

# London Swinton Circle

## *Online Magazine*

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## Christopher Luke 1967 - 2017

The Swinton Circle mourns the loss of Christopher Luke.

Christopher joined the Circle as far back as 1988 and had become our longest serving member. Christopher served as Treasurer of the Circle 1996-99.

Christopher helped the Circle to secure many speakers in his time including Lord Molyneux of Killead, William Ross MP, Roy Beggs MP, Martin Smyth MP and Baroness Jill Knight.

Christopher was a staunch Unionist and he always attended meetings which dealt specifically with the defence of the Union's integrity.

He will be very sadly missed.

Allan Robertson  
Chairman of the London Swinton Circle

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### **“REMEMBER, REMEMBER, THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER!”**

*by Christopher Luke*

“Penny for the guy?” the small boy asked, as an elderly widow answered her door.

“Oh it’s you” the lady of the house replied. “At first I thought it might be the Poppy Appeal. I thought I gave you something the other day!”

“You did Mrs” the boy answered, “but that was for Trick or Treat; you know, Halloween and all that jazz!”

“Did I?” the old woman asked him, looking and sounding rather perplexed; she didn’t usually encourage children to celebrate Halloween – believing it to be associated with witches, goblins and other evil spirits – though, in previous years when her memory was more lucid, she was minded to remind any caller that Halloween originally had its roots in the Roman Catholic tradition of celebrating All Hallow’s Eve.

“You sure did” the boy answered. “But don’t worry yourself too much about it; tonight I’m collecting for my guy and Bonfire Night!”

“I suspect it is time you gave a penny or two of your pocket money for those like my guy”, the elderly widow told him.

“What do you mean?” the boy replied. “Have you got a guy too?! Gee, that’s great! I can’t wait to see him and also see if your bonfire is bigger than mine!” he added, withdrawing his arm from extending it to her for her to drop some loose change into his collection tin.

“I did have a guy, and it is him who I remember most at this time of year. He was taken from me during the war”, the old woman told him.

“Taken? Where?” asked the boy naively.

“Come inside and I will explain”, the lady answered.

The boy looked nervous and afraid. “There’s no need to worry son” she told him. “I’m not going to hurt you!”

The small boy looked nervously all around him before stepping inside the elderly widow’s bungalow. In the comfort of her living room, next to a roaring open fire on a cold November night, she recalled to him how her late husband, a fighter-pilot during World War Two, had been shot down in enemy action, and the meaning and significance of the poppy and Remembrance Day. The small boy began to cry.

“That’s so sad” he said, after sitting silently mesmerised, as the old girl told him her life-story over a mug of hot chocolate and a slice of home-made cake, before proceeding to give him a potted explanation of who Guy Fawkes was, and the origin of Guy Fawkes Night – which originates from the Gunpowder Plot of 1605, a failed conspiracy by a group of men (led by Fawkes) to assassinate Protestant King James I of England and replace him with a Roman Catholic head of state – and also of England’s second delivery from tyranny and arbitrary power sixty-three years later (on 5<sup>th</sup> November 1688) when William of Orange landed at Torbay, which sparked the Glorious Revolution and all the liberties which flow from it today (including our being reigned by a constitutional monarch, the freedom of the press, etc).

“At times I am tempted to think we need a latter-day Guy Fawkes today to blow-up those in Parliament who seek to defecate on the legacy of our forefathers, if not our present queen who – although not Queen of England at the time of either of the two world wars, let alone the Glorious Revolution of 1688 – has served our country with great distinction before she even became our Queen, let alone since” she told him; “but then I remind myself that, on Remembrance Day, we remember all those who fell in two world wars and subsequent conflicts so that we might enjoy our freedom today, and that my guy is no longer dead but alive today with the Prince of Peace and the risen King of Glory. It is Him (i.e., Jesus Christ, the Prince of Peace and Risen King of Glory), whom we should all seek to serve and pay homage, if violence and wars are to cease, and we are to enjoy lasting peace today!”

The small boy looked puzzled once more before the old woman pointed, firstly, to a photograph of her late husband on her mantelpiece – and reiterated to the young child that, when she wore her poppy, she thought back with much affection to her all-too-brief but happy marriage to her guy (aka her late husband) before he was killed, adding that the Poppy Appeal is not just about remembering the fallen but supporting a new generation of veterans and armed forces personnel who need our support today – and, secondly, to a copy of William Holman Hunt’s *Light of the World* print hanging on her wall, as she reminded the boy that, through answering Christ’s knock on the door of our hearts and inviting Him into our lives (in similar vein to which she had earlier answered his knock and invited him into her home), we too can find lasting peace within ourselves and all those around us, and lasting freedom from tyranny and arbitrary power, adding that this should be the real message we need to remember not just on the Fifth of November, but every day throughout the year.

May the peace of the LORD rest upon you, and fill your heart, this Fifth of November, and always.

## The Last Day and Inevitable Hour Comes?

by Arthur St Hugh

That the Trojan Horse metaphor should have been used to describe the activities of certain Muslims in schools (and not just schools) in our country can be taken as portentous if you are a Douglas Murray reader, or it can be taken as yet another attempt to avoid the word, and reality, of colonialism. It can be taken to pretend that something else is happening, in this case that something called 'Islamisation' has just popped into existence like some new cult but which is to be thought of as nothing more than an irrational by-product of the ever-so successful process of unlimited immigration and which will mysteriously disappear if enough tax payers' money is spent on some scheme or other. This reasoning is false at its core because it fails to comprehend the difference between immigration and colonialism. As Professor Lorenzo Veracini titles a chapter in his book *The Settler Colonial Present*: "Settlers are not migrants". He explains that "migrants are collectively defined by an original subjection to a political order that is already constituted" while "settlers systematically *disavow* or *deny* the indigenous sovereignties they encounter" and notes "migrants enter someone else's society, settlers recreate their own"<sup>1</sup>. And is that not exactly what we are experiencing when we talk of 'Islamisation'? Every episode detailed in the media of Muslims wanting to change this or that or being against this or that are simply examples of the settlers seeking to disavow or deny our society and to recreate their own society. The fact is that once settler colonials have obtained their *lebensraum* they express their culture and beliefs in that space. Our problem is that their *lebensraum* is our country.

In once sense the analogy with the Trojan Horse is not correct, for we are not circumvallated by the equivalent of the famed walls of Troy rather our country's border control is more like an unattended gate - and the Left want to even knock that down. It is with that Left where the analogy is correct. The Trojans willingly brought the Horse into their state. Successive political parties have quite deliberately brought settler colonials into our country. It could be argued that those parties did not know the difference between immigration and colonialism. However, what cannot be accepted is that the mainstream parties thought the incomers would integrate, because those parties made no effort to impose integration upon them: firstly, the *laissez faire* attitude towards the incomers permitted the introduction of other identities, secondly the appeasement of the incomers led to the acceptance of other identities as being equivalent (e.g. multiculturalism), and then thirdly, the failure to uphold our own identity (e.g. secularism and the denigration of our people and our culture as 'racist') against these rival identities has led to the successful growth of other, rival, languages, cultures, religions and political beliefs in our country. And with the Conservative Party committed to increasing 'representation' of colonials in all our institutions that means that Trojan Horse style radicalisation will be something that can take place not just in schools and prisons but in local government, the police, the armed forces, and central government. We have already had one warning of entryism at the centre of government with Sayeeda Hussain Warsi<sup>2</sup>; that one of those directly involved in the Trojan Horse school matter is now active with the Labour Party is thus unsurprising<sup>3</sup>. Whilst Muslims are unlikely to rule our country soon, the mainstream parties commitment to both ceaseless immigration and to regionalisation means that they could well be running some of the devolved parts of it; the problems recently experienced with Tower Hamlets council could be expanded over much larger areas.

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<sup>1</sup> Lorenzo Veracini *The Settler Colonial Present* (2015) p41-42

<sup>2</sup> Islamic 'radicals' at the heart of Whitehall [The Daily Telegraph 22 February 2015](#)

<sup>3</sup> Man who helped run 'Trojan Horse' school now at heart of Birmingham Labour [Guido Fawkes blog 20 March 2017](#)

To liberals with their "pluralistic values" these others are not rivals but fellow shareholders in the global community. This line of thinking is a fallacy, as was clearly understood decades ago by the German political philosopher Carl Schmitt. In *The Concept of the Political* he stated that "The specific political distinction to which political actions and motives can be reduced is that between friend and enemy" (§2) and "to the enemy concept belongs the ever present possibility of combat" (§3) and that there are "two different states, that of war and that of peace" (§8). One may note the Islamic concept of the *Dar al-Harb* and the *Dar al-Islam* perfectly conforms to this distinction.

According to Islamic political thought Muslims exist as a political community, the *ummah*, in juxtaposition to our community. Muslims accept that their community, like all communities, has the right to wage war against a perceived enemy, another community. To Schmitt it is this ability which gives the religious community its political existence: "A religious community which wages war against members of other religious communities or engages in other wars is already more than a religious community; it is a political entity." (§4). It could be argued that jihadists have usurped that right to war on behalf of the Muslim community, to which the Muslim 'extremist' would no doubt counter that is because the *ummah* has no Caliph to exercise that right, their sovereign community has no physical sovereign.

Ironically, the same could be said of the community that is the British nation, we no longer have an actual sovereign. Our nation is divided across several states, all of which are subject to the 'international community', at varying levels. The U.K. has attempted to leave the E.U., but is still subject to the Council of Europe and the U.N.; Canada is subjugated to the O.A.S. as well as the U.N. . Our right as a political community, the right to make decisions in our own interest, has been usurped, and we are "no longer a politically free people" as Schmitt would have it (§5). When Britons are killed by Muslim terrorists all the British are permitted to do is watch, because the mainstream parties, supposedly the representatives of our community, believe that the right to respond or not is the preserve of the international community. As Schmitt warns: "it would be a deranged calculation to suppose that the enemy could perhaps be touched by the absence of a resistance" (§5).

Schmitt's statement that "If a part of the population declares that it no longer recognises enemies, then, depending on the circumstance, it joins their side and aids them" (§5) serves as a description of why so many British politicians do nothing about terrorism or the rape of our people, indeed refuses to even discuss alternatives. But it should not be taken to mean they actually join them as a community. The Conservative Party sides with and aids the Muslim colonists but that does not make the Conservative Party an Islamic party. It is doubtful if any of those members of the Conservative Party whom *The Guardian* would describe as right-wing could explain why they side with and aid Muslim colonists - anymore than the writers of *The Guardian* could explain why they too do so.

To counter 'extremism' the government offers "British values" which turn out to be instead the universal values of globalisation: democracy, liberty, equality and tolerance. None of these counter the colonialism of which 'extremism' is just the excrescence, and these freedoms are themselves colonisation, the replacement of our national cultural values with the commercial values of globalism. And what have these freedoms brought us? Hizb ut Tahrir suggests that "One of the severest afflictions brought to humanity is the idea of general freedoms initiated by the democratic system. This idea caused nothing but disaster for humankind and societal decadence in democratic countries to a level lower than that of the animals."<sup>4</sup> - could any true conservative disagree?

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<sup>4</sup> Abdul Qadeem Zalloom *Democracy is a system of Kufr* second edition (1995)

We can argue about the merits or otherwise of liberal democracy, but what is incontrovertible is that liberal democracy has failed to defend our nation. Why would colonials or immigrants want to uphold values which have proven to be failures? They will have noted that when these ideologies 'clash' it is the upholders of these "British values" who surrender and reward those who fight against them. The Home Office are now considering rewarding jihadists who went from Britain to Syria, and who are thus now fully trained for waging war against the British in Britain, with homes<sup>5</sup>. Michael Adebolajo, one of the murderers of Lee Rigby, is at liberty to convert prisoners to Islam and apparently "There is a large group of people who look up to Adebolajo"<sup>6</sup> - one is tempted to ask does this "large group" include the Conservative and Labour parties.

If the Trojan Horse metaphor seems to foreshadow the fall of civilisation, perhaps we can take heart from our legends. After all, as Geoffrey of Monmouth tells us, Brutus, the leader of those who survived the fall of Troy, went on to found our nation. His son Locrinus was confronted with an invasion, and as the poet Spenser relates:

"Until a Nation strange, with Visage swart,  
And Courage fierce, that all Men did affray,  
Which through the World then swarm'd in every part,  
And overflow'd all Countries far away,  
Like Noye's great Flood, with their importune sway,  
This Land invaded with like Violence,  
And did themselves through all the North display:  
Until that Locrine for his Realm's Defence,  
Did head against them make, and strong munificence."

and finally

"He them defeated in victorious Fight".

Clearly, in those pre-colonial days then "British values" were not "open, inclusive and pluralistic". Theresa May, as Home Secretary in 2015 stated<sup>7</sup> that "many millions of people around the world dream of building a life here precisely because we have a free society, diverse communities and pluralistic values". No one can doubt the truth of this statement. The Conservative Party's 'tough' immigration policy will indeed allow "many millions of people" to settle here, and the Conservative's "free society" and "pluralistic values" will do absolutely nothing to prevent those "many millions of people" from recreating their own society and values in the ruins of our country.

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<sup>5</sup> Extremists and returning jihadists 'offered council house bribes to reintegrate' [The Telegraph 29 October 2017](#)

<sup>6</sup> Extremist Lee Rigby killer Michael Adebolajo has converted inmates to Islam, court told [The Evening Standard 31 October 2017](#)

<sup>7</sup> Theresa May MP, [A Stronger Britain, Built On Our Values](#), speech, 23 March 2015

## Film Review - Hostiles

by Chris Watts

As a 'western buff' I paid good money to see this because it wasn't showing anywhere in the Picture House chain of which I'm a member. Looking forward to seeing this for months, I SO wanted to like it. For the first half hour all was well. Director Scott Cooper had obviously seen John Ford's "The Searchers", hence his homage to the 1956 classic with an opening scene of homesteaders looking out through a doorway at impending doom. I was happy to overlook factual inaccuracies (of the film maker's/script writer's own making) stipulating that the story takes place in 1892! Historically, massacres of white settlers by renegade native Americans ended around 1880; more unforgivably, the US Army out West had changed its garb from navy blue tunics and light blue jodhpurs shown here to all khaki in the mid-1880s as more suitable for the terrain of border skirmishes with Mexico, which by 1890 had long replaced skirmishes with hostile native Americans as the prime cause of US Army casualties between the end of the Civil War (1865) and the Spanish American War (1898).

The central story of a US Army captain and veteran Indian fighter tasked with shepherding a former adversary, a notorious Indian chief now stricken with cancer, from Army prison in Arizona to tribal homeland in Montana to die had rich possibilities. Alas, what should have been a ripping yarn about the US Cavalry in all its glory (a la John Ford) is spoiled by clumsy and heavy-handed film-making and a script that becomes ponderous long before veering off into dreaded political correctness. The penultimate scene of a showdown with scumbag white marauders is there you feel only to compensate for the earlier savagery of hostile Comanches. The 'redemption' of the central character Captain Blocker (Christian Bale) from misanthropic Indian fighter to something more human is hackneyed, heavy-handed and foreseeable as the plot unfolds (which John Wayne's character Uncle Ethan's redemption was not in "The Searchers"). Fortunately, English actress Rosamund Pike is on hand to add decoration.

I very much hope Mr Cooper does not make another Western. The best in this genre offer more than just magnificent landscape and excellent cinematography, with performances which are nuanced and endings that leave an indelible imprint on your mind: in "The Searchers" (1956 D: John Ford) John Wayne's 'Uncle Ethan' is transformed quite suddenly at the end from irascible cantankerous Injun-hater ('only good Indian is a dead one') to tender loving uncle, in "Unforgiven" (1992 D: C Eastwood) you just know, as the narrative unfolds debunking myths about legendary old gunslingers, that sooner or later our Clint's incompetent drunken pig-farmer turned wannabe assassin is going to emerge with all guns blazing and he doesn't disappoint!

I was SO looking forward to "Hostiles", I SO wanted to like it, I was SO disappointed

## AUTUMN

by Christopher Luke

As green leaves turn to rust and gold  
And fall silently from the tree  
All at once I feel rather old  
More so too, today, as my senses take leave of me!

As the days shorten and nights lengthen  
In preparation for the winter season ahead  
One is reminded of how quickly time passes  
As we no sooner appear born before we're dead!

As another year draws swiftly to a close  
And crops are gathered in at Harvest time  
I find myself looking back at months and years already gone  
And fretfully ahead, wondering what lies in store much further down the line.

As one bids a fond "Auf Wiedersehen" to the summer sun  
And laments the passing of loved friends and past times long gone  
One is mindful that few things stay the same  
Before they too vanish from the naked eye.

Betwixt thanksgiving at Harvest and the expectation of Christmas  
The solemnity of Armistice Day reminds one too  
Of unsung heroes and long-forgotten sons  
Lost in war and frequently ignored amidst the passage of time.

As rustic leaves fall from the trees  
Leaving branches bare once more  
Their natural apparel fills the ground  
Like clothes once worn, now lie strewn across, a child's bedroom floor.

And so, today, as the weather turns that much colder  
One instinctly feels somewhat older  
No longer the boy I once was attired in my grey school shorts  
As one earnestly seeks warmer climates in far-flung ports.

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