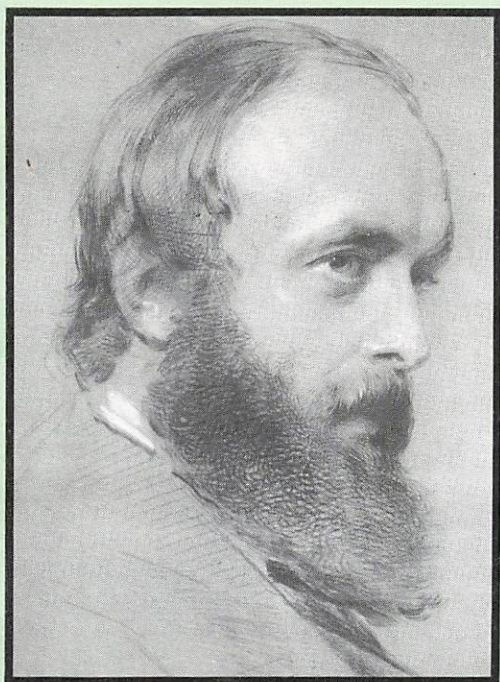




The Third Marquess of Salisbury 1830–1903

The Salisbury Review

A quarterly magazine of
conservative thought

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Contents

<i>Burke as a Conservative Thinker</i>	R. A. D. Grant
<i>The Question of Authenticity</i>	Raymond Leppard
<i>The Christians of South Lebanon</i>	A Correspondent
<i>Socialist Procrusteanism or Conservative Justice?</i>	Antony Flew
<i>A Polish Diary</i>	D. M. Armstrong
<i>Black Theology</i>	Roy Kerridge
<i>Conservatism and Ideology—A Comment</i>	Arthur Aughey
<i>The Politics of Foreign Aid</i>	P. T. Bauer and B. S. Yamey
<i>In Search of Central Europe</i>	Josef Hradec
<i>Discipline</i>	Lionel F. Cerny
<i>The Secularisation of Turkey</i>	Diana Spearman
<i>The Loss of Politics</i>	Václav Bělohradský
<i>Ethiopia: Eleven Years of Fraud</i>	Dereje Deressa

The Salisbury Review

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In a lecture delivered last summer to the British Association for the Advancement of Science – a strange gathering at which scientists vie with one another to display the ignorance of human affairs induced by their narrow education – the sociologists expressed a ‘growing concern’ at the appalling phenomenon of the New Right, as represented by this *Review*. A Professor Robert Moore of Aberdeen University took comfort in the fact that no sociologist of distinction had, ‘since his conversion’ to the Right, produced any serious or worthwhile publications. Of course, all decent and reasonable people know that sociology, if properly pursued, *must* deliver left-wing conclusions; it is therefore a tautology that the work of ‘right-wing’ sociologists will not be academically respectable. By the same argument Professor Moore’s research is inevitably superior to that of Edward Shils, Raymond Aron, David Martin, Robert Nisbet, Stanislas Andreski, Bryan Wilson, and the other ‘right-wing’ renegades. It follows that Professor Moore’s evidence for the judgement that the *Salisbury Review* has an ‘ideology’ which is ‘perilously near to “scientific racism”’ is far more persuasive than any arguments that our contributors could offer in reply to it.

In fact, so profoundly has Professor Moore mastered – or been mastered by – the discipline of sociology, whose 19th-century advances have apparently yet to gain the attention of the *Salisbury Review*, that he does not really *need* evidence for his judgement. It suffices to remind his fellow scientists that, as a learned sociologist with the right (or rather left) conclusions, he knows directly and by intuition of the moral and intellectual failings of those whose paltry productions he occasionally and absent-mindedly peruses.

We offer our readers some more examples of ‘scientific racism’ – for presumably this is the phrase that Professor Moore would use to describe Lord Bauer and Professor Yamey’s argument that foreign aid rewards the policies which have impoverished the Ethiopians, to describe Dereje Deressa’s shocking testimony to the truth of the Bauer–Yamey hypothesis, and to describe our Lebanese correspondent’s chauvinistic protest against the natural right of Moslem fanatics to murder

the Christians of Lebanon. Of course the opinions expressed by these authors are not necessarily those of the *Review* or its Editor. And our readers, as ‘scientific racists’, will be particularly concerned to discover that Bauer and Yamey are Jews, Deressa an Ethiopian black, and our Lebanese correspondent an Irishman. However, they can take comfort in the article by Roy Kerridge, whose genes narrowly but categorically avoided entanglement with the culture which he describes with such relish and which, in his vagrant way, he has also chosen as his own.

But what of our contributor from Central Europe, who seems prepared to argue that the identity and unity of Europe are secured not by race, nor even by culture, but – heaven forbid – by the Christian religion: that very religion which our Moslem brothers are struggling so bravely to extirpate in its place of origin, and which unites us not only (as Hradec argues) to the Jews, but also to the Ethiopians, and even to the Irish? A lengthy spell at some re-education centre – perhaps the sociology department at Aberdeen – would be required to persuade our benighted readers that culture and religion are more important in determining social conduct than the genes which so ruthlessly exploit us. Perhaps they will there learn to appreciate the arguments of Burke – discussed in this issue by Robert Grant – whose defence of Hindu culture against the fierce depredations of our ancestors is surely a paradigm of sociological method, however conservative its conclusions, and however educated its style.

For those who prefer to stay clear of these deep and difficult issues, however, we return to familiar themes. For example, there is the argument, rehearsed here by Raymond Leppard, that the ‘authentic’ re-creation of the past constitutes not a resuscitation but a euthanasia of tradition. There is also the argument – presented in a pertinent application by Antony Flew – that ‘justice’ denotes not a forward-looking, but a backward-looking virtue, whose exercise does not overthrow the social order but rather acts to restore its equilibrium. As David Armstrong vividly reminds us, the chiliastic pursuit of ‘final justice’ is precisely what makes justice impossible, by destroying the natural process whereby conflicts are peacefully resolved.

Contents

Burke as a Conservative Thinker <i>R. A. D. Grant</i>	4
The Question of Authenticity <i>Raymond Leppard</i>	9
The Christians of South Lebanon <i>A Correspondent</i>	11
Socialist Procrusteanism or Conservative Justice? <i>Antony Flew</i>	16
A Polish Diary <i>D. M. Armstrong</i>	20
Black Theology <i>Roy Kerridge</i>	25
Conservatism and Ideology—A Comment <i>Arthur Aughey</i>	29
The Politics of Foreign Aid <i>P. T. Bauer and B. S. Yamey</i>	32
In Search of Central Europe <i>Josef Hradec</i>	35
Discipline <i>Lionel F. Cerny</i>	40

The Secularisation of Turkey <i>Diana Spearman</i>	42
The Loss of Politics <i>Václav Bělohradský</i>	45
Ethiopia: Eleven Years of Fraud <i>Dereje Deressa</i>	47
EDITORIAL	49
LETTERS	50
BOOK REVIEWS Paul Helm, Michael Cullis, David J. Levy, Michael Cullis, J. C. D. Clark, Jessica Gwynne, Roger Scruton	51
IN SHORT	59

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Conservative Journals: *STŘEDNÍ EVROPA*

The presence of a large and flourishing unofficial press is one of the principal causes of Polish resistance to communism. Publishing houses are able to sustain print-runs of 5,000 or even 10,000 copies, and journals like *Tygodnik Maszowski* reach a wide and eager readership, despite the constant harassment and arrest of those concerned in their production. In Czechoslovakia the operation of *samizdat* production is far more constrained. There are no 'unofficial' presses, and the recent use of an official press by workers in Olomouc, in order to produce copies of the Bible, led to severe penalties designed to deter those who might go and do likewise. Nevertheless, journals, books and papers are produced and circulated, and even an edition of 12 copies, produced laboriously at the type-writer, will circulate throughout the country, and form the centre of discussion among the many who still assemble secretly for such purposes.

Recent years have seen a marked increase in the number of *samizdat* journals, many of them devoted to the study of Czech and Slovak culture, and all informed by the prevailing concern to keep alive, in the years of darkness, the memory of two defeated nations, and to reaffirm their identity as integral parts of the old, and holy Europe. The most explicitly conservative of these journals, *Střední*

Evropa (Central Europe), has been in existence for a year, and produced, at the time of writing, three issues. As its name suggests, it is devoted to the analysis and exposition of the fundamental idea of Czech conservative thinking: the idea of central Europe, defined by the pseudonymous editor as 'a spiritual region' whose frontiers are changeable, but whose past is integrally connected to a living religion, a living culture, and a memory of law. The journal publishes articles by Václav Havel (an illuminating examination of the extraordinary pop group called the 'Palcic People'), and by other Charter spokesmen, such as Václav Benda (whose letter to the editor of this review is contained in the second issue). Historians and philosophers add their (borrowed) names to the list of contributors, as do such outspoken reactionaries among the exile communities as Václav Bělohradský. Many of its feature articles discuss the striking and in many ways innovative document issued by Charter 77, called 'The Right to History', in which the rights not only to the truth about the past, but also to the conceptions and sentiments necessary to affirm it as one's own, are eloquently vindicated. We print below a shortened translation of an article by Josef Hradec.

Střední Evropa can be borrowed, but not purchased, in Prague.

Burke as a Conservative Thinker

R. A. D. Grant

There are many obstacles to a contemporary understanding of Burke. For a start, as Hazlitt dauntingly observed, 'the only specimen of Burke is, all that he wrote'. His total output is enormous, and for reasons shortly to follow, none of it is lightly to be discounted. Only one major work is currently in print (the Penguin *Reflections on the Revolution in France*), and neither it, nor any other, can stand proxy for the rest. Again, all Burke's writings are highly topical, and each approaches his characteristic preoccupations from a slightly different angle. Thus his thought is not only cumulative and unsystematic, it is also never definitive. The only constant is Burke's methods and pre-suppositions, so it will be best to start from there.

The ideas of Karl Marx are complex, and perhaps profound. But they have at last found their natural medium in the strip cartoon, in a booklet called *Marx for Beginners* (in everything but Marxism, the Marxist is always a beginner). Marx's own political journalism is itself no mean example of the genre. Its lively, graphic cogency, its quaint clarity, derive from its quality of caricature. Historical events, since they require interpretation even to be identified, are malleable. They are easily distorted, to comic or melodramatic effect, to fit the requirements of what one might call the plot (and modern Marxism is decidedly keen on plots). But who could imagine a *Burke for Beginners*? Here is Burke, in his early work on *The Sublime and Beautiful* (1757), on the question of method:

'In considering any complex matter, we ought to examine every distinct ingredient in the composition, one by one... We ought afterwards to re-examine the principles by the effect of the composition, as well as the composition by that of the principles. We ought to compare our subject with things of a similar nature, and even with things of a contrary nature... If any inquiry thus carefully conducted should fail at last of discovering the truth, it may answer an end perhaps as useful, in discovering to us the weakness of our own understanding.'

Principles, therefore, are continuously subject to modification. Does that make them unreliable? Not at all, says Burke:

'A theory founded on experiment, and not assumed, is always good for so much as it explains. Our inability to push it indefinitely is no argument against it.'

Such theory as Burke admits is in fact better called 'principle'. His political ideas resist summary largely because their whole tenor is explicitly *anti-theoretical*. Burke is an empiricist, though in a very special sense.

He is no 'methodological individualist'. By itself, stripped of its relations, anything, and particularly any political thing, is bound to seem useless or unintelligible, and hence dispensable. To be truly understood, it requires to be exhaustively characterised, which is to say, to be appreciated in its full context. That means in its moral, historical, sentimental and aesthetic aspects, as well as in its formal outlines. Burke's legendary poetic and rhetorical resources were not deployed merely to galvanise a torpid House of Commons. No less than his other works, his speeches were meant primarily to be read and pondered. Only by viewing a subject from all sides, by capturing its chiaroscuro, can one bring it properly alive, and only then can one be said literally to 'know' what one is talking about.

Burke is the first great modern critic of what his intellectual descendant Michael Oakeshott calls 'rationalism in politics'. The most damning expressions in Burke's by no means meagre lexicon of abuse are 'metaphysics', 'theory', 'dogma', 'abstract', and even on one occasion (though he invisibly retains the quotation marks) 'truth'. To these he variously opposes 'convenience', 'prescription', 'habit', 'taste', 'prejudice', and an Aristotelian 'practical happiness'. All are sustained by 'solemn plausibilities' and 'pleasing illusions', 'furnished from the wardrobe of a moral imagination'. Burke argued, in effect, for the naturalness and necessity of what Marx was later to condemn as 'ideological', and himself condemned ideology, in its other sense (the sense in which Marxism is an ideology): 'in the groves of *their* academy', he wrote of the French *philosophes*, 'at the end of every vista, you see only the gallows'. In the 'theoretic dogma' or 'armed doctrine' of the Rights of Man, Burke perceived the solvent of all civilised order, the certain abolition of all hitherto enjoyed or merely existing liberties, and the dawn of a new Dark Age, all the darker for its pretensions to Enlightenment.

Burke's initial reaction to the French Revolution was characteristically cautious, and not perceptibly hostile. In many respects he regarded it as a great opportunity missed. But within a year he had predicted the murder of the King and Queen, the Terror, and (what closely followed his death in 1797) the rise of a Napoleon. As events bore him out, the *Reflections* became a best-seller at home and abroad. The retired statesman, ailing, bereaved, and politically disgraced, found himself invested with a prophet's mantle, and the toast of reactionaries everywhere, the wise and the foolish, the just and the unjust alike.

Burke had been noted for his championship of liberty, moderation, and tolerance; in America, in

India, and in his native Ireland. He frequently appealed to the 'Glorious' Revolution of 1688 as a masterpiece of statesmanship. Thus it was that the revolutionary French Assembly sought his support. What then happened to the 'liberal' Burke? This question has perennially been asked by Burke's more innocent left-inclined critics. But the answer is, precisely nothing. His alleged 'inconsistencies' are inevitable from an empiricist standpoint, being those of life itself. On being sounded, they almost invariably prove superficial. Burke had never advocated 'natural' liberty, or the Rights of Man. He was as aware as Hobbes that, even if it were desirable, such a liberty could not survive in practice. Throughout Burke had supported a 'manly, moral, regulated liberty', to be enjoyed only in society and under government. He intended no Rousseauesque paradox about being 'forced to be free'. All liberty, he says, is a form of *power*; and whether power is good or bad depends upon who wields it, to what purpose, and at whose expense. Burke's hatred of despotism and his critique of 'natural' liberty are the same. Tyranny, or unrestrained will, is the same in an absolute monarch as in a lawless democracy. As for 'natural rights', the only ones worth (in Dworkin's phrase) 'taking seriously' are those which, having come to take them for granted, men regard as 'natural'. The Revolution of 1688 was no novel aspiration to hitherto unheard-of rights. It was rather a restoration, in the teeth of arbitrary power, of traditional liberties.

Burke believes with Aristotle that society is itself 'natural'. It is natural also that there should be no single approved pattern of it. For, as in Montesquieu, every society takes its shape and its principles from its peculiar history, geography, popular temper, and local circumstance. Thus there is no infallible, abstract yardstick of freedom:

'If any ask me, what a free government is, I answer, that for any practical purpose, it is what the people think so; and that they, not I, are the natural, lawful, and competent judges of this matter.'

(*Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol*)

It follows, I think, that authority (without which there is no liberty, nor any other good, worth having) must also rest, like freedom, on opinion. But who are the people, and among them whose opinions should we listen to?:

'Because half a dozen grasshoppers under a fern make the field ring with their importunate chink, whilst thousands of great cattle, reposed beneath the shadow of the British oak, chew the cud, and are silent, pray do not imagine, that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field.'

(*Reflections*)

Burke believes that deep, solid, unvociferous opinion is the source of authority, and what attaches a man to his society (if it is worthy, as most are, of his attachment). In the *Reflections* he defiantly calls it

'prejudice'. Prejudice is a difficult and important concept, and Burke (perhaps testifying to Hume's influence) is the first to offer it as a virtue *in the appropriate circumstances*. (Ireland, where Burke fought Protestant bigotry, presumably did not count. What did count was the deep prejudice of the Catholic majority against being oppressed.) The appropriate circumstances, we might hazard, would not be in the discussion of means (to an agreed end), but in the matter of ends themselves. Some things are either desired for their own sakes – that is, are ends – or, though originally means, have become so deeply worked into a culture as to share its character of being an end. In other words, a prejudice in their favour requires no extrinsic, metaphysical grounds for its defence. Such grounds might be, indifferently, the Divine Right of Kings ('to govern wrong', as Pope said), the revolutionaries' putative Rights of Man, or even, perhaps, Bentham's indiscriminate 'utility'. The objects of just prejudice are concrete desirabilities, and require no additional justification. In his most sustained piece of close reasoning, the *Appeal from the New to the Old Whigs* (largely a defence of the *Reflections*), Burke shows that the Rights of Man must be self-destructive:

'If men dissolve their ancient corporation, in order to regenerate their community, in that state of things each man has a right, if he pleases, to remain an individual. . . . If any of these is forced into the fellowship of another, this is conquest and not compact. On every principle, which supposes society to be in virtue of a free covenant, this compulsive incorporation must be null and void. . . . By what they call reasoning without prejudice, they leave not one stone upon another in the fabric of human society. They subvert all the authority which they hold, as well as all that which they have destroyed.'

It follows that a bald majority does not automatically represent the 'will of the people'. It will only be authoritative where there is a *prejudice* in the minority (and thus unanimity) in favour of majority decision. (Such might be the case where antique republican 'virtue' prevailed, an idea explored in Rousseau's analysis of democracy.) But where, as in France, property is up for grabs, no such unanimity can be looked for. Nor are the poor's possessions any more secure than those of the rich. Such a society can only be ruled by force. Burke's last writings, especially the awesome *Letters on a Regicide Peace* (1796), project an apocalyptic, nightmare vision of lawless, relentless power, a horrible inversion of the hitherto 'natural' order in civilised states. Here coercion dispenses with allegiance, as do requisition and extortion with exchange: 'the will, the wish, the want, the liberty, the toil, the blood of individuals, is as nothing. . . . The State is all-in-all.'

It is variously said that by this time Burke was 'paranoid', or misinformed, or (evidently something to avoid being) 'hopelessly reactionary'. Only the second

charge deserves an answer. Burke's empirical temper, and his astonishing industry, usually impelled him to seek out eyewitness accounts, not least from his political antagonists. At the time of the *Reflections* he was corresponding with both Tom Paine and the preposterous 'Anarcharsis' Cloomer, self-styled 'Orator of the Human Race'. But like the *Reflections*, the *Regicide Peace* may well be an unreliable guide to contemporary events. What single history of its own time could ever be otherwise? Nevertheless, it signals with prophetic accuracy the arrival of a new era in politics. Burke's horrified imaginings were realised to the letter in the slave-states of the 20th century.

Burke shows how the complete dissolution of anything like genuinely human *society* can nevertheless co-exist with a powerful, stable, and (by its own lights) successful *State*. His account of the normal relations between the individual, society, and the State, is (as ever) hard to summarise. But it is subtle, profound, and persuasive.

Though it exists for their benefit, people do not create society by an act of conscious choice. They consent to it (as Locke would have said) 'tacitly', by their *de facto* acceptance. Of course some will 'get more', or seem to get more, out of it than others, but all, by the mere fact of acceptance, are deemed to get more out of it than out of any practicable alternative. Only under unendurable desperation (usually political in origin, but when not, beyond political remedy) will they be driven to revolution. Burke trusts greatly, as a source of stability, to the citizen's material stake in his society. Property is not, as in Locke, an unqualified natural right, but rather a reasonable expectation which all, when they possess it, see as a legitimate object of State protection. Even those without property still depend on it for their livelihood, so (unless duped into thinking otherwise) they are similarly bound to the social order.

Society, in fact, is a confluence of ever-shifting, mutually-adjusting *interests*. Compromise is nearly always a better bargain than the uncertainties of conflict. Whatever facilitates it, in particular law and justice, secures the citizen's loyalty by safeguarding his interest. Thus justice is 'the great standing *policy*' of a society (my italics). It is not so much that the primary object of society is to protect material interests (as Locke thought), as that if they are not engaged on its behalf they are likely to destroy it. Excluded from what they cannot buy, honour, privilege, and consideration, the disgruntled rich, like the ambitious bourgeois intellectuals, are more dangerous than the helpless poor, and indeed (as in the French Revolution) may temporarily make common cause with both groups. Thus, from prudence as well as justice, wise statesmanship will always admit powerful interests to some share of formal power and representation.

Burke, however, is not just an egoistic thinker of the Hobbesian type. The duty of a representative, elected or not, is not simply to press his constituency's selfish claims against the competition. He is to address himself also to the common interest, which is no less an interest

for being moral rather than material. In the matter of the so-called social contract, Burke is quite unlike Hobbes or Locke. People's allegiance can never be a straightforward, commercial *quid pro quo*. Nor are material interests straightforwardly selfish. The material interests of others are a man's moral concern. So indeed are his own. For if he neglects them, he cannot perform his duty. They are important also to his creditors, his dependents, and the objects of his charity. Thus (as in Hegel or indeed in Jane Austen) the material and moral orders are actually interwoven. If society is a confluence of interests, it is also a system of duties. Duties bear only on individuals. But they, even more than material interests, are what prevent society from disintegrating into 'the dust and powder of individuality' (*Reflections*).

Burke's account of obligation is both convincing and original. His picture of the growth of the sphere of duty resembles Aristotle's, and accordingly anticipates Hegel's. But Burke's account of the *ground* of obligation is wholly novel, and resembles that of his contemporary Kant, of whom he could have known nothing.

On the basis of a few rhetorical flights, conservatives of a certain stamp have frequently applauded Burke for positing (as they see it) a religious foundation for social duty. But this interpretation is altogether topsy-turvy. Rather, as in Kant, man's religious awareness grows out of the brute empirical, psychological fact of his innate moral subjection. It is true that Burke often invokes Providence, but Providence is immanent, a *Deus sive natura*:

'That great chain of causes... linking one to another even to the throne of God himself, can never be unravelled by any industry of ours. When we go but one step beyond the immediate sensible qualities of things, we go out of our depth'.

(*Sublime and Beautiful*, IV, 1)

Burke rarely speaks of God, and never of revelation. Though officially Anglican, he was notoriously tolerant in religious matters, and was strongly sympathetic to both Hinduism and Roman Catholicism where they were, so to speak, the 'established' religion.¹ If he appears to associate obligation with divinity, that is merely to indicate that it is absolute, an heuristic terminus. Man has no more created his obligations (as Hobbes would have it, 'by some act of his own'), than he has 'chosen' his society. Nevertheless, he knows merely that they exist, not whence they come. Burke's view of obligation is to all intents and purposes naturalistic. It also suggests Shakespeare's 'degree':²

'We have obligations to mankind at large, which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact... The force of all the pacts which we enter into... depends upon those prior obligations. In some cases the subordinate relations are voluntary, in others they are necessary – but the duties are all compulsive. When we marry, the choice is voluntary, but the duties are not matters of choice... Dark and inscrutable are the ways by which we come into the world... Out of physical

causes, unknown to us, perhaps unknowable, arise moral duties, which, as we are perfectly able to comprehend, we are bound indispensably to perform. Parents may not be consenting to their moral relation; but consenting or not, they are bound to a long train of burthensome duties towards those with whom they have never made a convention of any sort. Children are not consenting to their relation, but their relation, without their consent, binds them to its duties; or rather, it implies their consent.... Men come in that manner into a community with the social state of their parents, endowed with all the benefits, loaded with all the duties, of their situation. If the social ties and ligaments, spun out of those physical relations which are the elements of the commonwealth, in most cases begin, and always continue, independently of our will, so, without any stipulation on our own part, are we bound by that relation called our country.... Nor are we left without powerful instincts to make this duty as dear and grateful to us, as it is awful and coercive.'

(*An Appeal*, &c.)

The beginning and end of the above extract should suggest how little Burke has in common with vulgar Romantic nationalism.

Political obligation, then, like prejudice (its characteristic garb), is *sui generis*, self-subsistent, and opaque to rationalist criticism. We know 'nature' only as it exists in the interlocking culture, habits, customs and institutions of our particular society. It is to those that our 'obligations to mankind at large' direct us, not to the Rights of Man. We have no right, in defiance of our immediate duty, promiscuously to tinker with them in the name of some 'higher' duty, or of the supposed requirements of an allegedly pristine 'nature', mysteriously disclosed (as if by divine revelation) to 'Reason'.

How then does social change come about, and is it desirable? Burke was no enemy to spontaneous change, nor to the reforms which might be necessary to contain, accommodate, or ratify it. He himself sweepingly reformed the civil list virtually single-handed, though, as he said, he 'heaved the lead every inch of the way'. He conceded that there might be occasions (France not being one) when revolution was a regrettable but inevitable necessity. He could not fully explain the dynamics of revolution – who can? But he was rootedly hostile to the revolutionary vocation, and his various portraits of the revolutionary and his radical fellow-traveller have not dated one bit. The peremptory assumption of bad faith in any established authority or office; the restless hyperactivity, as though to sit still were to concede one's insignificance; the hidden scorn for those one pretends to act for; the purblind, half-witted theorising, not even believed in by the genuinely intelligent and ruthless; the cunning, the energy, the tunnel vision; the hatred of the very order and its privileges that have made one what one is, for not making one what one wished to be; the complete corruption of the ordinary moral sense; the bogus

humanitarianism; the exploitation of genuine distress, and, lest that fail, the manufacture of imaginary grievance; the clamour, provoked as if by reflex action, for the most truckling appeasement of one's country's known and professed enemies, and the secret sympathy with their cause, even when superficially adverse to one's own; the enormous, implacable, pathological vanity, able to brook no normal claim on its affections, no rival to its self-consideration, able least of all to love God, that ultimate, odious, and menacing emblem of everything outside the closed circle of self;³ the hatred, in short, of reality and humankind. We have supped full of these horrors, which Burke had merely tasted. Yet correctly he identified them all. He may have been 'wrong' about the French Revolution. But he was certainly right about the revolutionary will. He, who most humbly accepted man's bondage to time, was – perhaps for that very reason – the least bound himself.

Reform differs from revolution *toto caelo*. It may, indeed, be necessary to prevent it. But however radical, it must be cautious, and effected with the least possible disturbance. Ideally, indeed by definition, it should preserve continuity, both of the institution reformed, and of all the other things (some perhaps unknown) which have grown up around it. Vested interests (see above) should be minimally alienated. They too may be more extensive than they seem, so that (for example) to attack wealth or property in the name of equality, or because (what no one denies) they can be subject to abuse, is not only palpably unjust but may actually worsen the lot of the poor as well. To interfere with one part is to send repercussions, some unforeseen and not all of them desired, throughout the whole system. When to do so, and how far, is a matter for cost-benefit analysis. It is only here that Burke comes at all close to Bentham. (Or perhaps that Bentham comes close to sense.)

The multifarious activity which constitutes a society's day-to-day existence is not thereby an anarchic, unregulated thing. People pursue their purposes under the guidance of morality and sentiment ('prejudice'), and within a common framework of laws and institutions which embody, reinforce, and shape both sentiments and purposes, working all together into a virtual identity. It is thus impossible to separate society from the State, as modern liberals would like. For ideally the State *is* society, but in its conscious, political aspect. To make sure that it remains so is the object of parliamentary government, so that power is always constrained by opinion to act in concert with it. It is where the State diverges from society that evil, of one kind or another, makes its appearance.

Thus for Burke the State, society, and individuals are an organic complex. Liberals decry the 'organic State', doubtless because totalitarians have professed to uphold it. But in an organism the whole emerges from, and sustains, the life of the parts. For it to maintain itself, they must flourish, not in total independence (for they are not independent, and cannot thus flourish),

but according to their customary, conditioned, but nevertheless self-moved nature.⁴ The whole is not a self-constituted external agency, arbitrarily determining what the life and purpose of the parts shall be. That would be not an organic, but a mechanical system, and a totalitarian State. Unfortunately the liberal too nowadays treats the State as a machine. Where the totalitarian sacrifices individual and society to the State, the liberal sacrifices State and society to an imaginary, ideal and rootless 'individual'. Like the totalitarian he dismisses society as a sphere of unwanted, dangerous opinion, and admits the State on sufferance only, as a mechanical guarantor of 'rights' from which it is itself excluded. But an institution that cannot be a subject of duty, cannot exact loyalty. Thus it can neither flourish, nor, in the long run, survive. (It should now be clear that the word 'State', when bandied about in political controversy, must mean entirely different, indeed incompatible, things, according to who is using it.)

Many liberals, however, reject the organic society but accept an 'organic economy', viz., *laissez-faire*. Burke, as it happens, supported *laissez-faire*. And there are respects in which his traditionalist society, even despite its self-consciousness, its community of values, its complexity of motivation, and its anti-individualist character, nevertheless suggests the liberal economic paradigm. Providence, after all, is an 'invisible hand'. Is there a necessary connection between political conservatism and economic liberalism, or is it rather a contradiction? Can one be both a free-marketeer and a champion of State authority?

In answering both questions, we can discount C. B. Macpherson's preposterous suggestion that Burke's traditionalist society (because it guaranteed order and mythologised subordination) was actually an ingenious cover for 'rising' capitalist interests. Such supposed interests would either be intolerably subordinate themselves to a similarly guaranteed network of duties, or, accepting them, would be transformed out of existence. So the Burkean order can hardly have been devised for their benefit. In any case Marxism frequently attributes the French Revolution to the same interests (as Burke was in part also inclined to do). A theory which explains by the one process both a thing and its opposite may be supposed to be not very profound.

In Burke's thought there is neither a *necessary* connection, nor any contradiction, between market freedom and State authority. There is a connection, but it is fortuitous. Burke contends, in his excellent *Thoughts on Scarcity* (1795), that, so far from augmenting its authority, the State actually *weakens* it by discretionary economic intervention (in agriculture, specifically), or as he calls it, 'meddling with the subsistence of the people'. If a government, for whatever reason, or by whatever means, forces the terms of exchange away from their natural equilibrium, it is (whatever it may suppose) acting against the interest of *both* parties to the exchange, and against that of society at large. Pretending to a knowledge it can never possess (of the

transacting parties' real interests, which only they can know, and which converge in the act of exchange), it 'lays the axe to the root of production', creates disorder, and brings itself into contempt. He has some splendid observations on the proper limits of State competence. The vice of the French monarchy was 'a restless desire of governing too much': 'The hand of authority was seen in everything, and in every place. All, therefore, that happened amiss in the course of domestic affairs, was attributed to the government.' There is no contradiction between Burke's championship of the free market and his support of the State. The first rests upon no absurd notion of natural rights, but upon the duty of government to provide for the welfare of the people. Thus in supporting the free market the State is not abrogating its social responsibility, but discharging it. There is of course no reason *why* the free market should be better than the alternatives. That it is so, is not a metaphysical truth, but an empirical fact, which Burke demonstrates clearly, succinctly, and with an impressive display of first-hand evidence. Burke sees the market as a gift of Providence. But that is not to sanctify capitalist production-relations. He would have done as much for socialism, if it had been tried, and worked.

In some ways Burke is the greatest of all political thinkers; incidentally, the only one of importance, apart from Machiavelli, who was also a working statesman. I have had to ignore much besides Burke's literary achievement: his defence of monarchy and aristocracy as necessary elements in the representational process; his belief in 'mixed government' and countervailing power; his commitment to limited politics, as the condition of an authoritative, and the obstacle to an authoritarian, State. Nevertheless in these matters, as in those I have touched on, he still has much to say to us today. The citizen's pursuit of his (duly qualified) 'own' business that Burke took for granted as an ideal, is an aspiration, and one by no means ignoble or spiritually impoverished, still shared by most citizens, if not (and why not?) by their democratic representatives. In this respect human nature has changed little.

But as Burke understood far better than Marx, human nature is an historic artefact. Could it really be possible, by seizing the levers of history, to unfix nature from its traditional foundations? How could a whole nation rebel against one arbitrary government, only to submit willingly (as Burke thought) to a despotism more savage than any the world had seen? Is this not also some mysterious dispensation of Providence? We are reminded of Zinoviev's recent provocative claim that 'new Soviet man', whatever we would prefer to think, is a perfectly viable form of life.

Burke stood on the threshold of modernity, whose more horrible aspects he foresaw with the accuracy, not of clairvoyance, but of profound wisdom. Though matchlessly equipped to answer the questions above, he was both too early in history, and too late in life, to have the opportunity of doing so. None but he could have posed them, however, and if we wish to come at

the answers, we cannot afford here, any more than elsewhere, to ignore what he had to say. But until the relevant texts are made more accessible – that is, cheap,

widely available, purged of ephemera, and suitably collated – most of us will be forced to. Here is a clear case for new Viking Portable.

Notes

1. It is true that latterly Burke opposed the relief of Dissenters from their civil disabilities, a measure he had once supported. But this was because he had convinced himself that their beliefs were politically revolutionary.
2. See *Salisbury Review*, Spring 1984, p. 44ff.
3. 'If there were a God', Nietzsche asks somewhere, 'how could one bear not to be Him?'
4. Kant's definition of organism (*Critique of Judgment*, II): 'An organised natural product is one in which every part is reciprocally both end and means.'

The Question of Authenticity

Raymond Leppard

There is an attitude of mind that considers the *Urtext* (the original, unedited manuscript in the composer's own hand) as the crock of gold at the end of a musicological rainbow, the holy grail of the musician's quest: but the notes from which we play, no matter what state they are in, represent only the beginning of the musician's true quest, the journey into performance. Music is, after all, nothing until it sounds.

While it is obviously desirable to have a text that reproduces the composer's manuscript as closely as possible, that is as much as a text can do and is the limit of its value. To use an *Urtext* is certainly no guarantee that you will have a performance, just as the lack of one is no guarantee that you will not.

More interestingly, it raises the larger question of 'authenticity', a word that appears nowadays in many associated guises, often with pejorative undertones – 'as first performed', 'uncut version', with 'original instruments'. The idea pervades our musical scene and is well worth examining.

'Authenticity' has come to imply the additional quality of being 'genuine', and not to be 'genuine' signifies something like the passing of false currency; whereas all those with experience of the market place should know that the description of something as being 'genuine' can frequently imply that it is nothing of the kind. Things are rarely what they seem, and, in music, skimmed milk often masquerades as cream.

Musical authenticity should, in my view, only be concerned with the representation of music's content, with the images of life it expresses, not the means by which they are revealed. True authenticity lies elsewhere than amid the fads and fashions of musicology. There is in this no implication of endless licence, far from it. Research into past conditions and circumstances is, at present, a most valuable means of illuminating musical discovery, but, like the *Urtext*, it is only what it is and nothing more. It will not guarantee penetration into the composer's mind, thus ensuring a true authenticity; nor need the lack of it dim,

necessarily, the performer's grasp.

Our concern with the superficialities of authenticity has come with the ever-increasing desire to explore and rediscover music of the past, a phenomenon of the 20th century whose growing impetus is much more recent than most people would suppose.

The 19th century was interested mainly in itself. Viewing itself as the end product of a long line of cultural, scientific, and social progress, there was no reason why it should do anything else. If musicians were concerned with the past it was mainly to confirm the superiority of the present.

Still more recent has been the exploration of the pre-classical music of men like Vivaldi, Monteverdi, Cavalli, Albinoni, Cesti, Rameau. Our grandfathers would scarcely have heard a note of theirs and what's more, would not have cared much about it if they had.

This recent recognition of an artistic vitality that has palpably survived for 400 years or more (for the process of exploration has continued apace) may, and, I think should, be interpreted not as a rejection of contemporary creativity, although there is an uncomfortable element of that within it, but as the result of man's need to find permanent values in a world not showing much propensity for permanence. It reflects a major change observable in this century, though not widely faced, in man's consideration of himself and of his place on earth. We should also understand that what is happening is a reaction and not a solution.

While progress was an arguable, even demonstrable, fact, the implication that the past led up to the present, which superseded it in value, meant that earlier was inferior to later in almost all things, including music. The tragic folly of the two major European holocausts has disillusioned all those who had faith in man's power to capitalise on this highly developed superiority and run the earth, eventually, by himself. It has now become necessary to look elsewhere for reassurance. Religious cults flourish (where, sadly, the established churches have failed to meet the need); scientific

knowledge fragments itself in order to avoid the general view, and, where all else has failed to satisfy, an enormous upsurge of belief in the importance of man's spiritual life, be it in the arts or sciences, is everywhere evident. It has transformed the lives of the past generation in all manner of ways, to the bewilderment of their forebears.

Confirmation of the value of the spiritual life is to be found in the reappraisal and appreciation of music of the past, and, in our need, we search further and further backward. But there is a limit beyond which we cannot go. Before notation we come to the world of natural sounds, and, with the road blocked, search and research have become increasingly involuted. The least little canzona acquires a value unrelated to its content simply because it has not been heard for 300 years. This attention on music of the past has also led us to become increasingly concerned with the peripheries of performance. People caught up with this reappraisal develop obsessive tendencies redolent of those chosen few of any small religious cult who believe that they, and only they, have found the road to salvation.

They are not so much interested in the well-being of the generality, be it people or their art, as they would have us believe, and there is something of pride in their often mean-minded exclusivity.

In music this all began in earnest at the turn of the century. There was, it is true, a certain harmless, bizarre eccentricity associated with some of the early enthusiasts which manifested itself in things like country dancing, weaving, eclectic societies, and natural remedies. Some were jocularly described as belonging to the 'knit-your-own-violin school'. But they did remarkable work, which had an almost wholly beneficial effect on performance until the cults and their priesthoods began to develop. Their success was such that the harpsichord and lute are now to be found everywhere that older music is played, and, even if you choose to play Bach on a piano, your playing cannot help but be enriched by the experience of having heard or played it on a harpsichord.

Sadly, as the enthusiasm developed and widened, so, paradoxically, did the exclusivity. Conclaves around various individuals flourished. What was intended to widen musicians' experience and potential turned into something which now stultifies and inhibits. It has become, in the worst sense of the word, academic.

There is now available a storehouse ready for anyone concerned with the real authenticity of earlier music to discover how composers and contemporaries viewed the performance, even the content of their own music. Publishers have been very good about reproducing virtually all the most important documents and texts so that, no matter what the period, it is possible for everyone now to consult appropriate sources.

Even here bigotry may rear its ugly head. People have always been imprecise in the use of language in connection with music, and the description of how you play something is, then as now, very difficult to write down and susceptible to differing interpretations. Some,

however, are extremely sure of what was intended and do not think much of the view that even pedagogues do not always get it right.

The search for contemporary evidence about the mechanics of performance in earlier music has been wonderfully productive, opening eyes and ears, broadening horizons to a degree that would have greatly surprised our musical forebears. A real bonus for our time.

Here I would stress that it is for our time: for neither performer nor audience is there any escape from the fact that we do not listen with 18th century ears. The pace of life is completely different, and if music is truly valuable it is because it presents us with images of life from, it seems, any time, in symbolic form, to which we, in our time, respond with all the trappings that surround us – stress, noise, speed, and place.

Music is not, for all we would in some way wish it, an escape, and that is, perhaps, the greatest attribute of this art that transcends words. It is not a refuge, but it can show us that life is still wonderful and well worth the attempt at living it fruitfully now, at the present time.

And there we see the need and virtue of compromise. It is the only way to resolve the dichotomy – and one that can be as productive as the fear of it can be inhibiting. The differences between what we know to have been the conditions and details of performance of early music and the conditions and details of our present situation can stimulate the performer's mind in a truly creative way and make for a stronger, relevant empathy with the content of the music he is performing than either too slavish a search after a false authenticity or a wilful disregard of acquired knowledge can provide.

I used to think and, misguidedly, hope that it was possible to combine the two ways of life: that of the creative performer and that of the academic. It is, I discovered, not possible. They pull in opposite directions and render you artistically inert or, at best, distraught and inhibited. The one way of life is a doing, a positive activity based on the giving of the human spirit, the other is a negative way, a don't do it, don't say it until you are sure you are unassailable.

This is no reason for rejecting the work of the academic world: indeed there is every reason for being thankful for its gifts and for using every bit of evidence, information, experience, knowledge that it has to offer.

Then embrace the compromise that is the performance of earlier music in our time. There will be problems all the way but such as can bring joy and excitement in their resolution for player and listener. The moment you sense the inhibitions of the false authenticity crowding in you are on the wrong road.

Be serious; never stop learning and reviewing the possibilities and probabilities; be modest without being servile and, with all the knowledge and experience you have acquired and accumulated, let the creativity you sense in the music you perform blossom out as flowers in the best of gardens.

The Christians of South Lebanon

*A Correspondent**

There is nothing which follows fashion more illogically and more predictably than public opinion. Journalists are partly responsible for the fashion; but they are also subject to it. A journalist will not send home what his editor does not wish to receive, and the editor will not wish to receive what his readership does not wish to read. Thus, it is very difficult for a reporter to publish anything good about those whom public opinion considers to be bad, or vice versa. Moreover in a lawless country, journalists can be both threatened, and offered bribes; a fact of immense importance in considering the Western media's version of the events in Lebanon.

Some of us are old enough to remember when the fashionable thing for progressive or left-wing young people was to go and work on a Kibbutz; the Arabs generally, and most particularly the Palestinians, were depicted by the press as a reactionary feudal-minded population insensitive to the benefits of socialism offered by the Israeli State. It was only in the early 70s that the tables were turned, and the Palestinian camps became the training ground for international terrorism and the export of the Revolution; from then on the Palestinians were treated sympathetically by the press. The fact that the export of the Revolution to neighbouring Arab countries took up more of their time than the attempted reconquest of Palestine was glossed over by the media. These features which I bring to mind in no way lessen the justice of the Palestinian case, and in no way excuse the Israelis for their conduct towards them.

For many years reporting from the Lebanon has invariably depicted the Christians as a wealthy, privileged and conservative minority exploiting, by means of a fascist militia and with the help of Israel and America, a decent under-privileged population of progressive democratically-inclined Moslems, both Lebanese and Palestinian. This over-simplified image has largely been formed by means of constantly repeated slogans – a trick that the mass media have learned from advertising. In the apparent belief that even their regular readership will not remember who anybody is, journalists insist on attaching the same label every time they mention a particular leader or faction, regardless of whether the label is appropriate. Thus the force under the command of Saad Haddad was invariably described by Western journalists as

'Major Haddad's Right-Wing Christian Militia' despite the fact that this force was 75 per cent Shiite Moslem, and despite the fact that there was nothing particularly 'right-wing' about its composition or policy. The terms 'right-wing' and 'left-wing' as understood in the West are completely meaningless in the Lebanese context; they are used merely to confirm a certain bias, since the majority of readers have been led to suppose that those on the left are nicer fellows than those on the right. The Lebanese themselves are equally inconsequential in their adoption of slogans; thus the Islamic Fundamentalists who advocate a return to a medieval theocracy call themselves the 'Islamo-Progressist Forces'.

Much has been written about the superior economic position of the Christians, but it is misleading to present them as being responsible for the poverty of other communities. Fifteen years ago the Shiites of Lebanon were not nearly as poor as were the Shiites of Southern Iraq or the fishermen of the Gulf before the boost in oil-prices in 1974.

After the War, the closure of Israel's borders, the instability of Syria and Nasser's socialist experiment in Egypt forced all the trade, banking and investment of the Middle East to go through the Lebanese ports. Lebanon was the only country in the Orient where a Christian majority guaranteed a democratic government, free elections, religious tolerance, universities of the highest professional standards, a free press and a free economy.

The Christians with their superior education, and the Sunni Moslems with their established social and economic position in the cities, were the first to take advantage of the unexpected boom. The rustic and conservative Druze and Shiites were left behind in the race for riches, although the opportunities were there for all. No doubt the Christians were greedy, and no doubt they provoked the jealousy of other communities; but it was also the Christians who did most to provide a climate where business could flourish.

Roads were built all over the country at this period in place of mule-tracks. They were supposed to bring electricity, hygiene and education to the villages; instead, they accelerated the flight from the land, the loss of craftsmanship, the disappearance of social structures and the settlement of an unskilled, rootless and disillusioned proletariat in new shanty-towns around the cities. The phenomenon is familiar in every developing country. In Lebanon the Christian villagers were as much a victim of this evil as the others,

* The situation in the Lebanon is such as to make it impossible to disclose our correspondent's name.

although their culture and their institutions enabled them to react better.

Added to the problem of hasty development was that of the refugees – mostly Palestinians, together with Shiite villagers fleeing their villages in the South on account of Palestinian exactions and retaliatory Israeli bombings. Increasingly these populations took comfort in the dream of a pan-Islamic and pan-Arab social order which would rectify all their wrongs. Increasingly the prosperous Christians, who wanted no such order, were seen as their enemy.

In the Middle East, being a Christian is comparable to being a Catholic (or a Protestant) in Northern Ireland. The notion denotes an easily identifiable cultural, ethnic and historical, as well as a religious, community. A Christian therefore remains a Christian even when he has become a Communist or a non-believer. In the Middle East complete rejection of Faith is rare, and a Christian thinks of himself as such whether he is a saint or a sinner.

Some people in Europe are so ignorant of history that one must remind them that the Christians of the Middle East are not there as a result of 19th century colonial and missionary activity. The Lebanese Christians know that their country was Christian long before Britain and France, and they know that there were Christians in Lebanon long before there were Moslems. They also know that theirs is the only country in the Middle East where Christians are not treated as second-class citizens. That is why they cling so tenaciously to the Constitution.

I know of no country where there is a more genuine ecumenism. Each community holds jealously to its own rites, liturgy and traditions – even those within the Catholic fold, such as the Maronites. But between all Christians – Orthodox, Protestant, Armenian, and Catholic of various hues – there is a powerful feeling of fellowship, solidarity and pride in being a Christian. This applies both to the fervent and to the lax.

In 1982 the Israeli Army over-ran Lebanon as far as Beirut. It was welcomed with flowers by many of the Moslem population as a liberator from the Palestinian revolutionary state within a state. This was well known at the time. Only now that the Palestinians and Shiites are fighting each other, however, can the facts be publicly acknowledged by journalists.

The area east of Beirut is known as the Shouf and is largely inhabited by the Druze, but it had a Catholic minority population. It was the one area where there had been no fighting, and where the two communities – apart from a massacre of Christians after the murder by the Syrians of Joumblatt Senior – had been living peaceably together for over 100 years. During their period of occupation the Israelis consistently armed and incited the Druze and Catholics against each other, by making contradictory promises to both sides. Some of the Catholic Militia became arrogant and fell into the trap, attacking the Druze Militia. But the Christian villagers largely supported Joumblatt's Popular Socialist Party, remained neutral, and deplored the acts of the Christian Militia.

Then in March 1984 the Israelis suddenly withdrew south. The result was a massacre of the unsuspecting Christians by the Druze, which was carried out with horrific cruelty. There is now not one Christian village left in the Shouf – except Deir-el-Qamar where for many long months in 1984 thousands of refugees were besieged – and those who were able to escape fled either north to the Christian held area of East Beirut and north of it, or south to the area around Jezzine in the hills east of Sidon, and along the coastal strip north of Sidon (the Iqlim).

The journalists of the Western press and Western diplomats were strangely silent about these horrors and about this total eradication of the Catholic population of the area. On the other hand they had been vociferous about Sabra and Shatila. They had also strongly condemned the Americans for shelling the Druze positions after the American camps had been bombarded from those same positions. Moreover, the Christians, when defending their villages, were invariably depicted as massacring their Druze neighbours. Of course there were excesses on the Christian side too, but the reporting did nothing to provide the context necessary to understanding them.

From September 1982 till February 1984 the Christian forces had control of West Beirut, and journalists and Western diplomats – who get a lot of their stories from each other – were constantly filing reports on the unfairness of Christian rule and on the bullying tactics of the Phalange Militia. The fact is, however, that any one could move freely and without fear throughout the city, and business flourished. Any excesses, or settling of old scores that may have occurred, were as nothing compared to what is happening there now. There was of course the one horrible massacre of Sabra and Shatila, and no Christian of repute either denies or defends it. But to them, and indeed to the Moslems, it was better understood, and seen as one more massacre in a long chain of them – neither the first nor the last. Had it not been exploited politically by one Israeli party against another, the West would not have known much about it. One has only to consider what has happened recently in those same camps, where an equally ferocious massacre of Palestinians by Shiites has gone largely unremarked by the Western press.

In the capital of a country disturbed by civil war there is usually one fairly comfortable hotel which, provided it has good telephone and telex facilities, becomes the favourite haunt of reporters, junior diplomats, technical advisers, UN personnel and all the host of transient foreigners who have not managed to get to know well many local people – let alone speak the language – and who are in any case so much more at ease in each other's company. One point they usually have in common is that they are well-paid and that they are people of only rudimentary culture, with little knowledge of the history and traditions of the country to which they have been posted. A visit to the bar of such an hotel can be most revealing of the techniques of modern journalism; one hears how the day's stories are

exchanged and shared out, and how the final version of the newspaper report is concocted.

Beirut has just such an hotel, situated in the Western sector as are the other big hotels, the embassies and the airport. During most of the civil war years prior to the Israeli invasion of 1982, crossing the 'Green Line' between the West and the Christian East was a hazardous adventure, and one rarely undertaken by any of the characters mentioned above. The West was occupied by the Syrians and rival factions of revolutionary Palestinians; in fact it was the law of the jungle which prevailed. Moreover the hotel in question belonged to Palestinians (they speak so much better English than those francophone Maronites). Consequently it is not surprising that the reporting – and above all the English-language reporting – was coloured by the surrounding ambiance, and was always that of events as seen from West Beirut. Thus it was that the whole world knew about and saw on television the Israeli bombing of West Beirut, whereas the long drawn out shelling of largely Christian East Beirut, month after month by the combined Moslem forces, went unreported. Until the Israeli invasion people in West Beirut did not know what shelling meant, as the Christian forces had always declined to return fire, rejecting the idea that they should participate in the destruction of their own country.

The interaction between the journalist and the modern diplomat is an interesting one to observe. Those who are nowadays styled diplomats would not be recognisable to their predecessors. Since every newly independent scrap of territory believes it must have its own diplomatic representation and is not content with a mere legation but must have its own embassy, ambassadors are two a penny and can be overheard explaining in which continent their country is situated. (Colonel Gadafy has been more frank and has renamed his embassies 'Peoples' Bureaus'.) Naturally it has not been possible for the newer countries to form a trained diplomatic corps. The juniors cannot look to their seniors for guidance in matters of usage as all are equally inexperienced, and some are ignorant of the elementary conventions of polite society. At the turn of the century only the nine great powers maintained embassies in each other's capitals, and their interests in the Middle East were in the care of their respective Levant Consular Services. Only the most brilliant classical scholars were considered for admission after obtaining their degree, and, if accepted as candidates, they passed another three or four years in the study of Arabic, Turkish and Persian, literature and language (both classical and vernacular), and of the history and customs of the country to which they were destined.

Nowadays the junior diplomat in the smaller embassy will probably be a college graduate, but will not have taken his studies further and will not have undergone the discipline of original research and then submitting his conclusions to the scrutiny of experts. He will probably belong to the civil service of his country, since he will also have to act as consul and

commercial attaché. He will be fairly fresh from the campus, with all the naivety, arrogance and certainty of knowing the answers, which are so characteristic of the half-educated youth. Before taking up his post he will have had no preparatory instruction, and the culture-shock of arriving in a country like Lebanon will disorientate him; to conceal his confusion and insecurity he will retreat into aggressive criticism and become chauvinistic about everything, including the food. He will judge all by the yardstick of his own limited experience, and he will not have enough general culture to see another side to things nor to situate conflicts in their historical and cultural context.

At this point – probably at the afore-mentioned bar – he will meet his new friend the journalist who will appear like an old lag able to show him the ropes. The journalist will have had even less formal education, but he will be self-confident through disposing of a large expense account, earning danger-money and having his name constantly before the public back home; he will have interviewed the politicians and military chiefs and he will be familiar with some recent incidents. All this will make him speak with great self-assurance and our young diplomat will believe he can 'fill in the back-ground' about which he was never properly briefed. As both diplomat and journalist are children of the same age, however far-apart their place of birth, they will share the same fashionable and unanalysed pre-conceived notions and be in agreement as to who are the villains and who are the right-minded people in our modern world.

However the traffic is not all one-way; it is not for nothing that our journalist cultivates the young greenhorn of a diplomat. A press-card is not acceptable at every check-point; a diplomatic passport and diplomatic number-plates – even better a flag – on the car will carry more weight. By using the journalist as his guide and mentor and allowing himself to be taken and shown the scenes that interest the journalist, the young diplomat will be able to impress his superiors with his 'first-hand knowledge' and the journalist will gradually acquire from his diplomatic contacts the notion that he too – against all logic – is entitled to the immunity, facilities and protection which are normally accorded only to the impartial. The journalist pronounces moral judgement in favour of one side and against the other, and is echoed by his diplomatic pupil. One has great influence on his readership which includes leading politicians, and the other on his Foreign Office where the effect can be translated into a vote at the United Nations. The definition of the role of the mistress as opposed to that of the wife has been described as the former having 'power and influence without responsibility'. The same definition can be applied to this unhealthy partnership where one contaminates the other and neither is answerable to anybody. The crowning achievement of the partnership is the production of oft-repeated anonymous quotations which figure in nearly every newspaper-report and gradually acquire a spurious air of authority, despite

the utter ignorance upon which they are founded. One well-informed diplomat was quoted as saying '.....'!

Those same journalists and diplomats should reflect when they see the results today in West Beirut and at the airport of the installation of the régimes that they had so strongly advocated. They should also realise that they are largely to blame; for they created a public opinion in the West hostile to the Christians, and indeed hostile to the moderate Westernised Moslems, and to the legitimate Government of Lebanon; they convinced the Western governments that Lebanon should take 'the Arab option', and that 'the Christians should give up their privileges'; they created the frame of mind in France, Italy, Britain and America that demanded the withdrawal of the Multinational Force and advised the abandonment to their fate of the West's natural allies. They kept comparing the situation to Vietnam, and indeed there was a similarity – namely, that friends were shamefully betrayed. These journalists and diplomats told us that those who have since proved their fanatical, retrograde, obscurantist hatred of all the values of Western and Christian civilisation, were really decent, democratic, open-minded peace-loving folk who were only asking for their fair share; above all, we were told, these poor people had been the victims of an exaggerated Lebanese Christian propaganda, and given a chance, they would prove to be better friends of the West than the Christians.

Some of the Moslems and Druze would undoubtedly like to be our friends; at least they would preserve some elements of civilised behaviour. However, they have shown that they cannot control their own fanatical masses. The Christians had many faults and made many mistakes; but the situation has surely deteriorated from every point of view since they lost control.

Diplomats now complain in private about how unbearable life in West Beirut has become. They deplore the presence of snipers, the armed robberies and the constant danger of being caught in cross-fire or of being kidnapped; they lament that they can no longer go out after dark and that they must barricade themselves into their residences. Incidentally all this lawlessness continues despite the fact that the Syrians claim to have imposed upon that part of the city the Security Plan which they now wish to extend to East Beirut. One feels desperately sorry for the ordinary Lebanese who must go about their business and particularly for those who must cross the 'Green Line' twice a day. However it is hard to feel any sympathy for those privileged Western observers, who even now are not prepared to admit that they might have misjudged the situation and grievously misled their Foreign Offices.

In fact the more important Western and many Moslem States have closed their chancelleries in West Beirut and moved to the Christian sector; they reach and leave the country by sea through Greek Cyprus and the Christian port of Junieh, even when the airport is open, since the Syrians and their allies have been

unable to assure the safety of the road leading to and from it. The Soviets, who for so long failed to condemn the terrorism of those they support, have now had to move the bulk of their personnel out of the country altogether.

In the Christian sector foreigners can see for themselves that they walk about freely and singly by day and by night and without fear; they can even dine out and go dancing. Those who know both sides can also confirm that, unlike that of West Beirut, the danger of the East comes from outside: the Christian East will be unexpectedly and intermittently pounded for hours on end from the Amal positions in the West and South, and by long-range Soviet-made artillery from the Syrian and Druze positions in the hills. The shelling is murderous and will often appear indiscriminate, but it is not entirely so; the autostrade at the rush-hours and the beaches at weekends are favourite targets. Nonetheless our diplomats and journalists maintain their habitual reserve about reporting such matters.

Since March of this year, there has been another blood-bath, also instigated by the withdrawal southwards of the Israeli troops. Whereas Druze, Shiites and Palestinians are fighting each other in West Beirut, these same groups, under the obvious long-range protection and encouragement of Syria, have formed a united 'Islamoprogressist' Coalition which has one simple aim, and that is to wipe out the Christian population of the Jezzine area. This is because it does not suit them to have a Christian population in that particular spot. This Catholic Christian enclave prevents the Druze of the Shouf from joining up with the Druze of the South-East and prevents the Shiites of the North-East in the Beqaa from joining up with the Shiites in the South. Moreover, from the hills around Jezzine the Sunni population of Sidon and the Palestinians of the camps could be dominated.

The 'Islamic Coalition' is extremely well-armed, with Soviet weapons which have been delivered through Syria. The Christian enclave has been caught unawares and has not been supplied with arms by the Israelis for the simple reason that they too thought they had a vested interest in removing this population as they would have liked to see it re-settled in an area of Israel's choice. These unfortunate people have no hope of escaping through the Islamic lines; they can only retreat south when allowed to do so by the forces of General Lahad, who is under Israeli control, and where the Israelis were encouraging them to settle along their northern border. At first it was Israel's hope that they would displace the Shiite population and form a buffer zone between Israel and Lebanon. However the Christians as refugees from their own villages had no desire to squat in other peoples' houses and become 'sand-bags for the Jews'. Thus the Israelis have decided that the 'Christians are unreliable allies' and have abandoned the scheme. Now they hasten the departure of Christians through the port of Naqura, from whence they make the long journey by sea to

Junieh, so adding to the thousands of displaced, homeless, unemployed and largely unaided persons in the Christian sector. The Jezzine Christians themselves only ask for one thing, and that is to be allowed to go on living where they have always lived. The Druze and Shiites, on the other hand, have been told by their leaders that for centuries they had been exploited by the Sunnis and the Christians and that therefore they must expand and acquire new areas.

The result of all this is that between March and the beginning of June, in the Jezzine and Sidon areas alone, the following atrocities have occurred, and been recorded by trustworthy witnesses:

61 Christian villages have been completely destroyed. Some have even been obliterated by bulldozer.

66,000 Catholics have been driven from their houses.

At least 21,000 houses have been burnt and pillaged.

82 churches have been either totally destroyed or ruined and profaned.

24 Catholic schools have been either pillaged, destroyed or turned into Moslem schools.

17 religious houses and convents have been taken over.

A further 25 villages, though not destroyed, have been abandoned by their Catholic inhabitants for fear of massacre.

Those butchered are mostly old people and children who thought they had nothing to fear and who had been given guarantees of safety by Druze and Moslem leaders. Two hundred and five bodies have been identified and most of them had been butchered with extreme cruelty. Further there are about 300 people missing and about 500 seriously wounded. The result is that about 90,000 people have been affected by these events. Many of these have fled south and rather than be resettled against their will by the Israelis, have made the long journey by sea to the Christian enclave north of Beirut. The majority, however, remain bottled up in the Jezzine area waiting to see what will happen.

The atrocities just described are less in number than those that occurred in the Shouf in March 1984; however, it is the perpetrators of the Shouf massacres who are now besieging the Catholic population of Jezzine. Apart from some honourable exceptions in the French Press, the media remains silent, as in 1984, when the Multinational Force, the United Nations, Western diplomats, UNIFIL, the press, the Great Powers, Syria and Israel, did nothing to intervene or prevent the massacres. In the present situation the Christian population has no reason to believe that it will fare any better. These simple people cannot understand how it is that, while the entire Moslem world supports the Palestinians' case and will always back their fellow Moslems, the Christian world makes no move in favour of believers who are threatened with extinction for their faith; on the contrary the Christian world appears to be more favourably disposed to their

murderers. These Lebanese villagers, who are true believers, many of them descended from the first followers of Christ, have yet to understand the death-wish of modern Christendom.

It will undoubtedly be said by many commentators that the Christians have behaved badly too, and that 'there is no difference between any of them'. It must therefore be pointed out that:

1. The attacks by the Christians were primarily against Palestinian camps, and only after years of provocation and after these had become hot-beds of international terrorism, and bases for forces bent on destroying the Lebanese State.

2. For years the Christian-held areas have been the targets of bombardment from Druze, Palestinian and Syrian positions. Only lately have the Christians started returning the fire.

3. For years isolated Christian villages in predominantly Moslem zones have been attacked by marauding and massacring bands of united Palestinians and local Moslems. There are still many isolated Moslem villages and minorities in the Christian zone and they are protected by the Christian forces.

4. There were acts of revenge committed by the Lebanese Christian Forces but none can compare in systematic and calculated sadistic horror with those committed against the Christians.

It will be said by most Western governments that any intervention on behalf of the Christians would be an intervention in the internal affairs of Lebanon; and that nothing can be done unless help is specifically asked for by the Lebanese Government. In this context politicians should remember that twice in the past ten years the United Nations and the Western Powers have intervened in Lebanon without having been requested to do so by the Lebanese Government; of course they intervened on account of the Palestinian question. Is Christian blood less precious?

It should also be remembered that the Lebanese themselves still look back to 1860, when the Christian population was saved from total massacre by the intervention of the Great Powers.

When a Government of National Union was set up in Lebanon last year, Western politicians, who judge matters by the standards applying in their own countries, applauded. But how can such a Government work when two Ministers are leaders of two different armed Militias, which they are even now allowing to bombard and butcher their fellow citizens, to take over the international airport and to hi-jack foreign civilian aircraft; when two Ministers who only rarely attend a cabinet meeting – and when they do, come out telling their followers to be disloyal to the President and the legitimate administration, and ordering the regular Army to mutiny – when these Ministers use the governmental powers at their disposal to bulldoze the houses of their political opponents, and to arrange that their own followers do not pay for hospital treatment, while insisting that everyone else does, and who

encourage their followers to pay no taxes, and no electricity and telephone bills?

The one whose militia recently took the American hostages is Minister for Justice, and the one whose militia has consistently shelled the international airport, is Minister for Tourism and Public Works and Vice-President of the Socialist International.

Recently an Irish national working for a United Nations' Organisation was kidnapped in West Beirut. He was released shortly after, unlike the American and French hostages. No doubt the fact that he had a neutral nationality helped secure his release. But Irish people should not assume that any particular nationality is a guarantee. The Dutch believed that they too were a nationality offensive to no one. This spring a Dutch Jesuit priest, Father Kruyters, disappeared in the Beqaa. His body was later found in a well. He had been murdered, but not before he had been impaled, castrated and disembowelled. We have yet to read any account of this by our Western journalists.

When the West sends aid to a country like Lebanon, the organisations are invariably most scrupulous in insisting that it be equally divided between the different communities. The Westerner will in any case know before he arrives that the need *must* be greater among the non-Christians, and the different way of life among the poorer Moslems – early marriage, easy divorce and remarriage to an extent which almost amounts to polygamy and setting more store by the earning potential of children than by their education – will convince him that he was right. The Western Christian conscience would recoil with horror at the suggestion that aid should be given to the Christians in preference to those who persecute them.

And yet three facts must be remembered. Firstly, all Christian institutions, and particularly Catholic reli-

gious orders, work indiscriminately among the poor, and in a mixed area the Moslem clientele is invariably larger than the Christian. That of course is why the present-day Islamic fanatics hate the Church so much.

Secondly, what the West sends in funds to these marvellous Christian institutions is a mere pittance compared to what the oil-rich Arab States send to Moslem hospitals and foundations.

Thirdly, despite the vastly superior funds which these Moslem hospitals receive from their rich co-religionists, the nursing, hygiene and after-care are inferior to those in the far poorer establishments run by Catholic Nuns, or by the other European and American Missions. So much so that the Moslems, if they possibly can, will prefer to go to a Christian institution, where they are always welcome. Whatever the reason, one finds few Christian patients in Moslem-run hospitals.

The foregoing may sound like an anti-Moslem tirade; it is not. There are very many Druze and Moslems, both simple and educated, whose standards are the highest, and whose friendship and kindness are among the most treasured experiences of those privileged to receive them. They form no part of the ignorant and fanatical mobs to whom I have referred, nor do they support what their political leaders are doing; but their voices have not been heard above the roar of hatred, and apparently they have been able to do little to help their Christian friends and compatriots in this crisis.

Nor is it easy to help people who have been abandoned and betrayed by those who share their faith; who have been offered as a sacrifice in the hope of appeasing forces whose brutality and determination the West is reluctant to acknowledge; and whose fate has been consigned to silence by the only press that has a motive to reveal it.

Socialist Procrusteanism or Conservative Justice?

Antony Flew

‘A Conservative Theory of Justice’ (*Salisbury Review* Vol 3 No 3 April 1985) says many true and important things, things which have long needed saying and which will have to be said again and again. J. R. Lucas is, however, much too gentle in his criticism of the claim that justice is by rights a left-wing concept. Certainly it is true, as he remarks, that ‘Social Democrats, Socialists, Marxists, Trotskyites and Maoists are constantly urging considerations of justice in support of their claims.’ Or, rather, that is what they pretend that their considerations are considerations of. Yet the truth is that it is only by an unargued and preposterous equation of justice with their own Procrustean ideal of equality of outcome that leftists become able to see themselves not as the enemies but

the friends of justice.

Just how unargued this preposterous equation is can be elegantly indicated by noticing that John Rawls, in a monster book, mistitled *A Theory of Justice*, is unable to find room for any definition of the word ‘justice’. He is, as he puts it himself, content ‘to leave questions of meaning and definition aside and to get on with the task of developing a substantive theory of justice’.¹ It is now common knowledge that, according to this ‘substantive theory’, (social) justice prescribes a sort of qualified equality. Everybody is to be ‘assigned’ an equal share; except insofar as anybody’s getting something above average will ultimately (not just do no harm to but positively) benefit (not some or most people but only) the least advantaged group. Perhaps

not surprisingly, no serious attempt is made to show that the enforcement of this rather mean and inhibiting social ideal is the imperative of – without prefix or suffix – justice.

Once we do seek a definition we find that there is a common core generally agreed. Thus for the *Institutes* of Justinian the mark of the just person is 'constans et perpetua jus suum cuique tribuere' – a constant and perpetual will to allow to each their own. More recent treatises have often cited a fuller version, adding two further clauses before that crucial and traditional 'to each their own'. This fuller version runs: 'Honeste vivere, neminem laedere, suum cuique tribuere' – to live honestly, to injure no one, to allow to each their own. So, whatever alterations might be required to produce a completely satisfactory definition, it is for us sufficient to recognise that the heart of the matter is expressed in a single Latin tag, 'suum cuique tribuere'.

That given, there are several discussion-transforming consequences to be drawn. To appreciate the first we need a distinction between concepts and conceptions. Agreement on the purely formal and conceptual issues – in effect, that is, agreement on the meaning of the word 'justice' – certainly has not extended to embrace a similarly contented consensus, either about what everyone's several and substantive deserts and entitlements actually are, or about what are the proper bases of desert and entitlement. Thus it is often, as in the present case, possible to share the same concept while nevertheless cherishing different and conflicting conceptions.

What is not possible is to employ different concepts, supposedly both concepts of – say – justice, and still be discussing the same subject. Hence, whatever its other merits, if any, any conception which rejects the notions of desert and entitlement just cannot be a conception of justice.² For similar reasons it is impossible to distinguish one conception of justice among others as 'an entitlement theory'.³ To attempt this is like trying to distinguish your preferred conception of chastity as the one which calls for sexual restraint.

Second, the two key words, 'desert' and 'entitlement', are by no means synonymous. So it will not do to render 'their own' or 'their due' as involving always and only merit or desert. Deserts are, necessarily, merited or deserved whereas entitlements may or may not be; while it would be at least odd to speak of any entitlement to something disagreeable. Most of us become entitled to most of our possessions by performing our part in some sort of contract of service; and it is these contracts rather than any deserts of ours which warrant these entitlements.

Such remarks may well provoke some dedicated meritocrat to try to deny undeserved or, perhaps it would be better to say, imitating Aristotle, not-deserved entitlements. Such a response would be rash. For all claims to universal human rights, for instance, are and can only be grounded on what people are rather than on what they have done or not done. Also,

and more compelling to the meritocrat, the very possibility of desert seems to presuppose that of undeserved entitlement. For how is merit to be attained saved by developing potentialities which, as innate, cannot have been themselves deserved?

At this point Rawls and other radical collectivists argue that, because – they say – all such capacities and incapacities have been distributed by a very arbitrary and unfair 'natural lottery', we ought to treat them as a collective asset or, as the case may be, liability.⁴ Against this an enemy of socialism has to reply that our several natural capacities and incapacities, just as much as our different genders and our various physiques, are constitutive elements of what, as an individual human being, each of us is. There neither was nor could have been any such 'natural lottery'. What, after all, are the beings without characteristics to whom these capacities and incapacities were, supposedly, distributed so unfairly? (To Rawls in particular – eschewing as he does, any categorical socialist commitment and claiming too to value individual self-respect – we have also to put the question: 'How can I have self-respect as an individual, rather than as what the young Marx would have called a species-being, if none of my differentiating characteristics are really mine?')

The third and for us most important consequence of accepting that the Latin tag expresses the heart of the matter is that anyone truly trying to show that justice requires even a qualified economic equality must be undertaking a most unpromising task. The tag itself suggests, while not strictly implying, differences; and, therefore, inequalities. More to the point, in every respect which might be urged as a valid basis of individual desert or entitlement, the differences between individuals are so great that it becomes unthinkable that their resultants will reduce in every case to universal equality.

All such arguments notwithstanding, there are those who still insist that justice nevertheless is equality. Hath not Aristotle himself said: 'If, therefore, injustice is inequality, justice is equality – a view which commends itself to all without proof...'⁵ So it might seem that we would have the authority not only of The Philosopher but also of the common sense of mankind for arguing, in favour of a paradigmatically racist policy of racial preference, that 'it will make the community more equal, and therefore more just'.⁶ So indeed it might seem; but only to those who fail to read on. For Aristotle at once proceeds to add: 'So it follows necessarily that justice involves at least four terms: both two persons for whom it is just and two shares which are just. And there will be the same equality between the shares as between the persons, since the ratio between the shares will be equal to the ratio between the persons. *For if the persons are not equal they will not have equal shares...*'⁷

The only equality which is necessarily involved is formal not material. Like all other rules, the rules of justice require that all relevantly like cases be treated alike; which is not at all the same as requiring that all

cases be treated alike, period. Where race is properly irrelevant, as it almost always is, policies of racial preference and racial exclusion must be unjust precisely because they necessarily involve treating relevantly like cases differently and relevantly unlike cases alike. It is only in this understanding of racism, an understanding ever less acceptable to Black Power militants in the race relations industry, that a fight against racism is a fight for justice.

Since the passage quoted comes from Aristotle's own examination of distributive justice (which, so far as we know, he was the first philosopher to distinguish), it becomes relevant to insist that he most certainly never assumed that everything – all manner of goods and services, that is, both those already in existence and those yet to be produced – were available altogether free of all prior claims; and that they had to be distributed or redistributed by some collective authority. Quite the contrary. 'Distributive justice' is defined by him as that sort which is 'exercised in distributions of honour or of wealth or of anything else which is to be divided among those who have a share in the constitution; since in these it is possible for one to have an allocation either equal or unequal to that of another'.⁹ So the common stocks from which these distributions are to be made clearly cannot be the only stocks there are. Throughout, Aristotle is presupposing the subsistence of private and justly held holdings, holdings which presumably did not all result from previous public distributions.

The purpose of these references to the classical discussion of distributive justice is not, by summoning the authority of The Philosopher, to prejudge issues which ought to be argued frankly and without inhibition. On the contrary, it is to insist that that is precisely how they ought to be argued. For no one has any business to assume, without argument, and even commonly without noticing that any possibly questionable assumption is being made: either that there are no legitimate prior claims on present and possible future holdings; or that all goods ought to be allotted or assigned by some collective authority. Yet it is on these terms that what purport to be discussions of distributive justice are nowadays normally conducted.

Perhaps the strongest reason for doubting whether the imposition and maintenance of some preferred pattern of egalitarian distribution can be identified with the fulfilment of the mandates of justice is to be found in the fact that, whereas the former project is future-oriented, the latter is the very opposite. For justice is an essentially backward-looking notion, concerned with people getting and being able to keep their several and presumably often very different deserts and entitlements; deserts and entitlements which we have antecedently acquired by being what we are and have been, and by doing or refraining from doing what we either have done or have refrained from doing. That is why the heroes of such good, old-original, American Westerns as *Shane*, or why *The Four Just Men* of England's Edgar Wallace, cannot begin to do the

justice 'which a man has to do' without some preparatory research into the conduct and background of all the various persons concerned, and into their several and consequent deserts and entitlements. That is why justice so obviously is, and should be seen as being, a conservative rather than a 'progressive' or socialist virtue.

The new, rival ideal of equality of outcome, equality of welfare, is by contrast essentially forward-looking. It commits its proponents to dismissing the past as irrelevant. Regardless of what people are or have been, or have or have not previously done, this Procrustean ideal demands that their future condition is to be made, and kept, equal. Where this is, as usual, to be achieved by social engineering involving forceful exercises of state power the adjective 'Procrustean' is entirely apt. Such an epithet could not, of course, be fairly applied to anyone so eccentric as to choose to pursue his end without resorting to compulsion, through (sometimes sacrificial) personal example, and by peaceful persuasion.

All this suggests, even if it is not perhaps fully sufficient to show, that the 'progressive' protagonists of this Procrustean ideal would, if they were both clearheaded and frank, sacrifice the perceived propaganda advantages of presenting it as a kind of justice. Instead, and taking a leaf from the book of the orthopsychiatrists and other self-styled penal progressives, they would mount a bold and radical onslaught on the very notion of justice – denouncing the whole business as antique, reactionary, irrelevant, gothic and – what is the truth – irreducibly and irremediably backward-looking.

This is, after all, exactly how the most scientifically-minded and future-oriented reformers do present parallel proposals for replacing criminal justice by orthopsychiatry. Karl Menninger, for instance, who was for years the recognised doyen of that discipline, had no backward-looking scruples, and no inhibitions against projecting what to dissident diehards will appear an unlovely image. Thus, in a book aggressively entitled *The Crime of Punishment*, he wrote: 'The very word "justice" irritates scientists. No surgeon expects to be asked whether an operation for cancer is just or not. No doctor will be reproached on the grounds that the dose of penicillin he has prescribed is less or more than justice would stipulate. Behavioural scientists regard it as equally absurd to invoke the question of justice.'¹⁰

At this stage, if not long before, someone may object that all this insisting on and drawing out the implications of the traditional definition of 'justice' is so much verbal trifling. Indeed many have so objected, including some who, being professional philosophers, are paid to know better. But to those who persist in describing as 'just' the implementation of favoured projects which cannot be correctly so characterised, we should respond by asking why, if the application of one word rather than another is really a matter of no importance, they remain resolved to employ the term 'justice' instead of some new-minted alternative? The

reason is, of course, that our petulant protestors propose, in despite of tacitly admitting their disinclination or inability to earn a right to them, to continue behaving as if, when employed in another sense, the word 'justice' properly carried the associations and implications legitimately belonging to its former employment.

If once granted that 'equality and social justice' are indeed part or the whole of justice, then members of the New Class striving to realise what with unfriendly fairness we label the Procrustean ideal will very naturally be inclined to see themselves, and to expect to be seen as, in their modest ways, Shane figures.¹¹ Who of us, after all, are so poor-spirited as never to have fantasised ourselves into playing such Wayne-type, real-life, hero roles?

The alternative associations, however, derive from, and must in the long run be sustained by reference to, the traditional meaning. Shane and his like are rightly admired: not because their conduct is psychologically associated with a particular vocable, considered as so much uninterpreted acoustic disturbance; but because that conduct can, in the traditional sense of the word, be rated just. They strove, that is to say, against formidable opposition: not to equalise indiscriminately and universally; but instead to ensure that everyone obtained their very various, individually appropriate, deserts and entitlements.

The second source of reluctance to abandon the word 'justice' is that, wherever it may correctly be applied, those who apply it have a ready-made, knock-down answer to what might otherwise be an embarrassing question: 'By what right are you proposing to deploy the forceful machinery of the state in order to impose on everyone – or, sometimes, it appears to be only on almost everyone else – your own personal and private vision of an ideal society?' But justice is precisely not that kind of purely individual ideal. Everyone has to allow that what is prescribed by (moral) justice may properly, though not always prudently, be enforced by (legal) law. In *Utilitarianism* J. S. Mill formulates his appeal to this consensus in a curiously linguistic fashion: 'When we think a person is bound in justice to do a thing, it is an ordinary form of language to say that he ought to be compelled to do it.'¹²

The here unstated reason is simple and efficient. If anyone is justly entitled to something presently in my possession then it is obvious that they have a (moral) right to repossess it and I a corresponding (moral) duty to yield it up: and, if I fail or refuse to do so, then certainly I have no standing ground against officials of the public power intervening in order to force my compliance; in the name of justice.

But it is another matter altogether when some people, even a lot of people, merely become persuaded that the world would be, not particularly a more just, but generally a better place, if certain persons had more and others less. In that case, until and unless the holdings of these others can somehow be proved to be morally illegitimate, it would appear that the only path

of progress open to cherishers of ideals of this kind must be freewill offerings: first from themselves; and then from whoever else can be persuaded to share their vision. Few conclusions could be more offensively unwelcome. It is immeasurably more comfortable to participate in discussions in which A and B (present) decide what the absent C should be forced to do for the absent D!

Small wonder then that those promoting various versions of the Procrustean ideal are almost invincibly reluctant to surrender their pretensions to be pursuing a kind of justice. No doubt it is too much to hope to persuade them altogether to abandon such ideals, unlovely and impoverishing though they are. After all, for many, and by no means only for unskilled manual workers in such strongly socialist organisations as NUPE, the demand that essential services ('equal for all') should be provided exclusively by state monopolies is at least in part an expression of a quite sordid trades union interest. It is a trades union interest, that is to say, in the exploitation of the position of monopoly providers. Nevertheless we may perhaps permit ourselves to hope to be able to put some check on the claims of the Procrustians to be fighters for justice; and, as such, more virtuous than their political opponents. In doing this we shall complete the case for maintaining that justice, just as much as liberty, is a thoroughly conservative value.

The hope lies in making the most prominent and articulate Procrustians, but still more everyone else, aware of one more, much too rarely noticed implication of their claims. For consider: if justice, even social justice, really did both demand and warrant an equal distribution, then everyone would be morally entitled to no more and no less than equal share. This indeed is a tautology. There is, however, no question but that all those prominent and articulate Procrustians with whom I myself happen to be acquainted are, on this their own assumption, rather conspicuously under-deprived. They are all, therefore, to speak less delicately, in possession and enjoyment of considerable amounts both of capital and income, to say nothing of power and position, over and above those equal or nearly equal shares to which alone they are, on their own accounts, justly entitled. In accordance with their own constantly reiterated principles, such excesses cannot but constitute property stolen (by keeping) from others worse off than themselves. It is not a pretty picture.

So, since they are certainly not going to surrender voluntarily their own supposedly unjust excesses to those who supposedly have a right to them, all such improperly prosperous Procrustians have a choice: between seeing themselves, and – far worse – being seen as, peculiarly squalid and nasty sneak thieves; and reconsidering, or it may be considering for the first time, their false equation of Procrustianism with justice. While they are engaged in this necessary rethinking, or first thinking, could we have a moratorium, please, on claims that conservatives, of all people, are enemies of justice?

Notes

1. John Rawls, *A Theory of Justice* (Oxford: Clarendon, 1972) p. 579.
2. For an application of this criticism to Rawls see my *The Politics of Procrustes* (London: Temple Smith, 1981) Chapter IV.
3. Robert Nozick, *Anarchy, State and Utopia* (Oxford: Blackwell, 1976) p. 150. Nozick is too modest in this description of his own work.
4. Rawls, *loc. cit.*, pp. 74, 100–1 and 179.
5. *Nicomachean Ethics*, 1131A, 19–20.
6. Ronald Dworkin, *Taking Rights Seriously* (London: Duckworth, 1977) p. 252. Since Dworkin here puts this into the mouth of the University of Washington we must not infer that his own support for such policies appeals to this argument.
7. *Op. cit.*, 1131A, 20–24, italics supplied.
8. *Ibid.*, 1130B, 30–34.
9. *Ibid.*, 1131A, 25–29 and 131B, 28–33.
10. Karl Menninger, *The Crime of Punishment* (New York: Viking, 1968) p. 17.
11. Hugh Stretton goes so far as to dedicate *Capitalism, Socialism and the Environment* (Cambridge: CUP, 1976) to a group of what on this account he admires as Four Just Men: 'Apart from any influence their writings may have had those four must by now have planned, directed or managed several billion dollars worth of three or four countries' capital resources, mostly to the purpose of reducing inequalities' (p. vi).
12. P. 44 of the 1910 Everyman edition.

A Polish Diary

D. M. Armstrong

April 29th 1985. The customs officer at Warsaw airport seems chiefly interested in whether we are bringing any gold into the country. I deny that I am, but he points to the gold in my watch. Have I any more gold? I point to my teeth. He laughs, and lets us through.

A telegram I sent from London on April 23rd, in response to a phone call from Warsaw, has turned up today.

We are staying at the Hotel Forum, a great up-ended box – we are on the 26th floor – built by the Swedes to be like every other hotel in the world. Fast lifts and good hot water. The food is not very good, even in the more expensive of the restaurants.

April 30th. I give a copy of yesterday's *Times* and *Daily Telegraph* to the young man who picked us up at the airport. I say 'I prefer the *Telegraph*.' 'Ah, you are a conservative. Good, so am I.'

A letter I sent air-mail from London on March 27th, and whose non-arrival prompted the phone call from Warsaw, arrived at the Institute of Philosophy today.

Lunch at a cafe near the hotel. We are spoken to by a small Polish-English seaman, many years a cook on merchant vessels. Who comes into the cafe? 'People who want to change money, hookers and the police.'

That night we can't get any wine at dinner at the hotel. 'By order of General Jaruselski' says the waiter. Tomorrow is May Day.

May 1st. At 9 am we are picked up by a young couple. It is still very cold, as it was in London. Jenny is told to wear flat shoes (if we have to run), and we leave behind a carry bag and camera. We are taken first to see people gathering for the official march. The *Milicja* are everywhere (though never without companions). Squad cars and armoured cars with water-cannon. People have been bussed in from the country. The atmosphere seems relaxed and nobody is excited.

Then four or five kilometres out to Father Jerzy Popieluszko's church, St Stanislaw, a large, modern, ugly building set behind railings. A service is going on, transmitted by loud-speaker to the crowd outside the railings. We can't get into the church, which is full, but are admitted behind the railings ('a Professor, from Sydney').

Popieluszko's grave in one corner, many candles forming an anchor with two boy scouts as honour guard. Flowers and crosses everywhere, flowers hang from the railings. A notice-board with photographs of the place of death. Banners from all over the country hang on the railings, but facing inwards. British TV (ITN) filming the scene.

The atmosphere is concentrated and intense. The crowd (5000?) kneel at two points in the service, and hold up their right hands in the Solidarity V-sign for two hymns.

After the service, a small procession moves off. Slogans are shouted and leaflets rise in the air. There seems to have been a strike at a big metal works the day before, with rumours of arrests, and this procession is going to join others outside the works. But our hosts take us off to the Old Town, where we give them some lunch.

In the evening we entertain the translator of my book on the mind, and her daughter, whose English is excellent. The mother is an old friend of Richard Krygier, whom she last saw in 1939. She has studied philosophy, and translated 12 works. They are rather good ones and I am pleased to be in the company of these authors. Many years ago she translated Karl Popper's *The Open Society and its Enemies*. Twice it seemed that publication might be permitted, but . . .

She fought twice, in 1939 and in the Rising in 1944. After the latter she was in a German *Stalag* for officers. She escaped over the border to Holland, thence to France and to England.

At midnight, as we are getting to sleep, the telephone rings. A female voice speaking English. 'Are you awake? Are you feeling lonely?'

May 3rd. We are taken to the Warsaw markets – small and covered. Perhaps the fruit and vegetables there are better than in an average English greengrocer's. But the prices would be extremely high for Polish incomes.

There were about 10,000 (according to the police radio) in the demonstration on May Day outside the metal works. It was peaceful – Jacek Kuron negotiated with the police to ensure this. Afterwards they arrested him, and charged him with organising an illegal demonstration.

We are told that the Poles never charged with lances the German tanks in 1939. Our informant says that this was German propaganda. The Germans, he says, were exploiting the tradition of jokes about dumb Poles.

May 4th. Visited the Wilanow palace, palace of John Sobieski, victor over the Turks. It is a graceful building but no bigger than a large country house. It was the magnates, not the elected Polish Kings, who had really big palaces.

Taxis are a bit hard to get in Warsaw. Apparently the problem is this. Petrol is rationed, but cab drivers get a big allowance. However, it pays them not to use their cabs and instead sell the petrol on the black-market.

We are lent a short-wave radio to pick up the BBC, and Radio Free Europe. At first, all we can get are English-language broadcasts from Moscow, which broadcast on frequencies close to the Western stations. But eventually we get the BBC fairly clearly.

May 5th. We are taken to the Warsaw flea-market, which operates every Sunday. We go by bus, and when we get near to the place crowds are streaming in. You can hardly move in the market itself. Perhaps 150,000 go there in the course of the day. (Warsaw is only 1½ million, but people come in from elsewhere.) The market is tolerated – some time ago they tried to close it, but the volume of protest was too great. Even the press was critical. Bare earth, mud and large puddles, with much of the merchandise laid out on the ground. A lot of the stuff would go in the dust-bin in the West, but there are good things including good books, classical authors and philosophy. I buy our companion a good Polish edition of de Tocqueville's *Democracy in America*.

Later to the Jewish ghetto, scene of the 1943 uprising when the news of the death-camps spread. Not much to see – it was all 'equalised' as our friends put it. That is, flattened. Now it is an ordinary suburb, except for a memorial and the large old Jewish cemetery, tended by some Jews. There is a statue to Janusz Korczak, a Jew who went with the children of his orphanage to the camps, although he was offered a 'ticket' to stay. Now it is difficult to find enough Jews to say the Kaddish, the prayer to the dead, at the memorial.

In the evening to a wonderfully fresh, light, well-acted, well-produced performance of *Cosi Fan*

Tutte, by a young cast and orchestra, diploma students, sung in very choice Polish. I could not judge the quality of the singing and playing. Jenny thought it was good, though not at the very highest standard. The audience clapped and bravoed with great enthusiasm.

Joke of the day. The young Israeli air-force considered whether their radio transmissions should be in code. 'No. Speak Polish.'

May 6th. I give my first talk at the Institute of Philosophy, on the venerable topic, stretching back to Plato, of Universals. Non-philosophers in the West are sometimes a bit surprised to hear that philosophy in Poland has been strong for a long time. What is more, it is a clear-headed, analytic, tradition that has no great sympathy with German (and now French) darkness. Poland has produced many fine logicians. There seems to be good understanding of what I have to say (going slowly, talking not reading, much use of the blackboard), and good critical discussion. The well-known English philosopher, Peter Geach, is present. He speaks Polish, and he is here as Visiting Professor for a semester.

May 7th. We get a bit more information on the May Day strike. It was at the Zyradow textile works, not a metal works. It employs mostly women. They wanted 3,000 zlotys more a month. (This would buy a bit more than 2 kilos of oranges at the Warsaw market. The US \$1 stands at 600 zlotys on the black market.) The management offered 1,500, but said that they were not empowered to go further.

At the church service, others besides the priest spoke briefly. One was the activist Seweryn Jaworski. He said 'Let us pray for the strikers.' He was later arrested at the demonstration.

General reflections after a conversation. The Hungarians, the East Germans, and the Czechs have a modest prosperity. But there is no political freedom, and culture can only be a private affair. The Poles have won themselves a degree of political freedom, and a degree of public cultural freedom, though the struggle is continual. But the Polish economic situation is terrible. It was as if the Giercek government pissed away the huge Western credits that they negotiated. There is nothing to show for the money except the debt.

It seems to me that the weak point is the Polish worker. Their participation in culture and political freedom must be more limited. They suffer many privations. How long can they go on showing restraint in the continuous struggle? Yet it is restraint which, along with determined resistance, has given Solidarity the power that it has.

Apparently, some persons in ruling circles have been publicly suggesting that Jaruzelski should be made a Marshal. The General humbly protested his unworthiness. The very next day they were at him again. Does he want to rank with Pilsudski and others?

It seems to be a matter of uncertainty whether the Poles did or did not attack those tanks with cavalry. The matter is raised from time to time, but it is difficult to establish the facts.

Jenny, who works as a social worker in a mental hospital, visited the prestigious Institute of Psychiatry and Neurology. As ever in Poland, she was warmly received and was told the truth. Shortage of drugs creates great difficulty in treatment. Social Security barely provides subsistence for the mentally ill. The average invalid pension for the mentally ill is 5,000 zlotys a month (US\$9). With accommodation so short, there is no possibility of half-way houses.

May 8th. Jenny wants to get some shoes heeled, and she is directed to a shoemaker near the hotel. A small, neat, workshop down some steps. The shoemaker, relatively young, speaks English, learnt in high school. He is keen to tell us how awful conditions are in Poland. He does an excellent job on the heels. Cost: 200 zlotys (33c US at the black market rate). We are continually made to feel guilty and shamed by what we can buy for next to nothing.

May 10th. We visit the Australian Ambassador, Mr Max Hughes. Australia has had an Ambassador to Poland only since 1973. The Embassy is in the east of Warsaw, just over the Vistula, and is a rather utilitarian conversion of half an apartment block. It is set in a pleasant enough district, but by no means grand.

The Ambassador has only been here since February, but is very well-informed. He is Ambassador to Czechoslovakia as well as Poland. He gives us his analysis of the situation as it has developed over the past few weeks. He is also kind enough to lend us a bundle of *Sydney Morning Herald's* right up to May 1st. We haven't seen any Australian newspapers since leaving Sydney in January.

The taxi-driver who takes us to the Embassy points out the building, already known to us, where Jaruselski works. He expresses a low opinion of the General.

May 11th. In the evening we are taken to a party organised for us. The others are four young couples who have been close friends for many years. One couple had taken us around on May Day, and another we had met briefly outside the church on the same day. But the other two couples, who include our hosts, we meet for the first time.

The apartment is a pleasant one, three rooms, a good way out of Warsaw in a new estate of tower blocks. There are two young children. The wife's parents put her name down, and paid money into a building society. After 11 years, their apartment became available. But now the waiting time is 17 to 20 years.

After things warm up there is a wonderful atmosphere. Our host, a young biologist, has the best English. He had recently been in Holland for six months. But everybody tries to help each other to get over the problem of language. We have heard a good deal about the different political attitudes of the generations, with their very different experiences. So I ask them what their disagreements with their parents are. The differences turn out to be rather elusive. It doesn't seem to be much more than the caution of age versus the impatience of youth. In one case, even, a

father, a policeman retired early, is more radical than his daughter. It is as if, because it is perfectly obvious what must be opposed and what supported, normal generational conflict cannot find much to get a purchase on, but still makes itself puzzlingly felt.

They see very well the reasons for leaving Poland, but they are all determined to remain and to make a political contribution. Jenny asks if there is any feminism in Poland. There is a great spontaneous laugh. The real tasks are far too pressing to bother about such things. Yet the atmosphere at the party is one of complete, though unselfconscious, equality.

We leave near midnight. Earlier, Jenny is given a medal struck to commemorate Father Popieluszko. What a wonderful memento to have of the evening.

May 12th. We are driven to Chopin's birth-place, 50 kilometres west of Warsaw. After the drab depressing city it is marvellous to be out on the flat but not treeless Polish plain in the fresh green of May. Here and there a splash of red where tulips are being grown commercially.

The 'nobleman's' house would be the dwelling of an English country gentleman of the same period, a gentleman in no very big way. Through the pleasant grounds, a little way from the house flows the river Utrata. It is black and evil-smelling, the worst polluted river in a country where the rivers are all grossly polluted. It is a matter of effluent discharged from factories outside Warsaw. The factories are charged money for what they discharge, but adding this to their costs is little deterrent. The State is simply paying the State.

There is a recital by a noted American pianist inside the house (where a huge urn with flowers marks Chopin's exact birth-place). The crowd sits and listens on a terrace outside, in the May sunshine.

On the way home, we walk in a tall forest in the state park. It has one pleasing characteristic (pleasing to me) in which it resembles the bush. It goes on and on without reaching any particular climax. Jenny is taken by the wild lily of the valley in bud, and small green, and also blue, butterflies.

May 13th. We meet the Chopin, the daily train from Vienna, which then goes on to Moscow. On it are our friends Sandy and John Copley. She is of Polish origin, and was brought up to speak Polish at home in Sydney. Her comprehension is perfect and her own Polish is pretty good. We are planning to hire a car and do some touring with them.

Later I give my second talk at the Institute of Philosophy, on the philosophy of mind. Afterwards we spend the evening with an academic couple whom we entertained to lunch a few days ago in the Forum.

Their apartment in the usual huge block is pretty typical, they say, for people like them. Forty-eight square metres houses them and their two children. Into this little space are fitted two bedrooms and a living room/dining room, as well as kitchen and bathroom. There is even a tiny balcony. They had to wait 11 years to get it – before that they had to rent.

Perhaps over 40, with a late family, their lives are not easy. The wife teaches for nine hours a week (for the information of non-academics, this is a fairly heavy load involving many hours of actual work) and stands in queues for eight hours on the average. The husband tries to make a little extra money by translation. They are both worried that, owing to lack of time, they do not have enough academic achievement to ensure that they can keep their jobs. They were Party members until Solidarity, but they joined the opposition, so the authorities may be looking for an excuse. In any case, as many have told us, there are ominous signs that a crackdown on the Universities is coming.

One of the incidental hazards of their life appears to be foreign visitors, especially in May! While we are there, the phone rings and a visiting American is on the line. A few days earlier they were landed with a young man from Oxford who couldn't afford a tourist hotel. They didn't even know him, but put him up for some days. Despite this, they give us wonderful entertainment in the cramped space, serving a delicious soup. We brought them some gifts, but the wife responded by giving Jenny a long amber necklace. Polish hospitality and Polish pride.

One thing the husband emphasises is how much better off, despite everything, they are than the Russians. (He knows Russia quite well.) Far better, both politically and economically. It is all brought together in a sad joke. A Frenchman who has never been to the USSR takes a train to Moscow. At the same time a Russian who has never been to the West takes a train to Paris. By chance, the two trains pull into Warsaw at the same time. Both passengers disembark.

May 14th. Jenny saw a very interesting incident in an under-the-street subway. Two of the *Milicja* were trying to lead away a young girl with a pusher and baby. She was resisting and shouting. A crowd of about 100 people formed a protective ring round about her. Eventually, the policemen desisted and went away. The crowd remained there for some time around the girl, discussing the incident vigorously.

We related the incident that evening to a Polish friend and he thought it quite significant. We don't know what the girl had done, and presumably it could not have been anything much. But the attitude of people seemed to be 'whatever you have done, we are on your side against the *Milicja*'.

How do the latter sustain themselves against the hatred and contempt of the populace? Our friend said that they are becoming a caste apart. The great source of recruitment is from their own children.

We talk with our friend about whether there is a political generation-gap. He suggests that, if there is, it is between grandparents and the rest. The intellectuals who are still collaborating with the regime are all extremely old!

May 15th. We drive with the Copleys from Warsaw to Cracow. It is again delightful to be in the countryside, and we lunch by a stream in a village. But even outside Warsaw the smogginess of the atmosphere

is apparent. The reason is also apparent. When we pass near towns or industry there is a belch of smoke from high chimneys.

May 16th. In the morning I talk again on Universals to philosophers at the Jagiellonian University. Afterwards two students take us to the beautiful old market square of Cracow and to a famous cafe, *Jama Michalika*, which has been operating since the turn of the century. It used to have very sharp political cabaret. Faded art deco magnificence with stained glass and old political cartoons.

In the evening the four of us are invited to a supper. We meet a lady who was arrested in the May Day demonstration at Nova Huta (near Cracow), where the American diplomats were arrested. She tells us her story, with Sandy Copley interpreting.

The lady was on the edge of the demonstration and was only arrested, with two female companions, when it was dispersing. They were charged with being in the vanguard, shouting slogans and inciting resistance. She was held in prison for 48 hours and then tried by a special administrative tribunal. A fine of 18,000 zlotys (it could have been 20,000) to be paid immediately in default of three months jail. Luckily, friends were able to work out that she had been arrested, and pay her fines, because such arrested persons are given no facilities to communicate with others.

May 19th. We make a small pilgrimage, driving the 90 or so kilometres from Cracow to Czestochwa with the object of seeing the Black Madonna, patroness of Poland. We go there by back roads and stop for a walk in a beautiful limestone valley.

The cathedral is set in a great complex of buildings on a hill, Bright Mountain, and is approached along the long, broad avenue of St Mary. Above it soars the immensely tall stepped spire, or tower. It is Sunday and there are large crowds, though nothing to those that gather here for great religious occasions.

The Madonna, it turns out, is only on view during services in her great, church-sized chapel. When we join a congregation, the building is full. Only with difficulty do we get near enough to discern the face. It is too distant to make out the scar-like injury on the right cheek. Children are held up for a view. The intensity of emotion, and the devotion, of the completely orderly crowd make a profound impression. It is one thing to know the strength of Catholicism in Poland, and its political weight. It is another to see and feel it.

After we leave the chapel we look at a notice board with photographs of Lech Walesa dedicating his Nobel medal to the Madonna. Other photographs are of Popieluszko, some in the company of Walesa. Before going off we make a donation to a cheerful old nun at a ticket-window. She, and her sister who joins her, have a nephew in Sydney, or is it Melbourne? She writes his name on an envelope, and puts in it some little pictures of the Madonna for him. She hasn't got his address, but perhaps we will be able to contact him.

As in Warsaw, the time devoted to us, and the hospitality, are overwhelming. Our companion gave up

a day to accompany us to Czestochwa, but we have seen him every day in Cracow. He and his wife have insisted on entertaining us twice in their apartment, despite problems of income, rationing, queuing, and all the other difficulties of life here. Gifts from the foreign currency shops only bring out a determination to give us something from their little!

May 20th. We are taken out to Nova Huta, a name which means 'New Steelworks'. Near Cracow, it was established since the war to be a model Communist town. As a result, no provision was made for churches. This led to riots as far back as 1961. Since the 70s the authorities have allowed six churches to be built. After seeing where the May Day demonstration occurred, we visit two of them.

The architecture of both is contemporary, they are very large and, though relatively bare, well built of excellent materials. The only well-built buildings in contemporary Poland, we are told, and after what we have seen we can easily believe it. Yet they have to be built purely from the contributions of the faithful.

The second church is particularly interesting. One altar is already becoming known throughout the country. Before it is a forest of huge votive candles, with ribbons carrying religious/political slogans, mostly from unofficial worker and student organisations. Some of the candles are attached to models of industrial equipment, radiators and so on, equipment made by the factories concerned.

Elsewhere, there is an exhibition of pictures illustrating the Catholic resistance – leading priests, who include the priest of this church, the students who resisted the removal of crosses from their school, and so on. Inevitably, there is an alcove dedicated to Father Popieluszko. A lady visiting from another district expresses surprise to our companion that it is all left uninterfered with. In her church, prayers written out and put on altar-rails had been torn up. It seems that policy, or the balance of forces, is different in different parts of Poland.

Our visit to Cracow concludes in the evening with my second lecture. Tomorrow we drive back to Warsaw.

May 23rd. A young Pole whom we have seen a great deal of in Warsaw drives us to Gdansk. We have seen Popieluszko's church, and the Black Madonna. We think that now we ought to see the third shrine of contemporary Poland.

As we go North the flat plain ends and a rolling country begins. This is a surprise to me: I had pictured the Baltic coast as perfectly flat. We cross the Vistula three times, and see the place where divers found Popieluszko's body. We are late into Gdansk and have to go to a hotel in nearby Gdynia.

Adam Michnik's trial began in Gdansk today. He was arrested with two others at a Solidarity meeting earlier this year. The meeting was considering what protest to make about price rises.

May 24th. Jenny hears on the BBC that Michnik has refused to speak to the court on the ground that he

had been refused private communication with his lawyer. We learn in the evening that today there was quite a crowd outside the court-room and large numbers of police, but we see nothing of this.

We go first to Pilotov street where Walesa lives in one of the huge housing blocks that cover the area. Inquiries reveal that his apartment is one on the first floor. Bicycles on the little balcony and washing hanging up. A bit self-consciously, we take some photographs.

Then we go on to the Solidarity monument in a square immediately outside an entrance to the Lenin shipyards. Three great pillars surmounted by anchors, the symbol of Polish resistance since World War Two. At the base, bas-relief bronze sculptures depict the workers, women, children and peasants, to our prejudiced eyes a pretty superior piece of social realism. On the ground a great anchor of fresh flowers. Various commemorative plaques on a nearby wall.

We come back a little later to see the two o'clock shift stream out of the yard, hoping to see Walesa. But it is either the wrong shift, or the wrong gate, or, as is very likely, Walesa is taking unpaid leave to deal with the problems raised by the Michnik trial. Such leave is readily granted to him.

Afterwards we go to the fine St Brigid's church whose priest is Henry Jankowsky, confessor and advisor to Walesa. Then to the beautiful Old Town of Gdansk, – the former Hanseatic city of Danzig, full of high German houses, towers and steeples, much less polluted than Warsaw and Cracow. The day finishes with a visit to Westerplatte where World War Two began with a German attack by sea and land on the small Polish garrison.

In the evening we meet a middle-aged husband and wife whom we expect to be sympathetic to the resistance. But it turns out that they are members of the Party. The husband defends their position very openly and frankly. They see themselves as trying to represent moderation in the Party. It would be a sort of betrayal to leave the struggle inside the Party now.

The rise of Solidarity to power was a good thing, but the movement then did not exercise sufficient restraint. Political democracy would be best, and perhaps welfare-state socialism of the Swedish sort. But, given the circumstances, Jaruzelski's course has to be supported and even admired. The Church is too strong. Their young son was persecuted at school by the other children because he was not a Catholic, and succumbed to this pressure. Priests exert the same sort of influence. It is not a view that we have heard coherently presented before, but it is representative of a certain age-group and status. It is well-worth hearing the position so ably argued.

May 25th. We drive back from Gdansk. On the way back we make a detour deep into the country of the site of the battle of Grunwald, where the Poles and Lithuanians won a great victory over the German knights of the Cross in the early 15th century. As usual, monuments and parties of visiting school children.

In the evening at Warsaw, we entertain the young people who entertained us on May 11th. Not so much serious talk this time, but a most relaxed and pleasant atmosphere. They all promise to come to Sydney for the bi-centenary in 1988. We eat Polish-Chinese food bought the day before from the Chinese-Polish friendship Society. It isn't very Chinese.

May 26th. A Sunday lunch at the Australian Embassy. I sit next to the wife of the Ambassador of another Western country. A previous tour of duty had been in Moscow. She becomes very enthusiastic about Russian warmth and hospitality, Russian culture and Russian life. I suggest that, whatever the good qualities of the Russians individually, they are caught up in a rather unpleasant system. She replies that systems are run by individuals, and implies that if these are good, the system will not be too bad. I manage to refrain from telling her that she is a bourgeois individualist.

The attitude of our own Embassy appears to be much more realistic. One of our young diplomats has already been in Poland some time. She spent her first eight months here studying Polish at a provincial university, which gave her first hand acquaintance with the way that people have to live here. It seems very enlightened policy on the part of our Foreign Affairs department.

May 28th. A final visit to St Stanislaw's to take photographs. As it is a week-day we can get inside the church, as well as the grounds with the grave and banners on the railings. A party of priests arrive in a bus while we are there. They pray and sing a hymn by the grave. Unlike the West, they are in full black

uniform.

Unfortunately, the batteries of the camera fail, and we will have to go back on our last morning, tomorrow. Polish batteries, friends suggest that evening. No, we say, this time it is a capitalist shortcoming.

May 29th. In the morning we finally take the photographs, and in the early afternoon friends take us to the airport. We are a little apprehensive about the customs – because we have some Solidarity literature and badges. A Polish girl is ushered to a side-table and, to her distress, her ill-packed suitcase is exposed to public view. We are waved to the same table. But all the officer wants to do is ask us to post a letter to Melbourne. We tumble over ourselves to oblige.

Two final reflections. One of the things which has struck us is the enormous number of pregnant women in Poland now. Various explanations are advanced: the rather generous maternity leave provisions, the dullness of the TV and other sources of entertainment, the result of an earlier baby-boom after the War. But I can't help thinking that it also indicates some maintaining of fundamental morale. The people are weary, disillusioned and harassed. But they are determined to endure as a great civilised nation.

One of the best things in Poland are the jokes. Everyone tells them. They are almost all political. They have to be pretty brief: Polish impatience wants to come to the point quickly. Let one example stand for all, since it pretty well sums up the present state of the Polish Question. 'Is the Soviet Union a friend or a brother to Poland?' 'A brother surely. Friends one can choose for oneself.'

Black Theology

Roy Kerridge

'Black Theology' has long been a talking-point among churchmen, but no one is quite sure what it is. Up until now it has been looked upon as a branch of 'liberation theology', whereby American 'black militants' of the late 1960s were, amid a lot of waffle, given Christian credentials.

But I shall use the term to embrace a variety of religious experiences that have been enjoyed by Negroes all over the world. In Pentecostal churches, no matter the race or colour of the congregation, the aim is to be inspired and possessed by the Holy Ghost. Fiery, emotional preaching and hand-clapping songs usually lead to a collective outburst of 'talking in tongues', a kind of controlled hysteria that results in souls being saved. Members feel happy and uplifted afterwards, vowing to be better Christians as they walk home together. Negroes take very readily to this form of Christianity, as it awakens folk memories of their pagan practices of long ago. Not all Negro paganism has

vanished. Much remains, merged in strange ways with 'born again' Christianity. Being masters of rhythm and often highly emotional, Negroes are able to call down the Holy Ghost with ease. As repetitive rhythmic music and singing reaches a climax, the first sign of possession or trance-like ecstasy appears in the convulsive jerks of individual backbones among the congregation. Ever-escalating rhythm on drums or tambourines, whether it leads to a 'gift of tongues' in a church, or to a person being 'sent' or 'real gone' at a dance hall, seems to be a typically Negro innovation. White people can worship or dance in a similar fashion, but seem to me to lack the same passion and conviction. Conversely, thousands of Negroes all over the world attend normal, non-rhythmic churches, along with white people.

'When I go to church in Jamaica, where the service goes on all day', a non-Christian girl from that island once told me, 'the rhythm and singing makes me feel shivers going up my back, my hair stand on end, I get

pimples. Does that mean the Christianity is going into me?"

The pastor of the church would have answered that question with an emphatic 'yes', but judging Christianity by the New Testament alone, it would seem an odd kind of conversion. In Pentecostal or Seventh Day Adventist churches, the music and the Holy Spirit are as one, and the music seems a powerful spiritual force. God Himself sometimes descends to possess worshippers just as tribal gods or ancestors possess the fetish devotees of pagan Africa. Pentecostal churches may be bleak and sparsely furnished, but once a rhythm has been set up, the lowly dwellings seem to fill with colours, rich tapestries of the spirit that act as an aid to worship in the same way as do stained glass windows and beautiful ornaments in a cathedral. Obligations to help non-church members are seldom stressed in the gospel music churches of the world, yet heartfelt familiarity with the words and life of Jesus have their effect. People who seem out of this world, doing the 'Rock Daniel' dance up and down the church to a thunderous rhythm, can suddenly 'click' back to normality when the pastor raises the hand.

If a generalisation can be made about the Soul of a People, then the West African soul and that of new world Negroes has, in its innermost midst, a core of Terror. Terror originally of the dread forests at night and the spirits in them, then of more tangible threats from slave raiders or the tribe next door, but always the tiny voice of Terror. When everything is going well, and no physical enemy is present, then invisible evil spirits take over the Reign of Terror. Where Negroes live for the first time side by side with white people, they may regard the latter with timidity or suppressed Terror. I rejoice to see this attitude diminishing in England and America, but it is still there. In the 'black politics' of Britain, 'racists' and 'racism' take the place of invisible evil spirits, and many families are afraid to leave their own district. It is very unkind of left-wing 'friends' of Negroes to regale them with lurid, vastly exaggerated tales of Thatcherism, National Front-ism, Powellism and so on. 'Black politics' is imbued with all the fears and mustered-up ferocity of African pagans without the release of spiritual music.

In Pentecostal churches, Terror is both sublimated and given a meaning that renders it harmless, as the terrifying devil cannot hurt a true Christian. Attracted by the singing, white visitors to such churches are sometimes repelled by the sermons, which can become loud, incoherent explosions of anguish or furious rage. A sermon I heard recently consisted of a wild, despairing screeching and hooting, as the guest 'speaker' ran up and down the aisles, jumped and gibbered, occasionally performing witch-doctor-like leaps of confrontation.

'Amen', 'That's true, Lord, yes!', 'Good preaching, sir!', the impassive middle-aged Sisters in floral hats remarked at intervals.

However, many sermons heard in Jamaican Pentecostal churches in Britain are poetic and interesting,

and very revealing of life in the Caribbean. I have heard the division of souls into sheep and goats compared with the grading of sugar cane or the selection of the best bananas for England and the worst for Jamaica! Such sermons are void of irony, and the inference that England is Heaven could perhaps be made. God is often spoken of as 'Big Master in the sky'. Most churchgoers are very proud of being British, and some of their suppressed sense of anguish may stem from snubs they have suffered from their fellow Britons. Church timidity was very evident on a coach outing I went on recently. The bus passed a country zoo, and one Deacon said to another, with a shudder, 'I wouldn't like to walk along here at night in case the animals escaped.'

A halt for refreshment created more terrors, as a very juvenile football crowd in a nearby coach were thought to be the semi-mythical National Front. In fact, some of the football fans (average age, ten) *were* rather rude to our party. Tins of Coca Cola for all of us restored the harmony.

'Back home we have something called "obeah"', the pastor once explained to the church. 'You have to watch where you step in case something put there.'

The younger English-born members of the congregation knew nothing of 'obeah men' or witch-doctors, who place magic messes of dung, feathers, eggshells and so on in places where a victim may step, exactly as in West Africa. As early as 1800, 'Mumbo Jumbo the Oby Man' was a comic character in William Holland's cartoon strip for white overseers in Jamaica, 'Johnny Newcome'. Today, in Jamaica, misfortunes ranging from death to failure in exams are sometimes blamed on a malevolent rival's 'obeah spell'. The obeah man is consulted for a counterspell, and makes a comfortable living out of dissent between neighbours. Although 'obeah' would seem the antithesis of Christianity, there are in fact many Jamaican 'spiritual churches' and 'balmyards' (herbal and magical healing centres) which act as a link between gospel music Christianity and 'obeah', by way of 'good magic' sanctified by angels. In these churches, the worshipper becomes possessed not by the Holy Ghost but by various angel princes and powers who seem to be first kin with West African gods. Sometimes ancestors return, exactly as in most parts of Africa. Distinctions are made, in African pagan worship, between drumming and dancing for gods and drumming and dancing for once-mortal ancestors to appear. A Jamaican writer, Leonard Barrett, ably describes his island's semi-pagan practices in *The Sun and the Drum* (Heinemann Educational Books, 1976).

If semi-pagan, such practices are also semi-Christian. English church services also owe a debt to the pagan past. However, European modes of worship are misleadingly supposed by many to be the only form of Christian worship there is. Yet if our loved ones look down from Heaven and if guardian angels look down on sleeping children, as we all believe at times, then it can be seen that no quarrel or schism can be made over Black Theology in its Christian form. Is there an

invisible world of spirits who can enter and inspire mortals, or is all such inspiration self-engendered? How you answer that question depends not on whether you are black or white, but on whether or not you are an atheist. Where do love and hate come from? Does the spirit within us respond to a parent spirit in an unseen world? Unless you can answer these questions, it is wise not to scoff too much at Black Theology.

In 'obeah', demons are called up as well as angels, often by similar techniques. When a West African in London told a Jamaican about the Poro Society in 'the bush', where men are supposedly dismembered and put together again, the latter replied that West Indians could only perform such feats in Haiti. Zora Neale Hurston's book on Jamaica and Haiti, *Tell My Horse* (Lippincott and Crowell, USA, 1938) is the definitive work on the dark side of Black Theology. In Tennessee, I have attended a white hillbilly church whose bishop was said to be able to dismember and put together people in Poro Society style, and whose parish magazine was said to possess magical healing qualities when placed on the afflicted part of the body.

Southern Baptist-style beliefs seem to have a pagan Negro influence, which may have affected the behaviour of white 'born-again' believers in Britain since the turn of the century. Then again, the influence of Celtic and Saxon paganism, so similar to African tradition, has never quite disappeared from our shores. This became apparent in an alarming fashion when a folklorist friend of mine toured the West African forests with his wife, demonstrating Morris dancing and English country dancing to the villagers. He would play the concertina, the locals would join in happily on drums, and his wife would dance in hand-made costumes. Sometimes angry villagers would accuse them of having stolen sacred costumes from the local juju house, so similar were the folk traditions. Pagan roots of the English customs, forgotten in England itself, became obvious to the pagan Africans.

Finally matters came to a head when the couple dramatised the north country Derby Ram song, the wife dressed in a ram mask with a scarlet cloak. They performed in a village where a ram cult flourished, under the auspices of a priestess who was also a temple prostitute. When the dance was over, the men made a bee-line for my friend's wife, and the couple had to run to their Land-rover and make a hasty escape.

So-called Marxist freedom-fighting movements in Africa often rely on frightening magic rituals, sacrifices and dances to gods and ancestors, for their success. Fear of both witches and white people among the rank and file can only be overcome by supernatural means and by the familiar witch-doctor's assurance of invulnerability to hostile spells, spears and bullets. Zimbabwe guerrillas sometimes descended on lonely villages at dead of night and killed women they believed to have been witches, leaving the dismembered corpses as a warning. There are faint parallels here with Christian Black Theology, for Pentecostals believe themselves to be immune from evil spirits. Just as a

Holy Ghost possessed church, a scene of Babel, can become normal at a gesture from the pastor, so do former terrorists with fearful crimes to their consciences become normal, cheerful, guiltless citizens when the leaders decide to end the campaign.

In West Africa, many Christians have formed breakaway 'spiritual churches' where the pagan-style of their ancestors strongly reasserts itself. Branches of these churches are now established in many English cities. Reverend S. B. J. Oshoffa is the prophet, pastor and founder of the Celestial Church of Christ, a Yoruba denomination from southern Nigeria. Devotees in the London church dress in white, and dance jerkily and cheerfully in single file to an orchestra of African drums, trumpets, organ and guitars.

On Sunday mornings, dancing continues until the gods descend and the possessed-ones behave erratically, weaving around in a trance. Lesser Yoruba gods are named as powers of secondary importance to Jehovah, Jesus Christ and Holy St Michael. A priestess interprets the actions of possessed members and writes down divine messages. Sometimes a member is told that he or she cannot leave the church for three days because of evil spirits. Fortunately there is a mattress on the vestry floor ready for such an emergency. After the service, some members (or 'Uncles' and 'Aunties', as the playful children call them) lie down on the carpeted church floor and go to sleep. The minister is known to one and all as 'Daddy'. Hymns can be in English or in the Yoruba language, and Negro spirituals such as 'I Shall Not Be Moved' are often sung to a drumming accompaniment. Church rules and rituals are typed out in idiosyncratic English ('no adulterating between members') and on my last visit I read of a forthcoming 'naming ceremony' for a newly-born baby. Apparently the congregation were to bring water, salt and honey to church, and smear some of each substance on the child's lips. Then, while drums and trumpets rang, they were to dance round the infant and each give it a present. A charming ceremony (literally so), which I was sorry I was unable to attend. Magic spells were pinned to the church noticeboard. 'Requestant for spiritual power - one white egg. Requestant for seed of the womb - three types of fruit.'

Musama Christo Disco, who also have a London branch, are said to be the most popular spiritual church in Ghana. They were founded by the Prophet Jeho Appiah, a member of the Fanti tribe who 'talked to saints and spirits'. He is now dead, and his son, also called Jeho Appiah, has taken over. This church specialises in prayers at night, held in darkness, and aimed at helping those under curses or 'in spiritual torment'. In Ghana, women whose husbands have disappeared sometimes join this church to pray for their return. The drumming and singing I heard as I entered this church surpassed anything I had hitherto experienced. Later on in the service, an imposing man in a blazer and regimental tie began beating slowly on a military drum, announced he was moving to another town, and sang 'God Be With You Till We Meet Again'.

Another Ghanaian prophet, now in trouble with the authorities, is Osofo Peter. He had relied for his success on prophecies, many of which came true, and rose in fame until he won the ear of Ghana's dictator, Jerry Rawlings. Osofo promised Rawlings that he would pray for his wealth and happiness, but required a small present of food in advance. This Rawlings refused to give, so Osofo Peter cursed the dictator openly in the market place, was arrested and vanished into captivity.

Flora Nwapa, the Ibo novelist from eastern Nigeria, told me of her sincere belief in 'dibias', the soothsayers of her tribe, who can foretell the future. She combines this belief with a devout Anglicanism, and why not? There is nothing in the Scriptures that denies the existence of magic. Fortune-tellers of a less exalted kind flourish in London, praying on the susceptibilities of West Indians. Leaflets advertising Madams Lola, Omar, Inez and so on are constantly popped into letter boxes ('There is No Pity for Those Who Do Not Seek Help') and similar advertisements are placed in 'Black British' newspapers. Curiously enough, most, if not all, of these Madams are white women, which adds to the awe and respect with which their simple clients hold them. I followed up one such advertisement, hoping to buy a copy of the infamous *Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses*, the 'obeahman's Bible'. This book has been banned in Jamaica since the days of British rule, as part of the campaign to stamp out 'obeah'. It is much admired by those involved in the sinister non-spiritual side of Black Theology in the USA and the Caribbean.

Ringling the bell of a smart Hampstead flat, I was admitted by a dark haired flashily-dressed white woman and told to sit in the front room while she fetched her case of magic potions. It was a large, garishly furnished room, with glass-topped round tables, red and gold walls covered from floor to ceiling with mirrors, and a great many ornaments, including a giant porcelain cheetah. A leering black doll bulged its eyes at me from a corner. I think I was the first white client my hostess had received. I explained my interest in 'obeah' by vague allusions to a Jamaican brother-in-law, but received the impression that she looked on me with awe as a master of the occult. The door twice opened by itself, once to admit a ginger cat.

'Everything I sell was made for the American market', she told me on her return. 'These potions are sold in Harlem "root shops" and elsewhere, and I inherited the import business from my father. I believe strongly in black magic and witchcraft, but I do not conduct ceremonies myself, only sell the products. If you buy the *Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses*, you must keep it in a plain cover when out of doors. Most of my customers are elderly Jamaicans or younger members of certain Jamaican families.'

She opened her case and displayed a great jumbled heap of small bottles, rather like perfume bottles. Each contained an amber liquid and a hand-written label: 'Concentration', 'Myrrh', 'Oil of Love', 'Jinx Remover', 'Ward Off Evil', 'Command', 'Power', 'Holy Bath',

'Black Cat', 'White Doves' Blood' and 'John the Conqueror'. The latter is a tincture made from a potent root found in the southern states of America, where 'obeah' is known as 'hoodoo', perhaps a corruption of 'juju'. 'Root doctor' hoodoo men have made John the Conqueror famous, a root that has branched into the folklore of blues singers and story tellers. 'Black Cat' is supposedly a tincture of feline bones also popular in the south. When Zora Neale Hurston meddled with 'Black Cat' she was terrified by an apparition of evil spirits. Myrrh is very popular among the Jamaican peasantry as a cure-all, especially among 'spiritual church'-goers. 'Holy Bath' seems ready made for the 'balmyard', or magic bathing and healing centre. ('Just two drops in a hot tub', my hostess advised.) Most of the potions can be legally obtained in Jamaica, where they are stocked by chemists, and their names speak for themselves.

'If there's someone you really want, you must smear this potion discreetly around your door and behind the curtains, and whoever it is will come straight to your house', I was told. 'If you want Power or Command over someone, just put a few drops of potion on your forehead, behind your ears and discreetly behind your tie. "Jinx Remover" and "Ward Off Evil" are cures for enemy witchcraft. "White Doves' Blood" is needed for many of the spells in the *Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses*. You should really buy the *Key to the Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses*, which includes magic circles folded up on tracing paper. Still, I daresay you'll come back and buy that another time.'

Not likely! The *Sixth and Seventh Book* itself cost me £8, and proved to be a tiny paperback with pages that fell out as you opened it. On the cover was a picture of a bearded Moses with a satyr-like smile and hair curling artfully to form two horns on his head. All over Africa north of the Equator, Moses is known as a great magician and sorcerer, even to those who know nothing of the Bible. Arab slave raiders may have helped to spread the prophet's fame. So the book, written in America by white people and purporting to be the 'Mosaic books of the Cabala and the Talmud, translated from Hebrew to German and then to English' is of great interest to Black Theologians such as myself. Originally printed in Chicago and sold on the south side, its contents seem well suited to the pagan side of Negro religious tradition. How it was compiled I would very much like to know. I took it home and studied it.

Parts of the Obeahman's Bible were distinctly odd. 'A slave that knows how to prepare a soft-boiled egg is worth 1,000 dollars' is a remark attributed to the prophet Samuel. References to 'Magia Nigra' and 'Abdnegro in the furnace' may appeal to Negro readers. Other references to the Twelve Tribes of Israel may have influenced Rastafarian readers, who have founded an organised branch of Rasta called 'Twelve Tribes'. 'Spirits of the Water' is a chapter heading with great African and Caribbean appeal. Strict Jamaican Pentecostals often seem to retain an echo of belief in water worship, while two Ugandan students on a

country walk in Wales refused to go near a lake for fear of evil spirits.

Designs for magic circles take up a great deal of the book. Touching one of these cabalistic signs ensures safety from those evil spirits whom the book helps you to call up to do your bidding. Summoning angels, devils and gods comes naturally to people who seek possession by such very beings when they dance and pray, in Christian worship or otherwise.

'The most dreadful words, Zophiel, Canocl, Jerazol, Damabiath and by those words through which thou canst be conquered, that thou appear before me in a beautiful human form, and fulfil what I desire. This must be named by the conjuror. These words are terrible and will assemble devils or spirits or they will cause the dead to appear. Frogs, mice, lice and similar vermin arise in our service. Pestilence, black smallpox, etc. rise in our service. Acharontica Spirits – Even Though Evil they are still Familiar or Ministering Spirits and Ready to Serve. Circle to be written on parchment with the blood of white young doves. Magical Remedies Against Various Diseases – for a dangerous confinement, take earth from a crossroads'

Such is the *Sixth and Seventh Books of Moses*. Not all of 'Moses' Magical Spirit Art' is in this demonic vein. Much of it is clothed in the language of Christianity, just as are spells in a balm yard. Verses from the Psalms are recommended as magic spells. One of these must be recited very quickly if you are attacked by a savage dog. Other psalms must be folded, put into a locket and worn as a charm around the neck, particularly while having a Holy Bath. Some charms must be kept on the nape of the neck, a magical part of

the body in Calabar.

'Power angels' and 'angel princes', familiar to Nigerian, Jamaican, Trinidadian and Haitian sects, are mentioned in the book, as are spirits in the form of wild oxen, dogs, lions, serpents and wild hogs. White she-asses and witches also get a mention, and so do ram horns, needed in many a spell. Visions, showing where treasure is buried, can easily be conjured up, and ingredients for spells ('mix wine with mustard') are mentioned in full. There is so much mumbo-jumbo and obscure language in the book that a person seeking to make himself invisible or impervious to weapons could easily think *himself* at fault for misreading the instructions. These instructions include spells for passing illnesses to ants and dogs in Gadarene fashion.

Despite all this 'pernicious nonsense' (as my grandfather would have said), there is a fairytale quality, more Celtic than Caribbean, in many of the passages. The lucky number seven is used in some incantations, and the Rabbi Jochanan's Healing Spells sound like medieval charms of the kind known to Chaucer.

'For the Daily Fever (sounds like a newspaper), take a new earthen pipkin, go to a spring and say: "Spring, Spring! Lend me a pipkin full of water for the road that happens to me". For the Burning Fever, take a knife that is made entirely of iron, go to a thorn bush and tie a hair line to it Then cut the thorn off near the ground and say: "O thornbush! O thornbush! I trust in thee!"'

Closing the magic book and reaching for the Bible, I vowed in future to stay with the brighter side of Black Theology.

Conservatism and Ideology – A Comment

Arthur Aughey

In April's edition of the *Salisbury Review* David J. Levy persuasive deflation of the messianic imagination that ideological style in modern political thought. It was a persuasive deflation of the messianic imagination that would substitute theoretical certainty for the artifice of political prudence. Thus for Levy the ideologue is quite precisely defined as offering man 'the promise of a world from which rulership and the state have been effectively banished'. This neatly captures the religious flavour of the grand visions of socialism and, indeed, liberalism which in their universal claims, recognise no cultural boundaries and deny each and every circumstance. To be a socialist or a liberal is to express the whole of political reason in one's particular time and struggle. The essential failing of conservatism, from such a perspective, is its celebration of the limitations and diversity of human endeavour. Revolutionary or

radical projects reject limits in favour of recreating human nature and elevate abstract reason above practical wisdom.

Levy's point is well made, though one must assume that the idea of a stateless utopia is not the limit of the perniciousness of ideology. The grand vision can be too easily dismissed as the illusion of the 'monkish tendency', the writ of the ideological community of saints walled within their own theory. And while that may be intellectually entertaining, the average citizen is too realistic to fall for the blandishments of the pedlars of heaven on earth. I do not believe that I distort Levy's argument in the following interpretation: that it is not the grand vision which represents the political danger but the apparently reasonable 'medium-term objectives', the 'practical strategies', the 'democratic reforms'. Their insidious import for the conservative

lies in the fact that they express the politics of the hidden assumption. At the heart of socialist or liberal appeals to the common sense or interest of the public lie the hidden assumptions of ideological politics – the perfectability of man or his innate goodness. The politics of the hidden assumption makes ideological reformism as destructive of the character of a state as revolutionary fervour. As such the ideological project, as Levy formulates it, ‘must inevitably be frustrated’, no matter which form it takes. The understandable implication is that conservatism is the only appropriate style of politics that is fully alive to the possibilities and limitations of statecraft. Nonetheless, conservatives cannot ignore the popular force of aspects of ideological argument (as Levy understands it), a point to which I shall return.

The conservative criticism of radical argument can also focus upon its contradictory mixture of a destructive relativism and a ferocious dogmatism. The relativism of radical idealism is clear in some of its most populist expressions, notably in the *obiter dicta* of Tony Benn. Relativism is also the basis of the cheap wisdom of radical undergraduates, the wisdom that sees no distinction between power and authority, between force and law, between theft and property, between paramilitary and police, between imperialism and trade. It claims to see no distinction between ways of life and never tires of alternatives. However, such romantic tolerance soon passes over into intolerant hostility to every established feature of the prevailing political order. Relativism, it seems, is appropriate only as a means to undermine any settled view of the state. Indeed the very sensible conservative riposte that if everything is *truly* relative then we had better stick to what we know, and know by experience to work, is treated with contempt. For it is not an open-minded consideration of alternatives that really motivates the radical ideologue but the dogmatic advocacy of his own closed system. It is the Kronstadt syndrome. But since this system remains frustrated, all principles of existing political life are held to be at war with each other. The incoherent and unresolved tensions of politics provide the radical ideologue with a slogan for everything and a deep understanding of nothing. Unfortunately, as far as the conservative is concerned, that is radicalism’s strength.

The sketch that Levy draws and that I have interpreted here is recognisable enough and embodies a great deal of truth. But it is not all there is to be said. For a start, conservatism cannot avoid the ideological club membership that Levy exclusively gives to others. Levy defines conservatism as ‘a political outlook intrinsically opposed to all ideology’ which one may characterise as follows. To be conservative is to partake of the view that there is no end in politics other than the continuity of this particular way of life. What we experience – this custom, this law, this authority – is the life of reason itself. All else is dangerous abstraction; for diversity is the inescapable condition of mankind and necessitates a stable policy to give it coherence.

Politics can only be understood in very definite manifestations and cannot be caricatured into the neat formulations of a ‘conservative manifesto’. While conservative thought has been *concerned* mainly with the issues of power, authority and order it is a mistake to identify it simply with the *justification* of ruling elites. There would appear to be a basic negativity (if this word may pass) at the heart of conservatism, a reluctance to formulate principles or slogans that fail to capture the subtleties of political life. This was well summed up in Lord Salisbury’s famous aphorism that conservatism is like a policeman. If there were no radical political criminals around there would be no need for it. Sir Ian Gilmour also said as much. The answer to what conservatism stands for is *si monumentum requiris, circumspice*.¹ All that is valuable can be left unsaid. This conservative spirit is captured by Roger Scruton when he writes that the conservative, having struggled for articulacy, must recommend silence.² Natural sentiments and values are real and the wisdom of tradition is superior.

This is the nub of the matter, however. Silence is not a political option even though it may often be the sensible course to say nothing. On the one hand, to engage in argument with ideological radicalism of whatever hue may be to give some measure of credence to its views. To admit their seriousness is almost to afford them legitimacy on the political agenda. On the other hand, if conservatism remains silent, it is locked up within itself and denies itself practical political content. Silence is a form of political dogma. Nor is the radical without weapons of criticism. He may say that conservatism too is guilty of the politics of the hidden assumption – the assumption that there is a natural order, that there is a fundamental harmony of values, that there is a culture to be cherished. In other words, he can accuse conservatism of the very same ideological sins that conservatives attribute to radicalism. And this does have force: for conservatism is never just the defence of the status quo, the concrete world around us. In R. N. Berki’s emotive phrase it is often the ‘idealism of nostalgia’, a rejection of much of the superficiality of modern life, a criticism of fashion and radical chic in favour of the ‘true’ and the ‘real’ virtues of a community. As such it is not ‘pre-ideological’ at all but part of the complex discourse of political ideas. The *Salisbury Review* itself is a tribute to this.

The problem of making an absolute distinction between conservatism and ideological modes of thought is that it is less than clear what the politics of conservatism ought to be. They cannot be a silent celebration of what exists nor can they be the romantic though powerless affectation of the sort personified by Evelyn Waugh. Nor do I think it prudent to give the impression that there may be some benign or malignant victory, good against evil. For our abstract formulations – conservative and radical – are dangerous. As Settembrini recognised in Thomas Mann’s *Magic Mountain*: ‘The abstract, the refined-upon, the ideal, is at the same time the Absolute – it is

sternness itself; it contains within it more possibilities of deep and radical hatred, of unconditional and irreconcilable hostility, than any relation of social life can.' Conservatism, the philosophy of limitations, must recognise its own limits and its own partiality. Levy's point about the 'essentially political condition' of man is, I believe, the key to a more appropriate conceptualisation of political argument. 'Political condition' suggests a state of affairs in which those wishing to radicalise and those wishing to conserve share the opportunities and constraints of an existing framework of politics. Their language, their arguments, their attack, their defence will be part of a shared experience; and since it is impossible to quarantine, to shut off or exclude ideas in this public realm there will be an inventiveness in political life. The ideological imagination believes that it can bottle its rarefied air of principle and purpose for all time and occasion. Such an enterprise is lost from the beginning even though, as Levy clearly recognises, it is a potent illusion.

I claim no novelty in this exposition. For instance Collingwood, in *The New Leviathan*, distinguishes two types of political understanding. The first, the eristical, resembles the 'ideology' criticised by Levy. Monolithic systems of thought built from rigid principles (unaware of their own assumptions) engage in combat to inflict total defeat over their rivals. As Collingwood sees it, in this 'cockpit of make-believe disputation where false abstractions are set to fight' politics is war by other means.³ It is political history in terms of good and bad, progress and reaction. The point is, there are no absolute victories in either theory or practice. Second, in contrast with the rigidity and hard distinctions of the eristical, Collingwood elaborates a description of the dialectical. For him the dialectical understanding is 'the spectacle history presents to those who take part in it intelligently'.⁴ Politics is not to be understood intelligently as the irreconcilable struggle of absolute, distinct and contradictory principles that are at once theoretical and practical. Rather than standing apart, conservatism and radicalism go 'hand in hand' in the historical development of any political community. In short, the concrete definition of conservative ideas, values and principles is intimately bound up with the prevailing radical arguments and vice versa. Conceptually this seems more sensitive to the diverse and fluid experiences of political life, to the experience of change and continuity. This activity of politics 'polarises itself into two conscious efforts, one positive and the other negative'. The positive is the ceaseless agitation for change claiming universal validity. The negative is concerned with acting as a brake, highlighting the fallacies and hidden assumptions of simplistic radicalism and reconciling the truth of radical ideas to the limits of the practical. Collingwood argues that there could not be 'a plainer statement of the conservative's essentially dialectical function'.⁵

The political condition of man is not captured by the idea of forces of change versus forces of continuity. It is a ceaseless debate over the *legitimacy* of change and

continuity; and justice is not all on one side. A conservative politics must recognise the divided opinion in society and define limits of acceptability. At the same time, if continuity in the state is its purpose, it is essential to recognise the shared values that inform *constitutional* politics, to distinguish between reform and revolution. That is to accept, as W. E. Connolly puts it, that 'those who disagree about the grammar of key political concepts also share, if tacitly, a range of commitments about persons and responsibility'.⁶ If I understand him correctly, Oakeshott makes this case. His exploration of the character of a political tradition does not seem to be an apologia for a rigid conservatism but rather a conceptual map locating the respective positions of rationalist and traditionalist in the experience of modern politics. For one to ignore the voice of the other would be hardly to engage in the conservation of mankind. Each period of history will exhibit its own peculiar blend of conservative thought and politics, the purpose of which is to defuse radical attacks on the political order and to adjust principle in terms of the workable and the convenient.

I wish to advocate an open rather than a closed interpretation of ideologies in general, and of conservatism in particular. There is a recommendation implicit in the texture of my argument: a preference for the moderate insofar as that is possible. There is also an assumption: namely, that the established civilities of the British constitution will endure. The 'dialectical' model seems to allow us to accommodate both change and continuity within a single form of political argument. It accepts national character as well as general principle; it is also tolerant of diversity and distinction. A static, abstract, rigidly principled understanding or definition of conservatism finds it difficult to explain the specificity of much conservative writing, or, indeed, the frequent appropriation by conservative thinkers and politicians of aspects of thought previously strenuously opposed. How can the 'negative', eventually and with good grace adopt elements of the 'positive'? Disraeli was clear about the opportunistic nature of constitutional statecraft (though once he feigned disapproval, only to become its greatest exponent) when he wrote of 'Tory men and Whig measures'. If some may see this as the essence of the unprincipled in politics one can also view it as the highest principle of prudent politics. Disraeli was also clear about something else. Radical ideas may emerge within a social order or be imported from elsewhere. However they may appear, whatever changes they advocate, they must be redefined and reflected in terms of the customs and traditions of that social order. Of course the Conservative Party in Britain presumes to tell us how that may be done. However, that is a presumption that must be tested by experience. There is no necessary congruity between an intelligent conservatism and the politics of the Conservative Party. Those who believe so implicitly put faith before reason.

As far as the British political tradition is concerned the most articulate and profound of recent studies has

been that by W. H. Greenleaf.⁷ His writings acknowledge not only the richness of this tradition but also the ideological complexity of political life. Greenleaf considers that to get the true sense of a tradition one needs to indicate the full range of activity to which it is confined. Useful political boundaries may be drawn (e.g. conservative, liberal, socialist) but the variety of experience and profession contained within and between cannot be reduced to a few simple maxims. A political tradition is a matter not of a secret

brotherhood of deep conviction (whether those convictions are conservative or radical) but of broad affinities and common preoccupations. These can provide the basis upon which the caution of conservatism and the optimism of radicalism may find mutual accommodation. A conservative *disposition* is appropriate for the task of government principally because it is less given to narrow enthusiasms and less concerned to be consistent. And only if reality were consistent could it be governed by consistent ideas.

Notes

1. Sir Ian Gilmour: *Inside Right* (Quartet Books, 1978) p. 112.
2. Roger Scruton: *The Meaning of Conservatism* (Penguin Books, 1980) p. 191.
3. R. G. Collingwood: *The New Leviathan* (Clarendon Press, 1974) p. 207.
4. *Ibid.* p. 207.
5. *Ibid.* p. 211.
6. W. E. Connolly: *The Terms of Political Discourse* (Martin Robertson, 1983) p. 197.
7. W. H. Greenleaf: *The British Political Tradition* Vols 1 & 2 (Methuen, 1983).

The Politics of Foreign Aid

P. T. Bauer and B. S. Yamey

Relief of acute need and misery in poor countries has been the declared purpose of foreign aid – that is, official transfers from richer to poorer countries, as distinct from military assistance, commercial investment, or the efforts of voluntary agencies – since President Harry Truman launched the Point Four programme in January 1949, well over a generation and hundreds of billions of dollars ago. This objective has always been the aim of the many genuinely compassionate supporters of foreign aid. Yet foreign aid goes to governments, not to the poor. To support rulers on the basis of the poverty of their subjects effectively rewards the policies that cause impoverishment. We have not emphasised this critical consideration sufficiently in our previous writings on foreign aid.¹

Since in those writings we have considered at length the numerous other arguments which have been advanced for foreign aid – including restitution for alleged Western misconduct; promotion of exports and employment in the West; the interests of Western political strategy; and the need to avoid a financial crisis – we shall not examine them here. We shall instead confine ourselves to the most durable and most effective argument behind this policy, the insubstantial nature of which has been so dramatically exposed by recent events in Africa.

Aid advocates have usually envisaged two different routes or methods for reaching their proclaimed goal. One, which may be termed the direct method, is the relief of acute poverty through transfers of money to governments of the poorest countries in the expectation that this will help directly to improve the lot of the very poor. The second, or indirect, method is the transfer of funds to governments in the expectation that this will

promote development which in turn will reduce acute poverty, or even eliminate it. In the early years of aid, the primary emphasis was on the promotion of development; in the last decade or so, the emphasis has shifted to the direct method.

These two methods are often intertwined in aid discussions. They do, however, differ radically in their criteria of allocation and in their expected results, much as scholarships, grants, or subsidised loans to promising youngsters for their education or for setting up in business differ from alms to the poor, or from support to a disabled person.

Here we shall discuss the direct method first.

The money sent via the direct method does not go to the pitiable figures whose photographs we see in the campaigns of the aid lobbies. It goes to their governments – that is, their rulers. All too often it is these very rulers who are responsible for the gruesome conditions depicted in aid publicity. Foreign aid enables them to go on pursuing policies harmful or even utterly destructive to the population at large. A depressing yet incomplete list includes: maltreatment and expulsion of productive minorities; suppression of trade in farm produce, simple implements, and consumer goods; state monopoly of import and export; large-scale underpayment of farmers; forced collectivisation and coercive removal of people from their homes; wholesale confiscation of property; restriction on the inflow of badly needed skills, enterprise, and capital.

In Asia and Africa many recipients of aid routinely pursue such policies. Even singly, some of these policies – eg, suppression of trade, underpayment of farmers, or restriction of essential supplies – often cause

havoc over wide areas by undermining or even destroying the exchange economy. Pursued in combination, they can greatly aggravate any natural calamity, and indeed can be devastating in the literal sense of the term, as can be seen today in Ethiopia, the Sudan, the Sahel, Uganda, and elsewhere. Simultaneously, many of these governments neglect such elementary responsibilities as public security, public health, and the maintenance of basic communications.

Aid can relieve immediate shortages. It thereby conceals from the population, at least temporarily, the worst effects of destructive policies. It also suggests external endorsement of the activities of the government, and this confers spurious respectability on the rulers. In these ways, aid keeps governments afloat and enables them to persist in their damaging policies. The famine in Ethiopia is only a recent and conspicuous example of this sequence, which has many antecedents and analogies elsewhere in Asia and Africa—for instance in Vietnam, Tanzania, Uganda, Zaire, and Ghana, among others.

To support rulers on the basis of the poverty of their subjects not only enables the rulers to pursue extremely damaging and even inhuman policies; it positively rewards them for doing so. Thus, per-capita incomes are reduced if a government restricts, persecutes, or expels its most productive people, often but not only ethnic minorities—Asians and Europeans in East Africa or Chinese in South East Asia; or if a government restricts the employment opportunities of women in the name of Islamic orthodoxy; or if it cripples or destroys the exchange economy. As incomes in the country are now lower, such governments can then qualify for more aid.

The notion that official aid can help the poorest through direct transfers in any case does not apply over most of Asia and Africa where there is no machinery whatever for state relief of poverty. Indeed, state help to the poorest usually does not accord either with local mores or with the political priorities of contemporary rulers. This is especially so where there are ethnic, cultural, and tribal diversities. Is an Arab-dominated Sudanese government likely to help the poorest among blacks in the southern Sudan, hundreds of miles away, with whom most of the time it is in open armed conflict? Can the rulers of Ethiopia be expected to help the people of Tigre when their distress is exacerbated by the government's military action in that extremely poor region? Is a Hausa-dominated government in Nigeria likely to assist the poorest among the Ibo and the Tiv? Are the Sinhalese rulers of Sri Lanka likely to help the Tamil poor? Such questions can be asked about practically every government in Asia and Africa.

The priorities of Third World rulers are also reflected in their lavish spending on prestige projects. Familiar examples include brand-new capitals built from scratch at the cost of many billions of dollars and often incomplete many years after construction has started (Abuja in Nigeria and Dodoma in Tanzania). There are the extremely expensive international meetings of

the grotesquely named Organisation of African Unity. Nor are the poorest helped by the huge expenditures on arms by Third World governments (accounting for about one-fifth of total world spending on arms) intended almost wholly for use against other Third World countries, or their own subjects.

While official aid represents a relatively small proportion of total government expenditures in Western countries (and therefore a yet smaller proportion of GNP), it is nevertheless substantial relative to government revenues and export earnings of recipient Third World countries, and often even exceeds them. The inflow of aid therefore much expands the resources and the power of governments. It reinforces and extends the politicisation of life in the Third World. It increases the stakes—both gains and losses—in the struggle for political power, provokes or exacerbates anxiety and tension, particularly in the multi-racial and multi-cultural societies of many Third World countries.

The strains and tensions provoked by politicisation often erupt into armed conflict even in countries where, in the past, different communities have lived together peaceably for generations—for instance in the Philippines, Malaysia, Indonesia, Burma, Sri Lanka, Chad, Uganda, and Nigeria. Politicisation of life, reinforced by foreign aid, helps to unleash the forces behind the recurrent or persistent civil wars in these countries. Among other effects, these sequences necessarily divert energy and resources from economic activity to political life. The poorest, especially the rural poor, are harmed most.

The misery in Ethiopia has been brought to the notice of many millions of people in the West. But not many have been told that the Marxist-Leninist government there has regularly received much Western aid, mostly from multilateral sources, with an appreciable US and British content. This totalled about \$1 billion over the five years 1978–82. Throughout this period, the government pursued most of the damaging and destructive policies we have listed above, including persecution of productive groups, coercive collectivisation of agriculture, large-scale confiscation of property, and underpayment of farmers by state buying agencies. Western aid continued nevertheless.

What has happened to all this money? Obviously very little of it has gone to the poorest. Some of it has presumably helped the government to fight its several civil wars, and to finance the extravagant Organisation of African Unity with headquarters in Addis Ababa.

So much for the direct method of relieving poverty and distress.

Can official aid, then, help relieve poverty and acute needs indirectly, by promoting development through augmenting the supply of investible funds? The answer is no. Official aid cannot contribute substantially to Third World development, and is indeed quite likely to retard it.

To begin with, the volume of investible funds is not critical for economic development. If it were, millions of

very poor people – individuals, families, groups, and whole societies – could not have risen from poverty to riches in a few years or decades, as immigrant communities in South East Asia and North America, among others, have done. And governments and enterprises which can use capital productively and conduct their finances responsibly can borrow at home or abroad, even if they are poor.

Thus, even in very poor countries Western trading firms in the past habitually provided substantial financing to trustworthy local firms and individuals. And governments of poor countries have often borrowed commercially for infrastructure or other purposes. Therefore, the most that aid can do for development is to reduce the cost of borrowing investible funds, the volume of which – to repeat – is not critical for development. Incidentally, this applies also to technical assistance, which can be paid for by governments, as was often done in the past, for instance by the Japanese in the late 19th and early 20th centuries.

Against the benefits of the reduced cost of investible funds must be set major adverse repercussions affecting the basic personal, cultural, and political determinants of development. In addition to those we have already mentioned (especially the politicisation of life, with its adverse or even disastrous consequences for economic activity), official aid also often encourages imprudent financial policies and discourages, for instance, the building-up of reserves. All too often balance-of-payments deficits are not unwelcome because they can serve as a useful argument for requesting external assistance and also for imposing domestic controls, both of which can serve the interests of the government. All this goes counter to a favoured shibboleth of the aid lobbies – that aid helps people to help themselves.

The reality of the limitations and consequences of aid should not be called into question because the economies of a number of aid-recipient countries have genuinely advanced, or because some particular aid-financed projects have succeeded. The maximum contribution of aid to these success stories cannot in the nature of things have exceeded the avoided cost of borrowing. Indeed, the more promising a government's policies or the more attractive a project, the easier it is for the government or the firm to raise external funds. It is simply not true that without foreign aid governments of poor countries could not borrow commercially abroad, or that productive projects could not be financed. The contrary is clear, for example, from the plantation, mining, manufacturing, trading,

and transport enterprises, both local and foreign, established in Asia, Africa, and Latin America long before foreign aid.

In sum, at best foreign aid can do little to relieve Third World poverty or promote Third World development. But this does not mean that foreign aid is not important. It is, in fact, extremely significant on several grounds. As we have discussed these grounds – which are altogether different from those suggested by the proponents of aid – in various publications, we simply list some of them here.

First, it is official aid that has created the Third World as a collectivity which, as such, is hardly a friend of the West. Aid therefore underlies the North–South conflict. Further, because, unlike Soviet-bloc aid, Western aid routinely goes to governments at loggerheads (even at war) with each other, it enables each to claim that the West, especially the United States, supports its enemies.

Second, by promoting and reinforcing the politicisation of life, aid not only damages the welfare of Third World peoples in the ways described above; it also harms the political interests of the West.

Third, the advocacy of aid has spawned a plethora of writings hostile to the West and its economic arrangements.

Fourth, powerful strands in this advocacy envisage aid as a first step in a worldwide income redistribution among countries, again to the detriment of the West and its economic arrangements.

It does not follow from our argument that the West cannot do anything to improve the lot of the peoples of the Third World. Indeed, the countries of the West already offer both huge markets and vast sources of supply not only to one another but also to the Third World. The removal or reduction of trade barriers could expand the opportunities and the benefits of international commerce. Moreover, the condition of the poorest in the Third World could be alleviated by the operation of non-politicised charities, which could be expanded with judicious official encouragement and support.

We recognise, in conclusion, that a demonstration that aid cannot achieve its proclaimed purposes – even if such a demonstration were seen to be valid – is not likely to change the operation of foreign aid or reduce its volume. This is so because of the powerful emotional, political, commercial, and institutional interests behind it. These forces are unlikely to be deflected or attenuated by analysis, evidence, and argument, whatever their cogency. And so the damage will go on.

Notes

1. These writings include certain essays in two books, *Equality, the Third World, an Economic Delusion* by P.T. Bauer (Harvard University Press, 1982) and *Reality and Rhetoric: Studies in the Economics of Development* by P.T. Bauer (Harvard University Press, 1984). See also the following articles: 'Western Guilt and Third World Poverty' by P.T. Bauer (*Commentary*, January 1976); 'Against the New Economic order' by P.T. Bauer and B.S. Yamey

(*Commentary*, April 1977), 'Foreign Aid for What?' by P.T. Bauer and John O'Sullivan (*Commentary*, December 1978); and 'East-West/North-South' by P.T. Bauer and B.S. Yamey (*Commentary*, September 1980).

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In Search of Central Europe

We publish here an abridged version of an essay by Josef Hradec, in reply to Milan Kundera's 'The Tragedy of Central Europe' (*New York Review of Books*, 26th April 1984). The essay first appeared in *Střední Evropa*, January 1985.

The Value of a Testimony

Milan Kundera introduces his essay on the tragedy of central Europe by relating an incident in the Hungarian revolution of 1956. The director of the Hungarian press agency informed the world about the attack by Soviet tanks on Budapest; a few moments before his office was destroyed by artillery fire he ended his report pathetically exclaiming: 'We die for Hungary and for Europe!'. The Hungarians, the Poles, and a large part of the Baltic nations spiritually belong to Western Europe, just as we do; all of us were torn from it by force after 1945, but the Hungarians tried to return to it anew by means of an unofficial general plebiscite. Did Europe, the Western 'rest' of Europe realise the meaning of this desperate message, amounting to a call for help, at that time? As Kundera states, at that time it failed to understand this completely; it did not recognise that Europe itself was concerned, that *our* European culture was at stake; when assuming that the Hungarian regime was merely endeavouring to resist the disruption of its country, Western Europe simply did not understand; and although it sympathised with those who wanted to get rid of the Stalinists – just as it crossed its fingers for our post-January national revivers – unfortunately that was all Western Europe did. And Western Europe has endeavoured to forget both of those events as quickly as possible. The policy-makers pretend that actually nothing had happened. It is a pity that no one has thought of introducing a Chamberlain Prize: I believe that quite a few candidates could be found every year.

Most likely this is a fatal consequence of secularisation and of the 'specialisation' connected with it: the political leaders are mostly beholden to shortsighted *interests* and people who are able to see farther and in a more complex manner, practically have no influence on political decision-making. While a Hungarian patriot and European was prepared to die for Hungary in 1956 convinced that he was also dying for European culture and for European values, one may ask whether, at that time, someone could have been found in this great Western Europe, who would have been determined to die for Hungary knowing that he was dying for Europe? At the end of his study Kundera arrives at the conclusion that 'the central European cultural centrum' has *disappeared* and states at the same time that 'Europe has not recorded the disappearance

of its great cultural centre *because Europe no longer perceives its unity as a cultural unity*' (my emphasis).

This picture from the Hungarian revolution and precisely in connection with Western Europe, or rather with the political West in the wider sense, has reminded me of another picture of a quite recent event. Some time ago our newspapers printed the photograph of a young man bearing a placard at a protest action against nuclear re-armament by the West; the slogan on it read: 'No issue is worth dying for'. I felt very distressed, not because this young man was praised as 'a sensible' person (politicians acting similarly are described in our press as 'realistically thinking'), but because another question occurred to me at the same time: what did that sorrowful figure think was worth living for?

In his famous speech at Harvard, Alexander Solzhenitsyn criticised the West – harshly but justifiedly – for the absolute absence of heroism, as well as of any preconditions for it. Ethical virtues (one stopped talking about theological virtues long ago) have been replaced by uninspired consciousness of legal legitimacy: that which is in accordance with the legal order is automatically good and moral and there is no sense in striving for anything 'above' it.

Milan Kundera continues:

'Central Europe must resist not only the crushing might of its great neighbour, but also the intangible power of the time which indelibly leaves its mark on the period of culture. It is for this reason that central European uprisings have something conservative, even anarchistic in them: they try desperately to restore the past, the past time of culture, the past time of modern times, because central Europe could defend its identity only in a world that took cultural dimensions into consideration.'

According to Milan Kundera it is not Russia that is the tragedy of central Europe, but Europe itself, the 'Europe in which Europe is no longer felt to be a value'.

Considering this perspective-less perspective, we may first ask, what actually is going to happen to Europe? Will those eventually prevail in it who 'think realistically', who believe 'better red than dead' and who, in their reprehensible naivety imagine that they will keep all their little 'heavens', just as they are now? Or, will this be a Europe spiritually exhausted by that 'intangible power of the time', reaching a climax through the experience of tendencies of secularisation, which will open its arms to Islam, represented as

experiencing a renaissance and regarded by some mixed-up souls as a purifying force? Or will Europe, 'hearing a cry out of the wilderness' remember the days of its youth and become able to unite again? Even if the glum picture of Europe presented to us by Kundera is objective, we must ask further: is the restoration of a spiritually and culturally united Europe possible at all and if this is the case, what are the possible ways to this unification?

One point is certain: the awareness of Europe as an entity is *not* the outcome of European culture; to assert this is to confuse cause and effect, inasmuch as European culture only grew out of the awareness of this European unity. Kundera too ponders the unity of Europe before arriving at his pessimistic conclusions:

'What then is the substance of Europe's unity? In the middle ages it was based on a common religion. In the modern epoch, when God of the middle ages became a *Deus absconditus*, religion surrendered its place to culture that became the realisation of the supreme values through which European mankind defined, identified, and expressed itself.

It seems to me that in our century a certain change is setting in, a change which is equally significant as the change which separates the middle ages from modern times. In the same way as formerly God gave way to culture, culture itself is now surrendering its place. But to whom and for what purpose? In which sphere can a supreme value capable of uniting Europe be implemented? In the sphere of technological feats? In trade? In the media? Will a great journalist replace a great poet, perhaps? Or in politics? . . . Or will the *Deus absconditus* return to take the place which has become free and so become visible? I really do not know the answer. The only thing I do know is that culture has abandoned its place.'

The statement that the unity of Europe in the middle ages was based on a common religion is of course correct. Nonetheless this statement creates the impression – incidentally borne out by the following lines – that the European nations were in existence before their unifying principle and that they agreed on Christianity as a unifying element only later, by way of a convention. However, the European nations did not precede Christianity in their spiritual cultural identity; their uplift from barbarian indifference was the work of the Catholic Church. When Hilaire Belloc declared at the beginning of the 1930s – when the writing of spiritual decline was already on the wall – that Europe would be Christian or would not exist at all, his argument was certainly not based on the fact that a better unifying element did not exist. And when Europe forgot its spiritual foundations and pushed them into the subconscious, it had to feed on substitutes which, in view of the pathology of the whole process, were unable to provide the necessary balance, that 'higher health', which is needed for creative life and which is the opposite of crippled survival.

It is really difficult to envisage how something that is supposed to be a foundation, a *principle*, can be treated like a panel, as freely changeable. And is it possible to send God himself to and fro like this? Shatov in Dostoevski's *The Possessed* will believe in God if the nation, in which he believes foremost, fulfils its Messianic mission. Perhaps Milan Kundera *will* believe when culture, in which he hopelessly believes in the first place, rises from the ashes. However, in no way can *Deus absconditus* be the designation given to God by agnostics, who shrug their shoulders about the last mystery of existence as about stalemate in chess. Nor is this the God of the nominalists who might impose the very opposite of the Ten Commandments on mankind. It is the traditional God, given to the people who spoke to Moses in the revelation from the cover of the burning bush, the God of history. This *cover* does not concern cognizance or non-cognizance of his existence, but cognizance of his will and of the ways of influencing us. It really is a great misunderstanding if one uses this name for describing an alleged retreat from positions or for reaching for the top of the table of European values. It may be understandable that none of the human activities, nor human beings as such, can substitute for God ontologically, even though human beings have frequently usurped the place that is due to God in the life of societies. Man's culture, art and institutions are now supposed to become the ultimate measure of value and the ultimate self-justification. The Hebrew prophets called this confusion of values idolatry and regarded it as undignified for man to bow before the work of his own hands.

It is a typical drama of the past four centuries of Europe, a drama of the 'humanism innate in man' (Berdayev). It is bound to end in catastrophe, as the values which sought to substitute for God are swept away by those who brought them into the world, and finally hated because they failed to fulfil what was expected of them. This is one of the ultimate reasons of the present decline, the disintegration of the ability to distinguish, to differentiate, to take cognizance of that which truly concerns us. Strong tendencies exist on either side of 'class-divided Europe': on the one side a mass of consumers, interested only in what can be done, and on the other side a mass of intimidated people who dare to do only what is allowed. And the appeal 'measure without measure' (Holan) is louder and louder in a world that is increasingly indifferent toward art and culture, but yet more indifferent to truth.

Oh Lord, blessed by Thy name, my God who freed
me from idols,
And who caused me to honor only Thee,
and not Isis or Osiris,
nor Divinity or Humanity or natural laws,
nor Art or Beauty . . .

Paul Claudel did not write those verses as a disciple of Tolstoi's anti-cultural phantasies, as might appear to those who see an irreconcilable antagonism between

human values and transcendental values. He wrote them as a great poet who was endowed with a deeply discriminating understanding of the relation between values.

Despite the gravity and complexity of our situation, can one maintain that central Europe as an unmistakable spiritual phenomenon has become extinct, that the central European cultural centre has disappeared?

I believe that the central European spiritual realm continues to exist despite changed conditions and that to think of the unity of Europe and to cherish the image of a united Europe is neither especially conservative nor anachronistic.

It is too simple to say that the central European nations woke up one day and suddenly found themselves ruled by a foreign power. I do not refer only to the Yalta Conference, where, we were sold out as a result of the naivety of the Allies and particularly of the Americans, who assumed that the other side would not only respect the agreement in an equally honourable manner, but also interpret it in the same way. The hired sophists of the ruling ideology try to convince us that their masters were the only ones to interpret the Yalta Agreement correctly, that actually we are a sovereign state only thanks to our vassalage, and live in the best of all possible worlds. In the fateful period between 1945 and 1948, there existed strong pro-Soviet tendencies in the political parties quite apart from the Soviet fifth column in the Czech Communist Party. All poets, almost without exception eulogized the Red Army and its infallible Super-Commander. If someone, even prior to February, dared to refer to the crimes of Stalinism, he was demagogically silenced and, in the 1950s, unless he went into exile, he had to pay the price with added interest. Even President Beneš, a victim of his own political credulity, declared several times at similar occasions that he regarded an attack on the USSR as an attack on his own person. Who among those who would have been able to influence the course of events remembered Palacký or Havlíček's warning words against the pan-Slavism of Russia? Already the Soviet Union was cynically deriving moral capital from the sacrifices made during the World War by its 'family of nations'.

It is not by our choice that we find ourselves politically in bondage to the East. Nevertheless, our situation is not entirely the work of a usurping totalitarian power. The bed was already made by the romantic consciousness of 'Slav mutuality' in our country. And when the Russians perfidiously entered the bed, we got what we had asked for.

What is clear to us today was not all that clear 50 or 40 years ago. Culturally we belong to the West, not only through awareness of common Western traditions, but also through awareness of the mission incumbent on us here and now. Facing totalitarian indoctrination are we fighting for national self-existence or merely for bare survival? Will our enemies succeed in their efforts to turn us into a socialist nation fitting like cut-outs

into their rigid notions? This is really only up to us and depends on the existing and future awareness of a genuine mutuality (of fate and destiny) among the central European nations. The endeavour to overcome the schizophrenic situation in which we find ourselves can be and is – Milan Kundera's work agrees in this – a new source of creative endeavour.

All fears and misgivings would be worthless if they were to remain unfruitful. Nor would the wailing about lost central Europe be of any worth, if we were merely to cherish it as the image of something that is irrevocably past. If central Europe really were to disappear once and for all, if its practical liquidation were to be eventually followed by a successfully executed *spiritual* liquidation, this would involve a situation entirely different from that 'in which light gives way to a still greater light' (Deml). Where can we find a guarantee that this will not come to pass? Whence are we to take certainty, when for so many years tormenting uncertainty has been our only certainty?

Even if political freedom were to be returning to the central European nations tomorrow and they could freely take charge of their destinies – whether independently or within the framework of a central European federation – central Europe will never be what it was: a creative oasis between two powerful sources of tension in whose inimitably spiritual atmosphere great works came into being. And this for the simple reason that one irreplaceable part of its spiritual universe is irreversibly gone: the Jews of the diaspora in central and Eastern Europe.

Milan Kundera speaks of the Israeli nation:

'There is another thing as well that makes the Jewish nation so dear to me: it is precisely in its fate that the fortune of central Europe seems to be, as it were, concentrated, as if it were reflected in it and found its symbolical image. What is central Europe? An undefined zone of small nations between Russia and Germany. I am underlining the words: *small nations*. And what else are the Jews than a *small nation* par excellence? The only one of all small nations that succeeded in surviving empires and the destructive course of history.'

Israel (I mean the nation, not the state of Israel), in the more than 3½ millennia of its history, frequently suffered incomparably worse marasmas than that experienced just now by our central European nations. On several occasions it was on the brink of total extinction – did not Rabbi Feder after World War Two bewail the fact that Israel had ceased to exist as a nation? And yet it is beyond dispute that a new era has begun since then in the life of the Jewish nation. Nations not only live, but also *develop*, since they incorporate a certain forming principle in their foundations, something from which their self-awareness as nations (including their sense of place and mission in the life of a whole civilisation) may flow. Franz Werfel remarked that the indestructible existence of the Israeli people is due to the fact that Israel is the *physical* witness of God's revelation.

It is clear that we do not agree with those who fail to recognise the Judaeo-Christian revelation or who do not know it. Nevertheless, the 'fact of Israel' is a *historical* fact: all attempts to explain it apart from the revelation or without it have required arbitrary abstractions or ridiculous perversions of history. The fact that our nations and almost all the nations of Europe became subjects of a history of their own is the gradual consequence of the acceptance of Hebrew prophecy, which found supreme expression in the teachings of the last of its prophets, who was also more than a prophet. Those who form the communion of Jesus Christ believe and profess that he is the embodiment of God, and this neither metaphorically nor hyperbolically, but in fact and in truth. Proceeding from the premise that we accepted the 'leaven of the Gospel' at the beginnings of our national history, we could try to draw up a balance sheet of what we have done with that leaven, in comparison with what Israel has done taking into consideration historical relativity and imperfection. Or, what that leaven has done with us, insofar as we gave it a chance. How is it possible that Christianity has almost completely been lost in the consciousness of nations (with the exception of Poland) that are statistically and therefore not only nominally Christian? Conversely, how is it possible that educated and cultivated persons who can hardly suppress tears of emotion when hearing the terms 'European educational standards', or 'Western civilisation', suffer a hysterical fit when reminded that neither is imaginable without Christianity? Is it possible, in these circumstances, to speak of a 'return' to Christianity?

Since the substance of Christianity is not exhausted by the cultures which it has engendered, we cannot imagine a return to it as the return to something *that was*. After all, what happened in our unhappy history might be cited as a warning example by negative historiography (a science akin to negative theology). It would be sad if someone were to interpret the idea of a return to Christianity as an attempt to introduce old-new state religion. Under existing conditions the political dimension of faith in this country cannot be practised without heroic commitment; but it would be ridiculous if it were to be realised in some kind of traditionalist or party groupings. Nor can anyone want a return to Christianity merely because it paid other nations to be Christian. If Christianity is not the whole truth about man, if it had only been an essential moment in the realisation of certain ethical norms, no efforts at its restoration will save it and to return to it would be an unnecessary luxury. However this is not so.

Milan Kundera uses the case of Franz Werfel to illustrate a typical example of a central European fate. Werfel spent the first third of his life in Prague, the second in Vienna, and the last in France and in the United States. Kundera mentions a lecture given by Werfel in 1937. The occasion was a symposium arranged by the Organisation of Intellectual Cooperation at the League of Nations, in which 'the future

of literature' was one of the subjects. Werfel was supposed to propose the forming of 'a world academy of poets and thinkers'. Kundera acknowledges that he undertook to oppose 'not only Hitlerism, but the totalitarian danger in general and the ideological and journalistic delusion of a time that prepared to murder culture'. Werfel's proposal was not only rejected, of course, it even earned him derision. As Milan Kundera continues, 'this kind of an academy would have had the comical appearance of a gathering of aesthetes in an absolutely politicised world'. However, Kundera is moved by Werfel's naive proposal because 'it expressed a desperate yearning for a moral authority in a world deprived of values'.

There have been many more suggestions which were ridiculed at the time of their birth, but which were pushed through and implemented and later accepted as matters of course primarily by those who had regarded them as impossible. Would a world gathering of independent creators and thinkers merely be a society of aesthetes? And does this mean that Franz Werfel too was merely a *bel-esprit*? After all, one must distinguish between the noble ridiculousness of Don Quixote and the absurdity of people who are stupid and without nobility. In the final reckoning, history declares the former to be right. And even history that has foundered, destroyed by those others and their ridiculous claims and notions, declares the same. Werfel felt horror and at the same time concern for a world in which all *moral* authority had either ceased to exist, or was silenced and drowned by demagogues who pour scorn on any authority which has no tanks at its disposal. It is Franz Werfel's merit that he attributed the perplexity of that time not to the *Zeitgeist*, but to 'the betrayal of the educated', under whose tutelage Europe had abandoned its genuine spiritual unity.

I repeat, culture as the fruit of spiritual unity cannot defend or replace this spiritual unity. It is another invaluable merit of this unbaptised Christian that he was able to arrive at an unclouded view in the face of malice and prejudice, and that he showed the way to Christianity – infested and fatefully weakened as it was by anti-semitism. At a time when the majority of European intellectuals realised the danger of fascist and Nazi totalitarianism, but was smitten with blindness toward another totalitarianism (let us recall that André Gide went to Russia to see for himself how the principles of the Gospel are applied there), Werfel was able in *The Big Question* to distinguish between the two perils. European intellectuals who were not mere *anti-fascists* or *anti-communists* but who recognised the mortal danger for the whole of our European culture and Christian civilisation from fascism and communism alike, could in the middle of the 1930s be counted on the fingers of one hand. Emmanuel Meunier, Jacques Maritain, or Nikolai Berdiayev did not fancy themselves as aesthetes, and the solutions they suggested were not particularly Quixotic. But who wanted to listen to them?

Werfel's 'Big Question' is a question about the

meaning and aims of our lives, about the meaning of our history, national and European; it is also a question about God. It is a radical question, addressed to a secularised Europe that did not want to hear it or, because of its politicisation, was able to answer it only in the form of a few vague bourgeois banalities. It is the question of the return to the foundation of our Western world: the return to Christianity, which has lasted 'in the spirit of truth' and which has never sounded a retreat from the questions which the secularised world experiences and produces. It is difficult to judge if this whole of Europe is any wiser, now that it has been mercilessly crushed and one of its inseparable parts is in the possession of others. History is not always formed by those who believe they make it. And if God does his work unseen, it is better to believe his 'secret agents in the kingdom on earth', as Jacques Maritain characterised himself, than those who, according to the French saying, make rain and fair weather in opinions. And where is it written that central Europe, politically subjugated as it is, does not have an advance on Western Europe in certain respects by virtue of the cruel experience which has tutored it?

If we defend our central European identity against the ideological battalions, we cannot rely merely on our 'belonging to the West'. We must rely also on the elements which constitute our historical foundation. The persecution of Christianity is not just an arbitrary matter; for our fraternal enemies feel it to be – and in their perverse ways respect it as – the point of the most persevering resistance, the real foundation and centre of national identity. This is most clearly apparent in the case of our northern neighbours, the Poles. When asking how we are to resist the destructive influences which surround us, we must also ask *with what* are we to resist them? With a national ideology? In every ideology, however, there is falsehood, and often national ideologies have paved the way for the 'internationalist' ideology. It is no accident that our heirs of national traditions permitted the nation to adhere to an ideological version of its own history, right up to the moment of 'fusion', when national sentiment gave way to 'patriotism of a higher type'.

We painfully feel the consequences of the fact that the nations of central Europe have been kept isolated from one another for dozens of years – deliberately and purposefully – and that, moreover, they are incited one against the other by means of 'statistical comparisons'. How can one resist this evil? Nationalism is as sterile as provincialism. And abstract humanism is based on too many suppositions, and too few realities, to be anything better than a formula for all seasons. It is the great sin

of the European nations that instead of Christ they gave other nations their own ideological garbage, ground into pigfeed, upon which the nations of the world now are nourished, and which removes from every nation its true and human face.

The more our culture is jeopardised, the deeper ought to be our thoughts about its roots. Are we going to be sufficiently magnanimous to accord truth its rights, even if the evidence were against us? To declare that we have disappeared is premature: it is true neither spiritually nor culturally nor even politically. Centres of resistance against spiritual equalisation and annihilation do exist. But they need not be 'parallel structures' with an expressly oppositional orientation, nor 'an underground Church' – terms which, incidentally, worry the representatives of the regime and their ideological police. Educated self-help exists and continues to exist; so too does 'the Abraham Minority', as the Brazilian Archbishop Don Holder Cammara called it. Ivan Diviš wrote before his departure into exile words which can be characterised as almost a programme: 'They have destroyed us through the anonymous negative. We shall destroy them through the anonymous positive'.

When speaking of a possible return to Christianity by our nations and the nations of the whole of central Europe, I am aware of possible misunderstandings. 'A return to Christianity' can create the impression of a hopeless pilgrimage to the grave of something dead. Perhaps it would be more fitting to speak of a *return of Christianity*. This, in the life of our nations, is a credible reality, characteristic of the past few decades, which is still to produce its fruits. The persecution of the Church changes nothing; nor does propaganda, patched up from the conceptual junk of the last century, have the strength to confine our religious life and feeling.

I combine here my conviction about the spiritual revival of our nations and of the nations of the whole of Europe with my faith that Europe will also realise in some ways outwardly its spiritual and cultural togetherness. From that realisation a new unity will arise.

I would not speak of a return to Christianity if I were not convinced not only of the integral truthfulness of the Christian faith, but also of the fact that, owing to the Incarnation, the Cross, and the Resurrection, this faith is infinitely more than a unifying religion, that it is a religion of fruitfulness, a religion in which nature's gifts to mankind are spiritually multiplied. And perhaps culture is precisely that which is given to us, if we seek God's Kingdom first.

Erratum

In the October issue we stated that Bryan Wilson is a Fellow of All Saints College, Oxford. He is, in fact, a Fellow of All Souls College.

Discipline

Lionel F. Cerny

If only our schools were better organised, children would grow up to be law-abiding citizens with their talents well-developed. This is the view expressed in letters to the press and telephone calls to local radio following each fresh outbreak of wrongdoing by the young. Better organisation means more stringent discipline, which in its turn means corporal punishment. Occasionally one hears some admission that parents have a part to play, in that if they disciplined their children the task of teachers would be facilitated. More often than not, the breakdown of social discipline is attributed to the failure of teachers to discharge their function properly.

Now it seems to me that, with reference to schools, there are two sides to discipline. It is one thing for a teacher to impose the discipline of a subject on a student who wants to learn that subject, and quite another for a teacher to discipline unruly children in order to force them to study a subject that they have no wish to study.

This second kind of discipline belongs to parents. The parent-child relationship, because it is based on the fact that the child is bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of its parents, is unique. No child can have the same relationship with other adults as it has with its parents. By virtue of that relationship, the parent stands to the child as God stands to His creation in the eyes of a believer. He has the duty, the power and the right to discipline his own children, which includes bringing them up to his own beliefs and way of life. The Latin verb *parentare*, from which is derived the noun 'parent', meant just that.

Parenthood has been outlawed by Act of Parliament, or rather, an unwholesome brotherhood of well-intentioned, hell-creating social benefactors has transferred parental responsibility to the classroom, in an effort to make the schools the focus and the instrument of social cohesion. Teachers have thus been placed in an artificial position. They are expected to perform a task which is not theirs. A teacher is not the parent of his pupils, and he has no original right, duty or power to impose upon them the study of the subject in which he is expert. The sole source of his right, duty and power to do this is the ability of his pupils, which no Act of Parliament can alter.

The advocates of child-centred education appear to be dimly aware of this truth. Their recommended methods may be seen as an attempt to absolve the teacher of the need to impose a discipline that he has no right to impose by a pretence that all children are happy to learn if only the teacher finds the right pedagogy. Nothing, however, can alter the fact that a

teacher is the teacher of this or that subject, that it is only as the teacher of a subject that his existence is justified, that the more he abandons his own attitude to his subject in order to accommodate his less able pupils the more artificial his position becomes. Teacher and parents perform two quite different functions, and the two are ultimately incompatible.

Children know all this perfectly well. Placed in schools, where they have no initial wish to be, they will be happy to learn what their teachers teach them if their natural abilities enable them to do so, thus overriding the artificiality of the pupil-teacher relationship. In the absence of these natural abilities, they will increasingly see their teachers as usurpers attempting to impose a discipline which rightly belongs to their parents, and their parents as cowards who have betrayed them to an alien authority. Their allegiance will thus be divided between home and school. Within the school the difficulty will be compounded, at least at the secondary stage, by the fact that in one school day a child may meet as many as eight different teachers, each making a different set of demands. Thus his position will be analogous to that of the political prisoner made to alternate between the 'hard' man and the 'soft' man. If his spirit is not to be broken, it is therefore most important that all his teachers be the same teacher; but all his teachers cannot be the same teacher, because all teach different subjects. By the very nature of schools, some teachers will be 'hard' and others 'soft', and the children will react accordingly.

Now any teacher worth his salt must believe in the value of his subject, and hence in the desirability of requiring the young to learn it. This is not the place to pursue the old philosophical inquiry into the objectivity or the subjectivity of value judgements. Whether a subject has value in itself or only in the eyes of the person teaching it, the teacher will reasonably hold it desirable that the young should study it. If it has value in itself, the young should for that reason study it. If it has value only for the teacher, the young should still study it, because it may have value for them, and they cannot know whether it has unless and until they study it.

The difficulty, as we have already noted, is that no teacher has the original right, duty or power to force his pupils to study his specialisms. The law, by requiring all parents to send their children to school, makes the teachers surrogates of government, arrogating to themselves the right, duty and power which belong to parents, and thus behaving immorally. Moreover, however desirable it may be for children to learn, there is no guarantee that they will possess the necessary gifts

that will enable them to do so, and in that case all discipline imposed by the teacher is pointless.

Now if teachers possess knowledge that it is desirable for the young to acquire, if they are required to teach children of little ability, if they do not know what children can achieve until they have taught them, and sometimes not even then, if it is the case that many children cannot, as opposed to will not, learn, if attempts to discipline such children are pointless, what are the teachers to do?

They can adopt the maxim of that great educator, the Emperor Marcus Aurelius: Teach them if you can; if you cannot teach them, put up with them. If they did so, there would be numerous and vociferous demands from the general, non-teaching public for appraisal, in-service training, a more 'relevant' curriculum, but especially for more 'discipline', of teachers as well as of pupils.

The second possible course would be for teachers to emulate the Manichees, and cast their less able pupils into the outer darkness. Such action would provoke vigorous protests designed to make teachers feel guilty for depriving children of something that the children would not want, and these protests would be accompanied by the demands listed above.

Thus far, we may conclude that it is reasonable for a teacher to say to his pupils that if they make some effort to acquire the knowledge that he is trying to pass on to them they may reap some benefit from their endeavours in later life, they may discover abilities in themselves of which they were unaware, they may even enjoy the process of being educated, *but that nothing is guaranteed*; that any teacher who adopted this attitude would incur the severe displeasure of the general, non-teaching public, who insist, for a variety of reasons, on guarantees, who reject the notion that a fair number of children are unteachable, and a larger number only moderately so, and for whom the guarantees include properly trained teachers, a 'relevant' curriculum, but above all, 'discipline'.

Why, I ask, do so many people insist that the most important function of teachers is to impose 'discipline'? I answer: because public money is spent on education, and the money must not be deemed to be wasted; because parents want their children to have 'a chance that they never had'; because policy-makers believe that tomorrow's world will be better than today's and that the young must be prepared for it by teachers because the parents are incapable of undertaking such preparation; but above all because the general, non-teaching public is afflicted by a deep discontent with the world as it is outside school and earnestly prays for Utopia – a good place which is nowhere.

Now discontent with things as they are is a form of indiscipline. It is much intensified when a nation's policy-makers say, in effect, to the adult population: 'It would be terrible if your children grew up to be like you, and to follow you in your trade or profession; you must send them to school to avoid so unthinkable an eventuality, and in order for them to become your social and educational superiors, in the sacred name of social and industrial progress'. The intensification is the greater when the adults in question are on low incomes. The implementation of such beliefs down the generations ensures the perpetuation of indiscipline, that is, discontent with things as they are, both inside and outside school, simply because children become accustomed to the notion that the care of the young is not a task for parents.

The conclusion of all this is easily stated. Schooling must no longer be legally imposed. It must become what the fashionable jargon says it is, an opportunity, that is, something to be accepted or rejected at will by the free citizens of a democratic country. In this way morality would be restored to both parental and pedagogic function. Industrial progress might cease, and the number of academically educated people might decline; but what shall a nation be profited if it become workshop to the whole world, or even university to the whole world, and lose its own soul?

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The Secularisation of Turkey

Diana Spearman

The reappearance of fanatical and archaic forms of Islam has added to the contemporary relevance of the secularisation of Turkey, which astounded Europe and shocked the Muslim world 60 years ago. The questions raised by the contrasting history of Turkey and other Muslim states extend beyond this particular case, involving as they do, the effects of imposed social change, the role of ideas and of contact between cultures. Apart from these general themes, some knowledge of the origins and aims of the movement is essential for the understanding of modern Turkey and helpful in assessing the likely course of events in other Muslim countries. Rulers, diplomats and journalists were, in the past, misled by ignorance of Turkish history into believing that the Turkish example could be followed in states with wholly different social structures and historical experiences. Today the opposite mistake is more often made; hearing the call to prayer and seeing the mosques full of worshippers, the ordinary tourist, and even the less cautious journalist, is apt to think that secularisation has been merely superficial, and that at any time an upsurge of Muslim fundamentalism may sweep away the Kemalist reforms and establish a revivalist regime. This idea is encouraged by the enemies of Turkey as a means of suggesting that she is an unreliable ally; when not inspired by enmity it is probably due to the different interpretations which can be given to the concept of secularism.

A process which can be called secularisation has, over the last 200 years, affected all societies, even those which have tried to resist or reverse it, but it has not meant the same thing or produced the same results in every instance. In Western Europe it has, on the whole been gradual and spontaneous, nourished by doubts about the basic doctrines of the faith, and followed rather than led by governments. In France it has been, at times, deliberate government policy, but it has been supported by large sections of the population, including the radical working class, while in Turkey it was imposed by an authoritarian government without any demand from the mass of the people or any visible change in their religious outlook.

In every version of the Constitution since 1937, secularism has been declared to be a fundamental principle of the Republic, and in the latest, issued in 1982, it was added that this is among the provisions never to be amended nor is any amendment even to be proposed. These clauses might suggest a hostility to religion resembling that of communist states. Nothing could be further from the truth. Secularisation is not, and never was, directed against the faith itself, as

General Evren explained in 1981: 'Secularism is not atheism. Secularism is freedom of conscience. Secularism is drawing a line between religion and affairs of state.'¹ In concrete terms this means the severance of all formal links between religion and the state, government control of all Muslim religious institutions and of religious education. The Constitution from its first introduction in 1923 has forbidden the formation of political parties based on religion, and the participation of religious personnel in politics is strongly discouraged. As Evren put it: 'We always respect the clergy . . . but we ask these highly esteemed persons kindly to refrain from political activities.'² Turkey, however, remains a Muslim country, with the vast majority of its population convinced and sincere adherents of Islam, and even agnostics seeming disinclined to distance themselves too far from it. Against this background it is not always easy to understand the importance attached to secularism. To grasp its political significance we must recognise its position as a basic element in Kemalism, the theory on which Atatürk governed the country, and on which all political parties, except the now dissolved National Salvation Party, always claim (with varying degrees of plausibility) that their programmes are based. In addition, it is valued by most Turks as a safeguard against fanaticism and superstition and a guarantee that religion will not be used as an excuse for clinging to customs now disliked by the majority.

It might once have been necessary to explain why both the policy and Evren's exposition of it are heretical in the eyes of traditional orthodoxy. However, the Islamic revival has familiarised every newspaper reader with the Holy Law, the *Shar'ia* (in Turkish the *Şeriat*). It may, however, even yet not be realised how far it went in sanctifying political arrangements and social customs. In the accepted view God had not only revealed, through His Prophet, the path He wished humanity to follow but had given detailed instruction as to the conduct of both individual and collective life. The ruler was commissioned by God, but his functions were strictly limited, he was to apply the *Şeriat* but not to change or add to it.

Practice never conformed entirely to theory, both the nature of human society and the legacy of the Persian and Byzantine Empires working against it; as time went on new questions inevitably arose to which the *Şeriat* could give no answer. Rulers had, however, always been permitted to issue decrees which in practice had the force, although not the prestige, of law as long as they did not conflict with the *Şeriat*. The duty or privilege of deciding whether they were legitimate

belonged in the Ottoman Empire to the Şey-ul-Islam, the head of the religious hierarchy. As late as 1908 the revolutionary Young Turk Government found it expedient to prevail on the Şey of the time to declare lawful the deposition of Abdul Hamid. But although the Islamic facade remained almost intact, behind it laws unrelated to Islamic ideas had been added to the legal system. The expansion of trade with European states led to the formulation of a legal code which had little connection with Islamic legal theory, allowing, for example, non-Muslims to sit with Muslims as judges. And although it has been said that the Ottoman Sultans were the only Muslim rulers to make a real attempt to apply the Şariat, there seems to have been a certain tension between Islamic law and Turkish tribal law. It is in terms of such a conflict, according to the historian Serefettin Turan, that we must explain Suleyman the Magnificent's abrogation of the Koranic punishment of amputation of a hand for theft.³ Further modifications of the criminal law took place under the influence of European humanitarianism but the Şariat courts still existed, and the Şariat still dominated family law.

The legal changes were symptoms of the cultural crisis in which the Muslim world was plunged, and which affected the Turkish elements in the Ottoman Empire more painfully than any other Muslim people. For centuries the Empire had been preeminently successful, and even after 200 years of disaster and decline was still by far the most important Muslim state. Conservatives are suspicious, and rightly suspicious of change, especially of imposed change. However, there are moments when it is inescapable and one of them occurred in Turkey in 1922. Although victory over the Greeks, indeed over the Allies of the recent war, had given the Turks a confidence in themselves lacking in other Muslim countries, a political crisis was superimposed on the long-enduring cultural uncertainty. Ottoman institutions were in ruins: not only had they failed to adjust to modern conditions; they had also fallen away from the standard they had reached in the 15th and 16th centuries, and hence might be said to have failed in their own terms. Loyalty to the Sultan, at least to the Sultanate, would have survived had the last Sultan not fatally undermined it by denouncing the Nationalist movement and condemning its leaders to death. Faith in Islam remained but its official representative, the Şey-ul-Islam had also denounced the Godless men in Ankara. The attitude of the Istanbul authorities had created a deep hostility to them in Ankara, which would in itself have made a change of government inevitable. The only question was whether such a change could be accomplished within the traditional frame-work or whether it involved a revolution going beyond the merely political. If some man other than Atatürk had played his role in the Nationalist movement, it is possible that the previous compromise between Islamic tradition and modern requirements might have been continued or even an attempt made to

return to the original Islamic state. Either would have meant not so much the revival of the Sultanate as of the power of the Ulama, the religious hierarchy, who as experts in the Şariat, would have dominated the legal system and retained their veto over new legislation. The officer corp had since 1908 been the major force in politics, and they were unlikely to hand back power to the Ulama, devout Muslims as some of them were. If a clue to Turkish history is sought in 'struggle' it is to be found in struggle between occupational groups rather than between classes.

Atatürk had long decided what ought to be done, and his enormous prestige as the saviour of the country, the Gazi (champion of the Faith), allowed him to do it. Many sophisticated commentators used to maintain that he merely continued trends visible long before and introduced reforms inevitable in every Muslim country. There is some truth in the first part of this contention but it is not the whole truth. Many of Atatürk's policies had been advocated before 1914 but he gave them an individual colouring, and pursued them with an iconoclastic vigour which made them different from anything previously attempted. Kemalism is moreover taught in the schools and expounded by generals in the terms and with the arguments he used, and as his every utterance has been collected there is no lack of information about his aims and motives.

Secularism was essential to his commitment to Europe. Nothing divided Turkey from the West more than the Şariat sanction of polygamy, which although hardly practised at all by the educated classes, was regarded by the Ulama as part of the sacred legacy of the Prophet. Atatürk, however, had other and purely domestic reasons for his determination to separate religion and the state. The problem which preoccupied all educated Muslims, whether their education was Islamic or modern, was why had Islam, which had once seemed to have a more promising future than Christendom, fallen so far behind? Or, in the shape which this problem assumed for the Turks, why had Ottoman society failed to respond to the challenge of European intellectual and technological achievements? Unlike others who had tried to solve it, Atatürk had no doubt of the answer: it was the ignorance first promoted and then enforced by the Ulama.

'The negative and overwhelming force which has condemned our country to decay . . . is the old law and its faithful followers . . . Think of the Turkish victory of 1453, the capture of Istanbul and its place in world history. That same might and power, which in defiance of the whole world, made Istanbul forever the property of the Turkish community, was too weak to overcome the ill-omened resistance of the Ulama to the printing press which had been invented about the same time. Three hundred years were to pass before the old law and its exponents were to permit the entry of printing.'⁴

This view of Ottoman history naturally led to the decision to separate the institutions of the state from

their religious foundations, and it was re-inforced by Atatürk's hatred and fear of religious fanaticism, expressed in many of his speeches as in the address to the youth of Konya in 1923:

'A hatred and enmity have persisted between the group attached to Christianity and the society of Islam. The two worlds have lived for centuries with this hostility. As a consequence the Islamic world has remained far from the progress which in every period has taken form and colour in the West.'⁵

Atatürk was also convinced that the Arabic-Persian civilisation, which had dominated the cultural life of the Turks, and for which he seems to have conceived a strong antipathy, was exhausted and had nothing more to offer. The elimination of its influence involved interference with many of the things considered sacrosanct. The Arabs and their Turkish admirers maintained that not only social customs but such apparently neutral artefacts as their script were an essential part of the faith, and hence that it would be sacrilege to change to another form of writing.

As the invocation of 'progress' indicates there was another element in Kemalism: the influence of European, 19th century political theories. They were undoubtedly powerful in the choice of political forms: it is hardly possible that the Turks could have established a Republic without European models. But secularism probably derives from a more general source, the inevitable clash between rulers and religious bodies claiming equivalent or superior authority. This – one of the major themes in Western medieval history – had been avoided in the Ottoman Empire only by the complete fusion of religion and the state. Once this fusion had disintegrated under the pressure of events and of the theories adopted to explain them, secularisation was a solution bound to occur to any government strong enough to enforce it.

The question of how far secularism has penetrated Turkish society has been much discussed. If the intention had been, as in Russia, to destroy belief, it would have been impossible for an outsider, even perhaps for the Turks themselves, to form any judgement, there being no infallible method of reading the human heart. Moreover permanent changes cannot be made in a modern society unless they correspond, not necessarily in any obvious way, to popular feeling or to some element in it. Even the Soviet system, buttressed by every form of coercion, incorporates Russian aspirations towards a collective identity and a submergence of the individual in the life of the community.

Turkish society was, as it had always been, divided into two sharply contrasting sections, the educated elite among whom even those most attached to Islamic traditions were much affected by European ideas, and the mass of the people: mainly peasants. The educated had been subjected to the same intellectual influences as Atatürk, and those who opposed him were not inspired by religious scruples but by political

conservatism or 'liberal' principles, which taught them that the people should be free to choose for themselves without pressure from the government.

It has been supposed that the peasants resented the secularising measures. There is, however, little evidence for this view; opposition on religious grounds seems to have come from provincial centres such as Izmir and smaller towns in the same region. The attitude of the countryside was probably less simple. Peasant religion was dominated by the Dervish Orders, whose beliefs combined, within an Islamic frame-work, Persian mysticism with elements of Central Asian Shamanism, Christianity and Gnosticism, and memories of Greek culture still surviving in the villages.⁶ The amalgam is illustrated by a folk poem in praise of Atatürk:

God sent a saviour, our ordeal is over
The Gazi came from God like Ezekiel
A commander appeared for the soldiers
Plato lent a hand, Lokman⁷ joined in.
Turk and Kurd showed their might.⁸

Atatürk appears to have relied on Anatolian heterodoxy to reconcile the peasants to secularisation,⁹ in which he was at least partially disappointed: there was more opposition from the Orders than from the Ulama. How far they were supported by those who usually followed their lead is not clear. The Orders themselves had been accused of ignoring Islamic precepts in the matter of alcohol and the veiling of women. However that may have been, they had given an example of intense religious life outside the orthodox tradition, and so must have created an awareness that faith in Islam was not necessarily tied to the observance of particular customs. Whether due to this background or not, when Atatürk went round the villages teaching the Latin script he was everywhere received with enthusiasm.

It may well be, as Bernard Lewis has suggested,¹⁰ that modern communications and increased literacy have made today's peasants and workmen more orthodox than their grandparents. Some objective evidence about the political appeal of fundamentalism is provided by the fortunes of the National Salvation Party. In spite of the ban on parties based on religion, after the emergence of a multi-party system in the 50s the National Salvation Party appeared; it resembled Islamic parties elsewhere, combining religious fanaticism with extreme socialism and an even more extreme dislike of the West. At the peak of its electoral success it only secured 40 seats in the National Assembly out of a total of 400 under a system unusually favourable to minority parties. Subsequently its highest score was 28. Nor was religion much of a factor in the troubles of 1978–80. Demands for a return to the Şariat were voiced, but only by a few, and only in the later years of the disorders, when it looked as if the country was on the brink of disintegration. The most startling explosion of religious fervour was fighting between Sunnis and Alevis – the Turkish Shi'ites – after centuries of peaceful life together.

The system of proportional representation adopted in

1961 put minority parties, the National Salvation Party among them, in a strong position to demand alterations in the law, since no government could be formed without the support of one or other of them. Minor concessions were made to Islamic sentiment in response, and no doubt also from genuine conviction. The call to prayer is again heard in Arabic, and from more serious motives, religious education has been reintroduced in the schools. Nevertheless, it is the Turkish version of Islam which is taught, a version as unlike the theology of Saudi Arabia or Pakistan as Anglicanism, when the Church of England still had a creed, was unlike continental Catholicism.

Although the Kemalist ideal was complete religious freedom, too enthusiastic a commitment to Islam was not exactly fashionable under Atatürk. Since the last war there has been something of a religious revival but it seems to have had little impact on politics and few political implications. Economic difficulties, and the spread of Marxism and theories of class domination and exploitation, have persuaded the electorate to concern themselves with the problems that engage the attention of other countries: taxation, wage control,

development, trade unionism. Perhaps the most important aspect of Islamic politics at the moment is the rumour that the present Prime Minister is inclined to sympathise with their more moderate expression, and that he goes so far as to mistrust the West on this account. It would not be surprising if he felt such mistrust, however, in view of the campaign being waged against his government by the European left. The dislike of socialists and Liberals for Turkey and the Turks is one of the strangest of contemporary phenomena. One would have supposed that they would have wished to support a country which, in spite of difficulties and set-backs, has clung to democratic ideals and constitutional government. However, while they are able to find excuses for the most bizarre and loathsome regimes, no opportunity for attacking Turkey is missed. One may doubt the reasonableness of this attitude; one cannot but admit, however, that it is devoid of any selfish considerations. The collapse of Turkey or her withdrawal from Nato would be a disaster for the West and its results would be felt as much by Swedish socialists or French liberals as by the rest of us.

Notes

1. Speech at the opening of Atatürk year 5th January 1981.
2. Speech at Konya, 15th January 1981.
3. In conversation.
4. *Atatürk'un Söylev ve Demeçleri*, Enver Ziya Karal (ed).
5. *ibid.*
6. Mehmed Fuad Kröprülzade, *L'influence du Chamanisme Turco-Mongol sur les ordres mystiques*; S. Hasluk, *Christianity*

and Islam Under the Sultans; Metin And, *Dionus'ios ve Andulu Köylüsü*.

7. *Lokman* – a figure in Turkish mythology.
8. Quoted in *Atatürk Hakkında, ozanlarmizin söylediği şiirler*, Fevziya Tansel, Belleten, July 1978.
9. Yalcin, *Turkey In My Time*.
10. Bernard Lewis, *The Emergence of Modern Turkey*.

The Loss of Politics

Václav Bělohradský

The charming young face of President Kennedy, the rustic personality of Mr Khrushchev capped by his authentic rustic idiom, the Franciscan simplicity and enormous mass-appeal of Pope John II communicating to every human being the will to be his 'loving neighbour' – these are three powerful symbols of the so-called dialogue between East and West: the era of diffused confidence in the possibility of peaceful co-operation between different political systems. These symbols have aroused the hopes of millions of democrats in the power of the Eastern countries to alleviate the yoke of communism and to obtain an acceptable degree of cultural and economic freedom. Moreover, cultural exchange has been an everyday experience for the generation – to which I belong – which came of age in the 60s. This extended human contact among intellectuals coming from different political backgrounds has also contributed to the psychological release, the climate of confidence, that constituted the decisive feature of that period.

All this confidence and optimism is over today. The communist systems seem as distant as ever from any political democratisation. Meanwhile the Western democracies have shown signs of increasing uncertainty and weakness during the period of détente. The period of dialogue culminated in a very serious collapse of democratic legitimacy, the most visible sign of which was a culture which sustained and glamorised terrorism. When Soviet tanks repressed the Prague Spring in 1968, the dialogue was definitively shaken. And in the early 70s Russian dissidents, especially Solzhenytsin, rejected in very powerful statements the whole Western concept of détente.

The tragedy of the dialogue between East and West stems, I believe, from the misunderstanding of politics implicit in its cultural basis. This misunderstanding of politics is closely related to the ruling category of the political theory underlying détente, the category of 'convergence'. The theoretical orientation fostered by liberal politicians, and heavily supported by the

universities and learned institutions of the West, consists in conceiving of all existing societies in terms of 'converging systems'. In using the term 'system' the theoreticians of détente refer to the historical necessity pushing all existing societies, regardless of their different political traditions, towards a single type of society, characterised by high technology and rational organisation, but completely neutral with respect to values and ideologies. Hence, the cultural basis of the dialogue is this forecast of a retreat of the political into the technical, a dissolution of politics before the pervasive imperative that society should be organised on scientific lines.

The three symbols of détente we have mentioned above seemed to be the incarnation of the personal virtues which are finally to prevail over the impersonal mechanism of the cold war and to reassure us that there is a basis for collaboration and development. Such was the generally shared illusion. Under the symbolic surface, however, a more radical process was going on: the depersonalisation of Western politics. I call this process – alluding to Hannah Arendt – the banalisation of politics, and mean by it the severance from tradition and human values; the reduction, to put it another way, of politics to management. Management was being progressively camouflaged as political authority.

The ruling category of détente from the point of view of cultural history is that of the 'system'. This term expresses the ultimate separation between the State and the person, precipitated by a technological conception of politics. Roger Scruton has persuasively argued that our political tradition is menaced by the State declining irresistibly into impersonality, while 'in its healthy form it is a person'. We can further assert that, in the political culture underlying détente, the fact that all states must decline into impersonal systems has been assumed as the precondition of a durable peace.

The term 'system' has played during the era of détente the same role as the term '*macchina*' or 'automaton' during the Age of Absolutism. It has claimed for itself a status of neutrality with respect to religion, values, personal ideas and so on. In adapting to this obligatory neutrality all societies become 'systems' operating under the same functional imperatives: they must necessarily function in the same way. So obsolete ideologies are destined to disappear: this dissolution of ideologies would indeed be the hallmark of 'post-industrial' society. The most commanding imperative which pushes the industrial societies into the post-industrial form of systems is the massive use of scientific knowledge in social decision-making. Everyone in society must accept a radical limitation of ideology by technical imperatives; politics becomes 'technicised'.

We can understand this theory of détente in terms of three strictly interrelated processes. First détente presupposes a massive shift from state-oriented politics to system-oriented politics. In the Western tradition the State has indeed been visualised as a person (we can remind ourselves of Plato's idea of the *polis* as a

macroanthropos and of Hobbes's symbol of Leviathan); this person has been understood as representing and guarding the values and traditions of human social existence. The modern 'system' – unlike the personal State – is shaped by impersonal imperatives of growth and rational organisation. The management must absorb every political decision in a value-neutral science – such is the expectation of the theory. The question occurs: what consequences does this disjunction between State and person have for the legitimacy of democracy?

Secondly, there is a far-reaching shift from power-oriented politics to management-oriented politics. Political decision-making is viewed as strictly controlled by the imperatives of management. The basic creed of systems theory is that, thanks to this control, we can resolve every conflict peacefully. In other words, the way to peace is precisely through the process by which management displaces politics. The most important consequence of this conception is that every resistance against this displacement of politics by management has been declared as dangerous war-mongering. Every value-oriented attitude in politics is automatically excluded from the dialogue, so that a US President who pursues genuinely personal and responsible policies is for that reason denounced as dangerous – even frightening – by the managerial establishment.

Thirdly, the theoretical orientations underlying détente carry expectations of those massive changes in the social structure described by Burnham as the 'managerial revolution'. According to this forecast a shift would occur from the ideology-based elites to the management-based elites. Managers, who guard a strictly neutral attitude toward the alternative ideologies of communism and capitalism, would assume a new centrality in the functioning of society. The management-based elites relate to the new role of science in the post-industrial systems. The basic expectation is that the difference between capitalism and socialism is being radically reduced by the fact that both state-ownership – ideologically legitimised – and private property – also ideologically assured – are declining into management, in the same way. All post-industrial systems are controlled by the managers, despite ideological differences: such is the essence of the conception. It has aroused great expectations as far as the social structure of the USSR is concerned: the real power (it is thought) will shift from the hands of the communists to the hands of a supposedly 'neutral' managerial class. At the same time, in the West, the power of the capitalists would dissolve in the neutral necessity of management. This is the moment, therefore, when the different political systems can effectively meet each other.

The very impressive amount of illusion tied to this retreat from the political into the technical was swept away by the military repression of reform in Czechoslovakia and Poland. Nevertheless the illusions are still glowing under the ashes, and tempt the

Western politicians. This is shown by the 'myth of Gorbachev' – the bright, efficient, managerial leader, 'with whom you can deal'. I consider the persisting influence of this theoretical pattern as undermining every efficacious defense of democracy. Above all the Communist Party elites become the privileged partners of the dialogue. If good relations with Walesa threaten to damage relations with Jaruzelski, the argument goes, then it is Walesa, not Jaruzelski, who should be abandoned. Moreover, the legitimacy of liberal democracy has been shaken by severing its relation to values and tradition. For democracy appears merely as a *functional* requisite of a post-industrial society, and therefore one for which it is not necessary to combat continuously. I see the very roots of European

anti-democratic terrorism in this vanishing of legitimacy for democracy, induced by the theory underlying détente.

I should like to propose a reversal of this dangerous conception of détente and a restoration of the true meaning of dialogue. The dissidents have offered a very important lesson to Western politicians, but one which has been largely unheeded. They have focused our attention on the necessity to reverse the retreat from the political into the technical. The battle against totalitarianism is above all a battle inspired by values and religion. No technical change can win this battle for us. Dialogue as I see it must be above all the growth of common values. This is the fundamental message of Charter 77 in Czechoslovakia.

Ethiopia: Eleven Years of Fraud

Dereje Deressa

Before the Ethiopian 'revolution' the overwhelming numbers of the peasantry were landless and poor, the country was corruptly ruled by an Emperor whose régime had failed to adapt to modern conditions, and one per cent of the population owned over 70 per cent of the arable land. Widespread poverty cried out for relief, and its voice was largely unheeded. Ten years later, what is the situation inside Ethiopia? Who has the 'revolution' benefited? And how do the Ethiopian people view their lot in 1985?

The Ethiopian Worker's Party (EWP), led by Mengistu H. Mariam, has failed to implement its own declared policy of raising the standard of living of the population. The Marxist régime has fallen into the same trap as its predecessor: the perpetuation of a policy which favoured cash crop agricultural development rather than the building of a self-reliant agricultural economy.

According to figures issued by the régime itself, there are 7–8 million Ethiopians suffering from famine. This figure represents over 20 per cent of the population of the country. In an article in *The Guardian* in 1980 Denzil Peiris stated: 'Famines which are inflicted by droughts are seen as "Acts of God". However, to parody Omar Khayyám, "not all the sins with which the face of God is blacken'd may be attributed to divine caprice".' Any link that does exist between famine and drought is precisely through the economic and political order of a society that can either minimise the human consequences of drought or else exacerbate them.

Ethiopia is located in a zone where natural disasters such as drought frequently occur. Any government concerned with its peoples must therefore make the safeguarding of food supplies a central feature of its programme. The EWP abandoned all concern for the peasantry, however, when it chose to construct a new agricultural system, composed of large-scale state

farms. This policy is in direct contradiction with the Government's stated aim of encouraging peasant agriculture. It has merely dispossessed the people of their only means of livelihood, and at the same time destroyed every motive to create the surplus necessary to feed the country.

Apart from removing 300,000 able-bodied peasants from their farms for conscription into the militia, the Government's war-gearred policy has necessitated a heavy dependence on the Soviet Union. As a result the régime is heavily indebted to the Soviet Union, largely for the supply of military hardware, to the extent of 3 billion US dollars. The subsequent pressure from the Kremlin for a quick re-payment has compelled the Government to embark on an extensive expansion of state farms for cash crops, in order to raise the needed foreign exchange. In consequence the government has chosen to ignore warnings from the UN, given as far back as 1982, that the country was facing acute food shortages. Instead of listening to reason the régime prepared to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the so-called 'revolution'. Over 200 million dollars was misused at a time when millions were starving.

Food production by the peasantry over the past several years has declined steadily. To undertake the massive expansion of state farms, the Government has established two well-staffed ministries: the Ministry of State Farm Development, and the Ministry of Coffee and Tea. In the place of genuine production, it has provided harsh bureaucracy, whose principal objective is the production of crops for export.

So much, then, for the EWP's economy, which is unable either to feed the Ethiopian people or to service its foreign debt. Its only success would appear to consist in the tenacity with which it holds on to its catastrophic failures. The EWP's claim to serve the interests of the 'Ethiopian Masses' has been betrayed

by Mengistu. The rural population of Ethiopia has had to suffer starvation and dispersion at worst, and hunger and shortages at best. What of the other sectors of the society?

The Ethiopian economy is in a state of rampant inflation. Coffee which sold in Addis Ababa for 3 Birr per kg in 1975 today commands 20 Birr in the same place, if discovered. And yet coffee is the mainstay of the economy. In spite of the increased cost of living, the régime has increased only the salaries of the armed forces. No civil servant, no employee of the nationalised industries, not even members of the newly created large-scale agricultural enterprises, has received a salary increase since a small circle of junior Marxist-oriented officers and NCOs usurped power in 1974. Compelled to bridge the widening gap between earnings and the cost of living (or rather, surviving), people are driven to quite unacceptable behaviour. Bribes are, for many, the only means of survival.

Indeed bribery and corruption today exceeds anything known under the régime of the late Emperor. The current situation and its effect has penalised the very people in whose name the Revolution was made, the poor and the powerless. As a consequence, a new class has been created, consisting of those holding administrative office, those with access to officialdom, black-marketeers, and those able to gain from the misfortune of other Ethiopians.

The extent of corruption is evidenced by black-marketeering in the food sent by foreign donors to the famine-stricken regimes. Corruption is rampant at the very highest levels within the EWP itself. And as long as the root causes of Ethiopia's problems are not attended to, the scale of corruption will persist and flourish, and remain unmanageable.

Who then has benefited? Members of the armed forces? The military certainly appears to have emerged as a privileged class. Military personnel are the only ones to have received official increases. They also receive special rations because of the civil war, as well as other benefits. Some might even consider them to be members of the new class, albeit somewhat less well

rewarded than the bribe-takers. However, their benefits are only superficial. First, their privileges are relative to those who suffer privation: in absolute terms they too have suffered from the 'revolution'. Secondly, their benefits are derived from the commission of the very crimes which the 'revolution' was originally intended to eradicate. Their function now is simply to suppress their fellow Ethiopians. And if the military has gained anything, this gain must be measured against the losses suffered by *all* Ethiopians. Even so, the military is only slightly better off than those who suffer extreme shortages of some of the most basic necessities of life. It would appear then that the military, too, has been betrayed.

The trade unions, representatives of the urban working class: have they gained? First, following the ideology and policies of his Soviet sponsors, Mengistu dealt harshly with the leadership of the Confederation of Ethiopian Labor Unions (CELU). CELU leaders were killed, imprisoned, dispersed abroad, or otherwise neutralised; CELU was replaced by the régime's creature, the All-Ethiopic Trade Union (AETU), which operates as a rubber stamp for the régime's dictatorship over the working class.

Moreover, a wage freeze lowered the urban worker's income in the face of the worst inflation the country has known. Unemployment rose and the condition of the workers deteriorated further. The claim that 'ownership of the means of production' has been transferred to the working class is pure rhetoric. The Soviet model of trade unionism, which removes the means of collective bargaining, simply places the working classes at the mercy of the régime. Control over the 'means of production' is further from their hands now than it ever was in the days of the Emperor. Inflation and corruption have added the finishing touches to their misery. They have lost almost as much under the present régime as the peasantry.

Who then has gained from the misery of Ethiopia? The answer is clear: the Soviet Union, which has made one more step towards the final conquest of Africa and the perpetual enslavement of its people.

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nal, and to encourage your librarian to subscribe. Every subscription counts, and, if you believe in the importance of establishing serious and varied intellectual discussion of the major issues that now lie before us, we hope that you will see the importance of supporting the *Salisbury Review*. As from this issue, all enquiries, subscriptions etc. should be addressed to 7, Lord North Street, London SW1.

EDITORIAL

The Government's Green Paper of last year called for a new attitude to higher education, and argued that the country's economic interests should play a greater role in determining the distribution of educational resources. Moreover, we were told, the anti-business snobbery of the old liberal curriculum ought not to blind us to the fact that, without business to pay for it, the liberal curriculum could hardly survive. The universities grumbled at this: do we not make our own real but invisible contribution to the national economy, they argued, precisely by our refusal to take economics seriously? The polytechnics also grumbled, although with less reason. For what is the purpose of a polytechnic if not to provide the kind of education for which the Green Paper seemed to be asking?

Real technological education is, however, increasingly rare. It exists only where there are skilled teachers active in research, and a core of eager pupils looking not for worldly advancement but for knowledge. It cannot be divorced, in the end, from scientific scholarship, and scientific scholarship is a commodity that is rarely to be found in polytechnics, most of which are now oppressed by a large and growing cancer of sociology. To enter the world of polytechnic sociology is to become immersed in a peculiar sub-culture, in which Marxism, feminism, third-worldism, pacifism and egalitarianism are the assumed premises and forgone conclusions of every discussion and every pretence at debate. The resemblance of this sub-culture to the activities traditionally promoted by institutions of learning is negligible; indeed, its ability to close ranks in the face of criticism and to expel the offending body from the 'collective' is more reminiscent of a Calvinist congregation than of a community of scholars. It has its own language and its own sacred texts – for the most part cabalistic commentaries, like those of Althusser and Poulantzas, on the supreme text of Marx. It has its own manners and ways of greeting, its own dress and deportment, and its own fierce but fragmented loyalties. Its need for solidarity is inexhaustible, and those times when the enemy raises his head – in 'racist', 'fascist', 'chauvinist' or 'militarist' costume – are occasions for a carnival of opposition, when the congregation sallies forth from lecture halls and union bars to join in the collective 'struggle'.

Nor is its influence confined to polytechnics. On the contrary, adventurous members of the tribe have penetrated institutions of learning at every level, destroying, in their 'long march through the institutions', the customs of scholarship and open inquiry which once provided such an obstacle to their progress. The case of the Bradford School of Peace Studies – in which a university department is created, degrees awarded and honours collected in a 'subject' whose sole

raison d'être is to affirm and propagate the dreary attitudes of the left – is the most notorious, but certainly not the most outrageous, among recent *coup d'états*. Much more important has been the usurpation of the school curriculum. The ground had been well prepared by the egalitarian propaganda of the 60s, which had found such a ready echo in institutions of education and teacher training colleges: 'Curriculum reform' offered itself as an open field of subversion – a way of destroying education in the name of education, and replacing it by collectivist antics and shameless propaganda. Large amounts of public money were available for 'curriculum development' and well-meaning charities joined with the government in creating that extraordinary 'para-educational establishment' whose effects in the classroom are now plain for all to see. Centres for 'peace education', 'development education', 'world studies' and the like sprang up all over the country, and self-styled 'advisers' in the new curriculum began pressing their wares and their expertise upon local education officers, head-teachers, and examination boards, with the irresistible promise that here, in the radical curriculum, lay dormant the future of mankind.

Anyone who has taken the trouble to examine this new curriculum will be aware of the major problem that now confronts us. To say that the new courses are bigoted, ignorant and propagandist is to offer the faintest protest. Far more disturbing is their anti-educational tendency, their attempt to occupy the minds of children during their formative years in ways that will destroy the interest in truth, and abolish the legacy of our culture. Under the guise of 'education for all' (to borrow UNESCO's pernicious slogan) the para-educational establishment has denigrated the ancient practices of reading and study; it has begun to remove the history and culture of Britain from the syllabus, to abandon the teaching of ancient languages, and to replace French and German with mindless linguistic games – 'World Languages' – in which children acquire so many smatterings of tongues that they will never either speak or read. It has made 'inequality' its principal object of study – inequality between men and women, upper class and lower, white and black, North and South – and the inculcation of a desire for 'social justice' as its principal educational goal.

No aspect of the present government's chronic apathy is stranger than its refusal to notice this problem. Perhaps one day the Prime Minister will recognise facts which Sir Keith Joseph has chosen to ignore, and which are of such concern to her constituents. The chances are, however, that they will both by then be out of office.

LETTERS

Sir: Sally Shreir's stimulating article on Marxist Totalitarianism raises a collateral question on freedom: Does freedom have a biological base? If so, this would show a fundamental flaw in totalitarian communism.

Fred Eldean

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Sir: John Biggs-Davison might be less slashing in his onslaught on poor David Steel *et al.* if he thought a little more carefully about the distinction between his moral judgements and his factual ones. He regards abortion and (apparently) birth control as both immoral and unnecessary. It is, or course, very convenient if they are both these things at once: Mr Steel, however, and those who think like him, believe that the threat of overpopulation is real. They may certainly be wrong (and I hope they are). But the idea is not inherently absurd; and if they turned out to be correct, I suspect that Mr Biggs-Davison might change his tune rather fast and that we should hear less from him about the likenesses between Mr Steel and the Marquis de Sade.

A. L. Le Quesne

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Sir: Though I am personally a convinced floating voter, I find much common sense in your pages and read them with pleasure.

I was, therefore, somewhat surprised to find an unqualified reference to 'the subversion of sociology' in the introductory article to the July 1985 number.

I have taught Soviet studies for a number of years, and even some sociology. Marx, in the view of many, was not a sociologist at all. And I normally use the (arguably) greatest names in Western sociology – Weber, Durkheim and Talcott Parsons – to refute Marxist propositions, which is again a common practice amongst teachers of the discipline. I think one needs to talk not of the subversion of sociology, but of its abuse by politically motivated factions. As a discipline it deserves no less respect than politics or economics. Perhaps more.

Mervyn Matthews

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Sir: As I read your July issue, I recalled a phrase, 'The Omniconpassionate State', which I once coined to describe what the Grand Inquisitor proclaims in Dostoyevsky's novel *The Brothers Karamazov*. It's a state where (in theory) the Government meets every need of the citizens so that all that the latter have to do, or even should do, is to conform with the requirements of the Government and to draw their pay and rations. Any other activity is in effect suppressed unless it is directly sponsored by the Government; in modern terms, 'Everything is either compulsory or forbidden'. And the Grand Inquisitor himself does not scruple to burn alive the heretic who will not conform with the prevailing philosophy of the State.

Now does not your issue present us with two uncommonly close cousins of the Omniconpassionate State? I think it does. First, De Tocqueville, quoted by Sally Shreir, outlines an early, chrysalis, stage of the organism; then, Jan Korda portrays a more developed, and debased, version. But all three manifestations are, I suggest, of essentially the same species.

I neither assert nor deny that the Omniconpassionate State is wholly without merits. But I do whole-heartedly support, what I take to be Dostoyevsky's thesis, that it is not at all that Jesus preached to, or now requires from, his followers. It is emphatically not the Kingdom of Heaven, not even a lay-by on the road that leads towards it, but a dangerous rival establishment. It seems to me, however, that all our bishops, most of our priests, and very many of our layfolk, are clamouring for 'social justice' in a way that would surely warm the Grand Inquisitor's heart and goes far to confirm his thesis. Of course, 'social justice, is not the Omniconpassionate State itself and need not even lead to it – just as the February Revolution need not have led to the October Revolution. But the very phrase 'social justice' has to my ears a Rousseauian, even Robespierresque, ring about it which I do not find wholly reassuring. And I fear that there's a useful innocent born every minute. And innocents who work for social justice may, in the long run, get social justice – as Rubashov found in *Darkness at Noon*.

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BOOK REVIEWS

HARD TO SWALLOW

Paul Helm

The Power of Shame, Agnes Heller, Routledge & Kegan Paul, £25.95 (ISBN 0-7100-9922-32595).

Lukács Revalued, edited by Agnes Heller, Blackwell, £19.50 (ISBN 0-631-13518-9)

Writings on politics and sociology are broadly of three kinds. They may be works of description, phenomenological or institutional, an account of the behaviour and beliefs, including the self-understanding, of human beings in groups. Or they may be works of theorising and model-building (or anti-theorising and model-destroying) of a kind familiar to a reader of Plato or Hobbes or Rawls. Or they may be works which analyse or synthesise a set of events using the tools of theory to illuminate and explain some facts, Protestantism and Capitalism, say, or the whole course of European history since Christ.

Dr Heller's work seems to be none of these. Take, for instance, the chapter entitled 'Everyday life, Rational of Reason, Rationality of Intellect' a subject (or subjects) on which Dr Heller has already published one book. This 180-page essay (which is 'constrained', she says, through 'a desire for brevity') addresses 'the problem of rationality and everyday life'. What this problem is is nowhere stated, much less explained or made clear.

Despite this, sometimes I *think* I can understand Dr Heller's words. Thus (to take an example at random) she says 'Sane and mad are indeed empirically universal notions, but they do not belong to the categories of value-orientation. They refer to the human capacity or incapacity to distinguish between good and bad (good and evil, useful and harmful and the like) in accordance with the valid customs of a particular community.' (p. 73) Persistent mastication of this morsel yields the following: the distinction between sanity and madness is found in all societies and is used to describe the ability or inability of some to discriminate between what that society judges to be good or evil, or useful or harmful. It is not used to evaluate these judgements. But *if* this is what Dr Heller means it seems to be false on two counts. Someone who cannot distinguish between what is good or evil or what is useful or harmful may be depraved or insensitive or inept without being mad. And certain widely accepted practices in society may be judged to be mad, for instance the practice of imprisoning together hardened

criminals and first offenders. But perhaps Dr Heller is distinguishing between madness and 'madness' without telling the reader.

At other times no amount of chewing gets through the gristle. Try chomping on this, for instance, a sentence from the opening essay, 'Yet, even if the universalisation of certain values through an elite can more or less counterbalance for a while the disappearance of the *visible* moral universe, it is unable to *reverse* the trend towards the one-dimensional homogenisation of the external authority.' (p. 23.) Still ruminating?

Where, as in the essay 'Rationality and Democracy', the prose is more digestible the food value is not particularly high. The thesis of the essay is that all politics except those of a despot cannot be a matter of pure technique but must be partly moral because it involves social consent. But discussion of this claim, though containing incidental observations of interest, is advanced at a level of unsupported generalisation and without argument, and the reader is offered unappetising mouthfuls such as 'In an undemocratic country, principled politics may cause more harm than pragmatic politics.' (p. 256)

Not only is it hard to discover what Dr Heller thinks she is contributing in these essays, I regret to say that I often find it hard to discover what Lukács thought he was doing, though it is clear that he spent some time writing and publishing in order to try to keep his footing on the rolling barrel of Russian Communism. *Lukács Revalued* is a group of largely deferential essays by in-house critics who evidently do know what Lukács was doing and hence know what counts as a criticism of his enterprise. It is a pity, therefore, that they cannot explain their knowledge to those who do not share it.

THEIR MAN IN MOSCOW

Michael Cullis

Stafford Cripps' Mission to Moscow 1940-42
Gabriel Gorodetsky, Cambridge University Press, 1984,
£25 (ISBN 0-521-23866-8)

Although Sir Stafford Cripps MP had been expelled from the Labour Party in 1939 for espousing the policy of a United Front with Communists, a private visit by him to Moscow that winter nevertheless led to the

coalition government accepting his idea that he be sent there as a special emissary for trade talks: whereat the Soviet authorities, unsympathetic to Cripps personally and fearful of arousing German mistrust, stipulated that if he went at all it should be to the (vacant) post of Ambassador.

Dr Gorodetsky's construing of this as an 'unprecedented Russian achievement in not only forcing the British to return an Ambassador to Moscow but also securing the appointment of their own candidate' is not untypical of the bias that vitiates an otherwise interesting work. Benefiting from access which the (Israeli) author has had to Cripps' family papers, the work is in fact avowedly 'revisionist' as regards its subject, albeit acknowledging his 'political naiveté and innocence', his self-righteousness, his 'basic uncritical faith in people, which made him a poor judge of character', and the artlessness of his belief that 'universal understanding and socialism could be achieved through persuasion and personal contact'. Serious misapprehensions did indeed mark Cripps' approach to his mission: the prime source of illusion and inspiration alike being his confidence that the Soviet government was 'anxious to come to some sort of agreement'; that it was 'sound of heart, and the people fundamentally religious'; and that he 'could convert them to his point of view if he treated them frankly'. All this plainly derived from ideology, and reflected a view of other countries that was largely abstract and superficial. Not for nothing was he a nephew of the Webbs!

From his arrival in June 1940 Cripps sought 'closer political understanding' which he believed might gradually divorce Russia from Germany if he was allowed, first, to recognise the territorial gains it had acquired under the Nazi-Soviet Pact, and secondly to embark on discussions about post-war reconstruction. But it was seen in London as wishful thinking to imagine that Britain possessed any leverage on Soviet foreign policy at a time when nothing was going to deflect Stalin from his single-minded appeasement of Hitler, and when his sole interest in Britain was that it should continue to engage Germany in war. In the face of these obsessions no significant *rapprochement* was likely. There was common ground between Cripps and London, however, in regard to the economic negotiations between Germany and the Soviet Union. These, it was believed, were so crucial that a show-down, backed by German military force and facing Stalin with far-reaching demands, was inevitable. In the event, however, this belief was unfounded, and the German attack when it came was without warning or ultimatum of any sort.

Cripps thereupon threw himself with fresh optimism into the dual task of pressing for maximum assistance to the retreating Russians and of seeking some longer-term political accord. For him the two were related, in that he believed Russian resistance and continuance in the war could be bolstered not only by material help, but by assurances of future co-operation

(entailing concessions similar to those he had previously been advocating). In fact, during the first months of the German advance, there was little military aid we could contribute, nor did the shadowy prospect of a political 'understanding' bear on the Soviet régime's readiness and ability to fight for its life. As things turned out, general military opinion that Russia would be defeated in a matter of weeks proved altogether mistaken. Equally erroneous was the fear that Germany and Russia might at some stage make peace. This was never very credible, nor is there evidence that it was attempted by either side, whether winning or losing. Yet the spectre of a separate peace was to influence, and inhibit, Allied policy-makers for the rest of the war.

Although Cripps' mission was doomed to disappointment in terms of the impracticable aim he had set himself, he did not see it thus. For him the six months from the invasion to his own departure brought a sense of 'not only intense relief but also triumph', a conviction that his presence during that critical time had been a 'symbol of closeness to the heart of Russia', and satisfaction that the Soviet system had turned out to be 'the saviour of all we profess to uphold in democracy'. He regretted only his failure to 'goad the British government into adopting a dynamic and revised attitude towards the Russians', whom he considered 'fully justified in assuming the futility of trying to agree anything with Britain in a political way'. This flattering view of his efforts does not however seem to have been reciprocated by the Soviet leadership. Stalin, who apparently never thought much of him anyhow, refused to say good-bye: he was denied the farewell dinner given to even minor diplomats; no official saw him off from Moscow, or received him in Archangel; and at Murmansk the local commissar and commanding general 'were suddenly indisposed'.

In Cripps' running battle (as Gorodetsky describes it) with almost everyone at the London end – Churchill, Eden and the rest of the Cabinet, Whitehall, the Labour leadership – two budding Conservatives are represented as his sympathisers: Butler and Monckton. The former (described here, perhaps rather curiously, as 'shrewd, unbending and far-sighted') was Parliamentary Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. Monckton was Director-General of the Ministry of Information, and not only Cripps' confidant about the domestic political scene where his real ambitions lay, but also one of the first to regard him as a potential future Prime Minister. Here Gorodetsky contends that, for all the embarrassment of having an Ambassador openly at odds with official policy, Cripps' *éloignement* in Moscow at least served to keep away a man whose bid for leadership was as unwelcome to his colleagues as it was congenial to a new mood of radicalism and pro-Soviet sentiment.

Much of the author's criticism of the parts of Churchill's war memoirs which concern Cripps is unconvincing. However, his account of the relationship between Cripps and Beaverbrook (who assumed a

major policy role over Russia after his visit to Stalin in autumn 1941) is more to the point. Friction between the two men, so different in character, yet each concerned to capitalise at home on his championship of the Soviet cause, was to persist when Cripps got back. Nevertheless it did not prevent Cripps from joining the War Cabinet as Lord Privy Seal and Leader of the House of Commons, subsequently becoming Minister of Aircraft Production. Later, in the Attlee government, Cripps was to preside with distinction at the Board of Trade, and then at the Treasury, where it must have distressed him to have to lie to Parliament about devaluation, but where his record was a good deal more substantial than the 'allure de grand bourgeois, protestant et pisse-froid' may have suggested to a contemporary French journalist.

ENEMIES OF ORDER

David J. Levy

Alien Powers: The Pure Theory of Ideology, Kenneth Minogue, Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 1985, £16.95 (ISBN 0-297-78426-9)

Kenneth Minogue, the most urbane and genial of political scientists, has turned his mind and pen to the vexed and confused subject of ideology. The subject is vexed because the term 'ideology' has no agreed descriptive meaning. It is used, almost invariably, in the context of polemical debate in which it is your views that are ideological while mine are scientific or common sense, and, of course, vice versa when viewed from the other side. It is confused because, ever since the term was revived by Marx and Engels in the late 1840s, it has been most frequently used by the Marxist and quasi-Marxist purveyors of a politics of human liberation which seems to the rest of us the very acme of ideological delusion. This conviction in turn appears to the Marxist to be the brand mark of their opponents' entrapment in the shackles of an ideological world view which we neither wish nor are able to transcend. Between the Marxist and the non-Marxist theories of ideology there is, therefore, an unbridgeable gap. The Marxist sees the essence of ideology in the prevalence of types of thinking which seem to him to shore up the legitimacy of an order which requires revolutionary transformation. The non-Marxist recognises the core of ideology to lie in a type of theory, pseudo-scientific and pseudo-religious by turns, which pretends to have discovered a way of transforming the human condition through socialist revolution. If there is a common meaning to be found in the two ways the term is used it lies in the fact that both Marxist and non-Marxist writers tend to regard what they call ideology as deceptive, and usually self-deceived, thinking whose presence on the political scene is an important obstacle to the attainment of the good life.

What Professor Minogue does in this carefully argued and stylish work is to present the anti-Marxist theory of ideology in a powerful and wide-ranging way. He traces the roots and identifies the core of the world view of the ideologist. At the centre of ideology he finds an idea 'so abstract that it is less a doctrine than a machine for generating doctrines, and its simplest formulation is that all evils are caused by an oppressive system'. Ideological thinking originated during the 18th and 19th centuries 'with a big bang in which that primal thing called the "human condition" exploded into a mass of social conditions'. With the dissolution of the idea of the human condition as something simply to be taken for granted arose the possibility of attributing all the imperfections and frustrations of that condition to the machinations of those men who gained from the maintenance of the *status quo*. In its more sophisticated version, expounded by Marx and Engels, responsibility for the imperfections of life was attributed not to the machinations of interested individuals but to the operation of a system of social and economic relations in which everybody, oppressor and oppressed alike, was caught. Redemption would come only when the conflicts endemic in such a state of affairs – conflicts which Marxists tendentiously call 'contradictions' – lead to a breakdown of the system and open the way to revolution and the foundation of the new socialist order.

For reasons of space Minogue leaves to one side the analysis of the relationship between the history of ideas and the changes in social conditions which give the ideological project of transforming the human condition its attraction and apparent plausibility. Instead he concentrates on the logical and rhetorical character of ideology, the form of explanation it offers and the rhetorical devices the ideologist typically employs to render his argument proof against refutation. In terms of the model Minogue proposes, an ideologist may be defined 'as someone whose most basic conviction it is that the modern world is evil, and that it must, and will, be overthrown. When an ideologist considers the human world as we have known it, he sees not the human condition, but a network of structurally determined social conditions on the move. Such things are essentially temporary – or "historical" as it is more usually put in order to combine optimism with intellectuality.' This ideologist is no creature of Minogue's mind: in universities, polytechnics and town halls around the country his name is legion. And the form of the ideologist's thought is such that nothing that happens in the real world of history and politics can shake his conviction that ours is a world both radically evil and open to thorough transformation. It is this combination of gnostic pessimism with utopian optimism which makes the ideologist the implacable enemy of political order wherever he is found.

It would be idle to pretend that Minogue's finely sustained argument is likely to convince any ideologist of the errors of his ways. Ideologies are tightly integrated systems of delusion, generally impervious to

rational or empirical refutation. *Alien Powers* must therefore be judged as a work of diagnosis and prevention, and not as a work of therapy. It aims to alert the rest of us to the character of ideology by exposing it for what it is. In this it succeeds brilliantly and so may help to inoculate its readers against a spiritual disease it cannot hope to cure. Ideology is endemic in the political and academic culture of the modern world and nowhere are people so exposed to it as in our institutions of higher education. For this reason above all I hope that the publishers will soon issue a paperback edition that students will be able to afford.

UNFAIR GAME

Michael Cullis

The Eagle and the Small Birds: Crisis in the Soviet Empire, from Yalta to Solidarity Michael Charlton, British Broadcasting Corporation, 1984, £8.75. (ISBN 0 563 202726)

To be found, upon its publication, in the ornithological department of one famous London bookseller, this book deals in fact with the political division of Europe after 1945, taking its title from Churchill's unavailing plea to Stalin at Yalta to 'let the small birds sing'. It comprises a series of broadcast interviews with some 30 protagonists of the time, from Britain, the United States, Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, plus two distinguished 'extras' in Yugoslavia's Milovan Djilas and Arcady Schevchenko, the senior Soviet apparatchik who defected in 1978. The interviews are as well researched and conducted, with an equally cogent linking narrative, as in the case of Charlton's earlier *The Price of Victory* (see *Salisbury Review*, Winter 1984), to which indeed it may be regarded as a companion volume; each telling the story of war-time and post-war illusions, and their consequences for Europe, West and East respectively.

There are four sections. The first is entitled 'The Spectre of Yalta', covering ground now largely familiar but with some useful new material and with the freshness of first-hand testimony (Alger Hiss, incidentally, making a surprise appearance among the American team). The agonising question of what might have been done to ameliorate the outcome of that conference – or rather, perhaps, of the policies that had led up to it – receives varying answers: none of them however such as to exculpate Roosevelt and Eisenhower, on the political and military levels, for their fatal undermining of the Allied bargaining position. The second section is a grim account of the actual methods whereby Soviet control was imposed on the three countries above-mentioned. Here Charlton scored a coup in obtaining a 'confession', just before his death, from Zoltan Vas, one of the leading practitioners of

'salami' tactics in Hungary. The third deals with the decline of ideology in the Communist system, which has left it solely dependent on brute force. The final chapter, 'Looking Back to the Future', is of more speculative interest, again containing a variety of answers to the question of how the situation in Eastern Europe, and to some extent in the Soviet Union as well, may be expected to change, and what if anything the West can do to influence this process.

All of which Charlton has handled brilliantly – this is oral history at its best – and his book is as compulsive as it is compulsory reading for anyone who wants to understand both the way things happened (*wie es eigentlich gewesen*) and the nature of the challenge with which a decaying but still immensely powerful empire confronts us.

PUNCTURING A MYTH

J. C. D. Clark

The Civilisation of the Crowd. Popular Culture in England 1750–1900, J. M. Golby and A. W. Purdue, Batsford Academic, 1984, £7.95 paperback (ISBN 0-7134-1413-8)

Some time between 1750 and 1900, England was metamorphosed by the Industrial Revolution. In that process, a technological-industrial Prometheus awoke and threw off the bonds of the ancien régime. The values and practices of a traditional society – agrarian, hierarchical, patriarchal, authoritarian, obscurantist – were transformed by, according to taste, increasing affluence (or the immiseration of the proletariat), democracy (or techniques of mass manipulation), capitalist prosperity (or wage slavery), nonconformity (or atheism), social and geographical mobility (or enforced urbanisation). This material transformation, from rural to urban, from agrarian to industrial, meant that popular culture too was transformed from the organic folk culture of the village green – informal participator sports, the ballad, the folk tale, the annual cycle of feast, fast and festival – to the grey impoverished culture of the industrial proletariat: commercialised and regulated spectator sports, the music hall with its jingoistic political message, the public house, the Blackpool landlady – all of them allegedly aspects of class-based 'social control'.

So runs the traditional account, made familiar to us by scores of sources from school (and even university) textbooks to the higher journalism and the media. But is it *true*? A remarkable feature of this body of myth (one might say, of social polemic) is the very small extent to which it has ever been subject to academic scrutiny. Almost all schools of thought, on the contrary, have *reinforced* it, from the political historians of Macaulay's generation, denigrating the ancien régime,

from the Oxford movement (doing something curiously similar) to William Morris's folksy fantasies, the Fabian social engineers, and the Marxist historians whose best days were the 1960s. All these categories of social critic have *celebrated* the myth; none of them have critically assessed it.

John Golby and William Purdue have written a book which is remarkable in three respects. First, they go most of the way to flatly denying this marxisant Authorised Version of English history. Second, they dare to criticise Marxist historians for distorting the record. Third, they give us some useful outlines of what *did* happen, dispensing with Marxist frameworks.

Social history has been politicised, they argue, by the concepts of class conflict and social control. Their aim is to show that popular culture was a sturdy thing, preserving its independence and maintaining its continuity despite the more obvious transitions. It preserved its independence against attempts at improvement from all sides – from religious missionary endeavour, from capitalist attempts to engineer a more useful workforce, and equally from radical attempts to weld the common man into a revolutionary class. The so-called 'working class movement' was the invention of a small minority only. The authors take as their symbol of this sturdy independence the figure of Punch: 'He conquers everything by his invincible merriment and humour, laughs at the laws, at men, and at the devil himself; and shows in part what the Englishman is, in part what he wishes to be', as Prince Pückler-Muskau noticed in the 1820s. Punch's indomitable, crude, lewd, boozy jeering at high-minded social comment is the theme running through the book.

If popular culture resisted attempts at reform, it also preserved its links with the past. Industrial society did not obliterate an anachronistic rural culture, leaving men with *nothing* (as Hobsbawm announced in the 1960s), forced to rebuild what they could in the alien environment of urban capitalism. From the point of view of popular culture, argue Golby and Purdue, the 18th and 19th centuries were not so very different. Already, in the 18th, England was commercialised and individualistic, looking forward to those things which were obtained in greater measure in the 19th. The agrarian folk culture was not so grand, after all. Merrie England was often extremely unpleasant. Nor was urban culture so very evil. Commercialisation was a good thing, is their message: people wanted it, embraced it, and built a solid, crude but satisfying urban culture for themselves. They were not pawns in the grip of impersonal social forces, nor did the arrival of industry act like the Fall, reducing man to inescapable degradation. The popular culture of industrial society meant more freedom, more choice, more consumer goods, and more travel. If Marxists and Fabians come badly out of this book, so do the cultural pessimists: Matthew Arnold, T. S. Eliot, F. R. Leavis.

All these arguments are important and salutary. If a reviewer has reservations, they are that these arguments should be carried still further. The authors'

vision, though not Marxist, is still materialist, and the idea of materially-determined social change is not wholly absent (it is time that polemical fiction, the Industrial Revolution, was finally laid to rest. There wasn't one). Religion features largely as an extraneous source of prim moral injunctions, not as an integral part of anyone's life. The effects of social hierarchy, too, are not examined: Punch is one possible epitome of the English, but there are others, including John Bull, whose habits, though not refined, were rather different. This book is written from the perspective of a secularised, urban society, and although such a position might be culturally viable and self-consistent it does still miss the nature of those non-material, non-quantifiable transitions which made the English ancien régime so very different from the régime which followed it: another strand in recent English historiography has been to stress how similar England was to other European ancien régime states. Tönnies' putative transition from *Gemeinschaft* to *Gesellschaft* was a wrong diagnosis, but the disease was real and finally fatal. Punch survived, indeed, but in a new world.

These are minor reservations compared with the jolly fun to be had from the sight of Mr Punch knocking all those pompous pundits on the head. It is to be feared that they will find a scholarly reply, however. The authors have assaulted the pundits rather than despatched them. Nevertheless, Golby and Purdue have performed a valuable service: their intelligent, well-argued book should be owned by everyone who needs to know what is wrong with the Marxist historiography which has so dominated the English scene since Attlee.

PAIN DISPLAYED

Jessica Gwynne

Francis Bacon, Michel Leiris: Phaidon, £50, (ISBN 0-71482218-3)

Francis Bacon: Retrospective, Tate Gallery

There are those who argue that the forms and colours of Bacon's paintings alone suffice to establish them as Great Art, in the accepted meaning of the phrase. And there are those who find in these works only negative emotions and perversity. Whatever the spectator's final opinion, the immediate confrontation with such strong images, produced by a seething use of paint, penetrates directly and dramatically into his nervous system, and the assault cannot be forgotten. For Michel Leiris the experience is of 'a confrontation with ultimate reality'; for others it is as though Bacon were (as Blake said of Reynolds) 'hired by Satan to depress art' or rather, to use more up-to-date imagery, 'to rub the nose of the dog of history in its own excrement' (Peter Fuller). In almost all Bacon's paintings man is displayed in absolute solitude, and deliberately severed from his

fellows by a suffering which no pity can allay; yet the solitude and the suffering do not always have the last word. Often one leaves the canvas with a sense that this human flesh, so cruelly tortured, has justified itself. Is it really possible for a painter who claims to possess no religious beliefs, no secular, ethical, social or political values, and who professes no faith in human relationships, to produce work which is an affirmation of all these things? Bacon himself will have none of it. 'I think that man now realises that he is a futile being', he says, and 'that he has to play the game without reason.'

In 'Triptych Inspired by T. S. Eliot's Poem "Sweeney Agonistes"', the central panel is without figures. A pile of wrecked belongings lies in front of a blind which masks a black window. The blind has a flap which peers out like an eye, looking back into the darkness, and also forward into the room and onto the blood-marked clothes, and down further onto a zip (or is it teeth?). The eye and the teeth or the flap and the zip show us a place from which human life has forcefully removed itself, leaving its dreadful remnants. The right and left panels, composed of gasping bodies, point towards this figureless space as to a silent grave. Yet this empty room is a room observed: it bears everywhere a consciousness of the meaning of pain, and it is this recognition which seems to vindicate these frightening facts.

Bacon calls himself a realist – but in what sense? What is the reality with which he tries to confront us (or into which, to use Fuller's idiom, he tries to rub our nose)? Maurice Blanchot wrote 'il semble que nous apprenions quelque chose sur l'art, quand nous éprouvons ce que voudrait désigner le mot solitude.' Bacon reverses the thought: we learn something about solitude, he implies, when we see the meaning of art. And yet the solitude in Bacon's paintings is not simply the loneliness of consciousness: it is a solitude of flesh, and is revealed precisely by the torturing of the flesh, which has nothing to give, nothing at all, save the solitary 'I', fought out, in a glare of electric light, and usually in some highly focused raised area such as a podium or cage.

It is this 'I' which is projected by Bacon's screaming mouths. His obsession with the scream, which began in 1944, unites him with an ancient theme. The cry of pain, argued Lessing, can be successfully portrayed in painting and sculpture, but never in words (*The Laocoon*). Never in words can the true reality of pain be communicated to us as it can be communicated by paint or stone. And certainly there is nothing in all the literature of anguish which remotely compares, for its immediacy, with the screaming mouths of Bacon's figures, in which a deep hole opens in the face and shouts into the void. And yet these screams are not *simply* cries of pain. Bacon's studies of the cry – which is also the lonely, anguished cry of an animal with bared fangs – are given religious titles, and sometimes placed within a composition derived from the icon-like painting by Cimabue. Even at their most tortured, his bodies seem to be compelled, as it were, to offer

serenity. Not the serenity that one witnesses in so many paintings of the crucifixion, in Cimabue, in Giotto and in Mantegna; for the crucifixion is used by Bacon as a frame – a total dramatic context – in which a large range of emotions are splayed onto the canvas and then mysteriously resolved. In 'Triptych No. 2, Studies for a Crucifixion' we are immediately faced with an abrupt challenge of red – red signifying blood and danger. This fact is simultaneously spilled and contained on the canvas in a ceaseless striving, from which the eye can rest only when it moves away from the central embattled figure to survey the painting as a whole. The witness of this terrible ordeal is also given a guarantee of safety, in the balanced composition which seems to contain and withstand attack. By the equal strength of tone in the black, orange and red areas, Bacon ensures that the central figure is held rather than deserted. Again the flesh seems to justify itself in its very suffering.

Bacon uses three closely grouped panels over and over again. The triptych is associated with another Christian symbol – that of the trinity, and therefore with the ruling Christian idea: the idea of redemption. It is as if Bacon is trying urgently to convey to us that it is in the violent cry of pain that we can find a finally revealed peace. We should not forget the place which the triptych has occupied: the altar upon which the sacrament takes place, the place of ritual where the body of Christ is reincarnated in flesh and blood and taken by his disciples. It is impossible to confront Bacon's canvases for long without being reminded of this Christian mystery. And on the altar the central panel is the place of peace and fulfilment, upon which the other two are closed and folded as if in contemplation. So it is with the central panel of Bacon's triptych.

In another triptych – 'Three Studies of George Dyer' – various aspects of a face are opened to us through the violent use of paint. Cheeks extend round corners, lines of expression on mouth and brow follow an undulating course as though impelled by a snake-like trail of their own. The paint is thick, fleshy and opaque, like the carcasses of Rembrandt and Soutine. To many critics the very technique constitutes an assault, a violation of the sitter's humanity. But these critics miss the meaning of Bacon's painting – its meaning as a 'transfiguration'. In such a work we confront the mystery of a human life, the reality of a consciousness that is locked in flesh. Bacon gives us no simple or dogmatic answers to the question of our nature: he tells us only that we are *here* and *now*; this is the source of our solitude, and the occasion of our responsibility for a life that we alone can live. In an interview with David Sylvester, Bacon remarked that 'being nursed by the state from the cradle to the grave would bring such a boredom to life . . . but people seem to think it is their right. I think that when people have that attitude to life it curtails the creative instinct.' We should confront our pain and our suffering: only on this condition are life and creativity possible.

Michel Leiris' essay is provocative and captivating, and also unhesitating in its affirmation of Bacon's greatness. And the splendid illustrations amply justify his praise. One hundred and forty-six coloured plates reproduce the best of Bacon's work: some of them extend out of the book so that the reader can see a triptych in sequence. All are beautifully produced, and the book as a whole is a comprehensive and exhilarating guide to Bacon's work. Leiris' text is printed in both French and English; in his characteristic way, the author gives us insight into Bacon's claim to be a realist:

'...the isolation, by various methods, of the figures, as if, in spite of their prosaic nature, they were untouchable idols; their ambiguity since, without being expressionist, they are often distorted to the point of inspiring a feeling akin to that blend of ecstasy and anguish which is known as sacred horror, and which is perhaps experienced most acutely in those vertiginous moments, prompted by the most widely different causes, when we have the sensation of entering into intimate contact with ultimately revealed reality.'

Leiris' essay leads us away from Bacon to his extraordinary autobiography, *L'Age d'homme*, whose earlier search for and understanding of 'sacred terror' has now found another object in the screaming, struggling figures of Bacon. Leiris' love of painting began as a child, when he discovered a reproduction of Cranach the Elder's Judith and Lucrece. In these figures he confronted the image of woman as pitiful and pure, and also vengeful and terrifying; he observed the fragility of flesh, and its spiritual triumph over its own violation. For him cruelty and purity co-mingled to produce the 'sacred terror' that, so many years later, he was to find in Bacon:

'Bacon's art, materialised in paintings far removed from any form of belief and, as he himself says, conveying no message, is much too secular and positivistic for the term sacred to be applied to it with any confidence. Nevertheless, it is the case that this same art... does frequently give rise to works which can legitimately be regarded as having a sacred aura.'

It is precisely this sacred character, revealed in Bacon's dependence upon Christian symbolism, that provides the secret affirmation in these paintings. For those who were not able to see the Tate's magnificent exhibition,

or who need to be reminded of its impact, this book will surely convince them of the truth of Leiris' words.

FACT AND FICTION

Roger Scruton

Namibia im Ost-West Konflikt, Henning von L  wis of Menar: Verlag Wissenschaft und Politik, K  ln, 1983.

Namibia, with a million inhabitants, is nevertheless six times larger than Great Britain, and one of the most important sources of the minerals upon which the West depends for its armaments. It has therefore been the object of a prolonged onslaught by the Soviet bloc. Namibia has so far successfully resisted the attack, calling on South Africa for military assistance, but nevertheless establishing a genuine multi-racial government of its own. The UN does not recognise this government, dismissing it as a South African puppet; for in all such matters the UN remains by its own absurd resolution that SWAPO – the 'National Liberation Movement' of Namibia – is the 'sole representative' of the Namibian people.

Henning von L  wis, who lives and works in Namibia, provides a carefully documented and indeed incontrovertible argument that SWAPO neither represents the Namibian people nor tries to do so: as a terrorist faction, armed by East Germany, backed by the pseudo-diplomacy of the Eastern bloc, and uttering nothing but the 'anti-imperialist' slogans prepared by the Novotny Press Agency, SWAPO represents only the interests of the Soviet Union. Von L  wis describes the amazing blindness of Western foreign policy (and that of the German Federal Republic in particular) to a country that is fighting bravely against a conflict largely created by our enemies. His subtle analysis shows conclusively that SWAPO is an increasingly discredited, and increasingly marginal, participant in the internal affairs of Namibia, and that the country, while divided by inevitable conflicts, is as anxious to avoid revolution as the Soviet Union is to impose it. If Western politicians are to wake up at last to the fraud that the UN has perpetrated, not only against Western diplomacy but also against the law-abiding people of Namibia, then it is to books like this that they should turn.



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IN SHORT

William C. Havard: *Recovery of Political Theory*, Louisiana State University Press, 1984, £27.00 (ISBN 8071-1136-8)

Political science, insofar as it purports to study man wholly by the 'objective' methods of the natural sciences, is a chief prop and mainstay of the modern closed mind. By reducing man's political activity to deterministic and 'predictive' laws of behaviour, it at once demeans the human subject it pretends to study and trivialises the meaning of politics. As the title of this book of collected essays indicates, its author, a professor of political science at Vanderbilt University, is concerned to recover for his discipline perceptions which fall outside the purview of positivism. Principal among those perceptions is a notion of the 'good', conceived in terms neither of a sensationalist psychology, nor of a romantic subjectivism, but of the understanding of man which is summed up in Eric Voegelin's observation of him as a participant in the structure of reality of which he is a part. Havard several times quotes this particular observation of Voegelin's to illuminate his own quest for a politics able to envisage the good society without doing so in the activist mode of the ideologue. For, sadly, it is to the latter – not to the classic mentors of the Western tradition, Plato, Aristotle and Aquinas – that men invariably turn when they can no longer bear the banalities of behaviourism. Thankfully, the numbers in Havard's camp – though still small – have swelled in recent years, and may yet prevail.

(I.C.)

Stephen L. Newman: *Liberalism at Wit's End*, Cornell University Press, 1984, \$19.95 (ISBN 0-8014-1747-3)

Marx looked forward to the replacement of the political, first by the administrative state, and finally by 'the kingdom of free men'. But alike in Eastern and Western Europe the wheel of history appears to have got stuck at the administrative stage. Now come the libertarians to set the wheel moving again towards utopia. Even Wedgewood Benn has caught the contagion. Few, apart from its immediate beneficiaries, the bureaucrats, can be found these days to defend big government. But while conservatives may share much of this anti-state sentiment, they are unlikely to go as far as the libertarians in wanting to abolish politics altogether. Central to Stephen Newman's critique of extreme liberalism is his contention that there are a 'broad range of human motives' for which no outlet exists in the marketplace. A sense of communal

obligation and shared values, while indispensable to a civilised market order, cannot be supplied by it. And they cannot be nurtured by the so-called 'minimal state', let alone by no state at all, as advocated by the daft 'anarcho-capitalist' wing of the libertarian movement. As Newman suggests, to the extent that feelings other than those of self-interest have waned, the centralised state has waxed, its growth reflecting not the supersession of economics by politics but rather the reverse. Modern 'politics' is the continuation of economic war by democratic means. It follows that the cure is not to enthrone 'the ethic of the cash nexus' which 'fuels the battle for control of the state'. Newman's book is a cogent plea for the rehabilitation of politics based on an idea 'of the public good superior to the claims of all partial interests'.

(I.C.)

Michael Allen Gillespie: *Hegel, Heidegger and the Ground of History*, University of Chicago Press, 1984, £18.70 (ISBN 0-226-29376-9)

Pre-modern man took his moral bearings by natural law and revelation. We take ours, most typically, by history, understood as the dynamic actualisation of human reason and freedom. Hence 'progressive' is a term of high praise with us, because of its association either with the 'absolute' on its journey through various forms of national spirit, or with a necessary goal of history towards which all our efforts must be directed, or with successive revelations of Being to which each new age may perhaps gain access. But in Gillespie's view, not lightly but painstakingly arrived at in the course of a penetrating analysis, the great modern conceptions of history have finally proved inadequate in the face of an explicit historicism and nihilism. For all their breadth and brilliance, Hegel and Heidegger, the two thinkers upon whom Gillespie concentrates, have not finally convinced us that they possess a superior or super-historical perspective; but then we are left wondering whether any moral imperatives, their own included, are not vitiated by their origin in 'an essentially capricious human imagination'. Once embrace history as the standard and it seems one is in the grip of a thoroughgoing subjectivism. Gillespie only gestures in this book towards alternative ways of understanding ourselves, and only after doing full justice to the two great figures who stand at the beginning and the end of late modernity.

(I.C.)

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