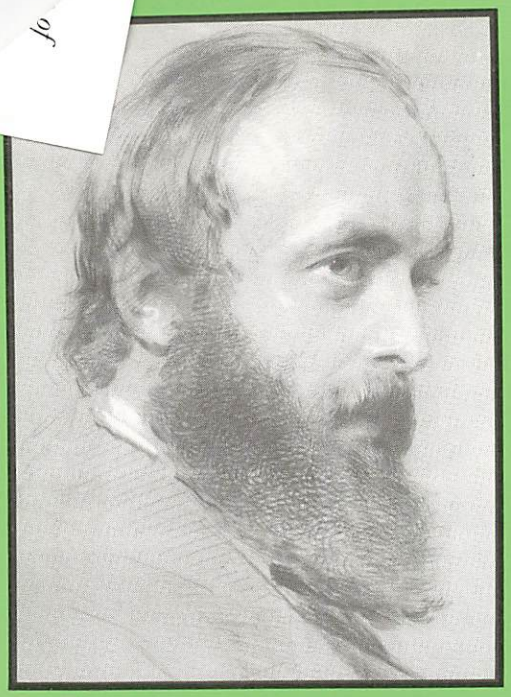

The Third Marquess of Salisbury 1830–1903

The Salisbury Review

A quarterly magazine of conservative thought

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The Salisbury Review

A quarterly magazine of conservative thought

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It is in the realm of aesthetics that the problems of modern civilisation have been most accurately perceived. For it is here that the tension between originality and order, individual and community, freedom and law, must be openly confessed to. In 'Tradition and the Individual Talent', T.S. Eliot suggested that the modern artist, precisely because he depends on innovation, stands in greater need of tradition, and in more self-conscious relation to it, than his predecessors. Originality is possible only through a process of reconciliation, an incorporation of what is new and surprising, into the order and discipline of the past.

The process is engagingly described by David Matthews, a composer whose works lie firmly within the living tradition of English music. As Mr Matthews argues, it is neither 'reactionary' nor stultifying to belong to a tradition. On the contrary, only by affirming what is continuous and orderly, can an artist endow his gestures with creative power. Individuality has no meaning if there is no settled context against which to measure it.

But how is a tradition maintained? Mr Matthews suggests that a spontaneous musical public is the necessary condition of creative continuity. The public, however, is easily intimidated, and stands always in need of critical guidance. In a condition of 'consumer sovereignty', Peter Fuller argues, the opportunities offered to mountebanks and charlatans are so great as to threaten altogether the survival of art. It is from enlightened patronage, and not from popular enthusiasm, that European painting derived its creative stimulus and its economic support. But patronage, untempered by taste, is as likely to destroy the artistic impulse as to encourage it. We are heirs to a tradition which, unlike the Tory Party, is too valuable to be entrusted to Saatchi and Saatchi, and too fragile to be left to its own devices in a philistine world. Mr Fuller argues, therefore, that the state has become the only conceivable guardian of a tradition which 'market forces' must otherwise destroy.

The argument itself belongs to a tradition – the tradition which united Tories and radicals against the empire of commerce, on behalf of a social order which the state had a duty to uphold. To the same tradition belong the social theories of our conservative thinker, Sir Walter Scott, whose romantic imagination gave to Scotland its modern identity, as a 'nation within a state'. Our condition is far from that of the truly multi-cultural empire so lucidly commended by Wolfgang Grassl and Barry Smith. Nevertheless, those who argue that Britain has suddenly become a 'multi-cultural society', and must accordingly revise its customs, institutions, procedures and laws, on behalf of minorities who might otherwise suffer the blight of 'disadvantage', ought to think more carefully about Scotland. For there, within our borders, a self-contained and self-conscious ethnic minority persists, enjoying not only its own culture, customs and loyalties, but also its own religion and even its own system of laws. And yet, for more than two centuries, the Scots have lived at peace with the Welsh and the English, enjoying the same political dispensation as them. Only in one case – that of the Ulster Irish – has Parliament offered unequal terms to our minorities. The Unionists do indeed have a real and serious grievance, some aspects of which are explored by Patrick Roche, and, on the letters page, by Gary Richmond. But even they, ill-treated though they are, have shown a remarkable obedience towards the Crown of England.

In comparison, the outlook of the 'anti-racist' fanatics is manifestly alien to the spirit of British government. Indeed, it bears an interesting resemblance to the onwards to its foregone conclusion, distort evidence and scribed here by Geoffrey Wagner, and who are still vociferously mourned by Caribbean radicals. Even when commanded by the Crown to produce an official report, the 'anti-racist' lobby is unable to be truthful. On the contrary, as Ray Honeyford shows, it must, as it presses onwards to its foregone conclusion, falsify evidence and ignore research. The mendacity of the Swann Report is one instance of a new kind of politics in Britain – a politics from which truth and justice have been excluded in the name of a preconceived social goal. Even the ancient principle of British jurisdiction, that a man is innocent until proved guilty, is now no longer publicly tenable. It suffices to be *accused* of 'racism' to be guilty of it. Such indeed, has been the experience of Miss McGoldrick in Brent, and of our own contributor, Jonathan Savery, whose article on Rastafarianism must still be withheld, following warnings from his employer, the Local Education Authority in Avon.

Our readers should know that the National Union of Teachers, which was rightly anxious to defend Miss McGoldrick against Brent's fabricated charges, has instructed its members not to work with Mr Savery, on the grounds that he is a 'racist', even though he has been expressly acquitted of the charge. If British citizens can no longer enjoy the presumption of innocence, then no wonder that they grieve so little over the appalling legislative transformation, described here by Lord Denning, which may finally abolish the British Crown.

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Conservative Journals: *Stańczyk*

Every year sees the emergence of a new conservative journal in Poland, as the *samizdat* press continues to turn away from the nonsense of a 'socialist alternative' to socialism. Named after the wise jester of King Stanislas the Great (a jester whose name was used by a previous nationalist-conservative movement in the 19th century) *Stańczyk* is dedicated to 'the furthering of conservative and liberal thought'. The two issues published in 1986 are of a high standard, both technically (with coloured covers and proper bindings), and intellectually. Issue no. 1 contains comments from Western writers (including the late Leopold Tyrmand and our own Dennis O'Keeffe), an economic commentary, a provocative defence of apartheid, and articles in praise of free-market economics. There are also several articles denouncing the attempt by the left-wing intellectuals to monopolise the Polish opposition, and stressing the need for a conservative perspective that will be sensitive to the real social instincts and spiritual needs of the Polish people. The second issue contains articles on the Soviet second economy, a polemic against the concept of maternity benefits, and against the welfare state generally, and also an essay in praise of Stefan Kisielewski (an influential conservative publicist, writing for the Catholic *Tygodnik Powszechny*). Janusz Korwin-Mikke, a well-known conservative intellectual, appears frequently, and thanks in part to his influence, the journal is by no means exclusively devoted to libertarian economics. On the contrary, it is far nearer than anything published in English (with the possible exception of *New Agenda*) to a radical conservative attack on the entire post-war consensus. The vehement defence of monarchy in issue no. 2 is a far cry from anything that the intelligentsia have led us to expect from the 'alternative in Eastern Europe'.

Stańczyk is produced in Cracow, Poznan, Warsaw and Wroclaw; it seems to have no fixed price: those who defend a market economy do not always enjoy its benefits.

Strictly Anti-Racist on Fantasy Island

Jonathan Savery

An enjoyable afternoon for a committed Anti-Racist 'educationist' may well be spent in hawk-eyed censorship of the school's library selection. Those volumes portraying 'negative' or 'racist' images of ethnic minorities would be assiduously snatched from the shelves and either permanently withheld, or thrust at colleagues as 'evidence' of an endemic 'racism' within British society. But whilst the Anti-Racist advisors pleasantly while away time out of lessons, less privileged members of staff have only the evenings in which to reflect on others' obsessive vigilance, and on the convoluted reasoning that lies behind it. Those of 'committed' disposition should now avert their eyes as I reveal all.

There are two common themes that run through all Anti-Racist literary criticism. One theme deals with the relationship between white people, who are generally cast as colonialist oppressors, and 'black' people, who are either oppressed or otherwise demeaned. Between black and white there are no shades of pigmentation. The other theme deals with the harm done to young minds by the offensive celebration of white superiority. With this in mind we can see how Man Friday's subordination to the paternalistic authority of Robinson Crusoe is the archetype of all racist apologetics. Here lie social injustice (unequal distribution of power – Crusoe has the muskets) and cultural imperialism (Crusoe and Friday talk in English). Worse still, Crusoe is unaware (perhaps *totally* unaware) of the deficiencies in his attitude towards his culturally different companion.

Up to this point the ordinary chap in a blazer might well concur in disapproving of the scenario invented by Defoe. Invited to rewrite the original, most of us would strike a fairer balance between the two castaways. Taking a more truthful and dignified view of human beings, we would redraft their personalities in more adequate form, and their human relationship more reciprocally. Friday's contribution to their joint survival would be more the equivalent of Crusoe's; we would credit Friday with more obvious abilities, and he would earn Crusoe's respect through his own more skilful and successful enterprises. The fruits of his independant competency would indispensably aid the welfare of both. Unable to do these things, however, we are left with Defoe's version. Hence, we teach pupils to discriminate between character and caricature, between images that reflect real people and those that distort them, and to beware of confusing fictional works with documentary. This would be the normal response of a reasonable teacher acting from accepted educational principles. However, the committed Anti-Racist is likely to barge onwards beyond this point of common sense. Instead of seeing *Robinson Crusoe* for what it is – fiction that is vulnerable to serious criticism – he sees it as something that it is not: a sinister allegory of modern Britain which describes and reinforces the prevailing racist attitudes. Hence the urgent need for its confiscation as Unsuitable for Attitudinally Impressionable Adolescents. This is bad enough, but once in the grip of 'Crusoe Fever' the malarial Anti-Racist imagination is launched yet deeper into fantasy. Far from rejecting, it begins to endorse the racial stereotypes that Defoe describes. Even more than before, is their donor-recipient relationship emphasised, and a questionable fiction becomes an institutionalised reality.

For consider how the story would run, in its true Anti-Racist version. A schooner, junk, sampan or prahu with a roving crew of enlightened Community Persons, would drop anchor in the lagoon. Beneath the wisely apprehensive gaze of the island's two inhabitants, an exploratory Discussion Group would detach itself from the main body, row through the waves, land on the beach and hoist an Agenda. Crusoe would be summoned to a meeting chaired by a Naiwab, Captain, Oba or Vizier; subtle psychological torture would be applied until he confessed his 'racism' which would then be 'combatted', and these sailor-missionaries would return him, cleansed, to shore. With his self-image cast down, but his 'awareness' raised, he would dispossess himself of all that had been 'stolen' from Friday. Henceforth, speech would be not in English but in a compromise patois, and the Anglo-Saxon work-ethic and skills that provided food, shelter and security would be abandoned in relativist deference to time spent drum making, dancing ethnically and paddling in the surf. Equal the two would certainly become, but please note, Friday's dubious 'gains' would flow not from their enriching collaboration but from Crusoe's mandatory loss. In contrast to our more truthful version, the scope of Friday's personality and abilities would never be enlarged on and perfected by the Anti-Racist writer. Instead, his deformities or disadvantages would be lavishly written in, compensated for, and finally institutionalised by grant-aid. Friday would remain what he always was – a recipient – for in an Anti-Racist scenario neither character can ever be credited with generous aptitudes and insights; their disfiguring, strict containment within a repressive chronicle of 'structural change' is all that is required of them. And I can think of no more demeaning imposition than one that so prohibits or confines 'black', and white, self-fulfilment or self-expression. Anti-Racism, it might be argued, is the highest stage of colonialism; in order to facilitate the restructing of their lives by a zealous elite of 'enlightened' conquistadors, Anti-Racists minimise or omit people's

actual capabilities or nobler features, and by devious argument would fool them into passively acquiescing in their diminished roles. The natives are required to yield up the precious coin of personal responsibility and self-determination, and sheepishly accept in exchange for it, the inflated paper currency of Aid.

So next when we see grim-faced Anti-Racists stalking purposefully away with pilfered books, we may remind ourselves that it is done not to protect children but to provide bedside sustenance for adult imaginations more avaricious and tyrannical than ours. Consolation for us 'white racists' may be derived from knowing that Anti-Racism is the instrument of a neo-colonialist minority, who seek domination over our domestic territories, and who wish to destroy forever the culture that has grown and flourished there.

Aesthetics and State Patronage

Peter Fuller

The recent history of art has posed – or perhaps has seemed to pose – a new set of problems for those concerned with aesthetic evaluation. Considerable prominence has been given to 'Works of Art' of a kind which has not previously been seen: that is, works which apparently embody no imaginative (or indeed physical) transformation of materials; no sense of belonging to any of the particular arts – like painting, sculpture, drawing, engraving, or whatever; no sense of tradition, nor of skill. Such works possess no identifiable aesthetic qualities, and offer no aesthetic experience.

The proto-type for works of this kind was, in a sense, Marcel Duchamp's *Fountain*, a urinal, signed R. Mutt, which he submitted to the Salon des Independants. There is nothing at all I would wish to say in defence of Duchamp's action. Even so, it must be stressed that the urinal was a (relatively) isolated phenomenon: a great deal of the institutionally approved art of our own time is of this character. Take last year's Turner prize. The short-list consisted of Gilbert and George, Bill Woodrow, Art Language, and Victor Burgin – all of whom produce work of no, or negligible, aesthetic merit. Of the remaining two, Derek Jarman is a film-maker, and Stephen MacKenna a minor mannerist painter. The prize was eventually won by Gilbert and George: the Tate already owned a video-tape of them getting drunk on Gordon's Gin, and, quite probably, an Arts Council grant.

Nor was this just an aberrant list, thrown up through the quirks of the selectors. During the twenty or so years I have practiced as an art critic, I have been invited to attend to all manner of objects and events – ranging from a document entitled, 'A Social Resource Project for Tennis Clubs', to folded blankets, a man seated in a bath of bull's blood, another who successfully amputated his sexual organs, used nappy liners and sanitary towels, a beach covered in polythene, thousands of used tyres arranged in the shape of a Polaris submarine, and, of course, Equivalent VIII – the Tate's notorious stack of fire-bricks by Carl Andre – and to consider all these things as 'Art'.

En passant, the production, or exhibition, of almost every item alluded to here – and I could have listed scores, if not hundreds of other comparable examples – involved public funds, a point to which I will return in a moment. Here I would also like to stress that a large part of the current *contemporary* art offered for exhibition at the Tate, and through the Arts Council, may, formally, have a greater affiliation with recognisable arts – e.g. sculpture, or painting; but often that affiliation remains extremely tenuous. For example, there is little or no aesthetic content in much Pop Art, Minimalism, New Expressionism, or New Sculpture of the 1980s. A 'painting', these days, tends to be identified with the mere presence of paint as a substance; similarly, one of our most eminent art critics recently defined sculpture in the pamphlet accompanying the Hayward Gallery's despicable 1983 'Sculpture Show' in this way: 'Sculpture,' he declared, 'is what sculptors do. No other definition is possible.'

This then is the problem. The temptation is simply to say, 'This is not art', and to pass on without hesitation to consider those things which appear more worthy of attention. That, after all, was the approach favoured by, say, Clive Bell, in his book, *Art*. Bell's aesthetic hypothesis was that the essential quality of a work of art was 'Significant Form', which gave rise to aesthetic response and experience. Significant form was, 'the expression of a peculiar emotion felt for reality' – and anything which did not possess 'Significant Form' was not a work of art. Most of that which was presented as art was not art at all. 'I cannot believe,' Bell wrote, 'that more than one in a hundred of the works produced between 1450 and 1850 can be properly described as a work of art.' He claimed that calling something a work of art, or not, was a 'momentous moral judgement'. He would have experienced no difficulty in dealing with the anaesthesia of Late Modernism; he would simply have expressed the view that less than one in a *thousand* of the works produced between 1950 and 1986 were works of art.

It must be said, however, that Bell's concept of 'Signifi-

cant Form' (borrowed from Roger Fry) and his idea of aesthetic emotion are rather out of fashion. More characteristic of current thinking is the view put forward by the aesthetic philosopher, Walter Tilghman, in his recent book, *But is it Art?* Tilghman is concerned with the inadequacy of traditional aesthetic theories to deal with the sort of phenomena I have been discussing: Duchamp's urinal, Andre's bricks, etc. Tilghman argues that the very idea of a theory, or definition of art, is a confused one. This confusion, he believes, arises from the fact that the language of aesthetic theory has simply lost contact with the sort of everyday practice we – or perhaps I should say *he* – engage in when we (he) look appreciatively at urinals, piles of bricks, or acts of castration. Instead of trying to stretch the old aesthetic theories to accommodate these new kinds of artistic practice, we should be elaborating new theories appropriate to the new sorts of practice.

These, then, are two opposing approaches to the problem of anaesthetic art objects: the Bell position which dismisses these objects which do not give rise to aesthetic effect, anaesthetic objects, out of the category 'Art' altogether; and the Tilghmann position which includes everything which, as it were, anyone ever designated as 'Art', *as* art – but recommends a rejection of traditional concepts of what is and what is not aesthetic experience.

Most discussions of this issue tend to take up a position somewhere along the line that joins these polarities. As I have no wish whatever to give other than a functional attention towards a urinal, I have no doubt about which is more congenial. Nonetheless, I now wish to argue that this is a polarity, or at least a line of argument running between two poles, the whole of which should be refused. Let me explain.

Aesthetic response and experience – from Baumgarten onwards – were never regarded as being synonymous with what was called 'Art'. The early philosophers of the aesthetic all recognised that a great many natural phenomena – flowers, minerals, waterfalls, landscapes, forests, and the song of the nightingale among them – also gave rise to an aesthetic response, a *disinterested* response, unrelated to use, price, necessity, or whatever. It may well be that this view ultimately depended upon a 'Natural Theology' – i.e. the belief that the natural world was, in some sense or other, a revelation of the handiwork of God. As Frederich Schlegel put it, 'As God is to his creation, so is the artist to his own.' Natural theology, of course, is somewhat out of fashion – even among Christians. And this may have something to do with the fact that most aesthetic theories do not even pay lip service to the 'non-artistic' aspects of aesthetic experience. My own belief, however, is that the aesthetic faculty has its roots in our continuities with – and ultimately helps to establish our differences from – the remainder of the animal kingdom; it can be understood in terms of our *specifically human* natural history. This aesthetic potentiality, though threatened by the decline of religious belief, and the growth of industrial, and latterly, electronic production, is not *necessarily* destroyed by it.

And so rather than see aesthetic theory re-written in such a way that it incorporates anaesthetic 'Art', I think we should be attending to the independence of 'The Aesthetic Dimension' from 'Art'. But if this implies that we should not go along with Tilghmann, I think it also means that we must not go along with the Bell-type of argument, either. There is, after all, something inherently wrong-headed in his view that most – sometimes 99% – of works of art are not 'really' works of art at all. It reminds me of the argument that most socialist countries aren't *really* socialist at all. I think one can – indeed, I believe one *should* – readily concede to the Post-Post-Structuralist brigade that art is a category constituted *within ideology*, and maintained by institutions, especially the institutions of contemporary art. But aesthetic experience, and aesthetic values, are not the same thing at all: they are an innate and inalienably human potentiality. Aesthetic experience, of an imaginative order, is a terrain that we can enjoy because we are the sorts of creatures that we are. Some 'Art' embodies aesthetic values, and gives rise to aesthetic experience, of the highest order; but much art does so only 'minimally', or not at all.

This position may seem like a platitude. But important consequences flow from it. Not only does it cut through a tired, if not an exhausted, debate; but it implies a new – or perhaps I should say, an *old* – set of priorities. For example, the issue of 'artistic freedom' (used to justify so many of the present contributions to General Anaesthesia) does not, in the new-old context, seem to be one of momentous consequence. But the freedom to engage and develop innate aesthetic faculties *is*; and that freedom, I am suggesting, is being greatly impinged upon by present social and cultural policies. Certainly, I see my practical task, as a critic, as one of fostering those circumstances in which the aesthetic potential can thrive.

Of course, all sorts of issues and arguments are begged by the position I have been putting forward. One question I have left in brackets is, 'Why in our own time has there been such a preponderance of anaesthetic art?' The most commonly advanced argument on the left used to be that it was all the fault of the market in art. This was the essence of the argument of my teacher, John Berger, who insisted that there was a 'special relationship' between oil-painting, and capitalism, and that pictures were 'first and foremost' portable capital assets, and so on. This led him to express hostility to the very idea of 'true' aesthetic values, or of connoisseurship, which he saw as being merely derivatives of the oil-painting's functions in exchange, and as property. But, despite my respect for Berger, I came to recognise that there was something strangely circular in the argument that aesthetic discourse, and connoisseurship, were simply derivatives of the market; because, if they were, it was not at all clear to me what it was that the market could be said to be corrupting, distorting, or infecting. Nonetheless, positions like Berger's led to an unholy, anti-aesthetic alliance (which persists to this day) between anti-aesthetic philistines of both the left and the right. Thus the Turner Prize, which has been so strongly identified with Charles Saatchi, and the patrons of the New Art, has nonetheless elevated contenders like Art Language and Victor Burgin, whose work

is of no aesthetic value, whatever: they merely tinker with left-wing, anaesthetic theories of art.

But there is also a right-wing version of the 'corrupting market' theory – put forward, for example, by Suzi Gablik in her slim and slight book, *Has Modernism Failed?* Here, anaesthetic art is equated with market activity, which corrodes 'Higher Values' through commercialism. There remains strong empirical evidence against such a line of reasoning. Gablik notably does not mention Henry Moore, Graham Sutherland, Barbara Hepworth or Ben Nicholson, all of whom were deeply enmeshed in the higher reaches of the art market, but whose work embodies precisely those spiritual and aesthetic values which are so often absent from the work of less commercially successful artists of today's official, state subsidised 'avant-garde', e.g. Burgin, Art Language, etc. Also, it seems to me that the evidence of history is against Gablik's view. The market, in and of itself, did not corrupt in 17th century Holland, or in 16th century Venice; on the contrary, in these cases at least, intense activity in the picture-markets seems to have been inextricably bound up with extraordinary efflorescences of aesthetic life.

But we should not rush to apparently self-evident conclusions: it is perfectly true that much anaesthetic art – as I suggested at the beginning of my argument – involves an element of public subsidy; but public subsidy, both historically and also in our own time, has been associated with high aesthetic achievement. We don't have to look back to Athens or the Gothic world for instances of the successful use of public funds to foster the highest expression of the arts: I am thinking, particularly, of the days, not so very long ago, when the Arts Council, and the British Council, successfully fostered an exceptional generation of British artists, including Moore and Sutherland. Today some dealers may prefer to deal in works of quality, rather than in trash: nonetheless, if the art institutions, or indeed anyone else, foster a demand for trash, then others will happily serve that. 'Real' demand – i.e. individual, subjective choices – certainly determines various 'pockets' of taste, which are neglected by, and unrepresented within, the institutions of art: I have in mind here a wide range of popular painting ranging from charging elephants and studies of oriental ladies, express trains and tea-clippers, to portraits of the Lord Mayors of London, Brigadier Generals and the Chairman of the Board. Though these market-determined tributaries of artistic life are rarely aesthetically worse than the dreary institutional avant-garde of, say, the Arts Council-backed Hayward Annual or the Turner Prize, they can hardly be acclaimed as significantly better, either.

From all this, I conclude nothing except that the market clearly does not *cause* good art (i.e. art of high aesthetic value) or bad art (anaesthetic art, art of low aesthetic value). In art, at least, the operations of the market seem in a certain sense *neutral*, neither implying nor eliminating aesthetic values; the market, on its own, is simply insufficient or incapable of creating that 'facilitating environment' in which good art can be created.

In the unfortunate absence of God, how then are aesthetic values to be ensured, if not by the market, or by the professional, art bureaucrats of the subsidised art institutions? As William Morris well-realised, it is worse than useless to appeal to any kind of democratic process in these matters. 'People sometimes talk as though the ordinary man in the street (of all classes I mean) is the proper person to apply to for a judgement on Works of Art,' wrote Morris. 'They say he is unsophisticated, and so on. . . . Now let us just look the facts in the face. It would be very agreeable if he were. But . . . on the contrary he is steeped in the mere dregs of all the Arts that are current in the time he lives.' Quite so. And this leads me to believe that there is no alternative to positive, discriminating patronage from above: this occurred, briefly, historically in Britain, from about 1940 to around 1952, when Kenneth Clark, and the Arts Council, fostered that great generation of British Romantic artists, to which I have already referred. In the 1950s, however, those who possessed the power of patronage suffered an alarming loss of nerve, right across the political spectrum: Clark and his colleagues began to believe that the advocates of anaesthesia had a view as deserving of public patronage as their own. Alarmed by the growth of a new breed of philistine art bureaucrats, Clark fell silent, and eventually withdrew from endeavouring to influence the patronage of *contemporary* art. That is a silence which those who, broadly – and of whatever political persuasions – share his aesthetic values should now begin to break. Only then, might we see a diminution in the status of the presently ubiquitous anaesthetic, art objects.

Cooperation among exiles: an impossible dream? No, say the members of 'Pro Cooperative' – a newly formed group of Central European emigres, who, meeting for the first time last September in Vienna, agreed to work together for the democratisation of the European territories occupied by force since 1945 by the Soviet Union and its agent, the Communist Party. Its presiding council consists of Algis Klinaitis (President, Lithuania), Maria Nowak (Vice-President, Poland), Ioan Pummil (Romania), Stefan Tahakoff (Bulgaris), Vladimir Pilman (Secretary, Czechoslovakia). Pro Cooperative is to publish a periodical – *Akkord* – and will announce its programme of activities through the already existing journal, *Ostnachrichten*. Details from Z. Vašicek, 26 Place Louvois, 78140 Velizy, France.

The Single European Act

Lord Denning

When Parliament passed the European Communities Act 1972, we were given explicit assurances that in all essentials our natural sovereignty would be preserved. A White Paper was issued by the Government in July 1971, Cmnd. 4715. It said:

> There is no question of any erosion of essential national sovereignty. (para. 29)
>
> The English and Scottish legal systems will remain intact. . . . The common law will remain the basis of our legal system, and our courts will continue to operate as they do at present. . . . All the essential features of our law will remain. (para. 31)

To my mind those assurances have not been honoured. They have been set at naught by the conduct of the European Institutions set up under the Treaty of Rome. Those Institutions have impugned the sovereignty of our Parliament. They have declared our statutes to be invalid and have forbidden our courts to enforce them. They have built up an imposing edifice of Community law which, they claim, is supreme over our own law and prevails over it. In case of difference, community law is to be given precedence over our own law, even in our own courts. In a revealing sentence in a White Paper of the Commission to the European Council in June 1985, the European Commission are planning measures which will 'suspend the enforcement of any national legislation which manifestly infringes Community law' (page 39).

To prove this, I will take two recent cases:

I. The Inflatable Dolls[1]

(i) *Customs officers seize them*

In October 1982 Conegate Ltd sought to import into England some 'inflatable dolls'. They had been manufactured in Germany and sold freely there. But to us in England they were gross pornographic material. Unpleasant as they are, I must describe them for you. They were made of rubber. When blown up, they became life-size replicas of a woman's body with orifices. They were obviously designed for a man to take into bed with him and copulate with the rubber doll as if it were a live woman.

The customs officers were aware of the law of England. It is contained in a statute passed over 100 years ago. It is Section 42 of the Customs Consolidation Act 1876. It authorises the customs officers to seize any 'indecent or obscene articles' and to forfeit and destroy them.

Acting under that statute the customs officers seized these rubber dolls. Conegate challenged the seizure. They appealed to the magistrates and to the Crown Court. These courts took the same view as the customs officers that they were 'indecent or obscene articles'.

(ii) *Conegate appeal to Europe*

Conegate must have thought that we in England were out of date in condemning this pornographic material. They thought that, as we were now in Europe as part of the European Economic Community, we should do in Europe as Europe does. In Germany these dolls could be freely manufactured and sold, so we should allow them to be freely imported and sold here. There would be a good market for them in Soho. It would be the very place to market pornographic material.

(iii) *Community law is invoked*

This brings me to Community law. The argument is so complicated that I will put it in the form of an imaginary conversation.

> Customs officers: 'What is this "Community law" of which you speak? Can it overrule an Act of our Parliament here in England? Can it set aside the judgments of the magistrates and the Crown Court here in England?
>
> Conegate: 'Yes, it can: and we will prove it. We will go to the European Court at Luxembourg and they will show you.'

(iv) *Article 36 supports the customs officers*

The customs officers were aghast. They went to their lawyers. They looked at the problem with English eyes. They examined the Treaty of Rome. They found in it a special Article, No. 36. It said – in plain words – that any Member State could prohibit the import of goods 'on grounds of public morality'. So our statute of 1876 was perfectly valid under the very terms of the Treaty itself.

The lawyers for Conegate still persisted. They went to the High Court in London and got the dispute referred to the European Court of Justice at Luxembourg.

(v) *The European Court invokes Articles 30 to 34*

The European Court held that, in respect of these dolls, our statute of 1876 was invalid. They said that Article 36 of the Treaty of Rome was to be read subject to Articles 30 to 34 of the Treaty: and that under previous decisions of the Court it all depended on the state of our other legislation in England – whether it prohibited the manufacture and sale of these articles. They examined six of our English statutes and said:

> We can find nothing in the English statutes which prohibits the manufacture and sale of these rubber dolls in England. We are told that no one has yet attempted to manufacture or sell them in England.

But that does not matter. As there is no legislation in England to prohibit their manufacture or sale, we hold that the Act of 1876 is invalid in respect of these dolls, and that Conegate Ltd are entitled to import them into England and to market and sell them there.

(vi) *The European method of interpretation*

The customs officers said: 'How can that be? How can you make that a ruling? It goes against the very words of Article 36 of the Treaty.'

The European Court replied: 'You may go by the very words of the Treaty. That is your English way of interpreting it. But it is not our European way. We do not go by the very words of the Treaty. We go by the policy which underlies it. And that policy is what we say it is. And our ruling is final.'

(vii) *The policy of the European Commission*

It is clear to me that, in making that reply, the European Court was applying the policy set out in the White Paper issued by the European Comission. It stresses (at page 22) 'the principle that goods lawfully manufactured and marketed in one Member State must be allowed free entry into other Member States'.

The European Court added for good measure:

And our ruling must be accepted by all the Courts in England. Go away and study it if you like. You can get over it by now passing legislation to prohibit the manufacture and sale of the dolls in England. Unless you do so, our ruling holds.

(viii) *Ought we to recognise it?*

In my opinion, the Judges of England should not recognise that decision of the European Court of Justice. Nor should our Government. We should tell the European Institutions quite firmly that the law of England is clearly stated in Section 42 of the Customs Consolidation Act 1876 and that we will enforce it, no matter what they say.

(ix) *Is Section 42 to be overruled?*

In support of this assertion I turn to the European Communities Act 1972. I find that Section 2(1) says that the provisions of the Treaty are to be recognised and available in our law and enforced in our Courts. I ask: Does that enactment operate so as to repeal or modify the effect of Section 42 of the 1876 Act? Not so. The general maxim is *generalia specialibus non derogant.* It has been applied in dozens of cases in the House of Lords. General words contained in a general Act (such as Section 2(1) of the 1972 Act) cannot impliedly repeal, modify or invalidate particular words in a particular Act dealing with a particular subject-matter (such as Section 42 of the 1876 Act).

(x) *The answer of the customs officer*

This can be tested by asking: What is a customs officer to do when he finds indecent or obscene articles being imported into Heathrow? He is to look at Section 42 of the 1876 Act. That tells him that he can seize and forfeit them. But then someone brings Section 2(1) of the European Communities Act 1972 and says: 'Look at that Act.'

He replies:

I will look at it as much as you like. But it does not tell me what I am to do with these indecent or obscene articles. Surely I am entitled to go by Section 42 of the 1876 Act. That is the only enactment dealing with my very problem. The state authorises me to seize and forfeit these rubber dolls and I will do so.

I hope that every Judge in England would support his courageous answer.

II. The Senior Dietician[2]

(i) *Miss Marshall retires at 62*

Miss Helen Marshall was a senior dietician at the Southampton Hospital. And a very good one too. She was as good as any man: and, of course, got equal pay for equal work. But she was getting on in years. In 1978, as she was approaching the age of 60, the Health Authority raised the matter of retirement. Their policy was to retire women at the age of 60, because they could then get State retirement pension. It was different with men because they could not get State retirement pension until age 65. So the policy of the Health Authority was to retire women at the age of 60 and men at 65.

Miss Marshall was very good for her age. She liked her work and did not want to retire at 60. She wanted to go on after 60 earning her full wages.

The Health Authority said:

We will make an exception in your case. You can go on for a year or two. But then when you are 62, we feel we must retire you and get someone younger to replace you. You will not suffer, because you will then get your State retirement pension.

So they retired her in 1980 when she was 62 years of age. They terminated her service, leaving her to get her State retirement pension.

I should have thought that the Health Authority were acting fairly and lawfully in accordance with the social security provisions of English law enacted by Parliament. I will again put the argument in the form of an imaginary conversation.

(ii) *She alleges unlawful discrimination*

But Miss Marshall did not agree. She said:

That is unfair. If I had been a man, you would have let me keep on until 65. But because I am a woman, you make me retire now at 62. That is unlawful discrimination. It is contrary to Section 6(2)(b) of the Sex Discrimination Act 1975 which says that: 'It is unlawful for a person, in the case of a woman employed by him at an establishment in Great Britain, to discriminate against her – by dismissing her, or subjecting her to any other detriment.'

(iii) *The Health Authority rely on Section 6(4)*
The Health Authority replied:

> It is not unlawful discrimination. Look a little further down in the Act. You will see that Section 6(4) says that the provisions against discrimination 'do not apply to provision in relation to death or retirement'. That is plain enough. It is perfectly lawful, under our English statute, to make a difference between men and women on retirement.

(iv) *Miss Marshall relies on a Council Directive*
But Miss Marshall's lawyers were ready with an answer:

> You, the Health Authority, cannot rely on Section 6(4). It is no longer valid. It was overruled in 1977 by a Directive issued by the Council of Ministers in Brussels. You, the Health Authority, ought not to have dismissed Miss Marshall in 1980. You ought to have let her stay on until 1983 – when she would be 65 the same as a man. So you must compensate her for unlawful discrimination.

(v) *The Health Authority ask to see it*
'This is strange,' said the Health Authority with the support of the Government. 'Can an English Act of Parliament be overruled by a Directive issued in Brussels? Where is this Directive?'

It would take most people many days and nights to find this Directive. I could only find it in the House of Lords by getting it up from the basement. It is No. 76/207/EEC. It contained this Article 5(1):

> Application of the principle of equal treatment with regard to working conditions, including the conditions governing dismissal, means that men and women shall be guaranteed the same conditions without discrimination on ground of sex.

That Article does appear to support Miss Marshall's claim.

(vi) *Why is this Directive binding?*
The Health Authority and the Government did not accept her argument. They said:

> But why do you say that this Directive is binding on us in England? It has never been implemented by Parliament or by any lawful authority in England. How can it overrule an Act of Parliament and prevent us relying on Section 6(4)?

The European Court replied:

> We have held in many previous decisions of our Court that, even though a Directive has not been implemented, it is binding, not only on every Member State to whom it is addressed, but also on every public authority in that State. If the Member State does not implement a Directive as it ought to do, then any private individual within the State can enforce the Directive against that public authority in the Courts of that State.

(vii) *Our legislation is held invalid*
So the European Court ruled against the Health Authority and the Government. It held that, as against them, our national legislation about retirement was invalid: and that Miss Marshall was entitled to stay on till 65 just as if she were a man. And that she was entitled to compensation for her loss of wages and that the Courts of England were bound to give it to her.

(viii) *Summing-up*
In November 1975 the Parliament of the United Kingdom, after full consideration, specifically *permitted* employers to make a difference between men and women on retirement, not only by the Health Authority, but also every other employer.

Three months later, in February 1976, the Council of Ministers issued a Directive to the contrary. Subsequently, the European Court held that the English Courts must not permit any difference between men and women, at any rate so far as the Health Authority is concerned and any other public authority.

This was a policy decision by the European Court of Justice. Whenever there is a conflict or inconsistency between the Community law of Europe and the national law of any Member State, the Community law shall prevail: and the Courts of every Member State must give effect to Community law over their own national law.

III. The Supremacy of Community Law

(i) *An imaginary message*
The two cases which I have described throw a vivid light on the role of the European Court of Justice at Luxembourg. It is manned by dedicated Europeans who believe that Community law takes precedence over the national laws of the Member States. I can illustrate it best by this imaginary message over the air:

> This is the European Court of Justice calling all peoples in Europe. We are speaking *ex cathedra* from the cathedral at Luxembourg. We sit here to interpret and apply the Community law of Europe. It is contained in the Treaties signed by the Member States and in Directives issued by the Council of Ministers from those States.
>
> We know that each Member State has its own national laws made applicable to its nationals by legislation enacted in its own Parliament.
>
> But it is a fundamental principle of Community law that it takes precedence over the national laws of any Member State. Whenever there is a conflict between Community law and national law, then we are bound by principle to hold the national law to be invalid, and to require the Member State to apply Community law, in place of its own national law.
>
> We so held in the case of the inflatable dolls. We held that the Community law (which ensures the 'free movement of goods') should take precedence over the English law (which authorised customs officers to seize and forfeit these dolls) even though it had been passed by an Act of Parliament.
>
> We also so held in the case of the senior dietician. We held that the Community law (which ensured the equality of men and women) should take pre-

cedence over the English law (which allowed differences between men and women on retirement), even though it had been passed by Parliament.

(ii) *The supremacy is challenged*

Some of you may ask:

> By what authority do you at Luxembourg hold these Acts of Parliament to be invalid? There is nothing in the Treaties which allows you to do it. And there are clear authorities in English law which say that an Act of Parliament cannot be repealed, modified or altered, except by Parliament itself or by a regulation approved by affirmative resolution of both Houses.

We at Luxemborg reply:

> This is just another instance where Community law prevails over the national laws of any Member State. You must remember that we are the sole interpreter of Community law. We alone can declare the principles of it. We can declare your statutes invalid, even though they have been passed by Parliament.

(iii) *Where do you find this principle?*

> 'But where do you find this principle? It is nowhere written down.' The European Court replies: 'We drew this principle out of our own breasts as your English Judges drew your common law.'
>
> It is in confirmity with this revealing statement of the European Commission:
>
> The Commission will explore all possibilities for interim measures to suspend the enforcement of any national legislation which manifestly infringes Community law.

(iv) Community law prevails

This raises the fundamental question: Are we in England bound by that principle of European law by which Community law is supreme over national law?

The answer given by our Government is: Yes. It is so enacted in Section 3(1) of the 1972 Act that 'for the purpose of all legal proceedings' we are bound by 'the principles laid down by and any relevant decision of the European Court'.

In view of the sub-section, the Government feel that they must comply with the rulings of the European Court of Justice and amend our own law about rubber dolls, and about retirement ages. They are, I believe, drafting legislation for the purpose.

IV. The Sovereignty of Parliament

The most fundamental principle of English law is that Parliament is sovereign. An Act passed by Parliament cannot be repealed, modified or altered except by Act of Parliament itself. It is so stated in *Blackstone* I page 160. I am sure that the draftsman of the European Communities Act 1972 intended to preserve the sovereignty of Parliament. But he did it very clumsily. He did it by Section 2(4) of the 1972 Act. It is so complex and unintelligible that I will not trouble you with it. As I read it, it preserves the sovereignty of Parliament in that it says that, if there is to be any repeal or alteration of an Act of Parliament, passed or to be passed, it can only be by a later Act of Parliament itself or by a regulation approved by affirmative resolution of each House of Parliament. But I felt it to be so obscure that I put down amendments to ensure the sovereignty of Parliament in regard to its own statutes, passed or to be passed.

V. Directives

The Council of Ministers is now the supreme legislative body for Europe. They legislate by means of Directives issued under Article 189 of the Treaty. The European Court has held that these Directives are binding in England and can be enforced in our Courts even though they have never been passed or considered by Parliament (see the *Senior Dietician* case). This has been held without reference to our European Communities Act 1972. As I read Section 2 of that Act, the only provisions of the Treaty which are certainly binding in England are those which are operative 'without further enactment'. For instance, Articles 85 and 86 about abuse of dominant position. But if 'futher enactment' is necessary, then they need to be made by a regulation under Section 2 approved by affirmative resolution of both Houses of Parliament. Now Article 189 of the Treaty envisages 'a further enactment' before Directives are binding. It says that the Council 'shall leave to the national authorities the choice of form and methods'.

VI. Reflections After The Event

For nearly 300 years our constitutional law has been based on the fundamental principle that Parliament was the supreme legislative authority in and for the United Kingdom. It alone could make and unmake our laws, amend or alter them. That sovereignty has now been ended. Its overthrow will be completed by Parliament itself when it passes the European Communities (Amendment) Bill.

On the face of it, the Bill does not do much. It only adds one more Treaty to the Treaty of Rome. This new Treaty is not appended to the Bill. You have to go to the Stationery Office to get it. It will make you sit up.

It is called the Single European Act. It has been signed by the twelve Member States of Europe. The opening words of the Preamble say that its object is 'to transform relations as a whole among their States into a European Union' and that they have 'resolved to implement this European Union'.

Every word was carefully chosen. 'Transform' shows that there is to be a fundamental change. 'Single' shows that the States are to be no longer separate but one. 'Act' shows that it is to be, not a mere Treaty, but a legislative enactment.

The long Preamble is followed by 23 pages of close print containing amendments to the Treaty of Rome. You will not understand them at all. But they have been studied by a Select Committee of the House of Lords which has reported:

> The powers of the United Kingdom Parliament will be weakened by the Single European Act. The committee draw this important fact to the special attention of the House.

That warning alerted some members of the House of Lords. They saw Danger ahead! At the Committee Stage on 8 October 1986 they put down 53 amendments seeking to amend the Single European Act so as to preserve the sovereignty of The Queen in Parliament. The controversy ranged between the traditional constitutionalists on the one side and the political realists on the other.

I ranged myself on the side of the traditional constitutionalists. I told of the legal doctrine about Treaties:

> This Single European Act is only a Treaty. It is not binding on Parliament. Our law says that a Treaty is an act of the executive Government. It has no force in England except in so far as Parliament makes it so. It is therefore open to Parliament to consider each one of the provisions of the Single European Act: and to affirm, alter, amend or to reject any one of them as Parliament thinks fit. So we have put down 53 amendments so as to ensure the supremacy of Parliament.

The political realists put forward their views in these words of Lord Gladwyn with his unrivalled experience in international affairs:

> The formal adoption of any single one of these amendments would mean that the whole treaty had in effect been repudiated by the British Parliament – repudiated, that is, in spite of the fact that it was believed by the Government to be in the interests of this country and that it has been accepted by all our Community partners. It has been accepted even by the Danes, who are perhaps more jealous of their 'sovereignty' than any other nation in the world.
>
> Since in practice it would be impossible to renogitate this treaty in order to incorporate any of the Committee's amendments, obviously a very dangerous situation would arise which . . . could well mean that our partners in the community would go ahead without us, thus I suppose eventually necessitating our withdrawal from the community itself. . . . I simply cannot imagine that a majority of this Chamber would wish to be responsible for such a tragedy.

The House accepted the views of the political realists. They rejected the very first amendment by the overwhelming majority of 176 to 52. *The Times* came out with the headline, 'Denning crushed on sovereignty.'

To my mind this result requires the lawyers of today to re-examine our law about Treaties. At any rate multinational treaties of this kind. Once signed they are binding at once – every word of them as a solemn compact between Soveriegn States – subject only to a formal ratification of the Treaty by Parliament, without any amendment. Once formally ratified in this way, they are binding upon each and every one of the Member States. Each of them surrenders part of its sovereignty in order to achieve agreement of the whole. No one of the States can reject any part of the law contained in the Treaty or amend it in any way. The Member States bind not only themselves but also their own nationals too.

This is indeed a transformation. It creates a 'new legal order in International Law'. It fits in exactly with the way in which it was put by the European Court of Justice in the early days of 1963 in the case of *van Gend en Loos v. Nederlandse Belastingadministratie* (1963) 2 CMLR 105 at 129:

> The Community constitutes a new legal order in international law, for whose benefit the States have limited their sovereign rights, albeit within limited fields, and the subjects of which comprise not only the Member States but also their nationals.

But the result goes even further. Not only is there a new legal order in International Law. There is also a new legal order in our constitutional law. Parliamentary. sovereignty has gone. It has been replaced by Community sovereignty. The two recent decisions of the European Court of Justice, which I discuss above, show that this is so.

At the Committee Stage, I put forward amendments designed to secure the repeal of those two decisions: I sought to reaffirm our constitutional law by which no Act of Parliament could be repealed or rendered invalid in England except by another Act or a Regulation approved by affirmative resolution of both Houses. But these amendments were rejected by the Government. They fell under the same axe as all the other amendments.

So we have to reckon with a new constitutional principle. Community law, as declared by the European Court of Justice, is superior over any Act of our Parliament which is inconsistent with it. Our courts must follow its rulings, and our Parliament must enact whatever legislation is necessary in order to make our law conform to Community law.

The impact of this new principle will be found in an important case now pending in the European Court. For many years now in England newly-constructed houses and other items have been zero-rated for V.A.T. This zero-rating was expressly approved by Parliament in the V.A.T. Act 1983. But the European Commission has now brought an action claiming that this zero-rating is invalid because it contravenes a Directive issued by the Council of Ministers. If this contention is upheld by the European Court of Justice, it will demonstrate vividly the supremacy of Community law and the inferiority of our own Acts.

Even our influence over Community legislation receives a severe setback. Previously, with the Treaty of Rome, most decisions had to be unanimous. But now, in the Single European Act, they can be made by a 'qualified majority'. Each Member State is allotted a quota of votes. The total for all the States is 76. A majority of 54 carries the day. The United Kingdom has only 10 votes.

Two of the amendments were designed to secure that if the United Kingdom was out-voted, the decision should not be binding unless approved by affirmative resolution of both Houses of Parliament. But these too fell under the axe.

The Select Committee of the House of Lords told how this would affect our sovereignty:

> The main impact of the Act will lie in its effect on the voting strength of individual Ministers. Since the United Kingdom Parliament exercises no control over Community legislation other than through the voice and vote of United Kingdom Ministers in the Council of Ministers, any weakening of the power of United Kingdom Ministers is felt equally by the United Kingdom Parliament.

Coupled with this, the Single European Act enables the legislative institutions of the Community to expand their areas of law-making greatly by 'harmonizing' the laws of the individual Member States so as to make them uniform all over Europe. The Select Committee reported:

> It is already apparent from the preamble that the Act's intention is to make the Community's legislative procedures more effective. This streamlining, if successful, will increase the extent of Community law and thus Community competence – that is, the areas subject to Community law rather than national law – at the expense of Member States.

All this has given rise to a fear – I have expressed it myself – that we were getting near to a Federation of Europe. But Lord Gladwyn again gives the answer:

> It has never, from the start, been a question of our joining a federation in the accepted sense of the term, namely, a number of states which join together with a common parliament or congress to which the executive is normally, at least in some degree, responsible: a President or Prime Minister in total charge of the government; a federal army; a federal poice force; a common language; great central ministries, including a Ministry of Foreign Affairs with common diplomatic and consulate services; and a common judiciary with very extended powers. All those things are necessary and inherent in any federation. Under such a system it is indeed true that our ancient institutions would be endangered and even the position of the Queen would become impossible.

The result is that the Single European Act takes us into a European Union, but not into a Federation. It is a Union which creates Community institutions and gives those institutions considerable legislative, executive and judicial powers which take precedence in their spheres over those of the Member States but otherwise leave the sovereignty of the Member States intact.

So the debate is over. The political realists have won. The traditional constitutionalists have lost. The Single European Act ushers in a new constitution for Europe. It was launched at Strasbourg in December by the Prime Minister, Mrs Margaret Thatcher, accompanied by Sir Geoffrey Howe in his capacity as President of the European Council of Ministers. Gone are the battles and the wars that have divided us in the past as each strove for the mastery. Gone is the concept of national sovereignty – to be replaced by European Unity. The bells are sounding, 'Ring out the old, ring in the new.'

It is the beginning of an epoch. It is a vision come true. For Europe. Like Tenyson's view for the world:

Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furl'd
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law.

I would therefore now for myself say – let us forget the issues that divided us. Let us give the Single European Act our wholehearted support. Long ago, when we entered the Common Market, I drew this picture:

> The Treaty is like an incoming tide. It flows into the estuaries and up the rivers. It cannot be held back.

Now I continue the imagery:

> Look, there is a ship coming in with the tide. She is called *European Union*. But she is in difficulty. She is overloaded. Her gear and tackle are all adrift. She is in danger of stranding. Send out a good boat to help her. Here is one. It is called the *United Kingdom*. Put good men aboard the *European Union*. Make good the rigging. Heave on the ropes. All together now. Get her clear. See that she can ride out any storm. She must be made equal to any ship that sails the oceans of the world.

1. *Conegate Ltd v. HM Customs and Excise*, 1986, ICMLR, 739.
2. *Marshall v. Southampton Health Authority* 1986, ICMLR, 688.

'Nonsense', 'insulting', 'grossly exaggerated', 'dangerous', 'a threat to education', 'amazing', 'disturbing' . . .

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Some Fell Slow and Some Fell Fast:
The End of a Revo

Geoffrey Wagner

Unreported in the press, the longest and largest murder trial in West Indian history, recently drew to a close. This was the trial of seventeen men and one woman charged with murder and/or conspiracy to murder in the deaths of Maurice Bishop, his Ministers, and pregnant mistress in Grenada in October 1983. The hair-splitting delays produced, for the most part, a collective yawn in the region; few local radio stations covered the hearings at all regularly, and even some of Grenada's own papers preferred cricket scores to the complexities of the courts. Once more, in contrast with the bloody events, the meticulous niceties of the law made democracy look ineffectual or anaemic, and often redounded to the disparagement of the government.

However, once the matter had gone to the courts the government, both interim and elected, had no say in the matter. The trial was outside its jurisdiction, and it was blameless for the delays. Furthermore, serious constitutional matters were raised within those years of apparent inaction. Precedent-setting motions, and appeals, were put before the court into which, of course, the government could not enter. It was a spectator from the start. Finally, it should be borne in mind that this was a trial of eighteen, not merely of two assassins, as in the murder of my old friend Richard Sharples, Governor-General of Bermuda. The facts were these.

On the morning of October 19th, 1983, Maurice Bishop, self-elected Communist Prime Minister of Grenada, awoke manacled to his bed in underclothing. His pregnant mistress Jacqueline Creft, a pretty girl who had been introduced to me as the new Minister of Sports, lay in like manner in the next room. So did burly, bearded Cletus St. Paul, Bishop's chief bodyguard, handcuffed to yet another bed in nearby Richmond Hill Prison.

Bishop was weak, having been held like this for six days during which he refused food, fearing it might be poisoned. With reason, one may add. His guard in the house, and subsequent assassin, was Iman Abdullah, a tough PRA (People's Revolutionary Army) character recalled for this duty from the island dependency of Carriacou. Abdullah's real name was Bernard and he was the son of the former Police Commissioner, Lucky Bernard, an admirable man who died of poisoning in Bishop's New Jewel era. After all, there is a fairly reasonable theory that the erstwhile British Labour Party leader, Hugh Gaitskell, was poisoned by the KGB in his own capital in 1963. But how did Bishop, Castro's creature, come by this state?

Fortunately we have a full log of all the last CC (Central Committee) meetings of the New Jewel government, including Bishop's handwritten minutes of them, thanks to the over-running of source houses, including those of the Cuban Intelligence, on intervention. One US Major, who asked me to keep his name out of things, but whose report appears in *Military Intelligence* for January–March, 1985, calls this haul of documents 'the single most prolific intelligence windfall since the conclusion of World War Two.'

It reveals that by mid 1983 the New Jewel Movement, which had taken power by force in 1979, was bankrupt, economically and popularly. While Bishop was off trying to seduce America, his Deputy Bernard Coard, and his Jamaican wife Phyllis, (both now sentenced to hang for the murder of Mr Bishop), were establishing control over the army and pushing for a Stalinist line. One 'Headache' Layne obtained meteoric military promotion (the PRA had become an army of Generals, anyway) and advocated 'the Afghan solution'. He was to be another assassin. On October 8th Bishop returned from a begging-bowl swing around East Europe. His airport reception told its tale, consisting of one inimical Minister in T-shirt and slippers.

For word was out that Bishop had made an unscheduled stop in Cuba and lengthily consulted Castro at Cienfuegos. The Coard faction suspected that Bishop, now their enemy in the power struggle, might have got some new support from Fidel. The latter liked Bro Bish, indeed ordained three full days of mourning for his death, more than for most Soviet dignitaries. There is also evidence from prisoner interrogation that the Cubans on site were planning to rescue Bishop from the PRA house arrest. Their Ambassador Julien Rizo (married to a weather-woman American) apparently spoke to him by phone at the Fort minutes before he was executed. The Russians, needless to say, were hovering round this scene like vultures.

With island life grinding to a standstill, emergency sessions of the CC amounted to 55 hours in its last week of existence. Bishop attended one such and complained that 'attempts were being made to marginalise him'. After which he sent in St. Paul who advised him 'to kill them or arrest them'. At the same time Coard was telling his cronies, 'Blow them up before they do it to us.' It was a classic case of do unto them as they would unto you, only do it first, and it did not augur a prosperous future for We Leader.

The semantic content of these meetings is a study in bargain-basement Marxism. Many of the overgrown children in the PRA had spent time at the Esbec Military School in Cuba with the result that characters like Brat and Pumphead and Kojo and Big Dog returned mouthing a rhetoric that was an impediment to understanding, a verbal plaything that would protect them from thought; in fact, it claimed that paranormal power which has so often swayed West Indians. At one point Jewel's delegate to the UN, though frothing against imperialism, was accused of 'mysticism-deviation', a new one even on the Kremlin, I'd think. At another Coard supporters called for Bishop to be court-martialled (as in effect he was), whereupon George Louison, a Bishop ally, called for their court-martial first. Everyone accused everyone else of 'right opportunism'. Chaulky Ventour pulled a gun. Fitzroy Bain, who was to die the most slowly of all at the Fort, said there was 'too much Marxist-Leninist jargon' going on and that he was about to vomit. He then came up with the quote of the era, 'we are going to end up with a revolution without the people.' After which he burst into tears.

In the event, the rescue was effected on October 19th when, with all banks, schools and businesses closed, a crowd of thousands, including schoolchildren, walked up the hill behind the capital to Bishop's house. Abdullah's praetorian guard fired warning shots but, undeterred, the crowd broke in and released Bishop and his paramour. In green underpants the Prime Minister was lent a jersey and assisted into a vehicle, muttering 'The masses . . . the masses.' Really, if Maurice hadn't existed, Evelyn Waugh would have had to invent him; as a matter of fact, in a couple of books he more or less did so.

Up in the Fort above the town Bishop's men (Lala, Kasha etc.) tried for a last hurrah, appointing Louison head of a phantom army, distributing Kalashnikovs from the confused armory, sending out orders for the arrest of Coard, Headache and the rest to (of all people) Goat Redhead, the hardest of hard-core Coardites who was to slit Bishop's throat and cut off a ring finger after the man had been riddled senseless with bullets.

For, from the heights of Richmond Hill, the prevailing CC brass had seen the liberating procession wind up to the Fort and decided to forestall any government not their own. Three Soviet BTR-GOP carriers were sent down. 'If there was resistance,' Headache ordered, 'then them was to battle it out and the leaders were to be liquidated.' Abdullah took command of the lead vehicle and it was from these carriers, which we had all seen roaring around the island that year, that the large-scale casualties, probably over two hundred, came – either by direct fire or by grenades tossed into the crowds. A red flare (for death) was sent up from Richmond Hill and as 'the masses' stumbled out of the old police compound (some jumping to their deaths beyond it), the New Jewel leadership was detained and lined up against a wall on which, with that self-caricature that seems to dog world communism, had been scrawled beneath a basketball hoop TOWARDS HIGHER DISCIPLINE IN THE PRA. 'Is execution time,' Goat gloated at them. Bishop and his government were told to face the wall and take off their shirts. Two machine-guns were mounted on stands while Abdullah and others put their M3s on 'rock'n'roll' (full automatic). Jackie Creft pleaded her pregnancy. She received only obscenities and, from one of the gunners, Vincent Joseph, 'Is bullet for you.'

Fire was opened on Abdullah's order. 'Some fell slow and some fell fast,' he later said in evidence. Bishop fell first and was finished off on the ground; Jackie Creft was bludgeoned to death with gun butts. The rest were overkilled, firing continually into their bodies for ten minutes. 'In bits and blood' these were put in blankets for incineration at the Calivigny terrorist training camp (named after Fedon). During the trial a girl PRA soldier entrusted with wrapping Maurice's meat-like remains in a blanket was asked by the DPP (Director of Public Prosecutions Velma Hylton), 'What did he look like?' She pondered for some time before responding. 'Dead.' The Fire Brigade hosed down the bloody court, Abdullah shouted, 'Long live the revolution', and gunner Joseph repaired to the canteen for a coke. Maurice Bishop had been marginalised.

On intervention the malefactors were rounded up and charged, most after frank statements to Barbados police (Grenada having none by this time, the PRA assuming such powers). Though the carnage had been widespread the State, under the interim government, could only try on evidence and had to limit itself to the alleged murder of eleven persons. The accused at first numbered twenty, but one was discharged by the Magistrate of the PI (Preliminary Inquiry) in August 1984, while another turned king's evidence. I had to remind my liberal American friends, and excitable media visitors, that for the first time in nearly five years there were *no political prisoners* 'on the Hill' in Grenada. There were eighteen persons charged with murder and conspiracy to murder. 'No one's up there for being a Communist,' an 82nd officer put it to me before departing.

I saw these defendants brought to the St. George's courtroom early in 1984 for the first session of the PI and there was no question but that the crowd were ready to tear them limb from limb. Rocks were hurled at the Coards in particular, so that for their own protection the PI was moved to a room in the prison called the Lions Den, to reach which, even with a pass, I had to percolate six checkpoints, at the last of which I had to surrender my watch. That element of farce which so often seems to haunt black revolution became the order of the day as, first, Phyllis Coard was brought in on a stretcher, allegedly weak from a hunger strike (though it was found she had watered her bowls of soup to make them look untouched), then Goat Redhead suddenly developed a remarkable limp in court, supposedly due to police brutality, and General Hudson Austin sported a plaster cast on an otherwise healthy arm. Coard himself, who had survived an attempt by other prisoners to dry-drown him with a hydrant, apparently spent the years of repeated adjournments immersed in that aura of melodrama with which he liked to surround himself, studying

the sacred texts and occasionally composing Brahminical commentaries on just where the blasted revo had run off the rails. He claimed to suffer from 'emotional stress', and no wonder.

For it was not until April 1986, that a jury was finally empanelled and *Regina vs Andy Mitchell et al.* taken to its conclusion. Forensic ingenuity by counsel for the accused, using procedures the latter had scorned, succeeded in contriving a three-year filibuster, exceeding the 'reasonable' time between being charged and tried in the country's Constitution. For a long time, the accused would not accept court-appointed counsel (paid for by the indigent Grenadian taxpayer), then refused to obtain their own. Ramsey Clark is said to have offered his services at one point. Endless procrastinations, which infuriated the Grenadian populace, are too complex to encapsulate here but generally rested on the challenge that the High Court of Grenada by which the accused were being tried was illegal.

The point was this: by tearing up Grenada's 1973 Constitution on his first day of office Bishop hoped to obviate any appeal to extraneous judiciaries, as might have qualified his own form of 'justice', within the Supreme Court of the Associated States of the West Indies. The Coardites argued that if the Constitution were restored, as *ipso facto* it was, then they should be heard by that wider West Indies court rather than the purely insular one they themselves had set up, for their own arcane purposes.

But there had been changes. The West Indies Appeals Court withdrew from jurisdiction over Grenada after the annulling of the Constitution, and subsequent fiat rule by Cabinet (*viz.* the CC, or Maurice Bishop). After difficulty in getting legal lackeys to man his own court, Bishop found that the island's appeals system had become that of the EC, or Eastern Caribbean, one unfriendly to him and one which, after his murder, was understandably reluctant to accept Grenada with 'that case on the Hill' outstanding.

The truth was that Bishop had once again flunked it, though perhaps on Cuban instruction. He tore up the Constitution but *kept on* the Governnor-General, though there are those, in law schools, who argue that he could not have done one without the other. It was important to Jewel to retain the Governor-General, Sir Paul Scoon, in place – not merely to trot him out on ceremonial occasions, but also to escape the need for recognition. With Sir Paul still in Government House revolutionary Grenada did not have to seek recognition, it had merely had a change of government. AmEmbassy Barbados, when pestered by reporters as to whether America recognised the Bishop regime, retorted that it wasn't in the business of *re*-recognising anyone.

But this same retention of the highest office in the land meant that, having been a permanency throughout, the Governor had every right, by virtue of the executive and legislative powers vested in him, *both* to reinstate the suspended Constitution *and* to retain the Grenada High Court. If Bishop had held elections as promised directly after his coup he would probably have won (against an absent Eric Gairy) and then been able to write his own Constitution in a rigged parliament. However, Havana may well have counselled against any risk at all at the ballot box.

So the last of the Old Jewel were hoist by their own petard, if not noose. Finally firing all their lawyers they resorted to recalcitrance, turning the courtroom into a Mad Hatter's Tea Party. Most mornings it took prison guards half an hour to round up and transport them to the court where they chanted and jigged and shrieked, quite in the manner of some revivalist meeting, if to a different drummer – 'CIA spies', 'This a Yankee Court', 'Torturers'. Justice Dennis Byron, son of a popular magistrate in St. Kitts, had repeatedly to clear the defendants from the dock, bringing them back individually for witness identification and once considering using gags. Coard required that President Reagan be called. The jury foreman had a heart attack in court.

At last, after Coard (refusing to take the oath), had been allowed to address the court for six days on end, on every one of which he excoriated America, the trial terminated. The convictions and sentences now handed down will be appealed, it is surmised, for two or three more years, when justice will presumably 'be seen to have been done'.

One hardly has to add that for the local Grenadian cane-cutter or nutmeg grower the entire exercise looks like some sort of bauble of the law schools, the luxury of a very permissive society indeed. After the brutal bloodshed the tergiversations of justice hardly seem to conduce to democracy at all, rather to its reverse – vigilante justice by an outraged citizenry frustrated for five years by legalistic technicalities and demanding at least some perception of right and wrong. After all, somebody killed Maurice Bishop.

Indeed. After an eleven-day summing-up of extreme caution by Judge Byron the island was electrified on the afternoon of December 4th when the jury retired to consider no less than 198 counts (eleven for each accused). Including five women, they took only three hours – to acquit one man who had convincingly demonstrated innocence (and incidentally attended every session of the court without disruption), and to find the rest guilty on all counts.

That same rainy afternoon, in front of a packed courtroom, the judge donned the black cap and sentenced fourteen to death by hanging, as is mandatory for murder in Grenada. These included Bernard Coard, Phyllis Coard, and General Hudson Austin. Three PRA soldiers guilty of manslaughter were given prison terms of some length. One received forty-five years. In Grenada a life sentence is construed as fifteen years and the judge clearly eschewed it. And, although England outlawed capital punishment in the sixties, all the now independent islands of the Caribbean have retained it, sometimes dealing it out for rape (as in two cases in Trinidad last year). Those sentenced in Grenada may appeal to the local High Court, sitting with three judges, but that is the end of their route. For at last it may seem to the patient Grenadian populace that justice delayed was not justice denied.

In Search of Central Europe

Survival As a Way of Human Life

Miloš Kořan

First, let us consider what the world looks like to a man who wants above all else to save his life.

The immediate dangers for his life are natural forces such as fire, water, heat, cold, etc. and the natural conditions of life in general, such as the need for food and sleep. If he exerts himself sufficiently, or if he makes use of the natural forces in a suitable manner, he may preserve his life. However, even while successfully maintaining his life he experiences the absolute boundaries of his existence, since he becomes constantly aware of his dependence on, and of the danger from, things which seem to be of an utterly different nature from himself: though he can run from a fire, or extinguish it, the fact that fire burns and kills remains. In this way man discovers that somewhere between him and fire there is a divide where his being ends and the being of fire begins – a being which is so alien to his own that too near a contact with it must inevitably result in extinction of at least one of them. Analogies, though perhaps not so simple to describe, relations hold in regard to the other elements of the world.

As to other men, their role is ambiguous. On the one hand I can place them between me and the world. In this way I shift the boundary between myself and the hostile entities farther from myself. These other men become, as it were, a part of my being; their being is in a way swallowed by mine. On the other hand, however, other men may equally well represent a threat. Firstly, in an indirect way as competitors in consumption of things necessary for my survival. Secondly, in a direct way, by striving to swallow my being in order to secure their own survival. We can thus conclude that as concerns the chances of temporal survival the situation of each man vis-à-vis another man can schematically be expressed by the phrase 'Me or You', while the only solution to the dilemma seem to be those arrangements which can be described by the phrases 'Me only', or 'You only'.

Now, it is obvious that man would not be able to cope with even the most immediate needs of temporal survival if he did not possess a certain transcendent element, enabling him to integrate all singular instances of his experience into a coherent whole. This element enables man to experience himself as a distinct spatio-temporal entity, situated in more or less structured surroundings. The most spiritually advanced manifestation of this element is that complex array of interrelated purposes and values with which man imbues his actions and surroundings. It is clear that men do not fight for temporal survival simply in order to prolong an empty existence, but that they do so to save at least a part of this array from annihilation. Indeed it is precisely this array which provides a kind of self-evident meaning to human life. It is thus appropriate to call the array 'temporal meaning'.

Men striving to preserve their temporal meanings are confronted with far more dangers than they would be if they were merely protecting their physical existence. To the 'meaning-sensitive' being, natural forces no longer represent mere physical dangers of occasional and passing significance; rather they appear as alien and awe-inspiring phenomena which throw doubt on everything man does. Further, the danger represented by other men assumes additional, spiritual, dimensions – an attack on one's temporal meaning in the form of condemnation or ridicule may sometimes be even more devastating than direct physical abuse. Temporal meanings only make the dilemma 'Me or You' more pronounced, and the pain of the losers sharper. And finally there is a danger whose negativity is absolute – death. Its bearing on temporal meanings is unambiguous – the richer such meaning, the more radical the negation of life which death represents.

The situation of the multi-level endangering just described has accompanied men from time immemorial. Generally, they have seen only one possible way out of the predicament – to find a meaning which was capable of comprehending, more or less harmoniously, all the realities and all the people which men can mentally encompass. The meaning had to be intelligible at least to the degree that men might integrate into it their respective temporal meanings. By this integration men have attempted to deprive all possible calamities of their crushing negativity or 'meaninglessness'. Therefore, in order to provide shelter from the most crushing calamity – death – the meaning had to be eternal (immortal). Let us call such an adjustment with the human condition 'eternal survival'.

A given eternal meaning could serve as a guarantee of eternal survival only if it met two fundamental conditions. First, the discrepancy between the world-order implied by the meaning and real occurrences should not be too great. A certain amount of 'non-meaning' might

be tolerable, but only so that it might be triumphantly overwhelmed by the ruling meaning, which in this way found new confirmation. But too great a discrepancy would have inevitably undermined the meaning's credibility, so that men could no longer base upon it their trust in eternal survival. To keep the discrepancy minimal men could combine two methods: to mould everything in their power according to the meaning, and to declare everything that occurred as being a proper embodiment of it.

The second condition was the capacity of the meaning to serve as an enforceable guide or measure for solving conflicts between men – conflicts which might involve not only their temporal meanings but their particular eternal meanings as well.

In an ordered community men do not live in unmediated direct contact with each other, i.e. at the mercy of their neighbours. Their relations are regulated by certain rules. Such communities usually provide a high degree of security against people from without, enhance security against the forces of nature, and secure certain minimum opportunities for gaining a livelihood. In general, existential relations in ordered societies are characterised by the phrases 'Me more than You', or 'You more than Me' rather than 'Me only', or 'You only'. The extent of human subjugation may be quite great (i.e. 'more' often means 'immensely more'), but if it remains steady and does not exceed certain limits, it is experienced as something less oppressive than a state of arbitrary rule by the stronger. Further, if the organised power of community is used to enforce the monopoly of a single eternal meaning, then men can rest comfortably under its shelter, without fear that the shelter will be pierced by other men's heresies, or that the community will be torn apart by violent strife among various doctrines of the eternal.

There is thus an irresistible temptation to regard the state itself as an expression of the eternal meaning within the human community. Ancient Egypt, Persia, China, the empire of the Incas, etc. were typical examples of states viewed in such a manner. In them societies were hierarchised by their respective eternal meanings, which were articulated as complex pantheons of gods and their roles. The eternal meanings determined both the contents of 'Me', 'You', 'They' and the relations between them. The 'more' in the relations was either consciously determined by the degree of participation in the eternal meaning, or *ex post facto* explained by it. (If we consider the pyramids of the pharaohs alongside the utter namelessness of their builders, we see how extensive the scale of possible participation might be). The authority of a ruler was derived from and justified by the fact of his maximum participation in the eternal meaning. One of his main tasks was to ensure that all his subjects were in proper relation to eternity, and imperial expansion was justified by a natural duty to impose this relation on others. Consequently, victory over some alien community was viewed as confirmation of the superiority of a given meaning over the 'false' gods of the subjugated community, or as a proof that the ruler was endowed with the authority of eternal truth. Although the particular eternal meanings were quite different, all of them were manifestations of the same concept – that of identification of a particular social formation and its operation with the true meaning of the world. As the identification had always the same far-reaching consequences for human life, it is proper to assign to all those empires a common generic name – empires of eternal meaning, or alternatively, empires of eternal survival.

Let us now demonstrate the effect of those consequences on two fundamental human values – truth and freedom. In the empires of eternal meaning, any internal or external failure (military defeats, disorders, unresolved conflicts among subjects) represents something substantially graver than a mere phenomenon which can be dealt with by the appropriate measures. Such a failure calls into question, at the very least, the claim of the ruler to be a worthy caretaker of the meaning – a fissure opens between him and the meaning. As he and the empire are not separable, the existence of the fissure undermines the analogous claim of the empire as well – at least under the existing dynasty. To conceal the failures by lies or enforced silence is thus an unavoidable part of protecting the empire against revolts. Certainly, one can be sure that in general rulers have lied and suppressed because of their vanity and a habitual clinging to power rather than from any philanthropic reasons. However, the sad truth remains that a ruler who valued the well-being of his subjects more than anything else would be forced to lie to the same extent as the wicked ones – if not more. He would not hesitate to lie to prevent internal revolts, or indeed the crumbling of the empire, since they would destroy the temporal survival of his people. Further, he might become aware that too long a series of disasters would cast a shadow on the eternal meaning itself – either on its being benignly open to people, or on its very existence.

However, a decisive majority of men (in the long run all men) value survival – both temporal and eternal – more than truth, be it even the truth of some eternal meaning, i.e. they prefer secure faith in anything provided it secures the gift of life. Therefore the philanthropic ruler would necessarily view any threat to the authority of the meaning the greatest evil. The common sense notion of truth as a true account of reality can thus never become a socially universal value. At best, it will be a utilitarian and carefully rationed commodity.

An even worse situation exists in regard to the much more profound notion of truth as something which transcends particular communities and remains open to men as individuals. Such a notion implies that there is always a need to search beyond the presently apprehended and embodied aspects of the eternal meaning, and that there is always an abyss between the meaning and the given community – an element of meaninglessness. This implication confronts men with the prospect of a life in which the final grasp of truth, which would enable them to rest in certainty, will forever recede beyond the horizon. This is the opposite of what the eternal meaning is supposed to provide. Moreover, the

notion opens the way for individual witnesses to truth who might then condemn the whole empire as a falsification of the true eternal meaning, or initiate strife with conflicting witnesses. All these consequences show that nothing is so irreconcilable with the spirit which imbues the empires of eternal meaning as the notion of a universal truth accessible individually to each of us. Indeed, it can hardly even be conceived in them.

Human freedom, be it freedom to describe and judge an occurrence, to present a theological treatise, or to pursue one's own ends, fares accordingly. Since the ultimate, and indeed the sole, justification of any human act is the truth conveyed or embodied by it, the absence of a notion of truth as superior to any exigencies of temporal or eternal survival deprives freedom of its authoritative foundation and, indeed, of its meaning.

With two exceptions, all ancient empires may be classed as empires of eternal meaning; while outside Europe and its dependencies, this can be done well unto the 19th century. However, the fact that the human need for the comfort provided by a tangible meaning dominates all other values is attested even by the respective histories of the two exceptions – classical Greece and the Israel of the Old Testament.

For a short period, some *poleis* in Greece represented societies which were not hierarchised by any eternal meaning. Their defining formula was 'You equals Me', because the participation of each citizen in the eternal meaning consisted in his taking part in the affairs of the *polis* on an equal footing with other citizens. When a Greek citizen stood in the assembly of citizens in the agora, in order to deliberate on the actions or institutions of the *polis*, he did not do it under some comforting roof of well-established prescriptions and deified authorities. Rather, he experienced himself as standing alone with his freedom under the empty sky.

Such a spiritual and political setting was conducive to a fundamental spiritual breakthrough. First, the democratic method of government necessitates citizens with a high moral standard, because without this the temporal survival of the *polis* is in danger of succumbing to internal strife or an external conqueror. Since an explicit eternal meaning which would have provided a hierarchy of authoritative moral commands was absent, the Greeks were forced to search willy-nilly for some alternative source of moral order. Second, the absence of eternal meaning meant that there was no repository of ready-made purposes and actions which would have told them what to do with their freedom. There was thus an ever-present danger that unless some source of meanings compatible with freedom was found, the vacuum would be filled by an *ersatz* source incompatible with it. It could have been some values of the temporal meaning elevated to the level of absolutes (e.g. the 'eternal glory' of victorious battles fought for selfish purposes) which would inevitably result in internal disintegration of the *polis* into groups coalescing around different temporal interests. Or it could have been some explicit eternal meaning, with disastrous consequences for freedom.

Although the Greeks finally succumbed to both dangers, their search bore a fruit which was certainly an acme of human thought: the discovery of the individual soul as the point from which all order, truth and meaning are perceived. Further, the notion of the individual human soul was given a social aspect by Plato's idea of a good society, the nucleus of which would have been formed by men whose souls were perfectly attuned to the perception of things eternal. The novelty of such an 'eternal meaning' consists in three features: that it acts through individual citizens without needing mediation of the community; that it cannot be explicitly formalised (thus no fixed social hierarchy can be based upon it); and that its influence ultimately depends on the citizens' decision to bear witness to it.

We can conclude that in their best moments the Greeks created a society which might be described by the phrase 'Me and You in Freedom'. Their experience taught them, however, that such a society could not maintain itself for long unless it contained a sufficient number of men who were aware of the Ultimate Truth and devoted themselves to the search for it.

The exceptional situation of Israel was caused by the fact that its eternal meaning was a living person – the Lord, who was transcendent to the world, indescribable, intangible and unmanageable. The Lord could choose anyone among the Israelites and command him to do any task, with no regard to any customary hierarchy. The Lord recognised only one hierarchy, namely that based upon the distinction between those who obeyed him and those who did not. All other hierarchies though perhaps necessary for maintaining order within the community, were insignificant.

The history of Israel is a long story of a recurrent succumbing to and overcoming of temptation. The temptation is to care only about temporal survival and to rest in some definite certainty (by formalising and ritualising man's relationship to the Lord, or by embracing foreign, less demanding gods). Decline results at once, and renewal is possible only through a consequent return to the Lord. By its history Israel bears physical witness to the following two truths. First, human trust and reverence should be reserved solely for a living person who is wholly distinct from and superior to the world. Second, no man is so negligible that the Lord might not speak to him or through him, or that he might not speak to the Lord. Therefore, the symbolic formula for Israel can be stated as 'Me and You before the Lord'.

The seemingly endless succession of empires of eternal meaning was cut short by the rise of Christian civilisation, the basic tenets of which are incompatible with them. However, the waning of the influence of the Christian principles in the last two centuries was accompanied by a corresponding advance of doctrines which, to an ever increasing extent, aspired to the role of eternal meaning. It was clear that the final outcome of this development could not be anything else than an open declaration of some new eternal meaning and indeed, this is what in fact happened.

However, the modern eternal meaning differs substantially from those of old. First, it is dynamic. Today is

always considered to be automatically more 'meaningful' or more enlightened than yesterday. Such a 'dynamisation' of eternal meaning would not necessarily be of great significance, were it not for the second basic novelty – that it is absolutely anthropocentric. Today, eternal meaning is seen to reside in man himself, or rather, man is regarded as eternal meaning in becoming. In this process of becoming, man becomes ever more self-reflected and ever more powerful over the whole of nature, himself included. There are hardly any transcendent elements left. The word 'transcendent' is considered to denote things which are merely not yet understood and mastered, but which certainly will become so in the future. Even death itself is regarded as conquerable.

The ethos of such eternal meaning, and the sense of metaphysical security it provides, are indeed tremendous. One might thus be tempted to think that, barring some intervention of the *deus ex machina* type, such an eternal meaning could exert its spell for a very long time before its intrinsic emptiness would make itself felt. However, it is not difficult to see that a society built upon the modern eternal meaning must soon face a fatal *aporia*. One needs only to recall that for any meaning the basic condition for its being a lasting foundation of society is its capacity to solve any conflict of the 'Me or You' type, i.e. to serve as a measure which gives some rules for judging the conflicting claims of different persons. The conflict may involve anything: money, jobs, honour, justice, truth, God. However, since it is man in general who is now the ultimate measure of everything, any conflict of the 'Me or You' type is a conflict between two equally sovereign measures. Such a conflict is by definition insoluble.

The Western democratic societies are still able to find a way out of the *aporia*, and thus avoid deadlock and paralysis. But only thanks to the residual influence of transcendent values from a pre-modern age. These values enable people to judge certain claims as 'unreasonable', 'inhuman', 'unjust', 'undeserved', etc. and – not without considerable negotiation and bickering – to arrive at some working agreement. The Western variant of the modern eternal meaning is actually a hybrid of the notion of 'man as the ultimate measure', and of the remnants of transcendent values. The hybrid is intrinsically unstable, however. In the long run one of the two components must give way.

The situation is made that much more dangerous by the fact that the tug-of-war is not taking place in a vacuum, but in a world, a considerable part of which is dominated by the modern eternal meaning in its purest form. This differs from the Western 'diluted' variety in that – in addition to an unavoidable promise of an ever more blissful life – it explicitly promises to solve *totally* all the conflicts of the 'Me or You' type, without recourse to anything transcendent. Therefore it rightly deserves the title 'totalitarian'. Any power which bases its right to rule, its legitimacy, upon the totalitarian eternal meaning is consequently condemned to solve any of these conflicts, since any failure in that regard implies the power's illegitimacy (either directly, by demonstrating its inability to implement the meaning, or indirectly, by subverting faith in its plausibility). Therefore, finding a measure, or guiding rules, for judging and solving all the conflicts is, for totalitarian power, a question of life and death. As all transcendent values are discarded as rubbish, there remains only one way out of the *aporia* we encountered above: to declare, or *de facto* accept, power itself as the ultimate measure, transcending all parties to the conflicts.

To put it more explicitly: everything which enhances power should be considered good, since it enhances its capacity to solve all conflicts; everything which weakens it should be considered evil since it weakens that capacity. The measure for judging the goodness or badness of acts becomes identical with the capacity to act: what a dazzling achievement is this ultimate stage of the immanentist drive!

The whole argument displays the structure of a positive feedback: the validity of the totalitarian meaning is assumed in order to justify the power which aspires to solve all conflicts. However, the capacity of that power to deliver (or, rather, to claim to deliver) is directly proportional to its extent and depth. Therefore the justification of the power's pretensions is secure only to the degree to which power becomes total. Hence any society which embraces the totalitarian eternal meaning will inevitably end as an empire for which the highest value, or rather the only value, is power. In this modern equivalent of empires of eternal meaning (survival), all values are tolerated only inasmuch as they serve power. Since none of the 'classical' values (truth, freedom, honour, beauty, compassion, justice, etc.) have anything to do with power – their realm of existence and relevance being either superior to or completely separate from that of power – their subjugation to the momentous purposes of power is tantamount to their destruction, or, worse, to their metamorphosis into ghastly fakes.

As an example let us consider what happens with truth and freedom. Since the ultimate good is the ruling power, all thoughts and expressions which enhance that power must be considered true. More significantly, all thoughts and expressions which weaken the power must be classed as false. And of course, the decision as to whether something enhances or weakens power is reserved solely for power itself. It is also evident that the monopoly of truth is most stringently enforced in connection with conflicts of the 'Me or You' variety, and with all those facts which imply that the power has failed in securing the promised blissful condition. In order for the monopoly to be really effective, the power must possess an exclusive right to define what area of being the terms 'Me' or 'You' delineate, what the word 'conflict' means, and whether anything of this sort does in a given case exist at all. The concept of freedom meets an analogous fate. As the right to act now belongs exclusively to the ruling power, freedom consists in the possibility of becoming an integral part of that power. Anything else is an evil which ought not even to be contemplated. The phrase 'Neither Me nor You – but the Power' should therefore be regarded as the proper description of the totalitarian society.

However, we have not yet mentioned one sinister attribute of totalitarian power which is of the utmost importance for all neighbours of such power, namely that it is *inherently* incapable of living in peace with anything outside its reach, be it another power or a single individual. This grave reality is often overlooked, played down, or considered accidental and corrigible. In order to acquire immunity from such errors one needs only to consider the real cause of this attribute.

The warning sign, which is there for everybody to see, is that currently the articulation of the totalitarian eternal meaning is an ideology which postulates the world as a battleground between two opposing and irreconcilable forces – on the one hand the meaning, and on the other hand all those elements which refuse to become one with it. Consequently any power which is not wholly one with the totalitarian power, even if it is totalitarian itself, must automatically be classed as one of the hostile, i.e. 'meaningless', forces which must be annihilated. This is so because any compromise with that power, any abstaining from relentless attack on it, would mean either that eternal meaning lies on the other side of the barricades, or that the totalitarian meaning is false. Both alternatives bring about the same result – a loss of legitimacy of the power.

However, ideology cannot be identified with the ultimate cause, since a totalitarian power which submitted itself to its ideology would – by virtue of its submission to something – cease to be totalitarian. Therefore the ultimate cause must be independent of any current ideological articulation. The ultimate cause is totalitarian power itself, in its essence. We have already spelled out that essence: totalitarian power is an entity which recognises no measure, no judge of itself. Anything which is not one with it is experienced as transcending it, as something which chooses its own relation to, and therefore judgment of, the power. In other words, the 'alien' entity represents an independent transcendent measure; and as such it strikes at the very essence of the totalitarian power. Therefore, relentless attempts to destroy that entity by annihilating or 'swallowing' it are the only option available. The fact that such power regards even the most perfidious attacks on harmless neighbours as merely exercising the sacred right of self-defence should consequently not be regarded as hypocrisy, but as a true account of experienced anguish.

Until now we have discussed the totalitarian power as if it were some monster entity which could somehow superimpose itself and exist independently of human beings. We shall therefore conclude by describing how totalitarianism arises and maintains itself through human agency.

In any society the existence of values which are independent of human manipulation, i.e. which are in that sense transcendent, gives rise to a never ending series of judgements being passed on human thoughts and actions. Standards of reason result in some people being sometimes (some people apparently always) found stupid; standards of justice result in some people being found criminal; standards of goodness result in some people being found wicked; standards of diligence, dexterity or efficiency result in some people being sometimes judged lazy, incompetent or useless. And so on. That those people find the judgements painful to bear is natural, especially when the judgements assume the forms of a loss of income, public contempt, or imprisonment. Further, it is clear that you need not be an especially evil person to be ready to support, or at least to hearken to, anything which promises to relieve you of that pain (which promises 'to liberate you from the oppression of the values enforced by the ruling establishment', in the jargon of the neo-Marxist liberator). It is precisely this that the nucleus of totalitarian power within a still free society offers. It elicits the support of all those afflicted by unfavourable judgements, by assuring them that the judgements are unjust. After the totalitarian power has established itself firmly, it can offer far more comprehensive and tangible assurances than this ideological one. Its message then runs as follows: 'You can be as stupid, criminal, wicked, lazy, incompetent or useless as you please, but it will have no bearing on your pay, social position and esteem. Moreover, we will provide you with a clean conscience, by forcing others to applaud everything you do, or by silencing the voices of all unfavourable judgements. In other words, nobody will be allowed to enter into conflict with you. Your temporal and eternal meanings will be secure. The sole condition for all that is that you serve the power.'

The fact that the maintenance of totalitarian power demands the endless perpetration of acts which would be stringently condemned by even a dim residue of standards, makes the bond between the power and its shareholders that much more iron-clad; this is what makes operative the positive feedback we discussed earlier. To break that bond and bear not only the fury of the power but also the judgement of resurrected conscience requires something equivalent to the conversion from Saul to Paul – a miracle of sorts. Whereas to stay in the bondage does not require any special wickedness, only a lack of disposition to martyrdom, which is a very commonplace human trait.

Does all this mean that a totalitarian power can hang on indefinitely? The answer is no – because it has two enemies which are deadly to it. The first enemy is the totalitarian eternal meaning itself. Its incompatibility with any value determines that its essence is *anti-essential*. Its essence is the Void. The totalitarian power can thus only maintain itself by incessant subversion and destruction, not only of everything which makes human life worth living, but also of everything which makes it possible at all. Therefore the destruction is bound to reach a certain point at which it will begin to sap even the physical infrastructure of the power. Further, it is bound – sooner or later – to make human life so miserable and so filled by *ennui* that men will be driven to blind and vengeful violence.

The second enemy is, well, everything which *is*, in the sense that men believe in it and are ready to uphold it even at the cost of their eternal survival: i.e. everything for which men are prepared to die without any certainty

that the sacrifice will be recognised or effective. In other words, the readiness to die 'meaninglessly'. Only such acts can transcend the totalitarian power, take a measure of it and find it but a shadow.

Although the process of self-destruction described above is certain, it would be a cardinal sin to sit down and wait complacently until the process runs its course. Not only would we be responsible for enormous suffering, but we should expose ourselves to the possibility of being destroyed by the violent convulsions accompanying the final stage of the process. The only acceptable path is to become an enemy in the second, positive, sense. However, before embarking upon that path, one needs to have a clear idea of what to do after victory. Indeed, it would be an immense tragedy if we should liberate ourselves from a totalitarian power based upon one particular articulation of the totalitarian meaning (the atheistic ideology of progress), only to establish another totalitarian power based upon an apparently contrary ideology (e.g. ideologised transcendent religion). It would actually be the same empire of eternal survival, and its eternal meaning would be equally totalitarian.

I am convinced that the history of Christianity has demonstrated that men are not doomed to choose between totalitarian empires and 'meaningless' chaos. An integral part of Christian credo is the belief not only that truth and freedom can coexist, but also that without one of them the other becomes a farce.

The Municipal Threat to Defence*

David Regan

In the last decade the Western world has witnessed an unprecedented phenomenon – a widespread intervention by cities and other units of local government in defence and foreign policy. This intervention has been oppositional, directed at changing or undermining current defence and foreign policy. Its most dramatic manifestation has been the so called 'nuclear free zones' movement in local government.[1] This began in Manchester in 1980 but has subsequently spread to most countries in the Western world. Like a noxious fungus it has mushroomed wherever its spores could settle in a congenial environment. When a city purports to declare itself a 'nuclear free zone' it expresses its opposition to the manufacture or deployment of nuclear weapons anywhere within its boundaries. Clearly such a policy could only be implemented (in the NATO countries at least) if defence policy were changed *nationally*. Thus the aims of the 'nuclear free zones' movement are virtually indistinguishable from those of the unilateral disarmament movement, namely the unconditional, one-sided renunciation of nuclear weapons, at least by our own country if not by the whole Western world.

Some cities have gone further than opposition to *nuclear* weapons. They have advocated withdrawal from NATO: in effect a policy of neutralism in foreign and defence policy. The most extreme position adopted by some elements in local government has been to oppose *all* expenditure on defence: a policy of pacifism.

The purpose of this paper is threefold: first, to analyse the nature of the threat which local government is beginning to pose to defence policy in the Western democracies; second, to outline the main ideological currents behind the anti-defence activities of local government; and third, to suggest why such activities are improper and illegitimate.

The threat which local government anti-defence activities pose to the defensive posture of the Western democracies has four main dimensions: propaganda; direct obstruction; psychological weakening of the deterrent; and subversion. Propaganda is the dissemination of a message in as favourable terms as possible in order to persuade others to accept it. Propaganda is close in meaning to indoctrination: the attempt to persuade others to believe something *irrespective of the evidence*. Local governments opposed to current defence policy engage in extensive and varied propaganda activities – posters, street signs, banners, pamphlets, books, exhibitions, film shows, plays, public meetings and much else. Part of this propaganda campaign is conducted directly by the local governments concerned; part is conducted by private, anti-defence organisations subsidised from local government funds. The long established techniques of propagandists are employed, for instance, the continued reiteration of simple slogans and the widespread reproduction of symbols. Thus the word 'peace' is employed ubiquitously – as in 'peace' movement, 'peace' park, 'peace' exhibition and so on. (Naturally those who believe that peace is maintained by current defence policy and would be threatened by unilateral gestures, resent the arrogation of the term by these propagandists.) Doves and other symbols are reproduced not only on posters but on flower beds, local government vehicles, local government letter headings, ties, badges, mugs and similar items.

Where this local government propaganda campaign goes beyond slogans and symbols the message is still simple. It involves heavy reliance upon inculcating fear. There is much emphasis upon the effects of war, and especially nuclear war – photographs of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, artists' impressions of the effects of nuclear attack on their own city and so on. This arousing of fear is often supplemented by sympathetic portrayal of the Soviet Union, or criticism of the West (especially the USA), or both. The implicit or explicit message conveyed

is that current defence policy increases the likelihood of war.

As with propaganda everywhere this campaign is especially directed against the young. Local governments opposed to defence policy are invariably enthusiastic promoters of 'peace' studies and allied subjects in schools and colleges. Investigation has shown such subjects to be usually heavily biased against current defence and foreign policy.[2] The young are also attracted by prizes for designs for 'peace' posters and for 'peace' essays and by special events laid on for them like 'peace' music festivals.

Not surprisingly this propaganda campaign is blatantly one-sided. Counter-evidence or arguments are frequently excluded or allowed only token appearance. Southampton and Sheffield have, for instance, refused to allow pro-NATO exhibitions in their public libraries. It may be objected that the campaign has been unsuccessful. Only one Western country, New Zealand, has elected a government which has overturned current defence policy. Nevertheless this is too complacent a view. Opinion polls reveal a fluctuating and rather uncertain majority on defence issues in most Western countries. In any case the propaganda campaign is only a few years old. One can only specualte about its long term effects.

Propaganda is the most widespread anti-defence activity by Western local government. In some cases, however, such activity goes further. Not content with trying to persuade people to adopt anti-defence attitudes some local governments seek deliberately to impede defence.

A particularly clear example of such obstruction is the evasion of civil defence responsibilities. In most Western countries local government is responsible for trying to minimise the effects on its citizens of both military bombardment and peace time disasters. Public services like the fire brigade, police and ambulances obviously need to have co-ordinated plans for such emergencies. Some cities, exploiting the fact that this responsibility is virtually the only defence related function over which they have direct control, have sought to weaken defence policy by failing to carry out their duties. Thus in 1982 a score of British cities refused to co-operate with the civil defence exercise 'Hard Rock' and effectively vitiated it. Although new legislation has now been passed to strengthen requirements on local government to carry out civil defence responsibilities, some local governments are still using a variety of devices to delay or evade this task.

Attempts by cities to use responsibilities other than civil defence to obstruct defence policy have so far been less successful. Occasionally local governments try to use their powers to regulate land use, transport or health to interfere with defence. They have achieved little. For instance, Strathclyde Regional Council and Dumbarton District Council tried to prevent the building of a new perimeter fence at Faslane naval base. The Court of Session in Edinburgh ruled on 4th September, 1986 that they had no power to do so.

A potentially more effective ploy which some local governments have developed is to discriminate against firms involved in defence work. In Britain, Southwark seems to have pioneered this tactic. The Council decided in 1982 not to award any contracts to firms involved in defence work; other cities have followed suit. An early victim was Messrs. Tarmac Limited which had done construction work for the Molesworth Cruise missile base. At present the law in Britain does not appear to outlaw such discrimination. This behaviour by local governments opposed to defence policy is reminiscent of the threats by IRA terrorists in Northern Ireland to attack personnel of firms involved in supplying materials to the police or army.

In almost all countries defence policy rests partly upon deterring a potential aggressor; in the case of NATO it is the central feature of defence policy. NATO is a defensive alliance whose principal commitment is to treat an attack on any of the sixteen members as an attack on them all. Those who support NATO are convinced that this policy has effectively checked Soviet expansion in Europe for thirty-seven years. Further aggression Westwards has seemed too costly for Soviet leaders to contemplate.

The effectiveness of deterrence depends entirely on the perceptions of a potential aggressor. In turn these are based not only on what are thought to be the scale and efficiency of armed forces which will have to be overcome but also on the political will to resist aggression. General Galtieri knew that Britain had much stronger armed forces than Argentina; nevertheless he launched the invasion of the Falkland Islands, believing (wrongly) that the British government would not have the resolution to recover the Islands by force.

One of the aspects of the threat to the West's defensive posture which anti-defence activities by local government pose, is indeed in this psychological aspect of deterrence. Stridently expressed opposition to defence policy by many of the local governments in the West could convey a message of political irresolution to the Soviet leadership. Of course such a message is already to some extent conveyed by the private organisations and parties advocating unilateral disarmament. Nevertheless it is now powerfully reinforced by the activities of local governments because of their particular scope and opportunities.

Subversive activities are those designed not merely to secure a change in government policy but to overthrow the whole political system, perhaps in the interests of some foreign power. The clandestine nature of subversion makes it impossible to assess its extent in the anti-defence movement in local government. No doubt the vast majority of local government politicians, in opposing current defence policy, are not consciously serving the interests of the Soviet Union. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that the anti-defence movement in local government offers enormous *scope* for subversion. Moreover it is known that certain well known Soviet front organisations – like the World Peace Council – have taken a great interest in the movement.

The fourfold nature of the threat posed to the West's defensive posture by the activities of some local governments makes it a significant one. It is far more significant than the threat which private anti-defence campaigns and organisations pose. Local government has four major advantages over them – finance, personnel, prestige and international contacts.

Local government disposes of enormous public funds. There are heavy demands on its expenditures but also massive incomes. Overall this situation allows for considerable financial flexibility. The budgets of major units of local government exceed those of some sovereign members of the United Nations. Even a small percentage of a very large city budget devoted to anti-defence activities can constitute a significant sum. My conservative estimate of such expenditure by British 'nuclear free zone' local governments in the first five years of their operation was £10 millions.[3] And expenditure is accelerating. There is now a massive direct and indirect flow of public funds into the unilateral disarmament movement.

Local government not only has funds; it has enormous resources of skilled personnel who can be directed to anti-defence activities. Local government personnel can design 'nuclear free zone' road signs, create 'peace' gardens, organise exhibitions and run conferences. In some cases special full time 'peace' officers have been appointed in local government. It is anomalous that many people receiving their salaries from public funds should be devoting part or all of their time to opposing current defence policy.

Local government also has the advantage of prestige. When major cities with centuries of municipal tradition behind them throw their weight into opposition to defence policy this has an impact not just locally, or even nationally, but also to some extent internationally.

This brings us to the fourth advantage possessed by local government – a network of international contacts. Partly through professional links and partly through cultural exchanges, notably 'town-twinning', many local governments have extensive contacts with their counterparts in other countries. This has enabled the anti-defence movement in local government to be co-ordinated internationally. The first international conference of 'nuclear free zone' local governments was at Manchester in 1984, the second at Cordoba in 1985 and the third took place in Perugia in 1986.

The current defence policy of the Western democracies is faced thus not just with the scattered opposition of some cities, not even merely with a *nationally* organised campaign among local governments, but with an *internationally* co-ordinated movement amongst local governments. The threat is a formidable one.

The ideological imperatives behind the anti-defence movement in local government are heterogeneous. Three main ones can, however, be identified – the environmentalists, the democratic left, and the Marxist left.

(i) The Environmentalists

The desire for a pleasant and safe environment is instinctive in mankind. It was given a particular boost by the side effects of the Industrial Revolution – polluted air and rivers, expansion of cities and so on. From the late 19th century the conservation movement also became important – concerned with preserving rare plants, wild animals, historic buildings and attractive scenery. These movements were given further impetus in the 20th century by the problems of continued urban sprawl, by new high technology farming and by education and leisure spread more widely amongst the populace. Nevertheless, until two decades ago the environmental movement did not have an ideological character but was diffused among all shades of political belief. Starting with the 'hippy movement' of the 1960s, however, a large section of the environmental movement was captured by people who must be described as anarchists or utopian socialists. They wanted not just a good environment but a different political and economic system – small scale, simple, more primitive, rejecting modern technology, politically non-hierarchical. This is not the place to assess the reality or wisdom of their aims. They are of course the intellectual successors of the 19th century dreamers of small scale, utopian societies – Owen, Fourier, Morris, etc.[4] Nevertheless this new kind of environmental movement (often called for convenience the Green movement) has acquired considerable momentum and in some countries, like the Federal Republic of Germany, has become a significant political force.

The Green movement is implacably opposed both to civil uses of nuclear power and to nuclear weapons. It is also heavily influenced by pacifist ideas. Wherever the Greens achieve power or influence locally they are among the most enthusiastic backers of 'nuclear free zones' and other anti-defence activities.

(ii) The Democratic Left

The democratic left comprises those parties which seek to implement a programme of collectivist public policies but through constitutional and democratic means. Many of them are, or have been, committed to strong defences. The NATO Alliance was established when many of the governments of Western Europe were socialist. Socialist Chancellor Helmut Schmidt was a notable exponent of a strong defence policy. The socialist administrations under President Mitterrand were enthusiastic supporters of the 'Force de Frappe'. Earlier this year Prime Minister Felipe Gonzales led the campaign to keep Spain in the Atlantic Alliance. Nevertheless there have always been some in the democratic left attracted to neutralism, through hostility to the United States or sympathy with the Soviet Union or both. In recent years these elements have become more powerful, even dominant in some parties of the democratic left. To some degree this is the result of Marxist penetration. Michael Crick's brilliant exposé shows how the Trotskyite militants achieved their 'entrism' into the British Labour Party[5]. In his view they are ineradicable. To some degree this 'leftward' swing of some parties of the democratic left is the consequence of long established members becoming converts – people like La Fontaine in the SPD and Wedgwood Benn in the

British Labour Party.

Whatever the reasons, the 'leftward' drift of some traditional parties has had a particular impact on defence. It is hard to see, for instance, how the present defence policy of the British Labour Party could be reconciled with membership of NATO. Naturally where such people have power locally they too are strong supporters of anti-defence activities by cities and other units of local government.

(iii) The Marxist Left

The Marxist left is not of course a monolithic bloc. It ranges from traditional pro-Moscow Communist parties (like that of Georges Marchais in France) through the more independent Euro-Communist parties (started by Berlinguer in Italy) to a plethora of Trotskyite and other Marxist splinter groups. Traditionally they have been implacable opponents of NATO. Even Trotskyite groups claiming to detest the Soviet Union have had little sympathy with the case for strong defences and military alliances. More recently the Italian Communist Party and some other Euro-Communist Parties have commited themselves to staying within NATO. (How far this is an electoral ploy is not for this paper to investigate.)

The most notable feature of the Marxist left in the West is that its record is one of almost complete failure. Nowhere has it achieved majority support nationally; (even in Chile Allende was elected on a split vote). The Italian Communist Party, the biggest in the West, has never achieved governmental office. Occasionally Communists have had a minor role in government, as in France, but only for brief periods. The tendency, moreover, is for all Western Communist parties to decline – even in Spain.[6]

Marxists have had somewhat more success in capturing the labour unions – especially in Britain, France and Italy. Their potential for wielding disproportionate influence in the unions is considerable. Nevertheless, as a whole one can say that they have never achieved dominance even there.

The one area where Marxists *have* achieved political power is in local government. Some French, Italian and Spanish cities are well known for their Communist administrations – Bologna, Cordoba etc. In the past local government was seen mainly as a way of demonstrating fitness for national office. There is, however, a new mood among Marxist local politicians and a new drive to achieve local political power. It is motivated by a belief that the powers and responsibilities of local government offer an opportunity *directly* to challenge and impede the national government. The ruthless and at times bizarre behaviour of Trotskyite-controlled Liverpool indicates a willingness to use local government unashamedly to serve wider political ends. Naturally local politicians of the kind that have controlled Liverpool are willing to throw their weight heavily into anti-defence activities.

Thus the combination of Green anarchists, leftward leaning social democrats and heterogeneous Marxists, all willing to exploit to the full the potential of local goverment, provides a new and dangerous threat to the defensive posture of the West.

Local government, the provision of local public services by the elected or selected representatives of the local community, is an ancient political institution. In Western Europe there is a centuries-old tradition of town and village government. Some cities have charters granted to them by mediaeval monarchs. Others preceded their nation states as self-governing polities. Nevertheless this antiquity must not blind us to the fact that local government is a *subordinate* and *contingent* institution.

Local government is subordinate in the sense that it is not a sovereign body. The will of a local community must always be subject to the overall will of the country as a whole; otherwise there can be no sovereign state. To argue otherwise is to urge the breaking down of a country into separate sovereign political units.

Local government is contingent in the sense that it exists primarily because of its utility. If it had no useful role it could be discarded without damaging either the country or the state. In fact the continued existence of local government in all Western states indicates that it *is* a useful institution.

There are two main justifications for local government. First it is a convenient way to administer local public services. Given that there are local public services to provide – roads, parks, police etc. – then there are advantages to allowing a measure of community self-provision rather than to administer all such services centrally. Such decentralisation allows for greater variety and experimentation, and for policies better adapted to local needs and wishes.

Secondly, local government serves wider political values. A measure of political decentralisation strengthens a liberal democratic political system. Local government allows for great public participation in political processes. As John Stuart Mill argued a century ago this can be important as a means of creating a more politically educated populace.[7] Moreover, within bounds, local government can create a healthy balance with central government by requiring it to explain and justify its *local* policies.

Nevertheless these two justifications for local government only underline its contingent status. If local government becomes a negative political institution, a threat or a danger to the state, then other ways must be found to administer local public services.

It is my contention that the anti-defence movement in local government has the potential to become such a danger and may require a drastic response from the centre.

Anyone in the West is entitled to his own views on defence, and entitled to pursue them through membership of private organisations and parties. It is illegitimate, however, to use the prestige, resources and powers of public institutions to promote private views when the institution concerned has no role in forming public policy. It would be inappropriate for, say, a health authority to have views on who should be selected for the national football team. Defence is not a local government responsibility; otherwise cities should recruit their own

armed forces. Defence policy is for the nation as a whole to decide.

Of course local services have defence implications – roads, hospitals, police forces, fire brigades – but where they bear upon defence they must be subject to the overall national policy. It is an illegitimate use of local government to undermine national policy through the control of those services.

All free political systems rest upon the twin pillars of law and constitutional convention. Where anti-defence activities by local government break the law they can be checked by the Courts. Breaches of convention may however be equally, if not more, damaging. To break the long established convention that defence policy is for the country as a whole to decide is to strike at the root of our political system.

* This paper was first presented to a conference held by the Academic Council for Peace and Freedom in September 1986.

Notes

1. See *It Costs a Bomb* by David Regan, Peace Through NATO, London, 1985.
2. See, for instance, Caroline Cox and Roger Scruton, *Peace Studies: A Critical Survey*, Institute for European Defence and Strategic Studies, London, 1984, and John Marks *Peace Studies In Our Schools: Propaganda for Defencelessness*, Women and Families for Defence, London, 1984.
3. See *It Costs a Bomb*, cit., pp. 16–23.
4. William Morris's utopian novel *News From Nowhere*, first published in 1891 by Reeves and Turner, London, is an uncannily accurate reflection of Green Movement ideals today (available in Routledge paperback).
5. Michael Crick, *Militant*, Faber 1984.
6. For a recent account of the decline of the Spanish Communist Party see Eusebio Mujal-León 'Decline and Fall of Spanish Communism' in *Problems of Communism* Vol. XXXV March–April, 1986.
7. John Stuart Mill, *Considerations On Representative Government*, first published in London by Parker, Son & Brown in 1861 (several current editions in print).

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A Note on the Work of Gareev

Françoise Thom

For many Western observers the army is the principal victim of the present policies of the USSR. The peace offensives launched by Gorbachov will be very much at the expense of the military; the economy drive will bear very heavily on the defence sector. No military figure is fully established in the Politburo. These considerations are apparently sufficient for us to conclude that the military are in eclipse in Soviet affairs.

Mr Gareev's book should make us a bit more cautious.[1] He illumines in the most interesting way the controversial problem of the links between the Party and the military. More important: he exposes the thinking of the team currently in power in the Soviet Union. To get his message across, Gareev resorts to the roundabout means – very common in the Soviet Union – of an historical discussion. Ostensibly he devotes his work to Frounzé and his theoretical tradition. In the event, how much of Frounzé's teaching does he retain?

He retains the notion – completely Leninist incidentally – of total war. For Gareev, 'War affects the whole society. It does not mean merely a military engagement, but a political, economic and ideological struggle, indeed one which assumes in war-time a particularly bitter and implacable character.' Gareev also retains the importance attached to the economic factor. For Frounzé the military sector must be given due weight at all levels of civilian economic activity. Gareev quotes Lenin: 'The Soviet Republic must become a unified military operation.'

Also retained is the emphasis on technical questions. Gareev produces this key sentence: 'The outcome of future hostilities will depend much more on scientists than on military command. An invention in the realm of military technology can give an enormous advantage to one of the adversaries.' From 1920, so Gareev insists, Frounzé was worried about the technological backwardness of the Red Army. He also continues to insist on the controlling part played by the Party and on the unification of political and military control.

Another continuity is the importance attached to attack and to the effects of surprise, as also to establishing an absolute monopoly in the question of initiatives. Frounzé, it seems, 'was firmly convinced that only attack could achieve the definitive crushing of the enemy. . . . Attack is always better than defence; the aim of defence is always to secure the conditions whereby one can move onto the attack.' Defensive policy must seek the most economic use of the forces available in order to concentrate them in the decisive zones.

Gareev also continues to be convinced that future war will employ every conceivable type of combat and that none must be 'fetishised' at the expense of the others. Finally, under the pretext of 'upholding Frounzé' Gareev settles a number of old scores. Dealing with Stalin first of all, whom he charges with underestimating the art of the military and of over-valuing military science, Gareev reminds us that the laws of war are not as inexorable as those of nature. He also indicts Stalin for wanting to deprive the General Staff of all independence, despite Chapochnikov's warning that even in peacetime the autonomy of the General Staff was absolutely vital. Stalin wanted the military high command to become a purely bureaucratic executive body. This had very serious consequences, indeed worse consequences than is usually admitted, according to Gareev. Defensive strategy was neglected: 'The idea of carrying the war into enemy territory from the very start of hostilities, had so seduced certain leading military decision-makers that they had virtually ruled out the possibility of military action in their own territory.' Gareev does not beat about the bush. He affirms squarely that Hitler was defeated above all because of his 'recklessness'. In the Soviet context such a claim borders on heresy and gives some idea of the extent of the current disagreement with Stalin. One final charge is levelled against the latter: the destruction, for its lack of 'objectivity', of Soviet science. 'A crowd of mediocrities then invaded the scientific scene and set up a tightly sealed wall against new ideas and discoveries.'

Gareev's criticism is also aimed at those who 'in our country claim that the development of nuclear weapons means that war is no longer a continuation of politics. Certain scholars have gone so far as to say that the emergence of nuclear weapons made all war impossible. . . . Those who hold this point of view confound two radically different questions: is war conceivable in the nuclear age? Do the new armaments modify the class nature of war? . . . . Nuclear war is not an exception. It too will be the continuation of politics by violent means.' One must not confuse 'war' and 'armed struggle'. This 'leads us to forget the essential class character of war; an armed struggle is not necessarily a war. Without a political aim even the bitterest combat is not really a combat, but simply a dispute or brawl, as Lenin used to say.'

Nuclear weapons in no way affect the nature of war. On this and many other points, Gareev reveals himself as a true follower of Sokolovski, even though he directs a few criticisms at him: 'Some people have called the development of nuclear weapons a "revolution in the military field". This has led to certain over-stated positions which contend that there is almost nothing left of the traditional theory of war. Marshall Sokolovski's *Military Strategy* contains an analysis which is both profound, and in overall terms correct, of the different views which obtain on the development of military strategy, in the light of the emergence of nuclear weapons. However, some of the theses in this book have not been confirmed over the last twenty years. For example the book asserted that a whole group of principles, norms and rules,

hitherto seen as fundamental in military strategy, were now either undergoing a fundamental re-think, or else had become meaningless. Among these principles the ones singled out by various authorities included the rule about concentrating one's forces and resources in the decisive direction, the rule about economising on one's forces, and the idea of partial victory. It was held that strategic deployment, strategic attack, strategic manoeuvre and various other concepts hitherto indispensable to strategic theory had now lost much of their importance. In the 1960s and 1970s the authors of this book and various other works took as their starting point the idea that war would inevitably become nuclear and that the stage of conventional warfare would be of short duration, at the outbreak of hostilities. . . . Now the armies of NATO, by contrast, actively seek to perfect conventional armaments. . . . They reckon, in the West, that there is increasing likelihood of comparatively long conventional war which would involve new, high-precision weapons. Nor is it any longer out of the question that the imperialists might launch a nuclear war. . . . The old principle of trying to concentrate one's power and resources in a decisive direction may need reappraisal, but it remains valid. This is just as true for strategic manoeuvre. . . . The role of strategic reserves and the indispensable character of the manoeuvres which bring them into play are enhanced by the development of new weapons of destruction. . . . Success in war can be attained only through the combined use of all types of weapons.'

One can say that in Gareev the 'normalisation' of the plain fact of nuclear weapons, a normalisation first broached by Sokolovski, continues in earnest. This aspect of the work is particularly interesting, to the extent that it represents a flagrant contradiction with official Soviet pronouncements during the last ten years, according to which nuclear weapons have rendered war impossible, since after a nuclear war there would be no victor and no vanquished. But it would be wrong to see in this discrepancy any evidence of a conflict between the Party and the military. Official declarations are part of the 'diplomatic war' whose importance military experts like Gareev are the first to recognise.

Apart from this particular point, which can be explained perfectly in terms of propaganda for foreign use and the need for détente, one cannot fail to be struck by the extreme similarity of Gareev's views and the official policies proclaimed by Gorbachov. Both agree in stressing technical progress, on the need for independent scientists, on the dangers of too great a dependence on foreign technology (a theme developed at the XXVII Congress by the President of the Academy of Science), and on the 'improvement of the human factor'. One might even be tempted to wonder if perhaps it is the military who have sounded the alarm in this regard, notably on the issue of the frightful effects of alcoholism. Like the KGB the army is better informed about the real state of the country than is the Party.

The XXVII Congress sounded an important warning to the Party apparatus. Gareev's book, just like certain writings by Marshall Ogarkov, aims at shaking up the military establishment which, in Gareev's eyes, 'has a tendency to rest on its laurels from the last war, laurels it did not merit, because they were mostly due to the stupidity of the enemy. "The self-satisfaction of the victor" is a very dangerous business in military affairs', Gareev maintains, 'it engenders sclerosis throughout the whole body of the army.' In the same way it would be the most serious error to rely on the laws of history: 'Frounzé did not rule out the possibility that capitalism would become so rotten that one crushing blow from outside would be enough to bring it down under the weight of internal pressures. But he reckoned that, in the preparation of the country and its armed forces, one should not put trust in a favourable conjunction of circumstances, but rather keep in mind the prolonged and implacable character of future wars, and develop all strategic plans with this in view. . . . According to Frounzé we must devote our energies not to attempts at corrupting the enemy politically, but at mobilising all resources of our state in order to crush him.' Let us note here that Gareev, like Ogarkov, speaks of the 'physical annihilation of the enemy'.

It will therefore be apparent that it is at the very least premature to interpret the recent political moves of the Soviet regime as a recoil from military influence. Gareev's book on the contrary suggests that what is going on in the army is the same as what is going on in the Party. Just as the 'inner Party' is trying to regain control over the whole Party apparatus, which had been allowed to drift rather under Brezhnev's immobilised rule, so also a small group within the army, of which Ogarkov is undoubtedly the mouthpiece, is trying to instil a little dynamism into the military cadres, which are also in a state of stagnation. The political line is precisely the same in both cases, and it would not be in the least surprising if Marshall Ogarkov were to retain his role in the Soviet Defence Council (which in their day was presided over by Brezhnev and Andropov) as persistent rumours in Moscow claim he has. The 'putting down' of the military that Westerners are so pleased to tell us about is part of the disinformation, the 'mulberry détente', advocated by Gorbachov. In reality the army can only approve of the current line, and has probably helped to formulate it, the watchwords of peace included. After all, as Gareev says, 'Our policy is a policy of peace . . . because the conditions of our struggle and our activity are such that a peaceful posture is objectively the most advantageous one to us.'

(Translated by Dennis O'Keeffe)

Note

1. Mr Gareev served on the principal editorial body of the Soviet Military Encyclopaedia. His study, *V. Frounzé, Military Theorist – the views of Frounzé and Modern Military Theory*, was recently published in Moscow.

Walter Scott as a Conservative Thinker

Diana Spearman

It is notorious that Scott was a conservative, and since Carlyle declared that his novels contained no 'message', equally notorious that he was no thinker; no one, however, has ever denied that he had a powerful influence on political opinion. On the contrary, the tendency has been rather to exaggerate that influence. From Lockhart, who said that 'his services, direct and indirect, towards repressing the revolutionary propensities of the age were vast' (*Life of Sir Walter Scott*), to Mark Twain, who maintained that he was the real author of the American Civil War, Scott has been credited with the ability to mesmerise his readers into acceptance of his social and political ideas. Even in 1943 the Scottish poet, Hugh MacDiarmid, blamed Scott for 'the paralysing ideology of defeat in Scotland' (see his 'Burns and Scott' in *Lucky Poet*).

Although ready to acknowledge the effect of Scott's ideas, after the middle of the nineteenth century historians and critics seldom took them seriously. Even his admirers felt impelled to apologise for them, and with the collapse of Scott's reputation his ideas, if mentioned at all, were usually treated as a symptom of his intellectual limitations. It is only since the revival of critical interest in his work and the stirrings of Scottish nationalism that they have been discussed with respect, if not always with understanding.

Scott asserted in his *Journal* that he cared little about politics: 'and from year's end to year's end have scarce a thought connected with them'. He did admit that 'actually important events have always hurried me off my feet'. In reality he was continually engaged in the lower reaches of politics: in electioneering, in patronage (which was partly an aspect of electioneering), and in recruiting volunteers when civil order was threatened. He sat on government committees on the reform of Scottish law and the organisation of Scottish universities. He openly supported the Tory Party, was a friend of Wellington, Peel, Canning and Croker, and wrote a pamphlet furiously attacking the attempt to stop Scottish banks from issuing their own notes (which they still do, thanks to Scott). No other major literary figure has been so much and so long engaged in the more lowly and quotidian aspects of politics.

His influence, in both the eighteenth century and the modern sense of that word, arose from his reputation as the greatest writer of the age; and his political ideas came to most people through his novels – which is why Scott is so often misunderstood as a political thinker.

Although plainly conservative in their general tendency, the Waverley novels are not political novels in the ordinary sense; they were not written to promote any particular creed, indeed they were primarily meant to entertain – a fact which many critics have found the most shocking thing about them. Scott had other and more serious purposes, which were apparent to perceptive readers in his own day, but which subsequently became invisible. The underlying motive of his first novels – those with Scottish themes – was the desire to preserve Scottish institutions and traditions from the threat of assimilation into a uniform, liberal society. The wish to defend traditional values from loss or transformation under foreign influence is an instinctive reaction; but Scott's views had a firm theoretical basis. He believed in the importance of the national culture, and of its local variations, both in moulding individual character and in defining the duties attached to each station. It was only in recognising and fulfilling these duties that the individual could acquire self-respect and the limited amount of happiness that is available to human beings.

Scott's attitude to social and political questions was derived from his experience of the society of his time, and from the contrast between the former condition of the Highlands, as remembered by people still living, and the condition of the rest of Britain. But he also inherited from the philosophers of the Scottish enlightenment the theory of 'the stages of society' – arrangements which, in their main outlines, were identical in every part of the world and a part of universal history. Feudalism, for instance, was one of these stages, and would appear 'in all nations when placed in certain situations'. In all cases it would create similar social values and similar personalities. Men's characters are shaped by the society in which they live, and it is the fact of being at different stages which explains the difference between the Highland Chief and the English nobleman.

Insistence on the power of social forms, structures and systems is a staple of a certain type of left wing thought, and has, in our time, been the companion of moral and intellectual relativism. It is obvious, both from his novels and from his other writings, that Scott drew no such conclusion. Other influences gave him that essentially conservative trust in objective standards without which the novelist's sympathy is no better than a sham. The most fundamental of these influences was his religious faith. Scott was a Christian, albeit a Christian who sought confirmation of the truth of Christianity in its social usefulness. In his *Journal* he wrote:

> I would, if called on, die a martyr for the Christian religion, so completely is (in my poor opinion) its divine origin proved by its beneficial effects on the state of society. Were we but to name the abolition of slavery and polygamy, how much in these two words has been granted to mankind by the lessons of our Saviour?

A Christian must accept the existence of absolute moral values, and must recognise those elements in human nature, which according to his creed, are not solely the product of a particular 'stage of society'. The elements do not appear prominently in Scott's novels, as Carlyle and others after him complained; nevertheless, no one read-

ing the novels can fail to see that Christian values formed a part of Scott's conception of human nature, and the underlying motive for his sanctification of Scotland and its history.

Any tendency to social determinism in Scott's attitudes was also modified by his acceptance of the eighteenth century view that human nature is in essentials fundamentally constant in all periods and in all social conditions. In the first chapter of *Waverley* he explains that he means:

> to throw the force of my narrative on those passions ... common to man in all stages of society, and which have alike agitated the human heart, whether it throbbed under the steel corselet of the fifteenth century, the brocaded coat of the eighteenth or the blue frock and white dimity waist-coat of the present day. Upon these passions it is no doubt true that the state of manners and laws casts a necessary colouring, but the bearings, to borrow the language of heraldry, remain the same, though the tincture may not only be different, but opposed in contradistinction.

Those remarks seem to contradict the idea of the social creation of personality. Nevertheless the two conceptions of man – as endowed with a common and constant store of passions, and as taking his personality from his immediate social conditions – are not contradictory. Indeed Scott reconciles them in his novels, showing the interaction between the qualities which must be supposed to exist at birth, and the social forces which mould the mature personality. Balie Nicol Jarvie has qualities of courage, kindness and honesty, and the 'passions' common to many men. But he exhibits them in his own socially engendered manner. His attitude to the Union and to his outlaw cousin, Rob Roy, come from his Presbyterian education, from his profession of merchant and from the Scottish sense of kinship. Jeannie Deans' refusal to lie to save her sister's life is dictated by the austere form of Calvinism in which she has been brought up, while her determination to go to London to seek a pardon has origins that go to the root of the distinct human life which is hers.

If certain elements in human nature are constant, so too are certain virtues (and not only those inculcated by Christianity). Courage, loyalty and love of country (in the sense of devotion to one's own people and traditions) are of universal value. Scott passed a harsh judgement on the Highland clan system in *Tales of a Grandfather*:

> the system of society under which the Highland clans were governed, although having much in it which awakens both the heart and the fancy, was hostile to liberty and to the progress both of religious and moral improvement, by placing the whole existence of tribes at the disposal of individuals, whose power of administration was influenced by no restraint saving their own pleasure.

He was, however, ever ready to celebrate the courage and loyalty of the Highlander, and did this so skilfully in *Waverley* that his readers did not notice the criticism of the Chiefs implicit in many episodes.

If the individual were not able to feel loyalty to his society and its distinctive culture much of the meaning of his life would be lost. Half the argument in the *Letters of Malachi Malagrowther* is concerned with the economic dangers of forcing Scottish banks to return to gold payments. The other half is devoted to the evils which must arise from the Government's attempts to 'reform' Scottish institutions in accordance with English ideas:

> Would the British empire[1] become stronger, were it possible to annul and dissolve the distinctions and peculiarities, which, flowing out of circumstances, historical events and differences of custom and climate, makes its relative parts still, in some sense, three separate nations, though intimately incorporated in one empire? ... For God's sake let us remain, as nature made us, Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotsmen.

The anger which inspired the letters was not only due to Scott's love of his country's ancient institutions and traditions. He was certain that if the fabric of society was torn apart by unnecessary innovations, people would lose their identity and become alienated from one another. He expressed this conviction even more forcefully to Croker, who was extremely annoyed by the *Letters*:

> Depend upon it, that if a succession of violent and experimental changes are made from session to session ... Scotland will, within ten or twenty years ... read a more fearful commentary on poor Malachi's epistles than any statesmen residing out of the country can possibly anticipate ... there is yet a great deal of good and genuine feeling in the country. But if you *unscotch* us you will find us damned mischievous Englishmen.

And in a letter to Lockhart:

> Scotland will in twenty years be revolutioned from head to foot. ... England will catch fire in her turn ... and all this from encouraging a spirit of innovation in the most quiet and peaceful country in Europe.

Although Scott has been represented as hostile to every change, he had too good an understanding of social processes and too strong a moral sense to adopt such a position. He thought the clan system in the Highlands would have disappeared through the operation of modern social forces, even without the measures taken by the Government after 1745, and indeed had only survived so long because of the Chiefs' attachment to the Stuart cause – an attachment which made them look on their people as potential soldiers. He even approved of certain planned changes, arguing, for instance, that the abolition of Hereditary Jurisdictions, which had allowed landowners to try certain cases in their own courts, was oppressive and obsolete, and that the Constitution itself stood in need of 'repairs'. It was the large-scale alteration of deeply rooted national customs and institutions which he deplored. And it was not only political change that aroused his distaste and apprehension. He denounced the new industrialism, or

rather, the new employers. Reflecting on the causes of crime he wrote:

> the state of society now leads so much to great accumulations of humanity, that we cannot wonder if it ferment and reek like a compost dunghill. . . . We have accumulated in large cities and smothering manufacturies the numbers which should be spread over the face of a country, what wonder that they should be corrupted?

The system led employers to feel no responsibility for their workers, and this, Scott argued, was the principal source of the evil. As long as industry depended on water power, the manufacturer gathered his workers into a village where he lived himself; hence he could not completely ignore their welfare. In the great towns, however, men were simply dismissed whenever there was a slump in trade, and no employer need feel the slightest compassion or responsibility for their lot.

According to Scott, all societies above the primitive level are hierarchical. But this does not prevent the different strata from being bound together, on the one hand by kindness and consideration, and on the other by gratitude and loyalty. As long as these ties existed there need be nothing morally repugnant in the traditional social order. Nature had ordained it and 'it was useless to wage war with her'. But hierarchy must not degenerate into despotism. The decadence of France, which had led to revolution and military dictatorship, was ultimately due to the overweening power of the sovereign and the consequent decay, both in status and mentality, of the nobility. Those who should have been the guardians of liberty, proved to be its destroyers. In spite of his sympathy with the Jacobites, no Whig could have spoken more harshly of James II, or welcomed the Glorious Revolution more warmly, than Scott:

> No room was left for doubt that James designed to imitate the conduct of his friend and ally, Louis XIV of France, in the usurpation of despotic power over the bodies and consciences of his subjects . . . to . . . the Convention Parliament the Britanic Kingdom owes the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty.

The constitutional settlement had guaranteed liberty. It had also secured the only possible or valuable form of equality, which is equality before the law. Apart from this, inequality was a fact of life and indeed essential for the progress of society. Great differences in power and wealth are inevitable in a free constitution, and also useful. At the same time, the higher ranks have duties to the lower; especially is this true of landowners, who have obligations to everyone living on their land. These obligations included reducing rents in times of hardship, seeing that the local schoolmaster is adequate to his task, caring for widows and orphans. The landowner must also become acquainted with his tenants and share in all aspects of local life.

Scott's ideal was realised by:

> the plain country gentleman, who, living on his own means, amongst his own people, becomes the natural protector of and referee between the farmer and the peasant, and in case of need the firmest asserter of their rights and his own against the aggression of the crown, or the independent and dauntless defender of the crown's rights against the innovations of political fanaticism.

That quotation is from the *Life of Napoleon*. But there are many other pictures of the good landlord in the novels, and here Scott's ideal is more persuasive, being portrayed in the characters of living men, with all their foibles and absurdities, and being consciously set beside a picture of the misery which bad landlords bring upon the innocent and helpless.

The nobility have greater responsibilities because they have greater power and privileges. Scott's defence of aristocracy has puzzled and worried many, even among his admirers, who have often regarded it as a romantic foible. In reality, however, it was a rational aspect of a rational social theory. Scott regarded aristocracy as a social institution with a number of useful functions. From its origins in the age of feudalism it had been a bulwark against tyranny, while in the modern age an aristocracy was a force for both stability and freedom – provided, that is, that its members fulfilled their obligations to the society upon which they ultimately depended for their power, privilege and rank. If the nobleman failed, as had the French nobles, he was in effect committing treason, both to his own rank and to the community in general.

Scott's ideal was of course by no means original. Marxists would describe it as the ideology of a ruling class, forced into self-consciousness by the advancing catastrophe of industrialisation. But the prevalence of the aristocratic ideal was not merely due to the need to protect the status quo. Before the 1832 Reform Act the predominance of the landed interest, and the position of the House of Lords in preserving the balance between the perogatives of the crown and the liberties of the subject, were part of the orthodox theory of the Constitution. And this theory rested, in the end, on a belief that wealth, power and responsibility could coexist in a single class. The belief survived into the late nineteenth century, and even now the Constitution of the kingdom is hard to understand or to justify unless one takes it seriously.

Where Scott's vision of society differed from that of most of his contemporaries, whether Tory or Whig, was in providing a place for the poorest and most despised. Even gypsies had a place in Scott's comprehensive vision of an organic society. Tiresome as gypsies may be, they had connections with other classes, and ties with society as a whole, which prevented them from being entirely mischievous:

> The women spun mittens for the lady, and knitted boothose for the laird, which were annually presented at Christmas with great form . . . the men repaired her ladyships's cracked china, and assisted the laird in his sporting parties . . . the children gathered nuts in the woods, and cranberries in the moss, and mushrooms on the pasture, for tribute to the Place. These acts of voluntary service were rewarded by protection on some occasions, connivance on

> others and broken victuals, ale and brandy when circumstances called for a display of generosity.

Such a relationship, between gypsy and landowner, is neither patronising nor self-deceived. One may reasonably wonder whether modern states have found so effective a way of establishing peaceful relations between settled and nomadic people.

Perhaps, however, *Guy Mannering* gives too romantic an account of the gypsies. Nevertheless, Scott understood the grievances, both justified and unjustified, of those lowest on the scale. There are few comments in fiction more bitter than Christie Steele's:

> Ye maun ken little of the warld, sir, if ye dinna ken that the health of the poor man's body, as weel as his youth and his strength are all at the command of the rich man's purse. There never was a trade so unhealthy yet, but men would fight to get wark for two pennies a day abune the common rate.

Christie is not speaking for herself. Although disagreeable and clearly 'a radical' she is not malevolent as are the old women watching the wedding in *The Bride of Lammermuir*. Those speak from the depths of hatred felt by the miserable poor for the apparently happy rich:

> Their gifts are dealt out for nae love of us – nor out of respect for whether we feed or starve. They would gie' us whinstoens for loaves, if it would serve their vanity, and yet, they expect us to be gratefu' as they ca' it, as if they served us for pure love and liking.

A conservative theory which sees that there are victims of the social order is more impressive than one which is blind to them. However, Scott had no solution to the problems of poverty and petty crime, except the recognition by 'superiors' of their duty to the less fortunate. The limitations of such an idea – in which all political problems are simply referred to the moral sense – are obvious. Not only was Scott's solution to the social problems of his day untenable. His forebodings themselves have not been fulfilled. Scotland, transformed as he foresaw it would be, annoying as it is to Conservative governments, has not exported revolution to England. She has retained her identity, not perhaps in a form of which Scott would approve, but in a form that is more coherent, more peaceloving, and more reasonably proud than the modern identity of Ireland. The vast changes produced by industrialisation and technology could not but make elements in Scott's thought irrelevant to our modern condition. Land is no longer the main source of wealth and employment, and the landowner therefore no longer occupies the key social and economic position. Nevertheless, Scott's view of the relations between the individual and society remains valid, and also mercifully free from the exaggeration and hysteria characteristic of the left-wing versions of pastoral. He was surely right in believing that to destroy the traditional cultural background is to make life more difficult and less interesting for the average person. It is now England rather than Scotland which is in danger of losing her national identity, not so much from the intrusion of peoples from other cultures, as by the preference of teachers and television journalists for everything that challenges, violates and relativises the native culture of England.

Scott's reluctance to support the goal of Scottish independence, so exasperating to Scottish nationalists, throws some light on the English situation. He was, as Trevor-Roper stated, 'a British patriot'. Nelson, Wellington and Pitt were as much his heroes as Wallace and Bruce. But apart from loyalty to the 'empire', he realised that political independence was not enough to save a national culture, and that more subtle influences were operating to disintegrate Scottish traditions. In Scott's day the brain drain took the form of the gravitation of clever young men (including Scott's son-in-law) to London, and of 'young men of fortune' to English schools. Such tendencies were unlikely to be reversed by any alteration in the political system. Similarly, the sovereign status of Britain, if indeed it still exists, cannot prevent the loss of everything which gives it value, once the country has become what one of Enoch Powell's correspondents so aptly described as 'a multicultural mish-mash'.

Industrialisation has brought enormous benefits, which no one would appreciate more fully than Scott. But, as he foresaw, the 'accumulations of humanity' – in other words the huge towns of the modern world – breed alienation and disrupt the social fabric. Scott was one of the many conservatives who, having taken note of this evil, looked backwards rather than forwards for a remedy, encouraged by his conviction that hierarchy is inescapable in any society, and that it was the breakdown of hierarchies that left man so alone and exposed in the soulless connurbatons of the emerging world.[2] We may not be able to accept the particular vision of hierarchical order that Scott endorsed; but we have seen how the pursuit of equality has ended in a tyranny far worse than any he could have imagined. We must accept the fact of inequality, and endeavour to alleviate its consequences. In civilised societies there is a kind of equality which transcends difference of degree. We could learn from Scott that no occupation is menial and no status despicable. Edie Ochiltree in *The Antiquary* is a beggar. Yet he performs many services for his community and lives on terms of a kind of equality even with the 'gentlemen', rebuking them when he thinks they need it. Such a form of social integration does not deny but requires a difference of degree. Britain is unique in the modern world, in that some vestige of Scott's vision still influences the process of government. And we should do a service to humanity if, instead of despising that vision, we learned how to adapt and renew it.

Notes

1. The term 'empire' was then used to refer to England, Scotland and Ireland, without reference to overseas possessions.
2. The furious defence of the independence of Pilkington Glass, even by Labour councillors, suggests that Scott's ideal may not be quite as obsolete as might be thought. It seems that what people like is a kind of paternalism; a relation between employers and employed not unlike that envisaged by Lord John Manners and Young England which was largely inspired by the Waverley novels.

The Politics of National Diversity

Wolfgang Grassl and Barry Smith

It is reported that Saint Stephen, first Apostolic King of Hungary, had advised his son Emmerich that he should not spare to invite foreigners into the Kingdom. His grounds were that '*unius linguae uniusque moris regnum imbecile et fragile est*': a kingdom with but one language and one custom is weak and fragile. This remark is, one notes, at odds with much recent conservative philosophical theorising. For the latter has tended to stress the virtues of social and institutional homogeneity – the virtues of the nation state as classically conceived. The present essay challenges that kind of conservatism.

National conservatism can be contested, it seems, from two complementary perspectives. The first would look as it were beneath the level of the state or nation, to social entities and forms of social organisation constituted by individuals as agents in the market or as *membra voluntativa* of corporate associations of various sorts. The second, which is the topic of this essay, looks to forms of social organisation above the level of the national unit. For it is our contention that in a heterogeneous society such as post-war Britain those moral and cultural values which are so important to the conservative can best be nurtured not by enforced homogeneity but by that kind of institutionalised heterogeneity which is characteristic of a supranational state.

The unitary nation state is not, of course, a naturally occurring form of social organisation, but is rather a product of the nationalistic purism which was typical of the 19th century. As the Hungarian philosopher Aurel Kolnai wrote:

> human society is not composed of nations . . . in the same clear-cut way in which it is composed of individuals or, for that matter, of soveriegn states. The spectrum of nationalities is full of interpenetrations, ambiguities, twilight zones. It follows that the conception of nationalism (as a universal principle), the conception of a 'just' or 'natural' order of nation-states is – in fact and in theory – pure utopia. There can be neither an order of states nor of frontiers in which there does not enter to a large extent the factor of arbitrariness, contingency and historical accident. Pretending to 'purify' the body of mankind – like other enterprises of a naturalist pseudo-rationalist sort, purporting to lay down 'evident principles' which generally prove to be illusory – means to push arbitrariness to its extreme limit. (Kolnai 1946/47, p.536)

Already the case of England (or Great Britain, or the United Kingdom) shows the extent to which lingering national allegiances may be at odds with allegiances of a more strictly political sort (allegiances to the State, for example, or to the Crown). The culture and morality of Great Britain have moreover been shaped as much by supranational allegiances – to Western or Protestant Christendom, to the British Empire, to the commonwealth of English-speaking peoples – as by political allegiances in the narrower sense.

Unfortunately the British imperial experience produced little in the way of positive philosophical theorising on its own behalf. Hence, if we are to find a framework which might be used to help us cope with or make sense of the *internal* multi-national dynastic constitution of present-day British society, we shall have to look elsewhere. Now one very clear historical example of a supranational state incorporating a multiplicity of racial, linguistic and religious groupings is of course the Danube Monarchy of Austria-Hungary, a response to the quite specific problem of overlapping nationalities in Eastern Central Europe. Thus Bohemia and the western part of Hungary had substantial German populations; there were both German and Romanian populations in eastern Hungary; the region of Trieste was populated by a mixture of Italians, Germans and Slovenes, and the story goes on. Indeed, the problems raised by these mixtures of populations (in present-day Yugoslavia, or Romania, or Hungary) have still not been finally solved.

The core of the Habsburg Monarchy was not, however, a heap of randomly accumulated territories. Its peoples shared, first of all, a common geographical region around the Danube – which had for centuries served as an important thoroughfare uniting the peoples on its banks. They shared also a common enemy in the Turk, and 200 years of warfare against the Ottoman *Porte* had contributed not a little to the development amongst them of a feeling of a common fate and history. The peoples of the monarchy shared further the presumption of belonging to a common political entity, a presumption bolstered not least by an allegiance to the Habsburg dynasty itself. And finally they were united also by a highly developed bureaucracy, and by a freedom of movement, of trade and of employment, within the frontiers of the Empire as a whole.

The movement of peoples and ideas passed especially back and forth through Vienna, whose multi-national and multi-linguistic character reflected (and still reflects) the multi-racial character of the Empire as a whole. Yet the unity of the Empire was not, it must be noted, brought about through the predominance of any one single centre, nation or race. Certainly Vienna was a centre – and not merely in the political and geographic

sense but also in the sense that it was a centre of the counter-reformation, of the German Baroque, of Christian resistance against the Turk, of absolutism, of the dynastic idea, of resistance against Napoleon, of diplomacy, of the renewal of Catholicism, of political reaction. Certainly, too, the Germanic groups within the Empire tended to arrogate to themselves positions of political power and influence, though they were in this respect at least counterbalanced by the Hungarians, who occupied positions not only in Hungary but also in the joint (Austrian-and-Hungarian, Imperial-and-Royal) ministries in Vienna. In the sphere of culture, too, German influences were never able to supplant the locally rooted traditions, whether in the realm of music, or for example in the culinary arts. Moreover it must be remembered that Prague was an older cultural and intellectual centre than Vienna, and that the civilisation of Matthias Corvinus in Hungary pre-dates any parallel phenomena on its western borders.

Efforts were made to enforce German as the only language of administration upon the peoples of the Austrian-ruled parts of the Monarchy, and still more deliberate efforts in the remainder of the Empire to enforce Hungarian as the langugage not only of administration but also of culture. This attempted linguistic subjugation was indeed one of the reasons for the growth of nationalist feelings, particularly among the Croats against their detested Hungarian rulers. But such attempts were in every case without success, in part because they were carried out with a typically Austrian half-heartedness. Thus it was for a long time compulsory for cadets in the Army officer corps to learn at least one other language of the dozen or so spoken in the Monarchy (usually in addition to French). Morever, these other languages themselves had marked effects on the German spoken in Vienna as, in the opposite direction, German, for example, had influenced the language of both the Magyars and the Slavs.

The unifying efforts of the Germans were no more successful in the field of law. Certainly the Austrian, like the Roman Empire upon which it was modelled, owed its existence in no small part to its efforts to institute a single legal system which would be applied equally to all the parts of the Empire. The codification of the Austrian Civil Law in 1811 in fact marked a significant step forward in continental jurisprudence, substituting German uniformity – and a supreme court in Vienna – on Slav and Magyar races who had hitherto enjoyed a largely customary law (the 'law of the lord'). From 1849 to 1873 however, the Viennese authorities were pressed into granting a series of reforms. These resulted for example in the establishment for all purposes of criminal law of three supreme courts (in Vienna, Pest and Verona). In addition there was established in Vienna an administrative court – making it for the first time possible for the imperial bureaucracy to be subjected to legal authority – and an imperial court (*Reichsgericht*), responsible for disputes between one provincial administration and another or between a provincial administration and the imperial administration itself. The *Reichsgericht* in particular was marked by the fact that it contained by law representatives of the different provinces and indeed, that the proceedings of the court were allowed to take place not merely in German but also in French.

The constituent parts of the ramified structure which was the Empire were not merely the various national groupings but also, for example, the court, the nobility, the bureaucracy, the church and (gradually) the urban middle classes; and each of these, too, manifested in microcosm the same complex multi-national structure as did the whole. Thus the Austrian (like the English) nobility was not a homogeneous phenomenon, set apart from the people in the manner, say, of the Prussian Junker. There were autochthonous aristocracies loyal to the imperial dynasty not only in the Austrian Crown Lands but also in Hungary and Poland. And in the course of the Thirty Years' War an aristocracy was imported into Bohemia from other areas of Europe as part of the process of re-Catholicisation. Aristocrats and noblemen would speak Hngarian, Polish or Italian among themselves, and even those members of the nobility who spoke German would do so with a specific local dialect (though often larded, of course, with bits of French).

The Danubian Empire was not, therefore, a hierarchical structure organised around any single centre. Nor either, was it an artificial federation, a pseudo-democracy on the level of equal national units. It was a much more complex web of variegated institutions whose capacity to hold itself together politically owed more to a long process of common evolution among its parts – the process of development of a whole network of interleaved spontaneous orders – than to any deliberately worked out rational plan or construction. It was in this respect much more closely allied to the English tradition than to, say, Germany or France. Thus Adam Müller, Austria's Burke, could see the *mélange* of peoples and languages in the Empire as a counterpart to the diachronous mixing together of peoples and languages in the history of England:

> Our laws, Lord Bacon says, are as mixed as our language, and it is for this reason that the latter is so rich, the former so complete. Lord Bacon seems to respect purity in politics as little as in grammar. The texture of the Austrian monarchy has a similar foundation: the most different sorts of peoples and constitutions exist here side-by-side, as they existed in Great Britain in succession. (Müller 1817, p.304, quoted in Weiler, p.35)

Thus it was not only a complex congeries of *nationalities* which made up the manifold character of that compromise which was Austria-Hungary. There were also shared customs and ways of life among different social groups which cut across the national boundaries within the Empire.[1] Austria-Hungary was therefore a political organism of a quite peculiar sort – and one expression of this fact is that it is impossible to speak of 'minorities' within the Empire. As Kolnai wrote in his essay 'Les ambiguités nationales' of 1946: 'Imperial Austria, like Switzerland, notwithstanding the numerical dispro-

portion of their different nationalities, did not have "minorities" because they had no ruling nation [*nation d'état*]' (p.544). The separate national units were not hierarchically organised or divided into dominant and subjugated groups, but rather juxtaposed, in a complicated and sometimes delicate balance, and as we have already seen, they were not 'separate units' in any strict sense but rather merged, in different ways, one into another.

In his essay on 'Nationality' of 1862, Lord Acton points to the positive consequences of this lack of centralised hegemony which is vouchsafed by the presence of different nationalities within a single state. It provides, he says, 'against the servility which flourishes under the shadow of a single authority, by balancing interests, multiplying associations, and giving to the subject the restraint and support of a combined opinion.' (p.289)

Indeed, Acton waxes lyrical about the peculiar perfection which such a supranational entity may be able to achieve:

> If we take the establishment of liberty for the realisation of moral duties to be the end of civil society, we must conclude that those states are substantially the most perfect which, like the British and Austrian Empires, include various distinct nationalities without oppressing them. Those in which no mixture of races has occurred are imperfect; and those in which its effects have disappeared are decrepit. A State which is incompetent to satisfy different races condemns itself; a State which labours to neutralise, to absorb, or to expel them, destroys its own vitality; a State which does not include them is destitute of the chief basis of self-government. (p.298)

These positive consequences of a supranational order, of an overlapping and interpenetrating of racial and national groupings, are not confined to the social and political sphere. They manifest themselves also in the spheres of intellect and culture, as a result of the fact that each of the various separate national groupings will to some extent preserve its own culture and traditions, and also its own network of cultural and intellectual relations with congenial forces and currents outside the Empire.

In a short but important essay on 'Race Purity in Music' written in 1942, the Hungarian composer Béla Bartók considered the question: is racial purity favourable or unfavourable to musical development? The essay was written in exile, and it is clear that Bartók had more in mind than mere matters of musicology. He had, as is well known, spent many years investigating the folk music of the regions of Central and Eastern Europe. The separate countries in these regions did not develop separate musical traditions. As Bartók himself wrote, 'there was a continuous give and take of melodies, a constant crossing and recrossing which had persisted through centuries' (p.30). When a melody is carried from one culture to another in this way, it is not simply transmitted whole. It is effected on its journey and on being inserted into the new cultural context by disparities as between its successive host cultures, for example by differences in habits of rhythm and dance and also by linguistic factors:

> When a folk melody passes the language frontier of a people, sooner or later it will be subjected to certain changes determined by environment, and especially by the differences of languages. The greater the dissimilarity between the accents, metrical conditions, syllabic structure and so on, of two languages, the greater the changes that fortunately may occur in the 'emigrated' melody. I say 'fortunately' because this phenomenon itself engenders a further increase in the number of types and sub-types. (*loc.cit.*)

Thus it is not merely that the migration of folk melodies from one country to another leads to an enrichment of the music of the respective host cultures. In the process of migrating, the melodies and other musical elements become themselves richer and more complex, so that there become possible new types and varieties of music and indeed new forms of musical creativity: 'as a result of uninterrupted reciprocal influence upon the folk music of these peoples there are an immense variety and a wealth of melodies and melodic types. The "racial impurity" finally attained,' Bartók concludes, 'is definitely beneficial.'

It seems, now, that Vienna and Prague, Cracow and Lemberg, Buda and Pest were able to nurture so many important developments in philosophy and psychology, medicine and economics, literature and the arts – developments which have coloured our subsequent thinking in these areas to an unparallelled extent – precisely because they enjoyed the peculiar benefits of a supranational order.

But what are the characteristic features of such an order which might be held to be particularly conducive to artistic or intellectual creativity? Before answering this question it is necessary to consider briefly what 'creativity' might mean. As Bartók's essay suggests, the value of a work of art consists in a certain kind of complexity: not in any mere multiplicity of randomly associated parts, but in a complexity which one might call 'organic'. A similar idea was put forward quite generally, in relation to all varieties of cultural and intellectual creation, by the Austrian philosopher Christian von Ehrenfels in his essay 'On "Gestalt-Qualities"' of 1890. As Ehrenfels writes, 'on the basis of combinations of given elements' – for example of tones, or of melodies – 'there is generated an inconceivable array of positive psychical qualities of the greatest significance. The mind that organises psychical elements into new combinations does more than merely displace the component elements amongst themselves: *he creates something new.*'

Ehrenfels' paper gave birth to that movement in psychology which subsequently came to be known as the theory of Gestalt. The Gestalt psychologists devoted considerable efforts to the task of elucidating the concept of aesthetic value on a Gestalt-theoretical basis, identifying degree of value as a function of *degree of complexity* and *degree of order*.[2] Thus a pattern of 1000 dots arranged in a line exhibits a low degree of complexity but a high degree of order. The same dots arranged at random exhibit a high degree of complexity but a low degree of

order. Only when the dots are arranged together in what we would naively perceive as an aesthetically pleasing way, the Gestaltists argued, do they achieve both a high complexity and a high degree of order.

The Gestalt-theorists' inquiries into aesthetic structures did not, as was initially hoped, lead to any *calculus* of value or to a theory of 'aesthetic measure'. They did, however, lead to a number of valuable insights into the nature of value, insights of a *morphological* sort. That is to say, the Gestaltists were able to establish certain specific types and dimensions of complexity and of organic unity which are of relevance in the sphere of human creativity. A work of art may be for example *inadequate* in a range of qualitatively ('morphologically') different ways: it may be *incomplete*, it may be *damaged*, it may be *inserted into an alien context*, it may be *too simple* or *too complex*, *too alien* or *too familiar*. Or it may incorporate elements too disparate to be brought together into an organic unity of any kind. One can similarly establish a range of different ways in which one cultural formation may be *derived* from another, or in which cultural formations may manifest for example relations of *dependence*, or of *complementarity*.

The relevance of such considerations to the ideas sketched above will, we hope, be obvious. For if a melody, or any other artistic or cultural element or form, is to be capable of being channelled or communicated across cultural boundaries such that it can be inserted into a new host culture in a way that gives rise to organic unity then it seems to be necessary that the cultures involved be not merely to a degree contiguous but also part of some common embracing cultural whole. A melody or rhythmic pattern originating in Moravia, or in Carinthia, could not – or at least not immediately – find itself at home in the folk music of Portugal, or of Scotland or Japan. It could at best serve as an alien element or foreign body, deliberately selected for some specific artistic purpose.

Thus there are only certain combinations of aesthetic elements which will be capable of leading to a magnification of complexity in a work of art or in an artistic style or genre *in such a way that organic unity is preserved*. It would indeed be possible to set out certain rudimentary morphological laws governing such combinations, laws relating, for example, to the contiguity of the respective host cultures or disciplines, to the existence of a comon fate among the cultures or systems combined, and to the existence of other, more all-embracing systems of customs or rules which would somehow supply an overarching unity within which such combination can occur.

A melody is, of course, conveyed from one culture to another only in virtue of the movements of individuals and groups who carry with them a given cultural stock. The fusion and interplay of artistic and intellectual traditions is in fact quite generally facilitated by a freedom of movement across national boundaries, or across boundaries of cultural and ethnic diversity. It will be facilitated also by a high degree of multilingualism, intermarriage and resettlement, and by the existence of a plurality of competing cultural and intellectual centres, no one of which – as in the case of Paris in relation to France and the Francophone colonies – enjoys a position of total hegemony.

The fusion of cultural and intellectual traditions and customs will be facilitated also where the separate cultures themselves enjoy a high degree of historical continuity, where the larger whole has come into existence not through violent political change involving qualitative and catastrophic leaps but through a gradual fusion of the respective parts. These parts, and their constituent institutions and underlying social *mores*, must *grow together*, and not be foisted upon each other from above. And the fusion of traditions that is conducive to cultural and intellectual creativity will, finally, be encouraged where the different overlapping nationalities and groups do not share equal levels of development. Such unequal development supplies, as Acton notes, a 'perpetual incentive to progress, which is afforded not merely by competition, but by the spectacle of a more advanced people'.[3] And of course the Habsburg state, which embraced not only the Vienna of Schubert and Mozart in the West but also primitive subsistence economies in Galicia and Bukovina in the East, manifested the widest extremes of poverty and wealth.

The French conservative Paul Claudel has pointed out, in an article on Austria of 1936, that the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy was 'a political system based on the differences, the liberty, the harmony among natural groups instead of on a political, social and linguistic homogeneity imposed on them by coercion.' (p.1085) Indeed Claudel concludes his article by commenting on the political moral of Saint Stephen quoted at the head of this essay, transposing it to the cultural sphere: '*Pauvre et débile en verité est l'art qui ne vit que d'un seul sentiment et d'une seule idée*' (An art which draws its inspiration from but a single feeling and a single idea is truly weak and fragile, 1936, p.1088). The artistic and intellectual creativity of the monarchy was indeed to some extent encouraged not merely by differences in culture and level of development among its various groupings, but also by their various mutual enmities, enmities which prevail even today. And what is perhaps peculiarly unique about the Monarchy was that it did not seek, by drastic political and social transformations, to produce out of this mixture of peoples a single, homogeneous, national entity, with a single ethos and a single idea. It was not the purpose of the state to do away with the spark of difference, and even the spark of hate.

The dominant view amongst the Western Powers around the turn of the century was distinctly antipathetic as far as Austria-Hungary was concerned. Lloyd George, Clemenceau, and later Woodrow Wilson, could not see how such a fragile and multifariously complicated pluralistic order could have a place in a Europe of tidy nation-states. Already, then, the myth was disseminated that the Empire of the Habsburgs was in some sense weak, neurotically overwraught, that it was doomed to dissolution. This myth has been encouraged in almost all the subsequent literature on Austrian history and ideas. The undeniable artistic and intellectual creativity of the

Habsburg Monarchy in the late 19th century and since has been seen not as a symptom of the power and fertility of the Monarchy, but as the death-throws of its terminal neurosis. The creativity of the Austrian *fin-de-siècle* – as conceived on a somewhat facile picture of the creative mind – has been ascribed to the stimulatory consequences of decay and political collapse.

In the present essay we have sought to provide some sort of counterweight to this colourful and convenient fiction. It is of course true that the Empire of the Habsburgs collapsed – not least as a result of an unfortunate war – before a political solution could be found to the growing problem of the conflicts between the various nationalities of the Empire (or rather between the Imperial authorities and certain vociferous and influential minorities with nationalistic allegiances). This should not, however, be taken to imply that no such solution was possible. And nor should it be taken to imply that there is no possibility of a general political and philosophical justification of the kind of order that was manifested by the Habsburg Empire. Indeed, Crown Prince Franz Ferdinand himself, before his assassination by Serbian nationalists in Sarajevo, was engaged in working out the terms of a more sophisticated compromise between the various national groupings along the lines of the initial Austro-Hungarian compromise of 1867. It is, unfortunately, the proponents of the nationalistic ideology of the 19th century, the heirs of Princip and not of Franz Ferdinand, who continue to dictate the terms within which contemporary political problems are conceived, whether in Ireland, in India, in the Lebanon, or in South Africa.

Notes

1. On these overlapping social affiliations and allegiances see Kolnai 1981.
2. *Cf.* Ehrenfels 1890, Nozick 1981, pp.415–36, and especially Rausch 1966.
3. Acton 1862, p.296. It also gives rise to an 'impossibility for the State to rule all by its own will' and thereby provides 'the fullest security for the preservation of local customs and ancient rights.' And, as Acton goes on: 'In such a country as this, liberty would achieve its most glorious results, while centralisation and absolutism would be destructive.'

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The Mecosta Mission

J. T. Ward

About 150 miles north of sprawling, violent, car-making Detroit lies the little town of Mount Pleasant, capital of Isabella County. There, on 11th October 1984, I first met Dr Russell Kirk; I can be precise about the date because a very happy evening ended with a view of CBS reports of the IRA's Brighton murders. The contrast between a civilised dinner at Central Michigan University – where the kindly Librarian placed me next to a most congenial fellow guest – and the cowardly, mindless carnage at the Imperial Hotel was unforgettably horrifying.

We had talked about Burke, the impending Presidential election, the conservative *via media*, Professor Kirk's marvellous study of St Andrews (which years ago I had given to my future wife); we discovered that we were both non-drivers and had held lowly military positions. To my delight, I was invited to visit the Kirk 'base' at Mecosta.

Russell Kirk is, of course, best known on both sides of the Atlantic for his now classic study of *The Conservative Mind: From Burke to Santayana*, first published in 1953. His contributions to conservative philosophy and analysis have been legion, including such remarkable works as *Randolph of Roanoke: A Study in Conservative Thought* (1951) and *The Portable Conservative Reader* (1982). But few in Britain can imagine the enormous influence exercised by this quiet, kindly scholar on the American conservative renaissance.

State Highway 20 traverses about 25 gently undulating miles of corn and cattle country, with neat white farmhouses and great Dutch barns between Mount

Pleasant and the forest land around Mecosta. Here is a typical mid-north-western village of little wooden houses, accommodating some 400 people. Slightly above the township stands the Italianate brick and stone villa of Piety Hill, the 'ancestral' home of Russell Kirk, his charming and ever-active wife Annette and their four daughters. Along a minor road lie the homes of students and friends and Professor Kirk's remarkable library, housed in a former woodmill. Beyond lies the forest, with its shy deer, mysterious paths, sinister little lakes and occasional pitiful clearances where hardy folk once tried to live before succumbing to the 'cabin fever' of bleak Michigan winters. Here is the backcloth to Kirk's ghostly 'Gothick' novels.

Piety Hill and the library are happy, busy places, refreshingly cool in hot summers and splendidly warmed by log fires in icy winters. They are far from Washington, or even from the State capital at Lansing. But the telephone rings incessantly, as Mrs Kirk accepts invitations for Russell to lecture, appear on TV or radio, or write for numerous journals. But not all calls are for Russell: Annette is a prominent traditionalist Roman Catholic campaigner and was a member of the Presidential commission which produced the influential educational report on *A Nation at Risk*, with its urgent call for a return to traditional educational standards.

It gradually dawns on the new visitor that Mecosta is a special, informal, perhaps unique community. Around a blazing fire in the library a lively discussion group gathers. A young Scot discusses his researches on W. H. Hudson; later, his talented future (now actual) wife from Ann Arbor will give a superbly versatile musical entertainment. A North Carolina graduate examines Austrian politics; a Yugoslav explains his thesis on the Croatian economy; a local teacher talks on Pio Nono's ultramontanism; a young lady shyly reads a chapter from her historical novel for children. Everyone comments, and Russell sums up. It has been an enjoyable experience.

Every visit to Mecosta is enjoyable. One follows Russell's flowing cloak for miles through the forest; hears macabre stories of local 'blood feuds'; climbs to 'Red's' bar overlooking a lake to discuss the elections; exchanges jokes and cigarettes with a man who turns out to be an Abyssinian prince. At a lakeside breakfast, a young waitress pointedly asks the denomination of a prominent prelate and what species of foreigner I am. A distinguished Polish exile seeks a job in the United States. A new PhD shows us his splendidly-restored water-driven mill. In this old logging town there lives a cosmopolitan community.

The driving force, albeit with unpretentious modesty, is the charismatic Kirk, who 'belongs' (as he says) 'to that all but vanished race, the independent men of letters'. It was not always so. He taught History at Michigan State University, but resigned in 1953, in protest against a lowering of entry standards to increase recruitment. He and Annette advocate a return to 'excellence' in education, to the liberal arts, to traditional values and a move away from the American trend towards vast factory-like campuses devoted to purely 'vocational' training. Kirk's major works on this theme include *Academic Freedom: An Essay in Definition* (1955), *The Intemperate Professor and Other Cultural Splenetics* (1965) and *Decadence and Renewal in Higher Learning* (1978). They should be compulsory reading for British educational administrators.

Such principles of quality over quantity underpin Kirk's political philosophy. He traces a consistent American conservative tradition: but its roots are European, and Burke remains the great exemplar. Kirk published his *Edmund Burke: A Genius Reconsidered* in 1967. Four years later he naturally moved to *Eliot and his Age: T. S. Eliot's Moral Imagination in The Twentieth Century*. It is through both his positive assertions of values based on a sense of a permanent moral order and his attacks on the *Enemies of the Permanent Things* (1969) that he expounds his comprehensive philosophy. To my mind, he (in 'Heritage' lectures and numerous articles) better than anyone distances true conservatism from the 'new Right'. Libertarian hangovers of ultra-Cobdenite liberalism have no place in an organic Christian society eschewing *laisser-faire* individualism and the all-powerful State alike.

Russell Kirk's own road to his philosophy is modestly and charmingly described in *Confessions of a Bohemian Tory: Episodes and Reflections of a Vagrant Career* (1963). But the erudite philosopher is also a practical politician. He can produce *A Program for Conservatives* (1954) and *The Intelligent Woman's Guide to Conservatism (1957)*; his syndicated newspaper articles and radio 'phone-ins' deal with everyday current issues; at election time Piety Hill is festooned with Republican placards. Yet implicit in every statement is reverence for time-tested principles. Even opponents like the ambivalent Clinton Rossiter (albeit sarcastically) recognise the greatest of Burke scholars.

Originally, Kirk achieved fame by the sheer courage needed to challenge the liberal American 'intellectual' establishment, with its dreary utilitarian quasi-socialism. He re-asserted a reasoned conservative case, resting on intuitive feelings (albeit cogently argued) rather than dogmatic abstractions. Like Disraeli, he has recognised that 'the Youth of a Nation are the trustees of Posterity' and has lectured on hundreds of campuses. But his message is primarily Burkeian. A love of the 'little platoon' is exemplified at Mecosta. Russell Kirk shares Burke's 'disposition to preserve and ability to improve', his sense of a 'partnership . . . between those who are living, those who are dead and those who are to be born' and his belief that 'people will not look forward to posterity who never look backward to their ancestors'. As a Burkeian, he could rally American patriotism in *The American Cause* (1957), after captured servicemen in Korea had accepted communist propaganda; and he gave an intellectual justification of his argument in *The Roots of American Order* (1975).

Of assorted American 'conservative' philosophies, Russell Kirk's is the most important, influential and attractive. It does not rest on Confederate nostalgia, racial or religious bigotry or crazy individualism. It is rooted in respect and reverence for a traditional and moral social order. 'If you will not have God, you will have Hitler and Stalin', warns Kirk. To him:

> Men are put into this world . . . to struggle, to suffer, to contend against the evil that is in their neighbours and in themselves, and to aspire toward the triumph of Love . . . to live like men and to die like men.

Professor Kirk is an Anglophile, or perhaps more truly a Scottophile. His St Andrews doctorate was the first of many recorded in the library vestibule. Piety Hill itself contains numerous mementoes of four Scottish years. Since then Kirk has lectured and published prodigiously – his bibliography itself is a hardback volume – and influenced a generation of American teachers, politicians, students and readers. At 68 he is as busy as ever, speaking, teaching, walking, writing, thinking; he edits *The University Bookman* (a quarterly which he founded in 1960) and administers educational programmes. The friend of Eliot, the devoted family man, the country-loving 'squire' unequivocally maintains his message which has had such a great impact on American politics. The Mecosta Mission remains 'the reconciling of authority and liberty, so that justice might be realised in the good state' for:

> Our religion, our culture and our political rights are all maintained by continuity: by our respect for the accomplishments of our forefathers, and by our concern for posterity's well-being.

Reorientation

David Matthews

I have been reading the collection of Pierre Boulez's essays recently published as *Orientations*[1] with a kind of infuriated delight. Like Wagner, Boulez has felt the need to justify himself in extensive theoretical writings. Boulez, however, writes much more stylishly than Wagner: the tone of voice is consistently polemical and provocative, but it is tempered with wit and even charm. I find myself in disagreement with him on almost every page, but, contrary to his typically *ex cathedra* pronouncement on p.452 on how people judge others ('without exception everyone says, "Yes, he is really clever; he agrees with me" '), there is in fact nothing more stimulating than to disagree with someone who is really clever.

Orientations is the product of a first-rate mind, though a forbiddingly dogmatic one. Boulez had a strict Catholic upbringing, and but for the accident of having become an atheist he might well have ended up as a priest, or a theologian. Some of the lectures he gave at the Darmstadt summer school in the early 1960s read like hell-fire sermons:

> Any ignoring of technique and its importance brings a fearful vengeance with it, nothing less than a mortal disease inherent in the work [well, yes]. If you simply adopt a traditional technique, which has a purely factitious, illogical, decorative relationship with the facts of the historical situation . . . the result will be . . . a whited sepulchre.

The voice thunders from the pulpit. No wonder a whole generation of composers was terrified into serial orthodoxy, from which some of them were never to recover.

The essence of Boulez's doctrine is simple: there is only one way forward for music, that of radical renewal of musical language, which means an absolute break with the defunct language of the past. There is, it is implied, an exclusive hierarchy of 20th century composers descending from Wagner: one branch can be traced through Schoenberg, Berg and Webern, another through Debussy, Varèse and Messiaen (Boulez's teacher). Both branches culminate, not surprisingly, in Boulez himself. Stravinsky and Bartók also find a place on the family tree, though Stravinsky's neo-classicism is suspect, as is Bartók's nationalism. All others – for example Strauss, Sibelius, Nielsen, Janáček, Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Copland, Britten, Tippett – are simply irrelevant. Such composers failed to realise that the symphony died with Mahler, opera with Berg, thematicism and traditional harmony and counterpoint with Webern. And anyone who has not perceived the truth of these dogmas is doomed to mediocrity.

The Anglo-Saxon mind reels back from such severity, but, realising its absurdity, is in the end more amused than annoyed. I shall not spend time here pointing out the inconsistencies in Boulez's system of belief, and the way in which he himself – for luckily the musician in him often gets the better of the theoretician – has broken most of his own rules (his *Rituel*, for instance, has a recognisable main theme which is conventionally harmonised and, horror of horrors, frequently repeated). The peculiarly late-romantic quality of his aesthetic, which would seem to conflict (but does it?) with his professed modernism, is something I shall return to later, when I touch on the problem of what is meant by the distinction between the romantic and the classical. Meanwhile, leaving Boulez to soar into the future at the controls of spaceship IRCAM (he may perhaps rendezvous with Commander Stockhausen who is already in orbit), I shall turn to some of the practical questions that concern those of us who have chosen to remain on earth.

An obvious fact about Boulez's music and that of all other modernist composers is that it has lost contact with

the vernacular. This is a fairly recent phenomenon: in the past, there was no unbridgeable gulf between serious and popular music. A Beethoven symphony is rooted in Austro-German folk music; folksong provided a vernacular basis for all music up to the beginning of this century, and in those parts of the world where it is still a living language rather than (as in this country) an object of historical curiosity, it is still possible for composers to use folksong creatively. How did this divorce from the vernacular occur? Boulez's music is, as I have indicated, directly descended from Wagner. In Wagner one finds both a vernacular, diatonic music, which he characteristically used for his most elemental statements (the Sword motive in *The Ring*, the opening of *Die Meistersinger*, the Faith motive in *Parsifal*) and a non-vernacular, chromatic language of the emotions. This polarisation can be found in all European music since the 16th century. It was then that chromatic harmony was first thoroughly exploited as a means for personal expression, so beginning what we have come to call romanticism. At the same time the new diatonic language emerged out of the old modal system, so providing a vehicle for the objective, classical style that dominated European music until the end of the 18th century. In all the great composers of this period one can find a romantic/classical polarity: in Monteverdi, in Bach, in Mozart. But nowhere is it more striking than in the supreme composer of the 19th century, Wagner, chiefly because Wagner, in *Tristan und Isolde*, developed chromaticism to an unprecedented level of expressive power.

The non-vernacular, chromatic language of *Tristan* had a devastating effect on the next genertion of composers. It provided Schoenberg with a basis for his own expressionist idiom, which he then codified and offered as a wholesale replacement for the tonal system. Although few major composers followed him strictly, Schoenberg's influence has been immense: almost all advanced European music of the present day is descended from him. The general adoption of a Schoenbergian language is, in a way, rather curious. As Deryck Cooke has remarked, it was 'as though the whole main modern school of literature had taken Joyce's *Finnegans Wake* as its starting point'.[2] It is, however, readily understandable, because music has been much more concerned with progress and stylistic renewal than has literature. But should we as composers be concerned if, in abandoning the vernacular, we have also lost contact with a great part of our potential audience, who still cannot come to terms with Schoenberg, let alone with Boulez? The fact that the majority of those who attend symphony concerts prefer the music of the past worries me a great deal. A hundred years ago the most popular composers were contemporary ones. Even when contemporary music today does attract a large audience it is often for reasons of fashion rather than intelligibility. One cannot blame Wagner for what has happened since his death: Wagner's language is in fact one of the most comprehensive, and intelligible, of any composer, and it was soon accepted by a wide public. But the disappearance of the vernacular from the advanced music of our time must be traced back to him, and it is closely connected with the pursuit of subjectivity at all costs. Modernism does indeed turn out to be a late-romantic offshoot.

While modernism was running its course, the vernacular continued to flourish, but in Europe and North America a new vernacular replaced folksong. This new vernacular was at first jazz, then when jazz itself became an esoteric language it was replaced by rock, which is, whether we like it or not, fast becoming a vernacular for the entire world. It is easy to despise rock because so much of it is the debased product of commecial exploiters. Yet at its untarnished best, rock music can still use the simplest diatonic language to give fresh expression to basic human feelings. Like all my generation I grew up with rock music as my natural vernacular. I remember very clearly the excitement of hearing records by Little Richard and Elvis Presley in the mid 1950s. John Lennon and Paul McCartney were hearing this music at the same time, and out of it, with their own instinctive gifts for melody and harmony, they made their genuine and lasting songs. Looking at my own recent symphonic poem *In the Dark Time* the other day I noticed a resemblance between one of its themes and the Beatles' song 'I Feel Fine' (not close enough for a writ, I assure you, Northern Songs). Whether it was specifically influenced by that song, or whether it came out of a common fund of rhythm and blues archetypes, I don't know, but I was rather pleased to find this perfectly unconscious relation to the musical vernacular of our time. I am not at all concerned with incorporating rock into my own music; I am anyway rather doubtful whether such fusions are possible. But I think that composers should be less wary of using the elemental musical material that the unconscious mind throws up, which will often inevitably be related to the current vernacular. In this way we may be able to reforge a small link between serious and popular music.

Popular music can remain simple because it is mostly innocent of musical history. A rock musician can sing of adolescent love against a harmonic backround of two major chords and a dominant seventh; in his innocence he may imagine he has discovered these clichéd chords for the first time and so, magically, they cease to be clichés. Other, more sophisticated composers are also pursuing simplicity. In the USA within the last twenty years a new music has appeared which is entirely based on the vernacular. This is the minimalist music whose chief proponent is Steve Reich. Reich is a New Yorker, but his performing group is based in California, and the relaxed, hedonistic tone of his music links it with Californian rock, joyfully epitomised by the Beach Boys. Minimalism disregards the past, it is a born again music, starting from scratch. Such a movement is possible in places like California where the sun shines and the burden of history weighs less heavily than in Europe. As a European composer I cannot resort to such simple means of expression. I am only too aware of musical history and my relation to it. It is a different relation from that of composers in the past, who belonged naturally to

a tradition; whereas I must choose my own tradition from whatever means most to me. But this choice is, in another sense, a natural one, since it is made from love. Knowledge of musical history need not be inhibiting; on the contrary, it can bring a new creative freedom, once one has found a creative relationship with the past, and with the present.

I have been much concerned with the attempt to renew some of the traditional forms, such as the symphony and the string quartet (so far I have written three of the former and five of the latter). It is, I believe, less difficult to do this in Britain than in either Germany and Austria, where the symphonic tradition might be thought to have been exhausted, or in France and Italy, which have never really had a symphonic tradition, and where fashion would now prevent one from beginning. Our own symphonic tradition is a recent development. No absolutely first-rate string quartet had been composed in this country until Britten and Tippett began writing their series of three and four (we may hope for more) respectively in the late 1930s. Both Tippett's and Britten's quartets are deeply indebted to Beethoven. Tippett's lifelong obsession with Beethoven both as composer and symbolic figure is well-known, and he has sometimes consciously used particular Beethoven works as models; but Britten's quartets are, surprisingly, the more Beethovenian, in their profound understanding of the dramatic potential of classical tonality, and in their subtle reworkings of sonata form. Between them, Britten and Tippett have established a string-quartet tradition in this country and I have learned much from them both.

It may have taken over a century for the Beethoven quartets to take firm root on British soil, but it was not until almost eighty years after Beethoven's death that they found any worthy successor. Schoenberg's First Quartet, the masterpiece of his early period, brilliantly fuses the four movements of the classical quartet into one. This was the next logical step after Beethoven's radical experiments with the sonata in his late works. Three of my own quartets have explored this several-movements-in-one form, and the possibilities for its development seem endless. I have only once used the classical four-movement scheme, in my Fourth Quartet, which, when it was almost complete, I discovered had an unplanned formal resemblance to Beethoven's A major Piano Sonata, op.101. The four-movement form is a harder challenge than the single-movement form, both because there are so many daunting precedents, and because of the inherent problem of the finale. Traditionally, the finale is an *allegro* movement, and also a summing-up, which conflicts with the contemporary preference for open-endedness. Genuine fast music, music that matches the physical energy of the body rather than the speed of the machine, is perhaps impossible without tonality, or at any rate without a properly functioning bass line that propels the harmonic movement forward. Tonality has survived the death sentence pronounced on it by the modernists, but it must somehow be freed from its current association with nostalgia. I cannot myself offer solutions to these problems other than continuing to compose in awareness of them. I hope to write more string quartets; I hope to work towards the ideal of clarity of texture that one finds in Haydn and Mozart, and also towards the restitution of the medium as chamber music proper, that is music that can be played in the home. The difficulty of playing contemporary music is a problem that ought to be solved without going too far in the direction of the minimalists. One of my deepest ambitions is to write a good string quartet that is playable by amateurs.

My three symphonies are all in several-movements-in-one form; the Third was to have been in two contrasting movements, fast and slow, but at a certain point in the composition I realised that they could be combined, and then it seemed obvious that the two movements had been searching for each other, like Aristophanes' divided bodies in Plato's *Symposium*. The string quartet is a private, the symphony a public medium, but their formal concerns are the same. I would accept Hans Keller's definition of symphonic music as 'the large-scale integration of contrasts', but with Robert Simpson's proviso that the distinguishing feature of the symphony, as opposed to other works which contain large-scale contrasts, such as a tone-poem or a ballet, is that the integration will be organic: 'at the end of a great symphony there is a sense that the music has grown by the interpenetrative activity of *all* its constituent elements'.[3] As Simpson has rightly stressed, the symphony is 'profoundly *inclusive*' – and there lies a challenge for the contemporary composer who wishes to write symphonies, for the tendency of contemporary music is towards fragmentation and the exploration in depth of a small area of experience. Composers such as Ligeti and Birtwistle – and indeed Boulez – have achieved artistic success by limiting themselves in this way. The symphony needs a comprehensive musical language, and a comprehensive language will include the vernacular. The string quartet, as a private medium, does not demand that its material should be so accessible. But a symphony should ideally be capable of appreciation on every level, from the simplest to the most complex. Take Beethoven's Fifth Symphony: everyone, even the musically illiterate, can respond to the opening motive, and most people can follow the development of that motive throughout the first movement. A musician will further be able to appreciate the tonal argument, and the handling of sonata form. So in order for a symphony to function on all levels, it must contain, and preferably begin with, elemental thematic material.

Symphony and string quartet are both essentially classical forms. True classicism is only possible within a stable society with a hierarchical structure and a basis in a universally accepted religion. Such a society has not existed in Europe since the 18th century. So, in a sense, since the romantic movement began, all European composers have been, to a greater or lesser degree, romantics, or else have reacted against romanticism (like Stravinsky). Typically, the artist today, like his 19th century counterpart, stands outside society, working out his

private system of beliefs. The danger is that he may lose contact altogether with his public, meanwhile despising society for its inability to reach up to his level. Boulez, practising a hermetic, quasi-magical art in aloof superiority, is in some ways a typically *fin de siècle* figure: he recalls his idol Mallarmé, whose poetry, some of which Boulez has set with remarkable empathetic insight, is the precise equivalent of Boulez's music. Such an art threatens to become a kind of substitute religion: in the hands of Stockhausen and his devotees it already has.

If we cannot avoid our romantic heritage, our inclination towards subjectivity, we can at least keep it in check. Few, if any, of us could hope to achieve the absolute control of Stravinsky, whose 'dynamic staticism', as Hans Keller has called it was, as Keller has shown, the result of deliberate suppression of powerfully felt emotion.[4] Stravinsky's achievement is unique in our time: such masterpieces as *Les Noces*, the *Symphony of Psalms* or the *Mass* are the nearest to objective 20th century works of art that we have. As his earliest works show, Stravinsky began as an unashamed, if self-conscious, romantic. Other composers who began as romantics have, less drastically, worked their way through to something close to classical objectivity. The seven symphonies of Sibelius show a progression from a near-Tchaikovskian romanticism (nos. 1 and 2), through a slightly premature neo-classicism (no. 3) to the strictly-controlled, tightly organised works of his maturity, where he achieves a monumental grandeur above all by means of structure, just as in a great classical symphony. Sibelius and his not so remote contemporary, Mahler, both showed how the symphony could be renewed in different and unexpected ways, and also how romanticism is at its most potent when content and form are perfectly balanced (and so, at the highest level, romanticism and classicism become virtually identical). The symphony is capable of infinite renewal, but its survival will depend on those who both understand its demands and believe in its value.

Notes

1. Pierre Boulez, *Orientations*, Faber, 1986.
2. Deryck Cooke, *Vindications*, Faber, 1982, p.195.
3. In *The Symphony*, vol. 2, Penguin Books, 1967, p. 10.
4. Hans Keller, *Stravinsky Seen and Heard*, Toccata Press, 1982, pp. 12 and 55–6.

What will happen to the people of Hong Kong between now and July 1997?

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The Soul

Ronald Fletcher

The human soul is a winged thing, even in sleep it flies.
A winged thing? Yes – and a thing of wonder.

So wrote Maxim Gorki, an atheist, and one of the most humane writers of our century. I myself, who find it impossible to adopt anything other than an agnostic position (though such a position has many more dimensions than is commonly supposed) find much to agree with in Gorki. It is in the richness of the human spirit – in spite of its faults, its ordinariness, its limited and limiting circumstances; in spite, too, of its discouraging capacities for repugnant and incomprehensible evil – that I find almost all my aims and aspirations. Putting it simply: almost the whole of my concern is with the nature and predicament of the human soul.[1] But there are some things about the soul, the psyche, the spirit, 'De Anima' – whatever you like to call it – that puzzle me.

When I read much modern psychology about the nature of the 'personality' or the 'self', I find it curious and very profoundly unconvincing. I feel that these psychologists can never really have known a human being; can never really have met and spoken to a *person*, or looked him or her in the eyes. It seems to me that much psychology, in its attempts to become 'scientific', has become empirically naive. In its efforts to measure, to be precise, to find something about which it can predict, it seems to ignore all the unobservable subtleties of our nature. It is true that we have reflexes – the knee-jerk, the eye-blink – and no doubt these can be 'conditioned' in various ways, but there is something more to us than that. It is frequently said, to take one example, that the human 'self' is a continuous process of change from birth to death; indeed, that it cannot be said to exist except in terms of the ongoing content of changing perceptions. It was Hume who started this particular ball rolling. With his dogma of 'impressions and ideas', he had to claim that we cannot have a clear idea of the 'self' since there is 'no impression from which this idea could be derived.' 'For my part,' he says:

> when I enter most intimately into what I call *myself*, I always stumble on some particular perception or other, of heat or cold, light or shade, love or hatred, pain or pleasure. I never can catch *myself* at any time without a perception, and can never observe anything but the perception . . . I venture to assert of mankind that they are nothing but a bundle or collection of different perceptions, which succeed each other with an inconceivable rapidity, and are in perpetual flux and movement . . . nor is there any single power of the soul which remains unalterably the same . . . . The mind is a kind of theatre, where several perceptions successively make their appearance; pass, repass, glide away, and mingle in an infinite variety of postures and situations. There is properly no *simplicity* in it at one time, nor *identity* in different. . . .

This picture of the soul – a sort of flotsam and jetsam on the capricious seas of time, flowing out of the waters of the womb and ebbing into the dark tides of death and dissolution – has been to some extent reinforced by the 'personality' theorising of psychology. Whether the theory is one of reflexes and their continuous and cumulative conditioning, instincts and the mental mechanisms which deal with the vicissitudes they encounter, or the changing 'functional autonomy of motives' (and there are others), the picture of the human soul we are given is one of continual change: a flux of hereditary and environmental variables which has no determinate nature except in the defining context of its always present and momentary situations.

Now I do not want it to be thought that I disagree altogether with these psychological theories (with all aspects of them), or that I am trying to put forward, in their place, some position of a religious or metaphysical nature. Religious and metaphysical positions are at once both too great and too trivial for my liking. The dimensions of doubt and agnosticism, as I have already said, are much more sutble and searching than to allow of either without much qualification. All I want to do is to comment on my own experience, for my experience is not like Hume's at all, and I am led to wonder whether the human soul is quite the epiphenomenal changeling, the chameleon, it is described as being. I have come to feel at least three things very strongly.

First, all this talk about the continuously changing 'self' puzzles me – for the firmest feeling in my own experience is, much to my surprise, that I am always the same. I do not seem (to myself) to have changed at all, despite the many changes in all the things intimately connected with me. I am several decades older. My waist has suffered from inflation. My jowls hang a little. My eyes are framed in horn-rimmed spectacles. The casing of my teeth is mine but most of the insides are from the National Health Service. My face is creased as much as my trousers. Indeed, I am so changed physically that, when I happen to see myself unexpectedly, in a wardrobe mirror in the bedroom, in a photograph, or in a shop-window, I am taken aback. It does not seem to be me at all. It is not only 'public', but also our own 'private' images, it seems, that quickly grow out of date. Of course, I have had millions of impressions, thousands of ideas, have known hundreds of people, have had a score of jobs, have read scores of theories about the nature of the

world and human nature. Certainly my mind has grown, changed in knowledge and capacity, become more capable of coping with things. Yet, somehow, there is what I can only call the innermost core of my nature–that which, alone, really, I call *myself*– which is still the same now as it was when, slowly formed from ordinary miraculous cells, bound into muscles, veins, bones, corded and knotted into nerves and ganglia, it was conjured into being, torn from its tenacious attachment to the peculiarly significant blank of eternity, and thrust, sweating with fear, apprehensiveness and insecurity, into the created world. The diffident, sceptical self which – as soon as it emerged – was peculiarly puzzled and amazed at existence; which could not credit how it, and all this, had come into being, and why; which was, at once, so desperately aware of the transience of things; which tasted the first taste of death in the waters of birth; which loved the people it loved with an added dimension of intensity, of compassion, because it also saw immediately their death . . . this self which felt so much a stranger in the world then, and looked with such profound disquiet upon it, is the *same* self which now crouches over this typewriter– trying so inadequately to get the flavour of its feelings and conceptions sufficiently into words.

From the beginning I was aware of a two-fold nature: one actually experiencing, and one – far and away the strongest one in me– looking on, examining, puzzling. I was part-*involved* in the world, and part-*spectator*: a spectator not only of the world, nor only of myself, but of myself *and* the world, myself *in relation to* the world. From the beginning, too, I have had the very sharpest of memories, as though it was written into my consciousness that it was important to note down all the people and things in the scenes in which I was a participant and an onlooker. All my life, I have not only loved, hated, suffered, enjoyed, but also, simultaneously, have *looked on* (even at my own experiences) and scrupulously *taken note*. This puzzling, scrutinizing, unable-to-accept-anything, self is still the same.

Of course, looking back on my life, people could say with apparent truth that 'environmental circumstances' had had such and such influences upon me. True! How is it possible not to react to, or be influenced by, your environment? But the idea that I have been *moulded* by it, that I am *only* the sum of my reactions to it, seems to me totally untrue. Indeed, things would have been, and would be now, so much easier if this was so. Since I emerged from the womb, growing up has been, in large part, a process gradually more conscious and more 'mature', in some respects more skilled, of dressing myself in masks appropriate to my various situations: this mask for my parents (indeed, one for each parent and one for both), that mask for my friends (indeed a slightly different mask for each friend), this mask for a school teacher, that mask for an employer, that for the tax officer, and so on. My personality is not *simply* an aggregate, a collection of 'personas', of masks; it is, in large part, a self-selected, self-created set of masks. The fact is, that in coming to terms with many of my situations I have been (though by no means entirely) shrewd and calculating, have practised pretence and deceit, and this leads to a very important point – a point worth thinking about: that the masks, and the underlying deceit of them, worry me. They – decidedly – are not *me*, they are the *clothes* I wear, and it worries me lest they should grow into my skin. The older I grow the more I want to dispense with masks; the more I want to have honest, truthful relationships with people, or nothing at all. I want to pull away from all egotistical pretension. It is our masks that divide us. It may well be necessary to wear masks for some purposes – for kinds of social intercourse – but I do not like it. Many hoodwink both themselves and others in their play with masks. They believe in them. Masks cause much trouble. And yet I have little confidence in 'masklessness'. Without social clothes we are so vulnerable. To dispense with masks is somehow to decide to move more deeply into one's own indeterminate solitude, more deeply into truthful inner exploration, to take one's inner searching and one's doubts seriously, and to follow wherever they may lead. For my part, this is what I *have* decided. This, if anything, is the way of my religion.

My first point, then, is that in some essential way, I do not seem to have changed at all. I am deeply conscious of remaining the same. Time and events, as it were, have had their will with my body and with my situations in spite of my fundamental nature, but they do little to alter it. And I feel sure that, when I come to endure death – if it should be that I am aware of it – it will seem not a moment's distance from my birth, and it will be the same self, denuded now of all the masks it has accumulated, which finally slips from the flesh that gave it being.

So much for introspection.

Second, the experience of the death of others – in a way totally unexpected – has been such as to reinforce this feeling. I have not seen many people die, but one of them was one of my closest friends: a man with whom I felt a very close affinity of nature, with whom there was almost no need for masks (I say *almost* because I find it extremely difficult, if not impossible, to be completely truthful with anybody). He died of cancer of the lung in a Bristol hospital, and I, a student in Bristol at the time, visited him as frequently as I could. I knew that he was dying. His wife, too, was in a Gloucester hospital – also awaiting an operation for cancer.

As we had grown accustomed over a number of years, we talked over the many usual questions: current political issues, music – in which he was very accomplished, literature – the Russian novelists (particularly Gorki) were very much in our thoughts then, also – the ideas of Albert Schweitzer. I brought him the usual kinds of books; I remember Gorki's *Through Russia* was one of them. We talked in the usual way – and yet, in a spectator-like way, I caught myself regarding him as being already dead. Whilst we were talking about Elgar, my mind was busy, for example, with how best to tell his wife if he should die before she left hospital. Even as we talked about Schweitzer, I was wondering how to arrange his funeral, which would have to be neither in Bristol nor in Gloucester, but over in the Forest of Dean. Well, he died.

Later, I went to collect his things. The sister asked me whether I would like to see him. They had laid his body in a small chapel. I said, yes – I would. Both he and I, incidentally, were agnostic. Neither of us believed in personal survival. I went along to the chapel deeply moved by his death, but resigned in my mind, having had foreknowledge of it, and expecting to experience nothing more.

But when I entered the chapel, which was empty except for his body lying under a white sheet, I was halted just as though two hands had taken hold of my shoulders and pressed me to a standstill. A sudden feeling of complete and utter emptiness came over me, stopped me in my tracks. The chapel was far more empty with that peaked sheet before me than if there had been nothing there at all. But, of course, this was for a moment only. I walked up to the body with the sister, and she pulled back the sheet.

His face, his delicate shoulders shrugged up a little, as though in protesting struggle, his arms stiffly folded on his chest, the hands crossed, all possessed that curious unnatural rigidity of death. He had been prepared for the chapel. He had been shaved. There were a few bloodless cuts on the hard chin. His mouth, slightly open, had been padded with cotton wool. His eyes were not quite closed. His eye-brows, slightly raised, and his hair, were stiff and artificial, like straw which had been stuck on. His whole face – set fast in an expression of mixed helplessness and protest – had an artificial, waxy look. In spite of the stupidity of it, I could not help patting his stiff shoulder, though brusquely (because of slight embarrassment) in front of the sister, and my feeling was: 'Never mind. It's all over now. You've endured it now. It's all over.'

And, apart from my feelings for him, I felt two things. The first was an overwhelming sense of compassion, so overpowering as to be impossible properly to describe, for all men, indeed for all sentient creatures, in the face of this sheer tyranny of the flesh. All the warmth of a man's nature, all the rich and complex qualities of his character – woven with so much struggle in the context of so many problems, out of so much joy and so much suffering, and faced and endured with so much fear and so much nobility – all these could be ended as though they had never been, and in a meaningless, senseless, untimely way, by a blind, abhorrent growth in the lung. All the qualities of the human spirit – a helpless prey to mortality! What a ghastly tyranny – which we must all endure. This, at heart, I felt, is what moves men to religion, to poetry: the *fact* of transience, the *fact* that brutal death strangles the spirit – that the simple failing of the flesh ends all that we learn to love, and all that we learn to be worthy of love.

My other feeling, I had not anticipated. I could not believe that this stark, waxy, artificial thing in front of me was *him* at all. It was, quite literally, a thing, an object. I could not bring myself to believe that this thing, with the blood not congealed but flowing, was all that there was to his nature. The many dimensions of his thought and feeling, his sensitivity, the depth and subtlety and significance of his art, of his music (for, somehow, *his* music was an almost tangible quality of his character, a kind of depth and radiance of harmony which came through him almost like a physical presence), of a humility too, a dedication which moved you by its sheer integrity, and the warmth of his compassion and sympathy for others . . . all this was something far more, I felt, than this thing before me – living and breathing. I felt, quite definitely, that something – his spirit, his soul, the something that made him essentially a person – had gone out of him, had become separate from his body. I felt, in a word, in spite of all my supposed sophistication of thought and feeling in a modern scientific world, exactly as we are told that primitive men feel: that a man's soul had gone out of his body in a way even more definite than that his breath had left him.

Certain poetic statements that I had long known but had not fully experienced, or sensed, or appreciated, suddenly welled up in me. For example, Walt Whitman:

> At the last, tenderly,
> From the walls of the powerful fortress'd house,
> From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep
> Of the well-closed doors,
> Let me be wafted.
>
> Let me glide noiselessly forth;
> With the key of softness unlock the locks – with a whisper,
> Set ope the doors O soul.
>
> Tenderly – be not impatient,
> (Strong is your hold O mortal flesh,
> Strong is your hold O love.)

And Newman:

> Jesu Maria – I am near to death,
> And Thou art calling me . . .
> 'Tis this new feeling, never felt before,
> That I am going, that I am no more.
> 'Tis this strange innermost abandonment,
> This emptying out of each constituent
> And natural force by which I came to be. . . .

When, later, it came to burial, I felt no qualms about the disposal of the body. It was not him at all, but a thing only.

The experience moved me deeply and strongly. For months afterwards I felt it necessary to think again. I read again particular poets, certain philosophers, who seemed, somehow, to accord with my feelings. Though a simple, common experience, it was extremely powerful. I tell you here only of my feelings. What these feelings imply, what their philosophical or religious implications are, I do not know.

Both in my introspection, then, and in my experience of the death of another, I have felt the compelling definiteness of the soul . . . as being something decidedly more than the ticking over of the organism, than reflexes having been conditioned, than genes inherited and social facts imposed. At the heart of this experience too, I have felt the compelling persuasion that *goodness* and *evil* are more substantial realities than the behaviour in which we encounter them; that they are *actualities* and

powers which we experience, rather than rules of conduct with which we do, or do not, accord. *What* more? I do not know.

But there is a third feeling I have. What I have only been able to call 'the innermost core of my being', my 'self', has always seemed to carry with it what I can only describe as its own unique and unchanging 'feeling-tone' which, essentially connected with my inner consciousness of *truth*, is also the final arbiter of all my values. I cannot describe it. I can only say that it is the kind of quality of feeling which is of supreme importance to me and with which I feel bound to try and invest everything I do. To put it in another way: this essential 'self' is, in the last analysis, the crucial touchstone of moral, intellectual, and aesthetic values, of integrity in all matters, in my nature. It is, curiously, the satisfying source of all my standards of truth, of beauty, of any aspiration whatever. It gives the final judgement, on any matter, by which I must (or feel I ought to) abide. The music I love, the poetry I love, the novels, the essays which profoundly move me, are those which have affinity with this innermost self. Indeed, *taste*, and the appeal of *style*, at this deepest level (entailing the canons of judgement which these imply) are, for me, no more than aspects of this sense of affinity. It is interesting to see that this experience lies at the heart of many poets. Take the poetry of Emily Bronte, for example:

Often rebuked, yet always back returning
To those first feelings that were born with me,
And leaving busy chase of wealth and learning
For idle dreams of things which cannot be . . .

I'll walk, but not in old heroic traces,
And not in paths of high morality,
And not among the half-distinguished faces,
The clouded forms of long-past history.

I'll walk where my own nature would be leading:
It vexes me to choose another guide:
Where the grey flocks in ferny glens are feeding;
Where the wild wind blows on the mountain-side.

What have those lonely mountains worth revealing?
More glory and more grief than I can tell:
The earth that wakes *one* human heart to feeling
Can centre both the worlds of heaven and hell.

Wordsworth too:

The soul that rises with us,
our life's *star*. . . .

Its core being composed of:

. . . those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet *the fountain light of all our day*,
Are yet *a master light in all our seeing.*

And Shakespeare:

This above all – to thine own *self* be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

It is true enough, as Hume says, that we only become aware of our 'selves' within the context of a multitude of impressions. It is also true, as he says, that memory, in its introspective searching, does not so much *produce* as *discover* personal identity. But it is not the impressions themselves for which we go back, searching. It is to the curiously pristine sense of what is centrally significant in our nature. We sift the milling impressions of our early experience to try to taste again, to discover again, that which we feel constitutes the necessary core of our integrity. 'Art,' said a war-time critic, 'is an autobiographical game, played either with honesty or dishonesty.' This is certainly what most artists are up to. This is why James Joyce probes and probes again into his Dublin memories. It is his soul he is probing. This is why, as he says, 'he never really left Dublin.' This is why D.H. Lawrence pushes back, through the mundane, insignificant, stocking-factoried industrialisation of Nottingham to the rich promise of his early feelings, and then spends a life-time rejecting a modern world which does not fulfil them, and looking for one that will. This is why Shakespeare, Proust, and each one of us in our own way and at our own level 'summons up remembrance of things past'. We are seeking the self which matters so much, which matters supremely, and which has become so overlaid with false masks that we fear it may be lost. It is Peer Gynt, too, who, after a life-time of 'strutting round the world in buskins', pretending one role after another – from lying peasant to lying Emperor – comes back, an empty and lost old man, 'trying to find the seat of dreams', needing to sift the memories, and, in particular, the love of his childhood:

The game is over; my race is run!
What a trickster is fate! My empire was here.

I am not wanting to claim that all this does not have, if only one could discern and unravel them, some profound strands of psychological and sociological explanation. The actuality, with all its dimensions, is *there*. All I am saying – but it is a lot – is that the nature of the soul is far from simple, and that it is pointless and a danger of falsity to over-simplify the reality for the sake of being 'scientific'. 'The philosophy of six thousand years,' says Emerson, 'has not searched the chambers and magazines of the soul. In its experiements there has always remained, in the last analysis, a residuum it could not resolve. Man is a stream whose source is hidden.' We must seek to come as near to the truth as possible – describing, analysing, explaining, probing and probing away – but this can *never* be by over-simplification.

I do not want it to be thought, either, that I am opposing psychology with any received religious point of view. I have not been able to find a religion. I have no religion – except, if one chooses to call it such, the religion of the human spirit: that we should so live as, with integrity, to explore all its riches and possibilities, overcome its inadequacies, clarify and aspire towards its ideals, and always within a world of wonder with dimensions going beyond itself. For me, this is enough. There are some, I know, who are distressed at the uncertainty of religious teachings at the present time. I know the despair that can come with doubt, but I do not think that this need be, or should be, an ultimate distress. There are some questions about which it is quite impossible to be certain.

Indeed, the range of matters on which we can achieve certainty is extraordinarily limited. We cannot help our limitations. But so long as – within our limitations – we follow the highest promptings of our nature, all must be well. There is nothing better to do.

This is how Kathleen Raine, a modern poet, addresses men living in a century of industrialisation, complexity, and bewilderment:

> Now, when nature's darkness seems strange to you,
> and you walk, an alien, in the streets of cities,
> remember . . .
>
> Of all created things the source is one,
> simple, single as love; remember
> the cell and seed of life . . .
> the ultimate memory.
>
> As you leave Eden behind you, remember your home,
> for as you remember back into your own being
> you will not be alone; the first to greet you
> will be those children playing by the burn,
> the otters will swim up to you in the bay,
> the wild deer on the moor will run beside you.
> Recollect more deeply, and the birds will come,
> fish rise to meet you in their silver shoals,
> and darker, stranger, more mysterious lives
> will throng about you at the source
> where the tree's deepest roots drink from the abyss.
>
> Nothing in that abyss is alien to you.
> Sleep at the tree's root, where the night is spun
> into the stuff of worlds, listen to the winds,
> the tides, and the night's harmonies, and know
> all that you knew before you began to forget,
> before you became estranged from your own being . . .
>
> Nothing in that abyss is alien to you.

I come back to Gorki:

> The human soul is a winged thing, even in sleep it flies.
>
> A winged thing? Yes and a thing of wonder.

A thing of wonder? Certainly! And when – if ever – all is explained, the wonder will remain.

Note

1. I say *almost* because the world is in many other respects a world of wonder: giving rise to other questions, problems, interests, and even calls for our commitment, in areas and directions which are clearly non-human.

Vietnam: Totalitarianism and the well-being of the Citizen

M. H. Lao

Totalitarian regimes are not afraid of the logical implications of world conquest even if they work the other way around and are detrimental to their own people's interests.
Hannah Arendt

Vietnam has lost a great deal of the sympathy, friendship and support that it used to enjoy following its invasion and occupation of its neighbour, Cambodia. It has turned China, one of its main backers during the Vietnam war, into a very angry foe. Western democracies and Japan have suspended all economic aid to it. For eight successive years at the United Nations an overwhelmingly large and increasing number of member-states has voted for the withdrawal of Vietnamese troops from Cambodia. Vietnam has now experienced 'bitter isolation' in the international arena.

Attempts have been made and economic incentives have been proposed to help Vietnam out of this predicament. In 1984, as an incentive to reach a settlement in Cambodia, Japan offered to finance a peace-keeping force that a withdrawal of Vietnamese troops would require. More importantly, the same country offered not only to restore the 57 million dollar aid it had suspended but to increase it many-fold.[1] The Vietnamese leaders did not accept these Japanese offers. The United States and the European Community have offered Vietnam an aid package of three billion dollars a year. Vietnam has also turned down this offer.[2]

The communist regime in Vietnam has counted entirely on aid and assistance from the Soviet Union and its East European allies. How much and how well aid and assistance from these communist sources have helped the Vietnamese, and how Western assistance would be

necessary for their well-being can be seen through the economic realities that Vietnam has been facing over recent years.

These realities look very grim. The cumulative costs of the occupation of Cambodia, of the international isolation and of reliance on assistance from Soviet bloc countries have proved to be high. The economy has stagnated over the years and has been plagued with a lot of problems. Prices on the black market have gone up sharply, by at least 25% between February and late May of 1986 alone, and the local currency, which had been devalued more than 1,000% against the dollar in 1985 has seen its value falling further on the black market where the dollar can fetch at least 200 dongs against the official rate of 12 dongs.[3] Recently Le Duc Tho, a prominent member of the political bureau of the central committee of the Vietnamese Communist Party, has admitted that 'the broad masses suffer from all kinds of privation'.[4] Food shortage and malnutrition are now the country's main problems.[5] Compared with other peoples, the 62 million Vietnamese are among the poorest in the world, with an annual income per capita of less than 200 dollars. Furthermore, Vietnam has an external debt of six billion dollars and has been declared ineligible for more funds from the IMF.[6] Aid and assistance from communist sources have proved inadequate and unable to help Vietnam overcome these difficulties. Now it seems to be in dire need of Western assistance. A non-communist diplomat in Hanoi has said: 'The Vietnamese need Western technology desperately, and they need the Americans just as badly. But while they are desperate, they cannot bring themselves to pay the price.'[7]

Some may be tempted to go along with the leader of the Cambodian anti-Vietnamese resistance, Prince Norodom Sihanouk, when he argues that the Vietnamese leaders reckon that the eocnomic return from their seizure of Cambodia would in the end outweigh Western assistance because, according to him, his country would become Vietnam's 'first rice granary, [its] meat reserve and [its] fish-pool, in short, [its] green lung'.[8] This picture of Cambodia may have been true some twenty years ago. That country has no important mineral resources. Its bountifulness comes from lands, rivers, lakes and forests. Over the last two decades these natural resources have diminished or deteriorated largely as a result of population growth, excessive commercial exploitation, mindless crash collectivisation of the economy under the Khmer Rouge and, above all, past and present wars.[9] Under Vietnamese occupation, Cambodian forests and fish stock have been subject to nothing short of 'colonial' exploitation. To this exploitation has been added the extensive and continuing clearing of forests for security and strategic purposes. Large areas of woodland areas are now denuded. The irrigation dams and canals have largely been left unattended and some are already in dilapidated conditions. Large areas of cultivable lands have been abandoned and laid waste as farmers have been forced to live in strategic hamlets built along crossroads or near urban centres. Other useful areas of the countryside have been turned into minefields. Excessive deforestation, soil erosion, the depletion of fish stock, the silting up of waterways and the continuing planting of mines have caused considerable damage to the country's natural resources. The damage to the ecological system seems to have manifested itself already in more frequent floods and droughts; and in some instances the damage seems to be irreparable. At present Cambodia has ceased to be a 'green lung' for itself, let alone for Vietnam. Over the last eight years, contrary to early hopes, Cambodia has not managed to produce enough food for its population and, despite the extensive exploitation of forest and fish stocks by the Vietnamese, has little to contribute to the well-being of the Vietnamese people. It is truer to say that Cambodia is a lung infected with pneumoconiosis, a disease caused by the presence of dust. Peace, a favourable (liberal) political environment, huge investment and a long period of convalescence seem required to enable it to recover its former health. Until then Cambodia would be to Vietnam no more than Abyssinia to Italy when Mussolini conquered it at an enormous cost, and in return for very little.

Even if that lung were healthy, the benefits that would accrue to Vietnam would be rather minimal. They would not be commensurate with the enormous economic hardship, the international isolation and the forgoing of Western assistance that the Vietnamese leaders would have forced their own people to accept. The Japanese offer of increased aid and the Western proposed assistance are together worth many times more than what the Vietnamese could get from Cambodia. In peacetime the gross national product of Cambodia had never been worth more than one billion dollars. Even if Vietnam could appropriate this GNP in its entirety, free of any charges, only a minute fraction of it could be transformed into Western technology. The eventual benefits would become even more insignificant when the unquantifiable social and psychological damage that the government-imposed poverty is causing to the Vietnamese people is taken into account.

The Vietnamese leaders may be prepared to pay a high price to eliminate an external threat to the country's security. Historically, however, Cambodia has never been such a threat. On the contrary, it has been itself the constant recipient of threats from Vietnam. Furthermore Cambodia has never been used by any foreign power to attack Vietnam except by the forces of the present Vietnamese leaders during the war with the French and the Vietnam war. However, it appears more likely that a rich and flourishing Vietnam would be a far better and safer guarantee of Cambodia's respect, cooperation and dependence (for its exports, if there is any surplus), and, as a result, of its own security, than the posting of garrisons to subjugate the Cambodians. This guarantee would be all the more solid if both countries pursued liberal trade policies. All in all, it is very hard to see any real net benefits that would contribute to the prosperity of Vietnam in the future. Its disengagement from Cambodia would not be a cost, but on the contrary, a

huge benefit.

The intransigence of the communist regime in Vietnam towards this disengagement and its determination to prolong its own people's poverty and suffering seem to defy all logic and common sense. These attitudes are, however, specific to totalitarian regimes. In her study of totalitarianism, Professor Hannah Arendt has observed that national economic interests count very little in the thinking of these regimes. Their attitudes are characterised by 'supreme disregard for immediate consequences rather than ruthlessness; rootlessness and neglect of national interests rather than nationalism; contempt for utilitarian motives rather than unconsidered pursuit of self-interest; 'idealism', i.e., their unwavering faith in an ideological fictitious world, rather than lust for power.'[10]

The Vietnamese leaders have been well aware of the eocnomic hardship they have been imposing on their people following their action in Cambodia; but they seem to find that poverty is not a bad thing for their regime. Vietnamese Foreign Minister Nguyen Co Thach, before his elevation to the present post, had argued that wealthier countries such as Iran or Thailand were prone to political upheavals, being plagued by big gaps between the rich and the poor. Vietnam was poor but, according to him, 'poverty is well-shared' and this 'shared poverty' was not a threat to the country's social and political stability. This stability was the country's strength, and, Thach argued, Vietnam needed strength.[11]

On the surface, stability seems to prevail in Vietnam. But this apparent stability does not rest on any absence of a gap between rich and poor. Opposition to the regime has existed, as the trial of the 21 plotters in Ho Chi Minh City in December 1984 indicated[12] 'Yet there is no chance of true rebellion. Schoolchildren are taught to report "antirevolutionary behavior" within their families. State agents infiltrate all public activities and clamp down at any sign of deviationist behaviour.'[13] This police state has already executed at least 65,000 Vietnamese[14] and hundreds of thousands more have spent varying periods in the 'Vietnamese Gulag'.[15] Its repression has forced about one million 'boat people' to flee their homeland.

While engaged in this brutal and systematic repression, the Vietnamese leaders have used the pretext of external threat (the so-called collusion between China and America against Vietnam), to arouse patriotic fervour among their people. This fervour is reinforced by the prospect of territorial and national aggrandizement, just as Mussolini's empire building attracted the support of the Italian people, and Hitler and his quislings enjoyed large popular support for their conquest of Europe.

The main concern of the communist regime in Vietnam seems to be its messianic mission to establish Marxism-Leninism as the 'dominant system of the world'. This system is the 'ideological fictitious world' in which totalitarian regimes have 'unwavering faith', as Arendt has observed. An analysis by a Vietnam scholar of the strategic perspective of the Vietnamese leaders based on their Marxist-Leninist ideology has provided an illustration of the 'idealism' that these leaders have been pursuing: 'It is a central tenet of the Vietnamese strategic perspective that this is the age of transition from capitalism to socialism as the dominant system of the world. The main theme of contemporary history, in this view, is the class struggle between the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, both on the international plane and within each country. . . . The Vietnamese leaders . . . envision an eventual "revolutionary high tide" which will sweep mankind out of the capitalist orbit into the socialist orbit.'[16]

According to Arendt, in the pursuit of their idealism, 'totalitarian regimes really conduct their foreign policy on the consistent assumption that they will eventually achieve this ultimate goal' although in the short run they may face conflicts.[17] The attitude of the communist regime in Vietnam is hardly different from this. The Vietnamese leaders have been convinced that in the end the balance of forces on which they have based their political line and strategy would work for them 'despite the fact that the enemy may, for the moment, have an overwhelming advantage'.[18] Over the conflict in Cambodia, they have dismissed the role of the United Nations, which has repeatedly voted against Vietnam, as being 'against the current of history'.[19] They are very confident that future changes and developments would work towards the improvement of the relations between Vietnam and the countries at present condemning its occupation of Cambodia, without Vietnam making any concessions.

It is hardly worth mentioning that, however right their analyses of the domestic situation and the relation of forces on the global basis may be, the Vietnamese leaders would not have been able to undertake their messianic mission and, especialy, the invasion and occupation of Cambodia, without the full backing of the Soviet Union. This communist superpower has contributed further to the strengthening of a war machine which was already formidable at the end of the Vietnam war. According to one Western source, between 1978 and 1985 alone the Soviet Union had given Vietnam five billion dollars in military aid and even more in economic aid.[20] Furthermore it has an important military presence in both Vietnam and Cambodia, a presence which not only consolidates and extends Soviet world domination but also serves as a back-up for the Vietnamese war machine whose momentum has contributed largely to this Soviet expansion.

Totalitarian regimes, which can afford to neglect, and do neglect, the well-being of their own people, are very difficult for non-totalitarian governments to deal with. All attempts to draw the attention of the Vietnamese leaders to the plight of their people, to bring them to their senses and to negotiate a settlement of the conflict in Cambodia have so far failed. Now the leadership is about to change, and there has been some degree of optimism that new and younger leaders would pay more attention to Vietnam's economic plight and, towards that end, would seek a settlement in Cambodia.[21] However, the prospects of such a change are not very good. Not long ago Jean-François Revel made a remark about the Soviet Union which seems to be relevant to the Viet-

namese political context: 'The West wastes time speculating on how a new Soviet Premier will change Soviet policy, as it would in democratic countries. But the reality is that the communist machine is like a plane that flies by itself. The pilot is superfluous.'[22] The new Vietnamese leaders may indeed reduce Vietnam's direct rule in Cambodia in favour of the quisling government in Phnom Penh. But this is because quisling governments are generally more efficient in the repression of their own people. The Vietnamese and the Cambodians will continue to suffer until the totalitarian system is destroyed. But by whom?

Notes

1 *Far Eastern Economic Review*, 27 September 1984.
2 *La Croix* (France), 6 September 1985.
3 *Bangkok Post*, 13 June.
4 *Ibid.*
5 *Ibid*, 13 and 16 June 1986.
6 Leader, *The Times* (London), 25 June 1986.
7 *US News and World Report*, 19 July 1986.
8 *La Croix* (France), 6 September 1985.
9 The information in this section is based on the author's own experience in Cambodia and his interviews with Cambodians in a refugee camp along the Thai-Cambodian border in early 1985.
10 Hannah Arendt, *The Origins of Totalitarianism*, London, George Allen and Unwin, new edition, 1967, p.417.
11 Gareth Porter, 'Hanoi's Strategic Perspective and the Sino-Vietnamese Conflict', *Pacific Affairs*, Vol 57, No 1, Spring 1984, p.16.
12 *The Straits Times* (Singapore), 15 December 1984.
13 *US News and World Report*, 19 July 1986.
14 Jacqueline Desbarats and Karl D. Jackson, 'Postwar Vietnam Was a Blood Bath After All', *The Asian Wall Street Journal*, 17 April 1985.
15 *Bangkok Post*, 24 October 1984.
16 Porter, *op.cit.*, pp.8–9.
17 Arendt, *op.cit.*, p.415.
18 Porter, *op.cit.*, p.8.
19 *Ibid*, p.15. The quisling government in Phnom Penh has described the UN as a 'lair of reactionary forces', FBIS, *Daily Report*, IV, 13 January 1983, H1. These disparaging remarks by the Vietnamese and their Cambodian protege hardly differ from Mussolini's abuses on the League of Nations at the time when the latter condemned his colonial war against Abyssinia and imposed economic sanctions on Italy.
20 *The Nation Review* (Bangkok), 17 July 1986.
21 *The Times* (London), 19 April 1986.
22 *The Straits Times* (Singapore), 18 December 1984.

The Polytechnic of North London Students' Union

Executive Committee Meeting Minutes

Tuesday 3rd December, 1985

Agenda:
1. Jewish Society
2. Kentish Town Bar
3. Harrington
4. Anti-Apartheid
5. Womens Group
6. Students' Union Handbook.

1. *Jewish Society*
Budget: Jewish Society allowed a budget on condition that they do not promote pro-Zionist policies. They want money to go to the Union of Jewish Students Conference. This was *dis-allowed* by the Executive because of the pro-Zionist Constitution of the Conference.
Article in Fuse: The Jewish Society objected to the article in Fuse as they say that the facts were distorted etc. Darren told them they should write an article for the Fuse Editor outlining their objections which, if justified, will be printed.

2. *Quiz Night at Kentish Town Bar*
Tony Madigan pointed out the behaviour of certain people at the Quiz on Monday 2nd and said that he wanted them banned from Kentish Town Bar. Phil Michaelson wanted to ban them from all Union property.
It was *agreed* that Darren should write an official letter to these 3 people warning them about their behaviour.

3. *Harrington*
Harrington is to speak at Oxford University. It is *agreed* to find out the exact date and arrange coaches from PNL to go down there.

4. *Anti-Apartheid*
Tony Roberts brought up the fact that the Union as a body haven't really done anything with regard to Anti-Apartheid.
It is *agreed* that the Union should take responsibility for the organisation of a benefit for the A.A. next term at Holloway Road Theatre.
Also, the Union are to provide coaches at the end of term to go to the picket outside South Africa House.
Also, the Executive is to launch a publicity campaign and do posters giving lists of A.A. events.

5. *Transport to Greenham*
The Executive *agreed* to finance transport for Women to Greenham i.e., minibuses, coaches.

6. *Handbook Money*
Proposed by Samantha Lloyd that part of the money from the sale of the handbooks should go to the Federation of Trade Unions which has recently been set up in South Africa.
Pete Ross pointed out that money raised from handbook should go to the armed struggle which is why it is being sent to the A.N.C.
The rest of the Executive *agreed* with this, therefore the money is still to go to the A.N.C.

Out With In-Service

Geraint Lloyd-Evans

One of the greatest blows to school education in Britain has been the advent, during the last two decades, of in-service training. Every teacher who wishes to achieve promotion, will find a section of his application form which asks him to offer evidence of the courses he has attended. It does not matter that he has learned nothing from them: he must attend them, and as many as possible, if he is to get ahead. A teacher is never to be allowed to regard himself for very long as qualified, as someone who can depend on his own personality, instinct and initial education to provide a benefit to children. Indeed, words like 'personality' and 'instinct' mean little to the educationist of today. They are too abstract, too nuanced: what they describe cannot be measured or counted, and therefore cannot figure in a teacher's final mark. They must be replaced by measurable quantities which the teacher can pick up and add to his growing check-list of qualifications. And this development has proved very useful, for those who are anxious to live profitably as the teachers of teachers – without the strain and hastle of the classroom, and at public expense. It is very much in the interest of such people to engender the impression that continuous valuable research is going on in, say, children's talk or children's writing, and that the teacher simply has to be aware of this research if he is to retain his professional competence.

Much of this so-called research, however, is common sense dressed up in jargon; the rest is the product of so-called specialists, who find it profitable to be at odds with each other by producing venomously contradictory 'theories', so caricaturing the forms of scholarly controversy, and justifying their 'academic' status. In order for the whole imposture to get off the ground, however, a teacher must be considered, after only half a day, or a day, of 'in-service' training, as an expert, who can pass on the acquired expetise to his colleagues. It takes little time to become an expert these days. But that only shows how absurd is the claim, that these courses provide something new, necessary, and the outcome of serious 'research'.

In-service courses have arisen in conjunction with Teachers' Centres. Attendance at such centres takes up more and more of the teacher's time, time which formerly he might have spent in reading and improving his mind. Yet surely teachers would be better off if they could read for pleasure – just as they are told (and even educationists tell them) that they should teach children to read for pleasure. A teacher who reads adult fiction and non-fiction and develops the mystery of personality, gains more than one who pursues the mastery of fictitious skills.

Teachers need some time in which to rest upon the education they have received, and to put it to the test. They do not need to be continuously trained in 'research topics', concerning which the researchers find it profitable to be irresolubly at odds with one another. Teachers need to relax, if they are to be dynamic and creative in the classroom. It is true that they might benefit from, say, two hours or a weekend of poetry-reading or musical appreciation. But does it help them to become acquainted with the debate as to whether writing is 'transactional', and to lose themselves in a jargon which gives them neither a firmer grasp of the art of writing, nor an enhanced ability to teach it? The fact is that teachers can judge the quality of children's writing without the effort of continuous training. Their own reading can provide them with the criteria which they instinctively need. Judgement in such areas is naturally subjective: not in the bad sense of being merely arbitrary, but in the good sense of bringing to bear a personal experience of the value and the pleasure of literature. The tendency of in-service courses is to induce a pseudo-objectivity, a reduction of writing and speech to measurable quantities, and of human beings to objects of scientific reckoning. This is scarcely an educational asset. On the contrary, by replacing open culture with a kind of mystical pseudo-science, these courses destroy the teacher's natural confidence in his subject.

Let us take the pressure off teachers by offering less in-service training. Let us give them the chance to promote the values of liberal education, by offering them more time to find themselves and to judge themselves by methods that are broader, finer and more sensitive to the true human intellect than the check-lists of the Teachers' Centre leader. A teacher who reads Iris Murdoch for himself may make a much better teacher of children than the person whose abilities are muddled by jargon, by curricular initiatives, by strategies shaped and designed by those who would rather produce standardised and measurable zombies than the unique individuals which children aspire to be.

Facing Reality in Ireland

Patrick J Roche

The IRA and the 'constitutional' nationalist politicians in Ireland have a common stated objective – the realisation of the irredentist claim, made by the Irish Constitution of 1937, on the territory of Northern Ireland. The ending of the partition of Ireland and the establishment of a unitary Irish State has (within the ideology of Irish nationalism) the status of a 'national aspiration'. This aspiration of the 'Irish people' has been thwarted by an intransigent Unionist minority in the north-east of the island, who in turn have been supported by successive British governments since 1922. In other words, according to standard rhetoric, partition is a denial of the right of self-determination to the Irish people. And to think in such a way augments the instrumental use of violence in Irish politics. Terrorism has forwarded the dynamic of constitutional change in Northern Ireland and in consequence has generated a hypocrisy with respect to the use of violence, evidenced both by the high level of electoral support for the Provisional Sinn Fein, and the opposition in the Republic to the extradition of terrorists.[1]

The rhetoric of Irish nationalism implies the injustice of partition. This in turn entails the illegitimacy of a Unionist veto, and makes direct negotiation with Westminster (rather than the persuasion of the Unionists) the key to the unification of Ireland. The Hillsborough Agreement of 15 November 1985 is correctly perceived by the Unionist majority in Northern Ireland as a capitulation to the ideology of Irish nationalism and to the violence of its adherents. In other words, the Anglo-Irish Agreement is a concession to a unificationist doctrine. This doctrine has never been subject to critical public scrutiny in the Republic, where adherence to the 'national aspiration' has functioned as a test of patriotism. The result has been a failure to articulate the economic cost of political independence and a failure adequately to recognise the barriers to unification.[2]

The New Ireland Forum was established in 1983 on the initiative of John Hume, leader of the Social Democratic and Labour Party (SDLP). Its objective was to report on possible 'structures and processes' for the achievement of a 'New Ireland'. The motivation was the need to consolidate SDLP support in Northern Ireland, following the electoral successes of Provisional Sinn Fein. The research studies published by the Forum were perhaps the first serious attempt to investigate the economics of both partition and unification. The view which permeated its Report was that the Irish island is a 'natural economic unit' (to quote Mr Charles Haughey) implying that economic integration in the context of political unification would provide the basis for a new prosperity.

Such a view involves a retreat from economic reality. The Northern Ireland economy is currently dependent on a £1.5 billion yearly transfer from Westminster, to which the Province, as a constituent part of the United Kingdom, is entitled. Transfers to Northern Ireland have not been excessive: recent public sector expenditure per head in Northern Ireland has been lower than in Wales in the years prior to 1969/70, and lower than in Scotland prior to 1972/73. However, the crucial point is that the Republic's external debt effectively excludes subvention from Dublin. In the context of a united Ireland, therefore, Ulster would stand to lose £1.5 billion a year.

The expectation of constitutional proponents of unification is that the subvention required for the economic (and hence political) viability of the new state would be made available by the United Kingdom and the United States, with some contribution from the European Community. The view expressed to the Forum by Sir Charles Carter (Chairman of the Northern Ireland Economic Council and a distinguished economist) on the issue of external subvention is crucial to the debate on Irish unification:

> Indeed, no British Government is in a position to make long-run promises of aid; Parliament will defend its right to vote money for a year at a time. Neither would I put too much faith in long run aid from the United States. . .. What I am really trying to put over is that the function which is performed in the Republic by fairly massive borrowing is performed for Northern Ireland by the transfers which are natural within the unitary state and the problem is essentially that the Republic could not expect to provide a similar level of transfer by additional borrowing. Nor is it realistic to suppose that they could get it by a guarantee of transfer from a British Government which has renounced its sovereignty.[3]

The crucial features of the Republic's economy are first, a massive external debt of £8,441 million (or 55% of the 1985 GNP), with consequent high levels of taxation; and secondly, an 18% (and rising) rate of unemployment, a

fact which is particularly significant in the context of a young and growing population. The macroeconomic problem facing the Republic is how to combine an imperative reduction in public sector debt, with the alleviation of unemployment.

The seriousness of the situation was recently stressed by the Governor of the Central Bank of Ireland:

> Over the last decade or so we have attempted to sustain a level of publicly-funded services which we could not afford, by having recourse to borrowing on a scale that is compromising growth and living standards at present and for the next generation . . .. Resort to official borrowing on this scale is profoundly unsatisfactory. It signifies an unacceptable and unsustainable deterioration in the national finances. Much of the resources have been dissipated on current consumption and on capital projects which have not generated a rate of return sufficient to pay for them. The borrowing has obviously not provided a sustainable increase in employment. On the contrary, the necessary and inescapable reduction in our dependence on such borrowing will exacerbate an already serious unemployment situation.[4]

The problem of unemployment has been a chronic feature of the Republic's economy since the formation of the State. Until the late 1960s, however, it was alleviated by a rate of emigration sufficient to reduce the population. Writing in 1972, the eminent Irish economist Raymond Crotty pointed out that 'the Government of the Republic borrowed to create employment, yet the Republic is the only country in the world where, during the past 25 years, the number of people at work has declined'.[5] The current problem of unemployment in the Republic is exacerbated by a number of factors. The traditional emigration outlets (particularly the British labour market) are now significantly closed – except for the highly educated, who are now emigrating from the Republic in alarming numbers. The use of reflationary macroeconomic policy to reduce unemployment is subject to the constraint that even a moderate fiscal expansion would result in an explosion of the National Debt. This constraint is reinforced by the fact that there is little prospect of any external stimulus from the international economy.

Furthermore, it is unlikely that the Republic will be as successful in attracting external investment over the next decade as it was during the 1970s. For there is now increased competition within the European Community for the reduced flow of inward investment (particularly from Greece, Spain and Portugal). This competition will be sufficient to deprive the Republic of new foreign investment and without that investment the level of unemployment cannot be reduced.[6]

In short, the Republic can control its external debt only at the cost of high unemployment, and can reduce unemployment only by losing control of its debt. The current and projected economic situation in the Republic is therefore sufficient to preclude Irish unification. A 'united' Ireland would simply lack economic viability. Hence a British 'withdrawal' from Ireland is not a feasible political option. The economic situation in the Republic is in part the upshot of its independence; one must inevitably wonder, therefore, about the future political stability of the State.

It should be noted, however, that despite the rapid growth of external debt since the mid-1970s, the Republic's international credit rating has not deteriorated. Professor Dermot McAleese has argued that this stability in the Republic's credit rating may be due, partly to certain economic factors (including the consideration that 'foreign bankers thought that part of the money, at least, was being wisely invested'), and partly to 'the political stability of the State, as reflected in the absence of any substantial support for extremist parties or policies of either the Left or Right'.[7] It is certainly true that the accessibility of the British labour market and a period of relative prosperity in the European Community during the early 1970s ensured political stability. But the current international credit rating cannot be taken for granted. The clear implication (not explicitly articulated) of McAleese's analysis is that the threat of political instability would (given the need to finance the massive external debt) have severe economic implications.[8]

Medium term forecasts agree that unemployment will remain in excess of 18% until at least the end of the decade. In consequence, there will be widespread poverty, resulting from inadequate welfare provision. This last factor has been detailed in the Report of the Commission on Social Welfare published in 1986. The problem of poverty was graphically described by Eithne Fitzgerald (the daughter-in-law of the Republic's Prime Minister) in a commentary on the Report's findings:

> I have been in homes in the last couple of weeks, where there was little or no food in the house, where people were afraid to answer the door to the milkman or coalman whom they could not pay, where eviction threats . . . hung over the family . . .. For households where the only income is now a social welfare payment, it is clear that these payments provide a precarious standard of living.[9]

High long-term levels of unemployment, acute poverty, and restricted emigration, certainly have the potential to generate political instability. There are strong current indicators (for example, criminality and drug addiction) of considerable social alienation and disaffection among younger adults. And the potential for instability in the Republic has been reinforced both by an electoral system which (in recent years) has produced precarious single party or coalition majorities, and by a legitimised tradition of 'armed struggle' in the pursuit of political goals. It is surely reasonable to suggest, therefore, that the failure of Irish nationalists to confront reality, which has caused such great suffering in Northern Ireland, may yet go further, and destroy the Irish state. And in that case, whose interest would unification serve?

Notes

1. The controversial passage of the Extradition (European Convention on Suppression of Terrorism) Bill through the

Irish parliament is a recent example of the extent of the opposition to extradition – the Bill was passed on 17 December 1986 by a majority of one vote.

2. See W. Harvey Cox, 'The Politics of Irish Unification in the Irish Republic', *Parliamentary Affairs*, Vol. 38, No. 4, Autumn 1985.
3. Text of presentation by Sir Charles Carter to the New Ireland Forum, 21 September 1983.
4. Thomas F. O Cofaigh, 'Public Expenditure and Public Debt', *Central Bank of Ireland Quarterly Bulletin*, Winter 1985.
5. Raymond Crotty, 'Eire: a land where emigrants are born', *Times*, 3 July 1972.
6. See John Blackwell and Eoin O'Malley, 'The Impact of EEC Membership on Irish Industry', in P.J. Drudy and D. McAleese, *Ireland and the European Community*, CUP, 1984.
7. Dermott McAleese, 'Which Way Forward? Prospects for the Irish Economy', *Central Bank of Ireland Quarterly Bulletin*, Winter 1982.
8. For a consideration by a leading economic commentator of the option of defaulting on the debt see Paul Tansey, 'The consumer boom will be counter productive', *Sunday Tribune*, 27 July 1986.
9. Eithne Fitzgerald, 'The Commission on Social Welfare', Paper presented to the Dublin Economic Workshop, Annual Economic Policy Conference, Kanmare, 12 October 1986.

The Swann Fiasco

Ray Honeyford

In 1970 Shirley Williams set up a government enquiry into the education of ethnic minority children. The central question to be investigated was this: why is it that children from West Indian homes are, on the average, doing comparatively badly in English schools? For some time, teachers and concerned parents had expressed anxiety about why so many black children – as opposed to Asian children, who were progressing reasonably – were finding their way into the bottom streams. Why, too, were a disproportionate number of such children behaving badly in school, and why were so many finishing up in schools for what used to be called the educationally sub-normal?

A variety of explanations had been offered. Perhaps these children were experiencing 'culture shock' in adapting to the unwonted demands of the English school. (An unlikely possibility, since these were, increasingly, second generation born and bred here. Besides, Asian children were more likely to suffer from this.) Maybe the tests and text books used in English schools were biased against ethnic minority pupils. (If so, again, why should this not also adversely affect Asian children?) The teachers perhaps were xenophobic and were, via the self-fulfilling prophecy, producing poor results because that is what they expected from children perceived as foreigners. Were teachers colour prejudiced?

If these factors were operating, they would have to be operating along very narrow channels in order to exclude Asian children. Such children, after all, were from parent cultures more decidedly foreign than the culture of the West Indies. And Asian children too, would surely suffer from the alleged disadvantage of minority skin colour. Was the higher rate of family breakdown amongst West Indian pupils related to this question? It is certainly the case that instability and emotional insecurity in the home are implicated in school failure. Was there a racial factor? Some distinguished psychologists had argued for decades that statistical evidence showed that whites always, on the average, did better than blacks on IQ tests and school examinations. That is not an explanation I would favour. There is always a big overlap between white and black scores – a significant number of blacks do better than some whites – and I have seen far too many successful black pupils in English schools. Besides there is evidence from the USA that, once the freedoms for black people won by Martin Luther King were implemented, black children started to do better in school. (In this country, of course, blacks already enjoy these freedoms. The Scarman report on inner city riots stated unequivocally that there is no institutional racism in Britain.)

These are puzzling and important questions. They have social and political implications. They are not just about what happens in school. A mature community needs honest feedback – it needs to look at itself in a mirror which does not distort. The move towards racial separatism in the Labour Party is, in part, the response of black intellectuals unable to cope with the uncertainties and complexities about their own community's performance in a world which demands success. Moreover, unanswered questions create an intellectual vacuum, which in turn leads to the promise of simple solutions. The 'racism' factor operating as a blanket explanation of comparative black failure conveniently produces the sort of unthinking sloganising favoured on the far left – a political landscape in which the vast majority of black intellectuals are now firmly encamped. But does it really convince when there are so many contrary instances? And will racial separatism lead to integration and harmony, or to factionalism and inverted prejudice?

Of more immediate significance for the deliberations of the Swann Committee is the question of how young blacks hungry for honest explanations providing genuine self-knowledge will respond. These youngsters, after all, are extremely vulnerable. They are disproportionately unemployed. They have lots of time on their hands. Far too many have done badly in school to make much progress in a world which increasingly demands education and training. They are, moreover, often at the mercy of a

triumvirate of volatile influences: Marxists eager to exploit the dissatisfactions of a new and politically naive proletariat – for whom the excitements of violent street politics makes an irresistible adolescent appeal; publicity-seeking local demagogues – only too willingly described as 'community leaders' by the media system; and a growing band of racial officials peddling the sort of bureaucratic nostrums which owe more to professional self-interest than to honest analysis of complex issues. In this sort of intellectual climate, where truths which disturb are at a premium, is it any wonder we have social conflict? Is it surprising that the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police fears more inner city disturbances in which young blacks will play a leading role? Aggressive and self-defeating behaviour may be unhelpful in searching for a place in the sun. But if you are at the bottom of the pile, and the truth is hard to come by, why not listen to charlatans and act out their bogus versions of social reality?

It was precisely to provide honest explanations of the complex questions I have outlined, and to prevent falsehoods from flourishing, that the Swann (originally Rampton) Committee was established. Yet what has it achieved? A glance at the circumstances surrounding the production of the Report gives little ground for optimism. A process which ought never to have taken more than three years, actually took six. Interminable delay led to the Secretary of State demanding the document by a given date. There is evidence of a great deal of internal bickering. Nine of the original members – and the original chairman – resigned in the course of the investigation. Large chunks had to be re-written to achieve any semblance of agreement. The chairman's summary of the report to the Secretary of State caused intense annoyance to some members of the committee. And, most damning of all, the Committee suppressed research. Now there is, in this country, an admirable tradition of public enquiries and royal commissions into educational questions. This goes back over a century, and includes such informative and honourable reports as Spens, Plowden and Bullock. It is a tradition based on a disinterested research for truth. The committee appointed to enquire into the education of ethnic minority children appears to have violated this principle.

In an attempt to throw light on the central issue of black pupil performance, the Committee commissioned a well-known statistical expert and researcher, Dr Peter Mortimer, to carry out a relevant enquiry. According to *The Times Educational Supplement*, a grant was made available, a research assistant appointed, and a research proposal produced. This aimed to locate those factors which make for the success of black children in British schools. (There are many such children.) As part of the research home circumstances and family dynamics were to be investigated, since this has always been found to be an important variable. But there were protests from those West Indian organisations whose views appear to have had a significant effect on the Swann deliberations, and the research was withdrawn. So the central question for which Swann had been established was, effectively, evaded. (The attitude of Swann to research was so manifestly curious that this topic will be explored in a future issue.)

The result of all this is a vast rambling document whose turgid prose seems designed not to enlighten but to provide a cover for internal differences. The civil servants involved have clearly done their best to assemble useful information and statistics, but there is no sense of intellectual coherence and real conviction. Reading it one gets the impression of quantity rather than quality. (The Report cost the public £692,618.) And the whole thing positively vibrates with that disabling liberal guilt which starts from a questionable premise and issues in evasion and patronage. There is consistent confusion between inequality of outcome and inequality of opportunity, and persistent recourse to the rhetoric of 'multi-cultural education'. This rhetoric underpins the Report's title 'Education for All' – the implication being that ethnic minority children are being denied educational rights, an opinion for which the Report provides no evidence, and which the average academic performance of Asian children explicitly refutes. Moreover, the writers of the report accept throughout the highly questionable, but frequently repeated, assertion that prejudice at the personal level constitutes evidence for 'institutional racism'. Even the key purpose of education is denied. The central chapter of the Report contains this astonishing assertion, '. . . we do not see schools as having a responsibility for cultural *preservation*' (italics in the original text). Crucially, there is no attempt to justify rejection of the vital principle of cultural integration in favour of something called 'cultural pluralism' – and no awareness of the social and political consequences of this course.

You might be forgiven for assuming all this would effectively discredit the Swann exercise. But you would be wrong. So powerful is the 'multi-cultural education' 'anti-racist' lobby which Swann supports, that the veritable revolution in our schools the Report recommends is now being implemented. There is a Swann caravan wending its way across the land, dispersing its wisdoms at conferences organised by local authorities, universities and colleges. LEAs like ILEA, Berkshire, Bradford, Manchester, Brent and many more are eagerly jumping on the bandwaggon. All teacher training establishments are, effectively, compelled to swallow the Swann doctrine, and it is a condition of teacher-promotion in many areas. Educational professionals who raise the following questions could well damage their careers: Will not the notion of 'cultural pluralism' in schools eventually undermine the concept of national unity and tend towards factionalism and even racial divisions? Should the distinction between the private and public domains regarding parent cultures be abolished? Should the tax payer be compelled to finance the preservation and transmission of, say, Caribbean and Asian philosophies and beliefs, whilst previous immigrant communities, such as the Jews and East Europeans, have upheld their cultures by private initiatives? Has anyone bothered to estimate the cost of doing so? Does not 'cultural pluralism' carry with it the prospect of conflict within the

ethnic minorities, since the smaller ones will be aggrieved at the larger ones' inevitably greater political clout? Fundamental questions like these are not part of the new multi-cultural orthodoxies and cannot, therefore, be raised – at least not in those areas committed to the Swann doctrine.

What is to be done? I believe there needs to be a national debate about the *kind* of multi-cultural society we want this country to be. Do we believe in assimilation, which assumes parent cultures will eventually die out and only one basic culture will remain? Do we believe in the sort of cultural fragmentation which I suspect so disfigures the Swann proposals? Or do we believe in the principle of cultural integration, where everyone is British, and where responsibility for the preservation of parent cultures is placed firmly on the shoulders of those immigrant communities who require them?

Secondly, we must, as a matter of urgency, look critically at that race relations lobby we have so unwisely allowed to develop. This will be very difficult. There are now considerable, and growing, vested interests involved – many of them publicly funded. But the continuance of this lobby effectively prevents the open, public debate I am urging and the lobby always assumes its version of the truth is inviolate – honest dissent is explained away as ignorance, malice, or both. ('Unconscious racism' is a good example of how powerful vested interests can create sustaining myth out of nonsense.)

Thirdly, we should consult public opinion. The biggest single weakness in the status of Britain as a multi-cultural/multi-racial society is the lack of a popular mandate for the changes which brought about this result. I have received hundreds of letters with the simple but strongly felt sentiment, 'We were never asked.' I believe this weakness, a serious one in a democracy, could be overcome. But only if decisions about the character of our society are subject to public opinion. After all we had a referendum about the Common Market, why not one about the question: What kind of multi-cultural Birtain do you think is best?

It is only when this sort of process has been worked through, that we can start to determine how our schools should be affected by those changes in our population, which in historical terms, are very recent. The tragedy of the Swann exercise is that it was carried out *before* this – but *after* the whole issue of multi-culturalism had gathered round itself the distorting influences of vested interest.

Sophist's Corner

'Suppose our inclination is to think that Mrs Gillick is right and that ultimately it is up to parents to decide whether or not a girl under 16 should receive medical advice and treatment. Suppose we think that the parents are better placed to consider their daughter's best interests and to make mature judgements as to what those interests are. Or we might simply think that parents have the right to control the behaviour of their children under the age of 16, including their sexual behaviour. Well, suppose a particular young woman goes ahead regardless and becomes pregnant. She attends a good school and on the basis of information and opportunity for discussion of all the relevant issues, she has come to the conclusion that she would be justified in having an abortion and indeed wants one. To believe that her parents are entitled to have control of whether or not she obtains medical advice and treatment is to conclude that her parents are entitled to prevent her having the abortion she seeks and so insist that she has the child. Since pregnancy and giving birth are life threatening conditions (in the sense that the chances or mortality are greater than if she is either not pregnant or has an early abortion) this view involves the judgement that her parents are entitled to threaten her life. . . .'

(John Harris, 'The Facts of Life: Controversial Medical Issues in the Curriculum', in *Controversial Issues in the Curriculum* edited by J. J. Wellington, Blackwell 1986.)

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Editorial

AIDS has awoken the public to the fact that sexual licence brings unforeseeable disaster; but it has not cured the death-wish of which licence is a sign. Even the knowledge of danger, therefore, will not long deter people from practices which threaten the very survival of the species. The pressentiment of death, unassuaged by religious conviction, ensures that people will live in a state of unmanageable fear, half willing the end, half fleeing from it, suffering paroxysms of joyless emotion, and looking with ever-increasing hostility on those who live outside and above the realm of terror.

The Labour Party's defence policy is one instance of what happens, when this unmanageable emotion erupts into politics. Quite suddenly, and without any perceivable change in the international situation, the decision is taken to make the United Kingdom defenceless in the face of a nuclear attack. This is not some small adjustment in tactics, but a chilling transformation of the whole attitude to national survival. That which cannot be rationally negotiated is made negotiable; and that which is necessary to our future, is made contingent on the will of a power which has never ceased to declare its hostility. This change in policy is the result of a peculiar antinomian force – a blind, panic-filled tearing down of everything, by those excited beyond endurance by the fear of death. The true temper of unilateralism is to be seen neither in the cynical manoeuvering of Mr Healey, nor in the naive exhortations of Mr Kinnock. It is to be seen in the 'solidarity' of Greenham, in the hell-fire rantings of E. P. Thompson and Monsignor Kent, in the mass demonstrations of the *Friedensbewegung*, and in the assiduous conspiracy on the part of socialist town councillors, CND activists, and disloyal servants of the Crown, to remove every protection which the British people have enjoyed, against those who choose to attack them.

Unilateralism must be understood as part of religious pathology. It expresses a collective death-wish, which is also an uncontrollable fear of death. This is surely as good an explanation as any, for the belief that an expansionist empire, which rules without law, legitimacy or consent, and which trumpets to the world the message of its inevitable triumph, is really a 'peace-loving' member of the community of nations, threatening only because unjustly threatened by our own defences.

The demoralisation of Western society is therefore not without considerable strategic importance. Religious decline and the collapse of family life are the root causes of man's belief that he has only himself to save, and only one life in which to do so. Why sacrifice that life, in defence of an order whose only meaning lies in its capacity to provide the pap of welfare? Why not abandon national loyalty, if our enemies still offer us the nationalised breast?

Of a piece with such an attitude is the widespread and increasing habit of drug-taking. The Soviet Union has not shown itself blind to the strategic advantage which this habit contains. Since 1962 a specific directive has operated, within the KGB and the military, to exploit the potential of drugs to undermine the values, the cohesion, and the defence capabilities of the Western powers. General Sejna, the high-ranking Czech defector, was present in 1962 at a meeting in Moscow, chaired by Khrushchev, at which the Party Secretaries, Prime Ministers and Defence Ministers of all the satellite states were present, and at which the strategy was first launched. His evidence of the existence and working of what is now a highly effective network for the distribution of drugs in the West, has been confirmed by Colonel Stefan Sverdlev, a Bulgarian defector who, in 1971, brought to the West the necessary documents. In the proxy wars of Central America, drugs now play a vital part, and American attempts to stop the trade in cocaine and heroine are ineffective against armed bands of drug traffickers who enjoy the support not only of the Cuban government, but also of a network of Marxist terrorist groups throughout Southern and Central America.

Even those who doubt the evidence of Soviet involvement, will recognise that drugs pose as great a threat to our way of life as sexual promiscuity. Western governments try to solve the problem by inflicting severe penalties on dealers. But the evidence is that this solution does not work. Its effect is merely to raise the price of drugs, so increasing the profit to be made by the pusher, and giving a new incentive to the poppy farmer. Surely we should direct our attention not to the grower or the dealer, but to the consumer, who presently goes unpunished for his action. After all, it is he who is the prime mover of the process which leads to his destruction, and it is with him that the responsibility lies.

Users of drugs do not merely harm themselves. Addiction may involve a falling out from the moral world, into that zombie-land where all crime is possible for the sake of the next necessary fix. Those who set this process in motion ought to bear full responsibility for an action which endangers everyone. They should not, as now, embark on their journey in the certainty that someone will step in to help them when they go too far. It might be better to offer no help at all, and at the same time to remove all restrictions on the sale of drugs, so that those who choose this path are quickly delivered to the fate which awaits them, while those who seek to profit from their foolishness find that the market has collapsed.

Letters

Sir,

Brian Crozier wonders whether the West deserves to survive.

As I tried not to hear the voice that broke the Silence I did not this time have to hold back tears for my sister because she is now reunited with her young husband killed a few days before VE Day. But I have to struggle with them as I thought of the country he died to keep safe and free. A country where this morning's 'Good Cause' was about one parent families with a mention of women who 'chose' their situation; where two recent shows on BBC1 have produced 'jokes' desecrating the Eucharist; where an approved handbook on sex education in schools advises children to think about rape while they masturbate; where the splendid word 'gay' which Churchill used to encourage us in a dark hour, is now an obscenity; where a (Cockney) Indian girl could refer to the 'rape' of her country by ours and not be reminded that, but for us, the young widow she was upset about could have faced not just repatriation but ritual burning to death; where one West Indian woman could say, after the Falklands invasion, that she would rather live under Spanish than British rule and not be asked why she did not do so, and another could tell a Songs of Praise interviewer that 'Jesus was black' and not be answered; where the Church worries about criticising AIDS victims but forgets to remind its flock that all promiscuity debases the human body and soul, and by almost shelving the finest liturgy in the world, has changed from a Rock into a Quicksand . . . Well, I wonder also.

Daphne E. Slee (Miss)
Dorset

Sir,

Roger Scruton describes the Anglo-Irish Agreement as 'another, graver, instance of bad advice' engendered by an 'urban clique' composed of 'libertarian crackpots, failed academics and self-doubting converts from socialism'.

It most certainly constitutes bad advice but it presages matters much deeper. It is thinking at the end of its tether, the product of the whole psychology of mind which has been shaped by the long retreat from empire. That retreat has produced a generation of administrators and politicians, with the exception of Mrs Thatcher, whose habit of mind is automatically guilt-ridden and masochistic. Its deliberations are invariably founded on the premise that defeat is inevitable and the making of policy a matter purely of damage limitation. The Anglo-Irish Agreement represents the apogee of this trend.

When the Agreement was signed in Hillsborough in November 1985 the British political establishment signalled once and for all that it had bought the big lie; the big lie pedalled for years by infinitely cleverer Republican propagandists. It was accepted all too readily by a Government eager and willing to substitute self-delusion and wishful thinking for the intellectually severer and more morally demanding road of objective analysis. We should not, therefore, be surprised at the evident lack of conviction with which its supporters defend it. One senses the cynicism, the weariness and the tedium: indeed, the defence possesses all the enthusiasm of a child reciting its times tables. It does not like it but it must be done.

At the heart of the British political establishment there is an irreducible conviction that all problems are amenable to solution. Reading history has not deflected it from this article of faith. Like the Bourbons it has learnt nothing, but unlike them it has forgotten much too. As Enoch Powell remarked, for a politician there is no substitute for reading history. One can do no better than epitomise the Anglo-Irish Agreement by repeating the words of a Conservative Prime Minister, the third Marquess of Salisbury: 'The optimist view of politics assumes there must be some remedy for every political ill, and rather than not find it, will make two hardships to cure one. If all equitable remedies have failed, its votaries take it as proved without argument that the one-sided remedies which are left must needs succeed . . . But there is no precedent in our history to teach us that political measures can conjure away hereditary antipathies.'

The people of Northern Ireland are paying, and have paid, dearly for this historical ignorance. From the time that they were deliberately excluded from the politics of the state to which they supposedly belonged, by having a devolved government foisted upon them against their will, they have been abused and tormented by successive governments with all manner of constitutional fantasies. Their refusal to abjure their citizenship has been taken as proof of their inherent disloyalty and ingratitude.

But the Agreement has been signed. It remains to be seen if the 'sleep of reason doth bring forth monsters'. Dragon's teeth have been sown, not the seeds of reconciliation. What kind of monster can we expect? If the true purpose of the Agreement is – as many suspect – to break the will of the unionists once and for all ('lancing the boil of Unionism' as John Hume so quaintly phrases it in the language of healing and reconciliation) then the Government will perhaps prevail. But it will be a pyrrhic victory whose consequences will embroil us all.

Gary Richmond
Belfast

Sir,

I do not think that Dr Loney (Letters, *The Salisbury Review* Vol. 5) should be allowed to emerge unscathed from his demented attempt to accuse Professor Scruton of paranoia. As the recent, and scandalous, treatment of Jonathan Savery shows, and as the intemperate nature of Loney's letter indicates, feelings of persecution are fully understandable. The 'New Right' has never been as popular as its opponents dreaded and its supporters, like myself, wished; Dr Loney's arguments might have more force if he would be prepared to give solid evidence of a resurgence in support for conservatism and classical liberalism in sociology departments at our 'higher' education institutions; if he proves Professor Scruton and myself wrong, I would be only too happy to read it.

Mr T Burroughes
Sussex

Sir,

As a subscriber to *The Salisbury Review* I should like to express my support for the views, representative of conservative thought and thinkers. However,

(a) Surely the *Review* merits greater say and more distribution?

(b) Should there not be some forum of constructive debate for those of like minds?

(c) It's pertinent enough to stress the dangers of liberal and 'permissive puritan' educationists, but should not the voice of disapproval be more vociferous? I doubt whether articles are enough to reduce the problem.

S.E.L. Barrey (Miss)
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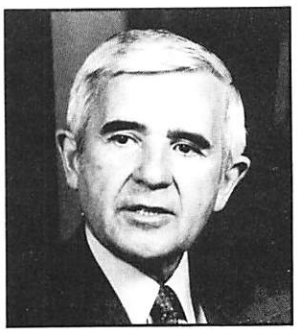

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Political Theology: Four Chapters on the Concept of Sovereignty, Carl Schmitt, translated by George Schwab, London, MIT Press, 1985, £14.95 (0-262-19244-6)
The Crisis of Parliamentary Democracy, Carl Schmitt, translated by Ellen Kennedy, London, MIT Press, 1985, £17.50 (0-262-19240-3)

Fearful times provoke, perhaps demand, fearsome thinking. If Thomas Hobbes seems today, in some ways, the greatest yet least English of our native political philosophers it is because, since his day, we have been spared the experience of the utter breakdown of legitimate order which is the normal consequence of revolution, civil war or foreign conquest. Happily, we have not yet needed another Hobbes, and the implacable dialectic of fear and power which he developed has remained a topic of academic but not of practical, political concern. The perceived unity between legality and legitimacy, between accepted procedure and acceptable power, has been the norm for so long in this kingdom that the Englishman finds it difficult to recognise how exceptional this state of affairs is in the modern world and how fragile it may have become even in his own homeland.

Carl Schmitt, who has been called 'the Hobbes of our age', was, of course, a German, and one whose reputation has been tainted by his brief period as a prominent if privately unenthusiastic intellectual supporter of the Third Reich. In a review of Joseph Bendersky's *Carl Schmitt: Theorist for the Reich* (*Salisbury Review*, Winter 1984), Daniel Johnson has discussed some of the issues this involvement raises, and by putting it in the perspective of Schmitt's long career – he was ninety-six when he died, five years older than even Hobbes had been – has made it easier for us to attend to what he has to say. Since Schmitt was indeed, as the publishers of these two books claim, 'one of the most significant political and legal theoreticians of the twentieth century', and one peculiarly sensitive to the inherent weaknesses of the very type of state which Englishmen too readily take for granted, publication of translations of *Political Theology* and *The Crisis of Parliamentary Democracy* is an event very much to be welcomed.

Both these books were originally published during the early, troubled years of the Weimar Republic. Brief though they are, each is a work of considerable intellectual substance. In an informative introduction to *The Crisis of Parliamentary Democracy*, Ellen Kennedy sets Schmitt's work in its original context of argument and debate, and this is extremely helpful; but neither book is of historical interest alone. Schmitt was a lucid and economical writer with a sure eye for identifying tensions which, though particularly striking in Weimar Germany, may well be inseparable from the form of the modern, liberal-democratic state. It is an exhilarating though hardly a comfortable experience to discover as one reads Schmitt a growing suspicion that one is not so much learning about the past as educating oneself for the future.

In *Political Theology*, the more difficult but also more fundamental of the books, Schmitt develops his celebrated 'decisionistic' theory of sovereignty. Liberal legal and political theorists had argued that in the modern constitutional state ultimate authority resides in the rule of law. Schmitt points out that the operation of normal, and hence norm-governed, legal order presupposes continuing conformity with the very norms the law is meant to ensure. Politically speaking, the rule of law is not self grounding, for if the legal order is called into question, as is always possible, its maintenance or restoration is seen to depend upon the existence of a sovereign endowed with the authority and, ultimately, the power to renew it. The normative order of law rests on the absolute, if final, authority of the soveriegn; and the essence of sovereignty lies precisely in the authority to decide when the normal conditions presupposed by the rule of law obtain and when they cannot. Schmitt's point is that, whether or not such an eventuality is foreseen and provided for in law, the decision as to when it has been reached, as well as subsequent decisions as to how to resolve it, cannot be settled by reference to legal norms but are and must remain matters of political decision by the sovereign. At a time when the rule of law is increasingly often challenged in this country, Schmitt's argument is a timely reminder of the political foundation on which it rests and which is its final, though still imperfect, guarantee.

In his third chapter Schmitt argues that sovereignty, like other major concepts of modern political thought, represents the secularized form of an originally theological concept. This interpretation has been challenged by Hans Blumenberg in *The Legitimacy of the Modern Age* (MIT, 1983) as part of his massive assault on the validity of all theories which interpret modernity in terms of the category of secularisation. In contrast, Schmitt's fellow Catholic, Jacques Maritain, accepts the theological derivation of the concept of sovereignty but only in order to argue that the use of the term in political discourse is both theoretically misleading and practically dangerous. The issues raised by Schmitt's various critics are complex and important and certainly cannot be settled here. It is, however, worth mentioning that Schmitt's reading, and especially his establishment of the analogy between the personal God of traditional theism and the decisive role of the sovereign, on the one hand, and, on the other, be-

tween the impersonal order of Enlightenment deism and the imagined automatism of the rule of law, throws great light on the notion of the state as a personal being recently advanced by Roger Scruton and Václav Bělohradský.

No less interesting is the chapter 'On the Counter-revolutionary Philosophy of the State', in which Schmitt traces the path between de Maistre's self-doubting project of restoring the traditional legitimacy of monarchical government and Donoso Cortes's recognition of the inevitability of choice between anarchy and dictatorship in a world which no longer recognises the sovereign's authority as legitimate. This is not only a fascinating excursion into a neglected but highly relevant area of the history of ideas, but, in my view, illuminates the troubling logic of Schmitt's own political development.

The Crisis of Parliamentary Democracy examines the tension between the democratic and the liberal elements in parliamentary democracy, and the damaging effects of mass politics and the pressure of extra-parliamentary, special interest groups on the Burkean notion of representation and on the concept of debate as a quest for true, disinterested judgement in public matters, both of which, Schmitt claims, are essential to the legitimacy of parliamentary government. Schmitt analyses the interplay of rationalism and irrationalism in the Marxist idea of the dictatorship of the proletariat as well as providing a more general discussion of the role of myth in modern politics.

Though parliamentary democracy seems today rather less fragile than it did when Schmitt was writing, this is not because the system has resolved the dilemmas he so perceptively identifies but because well justified horror at the alternatives on offer has made us less demanding of its intellectually dubious *raisons d'être*. The price we have paid for this is a general cynicism directed toward government as such. How long this can continue before the decay of political legitimacy manifests itself in a general breakdown of legality is anyone's guess. The signs that the process is underway are unmistakable in the crime figures of our inner cities and the recorded attitudes of many of their inhabitants. The test of sovereignty will lie in the government's willingness to employ whatever means are necessary to preserve our precious heritage of civic order.

COUNTERING TERRORISM

Alun Chalfont

Terrorism and the Liberal State, Paul Wilkinson, Macmillan, paperback £7.95, 1986 (033–3394917)
The World Held Hostage, Desmond McForan, Oak Tree Books, £14.95, 1986 (094–8059–01X)

There is something to be said for the view that academics should preserve a decent period of silence on the subject of international terrorism. It is, of course, legitimate that the history of terrorism should preoccupy the professional historian. It would, however, be quite wrong to suppose that either the history or the historian has much of value to say about how the modern phenomenon of terrorism can be dealt with. There is altogether too much time wasted on 'defining' terrorism, as though it were not immediately identifiable to anyone in possession of all his faculties. This is a form of exegesis which leads to such fatuous propositions as that which proclaims that 'one man's terrorist is another man's freedom fighter'.

There is, furthermore, a tendency for the academic analyst, whose cultural environment often leads him to accept the intellectual fallacy that there are at least two sides to every question, to arrive at the Delphic conclusion that 'the only way to get rid of terrorism is to get rid of its underlying causes'. The causes generally turn out to be political, social, religious or racial grievances, which, it is argued, provide some kind of justification for the bombing of supermarkets, the hijacking of commercial aircraft and the murder of innocent civilians. It is, of course, arguable that if the State of Israel were abolished tomorrow, or Ireland united under a Marxist government, or the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation disbanded, the 'underlying causes' of Palestinian, Irish and West European terrorism would be substantially removed; but so long as such contingencies remain remote, the problem of organised political murder still has to be confronted by the civilised societies against whom it is directed.

Even Professor Paul Wilkinson, one of the more enlightened contributors to the corpus of academic analysis, sometimes comes perilously close to the 'underlying causes' heresy. In setting out guidelines for the response of democracies to terrorism he offers some high-minded reflections on the ultimate control by elected bodies over the armed forces, police and security services, and on the protection of minorities. Furthermore, he offers the predictable warnings against 'over-reaction' and pre-emptive anti-terrorist measures, characterising any ideas of a world war against terrorism as evidence of 'staggering moral blindness'. It is all good social-democratic stuff, but it suggests that it is Professor Wilkinson, and not those whom he criticises, who has an imperfect grasp of terrorism and international relations.

A somewhat different and altogether more robust approach is offered by Desmond McForan. It is possible to have reservations about some of the details of his thesis, concerning the existence of an Oil-Communist-Terrorist triangle. Nevertheless, his general arguments about the sponsorship, equipping and financing of international terrorism should be required reading, especially in some of the senior common rooms on the political science circuit. Among his recommendations for counter-terrorist action are tighter security precautions at airports and on commercial aircraft, draconian retaliatory action against terrorist states, and appropriate restrictions on the press reporting of terrorist incidents. Referring to the bombing of Libya by the United States, which took place after his book had gone to the printer, Mr McForan com-

ments 'at last the West has begun to realise there is a war on'. Indeed, there is; and we should concentrate on winning it, before agonising about its 'underlying causes'.

A NAZI PROGRESSIVE

Harold James

Blood and Soil: Walther Darré and Hitler's Green Party, Anna Bramwell, The Kensal Press, 1985, (0–946041–334)

Few would describe Walther Darré as a major Nazi leader. Though from 1933 to 1942 he was Minister for Agriculture, his power began to dwindle in 1936, and after 1939 his role was minimal. He possessed mystically Romantic views about the Nordic peasantry, a non-participatory interest in nudism, leanings towards Rudolf Steiner's anthroposophy, and a theory of organic farming. He also had a rather withdrawn personality and little organisational talent. In many ways he looks like a caricature from the popular television series, 'The Good Life'. This dreamy man only joined the Nazi party in 1930, yet almost immediately, and surprisingly, played a vital role in the mobilisation of the peasant vote which was essential to the Nazi Party's transformation into a mass movement.

Anna Bramwell has skilfully put together the elements in Darré's picture of the world, and makes a convincing case for its coherence. It was a world-view based on belief in the necessary virtue of the peasant farmer. Not so much 'The Good Life', she says, as a Germanised and Nordicised version of Cobbett or Jefferson. She argues that many of Darré's suggestions were sensible and useful: that organic farming offers an attractive alternative to dependence on synthetic fertilisers, and that an appreciation of biological cycles is preferable to the ecologically damaging ascendancy of agri-business. As the head of the Reich Food Estate and as Minister for Agriculture, Darré did in fact introduce a whole series of new, ecologically beneficial, techniques: dwarf-rooting stocks for fruit trees, roto-tiller and spraying equipment, peat and dung based bulk manures, fungicides, and seed-cleaning machinery. But, in the context of Nazism, Darré's fascination with scientific breeding also had its more sinister side.

Dr Bramwell rightly presents the eugenics movement as far more than the obsession of a handful of cranks: rather it was a well-integrated part of a general progressive and optimistic view about the world. She makes absolutely clear the links that existed between the world of Darré and the vision of late 19th century popularisers of Darwin, and in particular Ernst Haeckel, who was the German equivalent of Herbert Spencer.

She also demonstrates well how the thorough implementation of some of the progressivist dreams could, in the wrong circumstances, lead to nightmare. Darré was head of the SS Race and Settlement Head Office from 1934 until 1938, and spent his time there drawing up what looked like innocuous settlement plans to create on the land, in territories to the east of the existing German state, a new and healthy peasant stock: these plans formed the basis first of the massive resettlement and movement of populations in occupied and annexed Poland after 1939, and then eventually (though Darré never was willing to acknowledge the link) of genocide and mass murder.

In the end the author – who takes great pains to understand how Darré came to advocate some of his theories, and sometimes may appear too ready to excuse by explaining too much – leaves us with a puzzle which is so important that we would do well to think about it. On the one hand, Darré's vision, and the mystic fervour with which he put it forward, was an important element in the Third Reich's racial outlook. On the other hand, Darré's policies in the Agriculture Ministry, his views on modernisation in farming and his attempts to establish a controlled market, resembled those of other Western states faced by the agrarian radicalism of the depression era, and resembled perhaps also the market regulation of the European Economic Community. Is there a significant continuum, from Darré's marketing organisations, through the French Office du blé and the British Milk Marketing Board, to the EEC? It may be that Darré's story should be read as a parable of how bureaucratically-planned utopias based on a crude progressivism can develop under a momentum of their own. Dr Bramwell certainly provides us with the materials to make such a parable. This reviewer feels, however, that this leap from the horrors of Nazi Germany's eastern policy to either the bureaucratic snarl-ups of the Common Agricultural Policy or the simple nuttiness of some extreme ecologists may be too bold a step for mere historians to undertake.

THE CHURCH MILITANTS

Merlin Sudeley

The Church in Crisis, Charles Moore, A.N. Wilson and Gavin Stamp, Hodder and Stoughton, 1986, £6.95, (0-340-34824-0)

This book consists of three long chapters: the first by Charles Moore, Editor of *The Spectator*, on the central organisation of the Church of England, the second by the author A.N. Wilson on the clergy, and the third by an architectural historian and writer, Gavin Stamp, on the parish and its building. Of these three chapters, the one by Charles Moore is quite the most illuminating. It gives a much needed, swift account of the government of the Church of England, and how the mechanics of that government have led the Church astray. This review will be concerned with recapitulating and commenting on Moore's survey, and proposing a few remedies.

The Reformation in this country began more as a political than a religious arrangement, and Moore remarks on how (until this century) the position of the

Church of England was guaranteed by that political arrangement. Immediately after the First World War the arrangement was upset by the passage of the Enabling Act, which gave the Church a measure of autonomy in the government of its affairs through the setting up of the Church Assembly (now the Synod). It may well be argued that everything which has gone wrong with the Church of England goes back to the Enabling Act, which should never have been passed, and Charles Moore shows why.

First, Moore describes the defective method of election to the Synod: defective because too much gearing is involved. The laity are elected by Deanery Synods, whose representatives are themselves chosen by Annual Parochial Meetings (not as Moore says by PCCs). In consequence of such gearing, the link between the man in the pew and his 'representative', is far too indirect. Hence the Synod has come to cater chiefly for a small body of activists. Though the Church of England has held that its ministrations should be available to everyone, even to the most irregular churchgoer, most of the laity have little idea of the Synod's functions or that it should have authority over them.

Moore then goes on to describe the variety of ways in which, through its lack of contact with the main body of churchgoers, the Synod has proceeded against the wishes of most of the laity. Suitable attention is given to its breaking down of the local identity of the benefice. In many instances the authority to appoint the right priest to a benefice rested with the lay patron, who had a much better knowledge than the more remote bishop about the needs and desires of his local community. The Pastoral Measure of 1969 sanctioned the amalgamation of parishes for the creation of Group or Team Ministries. In many cases where this has happened, the bishop has suspended the patron's right of presentation to make way for a Team Ministry. The Synod has gone further in its disregard of the wishes of many an ordinary churchgoer by attacking the finances of his local parish. Many of the laity have preferred to give to the church by way of giving to their *own* parish. Benefactions made with that intent by our pious ancestors in the past were confiscated from their local parishes by the Glebe Measure of 1972, which transferred such bequests to diocesan boards of finance. That the original intentions of our forebears should have been defeated in this way must discourage future testators. Moore tells us how the Synod has gone further: how in giving from your income to the church you are not allowed to give to your own parish. 'Each parish,' he says, 'has to fulfill its diocesan quota, and the diocese is responsible for redistributing the amounts.'

The chief area, however, in which the Synod has gone against the wishes of churchgoers, is in its liturgical revolution, to which Moore gives considerable space. In consequence of the Worship and Doctrine Measure, presented by the Synod to Parliament and accepted by Parliament in 1974, the new services have come to predominate over the Prayer Book, even though Professor David Martin's Gallup Poll of 1980 showed that most of the laity preferred the old book. For what reasons do the laity prefer the old book? There has been much controversy about the linguistic inferiority of the new services. Yet in my experience the essential complaint against them turns upon their tendency to doctrinal innovation. Difficult though it may be to turn doctrinal matters into the clear and simple issues best suited to public debate, I will try.

Because we inherited sin, Christ as a Divine Person atoned for our sins through His Death on the Cross. Through this act He endowed each of us as individuals with grace, so that through our own act of free will we can do what we ought, and in this way make our society a better one to live in. By contrast, the modern ideals of the French Enlightenment and Marxism insist that we inherit no sin, and as individuals are not left with any opportunity to improve ourselves. The community has to be improved through the agency of politicians and social engineers, who, according to the Marxist formula, must achieve their end by a political revolution. In the wake of such modern ideals, the new services have weakened our affirmation of the Divinity of Christ, and opened a way to the secular interpretation of religion.

Whilst, in affirming that Christ is of one substance with the Father, the Prayer Book leaves us in no doubt that the paternity of Christ is divine, the new services merely remark that Christ was one in being with the Father. The believer is left to suppose that Joseph, fortified by the Holy Spirit, had a part in His fatherhood. Inevitably the Divinity of Christ is diminished, and the significance of His Atonement for our sins consequently undermined. Our inheritance of sin is entirely omitted from the new service of baptism. Once this inheritance ceases to be recognised, it is easy for the clergy to seek the improvement of our society less through the cure of souls than through the political and economic solutions which are not their true concern.

On introducing the Worship and Doctrine Measure in the House of Lords in 1974, the then Archbishop of Canterbury said that it gave the Prayer Book a secure place. But what about the present Archbishop? Says Moore: 'among 20th century archbishops, Runcie is most often compared to Randall Davidson, who was said to sit on the fence with both ears to the ground and who did so with great skill.' In other words, Runcie is a Trimmer. Moore also says: 'Runcie is very keen that liturgical experiment should now cease. He has launched a number of eloquent defences of the Prayer Book.' Over the Prayer Book, Runcie should become less of a Trimmer, and give a strong lead to the Church.

CLASSIC LINES

David Watkin

Quinlan Terry: The Revival of Architecture, Clive Aslet, Viking (Penguin Books Ltd), 1986, £40, (0670–028–318)

This handsome, classically designed book, as costly as it is elegant, and commissioned, unbelievably, by Penguin,

is a panegyric to the most intransigent of all modern classical architects. Who could have supposed, ten years ago, that such a book would be published in 1986? Certainly not Sir Nikolaus Pevsner who, with Sir Allen Lane at Penguin Books, had been busy for decades constructing a Brave New Britain in which they supposed that a new classical building would be about as likely as a Hansom cab. My book *Morality and Architecture* (1978), which questioned the Pevsnerian assumption that the Modern Movement was a permanent orthodoxy rooted in the changed nature of Modern Man, received an astonishing amount of attention, culminating in pages of hysterical abuse from Reyner Banham in the *Times Literary Supplement*. Today the situation is transformed and the classical language of architecture with its associated symmetry, harmony, order and ornament, is being freely and naturally adopted for every building type from offices to private houses – not yet for airports or hospitals, though according to Clive Aslet, Quinlan Terry would welcome an opportunity to design one of these: 'Even motorway flyovers', Aslet rights adds, 'could benefit from the Classicist's improving hand.'

What a transformation of mood from the terrible year of 1968! In that year Terry's enchanting almshouses at Shottesbrooke, Suffolk, failed to receive planning permission from the county authority on the grounds that the layout, centred on the axis of the church tower, would remind the old people disagreeably of death. How are we to explain the miracle which has restored so much sanity since the terrible years of the 1960s? What accounts for the publication of such a book as this and for the revolution recorded so beautifully and intelligently within its pages? One of the reasons is neither aesthetic nor ideological but purely practical: many buildings in the Modern Style began to fall apart almost as soon as they were put up. This is particularly ironical since we were always told that one of the reasons why we could not question the new architecture without condemning ourselves as impractical reactionaries was because it was functionally the only way in which modern man could build using modern materials.

However, the virtually insurmountable problems caused by excessive glazing, flat roofs and expansion joints, and the use of materials which cannot be repaired like reinforced concrete and plastic, have led to unworkable buildings, many of which will have to be demolished. Cambridge University came close in 1986 to demolishing Stirling's History Faculty Building, following its unsuccessful attempt to sue the architect in the face of staggering repair bills. The sight of this major modern building, fenced off behind 'Danger: Keep Out' notices, marked for many the end of their unquestioning acceptance of modern architecture. The collapse of the Ronan Point tower in 1968 similarly began a process which has culminated in the recent demolition of tower blocks in places such as Hackney and Manchester, not because they are structurally dangerous but simply because they are in every way hideous.

The manifest failure of the History Faculty Building enabled Quinlan Terry to promote his designs for a new building at Downing College on practical rather than aesthetic grounds. 'This', he could say, 'will be a durable building of tested materials: it will not fall down, leak, or require a completely new roof in ten years like David Roberts' grim Master's Lodge at Magdalene College of 1966–68; you will even be able to use it at all times of the year, regardless of whether it is hot or wet outside. Oh, and by the way, it will also, of course, be classical in style.' Construction of Terry's Howard Building at Downing College, a rich neo-Palladian essay of much originality, is now nearing completion. His design for it is illustrated in colour on the dust jacket of Clive Aslet's book in which we learn that Terry sees it as 'his best building to date'. Certainly it marks a turning point in Cambridge which, like Oxford, was disfigured in the 1960s and 1970s by some of the most brutal buildings ever to destroy the texture of an historic town: characteristic are Denys Lasdun's new buildings of grey concrete at Christ's College of 1966–70 which wrecked the modest charm of King Street with what appears to be a towering multi-storey car-park, and David Roberts' Sacher Building at New College (1961–62) which is a similar affront to the delicate pattern of Longwall Street.

In the title of this fascinating book Clive Aslet rightly calls Quinlan Terry the reviver of architecture. High among the attributes of the mistress art which he has revived are respect for the street line, so barbarously ignored by architects from Corbusier to Lasdun. A classical architect like C.R. Cockerell showed this respect in the design of his brilliantly individual Hanover Chapel of 1821 in Nash's Regent Street. Cockerell was a more original architect than Nash, of whom he had no very great opinion, yet from the start his sketches for the chapel show his concern to carry through the string courses of the adjacent buildings by Nash.

Terry has also revived the art of architectural draughtsmanship. This had been destroyed by the mechanistic rhetoric of the Modern Movement which saw architectural drawings as scientific diagrams not as things of beauty. For Terry the whole process of putting together a building is a unity dominated by a concern to create beauty and joy from the very first sketch onwards. There should be joy, too, not only for the architect and the patron but for the builders and craftsmen. It sounds impossibly Ruskinian but it is clear that Terry has found that workmen enjoy the kind of challenge represented by the carving of a Corinthian capital. Lest it be supposed that such craftsmanship makes Terry an impossibly expensive architect, it has been calculated that his major buildings are cheaper than those by his surviving modernist rivals such as Foster and Rogers.

One episode, entertainingly recounted by Aslet, summarises the kind of victory which Terry's career represents. His sumptuously classical Merks Hall in Essex, was begun in 1982 to replace another house which had been 'built in 1961 in what Terry describes as the "Health Centre Style" – plate glass windows, concrete tiles, no symmetry'. Having lived in it for 19 years during which time he tried unsuccessfully to improve it, the owner approached Terry for advice. 'The latter replied: "It's not

a gentleman's house." This sealed its fate; it had to come down.' It should not be supposed that Terry is exclusively an architect of country houses for the rich. As Aslet shows, he has carried out a wide range of commissions including a large new office block; a sympathetic conversion to office-use of a substantial 1790s warehouse; and modest houses and cottages which show that new buildings can be added to a village without ruining it. As Terry once naughtily pointed out in a lecture to a group of architects, when people talk of 'unspoiled countryside' they do not mean countryside without any buildings in it, but countryside without any modern buildings.

Terry's most exciting and extensive commission so far is the Richmond Riverside buildings for Haslemere Estates. Begun in 1985 and due for completion in 1987, this scheme demonstrates that modern speculative office development, often seen as a symbol of the most inhumane aspects of post-war architecture, is not of itself destructive of tradition and harmony. Its apparent destructiveness was simply the product of its needless association with the brutal and anti-historical forms of the Modern Movement. Terry, by contrast, provides a varied complex in a range of classical styles, including three squares and a fountain, a garden, steps and passages, roads and archways, the whole echoing the Inns of Court or the colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. The combination of shops, flats, offices, a restaurant and several existing listed buildings, makes this the most important urban development in the classical style in England since the creation of Nash's Regent Street. Truly has architecture been revived!

SURREPTITIOUS SUICIDE

Angela Ellis-Jones

How Democracies Perish, Jean-Françcois Revel, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 1985, £12.95 (0–297–78644X)

This book comes as a much-needed antidote to the left-liberal attitude of submissiveness and self-deprecation towards the Soviet Union currently so predominant in the West. The author pours well-directed scorn on the many politicians of left and right who since Yalta have made themselves the willing dupes of the Socialist International; he castigates the double standards with which they have judged Soviet and Western actions – seeing Soviet aggression as defence, and Western defence as aggression – and their naive optimism in believing that improvement in the Soviet Union is just around the corner and that the process can be fostered by making suicidal concessions.

The book provides a catalogue of information on Soviet expansionism and Western incompetence. The author sees the West's incompetence as partly connected with the eternal problem of democracy – that it is not structured to defend itself against enemies seeking its annihilation. However there are mistakes that even a democracy can avoid.

Revel notes that democratic civilisation is the first in history to blame itself because another power is working to destroy it. What distinguishes the contemporary West from other societies which have lost confidence in themselves is its eagerness to believe in its own guilt and its inevitable result. Democracy's predecessors hid such beliefs as shameful even when they thought, or knew, that their societies were doomed.

Not only do the democracies ascribe to themselves sins they have not committed; they have also formed the habit of judging themselves as defendants who are automatically guilty. It is salutary to be reminded that, for example, 'all the United States was trying to do (in South Vietnam) was to prevent the North Vietnamese Communists from taking over South Vietnam in violation of the 1954 Treaty guaranteeing each country's independence . . . South Vietnam had not the slightest intention of invading the North, nor the Americans of helping it do so.' We would do well to heed the words of the Czech Karel Kosik: 'In politics the loser is the one who lets himself be swayed by the other's arguments and who judges his own actions through his adversary's eyes.'

The author exposes détente for the trap it was. The Soviet Union acquired international recognition of territorial gains resulting from the Second World War and from the 1945–54 period (during which the Sovietisation of Central Europe was completed), together with negotiations on arms limitation whereby American goodwill was used to increase the USSR's military potential, and financial, industrial and trade contributions from the capitalist countries. In return it 'promised' to pursue a more moderate foreign policy and to allow the Americans to conduct on-site inspections to verify that Soviet military strength did not exceed the levels set by the agreements on strategic arms limitation. (An important communist tactic is revealed here: you make an agreement, exacting as great a price as you can, and then you exact a *further* price, in exchange for the proof that you have kept agreement.) As for the Human Rights with which détente is so mistakenly associated, the Soviets made fewer concessions in this field during the years of détente than they had during the previous period (when, for example, Nixon and Kissinger had negotiated a considerable increase in the number of exit visas and emigration permits granted by Moscow.)

Many would consider Revel's claim that 'the Soviet Union's economic exploitation of Western Europe is well under way' as fanciful, if not hysterical. Yet the extraordinary circumstances surrounding the 1982 Siberian pipeline fiasco must be seen in this context. The Reagan Administration indicated that it might rescind its embargo on the use of American-licenced equipment for the gas pipeline if the allied governments raised the cost of their loans to the USSR. All the United States asked was

that the Russians be made to pay a fair market price for the services, goods and technology furnished to them. The dispute did not hinge on the principle of providing these supplies but on the credit facilities accorded by the Western Europeans; the Europeans should charge the Russians the rates they charged each other. European reaction to this American 'intervention' was as naive as it was outraged. Margaret Thatcher's criticism of the Americans, as 'violating contracts' between European countries and Russia, expressed the dispute in purely commercial terms, ignoring the question of strategic priorities and the danger of again using Western technology for the Soviet Union's benefit, and at no cost to Moscow. Yet how vigorously Britain had urged its allies to impose economic sanctions against Argentina when it had invaded the Falklands a few months earlier. The moral of the tale would appear to be that, given the balance of military-political power, Western Europe no longer dares say no to the Soviets.

The Western spirit of resignation can also be measured by the ease with which we see our rare gestures of legitimate self-defence as epoch-making. On the Cuban missile crisis Revel comments 'But why pin a heroic label on an elementary act of American self-defence? Must we see superhuman merit in a President who objected to the installation of a nuclear arsenal ninety miles off the coast of the United States, or shouldn't we really conclude that a President who consented to the Soviet move would have been a bumbler or a traitor?'

It is instructive to be reminded that 'no Western head of state or Cabinet officer has ever resigned because his policy towards Moscow failed, as Prime Minister Eden did after the Suez fiasco and Lord Carrington did for failing to foresee Argentina's invasion of the Falkland Islands.' Although Western Soviet policy routinely reaches the lowest levels of competence, those responsible find to their comfort that this is one of the few spheres in which an informed and critical public opinion is lacking.

A further symptom of its underlying death-wish is the West's consistent adoption of policies most favourable to the Soviet Union. Underlying this policy stance are three main assumptions. The first is that foreign policy 'liberals', 'reformists' and 'moderates' in the Communist countries are in constant danger of losing their footing and that the West must prop them up by allowing them to win victories at our expense. The second is that our economic contributions will reinforce these Communist 'liberals' or will prevent the 'hard-liners' from attempting desperate ventures that endanger the peace. Thirdly, since we know Moscow wants peace, it is always the West that must prove its good faith by making appropriate sacrifices. All three assumptions are demonstrably improbable.

Does the author think that we deserve to survive? He believes that for all our faults we do, and that democracy's fate will be fixed in the closing years of this century. By way of advice he offers a quotation from Demosthenes: 'Some people think they can stump the man who mounts the tribune by asking him what's to be done. To those I will give what I believe is the fairest and truest answer: "don't do what you are doing now".'

A FLAWED HERO

Marko Milivojevič

Rise and Fall, Milovan Djilas, Macmillan, 1986, pp. 424, £14.95, (0-333-39791-6)

This is the fourth and almost certainly the last volume of the autobiography of Milovan Djilas, which covers the period 1945–1983. The book is, in many ways, the most disappointing of the lot. A full three-quarters of the book is concerned with the period 1945–1954, which Djilas has already discussed at length in his *The New Class* (1957), *Conversations With Stalin* (1962) and *Tito: The Story From The Inside* (1980). Repetition, overlap and outright padding fills this part of the book, which is little more than a rehash of material published elsewhere.

The book need not have been so disappointing, since 1945–1950 is to this day the most controversial period of Yugoslavia's modern history. Djilas, who has obviously found it impossible completely to repudiate his communist past, has virtually nothing to say about the mass terror of the period 1944–1946, during which at least 250,000 people were systematically exterminated by the new communist regime, as it established and consolidated its totalitarian power.

At the time Djilas was the regime's Vice President, Tito's favoured protégé and designated heir-apparent, head of the propaganda apparatus and one of the top four men who ruled Yugoslavia. Yet he would have the reader believe that this mass terror was not very significant; that he, Djilas, had little knowledge of it; and, even more incredibly, that he was in some unexplained way not responsible for it. He even suggests, most unconvincingly, that the mini-terror of the period 1948–1950, during which a couple of thousand of pro-Stalin Cominformists were exterminated, was more significant than its terrible precursor of 1944–1946, as if the deaths of communists were more regrettable than those of non-communists.

This distortion by omission does Djilas no credit. For he knew about the terror, fully supported it at the time, and was by any normal reckoning, partly responsible for it. Yet he exhibits no remorse. On the contrary, he says that he is proud of his communist past and not ashamed of it. The fact that he and his fellow utopian social engineers caused untold human suffering in Yugoslavia during their attempts to build paradise on earth makes no impact on his conscience. The man-made hell which he helped to create at last destroyed him, turning him in 1954 into a non-person, for having publicly espoused ideological heresies. Djilas claims that he became pro-

gressively more disillusioned with the regime he had helped to create during the early 1950s. This may or may not have been true; in any case, he went beyond what was permissible by publicly criticising the privileges, powers and corruptions of the ruling communist elite.

It is important to remember that Djilas still regarded himself as a communist at the time of his purging in early 1954. His position was that the Marxist-Leninist version of utopia was a mistake. Nevertheless he remained stubbornly utopian in his belief that socialism might exist in a democratic and humane form, despite all the evidence to the contrary in both Yugoslavia and the rest of the communist world. The key question, which Djilas does not ask nor answer in this book, is just how many mistakes, involving the deaths of how many millions of people, have to be made before man rids himself of the curse of utopian illusions? It is not enough to say, as did Djilas in 1954 and thereafter, that I made a mistake in believing in and trying to construct one version of utopia. Utopian thinking itself, no matter the form it takes, must be repudiated. Djilas has never done this, nor has he been humble enough to express remorse for the human victims of his mistakes.

The period 1954–1983, which is the most interesting of all to this reviewer, is inexplicably rushed through in the last quarter of the book. Djilas, for all his political and intellectual mistakes, is a good and always interesting writer, who has published numerous books in the West, on a whole variety of subjects (including novels, short stories, biography and political science). All his books are banned in Yugoslavia, including his interesting translation of Milton's *Paradise Lost* into Serbo Croat. He is also, without a doubt, a brave man who for the crime of publishing his books in the West spent the period 1957–1966 in prison. Since 1966 he has been under constant surveillance by the Yugoslav secret police, unable to travel abroad and the victim of numerous acts of petty harassment by a vindictive regime. Last, but not least, he remains Yugoslavia's foremost intellectual dissident, who continues to inspire the country's younger generation of dissidents. It is a great pity, therefore, that he gives so little attention to his post-1954 development as an intellectual, dissident, writer and human being.

This last part of the book is, in addition, flawed, in that it gives an inordinate amount of attention to Djilas' long feud with Vladimir Dedijer, his one-time comrade and now the regime's resident Djilas baiter. Dedijer, a dishonest scoundrel who dares to call himself an historian, has long played a major role in the regime's sporadic media hate campaigns against Djilas. Since he cannot answer in public it is of course understandable that Djilas should use this book in order to refute Dedijer's lies. But the feud itself is of no concern to the general reader, who is confronted with many detailed discussions of obscure events and personalities of interest only to Yugoslav specialists.

The translator is not named, which is just as well, as the translation does not do full justice to the Serbo Croat original, *Vlast* (Power), published in the West in 1983. The translation gives the impression that Djilas is a poor writer, which is certainly not the case, as any reading of his stylish Serbo Croat prose will show. He does, however, have a tendency to verbosity, and at just over 400 pages, the book would have benefited from some ruthless editing. The price of the book is excessive, given the indifferent binding, the poor quality paper and the lack of photographs. The 1985 US edition of the book is in all these respects superior. No wonder British publishing is in such a bad way.

G.K.C. UNDER THE MICROSCOPE

Simon Gleeson

G.K. Chesterton: A Biography, Michael Ffinch, Weidenfeld & Nicolson, pp. 369, £16, (0-297-78858-2)

The purpose of writing a biography of G.K. Chesterton is wrapped in mystery at the best of times, since his life outside his articles and writings can best be described as dull. Furthermore the tracing of the minutiae of addresses and organisations has already been performed with scrupulous accuracy by Maisie Ward, and in trying to write a rival to her work Ffinch is engaged in what can most charitably be described as a waste of time. His discoveries – such as that, although neither had any effect on the other, Chesterton was briefly tutored by A.E. Housman – are not sufficient in themselves to justify a full-length biography.

What is needed is what Ffinch seems to be perfectly capable of supplying and has elected not to supply: that is, a biography which ties together Chesterton's ideas and the events of his life. Ffinch's work takes a few steps in this direction. Read in conjunction with A.N. Wilson on Belloc it should finally kill off that irritating chimaera – the Chesterbelloc – and the illustration of Chesterton's positions by aptly-chosen long quotations is masterly. However, Ffinch has carried the divorce between Chesterton and Belloc too far, and has created confusion by trying to consider Chesterton in isolation from the forces which surrounded him. It is thus necessary that the reader carry in his head the principles of Belloc's position unaided, as this position itself was by no means identical to Chesterton's own.

Belloc's *The Servile State* – a book which should be the bedside reading of all thinking conservatives – has yet to be placed in its proper context with Karl Popper's *The Open Society and its Enemies*, and specifically with Huxley's *Brave New World* (it is one of the tragedies of our time that far too many people have read *1984* and not nearly enough have read *Brave New World*). This positioning, however, helps to put Chesterton in place, and specifically points the major difficulty of his philosophy: how was it that he could enthusiastically accept the 'romance of orthodoxy' and be eager for the most abstract of the systems of religion, provided only that its rules be rigorous, and yet not fall into the category of the enemies of

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freedom, whom he no less enthusiastically opposed?

This question can be answered only by setting Chesterton against Belloc. Belloc believed that the State was a menace to freedom and should be resisted *per se*. Chesterton believed that in opposing the State Belloc was contributing to the problem, since if everyone performed their full duties as citizens the State could not behave in a menacing way. As Chesterton said in *Orthodoxy*: 'The state is not a club to which we owe a subscription, it is a team to which we owe our loyalty.' It will be remembered that in *The Return of Don Quixote* the powers of Darkness are arraigned, as in *The Flying Inn* they are confounded, simply because the rules are applied. *The Return* – the most overtly political of the novels – is exceptionally important in this respect. In this work the 'Red' trade unionist is eventually shown to have been working against his own interest by opposing the system. The dictum of the *League of the Long Bow* has universal force for Chesterton – that the hero, the real saviour, is the man who wears a bowler hat where bowler hats are worn and a nose-ring where nose-rings are worn, the man who is above all a good citizen in the most mundane sense of the words.

Ffinch has provided us with good groundwork for a future study of Chesterton's social and political thinking. His concern, however, is with more spectacular issues, and he devotes much time to the particularity of Chesterton's supposed anti-Semitism. This has always seemed to me to be a highly specious field of study. I had read well over a third of his works before being informed that Chesterton was anti-Semitic, a proposition which I received then, as now, with disbelief. Ffinch does not marshall the evidence at all convincingly. This is a pity, since what is needed at the moment is a coherent indictment with which to argue. Nor does Ffinich help his case by suggesting (on page 155) that Zionism and Anti-Semitism are the same thing, for this leaves us confused as to of what exactly Chesterton is being accused.

Ffinch has recorded scrupulously the minutiae of Chesterton's life, and for anyone who requires this information without the somewhat hagiographical tones of Maisie Ward this is an excellent book. Nevertheless, with his knowledge of Chesterton's work Ffinch could have produced something more informative, and in that respect his book represents a missed opportunity.

HILL'S LOST KINGDOMS

Richard Cronin

Collected Poems, Geoffrey Hill, Penguin, 1985, £3.95, (0140–083839)
Geoffrey Hill: Essays on his Work, Peter Robinson, ed., Open University Press, 1985, £6.95, (0335–105874)

In *Mercian Hymns*, the sequence of prose poems in which Geoffrey Hill intermingles the history of Offa, King of Mercia, with the story of his own Worcestershire childhood, there is a poem of childish vengeance. A friend has carelessly dropped a prized toy through a hole in the classroom floorboards:

> After school, he lured Ceolred, who was sniggering with fright,
> down to the old quarries, and flayed him. Then, leaving Ceolred,
> he journeyed for hours, calm and alone, in his derelict sandlorry
> named Albion.

Like Wordsworth's *Prelude, Mercian Hymns* charts the growth of a poet's mind. The business of both poems is to re-create those moments of vision to which the poet traces the origin of his power. For Wordsworth, the special moments, 'spots of time', came with a giddy sense that the boundary separating the animate from the inanimate had been broached. The experience was bewildering, chastening, but it can be accommodated by the rest of us to our own more sedate imaginative needs. We feel ourselves Wordworthian when we put on hiking boots and rucksacks, and walk the hills around Grasmere. What Hill remembers is a boy drunk with a sense of his own power, the brand-name of a broken-down lorry become a private kingdom over which he reigns 'calm and alone'. How are we to deal with a poet who traces his power to the fantasies of the psychopath who lurks within every child? He does it beautifully – the brutal exactness of 'sniggering', 'flayed' in which a casual cuffing merges with a despotic refinement of cruelty – but it remains an unsettling poem, a characteristic expression of Hill's extravagant and unsettling talent.

Perhaps there never was a poet so intrigued by power since Christopher Marlowe, with whose talent Hill's owns a guilty kinship. Poets have celebrated the power of their King, or of their mistress, or of their God. Hill has done all three. He can address the crucified Christ with a rich, antique eloquence:

> You are the castaway of drowned remorse,
> You are the world's atonement on the hill.
> This is the body twisted by our skill
> Into a patience proper for redress.

Or he can make a boast of love as lofty as anything dared in English since Shakespeare and Donne:

> What other men do with other women
> Is for me neither orgy nor sacrament
> Nor a language of foreign candour
>
> But is mere occasion or chance distance
> Out of which you might move and speak my name
> As I speak yours . . . .

Or he can let his rhythm swell with barbaric splendour as he mourns the Plantagenet Kings:

> For whom the possessed sea littered, on both shores,
> Ruinous arms, being fired, and for good,
> To sound the constitution of just wars. . . .

But Hill's poems to God end only when he confesses his own lack of faith:

> You do not dwell in me nor I in you
> however much I pander to your name . . . .

His finest love poems are 'translations' from an imaginary

Spanish poet, and they are written to a woman who went off ten years ago with another man. The Kings he commemorates are magnificent, but always tarnished by their mindless cruelty. Hill is a poet who yearns to place his gift at the feet of some authority to whom he can pledge an unqualified loyalty, but for him no such authority exists.

Hill was a child of the Second World War, he fought its battles only in his daydreams. If it was the just war that his imagination seems to crave, he came too late for it. He grew to adulthood in the post-war years, as evidence was slowly being gathered that made impossible forever any simple veneration of state power. He wrote two poems 'For the Jews in Europe' – poems crippled, as all such poems must be, by the poet's knowledge of their inadequacy to their subject – but a guilty memory of how much men can bring themselves to do, and how much they can bring themselves to condone, seeps into almost every poem in his first two volumes. How to devise a rhetoric to wield against the power of a state bent on evil becomes a crucial problem for him, and in the best of his short poems, called 'Christmas Trees', he celebrates one man's solution:

> Bonhoeffer in his skylit cell
> bleached by the flare's candescent fall
> pacing out his own citadel . . . .

Walking his cell, Bonhoeffer finds words that 'are quiet but not too quiet', and so are the words in which Hill commemorates him. But this is a unique achievement. Bonhoeffer is a pure hero, and elsewhere Hill prefers to choose his heroes from amongst the impure.

What he looks for in history is a magniloquence that has begun to ring hollow: the Wars of the Roses, when feudal ceremony co-exists with a brutal power struggle; the counter-reformation in Spain when gorgeous piety shirks the knowledge that the Holy Catholic Church is no longer catholic at all; and the Oxford movement in 19th century England, when Pugin designs chasubles and vestments so lordly that they distract the eye from Strauss, and geology, and the clatter of the factory machinery that will pay for them. His poems commemorate these moments in a language that is at once ceremonial and ironic – that is, not in one language, but two. Hence Hill's interest in translation, both real and imaginary, and in writing poems in an English foreign to everybody except translators ('He set in motion the furtherance of his journey'). Hill once spoke in an interview of a lost kingdom of innocence and justice, and said that every good poem recalled that kingdom. His poems are translations out of the language of the lost kingdom mingled with slangy modern English, the two languages held together by a wordplay more persistent and athletic than anything that has been tried in English for three hundred years:

> To dispense, with justice; or, to dispense
> with justice. Thus the catholic god of France,
> with honours all even, honours all, even
> the damned in the brazen Invalides of Heaven.

In one of the Mercian Hymns a numismatist, a connoisseur, delightedly inspects some rare examples of Offa's coinage. Coins are fiduciary tokens; in issuing a coinage Offa displayed his confident authority, his 'self-possession in his possession'. Hill is a collector of rare words, and words, like coins, rely upon trust. But Hill allows puns to circulate freely within his poems, shifty words that threaten one's trust in the currency:

> . . . Must men stand by what they write
> as by their camp-beds or their weaponry
> or shell-shocked comrades while they sag and cry?

Should we 'stand by' our words, that is, hold to them, or stand nervously to attention like new recruits being inspected by the sergeant-major, or stand sadly by in a pious vigil at the side of a broken comrade? Puns are like counterfeit coins, and they express Hill's bitter sense that the kingdom is lost, and that he lives in an age when the only true coinage is counterfeit.

The most moving moments in the poems are those when the lost kingdom is glimpsed; in the 'masterful head' of Offa, 'kempt and jutting', stamped on a coin, or in the remembered landscapes of Hill's childhood – 'We ran across the meadow scabbed with cow-dung, past the crab-apple trees and camouflaged nissen hut' – or, most movingly of all, in the France Charles Péguy dreams of:

> Chateau de Trie is yours, Chartres is yours,
> and the carved knight of Gisors with the hound;
> Colombey-les-deux-Eglises; St Cyr's
> cadres and echelons are yours to command.
>
> Yours is the dream of France, militant-pastoral:
> musky red gillyvors, the wicker bark
> of clematis braided across old brick
> and the slow chain that cranks into the well . . . .

In the last but one of the Mercian Hymns Hills turns to acknowledge his 'obstinate, outclassed forefathers'. 'I am your staggeringly gifted child', he writes. It seems a fair assessment; he is both stupendously gifted and lamed. But in a crippled country the lame man is king, and *Funeral Music, Mercian Hymns*, and *The Mystery of the Charity of Charles Péguy* are, I believe, the best poems written in England in the last forty years.

In the volume of essays on Hill's work collected by Peter Robinson, some distinguished critics set about their task of accommodating the poems to the more conventional decencies. The volume includes contributions from John Bayley and Christopher Ricks, which ought to be sufficient recommendation. But neither is on top form. Ricks's essay is dazzling, but reads a bit like a parody of himself, and Bayley's is disappointing. There are good essays by Martin Dodsworth, Hugh Haughton, and Michael Edwards, and a brilliant piece by Eric Griffiths which purports to be an introduction to Hill's work as a critic, but is in fact one of the most searching essays I know on the nature of literary criticism. Hill is a difficult and learned poet. His readers will find these essays helpful, but not very. What we really need is a critic who has reconstructed Hill's travels around the library shelves, but it will be many years before that work can be completed. Meanwhile, these essays offer intelligent discussion of the most important living English poet.

In Short

The Winding Passage, Daniel Bell, University Press of America, 1984, £28.95, (0-8191-4142-9).

Daniel Bell came to prominence in 1960 as a prophet of *The End of Ideology*. The somewhat bland picture there drawn of a society tranquillised by material comforts and the soothing ministrations of bureaucrats, nowhere reappears in these pages. Bell, having once envisioned a materialist consensus, now glimpses something very like its opposite: a Western world with 'so many strange gods mingling in the meditative consciousness of the middle class mind' that all coherence is gone. The fact that we shrink from the 'imperatives' of technology is a consequence in part of our having no imperatives of our own with which to guide and control it. In trying to explain why this should be so, Bell remarks the expansion of a professional class of scientists, economists, managers, educators and the like, whose concerns are 'primarily instrumental. One can have a technique, one becomes a professional. Yet . . . they cannot seek the larger moral and prophetic perspectives. . . .' About the sacred, there is silence. Granted, the Western intellectual who consciously identifies himself with the 'adversary culture' can adopt a prophetic or non-instrumental stance; but since the culture he inhabits is largely anti-institutional and antinomian it is powerless to redeem the larger society. Only in the Soviet Union in contemporary times has 'the tradition of an intelligentsia as a critical opposition fused with the sacred'. The recurring theme of these essays is 'the exhaustion of modernism', which manifests itself in 'the tedium of the unrestrained self'. But, in Bell's view, this exhaustion may motivate the search for new common meanings, beyond those available to us from the impoverished vocabulary of our present profane culture.

(I.C.)

The Use of Political Imprisonment in the Polish People's Republic: A Partial List of Political Prisoners, prepared by the Committee in Support of Solidarity, 1986.

In a single year the Committee in Support of Solidarity has documented hundreds of cases of political imprisonment in Poland. This report lists some 700 supporters of Solidarity and other individuals who have been arrested for their involvement in human rights activities. There are, sadly, many more. 246 of those named are held under 'investigative arrest', awaiting trial indefinitely, frequently under appalling conditions and suffering inhuman treatment. Others are given suspended sentences or are heavily fined (sometimes as much as 300,000 zlotys – over a year's average wage). Charges include: the possession, production or distribution of unauthorised literature; unlawful assembly; boycotting elections; membership of independent trade unions; and conscientious objection to military service.

Some of those documented are well-known: Zbigniew Bujak, a Solidarity leader; and Adam Michnik, arrested for 'preparing an illegal strike'. But it is more harrowing to read of the many young and unknown prisoners: Marek Mickiewicz, aged 26, sentenced to two years imprisonment for publishing unauthorised material; Piotr Nowaczyk, aged 18, sentenced to nine months imprisonment for distributing leaflets urging an election boycott; and Robert Chechlacz, 21 years old, sentenced to 25 years imprisonment for allegedly causing the death of a policeman.

Despite occasional amnesties and conditional releases this document shows the continuing repression and intolerance of the socialist regime in Poland. Those who require further information or wish to help should contact the Committee in Support of Solidarity, 181 Hudson St, Suite A, New York, NY 10013, USA.

(J.N.)

Experience and its Modes, Michael Oakeshott, Cambridge University Press, 1985, £8.95, (0–521–31179–9).

Oakeshott's classic, first published in 1933, is here available for the first time in paperback. In a period when philosophy seems more often the preserve of monomaniacs than of men possessed of a dispassionate wisdom, it is refreshing to re-read a work which consciously seeks to accommodate our familiar modes of experience in an intelligible and coherent whole. Yet for all his ambition to achieve a comprehensive viewpoint, by determining the limitations to which particular kinds of activity or thought are subject, Oakeshott never displays – in the manner of some idealists – a like ambition to abolish the partial worlds of appearance. Philosophy 'may eclipse, but it cannot remove them . . . (it) is simply experience itself without modification or arrest'.

This book, together with Oakeshott's later writings, are a sustained warning against constructing a world-view upon an 'arrested' mode of experience. There are languages, for example, the quantitative concepts of science, which are appropriate to one world, but which cannot with justification be deployed to eliminate another, or to impose a view of experience as a whole. In Oakeshott's image of 'the conversation of mankind' is vividly conveyed the mutual intercourse of these various autonomous worlds. In so far as this is also an ideal image of society, it illuminates Oakeshott's political standpoint. His critique of *Rationalism in Politics* is grounded in the view that practical life (which abounds in 'secondary qualities') cannot be assimilated to science (which knows only 'primary qualities'). Hence, scientific politics is impossible, being founded in a confusion of one mode of experience with another. It is perhaps paradoxical that a philosophy which aims to transcend limited perspectives, nevertheless issues, in this way, in so profound a respect for them.

(I.C.)

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