders have protested at the decline in wages and job prospects of the working class, who are supposed to be their special interest. Until recently, not one single political party had opposed the policy on the grounds that their constituents were suffering from a drop in wages. Crime is endemic among the foreign-born, and more than half our prison population is from abroad—but nothing is made of it. The churches are all too politically correct to take the robust stand of Cardinal Giacomo Biffi in Italy who said, three years ago, that no government had the right to inflict masses of people of an alien culture on their indigenous population without consulting them. It was more than charity could stand, he said, and he likened it to demanding that every family take in another family of different habits and beliefs in order to demonstrate their Christian charity. “No man is so much a stranger that he cannot be my brother” is an ideal that we believe in here in Britain, but it was never intended in the sense of *millions* of strangers.

The anarchic despotism of the elites

It becomes ever more imperative to ask what exactly is the agenda of those who govern us and why, when the evidence of harm is so widespread, no one seems prepared to question and to counter it. There is no doubt that it

is tearing the moral heart out of us, with results that no one can yet entirely foresee. It is, in a sense, truly mysterious and almost defies rational explanation—rather as Pope Paul VI must have felt when he described many ideas circulating in powerful circles as “the smoke of Satan.”

The seeds of our contemporary crisis were obviously germinating in Chesterton’s day, because he wrote a book in 1908, at the height of the eugenics controversy, called *The Flying Inn*—which is, remarkably, about the Islamification of Britain by the governing class. After being out of print for many years, it has now been republished in Britain and America and can be obtained from Amazon.

At first sight, the book appears to be simply an exploration of what might happen once the imperial powers were told by the colonies they ruled to pack up and go home. As an opponent of imperialism, and a believer in the strong impulse of people to live according to their own culture, Chesterton saw this departure as inevitable. He also knew that the largely commercial interests that were the driving force of imperialism would not abandon the effort to harness cheap labor simply because they had been thrown out of the colonies. They would take steps to attract those whom they could no longer rule in their own countries to come and settle where they might be similarly employed to maintain profit margins on the world market. They would also be a valuable fifth column on whom, by means of special concessions and welfare, the government—any government—could rely to maintain its hold on power.

The book’s theme is expressed by the hero, Dalroy, as follows: “The destiny of Empire in the eyes of the governing class, is in four acts. Victory over barbarians. Employment of barbarians. Alliance with barbarians. Conquest by barbarians.” The story of *The Flying Inn* takes place at the point at which the fourth act is about to be undertaken. The alien force that stands for the barbarian is the Turk, but I suppose it could have been any of the subjects of colonialism; and the religion under whose philosophy conquest is to be achieved is Islam. The eponymous Flying Inn is the last pub in England, since alcohol has been outlawed in the interests of the “higher philosophy” of Islam, disguised as a health measure. The hero is obliged to move about the country, rather like Alfred when the Danes came, rallying people to his pub sign and reminding them of what had been taken away from them without their leave, or any shred of democratic consultation.

We follow the progress of the pub sign, as the people begin to stir themselves toward revolt and the hero notes how extremely biddable the British are—until a certain point is reached. “Politics has never got the people what they want,” Dalroy muses, “it is regarded as an activity for the rich.”

Because the changes have taken place slowly, the people have barely noticed how their traditions have been undermined. They have bishops who don't believe in God and clerics who consider themselves to be in the service of all religions. The army has been emasculated and the police wear fezzes to demonstrate admiration for all things foreign. There is a hint of nameless horrors being planned on the domestic front, of harems and selective breeding among the right people. Vice is celebrated as a virtue. The workers are housed in nightmare estates and are virtually slaves in that they have nowhere else to go to work and they depend on the government for everything. They are treated like half-wits and must accept that those things are "evil"—e.g., smoking and drinking—that the government says are so. Morality is a matter of government policy—and exercise is obligatory!

And yet the people involved in all this are still recognizably English. They grumble and complain but are still trying to be fair to the people manipulating and driving them. They apologize for wanting a bit more freedom, or for yearning for the past; but they are a long-suffering people. How much they resemble the people today who have to suffer race and gender indoctrination in order to get or keep a job! The mixture of resignation and complaint has been familiar to us for many years.

The inexplicable hatred of the ruling class for all things English is exemplified by Dalroy's enemy, Lord Ivywood, a grandee as much of the new school as of the old. He espouses the cause of Islam, not through any belief in, or feeling for, the new religion—but simply because it gives him power. If he can destroy every living tradition of Britain, he can replace it with something that he has fashioned, some new movement that he has made. Islam is a religion that exercises political power and, in his arrogance and foolishness, he thinks he can control it.

Meanwhile, the process of undermining the people's sense of identity is carried on by means of making all sexual morality relative. As Ivywood enthuses, the problem of divorce will be solved at a stroke when polygamy makes the indissoluble union out of date. Sexual misbehavior is ignored in order that monumental financial and moral irregularities in the governing class will seem equally inoffensive. The fact that right and wrong become simply what the government says they are enables the new leaders to take more "enlightened," and more comprehensive, control.

Above all in this book, one sees deployed Chesterton's insight that the breaking of a specifically Christian morality makes tyranny possible. Once the link with Christian dogma is severed, then all our traditional liberties are in danger since there is no concrete basis for them. Once morality becomes simply what the top people of any period want, our traditional freedoms can

no longer be considered safe. This was, Chesterton felt, why most governments tend to favor agnosticism, or even better, skepticism, in the populace. A skeptic cannot be tolerant, because only a person with a fixed moral standpoint can exercise tolerance: The word itself implies there is something to be tolerated but not accepted. Without a fixed morality, with nothing either right or wrong, one cannot be tolerant, one can only be permissive—and Chesterton must have been one of the first to use the word in its modern sense.

Governments much prefer this because they can then manipulate the populace into accepting what they want them to accept on the liberal-sounding grounds of permissiveness. Political correctness has been evolved as the perfect tool to enforce permissiveness; and, since it does not allow certain ideas to be expressed at all and permits only the expression of what suits it, it is censorship in the service of government policy.

Chesterton found this not only revolting but also dangerous. Since permissiveness is dependent on a mood, what happens when the mood changes—as it did in Germany, when the thoroughly permitted homosexuals of the Weimar Republic were marched off to death in the concentration camps ten years later? Neither course of action was subject to moral scrutiny; it was simply government policy. We are ordered to be permissive about homosexuality today; we could be ordered to be permissive about forced abortions for unmarried mothers tomorrow, or any other nightmare you might be able to conjure.

We observe, then, three disparate seeds that Chesterton saw germinating in his day. The first is a hatred of England as it is and has been, by a crucial but largely secret section of a powerful governing class: the sort of people who passed the Mental Deficiency Act in 1913. The second is a hatred of Christianity and all it has given rise to—a visceral hatred that will concede no good in it and curse it as a drag on science and progress. Almost anything else will do as a replacement. As long as it is strong enough, by whatever means, to displace Christianity, it will serve. The third is a detestation of the working class and of the very idea of an England that continues to have a destiny of its own, supported by strong families, composed of the common people, with a strong and cohesive moral and civic sense and with a culture that is built around our founding “cult”—Christianity.

Speaking truth to power

Ordinary people will not suffer from this manipulation indefinitely. They do not want their homeland transformed into another country and inevitably are, as Chesterton predicted, stirring themselves for revolt. The form this is taking is a political party that is only a dozen years old and has its roots in a

more virulent anti-immigration movement, the “National Front,” which began when immigration did. The two have since separated, and the new party has had notable success recently in local elections, taking every available seat in one London borough, as well as more than 50 elsewhere. It is called the British National Party, the BNP, and you will probably only have heard of it, if at all, as being “extreme” and completely unacceptable to all decent people. Indeed, such is the alarm aroused by this party’s potential for success that almost every commentator has bent every sinew to heap scorn and quite unbelievable insult upon them.

To me—not a member of the BNP, just a fascinated observer—it is a truly breathtaking example of what a thoroughly bad, indeed degenerate, ruling class does when faced with real opposition. It is all the more startling, therefore, when rather sensible commentators who have tended to support ineffectual attempts to contest the prevailing immorality emanating from government have joined the chorus of condemnation.

In 2004, BNP leader Nick Griffin was arrested after a private meeting in which he had said to his members that the Muslims were planning a terrorist attack that would take place within the year on the London buses and subways. Before his case came to trial, this actually happened—on July 7, 2005. Griffin got massive publicity for his accurate prophecy; he was acquitted of the racism charges, and the BNP has become the fastest growing political party in Britain. (The authorities are now trying to prosecute him again, from a different angle.)

The venomous hatred against the BNP is the result of something that perhaps you don’t suffer from in America, and that is genuine class contempt. It is not that the elite hate working-class people when they meet them; it is more that they are simply not used to taking anything they say into account. A similar phenomenon was on display over a hundred years ago, during the rise of the Labour party: They were hanged, transported, flogged, and imprisoned, but they persisted, and eventually the main parties were obliged to take account of their demands. The BNP makes much of the similarities but is mindful also of the speed with which Labour became corrupted by socialism, with the new union leaders becoming more like the barons of old than representatives of the working class.

The current, and largely ineffectual, conservative commentators are invariably educated at Oxford and Cambridge and from affluent homes. They seem to be enraged at the fact that the slowly emerging representatives of the BNP have often not been to university (although Griffin studied law at Cambridge). They hate the BNP members’ accents, and loathe the fact that they, well, they look working-class. They have no polish and some wear flat

hats when being interviewed. There is nothing to be gained from knowing them; they have no country estates at which to offer hospitality.

Also, if you consider yourself a cut above the common herd, you don't like a party that espouses what opinion polls have repeatedly shown are popular causes. The whole point of your existence is to be above the crowd; not a common man, but an un-common man. Often agnostic themselves, or the next best thing, Anglican, they are not sufficiently perturbed by what is happening to us, to step out of line and do something effective. In truth, I believe they hate the BNP so much because they fear them. They are gripped by a hatred of them that must be based on fear because it is not rational. They fear that the BNP will stir up trouble and, even though the Muslims have been threatening trouble for years on their websites and in their demonstrations, they fear the British common man more.

According to its website, newspaper, and canvassers, the BNP advocates the following policies: Leave the European Union and all its undemocratic laws, and get our government back under democratic control. Reassert our specifically Christian culture and our right to have it dominant in our country. Stop all immigration and welfare measures designed to attract and keep immigrants. Deport all immigrants who commit crimes here, and those who are illegal. Offer generous resettlement grants to immigrants who will return home. Support families through fiscal measures that encourage work and family responsibility rather than divorce and single parenthood. Support the right of parents to educate their children within their own culture.

The BNP dislikes abortion and would restrict it. They do not like the targeting of children by the contraceptive industry, and don't want the children indoctrinated on homosexuality in school. They believe in capital punishment; and corporal punishment for young offenders when they first go wrong. They would reassert the ancient right to free speech that is under relentless attack, chiefly on behalf of homosexuals and Muslims.

As they say themselves, you don't have to agree with *all* of their policies. But merely to read them is to see that they are formulated by people who have a belief system that is strong on morals and anchored in our history and traditions. It is healthy, in other words, and does not carry the lingering stink of an alien creed being secretly worked out and deployed without our knowledge or consent. Who on earth could describe such a programme as Nazi or based only on hatred—merely because it doesn't accept forced “multiculturalism”? These reforms may be a tall order now, but that is the fault of those who have lied to us for years about what was going on. We have a political party like the BNP because there needs to be an outlet for these legitimate grievances; and yet our flaccid commentators in the media

would, if they could, silence these political voices.

Take the case of the typical conservative commentator, the eminently sensible Peter Hitchens (brother of the egregious Christopher Hitchens, who, mercifully, lives on your side of the pond). Here he is in May of this year, writing about the ruination of Britain in general and, in particular, on the use of immigrants to provide a bloc vote for government and welfare. “For us to survive as a country, this elite treachery has to end. Those who have been given great gifts should stop using them to serve their own selfish ends and recognise they have a wider duty to that thing they have been taught to despise—their country.”

It is worth taking note of the language in which this stern warning to those he calls treacherous is couched. Class affinity means that his invective is neutered by shared recollections of dinners, clubs, and associates. The traitors are his class and he owes them his pitiful trust that it is possible to argue them out of what they have set up and run to their own advantage for upwards of 30 years. Can he be serious if he thinks a bat-squeak like that will cause them to see the error of their ways and reform? Yet he ended his piece: “If they don’t, the BNP are waiting, grunting just outside the door; their eyes glinting and their knuckles brushing the ground.”

Another example, closer to home for you, is an article by David Pryce-Jones in *The New Republic* in July of this year in which he—quite wrongly—accuses the BNP of violence in the riots that erupted in northern cities in Britain in 2001. Well, he doesn’t quite say that they *committed* the £27 million worth of damage, and attempted to kill people in a pub by fire-bombing the premises and then blocking the exits with burning cars—but the charge is there by implication: “Nobody has been killed so far in the BNP-inspired race riots in cities with substantial Muslim populations . . . but mosques and shops and Muslim properties have been vandalized.”

This is a calumny, since no BNP supporters were prosecuted for the violence there, although hundreds of Muslims were (and so were a smaller number of white youths). As the North Yorkshire police spokesman said in the report that followed the riots, it was “difficult to speculate on the political affiliations of people on the streets,” but “five National Front members had been met by police and turned away.” This hardly sounds as though the BNP were doing much fire-bombing or fighting, does it? The BNP were not mentioned at all as being involved.

A local Labour MP said that “a hard core of Muslim youth who had won the battle in the area for control of drugs had relished the chance for a confrontation with the police. ‘Their response,’ they said, ‘was out of proportion to the presence of the National Front and the BNP.’” In that last sentence you

have the truth of the matter: The BNP “inspired” the violence simply by being present in the city as a legitimate political party. Muslims disapprove of them and therefore, it is argued, they are justified in taking violent action. This argument was widely accepted back in 2001 and 2002; it has become less credible now that it has been used to justify the alleged plot to blow up ten airplanes in midair in August 2006. Our commentators are slowly and painfully coming to realize that this excuse—basically, that it’s OK to commit mass murder as a way to protest the Bush/Blair alliance—means an end to parliamentary democracy, and submission to the power of those who would rule by violence.

In June of this year, I decided to test what has become an obsessive theory of mine—that we are under something approximating to a spell with respect to the BNP. I was to give a talk at the honourable and eminently respectable RAF Club in Piccadilly, London, to a group that has been campaigning for many years on moral issues and has invariably been proved right in its assessment of what the various policies of successive governments would produce. They are always included in “government consultations,” and always ignored.

I was genuinely afraid because it is one thing to offend those with whom one is in complete disagreement anyway, but quite another to offend friends; and I had no idea of the outcome. After rehearsing all the things that were so grievously wrong with British social policy, I told them that I wanted to engage in a little experiment with them, such as is occasionally used to demonstrate how easy it is to manipulate people’s thought processes by a sort of auto-suggestion. I’m sure you know the most common one, of asking a person to name several things that are white—and then asking them what cows drink, to which they invariably answer “milk,” because their minds have been turned toward white things.

I said that I wanted them to test how they squared up to Chesterton’s challenge that the only things we need really to fear are corruption and cowardice. I asked them to consider the career of our last Home Secretary, Charles Clarke, who resigned in June of this year. He was a Communist as a young man, as were several members of our government, and often visited Romania to sit at the feet of its abominable dictator, Ceausescu. He must have seen the poverty there and known of the imprisonment and killing of opponents, since there were many brave dissidents who had suffered and written about it. There was torture, and a total lack of civil rights of the most basic kind. He certainly knew that none of the people he saw in the streets or serving the president his tea were allowed to leave the country; they were all, in short, prisoners. Yet it must have seemed to him some sort of an ideal

or he would not have continued to go there.

“Now the question I want to ask you is this,” I said. “Would you be more shocked, embarrassed, and even angered, if I said to you today, that I would be very interested in taking tea with Nick Griffin, leader of the British National Party, or with Charles Clarke? Honestly now, would you be more likely to be on your feet and heading for the door, if I were to commend ‘aspects of Communism,’ or ‘aspects of BNP policy’?”

“What I am interested in is how this comes about. How do we all come to be under what can only be described as a sort of spell? You know it and I know it. We have absorbed it somehow in a way that is almost occult. It is perverse and completely irrational to regard a plainly democratic party, rising from ordinary people upwards, with no international backers, or hidden agendas . . . as being beyond tolerance, beyond consideration, and beyond interest, simply because we have been brain-washed. This brainwashing has, I believe, been a studied process that has been subtly deployed and maintained for several decades, by the media principally and certain academics and pressure groups. We have fallen for it.

“This party is outside the loop, as they say, of the conspiracy to destroy our culture. They only see what has been done and what can be done to save ourselves. And yet, we are restrained by cowardice, from appearing to listen to them, to read what they say and to engage with them. Yes, no doubt some of them are outspoken and rude—as is the right of a free people; but not as rude and hate-filled as left-wing groups who regularly attack those praying outside abortion clinics and the Gay Rights marchers who invade churches and insult and blaspheme the beliefs of others. But they are not taboo and the BNP is.

“Theoretically, if they were to get anywhere near power, a vast edifice of moral and financial corruption would be sunk. That is why the governing class, supported by its placemen in the media, will do anything to silence and suppress them. So far, the middle classes have gone along with this and refuse to acknowledge the validity of at least some of their arguments. We won’t acknowledge them or give them their due, or help them by engaging in discussion with them. They are outcasts to the middle class, who see the corruption all around us, but are too cowardly to say, ‘If this is not an emergency, I don’t know what is.’

“And if this is not a party that has at least identified it and wants to resist it—I don’t know what is. I actually don’t know enough about the BNP—and I am relieved to be able to say so at this moment—to know if they have any idea about a great plan such as the eugenicists had, to take this country and our way of life away from us and substitute another. But David Cameron

[the new leader of the Conservative Party] urged people before the local elections to ‘Vote for anybody but the BNP.’ How unconsciously right he was! All the other parties are the same; just as they were before the passing of the Mental Deficiency Law; either wicked or gigantic dupes. Alas for England, that Cameron said recently ‘that he loves Britain as it is, not as it once was.’ We have little to hope from a judgement like that.

“So, ladies and gentlemen, I make no apology for drawing your attention to the difference between the knee-jerk and the principled. To me, there is something appropriate in speaking on such a subject in the RAF Club; home of those who fought an enemy we could see. You don’t have to agree with me, you just have to be true to your beliefs, to have faith in your fellow countrymen, regardless of their class—and to be brave enough to stand by your opinions, robustly and cheerfully—particularly when a lot of degenerate, corrupt liars say that you are wrong.”

Well, I hope you will be as relieved as I was, to hear that my comments were received with thunderous applause; congratulations came from all sides, and there were many follow-up e-mails of thanks. A woman journalist told me that she listened to me with tears running down her cheeks at the relief of knowing that a spell had been broken and that what our rotten culture had made unthinkable was still alive and well.

It is the assumption that you too have echoes of this brainwashing in your culture—and that it is the retro-rocket that powers your interest in the great G. K. Chesterton—that prompts me to write this. So many observations of his remain, like the proverbial writing on the wall, to remind us again and again that the eternal struggle in this world is for sanity. So chalk this one up and see it operating in a dozen, unrelated fields: “Unless a man becomes the enemy of an evil, he will not even become its slave, but rather its champion. God Himself will not help us to ignore evil, but only to defy and to defeat it.”