

CLASS



WAR

DAILY

THURSDAY 9 APRIL 2020

VACANT POSSESSION

Mansions stand empty on Millionaires' Row

STROLL DOWN PAST the villas, town houses and mansions of Notting Hill where it meets Holland Park, and you'll be in for a surprise: there's no one home at all. The homes of the rich stand empty.

The property dealers and oligarchs betray not a light in the vast emptiness of their investments. Notting Hillbillies have fled the area – *fled*, not as in fleeing the carnival but fleeing the virus. The virus hits everyone from prime minister to cleaner, so the flight is irrational. It's a fear of the Mob as much as the virus: *maybe the filthy masses are incubating it – whatever – best to flee to the shires, because...*

Because for the first time in their lives, the rich have not been able to buy their way to a privileged position – private schools, private medicine; the private privilege that they have always taken for granted. But now the virus hits at random – there is no way to get one-upmanship, there are no medicines, no wonder cures, no snake oil that they can buy buy buy. The difference in life expectancy between North and South Kensington is ten years across a couple of miles; so it is in other parts of the country, from Bradford to Byker. The wealthy do not care about that 10-year age gap any more than they care about Grenfell.

But now things look a little different. The people they had as servants in the past now



turn out to be working-class heroes feted and applauded by millions on the streets. It's the bin men, nurses, cleaners who are appreciated now; no one is calling for a clap for investment bankers or property developers. What if these new heroes don't see the need to service the parasites any longer?

What if, as George Rudé

describes in his account of the role of rumour in the French Revolution, armies of beggars seized mansions? What if the Grim Reaper is a levelling enthusiast? *Here we come levelling, levelling, levelling...* And not only will money not buy you love, it won't get you a leg up either.

The Great Fear is coming.

ONE FROM THE PAST

As reported in a Kensington & Chelsea rag, 1987

CLASS WAR was this week accused of intimidating residents living in some of Kensington's most desirable streets by banging on their doors in the early hours of the

morning.

Groups of about 20 supporters have been kicking and banging on doors at 1am asking to speak to the butler or the scullery maid. This week

they threatened to step up their campaign by sending out a hundred members at 2am every day.

The group, whose election message to the rich is "go and jump

in the Serpentine", usually strikes in Holland Park. A spokesman added gleefully: "We are going there to talk to the nannies and butlers – *they will still be awake.*"

CABINET IN CHAOS

Every day at 5pm, watch ruling-class idiots live on TV as they are outwitted by a virus

DOMINIC RAAB LOOKS like a man with terrible things to hide. Maybe they're under his patio, maybe they're on his hard drive, maybe they're chained to a freezer in his garage – it's anyone's guess.

At the daily press briefings he has become the main event as the prime minister named him (of all people) the one to take over in the unlikely event of anything happening. Well, "unlikely event" is probably the wrong phrase considering that Johnson got the virus as a direct result of his shambolic policies.

In the press briefings, Raab has looked like a rabbit in the headlights, desperately trying to find a car to run towards. He's shiftily and uncomfortable. Being a highly trained politician, he simply can't answer any of the questions. And so the briefings become an exercise in misinformation. Questions remain unanswered over the battles within the cabinet regarding who is really in charge.

The Health Secretary, Matt Hancock, it seems, is disliked by his colleagues



partly because they think he has over-promised on virus testing and they expect him to under-deliver. But they also hate him because he actually talks like a human being and can show empathy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Rishi Sunak, performed so well at the press conferences he's been involved with that he's been sidelined, probably by Johnson. Alok Sharma the Business Secretary performed terribly and may well be under Raab's patio by now as a result. Jacob Rees-Mogg and Priti Patel have been nowhere to be seen – which is perfectly understandable considering they have no idea how to deliver news

of deaths without a smirk. Gove is self-isolating in what we can only hope is a permanent relationship between him and nature.

This government is rudderless. The major figures are inexperienced in office, many are unheard of and their chief is in intensive care. This would be a gift if we weren't all facing something so serious. What it shows though is that when they all told us that this virus can affect anyone, doesn't discriminate and can even get the prime minister, they weren't trying to shock us. They were suddenly realising that none of them has a fucking clue what to do next.

Is it really just weeks since the politicians were waging war against their civil servants? Now it is the civil servants running things. The politicians are just being guided by what the prime minister told them to do the last time any of them spoke to him. There is a power vacuum at the heart of British politics and someone or group of people will fill it, eventually. Even then that doesn't mean they will actually do the right thing with regards to fighting the virus. So far the government has made a pig's ear of the whole thing. Anything that happens now is only likely to be good by chance.



CLASS WAR SAYS

Who's running the country now Boris is in hospital, they ask?

Is it Dominic Raab? Of course not. "He's not fit to shovel shit on a lugger" is the widespread view of the useless buffoon.

WE ARE RUNNING THE COUNTRY – AS THE WORKING CLASS ALWAYS DOES.

We're the ones who produce the food, deliver it, clean your streets, nurse you, teach you... Does anyone seriously believe that inbred twerp Raab is running the country when his only previous achievement was to hire two ferries from a company that didn't have any ferries?

Yet in a total inversion of usefulness, it's not these workers who get decent wages and rewards, but the parasitic financiers, property developers etc.

How have we managed to create a society so hopelessly wrong? Maybe people will have a different view after the virus has gone...

Time to get rid of these parasites – *and there'll never be a better time to do it than now.*