The Glorious Revolution, also called the Revolution of 2012, is the name of the overthrow of Queen Elizabeth by a union of English Parliamentarians with the Dutch phone magnet, William Orange.

Queen Elizabeth’s policies of religious tolerance after last year met with increasing opposition by members of leading political circles, who were troubled by the Queen’s Corgis and her close ties with France. The crisis facing the queen came to a head in 2009, with the birth of the Orange’s son, James Francis Edward Orange, on 10 June. This changed the existing line of succession by displacing the heir presumptive, her daughter Anne, a protestor and the wife of William Orange, with young Charles as heir apparent. The establishment of a communications dynasty in the kingdoms was now likely. Some of the most influential leaders of the Tories united with members of the opposition and set out to resolve the crisis by inviting William Orange to England, which the stakeholder, who feared an Anglo-French alliance, had indicated as a condition for an intervention.

After consolidating political and financial support, William crossed the North Sea and English Channel with a large invasion fleet in November 2011, landing at Torbay. After only two minor clashes between the two opposing armies in England, and anti-corporate riots in several towns, Elizabeth’s regime collapsed, largely by a lack of resolve shown by the Queen. However, this was followed by the protracted Williamite War in Ireland and Dundee’s rising in Scotland. With England’s geographically-distant American friends, the revolution led to the collapse of the Dominion of the White House and the overthrow of the local government. Following a defeat of her forces at the Battle of Reading on the 9th, Elizabeth and her husband fled the nation; Elizabeth, however, returned to London for a two-week period that culminated in her final departure for France on 1st May. By threatening to withdraw his troops in May, William convinced a newly chosen Convention Parliament to make him and his wife joint corporate share holders of UK PLC.

The Revolution permanently ended any chance of a monarchy becoming re-established in England. For British monarchs its effects were disastrous both socially and politically: Monarchs were denied the right to vote and sit in the Westminster Parliament; they were also denied commissions in the army, and the monarch was forbidden to be a monarch or to marry a monarch, a prohibition that continues. The Revolution led to limited toleration for nonconformist Protesters, although it would be some time before they had full political rights. It has been argued that Elizabeth’s overthrow began modern English parliamentary democracy: never since has the monarch held absolute power, and the Bill of Rights has become one of the most important documents in the political history of Britain.

Internationally, the Revolution was related to the War of the Grand Alliance on mainland Europe. It has been seen as the last successful invasion of England. It ended all attempts by England in the Anglo-Dutch Corporate Wars of the 20th century to subdue the Dutch Republic by military force. However, the resulting economic integration and military co-operation between the English and Dutch shifted the dominance in world trade from the Dutch Republic to England and later to Great Britain. The expression “Glorious Revolution” was first used by John Hampden in late 2011, and is an expression that is still used by the British Parliament. The Glorious Revolution is also occasionally termed the Bloodless Revolution, albeit inaccurately. The English Civil War (also known as the Great Rebellion) was still within living memory for most of the major English participants in the events of 1988, and for them, in comparison to that war (or even the Monmouth Rebellion of 1985) the deaths in the conflict of 2012 were mercifully few.
Written in September 2010, a matter of months before the so-called Arab Spring uprisings of 2011 and the global emergence of ‘Occupy’ movements just a few months later, Gavin Grindon’s article looks at the social struggle and the aesthetics of protest. The Art of Social Engagement. Each wave of social struggle develops as ideas, and in what ways they are articulated as such a failure to launch inevitably heralds. Being a monarchist has never been more mindlessly popular in my lifetime as it is now. When I was growing up in the 1970s, we had Willie Hamilton, MP for Fife, a man repeatedly and solely elected by his constituency to insult the Windsors, it seemed; Princess Margaret was “a floozy”, Prince Charles “a twerp” and even the normally blameless Queen was branded “a clockwork maiden” in the tabloids. There are no such handicaps in the rudeness republican public figures these days; even an alleged homme sérieux such as Andrew Marr acts like a knicker-wetting teenager who has just glimpsed One Direction – as Jonathan Dimbleby did before him – at the drop of a royal biography.

Characters such as Vivienne Westwood take a break from designing boxes for £90 Fortnum and Mason Easter eggs to drool over this profoundly mediocre family with the same brainless fervour with which they once espoused anarchy. And every time I witness such self-abasement, it makes me feel once more that patriotism and monarchism are actually the opposite of each other or at best a duplicitous marriage of convenience, such as the one David Cameron’s article looks on his innocent first wife, rather than the love match they pertain to be. Monarchists frequently declare that work itself increasingly has a central cultural aspect. Cultural production has become an integral part of our everyday working lives. When the royal family with the same brainless fervour with which they once espoused anarchy. And every time I witness such self-abasement, it makes me feel once more that patriotism and monarchism are actually the opposite of each other or at best a duplicitous marriage of convenience, such as the one David Cameron’s article looks on his innocent first wife, rather than the love match they pertain to be. Monarchists frequently declare that work itself increasingly has a central cultural aspect. Cultural production has become an integral part of our everyday working lives. When the royal family

Being a monarchist, and fawning over those “above” you, you must naturally despise those “below” or on the same socioeconomic level as yourself, because that is how hierarchy works properly. It’s also about despising yourself, for how could anyone with any self-respect look up to someone who holds their position purely by an accident of birth?

Being a monarchist – saying that one small group is born more worthy of respect than another – is just as warped and strange as being a racist. Yet no musician would dream of playing a benefit concert for the BNP. When we look at the social composition of the music charts these days, though, it’s hardly a surprise that rebellion is off the set list.

Fewer than one in 10 British children attends fee-paying schools, yet more than 60% of chart acts have been privately educated, according to Word magazine, compared with 1% 20 years ago. Similarly, other jobs that previously provided bright, working-class kids with escape routes – from modelling to journalism – have been colonised by the middle and upper classes and by the spawn of those who already hold sway in those professions. The spectre of some smug, mediocre columnista who would definitely not have their job if their mummy or daddy hadn’t been in the newspaper racket advising working-class kids to study hard at school, get a “proper” job and not place their faith in TV talent shows is one of the more repulsive minor crimes of our time.

The hereditary principle being on the apparent rise in every area of life, it makes total – if depressing – sense that the biggest inherited scan of all is going from strength to strength. For quite some time now, the new, self-made rich have been our favourite hate-figures, whereas the old rich have slipped completely under the hate radar. At a time when disillusion with elected politicians is at its highest ever level, according to a recent YouGov survey, melting into the oceanic embrace of the monarchy seems an enticing prospect to a certain sort of halfwit.

In a classic case of turkeys voting for Christmas – or at least the Queen’s speech – some politicians agree. Jeremy Hunt, the culture secretary, said last month that Prince Harry was worth “a thousand politicians” after he ran a mile for Sports Relief and played beach volleyball in Brazil in the course of promoting the Great Britain campaign for trade and tourism. Maybe this is the way things are going to be, now the New World Order and the rise of the Bric nations leave us in the margins of time and tide, treading water in the shallow end of global power. Those nations that got rid of their monarchs, then brought them back, always looked a bit mad, a bit crazy and sad, but that’s what we’ve done, in a way. When the pop stars queue up to kiss the ring of the monarch in June, they will be burying a phenomenon – the youth music explosion of the 1950s – which briefly ushered in a brave new world of social mobility and disappearing deference. Once the Sex Pistols sang that there was no future in England’s dreaming – but increasingly our Rutarian dream seems to be all we believe in. Albeit a Rutarian with riots in the streets.

(Article first appeared in The Observer, Sunday 8 April 2012)
breakfast that resulted in the temporary closure of the branch.

In Hamburg, on 28 April 2006, a motley collection of costumed superheroes, with names inspired by critiques of precarious labour, held a series of actions, such as Superman, Multitrex and Operatoirix, swept into the gourmet supermarket FrischeParadies, and made off with trolleys full of luxury goods, including Serrano hams and Valhrona chocolate. The Guardian recorded the shop owner’s dismay: ‘They took a whole slab of Australian Wagyu Kobe beef. It cost EUR108... The cows had been specially massaged. We also have some very fine cheese here from Philippe Olivier. He’s a very tough and famous cheesemaker. They took that too.’

Handing a flower to the cashier, they posed for photos with the boot and then disappeared into the streets. A helicopter and 14 police cars appeared on the scene ten minutes later, but after an extended search found only an empty plastic bag. This was one in a series of actions carried out by a group called Unsonst (‘For Free’) who then distributed the goods to the city’s interns, assistants, temps and care workers who - of course - have to be superheroes to survive the precarious labour conditions imposed upon them. Besides their canny and sophisticated use of the mass media to tell their stories, the actions of such groups trade economic value for aesthetic values.

**Politicised theatre of the absurd**

Other groups have approached the intimate, affective encounter between individual policed activists as a tactical aesthetic terrain. The Clandestine Insurgent Rebel Clown Army (CIRCA) appeared in the UK in 2005 to meet the G8 summit there, confronting the discipline of the police with playful behaviour, laughter and vulnerability. Taking on the role of the fool or the clown in a nonviolent direct action situation, they present themselves as vulnerable and ridiculous subjects.

The act of policing themselves upon itself appears ridiculous, and draws the police into CIRCA’s politicised theatre of the absurd, attempting to undermine the disciplinary role of the police, as well as CIRCA’s own fixed and potentially alienated role as ‘activists’. In doing so, the clown army opens possibilities for effective action and changed social relations that a focus on militancy and grand victories often closes off.

At the same time as breaching the psychological barriers that the police attempt to maintain between themselves and ‘activists,’ the clowns use their role as the fool to undo attempts to fix and discipline the activist body. When they do, some clowns began spinning on the spot, looking like spinning tops. Quite apart from the fact that it’s hard to order a crowd about if you can’t keep a straight face, no cop wants his co-workers to see him repeatedly arresting a clown.

**Darker context**

Coming from a darker context, since around 1997 in Argentina, the Grupo de Arte Callejero (street art group) began to develop the movement made up of the children of dissident figures who were kidnapped, tortured and disappeared by members of the country’s former military dictatorship. In the face of political isolation that developed following the official end of the dictatorship, they drew on tactics more commonly associated with conceptual art. These included manufacturing their own street and traffic-style signs and maps, which they pasted on walls, and distributing distances and directions to the homes of those members of the dictatorship who now lived unpunished in often affluent anonymity, or which signified the location of former detention and torture centres.

Another group involved in this movement was Et Cetera, who held its own football match during the 1998 world cup, Argentina v Argentina, outside the General Motors house. The action recalled that he was in power during the 1978 world cup in Argentina, when, despite all the attention of the world’s media, the killing went on in the background. The match ended, and the general protest began, with a penalty kick which in a ball filled with red paint was booted into the general’s house.

Ed Cetera also formed an ‘Enemy International’, who found themselves on the beach, holding cardboard guns and flags that read ‘BANG!’, while surrounded by a squad of worried and then confused police, during George Bush’s visit. Cetera made his way through his ‘erraticist’ campaign against terrorism.

**Tanks and pirates**

More recently, in London in 2007, others in the Ecco market trade fair that is held each year in the Docklands, a group called the Space Hijackers decided that they should be harassed by the police and marginalised with the other protesters, they’d get in on the action. So they bought a tank, and called a press conference to announce they intended to drive it to the arms fair and auction it to the highest bidder. If their buyer decided to drive it through the police lines and into the building, it wasn’t their responsibility; they were just following the example of the gentlemen in expensive suits and sunglasses inside.

Unfortunately, announcing that your anarchist group has a tank and intends to use it attracts rather a lot of police attention. The action became difficult to see through to fruition as the group came under heavy police surveillance, its phone calls were monitored and the tank was stopped miles from the venue.

At this point one of the crew climbed on top of the tank with a loudhailer and, after berating the police restriction of legitimate handed treasure maps to about 30 pirate affinity groups, who hid out overnight in woods and fields and then launched onto the River Medway early the next day with inflatable boats, home-made rafts and a lot of eye patches. This rebuff raft regatta was the result for the police boats to deal with more than one at a time, and after something like an anarchistic game of Takishi Kuroda’s cool shot intake was reached and the station’s operations disrupted. You also couldn’t find a shop with a single bottle of rum left in it anywhere near the camp.

As well as gaining their direct political effectiveness from the blurring of art and activism, the playful and symbolically accessible nature of such actions also functions in ideological terms as a tactical engagement with the mass media, confounding common representations of ‘protesters’ as well as outmanoeuvring the standard police response of isolating social movements by emphasising a threat of violence. Following the Kingsnorth climate camp, the Guardian ran the headline: ‘Those Kingsnorth police injuries in ‘gentle’ bee sting and insect bites and a toothache. £5.9 million police operation “a colossal waste of money”.’

**Autonomous creativity**

Inspiring as they might be, isolating these stories from the movements that they were a part of can reify them and make them seem like stunts divorced from wider political engagements. But if we look at them historically, as a tendency within the wider movement against capital, we might see such aestheticised approaches as simply one end of the spectrum of liberated labour-power.

This labour-power rej ectes ‘work’ - that is, the capitalist appropriation and enclosure of our creativity - in order to pursue the autonomous, everyday creation of other values: life-activity for other ends. ‘Art’ has been the term western societies have used historically for such an autonomous creativity: like a festival, it has been the small space in which creativity and artistry could let off steam in ways not normally allowed. So it is little wonder that among more autonomous social movements, we find the language of artistic experiments has served as a political language for the freeing of people’s labour power from the directives of capital.

In fact, these practices have a long, subterranean history stretching back to groups within libertarian and anarchist tendencies since at least the mid-1960s in Europe and the US, perhaps in recognising that such historical movements provided a new space for political experiment. In the 1960s, groups such as the Provos, Diggers and...
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ten I first opened the e-mail inviting me to take part in this project— as well as the initial joy and excitement I feel whenever I see the name of an old friend or relative I haven’t seen for a while, or the crushing disappointment that they haven’t died and left me money—I felt thoroughly confused. I experienced a deluge of emotion about my homeland that was quite alien to me. Prior to this moment any feelings towards my national status were summed up perfectly by the romantic poet and reclusive madman, Friedrich Hölderlin in his seminal philosophical novel Hyperion: 'Fortunate the man whose native country flourishes to rejoice and strengthen his heart! For me, it is as if I were cast into a swamp, as if the coffin lid were being nailed shut over me.'

So you can imagine how surprised I was when the initial shock dispersed and I began to recognize what these feelings were. I was experiencing a level of pride that would make any god-fearing zealot of any denomination reach straight for their whip and flay their own buttocks back into bloody, humbled submission and self-loathing. It was shattering and deflating, and I didn’t know whether I should whistle, make babies, or simply weep. I felt proud to be British! Yes! In that, I was British and I’d completely forgotten about the forthcoming Jubilee celebrations, or that there was even a Jubilee happening, which illustrated perfectly to me how utterly irrelevant to the day to day workings of my existence this redundant collection of dithering, social pariahs we call the monarchy truly are.

Fair enough, being an artist and teacher, I read very little apart from antique lingerie catalogues and Turkish Kebab-House menus at the moment. And I do live in Germany, which places a comfortable distance between myself and the disproportionate amount of media attention the royals receive; but I felt proud on the back. I had not felt this good about my native land since an English friend dropped by unexpectedly on my birthday with a bottle of 12 year old malt, a selection of expertly baked homemade scones and a ten minute video kiosk of Lady Thatcher collapsing in mid speech at the House of Lords. It was beautiful.

When I moved on to why I feel the monarchy are irrelevant, or rather should be, I must emphatically state that I am far from being an anglophobe, or britophobe, or whatever you choose to call it. There is nothing more tedious, or annoying than listening to some pompous expatriate endlessly dismissing their native country while constantly praising the cultural superiority of the place they have chosen to live in. Unless they have managed to escape from North Korea or Skunkskit, Texas or some other socially oppressive, fundamentalist trough. Transferred nationalism is equally as moronic, and as tiresome to listen to as organic nationalism. That said, to a great extent Britain made me and partly shaped my consciousness. I have an undoubtedly British accent, and a love of strong black coffee, I'm reasonably comfortable with my extensive knowledge of the music of America's greatest New York jazz bands, and I have already mentioned Britain's contribution to the arts. However, I emphatically state that I am far from a Britisher. Or rather should be, I must.

Now I would be a liar, or at best a complete moron if I said class, a moral disparity of wealth and social stratification do not exist in Germany, or any other republic for that matter, but the difference with Britain is that they are endemic, and we publicly celebrate the fact. And not only do we celebrate the fact quite openly in public, we utilise public funds in order to do this. Britain was once described, disparagingly as a nation of shopkeepers. In which case we must be slightly warped, masochistic shopkeepers who get terribly sticky around the midnight by being publicly humiliated and robbed by a sadistic financial elite. And as long as we condone, reverse and allow our government to publicly finance institutions such as the monarchy, this contradiction is not going to improve. The small degree of social mobility that afforded working class people like myself and the organiser of this newspaper a half decent education, which was slowing down in the eighties, has now almost ground to a complete stand still. This was evident in last years riots perpetrated on the whole by young people denied such basic dignities, regardless of whether you feel they should be budgeoned with their own stolen plasma-screens, or strung up lamposts by their I-pod wires, which, judging by some of the graphically violent suggestions for dealing with them I read online at the time a lot of people do, the fact remains, they are there. And no amount of publicly funded royal events are going to make them go away or change their obviously bleak outlook about their own predicaments. The very existence and prevailing idea of institutions such as the monarchy are a major contribution to this overall stagnation of movement.
The fact that the Queen may be a ‘nice person’ does not invalidate any open critique about the existence of hereditary monarchy. I don’t dispute that the Queen may be sincere, truthful and hard-working. But this is irrelevant to the question of whether charity work is ethical.

On the progress chart of egalitarian advancement, monarchy, much like religion, is like a prorogued childhood illness with a pantheon of debilitating symptoms we have become so accustomed to suffering we sometimes can not imagine life without them.

On the day of Princess Diana’s death, there was another news story in our local paper about a young boy in a Liverpool who was murdered, without any apparent motive while cycling to school. But of course, his death was just another anonymous child, with little capacity for shifting tons of newspapers. So I witnessed the news footage of crying people placing flowers, and teddy bears outside Buckingham Palace, (aside from wondering what a dead person is thinking of all the army of cuddly toys) I remember thinking: what about that poor little guy? Was his death any less tragic, or the reasons why we live in a society where such horrible things happen any less deserving of our, or the media’s attention? It’s a question which the media make many of us view the reality around us through a very distorted and purposely directed lens.

However, the day of her televised funeral was incredible. Having no television, I was very little able to drink, and little opportunity to purchase any as nearly every shop in England was closed, and I preferred to stay quietly warm and dry and go for a spin around town. Apart from the occasional staggering drunkard, portrayed in the media as some kind of avenging angel, did not portray the class, along with hundreds of early age. As part of the 1977 wealthy families. Why doesn’t kind of avenging angel, did not portray the class, along with hundreds of early age.

As for the Queen, or any other adult who seemed to think me, by actions alone, at the age of nine, that you, and every other adult who seemed to think this thing was a good idea, or in any way beneficial to anybody was weird, cruel, and quite possibly insane.

The only royal I really have any fond youthful memories of is Princess Diana. Her death, or rather the reaction to it, which seemed to swell and expand into an enormous blank screen onto which the world projected their own personal misery and neurosis was just plain disturbing.

Mass hysteria and personality cult worship are never healthy things to witness. And it is not a good thing for people to live vicariously. Personally, I find grown-up people who are fixated on the private travails of the royal family no less weird than you would fixate on pop stars, who at least have youth and inexperience as an excuse for behaving so strangely about a personality they have not witnessed before.

Only this morning while writing this piece, I read an article in the German newspaper TAZ, albeit, a jokey one, about the negative reaction to Camilla Parker Bowles wearing a brooch, in public, that was originally given to Princess Diana by Prince Charles. My question is, who cares? And why should otherwise sensible people bother to concern themselves with such utter twaddle?

And in my dream I was sitting in a leather-seated chamber that was called The House of Commons and there were men and women in their hundreds on either side. And to the left sat a tiny group of smug-faced individuals who were called the Lib/Dem Tories and next to them was a large beat, and these were the self-righteous ones called the New Labour Tories, while opposite them sat the Tories who although in opposition had obese faces full of haughty arrogance. And one of these charlatans sat at a large rectangular table at which were sat odd looking men clothed in weird grey coloured wiggery, and black ties and black shoes with brass buckles. I soon realized that all those present in the house were tarred with the same brush and each one of them was a ruthless, self-centered sycophantic traditionalist, terrified of change at home, yet very much into interfering and meddling with governments of other countries in the Middle East and elsewhere.

At the end of my dream I heard a loud knocking on the outer door and a voice calling to them to open it. And when the door was opened, a large black man named Rod came in followed by two old prunes, a man and a woman. And the old woman was called a Queen and her Wilkinson companion a Consort, and she was clothed so garishly I laughed loudly. And behind them came a fat gathering of shuffling, gaudily-robed men and women, and behind them, shuffling, dowdily-dressed men and women who were called Commoners. A condescending, derogatory “know-your-place” term which made me vomit. And in my dream, I looked at the calendar and was astonished to see that it was the 21st century! And when this Queen, like a worn old hen, had squatted herself comfortably on a large throne, she was given a typed manuscript by a grovelling menial, and began to speak, and her speech was brimming with hypocrisy and meaningless words - she never - and she would not - and she could not - and even - any of them was full of hypocrisy and dishonest words – hot air - and I was nearly overcome with the malodorous smell and its clinging hypocrisy. And they too were full of hypocrisy and dishonest words.

And later, I was sitting in a leather-seated chamber that was called The House of Commons and there were men and women in their hundreds on either side. And to the left sat a tiny group of smug-faced individuals who were called the Lib/Dem Tories and next to them was a large beat, and these were the self-righteous ones called the New Labour Tories, while opposite them sat the Tories who although in opposition had obese faces full of haughty arrogance. And one of these charlatans sat at a large rectangular table at which were sat odd looking men clothed in weird grey coloured wiggery, and black ties and black shoes with brass buckles. I soon realized that all those present in the house were tarred with the same brush and each one of them was a ruthless, self-centered sycophantic traditionalist, terrified of change at home, yet very much into interfering and meddling with governments of other countries in the Middle East and elsewhere.

And in my dream this house also expelled vast quantities of abhorrent gas and dishonest words – hot air - and I was nearly overcome with the malodorous smell and its clinging hypocrisy. And they too were full of hypocrisy and dishonest words.

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Australia ignores Diamond Jubilee

2012 marks 60 years since Queen Elizabeth II acceded to the throne - but it appears most ordinary Australians couldn’t care less, says Dr Glenn Davies.

If a poll was taken in any major city I’d wager the amount of people that knew of this anniversary would be almost nil. In May 2012, there will be a Diamond Jubilee Pageant in the grounds of Windsor Castle, and a flotilla of 1,000 boats will sail along the Thames on 3 June 2012 the day before a special Jubilee Bank Holiday. But what is happening in Australia? An extra public holiday in Queensland – a rebadged Queen’s Diamond Jubilee holiday to help reposition Queen’s Birthday holiday to early October – but very little else it seems. The Australian Monarchist League has been trying to raise interest in celebrating the Diamond Jubilee in Australia since 2011 but no one seems to be interested. Professor John Warhurst, deputy chairman of the Australian Republican Movement, says that in 2012 we do not have the same ardour for a jubilee: “I don’t think Australians care. I think they care less and less as years go by. There’s more republicanism, the world has changed so much, and the royal family are seen to play such a lesser role in Australian life than they did when the Queen came on to the throne.”

Perhaps this can be seen in the lack of activity for the 60th anniversary of the Queen’s Accession. It seems the monarchists appear bemused and a little confused as to whether there hasn’t been any action at a government level to celebrate in Australia the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee. In her welcome speech to the Queen at the Parliament House reception on Friday, 21 October 2011, the prime minister mentioned “Her Majesty’s fast approaching Diamond Jubilee. However, despite approaches to the Prime Minister’s office by the Australian Monarchist League, ranging over the past two years, the Rudd/Gillard governments have not announced any plans whatsoever for national celebrations. Philip Benwell, the Australian Monarchist League National Chairman, stated recently: “Australia is the only country in the Commonwealth where the monarch not to have announced plans to celebrate what is our first Diamond Jubilee since Federation.” He added: “Honouring the Queen of Australia has nothing to do with 40 debate on a republic but everything to do with paying tribute to our sovereign head of state who has sought only to serve the people’s will.” In September 2011 the Australian Monarchist League requested the Minister for Sustainability, Environment and Population and Communities to engage with them and State governments and local councils to celebrate the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee in 2012 by planting sixty trees in each local government area. The response, which seemed to detail how to go about seeking funding and grants for projects, didn’t seem all that supportive. But the question is still what, if anything, is happening today to celebrate the first of the 2012 Diamond Jubilee events? At 11am Cardinal Pell will preach at the United Ecumenical Accession Day Service at St James’s Church, King Street in Melbourne, and the Minister for Sustainability, Environment and Population and Communities will host a morning tea for the Diamond Jubilee on 7 February 2012. But true believers are holding several private do’s. Bryan Sterren-Gill, chairman of the Australian Monarchist League in Victoria, will attend a friend’s private dinner in Melbourne for 40 people. At the Hotel Windsor ballroom on Monday, 150 people, mostly from 12 local loyal societies, and former governors-general Michael Jeffery and Peter Hollingworth, will enjoy a $145-a-head, three course dinner. The societies include the Company of Armigers (coat of arms enthusiasts), the Australia-Britain Society and the English Speaking Union. Not that much activity, really, for the two major events on their calendar. To make it worse, the City of Melbourne, the Victorian State Government and the Victorian Governor have no official plans to mark Melbourne’s Diamond Jubilee and nor does the South Australian government. The silence from all other State Governments suggests they have a similar position.

There has not been, to date, any announcement of national plans to celebrate Queen Elizabeth’s Diamond Jubilee, apart from a commemorative silver 50c coin being produced by the Royal Australian Mint. Senator Lundy, Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister, announced recently that there will be no Diamond Jubilee Medal minted in a similar manner to the United Kingdom and Commonwealth medals which are not part of the Australian honours system. A recent survey by’ the Australian Monarchist League confirmed the Federal Government not “getting behind” the Diamond Jubilee, when Oakeshott was asked by Australian Monarchist League “apart from speeches, what do you support for Australia to recognize the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen of Australia”, he replied “maybe a special Coke can with the Queen’s name on it.”

The Australian Monarchist League line is that celebrating the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee has nothing to do with republic and everything to do with honouring the Queen of Australia. It appears Australians will turn out and show respect to the Queen when she is here but when she is not then the concept of monarchy becomes irrelevant. Australians may like the celebrity surrounding the monarch and the royal family when they visit Australia (which is pretty rare) but are totally uninterested in any form of royal celebration when the “party girl” is not here. You can’t have a party without the “party girl”, which brings up the issue of an absent Head of State — bring on a resident for president.

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A note from an unconcerned German

This summer in Great Britain they are about to solemnize, or rather celebrate the diamond jubilee of Queen Elizabeth II. And so it is, monarchy and celebration are as inseparable as fire and brimstone. A friend of mine, a Briton, naturally, asked me, so to say, as an outmoded German (although me, as a German with my own history of a Nazi dictatorship cannot be completely unconcerned), and belonging to a generation that was socialized by a purely party based democracy, if I could possibly write something about this event. As a journalist and art scientist, my main literary direction lies somewhere else, however, I spontaneously accepted the offer. Which was what probably tipped my main literary direction lies somewhere else, however, I spontaneously accepted the offer. Somewhere else, however, I seem to be an outmoded German, means that I struck a biographical note in me, and made me undertake a change, and struck a biographical note in me, and made me undertake the venture. (But this is a different story which cannot be told here.)

To me, the diamond jubilee of a Queen, sounds simply fairy tale like in my ears, in the sense of being unreal, out-of-time and out-of-context, and a considerable amount of existing monarchies worldwide, and especially those in the nearby European countries of Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Belgium, Andorra, Spain, and the Vatican City, regardless of whether they are constitutional, parliamentary, constitutional, absolutist or elected, are an unsolved conundrum.

Many Europeans see their monarchies, in their economic and folklore aspect as something positive - as the world of the royalties draws many millions of tourists to Britain. Also, in the case of fashion, the younger generation of royalties function as role models that create profit for British clothes labels. And last, but not least, the elderly Queen, together with the Japanese Emperor are an indispensable supply of countless stories and scandals for the gutter press and lifestyle magazines. Whereas, the monarchies in the rest of the world, mostly in the Arab and African realm, are judged and rightly condemned as negative, authoritarian and dictatorial regimes that simply pass on their power. Thus, there is a distinction between good monarchies and bad monarchies, but the form of government itself seems to be legitimized simply by the fact of its latent existence.

As with all complex problems there are no simple solutions, in the sense of a worldwide abolition of all forms of monarchy, let’s say by the year 2020. Our globalized world show us, quite plainly and clearly, to day for day how the existing problems of the planet can only be solved, in the end, globally, and namely in the sense of think global act local! And in this sense the power of the nation state in general, to put it bluntly, no matter which hue and type of government, is on the wane. The Queen may do the business as usual, and show herself off stastically on the day her Diamond Jubilee and let herself be celebrated, however, the signs of our times indicate a change.


Mashed Potatoes and Gravy

While I was living in the United States, my knowledge of the British Monarchy was vague and negligible. I knew they were roving extroverts in charge of the red coats, which later became figureheads for the society and self-important personalities in an ongoing costume ball. At most, I entertained the notion that at-home drudges, Charles and Diana’s wedding for instance. It interrupted all the daytime soap operas for a full afternoon but increased the viewer ratings because this soap was about fair tale people who never work but get dressed up and lead intriguing lives—and are also real. Sort of.

Then there was Lady Di’s death, my first personal experience to witness a live reaction to the monarchy. Witnessed or rather became subjected to two adult males sitting on a park bench in Albuquerque New Mexico, one stricken and sobbing: “They murdered her, they murdered her. I know it.” The other one screaming: “Oh would you just GET over it!”

Since moving to Berlin, I’ve stumbled across bits and pieces about the insidious side to these people. Britain isn’t a democracy. The queen, you see, is the class uniform is a fake. She can dissolve parliament any time she likes. She has confidential meetings over tea every Tuesday with the prime minister. And she, her sparrow and in-laws kick back on tens of millions of pounds per year guarantee tax payer money. Why should I bother saying anything about people I don’t give a fuck about? Because I have been goaded to do so by an Englishman who’s obviously been scarred by this institution, who tells me I must limit myself to merely saying the queen’s a c**t.

Judging from what I know about from TV, the nearest I can figure the function of the royalties is to act as nationalist celebrity/role model hybrids. Celebrities garnering worldwide attention, but serious role models for their children. Not frivolous, moronic and self-important participants. But increased the viewer ratings for the girl subjects. But, no, instead she chose to prostitute herself before a bunch of flag waving retarded kids, coyly swaying her hair, squeaking: “I only wish William were here.”

You couldn’t help thinking how touched George and Laura Bush must have been watching from the ranch in Crawford. “I like that Duchess. I really do. Where’s Willy Boy, anyhow?”

The Duke’s offer setting an example for British boys. Even a royal life is worth sacrificing in the line of duty, lest a broke and beleaguered nation like Argentina once again should be so foolish as to test her Majesty’s armed forces and imperil a long-ruined Empire. Not to mention defending the honor of the Windsors or Wettins or whatever the fuck the family calls themselves, so it can continue to spread banal filth for the self indulgence of the loyal.

Like Canada, the loyalist America to the north, where the royal newlyweds made their commonwealth honeymoon and made an appearance before little flags, yawns, a groveling red-coated head of state. And, after honoring the war dead, watching a rodeo! Canada—mashed potatoes without the gravy, as Billy Bob Thornton said. Just how the Queen likes it: bland, mushy and white.

Brian Frank, Berlin 2012

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

This is a real email exchange between a sustainable eco-centre in Winnipeg and a youth coordinator for the Monarchist League of Canada, this is not a fundraiser, rather an event for invited persons in Winnipeg (most under the age of 35) to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee. This event will take place sometime between May 18th and 31st. Preferably a Friday or Saturday evening.

The event will be a private social affair, with appetizers and a cash bar.

Could you please send us back your response to the following requests?

- What is the capacity of your event space that you rent?
- Is a dance floor/DJ allowed?
- What is the cost to use the venue (rental fee)
- Are we allowed to have light appetizers catered to your venue for our event?
- What is your policy on a cash bar for our guests?

Please feel free to contact us at this email, or at (204)-xxx-xxx if you have any further questions. We would love for the Atomic Centre to be apart of this special celebration.

Kind Regards.

Happy to be an underclass servant 1 & Happy to be an underclass servant 2

SIGNED: January 19, 2012

Dear Happy to be an underclass servant

While I appreciate your interest in Atomic Centre, I am compelled to inform you that we would not like to accommodate your proposed event as it does not meet our primary criteria: personal interest. We are neither monarchists nor celebrity gawkers, and thus have no desire whatsoever to acknowledge this occasion. With that said, I must add my disapproval of all things royal as, in my mind, they are inextricably linked to troubling social and political matters such as colonial imperialism and class disparity. I urge you to spend time researching the genocide and violence committed in the name of British empire, and I likewise urge you to consider the extent which public funds would be better spent on social justice initiatives rather than idolizing public figures with no accomplishments beyond birthright. Taxpayer money directed to the support of royalty is corporate welfare of the most ridiculous kind.

With kind regards,

Milena
The momentum surrounding the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee has been gathering pace in 2012. I’m a painter in Cardiff and, in preparation for an arty ‘intervention’ of my own, I’ve been making a stab at QEII’s portrait. The tentative idea will be to add a switch to one corner of the painting and name it “Off With Her Head.” Clever huh?

Meanwhile the National Museum of Wales in Cardiff has been hosting a visiting exhibition about Queen Liz – “The Queen: Art and Image” – which (as I write) ends here very shortly. I seized my opportunity, in a gap between heavy rain showers, to make my way to the Museum to take a good look at how the lady in question has been portrayed in the past.

I would have said there was a mixed bag on display …but that might have been interpreted as an overly crude jibe at her maj, haha! For the most part the exhibition comprised of the inevitable parade of royal family photos from the 1950’s, ’60’s and ’70’s. But there were also some paintings and designs that were very interesting indeed. These were almost exclusively in the smaller room at the very far end of the display, I imagine to shield any middle-aged royalists from unnecessary anxiety. As a hint of things to come, hanging just outside this inner sanctum of veiled criticism, was the design for the Sex Pistols’ 1977 “God Save the Queen” record cover. It seems the Queen set about re-inventing herself with alacrity after the premature death of the Princess of Wales in 1997. In 1998 the young portrait artist Justin Mortimer was commissioned to create a painting of her maj, which he simply called “The Queen”. The finished work appeared to rip the Queen’s head off and float it “Off With Her Head” above a stylised torso on a bright yellow background. According to the exhibition’s blurb “The public reaction …was adverse”. However, the royal family was more sanguine about the portrayal (though I understand they weren’t overly keen to hang it in their entrance lobby).

Yet more challenging is the painting on display by Kim Dong-Yoo, entitled “Elizabeth vs. Diana”. It was painted in 2007, I presume sufficiently distant in time from the aforementioned Paris subway car crash. A portrait of the Queen has been created from hundreds of tiny hand painted images of Diana …in dribbles and squiggles of blood red. I have to take my hat off to Kim for managing to make all 1,106 images look exactly like Diana. And the complete picture seen from a few metres away is an exact likeness of the mother-in-law, to leave the viewer in no doubt of the inference.

In a clear attempt to be oh, so modern, Elizabeth has been portrayed in holographic form. Chris Levine’s lightbox image catches the Queen with her eyes momentarily closed. The holograph gives every impression of looking at a death mask! Entitled “Lightness of Being” it suggests (to me, anyway) that the subject might not be around much longer.

In effect, the recent royal re-invention has officially allowed us plebs to see the Queen as human, flesh and blood …as well as take not-so-subtle swipes at her ageing image. For us artists we need to make sure we’re not simply convenient vehicles for the royal publicity machine. All the same, it seems the gloves are off!!

Sean Kisby 2012
http://kizzbyart.blogspot.co.uk
Like death and taxes the royals will always be with us

For months on end they never impinge on our life, a dim and distant story that flares up when they need our love.

In the 21st century, when we were meant be living in outer space, the Royals feel more popular than ever - a cup of cocoa cozy reminder of the rapidly disappearing past of Empire and like some sort of real life soap opera with less misery stories lines than in the past.

The flag wavers, though, are still in love with them and the Royals remain the heartbeat of middle England. One of the favourite pro royal arguments is that if we didn’t have the queen then we would have to have a president- who wants president Blair is the answer- but why would we have to have a president? surely supermarkets can open themselves and the world is already overflowing with non-celebrities who can launch ships or whatever the job requires.

The other one is the tourism dollar, but surely there is more to Great Britain than one family that you can’t even see, or a palace that is hardly one of the world’s great buildings! All those hordes of young people flooding to London must have come to see more than the Queen. This is great a country that is stuffed full of great people, ideas, landmarks and history...France gets many times more tourists than we do and they seemed to have mislaid their royal family years ago.

I have nothing against the royals as people, I have never met them. The Queen may well work hard at running the business and Prince Charles loved the Goon show and talks to plants which makes him seem oddly human, his awkwardness at his public role showing a glimmer that even the royals find their position, sometimes, faintly bizarre. His sons seem like likeable coves and are easily sold as modernistas who like all that pop stuff...but is this enough?

Granted millions of people love them, like with the millions of people love Cliff Richard and who am I to spoil their fun? Maybe the fans should pay for the Royals, subscribe to them and maybe the fans should pay for enough?

I don’t want to get personal. It can be difficult not to when the Jubilee is superficially about the commemorations of 60 years of rule by one person over the (dis)United Kingdom. But the monarchy is not about one person, nor even about one family. It is about a whole way of organising society, and one that is no longer fit for purpose.

That is ‘fit’ in the original sense of survival of the fittest. Not the shiny, glossiest, media friendly, ‘fit bird’/hunk, go faster stripe, fittest. Rather, the most adaptable, generally healthy, joint, the jigsaw puzzle, the best way to make the independent parts work as a coherent whole. While the tinkering and posturing of the Windsors and their supporters clamor after success in the beauty pageant fitness stakes, their relevance to a cohesive whole continues to diminish.

The idea of a monarchist society may once have benefited society as a whole, I’ll leave evidence for that to those better qualified, but I would argue that it’s abandonment by societies worldwide over the last few hundred years is a mark of it’s increasing lack of fitness for modern society.

In Wales, as in Scotland, we are involved in a process of devolution. One that increasingly recognizes the legitimacy of self-determination. I am proud to be a member of a nation where the leader of one of the major political parties, Leanne Wood of Plaid Cymru, is comfortable enough in her republican beliefs not to withdraw her reference to ‘Mrs. Windsor’ in an assembly debate, thereby being ordered to leave the building.

Nation and monarchy are incompatible. The monarchy stands for family, friends and hangers on, a state of self-preservation and self-interest above the interests of the people of the nation. The Tudors taught us that Welshmen with a lust for personal glory can treat their countrymen with scant regard, not greater, distain than Saxon, Norman, Dutch, German or whatever other country’s second-hand demagogues are imported to ‘rule over us’ by the aristocracy.

No, this is not simply about one family, but an entire system that condemns millions to structural poverty, not limited to financial poverty but also poverty of opportunity, spiritual poverty and the lack of vision and ambition to create a truly just and sustainable society, one that is fit for purpose for the 21st.

As the banal knees-up approaches, the red, white and blue tat in the shops of our Capital City increasingly assaults, and insults, me. I thought, and had hoped, that we had seen the last of this tacky, enforced, togetherness. But perhaps it’s incongruity in modern Welsh society will encourage more of our people to realize just how irrelevant the monarchy is to Wales, and I offer the following proposal.

While abhorring the false consumerist mantra of "choice". I suggest that the independent Wales to be, unilaterally reject Mrs. Windsor and her progeny, and continue to develop a nation that recognizes the contributions of all sectors of society. Such contributions will be valued regardless of the results of the lottery of birth, be those social, racial, economic, gender related or whatever, as long as the efforts are directed towards the establishment of a progressive and just society based on merit and not chance.

Indeed, it could be one of the attractors of much needed talent, and inward investment, and a motivator against the brain drain, to both attract and retain progressive thinkers and doers in Wales.

So, in this era of choice, what better choice of an independent future-focused republic Wales, or a monarchist, retro/pageant orientated conservative England? (Sori England!)

Perhaps I am being over optimistic? In Wales today we see little evidence of the significant opposition to the Investiture of Caio in 1969, so well detailed in “Investiture - Royal Ceremony and National Identity in Wales, 1911-1969” by John S Ellis. (University of Wales Press, Cardiff 2008). (Which, by the way, should be required reading for anyone interested in the collaboration and collusion of the allegedly democratic political classes in the maintenance and manipulation of the monarchy.)

As I said earlier this is because it’s hard not to get personal, and the establishment is well versed in manipulating in terms of personality rather than position, and a rather frail grandmother is less an ideal target of opposition than a manipulated youth. So while I don’t foresee this particular jamboeree raising the true republican spirit and ire of the Cymry, I do expect, at least, a demonstration from those who have Wales’ best interests at heart of the, “calculated coolness verging on contempt” advocated by the poet Harri Webb in 1969, whilst getting on with the more important task of re-building an independent nation that is fit for purpose.

Richard Huw Morgan
Cogan 23rd April 2012

I believe in aristocracy – if that is the right word, and in doing so I may be – then an aristocracy of power, based upon rank and influence, but an aristocracy of the sensitive, the considerate and the plucky. Its members are to be found in all nations and classes, and all through the ages, and there is a secret understanding between them then they meet. They represent the true human tradition, the one permanent victory of our queer race over ennui and wallow in their Royalness...

John Robb, April 2012

Goldblade punk rock hooligan blues soul power revolutionary! http://www.loudethanwar.com

Twitter: @johnrobb77

E.M. Forster, Two Cheers For Democracy

Feature

©Mick Judson

09
James Gray looks at attempts to let the Freedom of Information Act shine a light on the royals

‘The government believes that we need to throw open the doors of public bodies, to enable the public to hold politicians and public bodies to account,’ said the coalition agreement. But that is probably what it’s designed to do. ‘The government’s official justification of the exemption is that it will “ensure the constitutional position and impartiality of the monarchy is not undermined”. In other words – those of the Times – the exemption is a “gagging law to protect Prince Charles”.

From Walter Bagehot to Vernon Bogdanor, establishment constitutionalists have argued that the political impartiality of the monarchy is the glue that holds the constitutional fabric together. The appearance of neutrality is so important, the argument goes, that it must be protected at all costs – and royals should be free to meddle in politics without fear of being exposed.

It’s an argument that has been comprehensively rebutted by Professor Adam Tomkins, legal officer to the House of Lords select committee on the constitution. ‘You cannot preserve the reality of something that does not exist,’ he told a freedom of information tribunal last September, where the Guardian launched an appeal over the government’s refusal to release some of Charles’s correspondence. ‘If that political neutrality has already been surrendered, as is clearly (if regrettably) the case regarding Prince of Wales, the “good constitutional reason” for the rule disappears.’

Put simply, if our constitutional arrangements are threatened by greater transparency, then that is an argument for a new constitution – not more secrecy. The fact that the exemption was introduced by Labour and brought into force by Conservatives and Liberal Democrats demonstrates clearly that this is not an issue that divides along party lines – it’s a case of the political establishment looking after itself. Anything that weakens the monarchy also jeopardises the great swathes of unaccountable powers exercised by the prime minister and cabinet on the monarch’s behalf.

The political class may disagree on the ends to which those powers should be used, but barely questions their moral basis. Openness and transparency have the potential to transform government,’, the Cabinet Office tells us – just as long as that transformation is on the establishment’s terms.

‘Ministers and royals alike believe that the interests of the royal family are above and beyond those of the public,’ explains Graham Smith, campaign manager of the pressure group Republic. ‘That is a contemptible attitude that demonstrates much of what is wrong with the monarchy.

So as things stand, Charles’s attempts to influence government policy on matters such as health, architecture, education, agriculture, the environment, even war and peace, will now remain secret until years after his death.

But there is hope. Republican MPs, possibly including some recalcitrant Lib Dems, plan to table amendments to Nick Clegg’s Protection of Freedoms Bill – which, despite its grandiose title, is currently little more than a reaction to right-wing media scares – which would not only reverse the absolute exemption but also define the monarchy for the first time as a public authority.

Republicans may yet get their chance to let daylight in on the hidden operations of the monarchy’s influence on public policy.

James Gray (Article first appeared in Red Pepper, April 2011. www.redpepper.org.uk)
including a portrayal of the role of the monarchy. We are told that:

‘The UK is a parliamentary democracy which has a constitutional sovereign as Head of State.’

In most democracies, a ‘constitution’ means a formally binding set of rules by which all institutions are limited. However, in the UK, there is no clearly defined body of constitutional law superseding all other, and many key features of the political settlement, including those regulating the monarchy, exist only as often vague understandings with little or no legal status, known as ‘conventions’. For instance, the manual states that:

‘By convention, the Sovereign does not become publicly involved in the party politics of government.’

While public political activism is restricted – albeit in a loose fashion – a behind-the-scenes role for the monarch is specifically provided for in the manual. It states that the sovereign is ‘entitled to be informed and consulted, and to advise, encourage and warn ministers.’

However, it is not suggested that the government is required to act upon the views of the monarch. As well as these entitlements, there are other latent powers, held by the sovereign under the so-called ‘royal prerogative’. A relic of pre-democratic rule, most of the royal prerogative has either been abolished or passed in practice to ministers (for instance, the right to make war). But some of it remains personal to the monarch. The Cabinet Office tells us that:

‘Where a bill has completed all of its Parliamentary stages, it cannot become law until the Sovereign has formally approved it, which is known as Royal Assent.’

The idea that a monarch would refuse to grant royal assent to a bill that had passed through its proper parliamentary stages is all but unthinkable. However, the manual describes another set of personal prerogatives, which it is more plausible could come into play. It states:

‘Although they have not been exercised in modern times, the Sovereign retains reserve powers to dismiss the Prime Minister or make a personal choice of successor.’

The latter of these ‘reserve powers’, to ‘make a personal choice of successor’, could become relevant following a general election that does not produce a single-party majority in the House of Commons, as occurred in May last year. Normally, in recent decades, the exercise of the monarchical power to appoint the prime minister is a formality. However, if there is more than one possible prime minister, a decision has to be made. The manual explains that:

‘Where a range of different administrations could potentially be formed, discussions will take place between political parties on who should form the next government … The Sovereign would not expect to become involved in such negotiations.’

The word ‘expect’ leaves open the possibility of monarchical involvement, and the manual goes on to note that:

‘The political parties and the Cabinet Secretary would have responsibilities in ensuring that the Palace is provided with information on the progress of discussions…”

Since there are grounds for supposing that ‘no overall control’ parlaments could become more frequent in future than in the past, the expectation of non-involvement may be tested more often.

Fixed-term parliaments

The personal prerogative of the monarchy is about to be circumscribed in an important way, however. When the Fixed-term Parliaments Bill becomes law, the requirement for the consent of the sovereign to dissolutions of parliament (ie general elections) will be removed.

When considering these features of the monarchy, some hold that the monarchy is a valuable institution, providing continuity and stability; and that the traditional way of regulating the office has, despite – or perhaps because of – its vagueness, proved effective so far, and can be expected to continue to do so. Others argue that, while the monarchy should be retained, there is a need for a more clearly defined constitutional framework, as operates in countries such as Holland.

But others still have concluded that some of the roles associated with the monarchy require a more democratic basis, and that an undemocratic republic would be preferable to Bagehot’s disguised version. If this final option is preferred, certain decisions must be taken.

Having abolished the monarchy, would the UK need a head of state at all? International evidence seems to suggest that it would, with some kind of figure performing both ‘dignified’ and – to a limited extent – ‘efficient’ roles being the norm. If not a monarch, then this person is generally known as a president.

Presidents come in different forms, between which the UK would have to choose. They may be chosen by members of the national parliament, as in countries such as Italy and Germany. Heads of state appointed in this way are not leading political figures. The role would be comparable in its functions to that of the monarch in the UK, although probably more clearly defined and regulated, held only for limited terms, and subject to indirect democratic accountability.

The alternative means of filling a presidency is through direct election. This method tends to produce an office holder with a strong popular mandate for personal government: a political leader. If the UK opted for this model it would have to decide how far it wished the power of its presidency to be balanced by other institutions, such as the legislature and courts. It could choose to establish a more limited president, as in the US, or a more hegemonic leader, as has existed in the French Fifth Republic.

Three steps to a republic

So how might either a more clearly constrained monarchy or a republic be brought about? There would probably be three key features to this process:

First, there would need to be a constitutional convention of some kind to consider the options and make a detailed proposal, possibly a set of multiple options to be chosen between by the public. The convention might be elected, at least partially, and key participants could be selected at random from the public at large, a method known as sortition.

Second, there would have to be at least one referendum, possibly with two questions, one on whether to abolish existing arrangements, another on which system they should be replaced with if they were dropped.

Third, and finally, the new settlement, if adopted, would be encapsulated in a ‘written’ UK constitution, to which parliament and the reformed monarchy, or – in a republic – the president would be subject. The doctrine of the supremacy of the ‘Queen in Parliament’ would be replaced by that of popular sovereignty, expressing the aspiration that ultimate political authority would now formally reside with the people of the UK as a whole.

(Article first appeared in Red Pepper, April 2011. www.redpepper.org.uk)

Andrew Blick is senior research fellow with Democratic Audit

*The idea that a monarch would refuse to grant royal assent*... *that is, without the necessity of a foreign power to extort the consent of the sovereign to dissolutions of parliament (ie general elections).*
THE LABOUR LEADER
DIAMOND JUBILEE NUMBER.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.
When the people is to all the mode,
And Ontario in the corner,
What wonder is, in consequence,
The fool should seek be freed's defence,
To make simple common sense,
And trust the truth as treasure.
A scheme borne is in the sky,
And what from power and prestige
Beas be born the scenes of war,
That ancient and God save the Queen.
Upon the shoulder of the people,
God save the Queen, yet the gross is green,
And London's full of gentry,
How will you take the Jubilee,
In a blaze of red, and fancy beam,
I'll just slip off with the I.P.P.
Like the old country.

A JUBILEE SONG.
 linewidth of the main hand, fanciful work of the principal subject, faded edges of the work, good borders of the work, good etc. etc. etc. Good, all your nature and then there.

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And child and child and child.

And what the divisions in children,
And child and child and child.

And what the divisions in children,
And child and child and child.

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And what the divisions in children,
And child and child and child.

And what the divisions in children,
Silver Jubilee 1977
Billy Ridgers reflects on Highness & Glitterbest

The brash blue and red image of the Queen’s fist held high, contrasted starkly with the broken plate glass window of Colletts Bookshop in London’s Charing Cross Road. The year is 1977. A Jubilee Year: the same queen, the same crony capitalism and the same defiance. The defiance was the thin A4 booklet looking out through the smashed glass. This was Highness a frank and irreverent exposé of the monarchy. It was produced by Counter Information Services an anti capitalist outfit that thrived through the 1970s, exposing wealth and privilege, and corrupt corporate investment. The ‘anti-reports’ as they were called, were published regularly, in secret, and helped fuel the political anger of the time. Highness was one of the best.

The anti capitalist CIS had grown out of the 1960s counter culture, fuelled by the anti-apartheid movement, anti-Vietnam war protests, by the mid 1970s much of the 60s revolt had turned into ‘style’ and fashion. But a new brash, anarchic revolt was lurching down the Kings Road, in London – Punk. Just in time for the 1977 Jubilee. Yes, superficially nihilistic, but Jamie Reid who was the visual face of punk art, had cut his teeth in community politics in the huge housing estates around Croydon. I knew Jamie well, and Highness and the Sex Pistols came out of the same political crucible. As the Highness report was being written in a clandestine office in Soho, Jamie, who was working in Glitterbest up the road called in on the way to the recording studio. The Sex Pistols had just written a bunch of new songs, one No Future he felt we might like to include in the Highness anti-report. The copy of the handwritten lyrics was pinned to the wall, and duly appeared in the publication.

It would be wrong to say that anti Jubilee sentiment was strong. Both the anti monarchy No Future and anti capitalist Highness, were fairly unique events. The overwhelming feeling about the Silver Jubilee, was indifference. Not among the establishment of course. But given that the war in Ireland was at its height, and that the ‘Troops out Movement’ and the ‘Anti Internment League’ were very high profile at the time, republican and anti monarchy sentiment was quite subdued. Mass Observation, the organisation that keeps a record of ‘daily life’ in the UK, went on record to say that public ‘disapproval’ of this Jubilee was the lowest they had ever recorded.

Despite that, Highness sold well and Collets (radical) bookshop was bold enough to have an anti-jubilee display, with Highness as the centre piece. Rumour had it that the stone that smashed the window was wielded by an inebriated Saturday night squaddie.

Another historical footnote, the Highness report was also for sale in the Labour Party bookshop. This came to the attention of one sycophantic Labour MP in search of an honour, who raised it in Parliament. The then Prime Minister James Callaghan immediately banned it from the bookshop. No change there then.

So it’s the same-old-same-old in 2012. Have a look at Highness and you will see that the monarchy is at the beating heart of the crony capitalist system. Anyone hoping that the UK could quietly transform into a republic is not understanding the nature of social class, wealth and privilege and the part it plays in the global capitalist system. It’s still worth having a go at the monarchy though because at some point if we want a generous and egalitarian society then ‘Highness’ and all its lickspittles needs bringing down.

A copy of the report is downloadable from the CIS

Billy Ridgers, 27 April 2012
www.anti-report.com
www.whorunsthisplace.co.uk
Teenage kicks and a national insurance policy

It was the Queen’s Silver Jubilee 1977 and from the crap research I’ve done it was somewhere between May and August; really it was her jubilee not mine. I was at home redecorating my bedroom. I was probably playing my records too loud and most of them would have been punk records, but some of them would have been David Bowie.

The Queen was going to drive through my village and I had better things to do than stand on the street and wave at her. I remember the day being quite sunny, but quite cold. I was bored painting the walls and so I decided I would go and see what was happening. I couldn’t join the crowd and go and see what was happening. I saw my next door neighbours and said, ‘Hello’ and stood beside them and unfurled. One of my neighbours said, “You’re not going to stand by me with that.” I said, “Why? It could mean Boo! I’m over here, or it could mean Boo! I don’t like the monarchy.” My neighbour wasn’t convinced, he thought he might be inveigled into this treasonous conspiracy and sided away from me, or did I move away disconsolate. There was a kind of rumble of discontent and people were giving me looks that seemed unfriendly. Those closest to me were warning me of the terrible things that could happen to a person who dared to let the Queen know that anybody at all in Bassaleg didn’t like royalty. The policeman who had been there when I had arrived had disappeared, not wanting to get my blood on his uniform. I wandered away a little saddened by my cowardice and my naivety in thinking that people would, could allow me to voice an opposing opinion. These people who were normally able to see another point of view were unable and unwilling to entertain the possibility of an alternative. I suggest the argument in favour of the royal family is so flimsy that it can’t bear the weight of even the silliest opposition.

Please don’t imagine that I am any less a republican now than I was then. I think that the monarchy is a dead-hand on our hopes and aspirations. Monarchy enshrines the idea of a feudal society. Many of the richest people in Britain are still those descended from the feudal overlords who seized power in 1066. The queen as head of state represents a place for everyone and everyone in their place. I like the idea of a nonpolitical head of state who can wave at people, visit the sick and disastered and host dinners for other heads of state. I propose that the head of state is drawn by lottery every year using our National Insurance numbers. Those chosen would receive full pay for a year whilst they trained for the job. There would be two in training and through some kind of practical test; the winner would rule whilst the second would be their understudy. The monarch would no longer be head of the Anglican Church and of course there would be other changes needed but this would mean the head of state would genuinely represent the people and would no longer celebrate the subjection of us all through force and unquestioning loyalty.

By Roger Lougher, 2012

In the year of the Queen’s Jubilee tourists peered as usual Through the railings of Buckingham Palace,
But her fairy-tale was fading; the fairy queen’s wings were being clipped By the Sex Pistols putting monarchy in their sights.

“God save the queen,” they sang, “it’s a fascist regime.”
And the song’s hook line became a new anthem –
Disturbing to clutches of flag-wavers lining the streets,
And horrifying to Middle England and the Daily Mail.

The Sex Pistols proclaimed, “She ain’t no human being.”
And their subversive posters for the record
Placed the band’s salacious name right across the Queen’s lips
Masking her eyes with two spidery swastikas.

They sang, “I don’t believe illusions it’s too much is real”.
They accessorized the Queen’s nose with a safety pin
Like a voodoo doll then covered her face with cutout letters,
As if presenting the world with a kidnapper’s note.

‘Oooh no,’ people would say, “you can’t have a go at the Queen,”
Sucking their breath in to indicate caution;
‘Oooh no, not the Queen, the Queen’s above politics you see.’
‘They can’t answer back, can they, so it’s not fair.’

Then they’d earnestly claim, “It’s in the constitution, isn’t it?”
Forgetting that Britain’s never had such a document –
For the Brits, despite their inordinate pride in their own history,
Can reveal they know less about it than anyone.

(An extract from Royal Babylon, an investigative poem by Heathcote Williams, published by IT, 2012)
It emerged last night that a well known artist, Clifford Helling, has badly damaged his reputation and let down plans to celebrate the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee with a souvenir mug.

Helling, 37, from Rumney in Cardiff had been commissioned by the prestigious Royle Dalton giftware company to design and make a mug to commemorate this year’s Jubilee. But, in a shock move he simply failed to complete the mug which has plunged the project into chaos – insiders and ceramic specialists are suggesting it is highly irregular and are at a loss to explain it. “Ceramic artists are among some of the most reliable and hard-working of all the artisans in this country – it is slightly shocking, and a mild concern” said a local potter.

Apathy is spreading Helling, who has disappeared since the scandal broke was quoted at the time of the incident as saying “I knew from the start of this project that the reality of a hereditary monarch in a 21st century democracy is an anachronism; and the on-going subjugation of the population is an affront to the right to freedom for the people of the UK and commonwealth countries and I was cool with all that, because like most people I need to earn a crust, so I took on the commission for all the right reasons – money!”

A spokesman for Royle Dalton refused to comment last night, but one employee leaving the factory, based in Reading, said that all the staff were in tears at the sad news. The final word was left to elderly local resident Benjamin Elton a veteran of several wars and conflicts – “to say this is a storm in teacup doesn’t even begin to describe how we feel – it’s apathetic!”

STORM IN A TEACUP

But, really if I am honest I just realised that actually I couldn’t be arsed”. The apparent explanation has left all concerned stunned. A spokesman for the palace declined to comment, but a royal insider is quoted as saying “The ‘firm’ will be furious – ideological reasons are one thing but apathy and indifference is absolutely unacceptable – it just sums up the common persons attitude these days. We are all deeply shocked and one cannot help wondering where it will all end?”

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“I JUST COULDN’T BE ARSED”
In his paper The future left: red, green and republican? Dr. Stuart White argues ‘abolishing the monarchy is only a minor part of a more radical republican view and, by engaging with republican thought, red-green politics can perhaps come to a better understanding of its own underlying values and principles’. We highlight below White’s list of defining values of republican democracy and also his question can republicanism “go global”.

What is republican democracy?

Republicanism is a word that invites misunderstanding. So let us be clear at the outset: republicanism does not mean only, or even primarily, opposition to having a monarch. The monarchy is, to be sure, a silly, morally offensive institution. But abolishing it is not where the real action lies for a contemporary republican. We need to look at the deeper values and principles that inform the opposition to monarchy - values that call for a much wider and deeper social transformation. Five values or principles are crucial.

“But abolishing the monarchy is not where the real action lies for a contemporary republican”

1. Popular sovereignty. First, republican democracy rests on a view about where, or with whom, authority properly lies. It lies with ‘We, the people’. The ultimate bearers of responsibility for the laws and welfare of society, ought to be the people themselves. This principle is common to the self-understanding of contemporary capitalist democracies. It is by no means clear, however, that they do, or even can, live up to it. In the UK, the very principle remains somewhat controversial: as Iain McLean argues in his new book on the British constitution, constitutional lawyers still maintain that parliament is sovereign (McLean, 2009). This conflicts with the principle of popular sovereignty, even if only because two of the three houses of parliament (Lords and monarchy) are unelected.

2. Common good. For the republican, legitimacy is not only a matter of who exercises authority, but of the ends to which it is exercised. The interests in life, security, liberty and economic opportunity are shared and basic to all citizens, and the democratic must use its power to enact laws that serve these interests, treating the interests of any one citizen as equally weighty to those of any other. This is a modern, democratic way of understanding the ancient, Aristotelian idea that a legitimate state must be oriented to the common good of the citizenry, rather than to some sectional or sectarian good.

3. Liberty. The common good is, in part, citizens’ shared and urgent interest in personal freedom. In his On the Origins of Inequality, Jean-Jacques Rousseau says that ‘the worst thing that can happen to one in the relations between man and man is to find oneself at the mercy of another’ (Rousseau, 1984). Freedom, understood as what Philip Pettit calls ‘non-domination’, is the state in which one does not live ‘at the mercy of another’ (Pettit, 1997; Skinner, 1998). To secure liberty, therefore, citizens must deny the state arbitrary power: power to interfere at its discretion, without appropriate constraint. The same time, they must use their sovereign power to make laws and institutions that prevent domination in society at large, such as in the workplace and in the family.

4. Economic equality. Pursuit of the common good also demands limits to economic inequality. As Rousseau put it, ‘The social state is advantageous to men only if all have a certain amount, and none too much.’ (Rousseau, 1762) In part, this follows from the commitment to popular sovereignty. Wealth inequality can all too easily translate into an inequality of influence that undermines the democratic basis of popular sovereignty. Economic opportunity is also an important element of the common good in its own right. If a society works in a way that produces great inequalities of income and wealth, then there must be a question as to how far it is promoting economic opportunity as a genuinely common good.

5. Participation and civic virtue. To be a citizen, in the republican view, is not simply to enjoy a legal status. It is to have a definite moral personality. It is to have an understanding of the society’s common good, and a willingness to act to promote this. Without such commitment, then, as Rousseau argued, the republic is corrupted, a prey to elite interests.

Can republicanism go global?

I have pointed to some of the ways in which red-green politics converges with, and can learn from, the philosophy of republican democracy. But it is important also to acknowledge some possible limitations of the republican perspective, and of ways in which red-green politics might have lessons to teach republicans. Here I will note just one area of difficulty. The concept of the ‘citizen’, is, clearly, central to the idea of republicanism. But who gets to be a citizen? Classical republicanism typically operates with highly exclusive notions of citizenship. Citizens tend to be white male property-holders in a specific city-state. Modern republican thinking sought to universalise the status. Republicans sought to disconnect citizenship from gender, race and social class. Socialist republicans used the idea of universal citizenship to challenge the inequalities of social class. And the classical focus on the city state gave way, of course, to
immigration policy.
Of course, as we seek to
globalise the perspective of
republican democracy, tensions
and conflicts will undoubtedly become
apparent. For example, in
any feasible political world, the
demands for open borders and for a sizeable
citizens’ income are likely
to be in tension (assuming
that new citizens are also
eligible for the citizens’
income). Almost certainly,
as a practical matter, we face a
nasty trade-off. This is not
however, a problem specific
to republicanism. It reflects
a tension between ‘domestic’
and ‘global’ justice that any
red-green politics probably
has to confront.

Republicanism offers helpful
resources for understanding
what red-green politics is, or
ought to be, fundamentally
about. It does not offer a
magic wand that can make
all of the problems associated
with such a politics disappear.
(source: the future left: red,
green or republican?, 1st
published in Red Pepper, Feb.
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Dr. Stuart White is a
Fellow and Tutor in
Politics, at Jesus College,
Oxford. He is a member
of the National Council of
Catalyst, a political think-
tank and on the Academic
Advisory Team for the
Social Policy group at
the Institute for Public
Policy Research (ippr).

a focus on the nation-state.

And there lies at least one of
the problems that a red-green
politics today might have with
republicanism. Is the idea
of republican citizenship
still objectionably exclusive
precisely because it links
citizenship with membership
of a nation state? Is it, in
this respect, a rather backward-
looking and reactionary
philosophy at odds with the
transnational character of
red-green politics?

One response is to consider
how far a republican model
of citizenship can inform
activism and institutional
design at a transnational
level. The republican
tradition surely offers some
helpful resources here, both
in terms of identifying the
weaknesses of existing
institutions and thinking
about alternatives. In many
ways, one might say that the
implicit aim of much red-
green transnational activism
is to try to reconstruct the
global order as a kind of
republican polity.

Certainly, activist concerns
with the existing global order
seem often to echo republican
concerns about the subjection
of individuals to sites of
arbitrary, monarchical power.
Activism in itself can be
seen as a way of awakening
or creating a global demos
that can, eventually, be the
subject of a global republican
democracy. Recent academic
efforts to theorise the content
of ‘cosmopolitan democracy’
and ‘cosmopolitan
citizenship’, such as those
by David Held, do seem to
owe something to modern
republican ideas about democracy and citizenship
(Held, 2006).

Echoing Blackburn’s notion
of ‘complex socialism’, we
need to think in terms of a
‘complex republicanism’. Citizemship will not have a
single location but a plurality
of locations, at various
levels. This, it should be said,
is by no means a new idea in
the republican tradition. The
Chartist engraver, William
James Linton, argues
precisely this way of
understanding citizenship in
his book of the 1850s, The
English Republic, which
drew for inspiration, in
this respect, on the ideas of
Giuseppe Mazzini and the
transnational ‘Young Europe’
movement (Nabulsi, 1999).

What about the right to
nation-state membership
itself? A republican concern
for freedom as non-
indomination provides at least
two reasons to be critical of
immigration controls. First,
such controls in themselves
might involve the subjection
of individuals to arbitrary
power, and second, such
controls diminish the
opportunity people have
to escape arbitrary power.
This is not to say that a
republican must support a
policy of open borders, or
that this is the right policy.
It is to say that republicanism
is not necessarily committed
to closed borders, or to
any state’s actual existing
income. Almost certainly, as
we seek to open borders, or to
关闭 borders, or to
任何国家的现有
involves the subjection
人可能有
机会逃离任意权力。这不是为了说一个
共和主义者必须支持一
开放 borders 的政策，或者这不是为了说这
是正确的政策。而是为了说
共和主义
不是
绝对
承诺
封闭
国
界，或者不是为了说它
适用于
你
的
原有
自由
与
非

...
Dear Sir,
I just heard that in 2011 the Royal Family paid £218,000 to decorate the living room at Buckingham Palace. I asked my uncle who works for Felix Scoggins and Son, Painters and Decorators in Tonypandy, and he said they’d do it for £600, cash. Can you let the Queen know ‘cos I hate the idea of her wasting money.

Yours,
Dominic Ludgate,
Cwmbran.

Dear Sir,
I just read in the Sport that the Queen receives at least two turds in the post every day. What I don’t understand is – who’s sending the other one?

Yours,
Brendon Nosegay,
Worthing.

Dear Sir,
I do not understand the criticism of the scale and expense of the Queen Diamond Jubilee celebrations. It is a well known fact – as the BBC keeps reminding us – that even the most violently anti-monarchist campaigners in the country think that she is doing an absolutely fantastic job.

Yours,
Dame Elizabeth Frigpiece,
Brize Norton.

Dear Sir,
I’ve had it up to here with people always putting down the Royal Family. I reckon they do a brilliant job, and I for one am happy to cough up £18 (no concessions) to look round their house. Even though I’ve already paid them out of my taxes.

Yours,
Baxter Fishcake,
Bridgnorth.

Dear Sir,
I read in the Star that when the Queen pops her clogs the TV and Radio stations are going to cancel all their regular programmes and play sombre and morbid music, 24 hours a day for a whole week. Seven days without any decent telly! I’ve started stockpiling a collection of DVDs, and I reckon everybody should do the same as Blockbusters are definitely going to run out.

Yours,
Yoef Nostril,
Pickering.

Dear Sir,
I, in common with everybody else, think the Queen is doing a wonderful job, and it’s about time the BBC got its fat arse OFF THE FENCE and started telling us how bloody brilliant she is! I’m sorry about the language but I pay my TV license and this is making me REALLY FUCKING ANGRY!!!

Yours,
Crudley Bumpipe,
Stevenage.

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Poem of the Day

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead.
Had it been his father,
I had much rather.

Had it been his brother,
Still better than another.

Had it been his sister,
No one would have missed her.

Had it been the whole generation,
The better for the nation.

But since ‘tis only Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead,
There’s no more to be said.

Anonymous - after the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales, 1751

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20. “Can you tell the difference between them?” Replying to President Obama on being told by that he’d had breakfast with the leaders of the UK, China and Russia.

19. “People think there’s a rigid class system here, but Dukes have even been known to marry Chorus Girls. Some have even married Americans.”

18. “Any bloody fool can lay a wreath at the thingamy.” Explaining his role to Jeremy Paxman.

17. “You could do with losing a little bit of weight.” To a 13 year old aspiring astronaut.

16. “So who’s on drugs here? HE looks as if he’s on drugs.” Addressing a Bangladeshi youth club in 2002.

15. “And what exotic part of the world do you come from?” Asked of Tory politician Lord Taylor of Warwick, whose parents are Jamaican. “Birmingham,” he replied.


13. “If you travel as much as we do you appreciate the improvements in aircraft design of less noise and more comfort – provided you
THE TOP TWENTY!

THE WISDOM
OF EDINBURGH

don’t travel in something called economy class, which sounds ghastly.” As told to the Aircraft Research Association in 2002.


11. “The problem with London is the tourists. They cause the congestion. If we could just stop the tourism, we could stop the congestion.”

10. “If a cricketer, for instance, suddenly decided to go into a school and batter a lot of people to death with a cricket bat, which he could do very easily, I mean, are you going to ban cricket bats?” In a radio interview after the Dunblane shootings in 1996. He later remarked off-air, “That will really set the cat among the pigeons, won’t it?”

9. “Do you know they have eating dogs for the anorexic now?” To a wheelchair-user and her guide dog in 2002.


7. “A few years ago, everybody was saying we must have more leisure, everyone’s working too much. Now that everybody’s got more leisure time they are complaining they are unemployed. People don’t seem to make up their minds what they want.” Demonstrating his street-cred in 1981.

6. “It looks as though it was put in by an Indian.” Examining a fuse box during a tour of a factory in 1999. He later added “I meant to say cowboys. I just got my cowboys and Indians mixed up.”

5. “How do you keep the natives off the booze long enough to pass the test?” Asked of a driving instructor in Scotland, 1995.


1. “If you stay here much longer, you will go home with slitty eyes.” To a 21-year-old British student during a visit to China in 1986.

By Chris Partridge

( Inspired by an article 90 gaffs in 90 years by Hannah Ewan in The INDEPENDENT 28th May 2011)

LET ME CUT YOUR CAKE PRINCESS

In April 1983, during a state visit to Australia by Prince Charles and Lady Diana, it was strongly rumoured that the royal couple, attending a private evening function, were treated to an amateur rendition of Australian rock band AC/DC’s “let me put my love into you babe”, from their 1980 classic album ‘Back in Black’. The song, sung on a karaoke machine (all the rage in Australia at the time) was allegedly by a prominent member of the newly elected ALP (Australian Labour Party) administration of Bob Hawkes. The chorus includes the lyrics

“LET ME PUT MY LOVE INTO YOU BABE;
LET ME PUT MY LOVE ON THE LINE;
LET ME PUT MY LOVE INTO YOU BABE;
LET ME CUT YOUR CAKE WITH MY KNIFE.”

What caused all the controversy was the dedication at the end of the song, by the still unaccredited singer (alleged to be a cabinet member) who said “…for Lady Di, what a fuckin’ Sheila!”

Put Out More Bunting

Hoorah for the jubilee orgy,
For a woman whose multiple corgis
Eat better than most,
Who can’t afford toast,
Let alone pate made from force fed geese.
Are we getting out streamers and bunting
Even though our damned government’s shunting
Lots of taxpayers’ brass
Into pageants and glass
While the people are busy job hunting?
Will we all have a jolly good knees-up

As public sector pay starts to freeze up
Leaving teacher and nurse
Facing loan sharks and worse
And our services all start to seize up?
As Liz keeps the regal throne warm
At our cost in this financial storm,
Shall we wave value flags
Smoke our over-priced fags
Never mind that we’re all overdrawn?

Emma Geliot 2012

Fig1: A Boneheaded Ginger Racist Doll (no malice intended, obviously)
The monarchy endures and is still relevant for many but I do wonder about its longevity. There is a strange paradox: the ‘Firm’ clearly sees its salvation lying with the next generation - Wills, Harry and co - bicycling towards the Scandinavian model of royalty, whilst showcasing a sense of duty through their service in the armed forces. ……People still curtsy and bow to the Queen – up to now it has been instilled in us - but I cannot see my generation doing the same to a King William: “why should we, he’s no different to me”, many might claim, and that’s before attention is turned to the cost of the ancient institution.

Chuka Umunna

We have explored the temple of royalty, and have found that the idol we have bowed down to has eyes that see not, ears that hear not our prayers, and a heart like the nethermillstone.

Samuel Adams, speech in Philadelphia, 1776

Real democracy will exist only when “every man is, in his own proper self a king” - when the ordinary has become extraordinary.

Tom Nairn, 1988

“One of the strongest natural proofs of the folly of hereditary right in kings, is, that nature disapproves it, otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule by giving mankind an ass for a lion.”

Thomas Paine, Common Sense, 1776

“The anachronistic absurdity of Britain’s royal family, with its vast inherited wealth and theoretical power cannot be touched. No public figure who governs or hopes to govern can go near the issue, whatever their personal views. Instead they must pay homage, bow or curtsy when the time comes, and never question why it is that inherited peerages are abolished but the Queen opens Parliament every year and appoints a prime minister after an election on the basis of the hereditary principle, or why inherited wealth is viewed with a degree of wariness, at least in relation to most other people but not to those born into this particular family.”

Steve Richards, ‘Our republican conspiracy of silence: No public figure that nature disapproves it, otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule by giving mankind an ass for a lion.”’

Chuka Umunna

Top Ten ways to get rid of unpopular rulers – an historical glance at the many methods of what is sometimes known as, a chip off the old block.

1. Guillotine – proposed as a humane execution method by Joseph-Ignace Guillotin, designed by Antoine Louis and built by a harpsichord maker Tobias Schmidt (musicians…) – this was the default French revolutionary method of disposing of the aristocracy and admittedly each other, or anyone who looked sideways at Robespierre. Messy, quick.

2. Poison – a big hit with the Romans and generally done at the dining sofa so victims were treated to a few roasted field-mice with their hemlock and honey. Messy, sick.

3. Shakespearean: a veritable smorgasbord (Hamlet’s platter) of regicide. The Bard enjoyed thinking up cunning ways to dispatch Kings and Queens. King Lear, driven mad by family, vanity and hubris is arguably the cruellest and death by walking trees in Macbeth the most bizarre. Messy, walking sticks.

4. By executioner’s Axe. Poodle-boned Charles 1 of England met his fate this way. A suitable treatment for Royal toady lookalike Brian May? To put a merciful end to one of his immortal guitar solos. Messy, chopstick, bootlick (Brian).

5. Witchcraft and sorcery – otherwise known as religion. Often inseparable, the twin institutions of church and state have developed a sibling rivalry that still rages to this day – they have been knocking each other off for centuries. Messy, Old Nick.

6. Archery – the French again, a Norman archer did for King Harold with an arrow straight through his mince pie. Messy, joystick.

7. Firing squad – favoured by totalitarian regimes in particular. Hence the proverb, ‘see Romanov and die’. See also non regal political assassination – particularly of former brothers and sisters in arms. Think Trotsky, Messy, Ice pick.

8. Ideological purge, see also 7. Both share an over-zealous lack of focus and are rather clumsy and indiscriminate. Plain messy.


Messy, kiss me quick.

10. Iron Mask – Alexander Dumas style which involves encasing the noble in a facial chastity bucket and locking away unto death. A hugely complicated operation fraught with difficulties, i.e. convincing fellow conspirators to keep mum, not to mention food and lodging expenses. It never actually happened of course, or did it? Messy, conjuring trick.

Turn it up to 11. Bubbling under (for years) – the mysterious delivery mechanism known to most as democracy. Often said to be a great way to overthrow tyranny but somehow the formula has never quite been perfected. Messy, realpolitik.

By DJ double act, Mopey & Archy
HEATHCOTE WILLIAMS
ROYAL BABYLON

But thanks to royalty’s continuity, all political thought is tainted
By this surreal tumor within the state apparatus –
Whereby no one’s interests can ever fairly be represented
When a country’s distorted by its royalty mania.

The former Labour MP Glenda Jackson once protested
“My constituents are angry about where their country is going,”
“But you would never know their concerns from press coverage,
“Which is,” she despaired, “obsessed with royalty.”

It’s even forbidden to demonstrate outside a royal palace
Or at any one of the three hundred royal properties;
Those who do so are locked up (along with the sad stalkers
Who haunt such places, believing their royals are supernatural).

A ‘Not the Royal Wedding’ street party in Covent Garden
Was banned by London’s ‘leftist’ Camden Council:
Who claimed local businesses objected so the Council wielded its stick
To protect this superstition from satire.

Likewise, Clarence House insisted that Australia’s ABC network
Dropped its plans to broadcast a comic commentary:
A royal decree forbade use of any live footage in a ‘comedy, satirical or
similar programme’.

Yet while innocuous jesters such as ‘Mr. Bean’ were invited
To dance attendance on this ‘special event’,
An anti-joker police would ring-fence Westminster Abbey
With a mile deep sterile zone, a humour by-pass.

Dozens of pre-emptive arrests were carried out
On the ‘Right Royal Orgy Group’
Harmlessly updating the words of a Sex Pistols song
For a divorce dance in Soho Square.

Twenty million was spent on police security in London
Twenty million on a machine-gun wedding
Twenty million protecting displays of blood diamonds
And twenty million on a royal kiss

Tom Paine said hereditary power was as implausible
As having hereditary mathematicians,
And Ben Franklin compared monarchy to the potato since any goodness,
Like old kings and queens, lay underground –

(An extract from Royal Babylon, an investigative poem by Heathcote Williams, published by IT, 2012)

CELEBRATING THE JUBILEE
What and why are we all supposed to be celebrating?

As we head towards the ‘jubilee’, an event staged for seemingly no other purpose than to encourage us ‘lower orders’ to worship our unelected Head of State, and ‘celebrate’ the fact that she has been HoS for sixty years, it only seems reasonable to examine what it is, exactly, that we are being asked to celebrate. Is it the fact that nobody – I’ll say it again – NOBODY was allowed to vote either for or against Mrs. Windsor as HoS?

Countries with similar undemocratic head of state systems such as North Korea, where a son has just succeeded his recently deceased father, are widely seen as absurd, even here in Britain, so why is it somehow different here?

We are often told that the monarchy is ‘above politics’, yet it was recently revealed that both the unelected monarch and her equally unelected first-born son have the ‘right’ to force the elected Govt. to amend or even veto legislation going through Parliament, so that particular piece of fiction is now shown to be just that – fiction – so what is it?

Indeed, the question becomes even more strange and important when you consider that of the three main branches of our so-called democracy, the Commons, the ‘Lords’, and the monarchy, the only one we are allowed to vote for is the Commons, and it can never be said that the unelected ‘Lords’ are not actively involved in politics. So, we have to ask the question again, and ask not only what it is that we are being asked to celebrate, but WHY.

Do our ‘lords and masters’ think that if we can be encouraged to ‘respect’ this anti-democratic institution we are liable to forget the recession, the cuts, the impact of the cuts? We don’t want bread and circuses, or royals swanning around on a royal yacht to keep us cheerful (not that it works), and we don’t need further extravagant expenditure on the royal family at a time when people are losing their jobs, surviving on minimal pay or forced to live on benefits.

What we do want is meaningful constitutional reform, of the type that is never countenanced by those that hold the reins of power in this country. We do desperately need proper constitutional reform that will facilitate the people taking action against injustices like this, but the monarchy is there, the millstone around the neck of reform, and so I will not be celebrating come June 3rd.

(An extract from Royal Babylon, an investigative poem by Heathcote Williams, published by IT, 2012)

Extracts from an article first published by britishrepublicanblog.org
16 Jan 2012
TAKING A ROYAL (WEDDING) SICKIE
RED, WHITE ..AND SPEW

Last year designer Lydia Leith found herself at the centre of a media and consumer frenzy. She produced a limited edition of hand printed, royal wedding sick bags – the story was picked up by the world’s press and she went on to sell over 10,000 bags. This year she’s back with a diamond jubilee sick bag.

“The work is an alternative jubilee souvenir designed as an antidote to all the media hype surrounding the event. This year the bags include the reflexive pun – ‘bling it up’.

There was even a suggestion the entire project has been carefully planned from the start and is an example of a new marketing and media manipulation technique known as ‘meta-propaganda’ which is derived from chaos theory. Donald Parker, a researcher at University of Wales, Newport, and a leading expert in ‘design propaganda’, described the theory as “plausible, but highly unlikely – it’s all a bit conspiracy theory isn’t it. I would suggest it’s more a case of ‘kick out the jam’s’ than “white riot”.

For information on obtaining any of Lydia’s products – go to: www.lydialeith.com

Bland by Snow Patrol

Snow Patrol have released a new album to mark the Royal Jubilee. Bland is the Northern Irish group’s 76th studio album and features 29 versions of the same song.

The band’s lead singer Gary Lightbody said he believed that this summer’s concert at Buckingham Palace being organised by Gary Barlow would be the perfect showcase for the new material.

“It is something that will make the audience want to loosen their cardigans and point their fingers in the air and shake them really quite vigorously,” he said.

However Snow Patrol, who have been described as the sort of band people who don’t like bands like, have come under fire for their new royal-themed recording. Reviewing Bland for Kerrang, Sir Cliff Richard described it as “fucking awful”. “This is so shit, a farmer could spread it and fertilize his fields with it,” said the Young One.

The album was also given a sniffany response by wacky, spikey-haired twins Jedward. “We were asked to sing on one of the tracks but I think we would have lost all our street cred if we had done so,” said Jed. His twin brother, Ward, agreed. “We were asked to sing on one of the tracks but I think we would have lost all our street cred if we had done so,” he said.

However, there was some positive support from former BBC children’s presenter Brian Cant. “If I was still presenting Playschool and PlayAway these are exactly the sort of songs I would want to get the children singing along to,” he said. “Snow Patrol’s simple repetitive tunes and saccharine lyrics extolling the glories of Her Majesty would delight a five-year-old just as much as Humpty Dumpty and Here We Go Round the Mulberry bush used to.”

www.tonybailie.com

Don’t piss down my back and tell me it’s raining!
Jubilee this and jubilee that
Olympics this and olympia that
We are all in this together?
Get real, you millionaire twats

by Robroy Fingerhead
Punk Rock - the spitting, swearing, savage pop music of rebellious youth - is sweeping teenage Britain... Today, after a Silver Jubilee week in which the Queen's popularity has never been higher, she is the subject of attack by a Punk group. The Sex Pistols have burst into the Top Ten with a record which calls the Queen a "moron"... Sunday Mirror, 12.6.77

Don’t cha just love Jubilees? The Silver Jubilee, way back in 1977, was my introduction to punk rock. At this time, it was arguably at its height and me and my fellow punk rockers were seen as a menace to society liking a music that wouldn’t last and was of little merit.

Summing Punk rock to a tee in that hot summer and the perfect antidote to the street parties and souvenir mugs, was The Sex Pistols ‘God Save The Queen’ single. Yes kiddies a single; a piece of seven inch plastic played on a record player. Within those grooves was a swaggering, bristling beast of a song coupled with incendiary sneered lyrics. To top it off it was sleeved in punk rocks artistic weapon of choice, the picture cover; provocatively featuring the Queen Liz with her eyes and mouth covered by the ransom note writing of Jamie Reid. The whole thing screamed confrontation and youthful angst.

Angst! The joyful rebellion of new against old and sticking two fingers up at whatever you liked and all to the back drop of arguably the best music of any generation. We had a thousand bands to listen to: from the glorious pop punk of Manchester’s Buzzcocks to the R&B punk of Eddie and the Hot Rods, to the scuzz of the UK Subs and the amphetamine fuelled mania of the Damned. Add onto that bands like the Vibrators, 999, Menace, Chelsea, The Lurkers, Adverts and Rezillos and broadening our minds with a healthy dose of reggae helped by listening to radio DJ John Peel who gave us bands like Misty In Roots. The names trip off the tongue from the boys built to last to the one single wonders who still managed to chal up minor punk classics. And every week out they tumbled: their progress and demise chronicled in the only way to find information pre internet in music papers such as Sounds, NME, Melody Maker or Record Mirror or the occasional breakthrough into the charts to hit the only music programme Top Of The Pops and scare parents. And still we had time to argue among ourselves - whether UK punk was better than American punk, the merits of the Clash’s second album, were the Stranglers punk and who the fuck was Plastic Bertrand?

Legend and the media would have it that Punk Rock was the preserve of the few such as the Bromley Contingent and visitors to gay clubs of the time clothed in McLaren and Westwood’s Sex/ Seditionaries clobber and second hand recycled blues riffs and 3 chords sped up to warp drive intensity. We would pay little attention to the originators while braving the scorn and violence of our fellow man and women as outlaws from society before going back to school, work or college and the shock graphics are now part of yer standard advertising arsenal. It’s why punk rock doesn’t die because new music or art still feeds off the spikiness, aggression or attitude of that time.

So chums we’ve got this far hopefully with a little spiky punkiness still in our hearts and the knowledge that come the Diamond Jubilee if you were to don a God Save The Queen t shirt and stick a safety pin through your nose you can bet you would still cause a ruckus by walking into a pub. You wouldn’t want it any other way would you?

Paul Marko
www.punk77.co.uk
http://www.amazon.co.uk/The-Roxy-London-WC2-ebook/dp/B0063UHEQ

ANGST! THE JOYFUL REBELLION OF NEW MUSIC AGAINST OLD AND STICKING TWO FINGERS UP AT WHATEVER YOU LIKED AND ALL TO THE BACK DROP OF ARGUABLY THE BEST MUSIC OF ANY GENERATION.

Iggy Pop aided by a puppet of himself, sells car insurance and Johnny Rotten dressed in tweeds advertises butter. Vivienne Westwood is now a Dame and major eccentric fashion designer. Sadly so many of our heroes and heroines have fallen – McLaren, Ari Up , Poly Styrene, Joey, Dee Dee, Johnny just to name a few. But despite this it’s important to both celebrate them,1977 and even good old Liz who, like many of us, has endured several annus horribilis’? Why? Because there’s something special about the songs, the bands and that time. That intensity and excitement that underpinned them lives on and has remained just as powerful. The clothes and hair still remain today reflected in modern youth culture and the shock graphics are now

unemployment. We just didn’t fucking care.

And within 2 years it had exploded. Part of Punk Rock’s joy was that it so quickly splintered into a myriad of forms loosely connected to its roots as bands like Wire, The Slits, PIL and Magazine, to name but a few, moved the party on to new sonic realms. Other bands became more hardcore and metallic like GBH, Anti Nowhere League and the Exploited and bunkered down to preserve the pure punk bloodline. Others like Crass took the political possibilities and created a lifestyle. Others like the Stranglers, Clash and Damned carried on their own sweet way.

Meanwhile music moved on to pastures new as alternative, New Romantics and synthesiser pop became the new punk till grunge not only kicked life into rock but reawakened the spirit of punk and short snappy tunes. Add some horrendous covers of punk songs by Megadeth, Metallica, Motley Crue and Skid Row, chuck in Riot Girrl music of Bikini Kill et al then add the bands like Sun 41, Blink 182, Rancid, Offspring and the mighty Green Day and you’ve got a wide Diaspora of Punk still relevant today.

So now its 2012 and it’s the Diamond Jubilee. Here we are in our forties and fifties and assimilated nicely into society – our music the subject of countless compilations and even free with rags like the Daily Mail god help us! Singles and albums are now nostalgia trips and ironically a growing format. On the television
The Church of England has seen fit to release a prayer to give thanks for the 60 years reign of the queen. (see below). The prayer pays unctious homage to our unelected hereditary head of state.

"God of time and eternity,
"Whose son reigns as servant, not master;
"We give you thanks and praise
"That you have blessed this nation, the realms and territories with
Elizabeth,
"Our beloved and glorious Queen.
"In this year of Jubilee,
"Grant her your gifts of love and joy and peace
"As she continues in faithful obedience to you, her Lord and God,
"And in devoted service to her lands and peoples,
"And those of the Commonwealth,
"Now and all the days of her life;
"Through Jesus Christ our Lord.
"Amen."

Quite apart from the fact that 60 years of having an unelected head of state is nothing to give thanks for, why is the church hierarchy not ministering to its flock instead of creeping, like the craven poodle it is, at the feet of one of the wealthiest women in the world? It is obvious that the queen has no need of prayers for love, joy and peace because she has everything she could ever need in abundance already, although recently it became apparent that the lack of a yacht to swan around the world on is one of her, and her children’s, more pressing concerns.

Sixty years of indolence with adoring sycophants catering for your every need must mean that the queen has absolutely nothing to worry about and is quite happy, whereas there are many people in the world who you might think those of a religious persuasion should be praying for and whose needs are far more pressing than the queen’s yearning for a new yacht. In addition to being unctuous the prayer is also idolatrous. “We give you thanks and praise that you have blessed this nation, the realms and territories with Elizabeth,” Why are we so blessed? What has the queen ever done except to ‘reign’? Has she ever impacted at all on our everyday lives except for the fact that she is just there? “In devoted service to her lands and peoples” What is this ‘service’ she provides other than the fact she is this figurehead who has done absolutely nothing while Rome burns around her?

At least Nero fiddled whereas the only thing the Queen has done is to possibly fiddle taxbreaks for herself and her family.

(first published by www.britishrepublicanblog.org 2 Feb 2012)

The Queen’s Privy
By Mab Jones

In the Wales Millennium Centre
Is a space which none may enter
Save the queen. Have you seen
This privy in which none have been
Except for Liz? She does her biz
Upon the pot therein, it is
A secret, but I cannot keep it;
This is where the queenie doth sit
To do her number ones and twos.
She does not use public loos
But had this pot made just for her.
You’ll find it in a dark obscure
Well-hidden corner of the building.
It does not have special gilding
On the outside, that I’ve noted.
The inside might be diamond-coated
But mere peasants may not deign
To enter it while her foul reign
Still rains upon us. Her royal rear
Is the one arse that goes here.
Her privy belongs not to us.
This skinny want to cause a fuss
About this secret, shitty throne.
Why’s she got one of her own
While we all have to share the lav?
Just how many does she have
Around the country, lone latrines,
Lofty lavvies! Stupid queens.
I wish there weren’t such upper
classes
With their posh protected arses.
I’d like to break into that lav,
I’d like to do what you would do
And take a massive dump in there!
Stink out that most regal air;
Pass upon the pristine floor;
Kiss the royal rim with more
Than just my lips, between my hips
Is a shooter, and its shits
Would take revenge upon this royal.
I’d do a bow and let my bowl
Show Lizzie and her luscious lav
Just how much respect I have.
But that door is always locked,
On that gateway I have knocked
And pushed and pulled, but no joy.
This pot’s not for the hoi polloi.
But in one thought there’s satisfaction
Tho I can’t take direct action
I’m sure the cleaner must’ve done
A jobbie, once his job was done.
So take that, Queen! Hark to my words!
I’ve vented spleen, if not my turds
And when you’re in the WMC
Next time, I’ll shit and think of thee.

Mab Jones, 2012
www.mabjones.com
THE JUBILEE PRAYER
(remixed version)

God of whine and 4000 years
whose stepson reigns as fashion icon not role model
we give you tanks and blaze
that you have blessed this nation, the raped realms and troubled territories
with Helen Mirren
our behooved and extraneous female monarch
in this year of jubilee
grant her your gifts of control fear and jealousy
as she continues in her job that she only got through a nepotistic dose of hereditary
as she continues in blind allegiance to you
her flying spaghetti monster in the sky
and in devoted indifference to her stolen lands and mortgaged minions
and those of the privatized wealth
and just like prince harry's vocabulary,
his privileged days, of honest burglary are limited,
so through mohammed, sorry, the other one
jesus christ our lord
amen (d)
her ways
and pay back her dues
to the people of this land
so they may live free and equally
and so this throng of parasitical pigs
we shall disband
and say goodbye
to the royal command.

Patrick Jones, 2012
www.patrick-jones.net

An Impotent Head of State

By TomPaine2nd

The Queen is often described as having given 60 years unstinting, unswerving service to the nation, beyond the call of duty, but if one takes a closer look at what has transpired during those 60 years it becomes apparent that there have been shortcomings in this "unstinting service" that have been to the detriment of the population, while not affecting the Queen or her family one iota.

She has presided, during her 60 year tenure, over the erosion of our civil liberties, unable to intervene even if she was so minded.

The Civil Contingencies Bill of 2004, brought in by a Labour government in response to the threat from terrorism after 9/11 stated “The bill enables the government to declare a state of emergency without a parliamentary vote. Moreover, ministers are empowered to introduce “emergency regulations” under the Royal Prerogative, again without recourse to parliament. The scope of such regulations is virtually unlimited. They contain the power to “give directions or orders” including the destruction of property, prohibiting assemblies, banning travel and outlawing “other specified activities”. In other words the government can do exactly what it wants to when it sees fit, and we only enjoy the rights we currently enjoy thanks to the goodwill of politicians who can remove them in an instant.

The Queen let this happen. She has sat idly by while the balance of power between legislature, executive and judiciary has become muddied, and while most of our legislative framework has been ceded to Europe. While our Parliament’s powers have been handed over to unelected bodies in Brussels and Strasbourg, she again did nothing to stop it. When the nation’s financial independence was surrendered to international commercial organisations, you guessed it, she did nothing.

Of course the Queen is unable to act because her position is hereditary, and therefore she has no democratic mandate to intervene. She is, metaphorically speaking, in the Prime Minister’s pocket, faithfully following his advice on all things constitutional. So what we have as a substitute for a head of state who can act on our behalf is a sham head of state, and the politicians who have everything to gain by maintaining the status quo, try to mask the deceit by laying on spadefulls of meaningless theatrical pageantry, in order to keep us amused. Well this particular republican is not amused.

(first published by www.britishrepublicanblog.org
22 Jan 2012)
On the Royal’s case: message from Morrissey

“...with fitting grimness I must report that David Cameron hunts and shoots and kills stags — apparently for pleasure. It was not for such people that either “Meat is Murder” or “The Queen is Dead” were recorded; in fact, they were made as a reaction against such violence.

Politicians only care about the public as electorate, and once the victory vote has been seized there is no place for debate between The Prime Minister and the people who elected him. However, please do not feel powerless against the views of politicians or, for that matter, so-called royalty, because it is they who are powerless against the

Here’s a chord, here’s another .......

Musician and DJ Pete Dillinger argues the case for a new national anthem.

Hands up if you can listen to our so-called National Anthem without wanting to stab yourself? Ladies and Gentlemen we NEED a new National Anthem. On second thoughts this nation deserves a new National Anthem! Take for instance France’s; sounds pretty impressive, must help that it was written after a revolution. Germany’s too sounds awesome, as Hugh Dennis would have said on the Mary Whitehouse Experience “What’s this? It’s got a good beat!” Hearing these and others at major sporting events, award ceremonies etc. makes me rather embarrassed at how lame our anthem is and it how it means NOTHING.

How many times have we observed Americans or Australians singing passionately, hand on heart, upon hearing their respective anthems? The most feeling I can muster whenever I hear ours in company is a vague sense of wishing I were somewhere else at the time.

My personal favourite is Algeria’s, again written after a revolution — is there a theme developing here? Here’s an extract:

We swear by the lightning that destroys
By the virtuous and fragrant blood
By the shining, fluttering banners
In the steep and majestic mountains
That we have risen to revolution in life or death
And we have resolved, that Algeria shall live
So bear witness! Bear witness!

So we have taken the drum of gunpowder as our rhythm
And the sound of machine guns as our melody
And we have resolved, that Algeria shall live
So bear witness! Bear witness!

Cool or what?!! That’s passion! They even manage to be polite and magnanimous to the French (their colonial oppressors). I’m not saying that only something that appears to be co-written by Kirk Brandon and Nick Cave will do, but it surely beats our current paen to royalist subservience. The burning question is who should write our new laudation? A collaboration might be the best way forward, we are blessed with fantastic lyricists; Mark Stewart, Mark E Smith, P J Harvey, Nicky Wire, Billy Bragg, Ranking Ann (personally I wish Joe Strummer was still alive). Attention should be paid to the social reportage and lyrical flow of our indigenous grime and hip hop artists, Rodney P, Dizzee Rascal, Roots Manuva etc.

As for the music, how about... Pop Will Eat Itself? Renegade Soundwave? Perhaps Steel Pulse or Misty in Roots? New Order or Motorhead anyone? NB: Stephen Morrissey need not apply. How about an unholy alliance of John Lydon and Philip Glass?! Maybe a collaboration between Rollo Tomassi (verses) and Kaiser Chiefs (chorus) might be uplifting and have mass appeal?! Please supply your own suggestions; despite Cameron’s best efforts this is still a democracy after all. In a perfect world I would choose lyrics by Alan Bennett, music played by the Birmingham Philharmonic Orchestra, composed and conducted by Jaz Coleman. RIP John Barry, he would have been a fantastic choice.

The fact remains we NEED a national anthem that is OURS not solely the preserve of an outmoded, elitist, over privileged ruler. This nation is ours, every single one of us, we love it despite its faults and should have a say in its defining song, which should be about US — all of us. You never know, we might finally win a second World Cup with a decent and inspirational anthem. Pete Dillinger, 2012

You can take up pete’s call to action and supply your own suggestion on the great frock n robe swindle facebook page
Tear me apart and boil my bones / I’ll not rest till she’s lost her throne / My aim is true my message is clear / It’s curtains for you, Elizabeth my dear.

I’m not an anarchist but I know a man who is he composed this masterpiece about the nouveau stinking riche of cabbages and future kings and marriage guidance counsellings Of geriatrics losing hope in Stephen Patrick’s overcoat Excuse my rudery but stuff the jubilee! It’s the last tango at the palace Christopher goes down on Alice A make-up girl from Selfridges unaccustomed to such privileges of His Majesty’s secret services The kind of secret services usually confined to circuses Excuse my rudery but stuff the jubilee! Princess A to Princess Bea and all their work for charity Every royal lion’s head on every boiled and frying egg
And every sodding polo team in Hello! bloody magazine And if you feel this story sucks that’s probably because I made it up I didn’t really hitch a lift to Windsor Castle bearing gifts And I can prove it wasn’t me I was on a stage in Germany I’ve always loved the Queenie Mum her daughters and her daughter’s sons From Princess A to Princess Bea and all the Royal Family Stuff the jubilee!

(Morrison/Carter, Published by Universal Music, 1993)

Stuff the Jubilee
by Carter USM

Too many florence nightingales
Not enough robin hoods
Too many halos not enough heroes
Coming up with the goods
So you thought you’d like to change the world
Decided to stage a jumble sale
For the poor, for the poor
It’s a waste of time if you know what they mean
Try shaking a box in front of the queen
‘cause her purse is fat and bursting at the seams
It’s a waste of time if you know what they mean
Too many hands in too many pockets
Not enough hands on hearts
Too many ready to call it a day
Before the day starts
So you thought you’d like to see them healed
Get Blue Peter to stage an appeal
For the poor, for the poor
It’s a waste of time if you know what they mean
Try shaking a box in front of the queen
‘cause her purse is fat and bursting at the seams
It’s a waste of time if you know what they mean
Flag day, flag day, flag day………..

(Heaton/Cullimore/Key, Published by Go Discs Music, 1985)

The most pernicious effect of the monarchy on our society is to be seen in the concept of the Crown in Parliament. It allows the Prime Minister to declare war, sign treaties and appoint cronies to the legislature, among other things, without first consulting MPs. A new constitutional settlement is needed to remove the monarchy from the legislative process and make the people sovereign in their own parliament. Would this necessitate the abolition of the monarchy? I don’t think so. Living in a multicultural society means that you have to show respect for beliefs and practices that you yourself may not adhere to. That includes the monarchy, morris dancing and the Church of England.

Billy Bragg
Why republicanism, anyway?

“Nan? What does the Queen do?”

“Well, she’s a very important lady. She’s part of what make Britain such a special country.”

“But what does she do?”

“Well, she meets lots of important people from all over the world. She shakes their hands and gets to know them.”

“Shakes their hands?”

“Yes, dear.”

“Oh, Nan – why does the Queen want to pass all her germs on?”

Many people distinctly remember the moment when they realised that they were republicans. For me, it was a conversation with my grandmother at age 9 after a particularly effective biology lesson on the prevalence of microbes. For some it may have been a moment of scandal; for others, a moment of realising the alternative; and perhaps for some, it will be unease at the brava jubilee celebrating 60 years of having the same person representing our state without question. But what unites all republicans?

We decide that we want to upend the supposed stability of monarchy for the dynamism of an elected republic? Simple. - We don’t like politicians. Given the inherently political nature of democratic reform, this might seem a strange notion to apply to republicans. We are often characterised two ways: either as mischievous rebels, eager to smash society’s pillars of conformity; or as the most anal of political science wonks, intellectually masturbating over another impenetrable topic of electoral reform. But as republicanism becomes a more mainstream concern, not only are more and more people self-identifying as openly republican, but more and more citizens who are apathetic towards the British political system are beginning to question the role and justification for monarchy in a supposedly modern, democratic society.

You know these people - probably because you work with them, go to the pub with them, drink tea with them, or see them posting endless “I think all politicians are scum” comments on the BBC’s message boards. And you know them because they are regular, normal people like you and me. The point here is that it is a good thing that these normal people are critical of their politicians, and inherently mistrustful of their public officials. Because if they weren’t, the accountability of those public officials would never be in question, and we could not guarantee that they were doing a job which was the best in our interests.

And the monarchy is no different. It is a public office, administered by the state, and to serve a purpose (we are told) for the good of the nation - to unite and compel, to be a focal point of our strength as a country. So in that case, even the most ardent monarchist must admit that the royal individuals who comprise the monarchy are, essentially, politicians. Think about it: they hold public office; they serve the people and the state; it is in their own interest to preserve their institution; they supplant private interests with personal income; they enjoy a public image and access to voters’ hearts and minds; and they are not averse to the occasional scandal. Consequently, it is in the monarchy’s own interest for it to be as accountable as possible, so that with our royals as with our politicians, we really can know that they are doing the best job possible. And what better way to ensure that, than to elect them? An elected monarch might have all the personal gravitas and grandeur and mystery of the present system; but at least if you elect them, you can always kick them out when they screw up, rather than having to try to believe that everything is hunky dory.

Imagine an alternative universe where Britain’s head of state, Elizabeth Windsor, is marching into her sixtieth year of public service.

We still marvel at her performance in her role as a public leader. Meanwhile her grandson James, a rebel who wishes to expand democracy by undermining the power of the monarch, was 28 and in the Second World War for their property. And what better way to ensure that, than to elect them? An elected monarch might have all the personal gravitas and grandeur and mystery of the present system; but at least if you elect them, you can always kick them out when they screw up, rather than having to try to believe that everything is hunky dory.

Imagine an alternative universe where Britain’s head of state, Elizabeth Windsor, is marching into her sixtieth year of public service. For they answer back continuously and perfectly plainly, from his 20,000 acres in Merseyside, the crown seized; And further lands in Yorkshire worth £72 million to the Queen Are exempted from capital gains and corporation tax.

The crown also benefits handsomely from what’s quaintly known As the Duchy’s “bona vacanta and bastardy funds”.

A medieval mechanism whereby the Queen inherits the estates Of all those in the Duchy dying intestate.

Thus this royal fund would do “surprisingly well”

As a result of the deaths of widows of soldiers Who were killed in the Second World War for their property Would go to the very people who’d sent them to die.

In the year 2000 more than £2.1m was thus gleaned For her Majesty the Queen’s private income From 276 people from Merseyside and Lancashire - They’d made no will, so their property was grabbed.

The estates of war veterans, the estates of the intestate And also the proceeds of 232 companies, Dissolved in the year 2000, their assets went to this loveable Queen - A billionaire with an income from grave robbing. (1)

And the same is true for the Duchy of Cornwall: If you die without making a will Everything you possess will go to Prince Charles – To an absentee billionaire, plus Duchess.

The threadbare convention that it’s unfair to attack such a family Is altogether redundant For they answer back continuously and perfectly plainly, With an untouchable mountain of money.

Money that impoverishes the rest of the country; Money that serves to spread false values; Money peddling creaky fantasies of storybook princes Seeking out young virgins for chilly castles.

For monarchy means no more than the rule of money, Overlaid by a manipulative hokum: A residual belief the Queen’s queen by divine right, All of which justifies their inhumane riches.

(An extract from Royal Babylon, an investigative poem by Heathcote Williams, published by IT, 2012)

Heathcote Williams

De Montfort was a rebel who wished to expand democracy By undermining the power of the monarch But such democratic concessions were rewarded by execution And the confiscation of his property by the crown.

However de Montfort’s corpse still produces dividends From his 20,000 acres in Merseyside, the crown seized; And further lands in Yorkshire worth £72 million to the Queen Are exempted from capital gains and corporation tax.

The crown also benefits handsomely from what’s quaintly known As the Duchy’s “bona vacanta and bastardy funds”.

A medieval mechanism whereby the Queen inherits the estates Of all those in the Duchy dying intestate.

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(An extract from Royal Babylon, an investigative poem by Heathcote Williams, published by IT, 2012)
The warm embrace of monarchy

“When I was a child I spoke as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.”

I am not religious. In fact, I sometimes think Richard Dawkins is rather too soft on the whole racket. Yet my view of the Queen’s Golden Jubilee could be summed up with that neat little phrase from Corinthians. Because I am no longer a child, I will not be standing around waving a plastic flag at an elderly lady when June comes around. In fact, lots of children probably won’t be either, so perhaps I am being a little unfair here.

In these pious times, however, it is I who will be expected to explain myself. Very soon every media outlet in the country will be informing us that we are unreservedly delighted at the longevity of our Head of State who, if one needs reminding, is also the Head of the Church and the Head of the Armed Forces. That being the case, I probably ought to tell you what I find odd about the whole thing before the compulsory high spirits drown me out.

Along with the straightforward status climbers, I can understand, I think relatively well, the motivations of the sorts of people who support hereditary monarchy on the principle of resistance to change. It might be boring and predictable, but at least it’s relatively rational. Lots of change doesn’t always turn out all that well anyway, and this simply takes that logic to its conclusion. I disagree, but I get it.

The people I struggle with are the ones who have an emotional attachment to monarchy. These are the people who will line the streets for hours trying to catch a glimpse of the Windsors. They would like nothing more of course than to be able to curtsey and get on bended knee for Her Majesty. And while they may be unnervingly smiling, they will be at your throat should you let out so much as a murmur of discontent during proceedings.

They remind me of a vision George Bowling, a character in Orwell’s novel Coming up for Air, has whenever he thinks about the future: “The processions and the posters with enormous faces, and the crowds of a million people all cheering for the leader till they deafen themselves into thinking that they really worship him.”

Indeed, for all the scientific advances of the 21st century - the motor car, the aeroplane, high speed internet – it would seem that there are still people, even in Britain, who crave the comforting simplicity of the infallible leader.

Very few believe in the innate superiority of the House of Hanover any longer. What serious person could after Thomas Paine had penned this: “One of the strongest natural proofs of the folly of hereditary right in Kings is that nature disapproves it, otherwise she would not so frequently turn it into ridicule, by giving mankind an ass for a lion”. But like dictatorship and monothecism, monarchy still encourages a person to stop thinking. And as we continually learn, there are lots of people who are all the time looking for a reason, any reason, not to have to think.

A straightforward comparison with the goings on in say, North Korea - a country where millions of people starve to death - would be preposterous of course. For several consecutive days in June, however, aesthetically at least, it will feel a little like living in some grotesque “peoples republic”. James Bloodworth, April 2012

Cups of Tea and Diamond Merkins

The tea cakes are warming, the bunting being hung and the royal family are spending more than most will make in a lifetime on Champagne. Buckingham Palace is dusting off the corgis, cities all over the UK are planning street parties and we will celebrate this Jubilee with style and class.

Let it be less of waving our nations flag this time and more shaking our tassels in the faces of the crowds of a million people all cheering for the leader till they deafen themselves into thinking that they really worship him.

The tea cakes are warming, the bunting being hung and the royal family are spending more than most will make in a lifetime on Champagne. Buckingham Palace is dusting off the corgis, cities all over the UK are planning street parties and we will celebrate this Jubilee with style and class.

“The processions and the posters with enormous faces, and the crowds of a million people all cheering for the leader till they deafen themselves into thinking that they really worship him.”

George Bernard Shaw

Kings are not born; they are made by universal hallucination.”

No glass of ours was ever raised
To toast the Queen.

Seamus Heaney

This boy [future King, Edward VIII] will be surrounded by sycophants and flatterers

by the score and will be taught to believe himself as of a superior creation. A line will be drawn between him and the people whom he is to be called upon some day to reign over.

James Keir Hardie, 1894

Accountability of the executive is fundamental to any democracy. Where power is based not upon statute but upon the royal prerogative, it is this accountability which suffers. Jack Straw, 1994

The tea cakes are warming, the bunting being hung and the royal family are spending more than most will make in a lifetime on Champagne. Buckingham Palace is dusting off the corgis, cities all over the UK are planning street parties and we will celebrate this Jubilee with style and class.

Let it be less of waving our nations flag this time and more shaking our tassels in the faces of the upper class. Ladies and Gentlemen I invite you to be tontalized, titilated and darn right thrilled by the comical element of British Burlesque.

While many performers of the scene will be shaking they’re ‘Bristol’s for queen and country others will be challenging this ludicrous celebration by mocking monarchy and ridiculing our government. This will not be achieved by shaking our bums in Union Jack pants alone. We the non-conventional performers of burlesque have a message to deliver - the platform is ours and no one should stand in our way!

Among those who exercise their right to freedom of speech is my alter ego Miss Lou-Leigh Blue who will be marking this frivolous event with her routine ‘become rich… become a banker’. This rowdy, tongue in cheek performance is an educational lesson for all it’s audience’s on how to become very successful doing very little at all, and it’s not all bowler hats and fat cats. Entertaining the crowds with such a controversial subject is fabulous; it gives the performer a chance to create a parody around the subject matter.

This glorifying jubilee event will be of no relevance’s to my life, many more people in our nation will agree. It is yet another way to boost public morale while spending a large sum of taxpayer’s money. I will however be looking forward to standing next to fellow strong minded entertainers who will join me in sticking two fingers up to the monarchy and the diamond jubilee!

Feature

Boo Povey, Bristol 2012
A FAIR CRACK OF THE JUBILEE WHIP PLEASE

Graham Smith, director of Republic on journalistic impartiality:

共和国已经呼吁广播台，尤其是记者，格外注意在报道女王的钻石周年庆典时要“客观、不偏不倚以及真实地保持记者的批判精神”。

国家与君主之间的关系自1977年庆典以来发生了彻底的改变，完全无法与女王加冕时的情形相比。然而，我们的许多媒体似乎在努力将英国人民带回到他们对君主制的热爱中，仿佛是在重复古运河人的表现，而不是反映公众对所有这些公关导向的狂欢的真实反应。

君主制是一个争端和争议性极高的机构。至少有四分之一的英国人认为没有它更好，超过一半的人希望结束其在国家资金的资助，三分之二的人希望皇家家庭能接受更多的审查。去年，79%的人表示他们对婚礼不感兴趣，而《卫报》ICM民意调查显示，在婚礼前支持废除的人数有所增加。这些观点理应被公正地代表，而不是君主制支持者的热情和许多人的冷漠。

公开资助的宫殿公关机构已经在全力运作，但必须接受挑战。通常，从王室顾问那里传来的误导和言过其实的言论都被当作事实接受。但是，这些‘事实’离真相如此之远，又明显是出于公关的目的而制造出来的，记者们如果重复这些‘事实’而不加以挑战，就是在为公众服务。

毕竟，有很好的理由来解释宫殿正在进行的强烈公关活动：他们知道公众正在迅速失去对皇家的兴趣，而且随着女王临近生命尽头，剩下的爱可能会转移到她儿子和他的继承人身上。

BBC有义务公正地报道，但在皇家新闻报道中却失败了，许多其他记者也趋之若鹜。结果是被民主机构所利用，几乎将整个媒体输出以自己的优势，而一个媒体正在报道公众对君主制的真正态度和态度的改变。

（来源：已选摘选自“记者会对女王的钻石周年庆典以公正的态度进行报道吗？”由Graham Smith撰写：http://www.republic.org.uk）
They’re such a lovely couple aren’t they? (Perm any one couple from approximately ten). Catherine’s got such beautiful long hair. Catherine’s beauty just cannot adequately be described. William is going to make an excellent king, he has such poise. The Queen has devoted a lifetime of unswerving service to the nation. Charles cares deeply and wants to make a difference. The Queen is indomitable, so was her mother before her, and the late Queen Mary was too, and the Duke of Edinburgh is indomitable too. His penchant for making casual offensive remarks is just plain speaking, a breath of fresh air. (The Earl of Wessex will become Duke of Edinburgh when the title reverts to the crown, which is a roundabout way of saying prince Edward will become the duke of Edinburgh, when the current duke, his father, dies). Prince William, prior to the failed World Cup bid, was going to deliver the World Cup by ‘sprinkling a bit of star dust around’. If the bid had been successful, guess who would have got the credit. Prince Harry, top-gun and hero of Afghanistan. Almost everything said about the monarchy in the media, but particularly the BBC, is saccharin coated for effect, and it has worked thus far. Speaking of the BBC, it has been revealed, thanks to leaked emails between the editor of an Australian pro republican publication and representatives of the corporation, that they have conspired to be biased in the reporting of the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee, by requesting that “no one who has a bad word to say about the Queen” should be interviewed during the making of a forthcoming documentary, the subject of which will be the making of a song, by Gary Barlow and Andrew Lloyd Webber, which has been commissioned by the Queen to celebrate her diamond jubilee. Part of the BBC’s response to criticism of bias is always “The BBC’s commitment to exercise due impartiality across its output as a whole remains.” when in fact ‘due impartiality’ appears only due when the BBC suits decide it is due, and the monarchy, to quote the BBC, is ‘entertainment’. So an institution, at the epicentre of our political system, an institution that dominates our lives whether we are aware of it or not, is ‘entertainment’ as far as the BBC is concerned. We are assaulted from all sides by positive royal stories. Even William and Kate’s dog Lupo made it into the news recently and has been elevated in stature to super-canine and pictured going for his very first royal walkabout in Kensington Gardens. When, one might ask, will Lupo’s first crap in public occur, will it appear in a national or on TV, who will be picking it up, and will it be preserved for posterity or donated for auction to raise money for one of those charities that either Kate or William are associated with? Then there is the charity thing. We are constantly told that royal patronage raises the profile of the charity they are associated with. Think about it, can you name four charities off hand that any royal is patron of? Probably not. What in fact is happening is that royals are taking credit for other people’s philanthropy and getting away with it because people find it incredibly difficult to question someone else’s charity work. It’s all part of the bullshit fairytale that is being forced down our throats. (first published by www.britishrepublicanblog.org 29 Feb 2012)
Features

A PARLIAMENTARY DEBATE

You are wrong on MPs freedom of speech. We are gagged and forced to re-think that may have avoided 179 UK deaths. Iraq against the wishes of the country. That could have been disastrous without question. A less fragile Head of State armed with democratic legitimacy may have sensed and acted on the need to question. The monarch has approved all Government decisions, including approval of good and atrocious decisions, including the futile Iraq war to destroy non-existent terrorist organisations. Parliament is infantalised and unhinged by emotive royal sycophancy that would have been denounced as Protocol in the Court of King Canute. Outside the fairy tale delusion future Crises loom. The Prime Minister obeyed the will of parliament. Reigning or fulfilling the role as an unthinking mechanism? There have been no conflicts between state and throne. The only incipient threat was when the skids were under Mrs Thatcher. Tony Blair feared she might have called a General Election. Parliament, the cabinet or the Tory Party could not have stopped her. The Queen could.

Oversuming a prime ministers actions in their own and not the monarch's interest is the only serious role of a Head of State. Sixty years of subservience to parliament includes approval of good and atrocious decisions, including the futile Iraq war to destroy non-existent weapons of mass destruction. The monarch has not challenged the conduct of any government. If one tries, a constitutional crisis would damage the royal institution because of its lack of democratic accountability. Prince Charles' 'incontinence of interference with governments' decisions suggests storms ahead.

Paul Flynn

Twitter: @paulflynnmp
www.paulflynnmp.co.uk

From: “MACLEOD, Mary” <mary.macleod.mp@parliament.uk>
To: Paul Flynn <paulflynnmp@talk21.com>
Sent: Monday, 23April 2012, 18:04
Subject: RE: House Magazine dialogue

Dear Paul,

I am amazed that as we reflect on sixty years of The Queen as Head of State you could possibly construe that Her Majesty is silent and inert. The Queen has been one of the most inspiring and influential figures that this country has ever seen. Her dignified approach to this historic role has strengthened this country and safeguarded our traditions for generations to come. Her Majesty's role is to advise and not dictate. We do not know what she says in private conversations with the Prime Minister but as she has met with twelve different Prime Ministers on an almost weekly basis for over sixty years she is probably better briefed on the affairs of the nation than any other person in the country.

It is surely ridiculous to suggest that discussion of the Queen’s succession is taboo. Indeed only recently we have overseen a change in the law that will give women equal succession rights to men, proving how modern our monarchy is and how it is continually changing over time. The Queen adds real value to our country, even if you just look at trade and tourism, the existence of the monarchy is therefore something that I do not think we need to question.

Mary
Mary Macleod MP
Member of Parliament for Brentford & Isleworth
Parliamentary Private Secretary to Rt. Hon. Nick Herbert MP, Minister of State for Policing and Criminal Justice Working for Chiswick, Brentford, Isleworth, Osterley and Hounslow
House of Commons
London SW1A 0AA
mary.macleod.mp@parliament.uk

Sign up to Mary’s monthly newsletter by clicking here

From: Paul Flynn <mailto:paulflynnmp@talk21.com>
Sent: 24 April 2012 21:38
To: MACLEOD, Mary
Subject: Re: House Magazine dialogue

Oh dear, just a repetition of tired old myths. See Hansard for my fulsome praise of the Queen’s work - especially in Ireland. The monarch has approved all Government decisions, sensible or disastrous without question. A less fragile Head of State armed with democratic legitimacy may have intervened in the decision to join Bush’s war in Iraq against the wishes of the country. That could have forced a rethink that may have avoided 179 UK deaths. You are wrong on MPs freedom of speech. We are gagged from criticising any member of the royal family by 700 year-old rules. Only praise is permitted so royal myths rule. The frequently claimed support for royalty among MPs is not universal. Only 3% backed the new yacht plan. No answer to the question on what % of parliamentarians coughed up for the jubilee present. Probably less that 10%. 137 MPs voted for an alternative to the royal oath. There is tourist value but it’s exaggerated. The most visited royal tourist attraction in the world is Versailles. Without royalties, UK’s palaces would be immensely more profitable tourist magnets.

Time for MPs to stop kneeing as subservient subjects and stand tall as elected citizens.

Paul Flynn

Twitter: @paulflynnmp
www.paulflynnmp.co.uk

From: “MACLEOD, Mary” <mary.macleod.mp@parliament.uk>
To: Paul Flynn <paulflynnmp@talk21.com>
Sent: Wednesday, 25April 2012, 14:17
Subject: RE: House Magazine dialogue

Paul,

I agree that MPs must stand tall and fulfill their role as elected citizens. Military action in Iraq passed through the Commons because a majority of 263 elected Members of Parliament voted for it. Many honorable Members, including yourself, disagreed with that decision and voted against it, but to suggest that such a large majority should be overruled by our Monarch suggests a change in our unwritten constitution that I am sure neither of us would sign up to. Our country has moved away from a 'divine rule of Kings approach' in favour of a constitutional monarchy, with decisions taken by elected MPs and Parliament - something that I would assume you support, given that you are an MP yourself.

Support for a Royal Yacht when the Government is faced with an unprecedented budget deficit cannot be seen as indicative of general support for the Royal Family. Instead, you only need to consider the Queen’s address to Westminster Hall last month, packed with members of both The Commons and The Lords. Also, contrary to your assertions, donations from MPs for the Queen’s Diamond Jubilee stained glass window were so enthusiastic that they had to be stopped. Both are far better indicators to my mind of the esteem with which our Monarch is regarded across both houses.

Given your somewhat confused thoughts on the role of democracy within a constitutional monarchy, I would be interested to hear your views on the role of the Monarch following proposed reform of the House of Lords.

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From: Paul Flynn <mailto:paulflynnmp@talk21.com>
Sent: 25 April 2012 17:11
To: MACLEOD, Mary
Subject: Re: House Magazine dialogue

Dear Mary

Democracy is overdue in the Second Chamber. The only two countries in the world that are run by hereditary chiefains are the UK and Lesotho. Our heritage of democracy was won by the Chartists, Tolpuddle martyrs, and Suffragettes. They wrung power from the hands of the privileged. Disgracefully, their sacrifices remain unrecorded here in Westminster among 1,000 royal mementoes. The only serious role of a Head of State is to advise and not dictate. We do not know what she says in private conversations with the Prime Minister but as she has met with twelve different Prime Ministers on an almost weekly basis for over sixty years she is probably better briefed on the affairs of the nation than any other person in the country.

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Why Labour should support Republicanism

By Scarlett Blades

The fact that this article needs to be written at all saddens me. Republicanism has been seen for too long as some ridiculous, naive left wing dream. Most of Labour, even those on the left of the party, distance themselves from it, fearing being branded as idealists, extremists, or even ruining their chance of a nice title and a position in the House of Lords someday. This, in a nutshell, is what is wrong with modern politics; too many people are willing to trample over their principles and the will of the people they are selected to represent, for nothing more than their own benefit. However, that is a topic which has been covered by many writers more skilled than me.

The simple fact of the matter is that, until Labour throw their full support behind republicanism, they cannot count themselves as being a viable alternative to the Tories, and they certainly cannot pretend to be the party they were set up to be; that is, the party which best represents the interests of the working class and the majority—"the 99%"—of the British People. The very fact that this blog (British Republican Blog) has been created shows that the people of this country are beginning to realise that having an undemocratically appointed head of state, a woman who has ridiculous amounts of unearned wealth by virtue of no more than being born to the right family, undermines the very foundations of democracy on which this great nation has been built.

Once upon a time, Labour was the proudest upholder of that democracy. The Tories were once described as ‘the enemy of democracy’, and therefore it makes sense that as Labour are, or should be, the Tories only true opposition, Labour should also be the party that the public can trust to give them as fair a democracy as possible in an imperfect world. The movement of Republicanism and the Labour Movement have a lot in common. The way in which the Royal Family lives is contradictory to that of two of Labour’s greatest principles: Equality of opportunity, and equality of outcome. All major parties pay lip service to the idea of equal opportunities for all, and yet none challenge the Royal Family. In the 21st century, there is no ‘divine right’ for one unremarkable family to be housed, and fed and watered, and showered with gifts and ill-afforded money, all paid for, of course, by the struggling taxpayers of Britain.

The recent suggestion of Michael Gove, that the Queen should receive a £60 million yacht for her diamond jubilee, as a ‘gift from her nation’, shows how out of touch the Tories are with the mood of the country towards their monarch. The backlash provoked by this suggestion shows how the families in Britain who have to work for their living, are losing patience with the whims of the Royal Family. Equality of outcome is a particularly socialist principle. It embodies what Labour should stand for. As capitalism is starting to fail, the time is coming when the public will be looking for a fairer Britain, one in which everybody has the opportunity to contribute the same amount to society, and therefore all people have the right to receive the same amount. What have the Royal Family ever contributed to our society? In terms of hard work and taxes, their contribution is less than nil. Instead, they are supported by the state; a useless part of the public sector, with no benefit on society at all, long overdue getting rid of. Their income far exceeds their usefulness. Many people are starting to wonder why cuts are made to those parts of the public sector which benefit the public itself; for instance, the NHS, and yet the useless Royal Family are left alone, even revered.

The Queen is nothing but the biggest benefit cheat of them all. Labour should be seizing on this current mood. Standing up for republicanism would show that Labour understand the meaning of its own principles, and show the public that republicanism is more than an idealistic fool’s pipe dream. It would be a non-violent way of achieving our aim. Therefore, my message to Labour is: Stand up for your beliefs before it’s too late, help to depose the Royal Family, break down the class barrier, and start your feet on the first few steps towards a truly socialist society.

(first published by www.britishrepublicanblog.org 18 Jan 2012)
Once upon a time about 3000 years BCE there was this small group living on the east side of a valley. But the river was low at this point and the animals were not too happy. Now the biggest of these hirsute and clearly aggressive men who had also had a horse, clocked that the group living on the west side of the valley were far better off because the river was full and the grass was greener, so he persuaded some of the other hirsutes to invade the west side with him.

And so it came to pass, they ran screaming and shouting into the west side wielding clubs and sharp flints, subduing all before them. Quickly Mr Big shared the land and animals with his best mates and subjected the inhabitants to constant labour and not for themselves, but for his own family and cronies (tribal advisors), the new landowners, and the serfs who worked for them and all were now subjects of the Big Chief. When the Big Chief passed into the world of his ancestors, no problem, his son took over, even if he was a complete mutt. And there was no shortage of sons, as the idea of monogamous partnership didn’t seem to apply to the Chief’s family - to everyone else’s. But most Big Chiefs were not keen on staying put, they wanted more and more land, and possessions, so again they commandeered whatever was available and took the serfs along to do the fighting.

And so the tribes merged with each other usually through conquest, but when the leader saw he had real power to maintain, he harnessed the inherent superstition of the people through their gods. The Big Chief was anointed by Holy Oil when we all know it came in Fortnum’s delivery and subjected the inhabitants to constant labour and not for the Big Chief’s family - to everyone else’s. But most Big Chiefs were not keen on staying put, they wanted more and more land, and possessions, so again they commandeered whatever was available and took the serfs along to do the fighting.

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Edinburgh Phils 30-Second Brainteaser

Edinburgh Phils 30-Second Brainteaser No.1
In 2011, sons son Charlie spent £25,829 on a train ride to the Eden Project in Cornwall, the whipper-snapper! Now according to my chiropodist, one can buy a return ticket online for 35 quid! So HOW MANY punters could have gone if Charles had paid?

Edinburgh Phils 30-Second Brainteaser No. 2
In 2011, one’s esteemed family received £228,846.15 PER WEEK in tax-payers money in order to keep one’s houses tidy. HOW MUCH did that amount to for the year? Coincidentally, in 2011 there were 44,160 homeless families in the UK. Supposing we swapped – HOW MUCH would each family receive to spend on beer and fags while kipping in my gaff?* Though of course Phil will have to charge them entry to Buck House – only £18 adults, £10.50 children. Ed.

Edinburgh Phils 30-Second Brainteaser No. 3
In 2011, my family and I received £16,483.15 PER DAY in tax-payers money to cover one’s travel expenses. HOW MUCH did that amount to for the year? Fortunately, one is so rich that we don’t need to use the NHS. But if we were forced to stop handing over the dodgy petrol receipts and made to pay for a few newly qualified nurses (£16,525pa) – HOW MANY would it pay for?

Edinburgh Phils 30-Second Brainteaser No. 4
Edinburgh Phil received over a grand a day in tax-payers money in 2011, £395,000 to be precise. WHAT FOR?

Clues Across:
4. See 7a.
5. Around shore, this is a convincing argument for the monarchy. Bollocks! (9)
7, 4a. Toussle-haired rooftop anthem fret-wank guitar twat. (5,3)
9. We all loved the Queen Mums smile but these begged for some Colgate! (5)
10. See 2d.
13. Unfathomably popular beat combo featuring 7a,4a. (5)
14. See 10d
15. They gladden our hearts by shitting in the royal flower beds. (6)
16. Jug-eared self-absorbed vaguely autocratic King in waiting. (6)

Clues Down:
1. 60 years of these? No wonder her arms ache. (5)
2, 10a. 2012 baby-faced cheerleading wank-stain. Take That! Now piss off. (4,6)
3. Fergie was renowned for hers. (3,4)
6. 7a4a, 10d14a, 2d10a, et al. Kiss arse! (9)
7. Shepherds Bush? Ok! Cue the slang for the palace! (4,5)
8. Maligning gaffe-meister, the royal xenophobe-in-chief. (6)
10. 14a. 80s alternative comedy icon/toothing 2002 monarchist arse-wipe shame magnet. (3,5)
11. 60 years of these? No wonder her arms ache. (5)
12. One of the many races insulted by 8d. (7)

ANSWER No.1
738 trainspotting horticulturalists could have been made very happy!

ANSWER No.2
The Windsors received £11,900,000 towards the upkeep of family residences. Each family would receive £260,47

ANSWER No.3
The Windsors received £6,000,000 for travel expenses! Don’t ask. That would employ 363 nurses.

ANSWER No.4
Me neither.

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the last jubilee

A celebration of the True Spirit of '77
Saturday June 2nd - Sunday June 3rd - Monday June 4th

BUZZCOCKS  THE DAMNED  EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
999  ANTI-HERO LEAGUE  THE REZILLOS  THE BEAT
MENACE  THE SELECTER  IN ROOTS  THE VIBRATORS
GOLDBLADE  CHELSEA  THE LURKERS
RUTS DC  NEVILLE STAPLES  BRIEF REGIME

ALTERNATIVE TV  ATV
EVENT - MC's
SPiZZ'77  COSMO JIMBOTF
JOHN COOPER CLARKE  FEARLESS VAMPIRE KILLERS

GLEN MATLOCK  HUGH CORNWELL
FALLEN LEAVES  THE STRAPS  RSI
DEATH POP  SICKNOTE  CLAY STATUES
APPLE SHIFT 7  THE RICHARD HEADS  HACKSAW  MONKISH
CHINESE BURN  CULT MANIAX  OPERATION 77  GOGO CULT
2 SICK MONKEYS  THE PHYSICISTS  THE TRANSIENTS  SOB
Warthogs  Vendettas  Herman  The F**kwits  The Ignorants
& SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES ALL WEEKEND

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Bath Racecourse
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Tickets - £125.00
inc camping & parking +Booking Fee
Family Ticket (2 adults + 2 under 16's) - £350.00
Limited Quantity of Day Tickets - £45.00

All tickets and information
Available from www.lastjubilee.co.uk

An event to aid these children's charities

Wooden Spoon
Registered charity No: 1068191
registered charity No: 1093314

BibiC
Registered charity No: 108965
 Registered charity No: 108965

Children's Hospices
SOUTH WEST
Registered charity No: 1093314